

EVE'S TWO LOVERS

EDGAR POE NORRIS

FIFTY-EIGHT
Although Mr. Heinmanly had just announced that his throat was too sore to permit him to smoke, he paused at this point to draw another cigar, carefully remove the impressive tin foil wrapper and light the weed.

"As I was saying, Mr. Wales," he went on, "we could, you understand, summon you to court with our consideration for you. . . . You understand, of course, that we are the entire trust in this case to be told. Mr. Ingate has injured Miss Johnstone and now refuses to do the right thing." Mr. Heinmanly was adjusting his discourse to Clay Wales's type of mind. Much of his success as a lawyer was founded on his ability to talk to juries or to men in the tongue they best comprehended, whether it be the meticulously classical, or the commonest vernacular. "We are not in this suit for money, but for justice."

Clay was not so stupid as to believe this last to be the whole truth; but his expression did not change as the attorney continued: "Now appearing in court is a rather horrid proceeding for a business man like yourself, even if it did not interfere with business. This case will take you away from your work for some days—we hope not very many, but we're going to fight to the last ditch for justice, and we won't hurry things. We don't feel that a person should be imposed on to any great degree, such as losing many days' work, etc., and we want to do the right thing and remunerate, that is, make up to you, for any losses you would sustain. . . . Do you understand?"

Clay believed he did. Heinmanly was offering him money to testify for Miss Johnstone. "Well, I don't know if I could tell anything of value to you."

Heinmanly had his answer ready. "You understand, Mr. Wales, that you have made a number of statements about the affair to newspaper editors and others."

The suggestion of a chill ran up Clay's spine. Had the lawyer been using detectives? Had Heinmanly been talking to other fellows down at the office? "Yes," he answered slowly, "but I didn't know much about it. I just told some things I had heard."

"From your wife, for instance, Mr. Wales?"

"Well, no. Other people."

"For instance?" The attorney's gaze suddenly relaxed into the suggestion of a smile. "You see, Mr. Wales, we only want to know the names of the persons to call as witnesses. We want all the help we can get. Now who were the persons who told you the things about this case that you passed on?"

Clay shifted uncomfortably, and laid down his cigar to replace it with a cigarette. "Well, I don't remember exactly. I read a lot about it in the newspapers."

"I see." The attorney shot a furtive glance at his client, who had been watching Clay with a degree of amusement. Miss Johnstone always liked to see men made uncomfortable. "I'm afraid, Mr. Wales," Heinmanly proceeded, "that you aren't in sympathy with Miss Johnstone here. From the nice things she said about you to me, I supposed that you were."

Clay was glancing at the violet-eyed Miss Johnstone in confusion. The attorney, having waited for this shaft to take effect, went on: "I'm sure that if you knew the whole truth about this matter you would be. Look at Miss Johnstone. Does she deserve to have her head broken; her beauty furrowed with wrinkles of worry; her chances of finding a husband despoiled by her great grace and charm? Tell me, Mr. Wales, if you were free from marital bonds, wouldn't you consider Miss Johnstone as a lovely woman to be married to?"

Clay, his cheeks red, made an effort to smile. Miss Johnstone's eyes were cast upon the table.

"Of course, you would," the attorney thundered, as if he had taken the words out of Clay's mouth. "And no consider what this man John Ingate has done, and refuses to undo. He has won this pure maiden's heart, captured her love and devotion, and cast it to the winds, as if she were a doll being tossed into an ash heap. I never have wanted to win a case as much as I want to win this one. When Miss Johnstone came to me—very reluctantly, I assure you, for there is no desire for vengeance in her heart, I resolved that I would drop everything else to fight for her honor and the honor of women. This case is not a matter of one person's selfish ends, but of justice to all women. Women must be protected against such men as John Ingate. I defame the word 'man' when I apply it to him. He is not a man. NO MAN would treat Miss Johnstone as he has treated her."

Heinmanly lighted his cigar again and waited for the effects of his appeal, which was an old standby of his in breach of promise cases, to sink in. Then: "Now Mr. Wales, we know that you are on the side of honor and justice. We also appreciate that for you to go on the stand and tell the whole truth of the case as you know it would probably cost you your job in the office of a man like John Ingate. Now, if you will help us out to the best of your ability, we

will see that you are protected. A better position, and remuneration for your losses. We are asking, you know, for \$100,000 and costs." Heinmanly uttered impressively—"and with you helping us, we can get it."

Clay gazed at the attorney dully. He didn't know what to say. "We are not asking you to do anything any fair minded man would not want to do. I'll just go over your testimony with you, and suggest the points that the jury would most likely want to know. That's all. . . . And, Mr. Wales, in going this you will win the everlasting gratitude of one of the loveliest women God ever made."

Clay could not bring himself to look at Miss Johnstone this time. "Oh, I'll be so grateful." Her honeyed voice acted on him like wine. Who did blame him for being affected by the presence of so impressive a woman?

"Then we can depend on you, Mr. Wales?" The attorney arose and offered a hand. Clay got up, too. "I'll do what I can."

"That will be enough. We will win this case, I'm sure."

At that moment the door of the private dining room opened, and Clay's amazed eyes saw Eve standing there. Back of her were two formidable looking men.

"Don't be too sure, Mr. Heinmanly," she said quietly. "These gentlemen"—indicating her companions—"also heard your bribery offer. No doubt the court as well as Mr. Ingate's attorney would be interested in hearing them repeat what you had to say."

(To be continued.)

There are just two more installments of this story to be published. You won't want to miss either.

FIFTY-NINE

Miss Jocelyn Johnstone did the womanish thing and fainted. It was Eve who leaped to her side first. Swiftly pulling her from the chair to the floor and straightening her out, she dashed a glass of water in the powdered face, and pushed back Miss Johnstone's multiple bracelets to rub her hands and wrists vigorously.

Clay stood looking on dumbly. Heinmanly, satisfied that his client was not dying, regarded the formidable looking men at the door thoughtfully. He had lost his presence of mind.

"Thought you'd frame us, eh?" he said, bullet-like, turning to Clay.

"Why?"

Eve dropped Miss Johnstone's hand. "No, he didn't know I'd be here. . . . You thought you'd make a fool of him, didn't you? Well, well, see."

Miss Johnstone had recovered sufficiently to be able to comprehend what was going on, and to her Eve turned. "I guess your little game is over."

"Just a moment, Mrs. Wales, just a moment." The attorney spoke with the cigar clutched at one side of his mouth. "There are laws covering frame-ups, blackmail, etc."

"Really." She felt gloriously calm and collected. "It appeared to me that you didn't know that—let's be going, Clay."

Heinmanly was not through. "You know, of course, that it would be awkward for your husband to try to—well, start any trouble."

In that moment, a vision of a prison cell in her mind's eye, Miss Jocelyn Johnstone came completely to life. Her guns were loaded for the attorney. "I'm through with this. . . . I didn't want to get in it, any more. I wouldn't have if it hadn't been for Reggie. . . . I'm through."

This was an unexpected blow, and Mr. Heinmanly's reserve was stricken. "Wait a minute, wait a minute, all of you. . . . You, Miss Johnstone, I will confer with later. . . . As for the rest of you, you've played a dirty trick and got a woman in such a wrought-up state that she is irresponsible and does not know what she's talking about."

Now when the stories are told in court, we'll have one to tell, too. . . . And you, Mrs. Wales, will hardly be accepted as an unprejudiced observer."

Eve, whitened by his tone, looked at Clay. Her husband, felt called upon to do something, held up his hand. "That's enough of

that, Heinmanly. I know all along you were trying to bribe me. This pronouncement was an inspiration of the moment, as probably Eve suspected, but she nevertheless smiled at him appreciatively.

"Well, as I said, we'll have a story to tell, too. . . . It might interest you to know, Mr. Wales, that we have affidavits from various of your buddies giving your statements to them regarding this case."

Clay colored, but under the stress of the moment, made an answer: "I suppose there is about as much truth in them as the stories you wanted to put in my mouth."

Eve, her victory having exhilarated her, was impelled to laugh at this remark. Good old Clay! She took his hand as he turned, anxious to leave the place.

"I tell you, Mrs. Wales, that I'm through with all this," Jocelyn Johnstone announced, drawing her cape about her, and following them to the door.

Heinmanly grabbed her arm. "Shut-up, you, and wait until you are spoken to."

The attorney here made a fatal mistake. When a man laid his hand on Jocelyn Johnstone roughly, she lost all of her polish.

"Let me alone—you! I'll tell every—thing I know about you. I'm through with you and Reggie White. I've been—sick and tired of this mess ever since I got into it. . . . And I'll tell you another thing," she screamed, "I love him!" With that she ran out into the hall, with the rest gaping after her.

Eve was the first to recover. "Come, Clay, let's get-out of here. She'll wake up the house." The men she had brought with her followed as they hurried past the elevator and down the stairs.

Nothing else passed between Clay Wales and his wife until they were out in the lights of Main street. His hand sought her's. "Oh, Eve, I've been—"

"She didn't let him finish. 'I'll get a taxicab here. Good night.' As she dashed she slipped her fingers out of his grasp. He groped blindly for them again as she exclaimed, 'Wait, Eve, dearest. Please go with me. Or please let me go with you. Please let me go home.'"

"No, not tonight, Clay. Good-bye." As the taxi she had signaled drew to the curb, she turned to the pair of men who had been silently watching the scene: "I shall meet you at your office at 10 o'clock in the morning."

Clay watched the cab depart and stood staring after it. Now he had lost her. . . . Yes, he never could regain her love again. She had heard all, and she knew, of course, what a fool he had been.

Sleep simply would not come to Eve's eyes. As she lay in her bed, the covers thrown from her feverish body, there kept surging into her mind the scenes of the evening. . . . Clay, the fool! . . . But the thing she couldn't forget was Jocelyn Johnstone's heartfelt exclamation: "I love him!"

Jocelyn would go to John Ingate and tell him so, and he would forgive her—for John Ingate would not show a venal spirit—and then, oh, what WOULD happen? Jocelyn Johnstone was beautiful and had a power over men. Would John Ingate succumb again?

The thought plagued her until far into the night.

She had not been asleep long when the telephone rang. It jangled a long time before it finally stirred her to action.

Mrs. Wales was calling. "Oh, Eve. . . ."

"What is the matter, Mother Wales?" The agony in the voice of Clay's mother set Eve to trembling.

"Oh, Clay's been hurt, and he's calling for you. . . . 'How? Where? Hello! Hello!' The phone was dead."

(To be continued.)

The next installment of this story is the last one. Do you think you know how it will end? Write out what you think should be the ending now, then compare it with Mr. Norris'.

STEAMER ASKS HELP

ST. JOHNS, Neb., June 17.—(By Associated Press.)—The British freight steamer *Laloeaster*, with her lee forward deck level with the sea and her progress "getting more sluggish" tonight, wirelessly for immediate assistance. The steamer which is bound for Great Britain with a cargo of wheat has been damaged by ice.

LIVING and LOVING

FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

FORGOTTEN

June—and the family across the way is going vacationing! Early morn and the pre-departure activities begin!

Butcher, baker, candlestick maker—such comes to the door, presents his bill and, content, goes away.

Through open windows one glimpses portieres protectively checked, chairs swathed in linen covers, pictures rolled in white.

Mrs. Somebody moves about putting her house in order for the summer with deft final touches.

A last minute errand! Down the front steps dashes a freckle-faced youngster, barking pup at heel, bent on its accomplishment.

Locks fastened! Shades drawn! The taxi at the door!

A last lingering look! "Don't believe I've forgotten a thing!"

Mrs. Somebody, weary but satisfied with the result of her efforts, turns the key in the lock, hastens toward the waiting cab, calling to the freckle-faced youngster.

"Come, Jimmy, hurry! We've just time to make the boat!"

But the freckled one lingers at the curb.

"Where's Raggy's place?" demands the boy. Raggy was an expectant tail.

Time is passing. With no gentle hand Jimmy is assisted into the car by his impatient mother.

"Good gracious, child! You didn't think we were going to have that pup tagging along, did you? He'd be a perfect nuisance on the steamer—fall overboard probably! He's better off here! The neighbors will take care of him. To be sure, I did mean to make arrangements for him—a kennel or something—but it slipped my mind. Now, don't cry, Jimmy! If Raggy isn't about when we return, mother will buy you another dog. One pup is as good as another."

"I don't want another dog! I want Raggy!"

The slam of the taxi door drowns the boyish wail. Fast turning wheels carry a beloved master, far away from a disappointed puppy who trails the car as far as his wabbling legs and waning courage will take him.

No, Mrs. Somebody hadn't forgotten a thing!

But—

In the watches of the night a homeless, hungry little dog whimpers in the dismal darkness.

Somewhere at sea a wide-eyed boy weeps over the betrayal of a loyal friend; questions parental wisdom; doubts the milk of human kindness; learns, unconsciously the first principle of dishonor: "Everybody's dog is nobody's dog!"

The neighbors mean to be kind, but each says, too, forget.

August! Breathless nights, and by day, sun-baked streets!

Water, water nowhere! Not a drop to drink!

The little dog's tail wags no longer. The little dog's eyes are glazed. The little dog's tongue lolls out of his mouth. The little dog's lips are flecked with foam.

Children listless at their games! Puppies! A new interest, a new plaything! A dog!

A dash! A grab! A snap! A shriek!

"Mad dog! He has bitten my girl!"



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THE ELKS

THE ELKS

At The Theatres

Elsinore—Colleen Moore in "Ella Cinders."

Oregon—"Stella Mais," starring Mary Philbin and Elliott Dexter.

High—Five acts vaudeville and pictures.

Series of Beethoven Works to Feature His Centenary

CINCINNATI—(By Associated Press)—With a season of Beethoven's music, the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra's fall concerts will commemorate the centenary of the great master's death.

Its program will be featured by eight of Beethoven's symphonies and his triple concerto. The ninth symphony was rendered last season.

On the night of March 26, when Beethoven will have been dead one hundred years, the symphony will produce the Beethoven opera, "Fidelio." The cast will be selected from the foremost of grand opera stars.

Fritz Reiner, conductor, will open the season in September. Toledo, Cleveland and Washington will be visited by the orchestra for the first time in several years. The symphony also will return to New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Dayton and other cities.

PROPOSALS FOR NEW HIGHWAY WORK OUT

Bids for Construction to Be Called for at Portland Meeting June 24

Bids for the construction of approximately 18 miles of highway and a number of bridges will be opened by the state highway commission at a meeting to be held in Portland Thursday, June 24. Projects for which proposals will be considered follow:

Clackamas county—C. A. N. B. Aurora section of the Pacific highway, four miles roadbed widening.

Douglas county—Reedsport-Winchester Bay section of the Roosevelt Coast highway, 3.29 miles of grading.

Tillamook county—Garibaldi-Hobsonville section of the Roosevelt Coast highway, 3.23 miles of grading.

Tillamook county—Furnishing 7500 cubic yards of crushed gravel from a gravel deposit near the Roosevelt Coast highway at a point approximately three miles north of Hebo.

Wallowa county—Unit No. 1 of the Enterprise-Forest boundary section of the Enterprise Flora highway, 7.6 miles of broken stone surfacing.

Jefferson county—Half viaduct and retaining wall under the approach to the Crooked river railroad bridge on the Dalles-Columbia highway.

Tillamook county—Bridge over the Miami river on the Roosevelt Coast highway near Garibaldi.

Clackamas county—Corrugated iron building at Canemah.

Wasco county—Corrugated iron building at Athena.

Union—Eighteenth annual stock show opens, with best display ever shown here.

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

STARTING TODAY for 3 DAYS—

COLLEEN MOORE

"ELLA CINDERS"

With LLOYD HUGHES

With THE TIN GHOST

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Ella Cinders, the kitchen slave, talking. She left the dishpans for the kilieg glare—she made good, AND HOW!

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BURRSTON AT OUR Super Symphony Wurlitzer

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Who Will Be Seen STARTING TOMORROW in Frank H. Spearman's Mighty Epic of the West

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