

Eve's Two Lovers

EDGAR POE NORRIS

SIXTY

To Eve the fifteen minutes she waited for the taxicab to come for her, seemed like so many hours, days, weeks, months, years. Her mind was in a whirl as she stood in the dimly lighted hallway of the apartment-house, shivering with the coolness of the night. She had merely slipped her feet into shoes and drawn a coat about her nightgown—as well as from nervousness. How was Clay hurt? Where? The idea that he had tried to commit suicide crept into her head. Oh, had he tried that? "Oh, god! Forgive me! Save him for me, I love him!"

She found a silent, weeping group about Clay's bed—Mrs. Wales, Mr. Wales, some of the neighbors.

"Oh, Clay, dearest, speak to me!" She came down by the bed. "Oh, Clay, I love you!" She was uttering whatever came into her head.

A pair of eyes opened feebly. "Eve."

"Here I am, Clay. I'm Eve. Here I am."

"I love you, Eve."

A sob from the elder Mrs. Wales disturbed the weakly murmured declaration.

"And I love you, Clay."

Again there was silence, with Eve bathing Clay's drawn face in tearful kisses. Then a hand was laid on Eve's shoulder. Her arms held out toward him in mute appeal, she was pulled from the room into the hall. A kindly voice spoke. "I think you ought to be told, Mrs. Wales, that your husband has very little time to live. . . . He may die any moment." The doctor's professional voice had a touch of kindness in it. "I haven't told his mother. I wish you would."

Eve regarded him as one in a trance. The doctor took her shoulders, for she looked as if she might faint. In a moment she was sufficiently recovered to say, "Oh, how did it happen?"

The doctor, surprised that she didn't know, hesitated about explaining. "I was told by the policeman that an automobile struck him. . . . His back is broken."

Subsequently, Eve learned that Clay was knocked down and run over at the corner of Washington street and High avenue. The driver of the automobile, when arraigned in police court, was released after two persons who saw the accident testified that the victim walked directly in front of the car. "He seemed to be drunk, or in a trance, or something," one of them explained. But the doctor told the court that there was no evidence that the victim had been drinking.

Eve came in time to realize what was really the matter with Clay at that fatal moment. He was walking along, worried and so distracted that he didn't see or hear anything. And because she felt herself responsible for that mood, she also felt herself responsible for his death.

And it was because of this haunting feeling that Eve made her plans to leave Central City about a month after Clay's death. She had gone back to work in John Ingate's office, after two weeks in which she suffered constantly from "nerves." She simply had to have something to do to take her mind off of Clay.

When she told John Ingate that she was leaving Central City, he was visibly affected.

"I can't stand it here any more, John. . . . I see his shadow everywhere."

The following day he called her into his office.

"Eve, you'll not be any happier elsewhere, unless you have some big interest to occupy you. Not because of that, however, but because I think you will be valuable to us. I want you to go to St. Louis and open an office for us there—buying and selling. I've been considering branching out for a long time, and now, I think, is the time to do it. No one in this business knows it better than you do. I think you'll make good there."

She shook her head.

"No objections," he put in.

"I'm afraid I can't," she replied. "A woman is at a disadvantage in—"

"Only when they haven't the capacity. You have the capacity. Really, you're entirely fitted to be president of this company. Eve, I'm depending on you."

Thus was an opportunity thrust in her lap that she had not hoped for and reluctant to accept. But accept it she did.

Eve was getting tired of the questions of the interviewer for Busy Women's Magazine. For it seemed like the sixteenth time, the interviewer asked the identical question: "What, Mrs. Wales, is the key to success in business—I mean, for women?"

"I don't know. You should ask some successful woman."

"But you," the interviewer smiled, "are called the most successful woman in the leather bus-

At The Theatres

Elsinore—Colleen Moore in "Ella Cinders."

Oregon—H. B. Warner, in "Whispering Smith," by Frank H. Spearman.

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ness. Tell me, anyway, what you think the key to success is."

Eve sighed; all this was getting to be very boring, and besides, she had a lot of work to do. She gave the first answer that came into her mind. "It's in knowing life, I suppose, and you can only know life through suffering as well as happiness."

The telephone at her arm rang. "A visitor? Who is it? Oh—." She turned, excited, to the interviewer. "I shall have to ask you to go now."

She sat up very straight in her chair and waited for the second visitor to come in. John Ingate's head appeared. "Hello."

"Good morning, Mr. Ingate."

John Ingate dropped his briefcase upon the desk and came around to grab both her hands. "Look here, Eve, I'm tired of your formality and your Mister Ingates. I'm John to you now, and always."

She pulled back.

"Always, Eve," he repeated, lowering his voice, and clenching her hands more securely. "She did not try to withdraw them."

THE END.

Closing out Hats Sale. One lot \$1.95 and one lot \$2.95. Children's straws at big reduction. Coolest straws in town. Salem Variety Store, 152 N. Com'l. (*)

Portland Gas and Coke company has installed 6,000 gas-fired furnaces and boilers, marketing heating gas at 60 cents per 1000 cubic feet.

Want a Life Work? Try Health Service; Brown

Students Willing to Prepare Well Will Find Good Rewards and Interesting Life by Preventing Disease, Says Child Health Demonstration Chief

Public health work is divided into two fields, according to Dr. Walter Brown, director of the Marion county child health demonstration, in speaking of the possibilities for those desiring to enter the field.

The first field is the technical, or "straight" health work, such as health officers, county, city or state. The second field is that of preventive medicine. That is, the field of specializing in preventing disease as well as curing them.

The first field requires, in addition to a medical training and experience, a specialized knowledge of sanitary engineering, and a knowledge of milk conditions pertaining to control of contagious diseases.

This is a large and increasing field. Well trained technical health officers are more and more sought after. The field is becoming worthwhile financially, and is gradually being taken out of politics. The field holds forth to the one entering, importance and responsibility.

Preventive medicine has hardly been touched, according to Dr. Brown. For this field the one entering must have a highly specialized training as well as a brain capable of inductive reasoning. The idea is to take each patient as an individual and to give him a complete examination.

The doctor also takes the family history of his patient, and a record of his daily habits, mental and physical.

Then, by going over the patient's system, the doctor is able to tell just where he is inefficient, and just what he must do if he wishes to avoid illness that will be inevitable if he continues in his present habits.

Dr. Brown graduated from the Jefferson medical college in 1906. For seven years he was a "country doctor" in Bucks county, Pennsylvania. After these years of practical experience, he became convinced that too many persons were dying prematurely, so he decided to enter public health work.

So he sold his horses "and chickens and pills" and went to Harvard, where he studied in the technology school for health officers. From 1914-1915 he served as epidemiologist for the Massachusetts state department of health.

He became health commissioner of Bridgeport, Conn., during the war when the town was a munition center. After serving a year as associate director of health service for the American Red Cross, he was sent by the Rockefeller foundation to France to work for the prevention of tuberculosis in that country.

He resigned from that position and returned to the United States to become director of the Child Health Demonstration at Mansfield, Ohio, conducted by the Red Cross. He later was appointed a member of the staff of the Commonwealth Fund of New York City, and was assigned to establish a Child Health Demonstration in Marion county for a five year period.

At Shipley's the ladies of Salem have satisfied themselves that they can get the finest spring and summer frocks, coats and dresses ever shown in this city.

Medford—Second largest electric sign in west will advertise Medford.

'Y' SUMMER CAMP OPENS ON JULY 28

Fourteen Days to Be Spent Out-Doors, Indian Awards Will Be Made

The county YMCA summer camp will be opened July 28 and will last for 14 days, ending August 10, it was announced Saturday by Bob Boardman, physical director, who is to have charge of the camp this summer. Boys from the county as well as from Salem will be eligible for the camp.

This will be the sixth annual camp. An extensive program is being arranged.

Among the leaders at the camp will be Chief Bent of Chemawa, who will conduct the Indian ceremonies and the Indian folk lore.

The nature of the camp this summer will be Indian. Indian prizes will be awarded, such as war bonnets, war clubs, arrow heads and eagles' claws.

Dr. N. K. Tully, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city will also be present at the camp. Competition will be counted on the point system. Mr. Baehman, chief florist at the state hospital, will have charge of botany and nature study.

There will be classes in campcraft, Indian folk lore, and sex hygiene. Athletic badges will be awarded.

The camp is to be located on the Little North Fork of the Santiam river. There is a place to swim where the water is deep. Boardman believes that boat races will be possible on the river at that point. There will be a life guard in charge all the time. Swimming emblems will be given.

Medford—First carload head lettuce shipped east, paying growers \$2 a crate.

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