

COST REDUCTION SELLING PRICE

Economists of the present day are remarking more and more on the very evident trend of modern business towards a reduction of costs and selling price and improvement of product, both developed through a program of increase in volume of business.

This is the opinion expressed by J. C. Clemons, district manager of the General Petroleum Corporation of California, in discussion of the recent radical changes in gasoline markets of the Pacific coast.

"There is no need," says Mr. Clemons, "of pointing out the rapid steps that have been taken in the automotive industry along the lines of improved motor design. The fundamental principles of internal combustion lead one inevitably to the acceptance of the high compression motor. However, of the 21,000,000 passenger cars now on

the highways of the United States, less than a third even approach the high compression type and that means that the refiner of today's motor fuel must manufacture a product that will function equally well in either a high or low compression motor. It is equally evident that if he can develop a fuel that will answer the needs of not only drivers of high compression motors, but of any type of engine found in use today, the manufacturer should next bend his efforts towards putting his product on the market at no extra cost to the public."

"Through the use of highly selected western crude oils and an exclusive refining system, the General Petroleum Corporation has been able to accomplish this very thing in the marketing of its anti-knock fuel, Violet Ray gasoline. Our process enables us to develop entirely through refining technique and without the addition of any injurious compounds an entirely efficient modern anti-knock fuel. To protect the public against misrepresentation and as a guarantee of purity, we have colored this product with an identifying violet color."

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
"The Black Pigeon"

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SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, attorney, discovers who is in love with her employer and determines to resign. Her resignation is postponed when she learns Morgan is staking his professional integrity on the innocence of his friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for embezzlement. On the last day of Crawford's trial, Little Curtis Morgan, six-year-old son of Iris and John Curtis Morgan, innocently places in Nan's hands a note which he apparently took from his mother's handbag. The note is from Crawford and virtually admits his guilt and his affair with Iris. Crawford leaves town after his acquittal and a few days later Iris departs for a supposed pleasure trip to the east. Morgan receives a special delivery from Iris announcing her desertion, and begging him not to hunt for her. She makes no mention of Crawford and Nan does not tell Morgan of their relationship.

Morgan is crushed. Later Morgan in desperation is about to place his child in a boarding school when Nan dissuades him, pleading that the boy needs a home. When Morgan is called to the capital on business, Nan offers to stay at the Morgan home with the boy and to attempt to organize the housekeeping so Morgan and the boy can carry on.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXI
As soon as Nan Carroll looked into Maude O'Brien's broad pump face she knew that the two would like each other.

"Go on with your dishwashing, Mrs. O'Brien," Nan suggested, looking about the immaculate kitchen with frankly approving eyes. "I know you want to get through as soon as you can. You don't live in, do you?"

"No, miss. There's me husband and me boy, and we can't be separated, miss," the cook answered, cheerfully voluble. "I did make no bold as to ask Mrs. Morgan to let the three of us live in the servants' rooms over the garage, seeing as how Big Pat—that's me husband, miss, called that because of Little Pat, me boy, you know—ends the furnace here nights and mornings. Big Pat offered to mind the furnace and do odd jobs to pay for the rent, but the missus 'lowed she didn't want her boy playing with her cook's boy."

"How old is Little Pat, Mrs. O'Brien?" Nan interrupted.

"Ten he is, and smart as a whip. If I do say so I shouldn't. Full of spirits, miss, but not a mean streak in his whole little Irish body. Curtis is crazy about Little Pat; tries to sneak out and play with him every night. It's a lonely lad he is, poor little one."

"Nan suddenly felt as excited as if she were stumbling upon the solution of a murder mystery. 'I'd like to meet Big Pat and Little Pat, Mrs. O'Brien. Perhaps Mrs. Morgan spoke a little hastily, without really knowing Little Pat, Mrs. Morgan,' she added, in a carefully casual voice, 'is going to be abroad for several months, according to her present plans, and Mr. Morgan has asked me to help arrange matters here during her absence.'"

"If you'd like to see Big Pat and Little Pat, they're down the basement this very minute, fixing the

HAD TO WORK TOO HARD

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Gave Her Strength

—Mt. Carmel, Pa.—"After my second baby was born I had to work too hard and too long and my health was so bad that I was in such a weakened and run-down condition that nothing seemed to help me. I am starting the fourth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel a great deal better. I am much stronger and don't get so tired out when I wash or work hard. I do housekeeping and dressmaking and I highly recommend the Vegetable Compound. I am willing to answer letters."—Mrs. Eugene Berry, 414 S. Market St., Mt. Carmel, Pa.



furnace for the night. I'll call them. They usually wait for me down there till I'm through with my work; then we go home together, and I stir up a bit of supper for the three of us, but it is hard—us living across the tracks and the nights cold and snow on the ground. Yoo-hoo, Big Pat," she called in a strident but pleasant voice, down the laundry chute.

A tall, broad-shouldered man, black-haired and blue-eyed, and a small masculine edition of red-haired, blue-eyed Maude O'Brien pushed into the kitchen from the basement stairs, laughing at some joke of their own. When they saw Nan, in amber chiffon, perched upon the kitchen stool, Big Pat became awkward and shuffling, but Little Pat planted his feet wide apart, thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and grinned up at her with a serene unconsciousness of class distinction. For which Nan, adoring him at sight, could have hugged him.

"Hello, Big Pat and Little Pat," she sang out gaily. "Mrs. O'Brien and I have been having a grand schone, haven't we, Mrs. O'Brien?"

"Have we now?" Mrs. O'Brien repeated innocently.

"Of course we have. Say, Little Pat, would you like to make some money—a dollar a week?"

"Betcha life!" Little Pat replied promptly, his broad grin almost reaching his ears.

"If you and your mother and father took the rooms over the garage, do you think you'd like to take Curtis to and from school—the nearest public school, of course—and play with him in the afternoon? He has a wonderful police puppy, you know."

"Sure, I know. It was me that named that puppy," Little Pat teased off nonchalantly. "Call him Cop, kid, I said, and he did. Sure I'd like the job, Gee! It'd be swell—a dollar a week for nothing but playing! Can't I, Mom?"

"It's the sensible young lady you are, miss," Maude O'Brien told Nan Carroll with apparent irreverence. "Public school! It'll be the

making of the poor little motherless lad—motherless only temporarily, I mean, miss," she hastened to amend.

"There is a grade school just about six blocks from here, I believe," Nan mused, nodding her brown head thoughtfully. "I understand, Big Pat, that you're willing to attend to the furnace in exchange for the rent of the rooms over the garage."

"Yes, miss, and glad of the chance," Big Pat acknowledged, after clearing his throat politely. "You see, miss, I have a job day-times, but the extra money comes in handy, so I tend the furnace in this house and the next. Me and Maude's saving up to send the boy to college. He wants to be a doctor, and doctor I'll be, if we keep our strength."

"I really haven't known exactly what to do," Nan confessed frankly. "Mr. Morgan thought I'd better try to find a housekeeper, in addition to the cook and maid, but it does seem rather ridiculous to have three grown people all working for one lone man and boy, doesn't it? So I've been wondering, Mr. Morgan, if you could arrange with her to be here the other evenings, or at least when Mr. Morgan asks you to stay. What do you think, Mrs. O'Brien?"

The cook considered, as she unrolled her sleeves, her work done for the night. "The part about Curtis is easy, miss. Lord, I can keep an eye on two rascals as well as one. But I'm just thinking, miss, if you don't mind me saying so, that a house without a woman bossing it is like a ship with mutiny on it. Estelle's a nice enough girl, and I guess I'm fair-to-middlin' easy to get along with, but neither of us knowing which one is to take hold and give orders, like—"

"Me—for instance, I like to have the lady of the house write out the menus for me, not having much gift that way, though being a fair cook—"

"You're a wonderful cook, Mrs. O'Brien," Nan corrected her warmly. "But I do understand what you mean, and I think it's awfully nice of you to put it so honestly. I wonder if you and Estelle would very much mind my keeping an eye on things? I could give you the menu for the week every Monday, and you could be responsible for the marketing. I'm sure you would try to be as economical as if you were buying food for your own table," she flattered the cook.

"That I would, miss, and glad to do it for the poor lone man," Maude O'Brien agreed heartily. "It's a grand idea, miss, if you could spare the time."

"Then suppose we figure on that as a basis," Nan beamed. "I'll have all tradesmen's bills sent to me at the office, and will check them with your duplicates once a month. I'll pay salaries, too, and see that raises come when they're earned. Men don't notice about such things, you know. And I'll do the shopping for the house, if you and Estelle will keep a list and give it to me once a week. Curtis' clothes, too, of course. Does the laundry go out?"

"No, miss. Hattie, a colored woman, comes two days a week—Monday for washing and Tuesday for ironing and mending," Maude answered. "She keeps the clothes in order, as well as the linens."

OFFICERS OF NEW GRANGE AT COLES VALLEY INSTALLED

The new grange at Coles Valley was organized and officers installed Monday night. The charter membership being 67. Mrs. Fred Goff served as installing officer, assisted by Ethel Busenbark, master of the Melrose grange and Grace Conn, also of Melrose. Others present from the Melrose grange were H. P. Conny, Katie Conn, and Amy and Margaret Churchill. Fred A. Goff, county organizer, was the deputy in charge. The officers installed were Frank Correll, master; J. G. Bacon, overseer; Mrs. Dean Henry, lecturer; O. C. Thompson, steward; Dean Henry, assistant steward; John Winniford, chaplain; Mrs. J. G. Bacon, treasurer; Mrs. H. C. Hirst, secretary; Reed Camp,

She's good, Hattie is."

"Fine!" Nan cried, seeing the last of her most pressing problems slipping away. "When could you move into the rooms above the garage?"

"Tomorrow, miss," Big Pat answered, grinning his approval of her quick decisions. "I take it you'd like to see the little shaver settled while you're here, miss. With me and Maude and Little Pat on the premises you won't need to worry about the lad, miss."

When she returned to the living room Nan found Curtis lying before the fireplace, his mournful black eyes gazing upward at the life-size portrait of his exultant mother, his languid fingers pulling absent-mindedly at the ears of a sleeping puppy.

Nan's heart, which had been so full of pity and love for the desert of husband, swelled suddenly to make room for the forlorn little boy who had been made worse than motherless by Iris' guilty passion for Bert Crawford.

"Red-time, man-child," she called blithely, but her voice was husky with tears.

"Man-child," Curtis repeated dreamily. "That's what Father calls me—man-child. Sometimes he says Sonny-boy, too. Mother calls me 'lover.' What's a lover, Nana?"

"One who loves, of course," Nan gibed gaily, but there was a swift stab of pain in her heart at the thought that some day Curtis would know a different, less amiable, more sinister meaning of the word, and that he might hear it applied to the man who had stolen Maude O'Brien from her husband and her son. "Come along, now. It's eight o'clock. And I've got something awfully exciting to tell you while you get ready for bed."

The girl and the child were walking up the stairs together, hand in hand, when the telephone rang.

"That's long distance!" Curtis shrilled, beginning to jump up and down on the stairs. "The phone's in the library. Nana, Whoopee! Betcha it's Mother! I knew Estelle was a liar when she said Mother wasn't coming back!"

"And I bet it's your father!" Nan cried, bounding down the stairs two steps at a time.

But oh, what if it was Iris? Could she possibly make herself rejoice, if Iris was coming home?

(To Be Continued)

BOY SCOUT TROOP HOLDS FROLIC AT KIWANIS PARK

Boy Scout troop No. 6 held an ice cream and cake festival at the Kiwanis-Scout campground Monday night. There were 35 Scouts and a number of visitors present, among whom were: O. L. Johnson, J. B. Penhall, A. J. Wickham, Stanley Kiddier, Rev. Thos. Robinson and Oswald Hand of Oakland and M. E. Pettit of Reedsport.

The boys had eight gallons of ice-cream, twelve cakes made by the mothers, and a bunch of cookies. Though it was thought by several who heard of the quantity of food to be consumed that there would be a lot left over, the boys by their appetites proved themselves master of the situation and all utensils were brought back empty. It may be that the local doctors had rush calls during the night or early morning, but so far as the feelings of the boys Monday night were concerned all was well and everybody happy.

POEM IS AID TO WOMEN'S CLUB IN CIVIC PROJECT

A poem, "Beautifying the Common Place," written by Dr. Louis Albert Banks and published in the News-Review, February 6, has proven of great assistance to the Women's club of Shelburne Falls, Mass., according to a letter received by Dr. Banks from the secretary of the club. This organization has originated a project known as the "Bridge of Flowers."

A concrete trolley bridge crossing the river in the city was abandoned when the trolley service was discontinued, and as the structure was not needed for traffic purposes it has been allowed to become somewhat of an eyesore. The women developed the plan of planting flowers and shrubs along the bridge, with climbing vines over the spans, making it a unique beauty spot. They have been working on the plan for considerable time, and Dr. Banks, learning of their project, included it in one of his daily poems. A copy of this poem was sent to the club, and was used in the campaign for funds, approximately \$1,100 being raised to assist in the work. Dr.

DROPPING OF FRUIT ALARMS GROWERS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
MEDFORD, Ore., May 28.—The Rogue River Traffic association, acting in conjunction with the fruit growers' league, will take steps to secure a survey of the 1929 fruit crop of the Rogue River Valley. Estimates place the crop at from 500 to 1,000 cars less than last year. Heavy dropping of fruit in Rogue River Valley orchards is alarming orchardists. Similar conditions, it is said, prevail in California and in the northwest. The dropping is attributed to the lateness of the season.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all warrants of School District No. 4, Douglas County, Oregon, up to and including No. 11565, protested for non-payment, June 11th, 1928, and prior thereto, are this date called for payment, and all interest thereon ceases from this date, May 27, 1929.

MRS. A. J. GEDDES, Clerk.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

Picnic at Idleyd Park.

ROSEBURG HIGH SCHOOL WINS 3RD IN STATE CONTEST

The Roseburg high school chemistry team took third place in a state contest sponsored by the Oregon section of the American Chemical society. First place was won by Columbia university high school of Portland and Seaside took second. Roseburg, Forest Grove and Grant high of Portland followed in order, receiving honorable mention. Thirty-three high school teams from all sections of the state competed in a written examination lasting two hours and covering a year of high school chemistry, the test having been given the individual teams on May 16. The papers have been graded and the results just announced. A notable trophy was awarded the winners. The contest will be repeated next year and will probably become an annual event.

Banks has received a very fine letter thanking him for this assistance.

Special allowance of \$5.00 for your old mattress on any new one in our store priced at \$15 or more. This offer for a short time only. Powell Furniture Company, 115 Sheridan street

RISKY GAME

LONDON.—Two airplanes enter the people in London. They mount to a high altitude and then construct naughts and crosses in the sky by means of white smoke liberated from the tails of their planes.

Picnic at Idleyd Park.

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Have you seen the new Crown Turkey Feed?

INVESTIGATE THIS. IT'S DIFFERENT

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Here is a big, adult-size "Six"—fine to look at—roomy and comfortable. There is such a wide variety of colors that no matter what your choice, you may have almost individual distinction, at no extra cost.

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miles to the gallon and upward, Essex challenges also in fine car comfort, fine car completeness and fine car luxury of appointment, convenience and detail.

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