

M'ARR CHAIN AND MUTUAL STORES IN HUGE MERGER

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—One of the largest chain store mergers ever effected on the Pacific coast was completed Wednesday with the conclusion of negotiations for the formal acquisition of the extensive chain of Mutual Stores, Inc., by MacMarr Stores, Inc., through the latter's subsidiary, California Corporation MacMarr Stores, Ltd.

The negotiations for the transfer of money were concluded through long distance telephone correspondence between a group of the Pacific coast store interests and bankers and the Chase Na-

tional bank in New York the amount involved approximating \$6,000,000 in cash and securities. As soon as notification of the transfer was obtained the Mutual Stores became an integral part of the MacMarr system.

Through this transaction MacMarr acquires approximately 300 stores, 50 meat markets, 20 delicatessens and two warehouses. Total sales of Mutual for 1928 were approximately \$16,000,000. The addition brings the MacMarr System to about 900 stores with annual sales of more than \$45,000,000.

MacMarr stores operate in Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and California. Mutual Stores is one of the most important chain systems in California serving San Francisco, Alameda, San Mateo, Napa, Monterey, Stanislaus, Santa Clara, San Joaquin, Merced and Contra Costa counties.

In connection with the merger it was announced that \$1,500,000 debenture bonds and \$600,000 preferred stock of Mutual Stores is being called for redemption.

Pat had not arrived a moment sooner with the three wardrobe trunks. It was strangely comforting to know that Morgan had not spent tragic minutes in this dressing room, recreating images of his wife in these dresses she had not considered worthy to be taken on her wicked adventure.

"In here, Big Pat," she called to the man. "And thank you, I wonder if there's going to be half enough room? There seems to be dozens of pairs of shoes, as well as stacks of hats. Will you begin packing the dresses, please, Estelle? Big Pat has opened the trunks."

As the maid obeyed, Nan went grimly about the luxurious bedroom, collecting every article that had been dedicated to Iris's personal use. In a small teakwood desk she found a mass of correspondence—invitations, announcements from shops, a sheet of unpaid bills of which Morgan would ultimately receive duplicates with

an indignant "Please remit," and letters. There was one envelope addressed in Bert Crawford's bold, dashing hand, and this Nan slipped into the pocket of the little brown velvet suit she was wearing. She would burn it, unread, grateful that it was she and not John Curtis Morgan who had found this probably incriminating bit of evidence of his wife's illicit love affair.

It was almost dinner time when Nan and the maid had finished their attempt to banish Iris Morgan's ghost from her husband's home.

"I don't believe I'll dress," Nan reflected with the unaccustomed work and the strain of suppressed, conflicting emotions.

Then she remembered, with a grin at her own susceptibility to flattery, Curtis's naive compliment the night before: "Oh, I didn't know you were so pretty!" and determined to gratify again his very masculine eye for feminine beauty. There was no reason at all why she should not use a generous handful of the violet bath salts that Iris had so thoughtfully provided for her guests, never dreaming that it would be her husband's secretary and her own successor as a housekeeper—however "long distance"—for that same husband, who would eventually use them.

So Nan bathed luxuriously, even giving her bright brown hair a vigorous shampoo and rubbing it dry with one of Iris's extravagant bath towels. The only dinner dress she had brought with her besides the amber chiffon she had worn the night before was a demurely sophisticated little frock of sapphire transparent velvet, with rhinestone buckles where her hips would have been if she had not been built like a schoolboy. Above the rich, deep blue her brown eyes, wide as an excited child's, looked almost black, but her new-washed hair glinted like fine spun copper.

"I do like my legs," she commented to herself with pardonable satisfaction as she paraded before the full length mirror in her closet door. "If only these supersheer sun meal stockings didn't cost three whole dollars! And \$15 for black pumps! There ain't no justice!—Iris with her 21 pairs of shoes! Ah, well! Poor but honest! That's me!"

She was giving her flushed cheeks—"Don't need any rouge to-night!"—another careful dusting of rachel-tinted powder when Cur-

tis hurried breathlessly into the room.

"Hey, Nana! Guess what! My father's come home! And I'm telling him all about school and Big Pat and Little Pat and everything! And he said, 'Where is that incredible-bie girl? What's incredible-bie, Nana? Are you incredible-bie?'"

Nan asseped, then suddenly went down on her knees and swept Curtis into her arms, holding him close against her wildly beating heart. "Listen, Curtis! Stop panting! Tell me—was he angry when he called me 'that incredible girl'?"

"Why?" Curtis was plainly amazed. "Is incredible-bie a cuss word, Nana? He didn't say it like he was cussing. He—he said it like—like—the child groped for descriptive words beyond his vocabulary—'like he could kiss you if you were there right then!'"

"Oh!" Nan sprang to her feet, her face flaming. Of course Curtis didn't mean that as she would have liked him to mean it. He was merely trying to tell her that his father had looked tenderly amused and grateful, but—"Let's go down, honey. Dinner must be ready, and Maude has something very special tonight. Guess what? No, you'd never! It's—Hidden Treasure! I just hope there'll be one for your father, too."

Curtis's will speculations as to what "Hidden Treasure" might be carried them down to the living room and to where John Curtis Morgan stood before the merrily burning fire, his eyes—which were not merry at all—fixed on the life-size portrait of the wife who had so recently deserted him.

"Father, we've got Hidden Treasure for dinner, and Nana made up the recipe just for me, and—"

"Hello, Nant! Has this young hellion been babbling like this ever since you came? If so, it's a good thing I hurried back to rescue you. You seem to be bearing up under the strain pretty well, though. I never saw you look so pretty."

Was she glad then that she had dressed for dinner? But she wondered if he could see her heart pounding beneath the allegedly transparent velvet, as his two hands folded over the cold little hand she thrust out to him.

"Aren't you back sooner than you expected? Of course, we're awfully glad—"

"The governor and I had our heart-to-talk about poor Brownee last night, and around midnight he gave me his word that if Dr. Ash-ley's privately stated opinion corroborated his expert testimony on

the witness stand, he would have the boy committed to the state hospital for the criminally insane. I'm glad—for his mother's sake. Personally, I think the poor boy would be better off dead, but I don't fancy the noose as a way to put him out of his misery—all things considered. . . . Hello! Here's Estelle, with the good news that dinner's ready. I'm famished. I hope we don't have to hunt for this Hidden Treasure of Nana's, Sonny-Boy!"

"Hidden treasure" proved to be something delightfully odorous in individual casseroles, something with a brown, crisp crust of crack-er crumbs and cheese.

"There's an egg in a nest of spinach!" Curtis shouted, when he had lifted the crust with an impatient fork and disclosed a perfectly poached egg. "I don't like spinach. . . . Um-nm! That's funny!" he marveled, his black eyes flying accusingly to Nan. "It tastes good!" He took another forkful of the spinach, which had been chopped into white sauce. Then, "Say, Father! Taste this crust! Oh, boy!"

Morgan laughed until his pale,

tired face was ruddy with color. "I called you 'that incredible girl' to Curtis, and he wanted to know what incredible-bie meant," he said to Nan, and again his eyes had that look in them which Curtis had endeavored to describe. "Curtis, an incredible girl is one who can solve murder mysteries, make a lazy lawyer work like the very devil, bring order out of chaos in someone else's home, and make a flunkly little brat like you eat spinach and like it."

"Uh-huh," Curtis agreed, sticking his fork into the golden yolk of Nana's "Hidden Treasure." "I want Nana to stay. So does Little Pat. He says she's a peach-erino!"

(To Be Continued)

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The Captain's Cadillac has a crew of one

...and Bill Templeton, skipper, pilot, engineer, knows his gasoline!

CAPTAIN JAMES GRIFFITHS has steered many a hazardous course himself. But this famous Northwest shipping man, yachtsman, Alaska trader and financier prefers to do his land-going in his Cadillac limousine with Templeton at the helm.

Bill Templeton has more to do, however, than to drive through a Seattle park, to the office, or down to the yacht harbor. He has the responsibility of keeping the Captain's car in perfect running order. And knowing what *thin oil* can do to a motor he has chosen one particular gasoline—the "dry" gas. He found that "wet" gasoline ran down the cylinder walls, into the crankcase. Even though he changed oil frequently he always found it thinned—until he started using Shell 400.

STILL MORE IMPORTANT TO THOSE OF US WHO MUST GET FULL VALUE AND LONG LIFE FROM OUR CARS



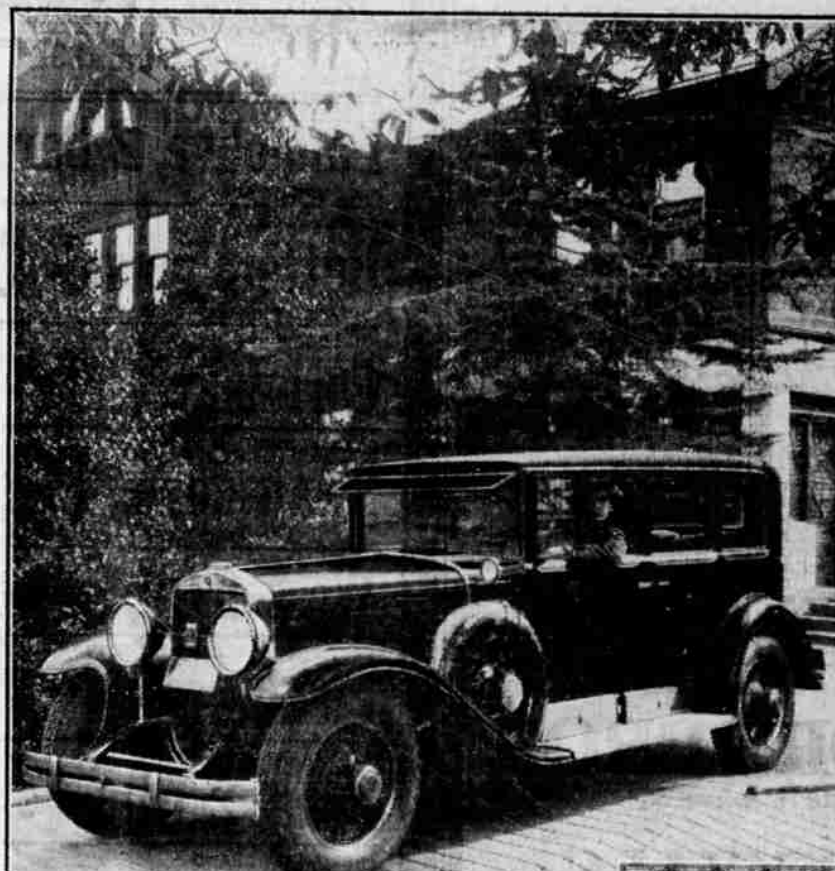
Here is a typical example of old crankcase oil after "wet" gasoline was used. Oil 54% gasoline—runned long before it had run a thousand miles



Shell 400 in the same car would dilute your oil very little. Perhaps 8% or 9% in a full thousand miles—not enough to hurt its lubricating qualities

It is now a well recognized fact that oil dilution from "wet" gasoline is one of the most serious menaces to automobile motors. Manufacturers and dealers, lubrication men and expert mechanics are constantly sending out warnings.

And today there is no need of using "wet" gaso-



William Templeton is the "crew" of Captain James Griffiths' "land yacht," a seven passenger Cadillac limousine. Templeton has stopped in front of the Captain's home

line. Shell 400, the "dry" gas, exactly refined to eliminate heavy "wet" petroleum fractions, goes completely vaporized into your motor. No condensing droplets run down the cylinder walls. All of it goes into power and mileage—full value for your gasoline money.

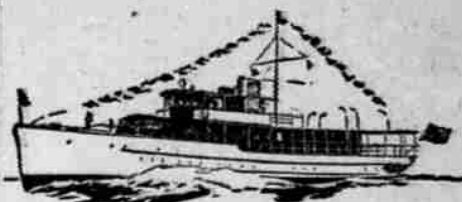
Yellow and red pumps identify Shell 400, the "dry" gas. Thousands of convenient stations sell it.

SHELL 400 The "DRY" gas

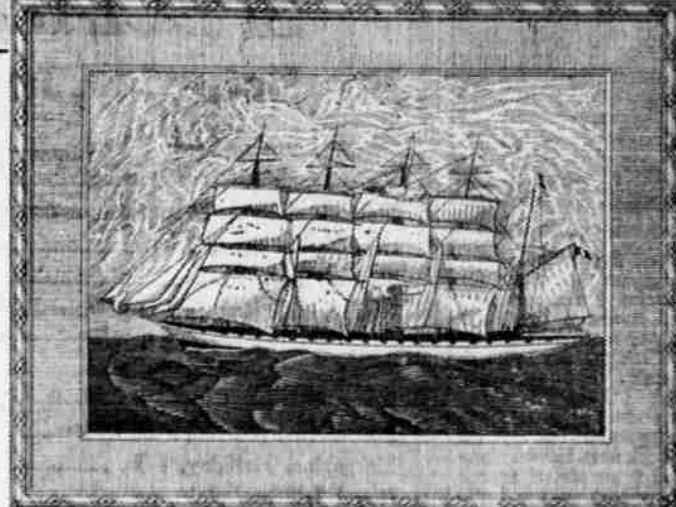
New high-compression motors have no room for the hard carbon that comes from burned motor oil. It is important that you use an oil that forms no hard carbon. Shell Motor Oil leaves only a little soft soot that blows easily away



Bill Templeton passes out a bit of advice while his employer goes for a walk in Volunteer Park. Here Bill has found a car that runs quite well on bread and butter and milk!



Last year at the Seattle Yacht Club it was "Commodore Griffiths." And this beautiful yacht carried the Commodore's flag. Captain Griffiths, never far from the sea, makes yachting his principal hobby



A beautiful painting of the old French sailing ship "La France" hangs over the fireplace in the living room of Captain Griffiths' home. It marks an older day in shipping—but when the Captain first became associated with the Alaska Transportation Co. schooners and clippers and barkentines ruled the seas

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, discovers she is in love with her employer who is married and passionately in love with his wife. She decides to resign but her resignation is postponed because she feels Morgan will have particular need of her in his defense of a supposed friend, Bert Crawford, indicted for embezzlement.

On the last day of the trial, little Curtis Morgan, six-year-old child of Iris and John Morgan, who is left in Nan's care while Iris hastens to the courtroom, innocently places in Nan's hands a note apparently taken from his mother's handbag. It is from Crawford and reveals his guilt and his and Iris' plan to elope when the trial is over. Crawford leaves town after his acquittal and Iris departs for a pleasure trip a few days later. Iris announces her desertion in a letter which cleverly omits mention of Crawford and pleads that Morgan not try to find her. Morgan is crushed. When, in desperation, he starts to place the child in a boarding school, Nan dissuades him, urging him to keep his home intact.

While Morgan is at the capital on business, Nan stays at the Morgan house with little Curtis. She organizes the housekeeping so father and son may carry on, places Curtis in public school, and arranges that Maude O'Brien, the housekeeper, her husband and son shall live on the premises and look after details there, with Nan acting as long-distance housekeeper. Little Curtis, longing for his mother, tugs at Nan's heart strings. When the maid asks Nan what disposition is to be made of Iris's clothes, Nan ascends the stairs slowly, sick with distaste for the job at hand.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXIII

As soon as Nan Carroll switched on the lights in the chamber which had been shared by John Curtis Morgan and his wife, she knew why the deserted husband had fled from it to the sanctuary of the small room which had been dedicated to male guests of the famous lawyer.

For this room was of and for Iris. It had been created solely as a setting for Iris Morgan's exotic beauty.

Iris had daringly chosen a color scheme of amethyst and vivid blue-green, almost the same blue-green as her remarkable eyes. Both shades of taffeta were combined in the window drapes, with sheer gold gauze between, to filter sunshine into more flattering moonlight. The top of the dressing table, with its triple mirrors, was crowded with scent bottles, jars and boxes, all of clear amethyst crystal. Nan wondered how Iris could have left such treasure behind, but undoubtedly the woman who had abandoned husband and child for another man had depended upon Bert Crawford to give her newer, richer treasure, as well as a newer, more thrilling love than that which she was leaving.

"Do you need any help, Miss Carroll?" Estelle, the maid, started the interloper by calling softly from the doorway.

Nan was grateful. It was not pleasant to be alone with the ghost of a living woman. "Yes, thank you, Estelle. I haven't looked into the closet yet, but if there is much packing to be done I shall need your help—also a wardrobe trunk or two."

"I told Pat O'Brien to bring up trunks from the basement," Estelle admitted. "It will take all the trunks we can find to hold her clothes. Here's Mrs. Morgan's dressing room, and I reckon there's enough clothes here to stock a shop."

Nan agreed with her silently when she stepped into the large dressing room. Afternoon frocks, evening gowns, street costumes—dresses, dresses and more dresses—crowded the hanger-pole from one end of the room to the other. No wonder John Curtis Morgan had not been able to endure the room he had shared with his wife! Had he stood here lonely and despairing, breathing in the perfume that floated delicately from his wife's garments, remembering her beauty clothed in this frock and that, crushing the exquisite fabrics against his lips?

But Estelle, as if she read Nan's thoughts, dispelled that picture. "Mr. Morgan hasn't been in here since Friday morning. He slept in the gentlemen's guest room Friday night, and had me move his things in there Saturday morning."

Nan was guiltily glad that Big