

STATE CHAMBER TO BE REPRESENTED AT YELLOWSTONE

The state chamber this week is putting into effect the second part of its program for statewide advertising and development of Oregon by sending Arthur Foster of its staff to the Yellowstone National park area where he will be stationed during the peak tourist season to tell tourists about the recreational, industrial and land settlement opportunities of Oregon.

On his way east Mr. Foster has arranged to stop at the principal towns of eastern Oregon and confer with chambers of commerce and newspaper people about the best methods to bring before tourists the attractions of eastern Oregon.

Mr. Foster will also collect a supply of literature dealing with all parts of Oregon to use in his work.

Before returning to Oregon, Mr. Foster will visit several hundred families in the states of Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado and Wyoming who have written to the state chamber about possible locations in

Oregon and give them complete information and assist them in making the move to this state.

The state chamber is supplementing the work of Mr. Foster by starting an advertising campaign in these international states, telling about the scenic attractions, the business opportunities and the advantages of farm homes in Oregon.

This state annually gets many families and tourists from the near-by states and the program of the state chamber is to further cultivate the district which is now furnishing so much of the travel and permanent settlers.

CALL FOR WARRANTS

Warrants numbered 1 to 54 of School District No. 23 are hereby called in for payment. Interest ceases June 5, 1929.

JOE E. HARVEY, Clerk.

WANTED

Bids on 25 tier hard wood, 16 inch; 5 tier old growth fir, 16 inch to be delivered at school house at Millard by Sept. 1st, 1929.

VIRGIL N. RUST, Clerk Dist. No. 116.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon
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SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Because of a fine sense of honor, Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, decides to resign when she discovers she is in love with him. Morgan is deeply in love with his beautiful wife, Iris.

Nan postpones her resignation because she thinks Morgan may need her assistance in his defense of a supposed friend, Bert Crawford, whom Nan distrusts. A letter innocently placed in Nan's hands by little 6-year-old Curtis Morgan reveals the story of Crawford's and Iris' love affair. After Morgan wins Crawford's acquittal, Crawford leaves town and Iris follows almost immediately.

The writer Morgan she will never return, but cleverly omits reference to Crawford. Nan resents Morgan from despair by diplomatically directing him more deeply into his work. She acts as long-distance housekeeper for him and little Curtis, who adores Nan. Nan goes to the capital to take her examinations and upon her return Morgan tells her he is divorcing Iris. He stutters a proposal, telling her of his and the boy's need of her. She accepts. They are quietly married, and Morgan makes her a partner in his law business.

They are prevented from leaving town by the arrival of David Blackhull, suspected of the murder of his wealthy father. Morgan goes with the boy, who says he will give himself up. Nan waits alone in her new office. Realizing there will be no honeymoon, Nan calls her new home and leaves orders for dinner, instructing the maid to remove the picture of Iris from above the fireplace. The secretary brings her the paper with a sensational account of their marriage and a picture of the beautiful Iris.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXIX

It was nearly 2 o'clock when the door of Nan's office opened to admit her husband. This was the first time she had been alone in private with John Curtis Morgan since the ceremony had been performed that morning. She had dreaded the moment and longed for it with sickening intensity. Now that it was upon her she wanted to run away. . . . So terribly much depended upon this first moment alone together. Would he put his arms about her, kiss her, murmur something dear and tender? She loved him so intensely that her love was a knot of almost unbearable pain in her heart. If he did not love her at all, was only grateful. . . .

"Well, Nan!" How usual and cordial and unembarrassed he seemed to be. Nan thought despairingly. If he loved her even the tiniest bit, he would feel all choked up now.

"Like it? It was a mean trick to play on you—furnishing your office without consulting your tastes, but I did want the surprise to be complete."

"I—I love it!" Nan gasped and rose to turn half from him for a moment so that her eyes should not betray her love and despair.

"Look how the sunshine pours through these gold gauze curtains! And this Persian rug is a slight extravagance."

Morgan laughed, a deep, musical sound that vibrated every nerve in the girl's body. "Whoa! That's my business! Remember, young lady, the partnership didn't go into effect until today, and you have no right to challenge any business expense of mine incurred previous to that partnership!" Seriously, Nan dear, I couldn't give you anything but the best. You've earned it all, and so much more."

He was coming toward her, both hands outstretched, his deep-set black eyes very tender, when again there was a knock on the door.

"Ford! Keep me from hating that girl!" Nan prayed to herself fervently, as she called "Come in!"

"Pardon me, Mr. Morgan—" Kathleen O'Hara dimpled and smiled, as if she knew what those two had been up to—"but District Attorney Brainerd is on the phone."

"Put him on this phone, please," Morgan told her, seating himself at Nan's desk. A minute later the connection was made and almost at Morgan's first words Nan forgot her own problems and heartaches. She listened avidly until her husband hung up the receiver.

"Brainerd wants to talk over the Nolan case," Morgan told her, his eyes twinkling, his lean, austere face flushed with triumph.

"He's going to move to dismiss the indictment, I'll bet my best hat!" Nan crowed.

"Looks like it," Morgan grinned. "Knows he'll lose the second trial. You were right about tipping off the press to some of the new evidence we uncovered. He can brag in his next campaign speech how he saved the state the heavy cost of a second trial by having the indictment dismissed. I told him I'd be there in 10 minutes."

"Oh!" Nan could not restrain the little wall of disappointment, but she recovered quickly. "Good luck—John. I did want to go over the Blackhull case with you, find out what you'd learned today, and all—but that can wait till this evening, can't it?"

She wanted him to cheer fondly: "This evening! Remember, young lady, this is our wedding day! We're going to forget lawyering for one evening, at least!" But he said nothing of the kind. "Oh, I'll probably be back in time to go over the Blackhull case with you. What glutton for work you are, anyway!"

"And a glutton for love, even if you don't suspect it, you darling, oblivious old goose!" Nan answered in her heart. Aloud she said: "I don't think I'll be here when you get back—John." How hard it was to say that name! "I thought I'd go out to the house and see that—that everything's in order. I—I'd like to see Curtis, too, before—before—"

"A good idea!" Morgan agreed heartily, but the flush deepened on his lean face.

He did not kiss her good-bye. But he was so used to her in the office, so accustomed to coming and going that it would have seemed queer to give her his first kiss there. Nan argued with her departing heart. And after all, this was a business office, no place for love-making. But he'd kissed Iris in his office. She'd seen him—

"Stop it, Nan Carroll!" Nan commanded herself angrily, forgetting for a moment that she was

alone in the office. She'd seen him—

alone in the office. She'd seen him—

alone in the office. She'd seen him—

alone in the office. She'd seen him—

alone in the office. She'd seen him—

alone in the office. She'd seen him—

now Nan Morgan and not Nan Carroll. "You'll drive yourself crazy if you're going to keep torturing yourself with comparisons of his attitude to you and to Iris. He divorced her of his own free will and saved and married you. You are his wife now, not Iris!"

Before leaving the office she gathered up the typed sheets of David Blackhull's story, thrust them into the fine, flexible leather briefcase that she had found among her new possessions that morning. Stamped in gold on the front was her new name, "Mrs. J. C. Morgan." How sure he had been that she would go through with the marriage! And what a lot of planning he had done to prepare these wedding gifts for her. Gratitude and love—untainted for the moment by jealousy and foreboding—surged through her heart. As she bade Kathleen O'Hara good-bye for the day, Nan looked, the happy, beloved bride that they all—

even Evans and Blake, who had known Iris—believed her to be.

Curtis, playing on the lawn with Cop, who had grown into an enormous police dog, and "Little Pat" O'Brien, saw Nan as she turned up the flarstone path to the house.

"Hi, Nan! Your trunk's here! Listen, Nan, are you going to stay all night? Maude and Estelle wouldn't tell me. They said to ask you." He flung himself upon her, almost strangling her with the vehemence of his embrace. "Are you, Nan? Are you? Hi! Look at Cop! He wants to shake hands with you, Nan!"

Curtis, feeling himself almost grown up at 7, had long since discarded the humiliations, nursemaid nickname of "Nana" with which Iris taught him, when he was 3 years old, to address his father's secretary.

Nan knelt and held him close to her heart, regardless of neighbors or servants who might be watching. Tears welled in her eyes as she looked him over proudly, with as much love—she thought—as if he were her own flesh and blood.

He was a very different child from the spoiled, anemic little boy that Iris Morgan had deserted nine months ago. His cheeks had filled out, there was astonishing strength in the round arms that clung to her so tightly.

"Listen, Nan!" he plunged on breathlessly, without waiting for an answer to his other impetuous question. "You know what? We had physical 'examination' today, and you know what? . . . I got A-plus! Honest! The doctor said my weight was just right, and my hema—hema-glo-bin—I can spell it, too!—was 94. Little Pat's hema-glo-bin is 98, but I betcha mine'll be about 150 by next term. You are going to stay all night, aren't you, Nan? Can I sleep with you?"

Little Pat, who had drawn near, let out a war-whoop of delight at that innocent question of Curtis', but there was no smile on Nan's face.

"Gee, Nan, you're red as a beet!" Curtis informed her.

"I am going to stay all night, and as many more nights as you want me, Curtis," Nan said in a low voice, as she gently released the boy's arms from about her neck.

"Hi, Pat! Nan's going to stay all the time at my house!" Curtis shrieked and tore across the lawn

to his chum, followed by a madly excited police dog.

Nan walked slowly up the path to the front veranda and, without ringing the door bell, stepped through an open French window into the drawing room. Her eyes flew to the fireplace. Estelle had lost no time. Nan could imagine with what malicious pleasure the maid, who adored her and despised the house's former mistress, had yanked down the life-sized portrait of Iris Morgan which had dominated the drawing-room, the whole house, even the life of John Curtis Morgan.

But Nan, at the banishment of her rival's portrait, felt no relief—only dismay. For the picture was more conspicuous by its absence than it could have been by its presence. It had left as ineradicable a mark on the wall as it had upon Morgan's heart. Where the picture had hung there was now a great rectangle of paper many shades darker than that of the surrounding space. Nan stood staring helplessly at the spot where the picture had hung. What could she do? If John came home to find that dark blank space where he had been accustomed to seeing almost incredible beauty, would the terrible thought occur to him that Nan, in banishing his former wife's picture, was trying as crudely to banish her from his heart? And would he be forced to face the fact that his heart was as empty without Iris as that blank space above the fireplace?

Nan cast desperately about for a solution. No, there was no other picture in the house anywhere near large enough to fill the space. No piece of tapestry large enough or worthy to fill so conspicuous a place. No time to have the room redecorated or to purchase a picture before John came home.

"Oh! Excuse me, Miss—I mean Mrs. Morgan!" It was Estelle entering the drawing room with a basket of logs for the fireplace. "I didn't know you were here, ma'am. May I congratulate you, Ma'am? But as I said to Maude O'Brien, it's Mr. Morgan that's to be congratulated."

"Thank you, Estelle," Nan forced herself to smile naturally. "That blank space looks awful, doesn't it? Will you please re-hang Mrs. Morgan's picture?"

The maid looked shocked and scandalized, but Nan gave her no time to protest. Stepping to the French window, she called to Curtis.

Five minutes later the little boy was importantly and excitedly helping her to unpack her trunk, which had been placed in the middle of the big guest room.

"Can I play like I'm the husband and sleep in one of the man-and-wife beds, Nan?" he suggested with eager hopefulness. "You let me sleep with you that other time because you weren't man-and-wife."

Nan plunged, her cheeks scarlet, "I—your father and I are man-and-wife now, honey."

The boy's face fell, the big, liquid black eyes became so somber that Nan's heart almost stopped beating.

"Ah!" she wailed dismally. Then Father will sleep in here. Somebody's always taking the joy out of life," he added, with so

patent an imitation of little Pat's more mature manner that Nan laughed shakily. "Listen, Nan! Can I bring Father's things in? I won't drop anything, honest!"

"Are you glad I'm going to stay? That your father and I—are man-and-wife?" the heart-hungry girl urged, her voice breaking.

"Sure! I always did want you to come here and live," Curtis assured her offhandedly. "Listen, Nan! Can I bring Father's things in? Can I?"

It was then that Nan made the decision upon the threshold of which she had been trembling all day. "No," she said gently. "Let him bring them in himself—if he wants to."

(To Be Continued)

NOTICE

Bids for the audit of School Clerk's books of Douglas County will be opened June 8th, by the Boundary Board. Right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the board.

Signed: EDITH S. ACKERT, Co. School Supt.

NOTICE

All temporary automobile license tags must be turned in to the sheriff's office by June 15th for refund.



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Fights Last Night

(Associated Press Leonard Wine)
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NEW YORK—Al Singer, New York, knocked out Lee Kid Roy, Montreal, (1).

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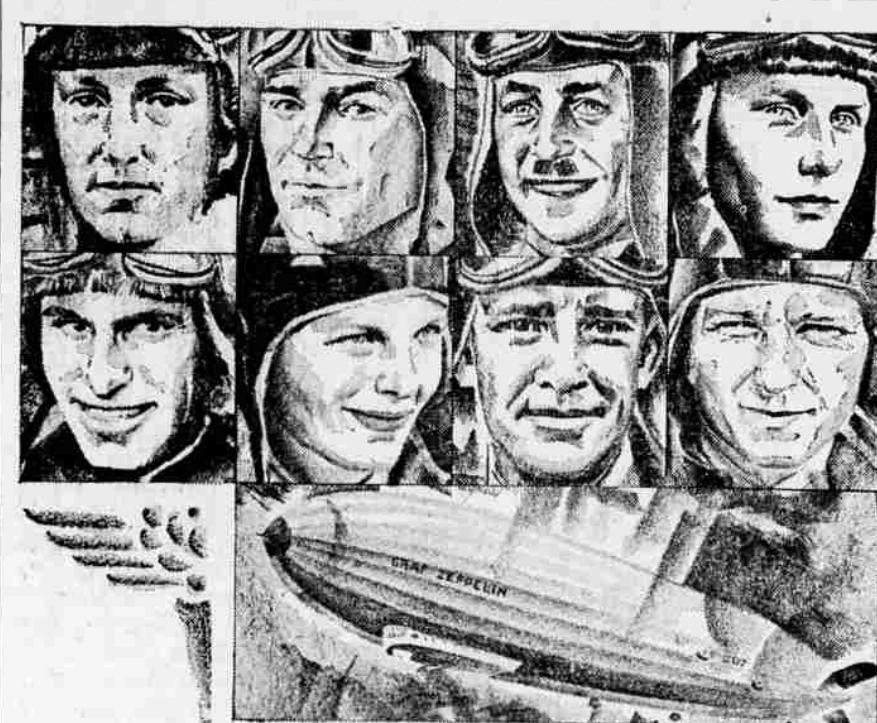
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