CROSS-STATE R. R. UNHURT BY IDAHO PLAN—BALDRIDGE

SALEM, Ore., June 7.—Governor Baldridge of Idaho is not in agreement with the Oregon public service commission that the proposed line of railroad which the Idaho, Pacific railroad company proposes to build from Nyssa, Ore., to Winnemucca, Nev., would be inimical to the line east and west across Oregon from Crane to Crescent Lake. The governor, who is here attending a meeting of the Oregon Dairy Improvement association, said that Idaho wants the Nyssa-Winnemucca line built.

"We are for it," he said, "because it will open up the markets of California to our products by a direct route. The dairy products of southern Idaho, for example, are very largely sold in California, which it is now necessary to reach in a roundabout way. I can't see that the proposed line would work against the Crane-Crescent Lake road as the Oregon public service commission seems to think."

The Idaho Pacific company has applied to the interstate commerce commission for authority to build the line, and the Oregon commission has petitioned for intervention in opposition.

Greater production and greater expenditure for advertising are the things that will make more money for the producers of dairy products, declares J. L. Kraft, internationally known cheese manufacturer, who addressed the meeting today.

"I doubt if any of you will live to see the day when there will be a surplus of any dairy product for any length of time," he said. The world is becoming dairy-minded."

There was an indication of a movement to persuade the Kraft people to open up a factory in Oregon. Mr. Kraft made no promise, but he declared that the markets of the world are open to Oregon.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin, Author of "The Black Pigeon"

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, private secretary to John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, is in love with her employer. Morgan, however, is deeply in love with his beautiful wife, Iris. Nan decides to resign, but lingers when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford.

Nan distrusts him, and her suspicion of him and Iris is confirmed by a letter which little 6-year-old Curtis Morgan innocently takes from his mother's handbag and places in Nan's hands. After Crawford's acquittal, he leaves town, followed almost immediately by Iris. She writes Morgan she will never return, but cleverly omits reference to Crawford, whom Morgan trusts implicitly.

Morgan is crushed and Nan saves him from despair by forcing him into his work. She acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, winning the love of little Curtis, who adores her, and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of another. Nan goes to the capital to take bar examinations and upon her return Morgan tells her he is divorcing Iris. He stutters a proposal.

They are quietly married and Morgan gives her a partnership with him in business. They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the arrival of David Blackhull, accused of murdering his wealthy father. Nan urges Morgan to take the case and he goes with the boy to give himself up.

Nan goes to the house alone, where Curtis helps her unpack. He wants to bring his father's things into her room but she says "No, let him bring them in himself."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXX

With the sometimes deadly innocence of childhood, it was little Curtis Morgan who unwittingly completed the destruction of whatever hope had been left to Nan that happiness would come to her before the close of her wedding day.

The first unfortunate episode occurred at the dinner table. Although Nan had longed with desperate intensity to be alone with her husband over their first meal together as man and wife, her love for the child had made it impossible for her to exclude Curtis from what he evidently regarded as a family celebration. He was almost hectically excited—his liquid black eyes dazzlingly bright, his cheeks scarlet. He had told the splendid news to Little Pat, who had obligingly given the younger child a number of pointers as to just what his father's and Nan's marriage meant.

Estelle had outdone herself, so that the table at least was as festive as a bride could have desired. Nan, however, could not but remember that the exquisite china, crystal, silver and Italian linen had been accumulated by her predecessor, Iris again! The centerpiece of delicate, lovely little sweetheart buds had been bought and paid for by Estelle, however, as a wedding gift to the girl who had been long-distance housekeeper for months and was now mistress of the Morgan house.

Maude O'Brien, the cook, had flavored every dish of the wedding feast with her love for the bride and groom. But Nan, at the head of the table, scarcely tasted the delicious foods that were placed before her by Estelle. Opposite her, John Curtis Morgan seemed to have as little appetite, but Curtis, seated between them, ate of everything with frequent, loud expressions of approval.

Whenever the father was engrossed in conversation with the boy, Nan stole glances at him, dropping her eyes swiftly when he looked her way. How distinguished, how handsome he was in his new dinner clothes! A perfect white gardenia in his buttonhole. She had been surprised and deeply touched when he had come home from the office with a huge florist's box under his arm. Atop the mass of long-stemmed yellow roses she had found the lone gardenia, had adjusted it later in the buttonhole of his dinner coat with trembling fingers, while he smiled down upon her—his eyes almost as shy as her own. Oh, he was trying to "play up," trying so hard to make her feel like other brides.

Well, she was playing up, too. Estelle and Mrs. O'Brien had gone into raptures over her new evening dress of ivory taffeta, the long "period costume" skirt embroidered with a deep border of golden poppies. On the left shoulder of the snugly fitting, very-low-in-the-neck little bodice she wore a cluster of three of the golden-yellow roses that her husband had brought her. Under the lights, her swirl-waved, short brown hair gleamed like a cap of burnished, beaten copper. Did Morgan really think she was pretty? He had told her so, as she adjusted his gardenia.

* * *

But what was Curtis saying? Nan gave the child sudden, startled attention.

". . . and Little Pat says Nan's my mother now. Is she, Father? I got a mother. Can a kid have two mothers, Father?"

Nan did not dare look at John Curtis Morgan's face.

She would not have recognized the hoarse, strained voice that answered, "Yes, Curtis." Just "Yes," with no explanation, no attempt at justification. But what else could he say?

"Gee, that's swell!" Curtis astonished Nan by exclaiming happily. "The kids at school will stop teasing me now, I guess! All time saying, 'Curt Morgan's mother run off and left him'; 'Curt Morgan ain't got no mother.' Betcha they'll wisht they was me, when I tell 'em I got two mothers! Won't they, Father? Won't they, Nan?"

Fortunately, Curtis seldom waited for an answer. He rushed on now: "Won't my other mother be s'prised when she comes home? I'll have two mothers at home, and you'll have two wives, won't you, Father?"

During the four years she had known and loved John Curtis Morgan there had been many times when Nan's heart had ached sickeningly with pity for the hurts which Iris Morgan had inflicted upon him. But the pain that stabbed her heart now made every other pain she had ever felt seem trivial. And as always, she suffered because he suffered, would have died to spare him.

The door from the butler's pantry swung open. With a gasp of relief, Nan realized that the father would be spared the necessity of answering an unanswerable question.

"Gosh! What a cake!" Curtis shouted, beating his hands together in a frenzy of delight. "What kind of cake is that, Estelle? I never saw such a funny, pretty cake—"

Estelle laughed, as she set the tall, white cake, surmounted by a tiny bride and groom, before her new mistress. "That's a wedding cake, Curtis. Maude made it herself, Miss—I mean ma'am."

"Oh—that was dear of her," Nan faltered. "You've both been so kind—"

"Can I have the man and lady dolls, Nan? Can I?" Curtis clamored, and her husband, at the foot of the table, seized the excuse to laugh. The tension was broken.

Nan laughed, too, and the magnificent cake was cut. So that Maude might not have her feelings hurt, Nan forced herself to eat all of the thin slice she had taken upon her own plate, but Maude might have flavored it with quinine instead of almond; the bride would not have known the difference.

* * *

The second incident occurred immediately after dinner. Nan Carroll Morgan was destined that night to be spared nothing. If innocent, blundering little Curtis had been a graduate of the Inquisition, he could not have devised more exquisite tortures for the girl who had, in all humility, agreed to become a mother to him.

Quite as a matter of course John Curtis Morgan led the way into the drawing room. Curtis dragging at his hand and chattering blithely, Nan forced her reluctant feet to follow them into the room dominated by Iris Morgan's beautiful, almost life-size portrait. She had not long to wonder what revenge Iris would exact of the interloper.

Her husband passed at a table to fill his pipe, but Curtis impatiently and autocratically dragged him to the center of the room, so that they faced the fireplace and the portrait.

"Listen, Father! Listen!" Curtis commanded shrilly, pointing to the portrait of his mother. "Do you think Nan is as pretty as my other mother? Do you, Father? I think she almost is, don't you, Father?"

Nan's heart stood still for a second, then lunged sickeningly. She was glad she stood behind them, that she could not see Morgan's face. Glad, too, that he could not see hers.

Before her husband had time to answer, Nan's clear, friendly little laugh rang out. "I know what I think, young Curtis, my lad!" She cried, her voice convincingly gay and firm. "I think it's time for you to go to bed, or you'll get a black mark on your health chart tomorrow!"

It was a potent threat. The child released his father's hand and came toward his new mother, obediently, if reluctantly. "You'll come upstairs with me for just a teeny while, won't you, Nan? Good night, Father."

When Nan returned to the drawing room 10 minutes later, the feel of Curtis' kisses still upon her lips, she found her husband half-sitting, half-lying in his own particular armchair beside the fireplace, his head thrown back, his narrowed eyes fixed upon the portrait of the wife who had deserted him.

Nan was about to turn and flee, unable to endure more, when her husband caught the faint rustle of her taffeta skirt. He was instantly upon his feet, a smile of welcome routing the brooding melancholy from his distinguished, austere face.

"If he says 'Alone—at last!' I'll scream," Nan said to herself as she waited for him to reach her. "For we aren't alone! We'll never be alone as long as she sits there, mocking us, smiling, gloating because she knows he'll always be hers—"

"Well, Nan?" Morgan put an arm about the girl's bare shoulders and pressed her close against his side. For a breathless moment Nan thought he was going to kiss her. But her drew her gently along with him to a small Empire sofa, so placed that Iris' portrait was not visible from it. Was that why he chose it? Nan wondered, but was grateful.

When they were seated, Nan taking exaggerated pains with the arranging of her long, poppy-splashed skirt, Morgan again put his right arm about her shoulders and with his lefthand gathered up both her cold little hands, lifted them, brushed his lips against the rosy finger-tips.

* * *

"Glad you're—here, Nan?" he asked at last, huskily.

"Yes." She could not manage more just then, with her whole body trembling to his touch.

His arm tightened about her shoulders. "I'm—happier than I've been for a long time, Nan dear. It hasn't been a very orthodox wedding day, has it?" he added regretfully. "But—the worst is over, I think, Curtis. . . . Of course you know he adores you," he blundered on, his voice thick with embarrassment. "We can't expect him to understand—can we?"

"No," Nan said simply, but her voice sounded cold, odd. Oh, why didn't he kiss her? She had waited so long. Nothing would matter, nothing could hurt very deeply, if he loved her, even a little.

"I—it's rotten luck that we had to postpone our—trip," her husband went on, haltingly. "Poor little Nan? Precious little Nan!" And he laid his cheek against her shining brown hair, his arm crushing her shoulders with sudden vehemence.

Nan waited, holding her breath, her heart beating so loudly that she was afraid he would hear its clamorous, despairing message. "I love you! I love you! Don't you love me at all?" Surely now he would kiss her. But he lifted his head, began to speak again, in that halting, embarrassed way which was agony to her!

"Of course you're to do whatever you like with the house. Throw out anything or everything, do it over to suit yourself, dear Nan—"

"He means the portrait, but he can't bring himself to say so in so many words," Nan interpreted drearily. "I shan't take it down. It's up to him—"

But he was going on, doggedly. "I want you to have exactly the kind of home you like. If you—don't like this house—"

"Oh, but I do!" Nan interrupted, her heart pounding instantly to the pain which dragged at his voice. He loved the house. She would suffer anything rather than uproot him.

"I thought perhaps . . . But I'll not pretend that I'm not glad and relieved that you like it," her husband confessed, his voice almost normal. "Don't hesitate to make any changes, though. I want it to be your home. . . . You can forget about me when you make your plans. I'll like anything you do. About my room—" He hesitated and Nan's heart plunged. "I'm afraid I've grown rather fond of the little guest room, as we still call it. If you'll permit me to share your bath—you're taking the big guest room, Curtis tells me—I'll promise always to leave it spick and span for you—"

Above the roaring of blood in her ears Nan heard Estelle's voice, as if from a great distance:

"A telephone call for you, Mr. Morgan. A lady. She says her name is Mrs. Nina Blackhull—"

"Good Lord! Nina Blackhull!" John Curtis Morgan exclaimed incredulously. "I wonder if this means that she's on her stepson's side. Will you excuse me, Nan?"

(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.

CALL FOR WARRANTS

Warrants numbered 1 to 54 of School District No. 32 are hereby called in for payment. Interest ceases June 5, 1929

JOE E. HARVEY, Clerk.

Ford coupe, 1929 model, about six weeks old, for sale by Hansen Chevrolet for about $125 less than cost price.

FARM REAL ESTATE VALUES DECLINE VERY SLIGHTLY

Downward Trend Smallest in Recent Years, According to Survey Made by Government.

Oregon Figures Unchanged for Past Three Years, Report for Nation Shows.

Although farm real estate values generally continued downward during the year ending March 1, 1929, the declines generally were comparatively slight and in a number of states represented the smallest annual losses in value in recent years, according to preliminary estimates compiled by the bureau of agricultural economics, United States department of agriculture. The estimates are based upon reports made by co-operating farmers and farm real estate dealers throughout the country.

During the 12-month period values per acre of all farm lands with improvements averaged for the United States as a whole showed a decline of slightly less than 1 per cent. This represented the smallest annual loss shown in the national average since the price peak of 1920 was passed, and represents a continuation of a downward trend which set in at that time. In comparison with the average values prevailing before the war the national figure on March 1, 1929, was 16 per cent above the three years 1912-1914. On March 1, 1928, the corresponding figure was 17 per cent above pre-war; in 1927, 19 per cent above; and in 1926, 24 per cent above. At the 1920 "peak" the figure reached 70 per cent above pre-war. The current average for the country as a whole represents approximately the same level of values as prevailed in 1917.

State and regional averages, during the year, showed few of the sharp declines frequently recorded in preceding years. This was particularly true of the corn belt states, the east north central and west north central sections on the average showing decreases of approximately 1 per cent, which represents the smallest annual loss in values recorded there in the last nine years. Values in the southern states also decline only slightly during the last year, making a comparison generally more favorable than in the years immediately preceding. In the northeastern states values tended to ease somewhat but not nominally. In the mountain and Pacific states average values almost without exception held up well to last year's levels.

The value estimates for 1929 were made as a part of the bureau's annual survey of conditions in the farm land market. A complete report on all phases of the farm real estate situation will be issued at a later date.

For Oregon, on a basis of 120 per cent for 1920, farm values now stand at 106 per cent, the same rate estimated for 1927 and 1928, the figures being unchanged for three years.

INDEX OF FARM PRICES SHOWING SLIGHT DECLINE

At 136 per cent of the pre-war level, the index of the general level of farm prices on May 15 was two points lower than on April 15 and 12 points lower than May a year ago, reports the bureau of agricultural economics, United States department of agriculture. The decline was due to lower prices of all grains, flaxseed, cotton and cottonseed, hay, hogs, sheep, lambs, wool and dairy products, which were only partly offset by advances in farm prices of fruits and vegetables, beef cattle, poultry and poultry products.

By groups, from April 15 to May 15 grains were down seven points; cotton and cottonseed down four points; dairy products down three points; fruits and vegetables up nine points, and poultry products up seven points. Meat animals were unchanged.

The advance in the farm price of hogs which extended through the first four months of 1929 was terminated by a 2 per cent decline from April 15 to May 15. Nevertheless, at $9.96 per 100 pounds on May 15, the farm price is still about 13 per cent higher than a year ago. The farm price decline since April 15 has been accompanied by an increase in receipts at seven primary markets. The heaviest May 1 stocks of lard on record have apparently been an additional weakening factor influencing the downward movement of hog prices. The corn-hog ratio declined from April 15 to May 15, dropping from 11.7 to 11.6 for the United States and from 14.2 to 13.6 for Iowa.

At $9.72 per hundred weight on May 15, the farm price of beef cattle was approximately two per cent higher than on April 15, and nearly seven per cent higher than a year ago.

The farm price of lambs on May 15 was about two per cent lower than a year ago, the lower prices being attributed to the large increase in market supplies. Receipts at seven primary markets during the four-week period ending May 18 were approximately 13 per cent larger than during the corresponding period last year.

The farm price of corn declined one per cent from April 15 to May 15, the decline being fairly general over the country. The decline was accompanied by indications of larger May 1 farm stocks than in 1928 and continued heavy supplies relative to prospective feeding requirements.

The farm price of wheat declined approximately 10 per cent from April 15 to May 15 ,accompanied by indications of a relatively large carry-over of wheat in the United States and prospects of a winter wheat crop larger than last year.

The decline in the farm price of potatoes which set in during March and April was terminated by a seven per cent advance from April 15 to May 15. oPtato prices advanced approximately 24 per cent during this period in the North Atlantic States, about 18 per cent in the Far West and six per cent in the South Central states, but these advances were partially offset by a four per cent price decline in the South Atlantic states and a three per cent decline in the North Central division.

NEGRO, 106, JAILED ON SECOND CHARGE OF BOOTLEGGING

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

EL CENTRO, Cal., June 7.—For the second time since last New Year's Armstead Snow, negro, claiming to be 106 years old, has been arrested on a bootlegging charge.

His age and the fact that he once was a slave in North Carolina, combined to get the sympathy of the court at Brawley in the first case and Snow was allowed to go free. His second offense resulted in a county jail sentence. He holds the record as the oldest prisoner ever entering the gates of Imperial county jail and perhaps is the oldest prisoner ever received in any jail in the United States.

Snow claims he was born a slave March 15, 1823, and that he has documents showing his nativity.

ALBERT L. SMITH PASSES AT WILBUR

Albert Louis Smith passed away Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at his home in Wilbur, at the age of 65. He was born at Yoncalla, 1864. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Clara Smith of Wilbur, and five children, Gordon Smith of Marshfield, Mrs. Bertha Parker of Ridgefield, Wash., Mrs. Francis Huntington of Marshfield, Mrs. Beatrice Johnson of Marshfield and Mrs. Fred Miller of Roseburg; also two sisters, Mrs. L. E. Warner of Yoncalla, Mrs. Fanny Johnson, Spokane, and one brother, Elmer Smith of Spokane, Wash.

Funeral services will be held at the Douglas Funeral Home at 1 p. m. Sunday, with services at the Yoncalla cemetery at 3 p. m.

OREGON FLIER TO BE CO-PILOT ON ATTEMPT AT ENDURANCE RECORD

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CULVER CITY, Cal., June 7.—Plans were announced today by Loren W. Mentell, 29-year-old pilot of Fort Worth, Texas, for a refueling endurance flight to start here within two weeks, in which he hopes to eclipse all existing records for sustained flight.

Mentell will use a remodeled five-passenger Buhl Sesqui plane in his effort to surpass the mark of 172 hours and 31 minutes, one second, recently set by Reginald L. Robbins and James Kelly at Fort Worth. He named Pete Reinhart, 26, of Salem, Ore., and a former medical student of the University of Oregon as his co-pilot.

The flight is being backed by W. G. McAdoo, Jr., Lansing Tevis and Paul Whittier, owners of the airport here.

HEFLIN CHALLENGES AND RECEIVES NO RESPONSE

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Senator Heflin of Alabama today challenged "any southern democrat" to stand up in the senate and say he favored the nomination of Alfred E. Smith for president in 1932.

No senator respended.

The senator made his challenge during one of his attacks upon what he described "the Roman Catholic political machine." Only a few democratic senators were present when he made his statement.

The Alabaman declared that the purpose of the forthcoming democratic dinner in Washington was "to boost Raskob" and to continue him as chairman of the democratic national committee.

WANTED

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

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

STRAWBERRY CROP TO EXCEED THAT OF 1928, IS FORECAST

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., June 7.—A dispatch from Portland quoting a large produce buyer as saying that unless the moisture is replaced soon by warm sunshine Oregon's strawberry crop will rot on the vines, is discounted by canners and buyers here, center of the Northwest's largest strawberry production.

Assertions were made by both canners and buyers here today that ton for ton the strawberry crop will be considerably in excess of last year and predictions were confidently made of one of the largest strawberry packs in history with superlative quality berries.

"Prospects are far better now for a big strawberry crop than they were at the same stage last year," said the largest strawberry buyer of this district today. "While we are from 10 days to two weeks late, the moisture has been the saving of the crop, not its destruction, and what little loss there is in the rotting of early berries will be more than offset by the fact that the later berries are setting in such condition they will not be burned up by the warm days in the offing.

"We have just made an examination of the strawberry fields in the Union Hill district, one of the largest and best producing in the Northwest, and find right now every indication of a yield of three tons to an acre in numerous yards of the largest and best berries ever seen here.

"Strawberries have a peculiarity not enjoyed by prunes and cherries. This sort of weather will hold back strawberries so they come to proper ripening with the right kind of weather, while prunes and cherries would suffer from present conditions.

"We are confident when the pack is completed that we will have one of the biggest and best quality packs in the history of the Northwest field."

TRANS U. S. RAIL-PLANE SERVICE TO START ON JUNE 14

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, June 7.—The Aviation corporation, new $200,000,000 holding company, announced today that it would inaugurate plane-train service across the country on June 14, three weeks ahead of the scheduled start of a similar system by Trans-Continental Air Transport.

The aviation corporation route will be by New York Central between New York and Cleveland, by air for the 1,087 miles between Cleveland and Garden City, Kas., and by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe between Garden City and the west coast. The air line will be operated by Universal Aviation corporation, a subsidiary of the aviation corporation.

The T. A. T. will use the Pennsylvania and the Santa Fe railroads for the links between New York and Columbus and between Waynoka, Okla., and Clovis, N. M., air transportation being afforded between Columbus and Waynoka and between Clovis and the west coast.

The 48-hour T. A. T. transcontinental trip will cost about $350 and the Aviation corporation 60-hour journey $250.

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Extraordinary Fascinating Values

To introduce and acquaint more people in this community with the merit of the toilet goods which may be secured throughout the year at your Rexall Drug Store, we are privileged to offer you during the beautiful month of June many favorite nationally advertised preparations at remarkably low prices.

We recommend these toilet creations with complete assurance that they will give absolute satisfaction, in accordance with the manufacturer's guaranty.

Outstanding in this unique sale are many incomparable articles which are being given away with purchases.

The complete list of these Extraordinary Values will appear later. Watch for the special prices.

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