

CALIFORNIANS ARE SHOWING INTEREST IN UMPQUA FISHING

Anyone going from southern Oregon to Los Angeles should stock up on information and literature regarding fishing, hunting, camps, and resorts, according to Ray B. Compton who returned last night from Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Compton have been attending the Shrine convention, which they report is one of the most gorgeous and stupendous gatherings of its kind ever held.

"I was astonished," Mr. Compton said, "at the interest shown by Californians in southern Oregon fishing. As soon as they learned that I was from the southern part of the state they began asking questions. I thought I knew something about our recreational advantages, but the details they asked were beyond me. I could have used a suitcase full of literature to

good advantage. I talked with scores of big men in Los Angeles and Pasadena who are preparing to come to the Umpqua and Rogue rivers to fish. Down there when they catch a six inch fish it's something to write home about, and they can hardly believe that we have such wonderful trout and salmon fishing in our streams."

Mr. Compton states that he was delighted by the spirit shown by the southern Oregon Shriners. The Shrine temple group, he stated, had the only painted car that arrived in the convention city. The men were bathing suits in the parade and attracted great attention by their sign "Los Angeles, we are prepared for your rain." The Los Angeles men rode out on a fire department and turned a hose on the Oregon group. The men also had a cannon firing blank ammunition and proceeded to "shoot up the town."

"It was a real southern Oregon delegation," Compton said. Community interests were dropped and every man was boosting for southern Oregon as a whole. I heard Rogue river men extolling the virtues of the Umpqua and, in turn, I included both the Umpqua and Rogue in my reports. It was a wonderful showing of community spirit."

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon
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SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Nan Carroll, secretary, is in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, criminal lawyer, who is deeply in love with his wife, Iris. Nan decides to resign but lingers when she learns Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford.

After Crawford's acquittal, he leaves town and Iris follows closely. She writes Morgan who will never return but cleverly omits reference to Crawford, whom Morgan trusts implicitly. Name saves Morgan from despair by forcing him more deeply into his work. She acts as long-distance housekeeper for him for six months, winning the love of little Curtis, his son, and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of another.

Nan returns from her far exams, and Morgan proposes to her. He divorces Iris, and Nan and he are married.

They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the arrival of David Blackhall, accused of the murder of his father. Nan insists that Morgan stay and take the case.

For three months Nan's and Morgan's farcical marriage continues, but Nan's heart is breaking. Three months after the marriage Nan tells herself she cannot go on like this. Fate was waiting for her ultimatum, ready to accept the challenge.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIII
When that Wednesday evening, the third monthly anniversary of her marriage to John Curtis Morgan, the little Curtis loudly clamored for a game of anagrams. Nan had no presentiment that a crisis in that still incomplete marriage was rapidly hurrying down upon her.

Curtis' very modern schoolteacher had introduced the game of anagrams into her classroom as a novel but effective aid in the teaching of spelling and definitions. And Curtis had been so enamored of the game that he had insisted upon a session of anagrams with his father and stepmother every evening after dinner.

They had been engrossed for 10 minutes this evening with the little wooden letters when Curtis triumphantly formed the word "h-o-p-e," adding it to the three other words he had captured.

"Only trouble is, it's too easy to take," the little boy grumbled. "There! I knew I'd lose it! Why did you have to get 'E' so quick, Nan?"

His stepmother grinned at him as she took his three letters and made the word into "hope."

"And here's an 'S' which I can't do anything with," his father said, as he laid the letter in the pool, along with an "R" and a "K" already there.

"But I can make it 'hopes,'" Nan triumphed, annexing the "S" from the pool and discarding another "K" she had drawn from the pile of face-down letters.

"When?" Curtis leaned excitedly toward Nan and studied the pool and her word. "Hopes?" "Lookie! If Father gets an L, he can take 'Hopes' away from you, Nan, and leave you 'hopeless'! Hi! That's a joke, Father! Get it? It's a pun, cause, a pun is a play on words. We had it in spelling yesterday."

"Did you also learn that the pun is the lowest form of wit?" his father gibed. "Well, what do you know about that?" he pretended vast amazement and triumph. "I have got the 'L'—"

"Poor Nan! Father takes her 'hopes' away from her," Curtis sympathized. "Don't you mind, Nan. Father's got some little old three-letter words over there you can steal. Look! I betcha you can take his 'love' with 'G' or an 'R'—"

"Go!" he marveled aloud. "I can take his 'love' with that 'R' that's been in the pool all along. Poor Nan! Father takes her 'hopes' and I take his 'love' before she can—"

It was then that Nan in her heart cried out despairingly: "I can't go on like this! I'll go crazy or run away. . . . But I can't go on like this! Even a silly little word

game stabs me in the heart—" She played on mechanically, her small face pale and set, her wide brown eyes blind to so many chances that at last Curtis demanded resentfully: "What's the matter, Nan? You aren't trying any more! Are you mad, Nan? You won't let me be a bad sport and sulk when I lose."

"Sorry, darling!" Nan apologized. "I wasn't sulking about the game—honest! I was thinking of something else. You've won again, haven't you, Curtis? . . . Fine! Suppose you and your father play alone for a while. I've got some work to do—"

And before Curtis could utter half the protests that were tumbling off his clamorous tongue Nan had run into the library and shut the door.

Fifteen minutes later father and son appeared in the doorway, hand in hand, the tall man smiling down fondly upon the flushed, excited child.

"He's licked me again, Nan," Morgan told her. "I'm getting even with the champion anagram player by sending him off to bed. It's after eight. He's 10 minutes to the good, and gloating indecently over having won three games straight."

"I'm going to take the dictionary to bed with me," Nan threatened blithely. "Would either of them notice that she had been crying and crying?"

"Good night, Curtis. Your father'll go up with you tonight. I'm busy, darling."

"Going over the Blackhall case, Nan?" Morgan asked cheerfully. "Good! There are one or two points I'd like to smooth out with you. I'd like to feel like it. . . . Come along, champ! . . . Oh, all right, but might I remind you that you've already kissed Nan twice?"

When they had gone blithely, chummyly—her work, that—Nan stared for long minutes at the mass of papers on the library desk, but a thick lens of tears makes a poor reading medium.

No, she couldn't go on like this any longer. Why should she? Every day was torture, every night a hell of loneliness and crying and hope. Curtis had put it with terrifying clarity: "Poor Nan! Father takes her 'hopes' and I take his 'love' before she can—"

For three months he had dally given her a tiny modicum of hope, only to kill it, by a casual good-night kiss on her cheek or forehead or hand. For three months she had striven with every ingenuity known to a woman in love to win his love. . . . and she had failed. She had made his home a haven of comfort and peace and beauty. She had mother his boy until the boy's own mother would scarcely have known him, so splendidly healthy and happy and normal he had become. She had brought father and son into such close companionship and comfort that an editorial writer for a woman's magazine would have barbed with joy as he described the two. She had worked on his cases with a brilliance and zeal which not even the old Nan of pre-marriage days had dreamed possible. And for reward she had—exactly nothing.

Oh, of course—Nan reminded herself bitterly—she appreciated her work as housekeeper, mother and law partner. He was not chary of praise. And of course there was some nourishment for her starving heart in seeing him slowly lose the tragic shadows from his deepest black eyes, in seeing his lean body become less lean. Oh, yes, she had given him peace of a sort, contentment of a sort, and he was obviously grateful. But what had he given her? Well, a chance to serve him! Once that would have been enough for Nan, but now it was not enough. She had earned more—everything. And since his love for Iris could not die, he had no coin with which to pay his debt to her. To his credit he said—Nan reminded herself with a bitter smile—he had not tried to pay in counterfeit.

"Slaying away, dear?" Morgan interrupted from the doorway. "See any loopholes in the case? Want to be in court in the morning when the case opens?"

Nan bowed her head lower over the papers, so that he might not see the traces of her tears. "I—believe not, John," she could not explain that the jovial teasing at-

titude of her husband's legal colleagues toward the great criminal lawyer's partner-wife was unbearable to her. If she had been his wife in fact, as well as in name, she would have gloated over their pleasantries. . . . "The case looks watertight to me. I see you have the last of the deposition from Riverside, California. B-a-s-e-t doesn't suspect a thing, does he?"

"No, and neither does Nina Blackhall, so far as I know," Morgan answered, his deep voice throbbing with triumph. "If nothing slips up, Nan, we'll get a dismissal of the indictment against young David Blackhall and new indictments against Nina Blackhall and Bassett before another week has passed into history. A fine Christmas present for young David, huh? . . . Let's see! about this time last year I was maneuvering an acquittal at Christmas present for Bert Crawford. Time seems to drag endlessly, and then all of a sudden you wake up to realize that it hasn't been dragging at all, but flying—"

His voice trailed to a constrained pause. Nan knew that he was thinking not only of the anniversary of the opening of the Crawford case, but also of another anniversary that was hurting inevitably toward him—the anniversary of his adored first wife's desertion. Was there any wonder that he had no thought at all for the significance of the date, so far as he and she were concerned? He had not indicated by word or glance that the twelfth of the month meant anything. . . . Perhaps it didn't—to him, since the marriage was not really a marriage, and there was room in his heart for celebration of only one wedding anniversary.

"I've often wondered about Crawford," Morgan went on, his voice almost normal again. "You know, it's rather hurt me that he has never written. After all, I did get him out of a nasty situation. . . . By the way, I got in conversation the other way with a new vice-president of the First National Bank. He brought up Crawford's name, said he'd heard about my defending him on an embezzlement charge, and thought I might be interested to know that Crawford had been living in Paris. He saw him there about six months ago, playing about with a woman so beautiful that she was the talk of the town. Up to his old tricks, I suppose," he added, with a wry grin.

Nan's heart stood still. It was ghastly to hear him gossip with such appalling innocence of the man who had tricked him into defending a crook and who had stolen his wife. A hundred times Nan had wondered if Morgan had had no suspicion at all of the shameful alliance of the two who had wronged him so deeply. She was answered now. He had not the faintest suspicion that the woman "so beautiful that she was the talk of the town" was Iris Morgan.

Morgan took his seat on the opposite side of the flat-topped desk, and reached for the thick sheaf of papers which Nan had been pretending to study. His hand touched hers, inadvertently, then closed over it.

"Why, Nan dear, you hand! like lee!" he exclaimed, instantly solicitous. "Aren't you well, child? Or did something I say upset you? . . . Good heavens, Nan! It—it's not Crawford's name that's made you look like that, is it? . . . I used to think—why, I even teased you about him. Look at me, Nan!"

He commended himself. Involuntarily the sleek, brown head jerked up, a pair of great brown eyes, blazing with anger, raked his suddenly perturbed and anxious face.

"Best Crawford!" Nan flung the words at him. "You think I ever cared the snap of my finger for that—that?" She bit back the word "crook!" in time. Why disillusion him now, when she had protected him all these months?

"—that lady-killer?" she amended, but the force of her vehement protests was spoiled. "Oh, John! How stupid, how blind you are! Bert Crawford! I could laugh! I could laugh myself sick!" she went on hysterically, and proved it by bursting into a wild fit of laughter whose final high note broke on a sob.

"Nan, darling! What is the matter? I don't understand—" "Let me go!" She jerked her hand from his, and sprang up from the desk so precipitately that she overturned her chair. Before he could circle the desk she was through the door. The slam of its closing was like a slap in his face, but what did she care now? It was all over, she sobbed, as she fled up the stairs to her room. Hadn't she known all evening that she couldn't go on any longer? Let him think that his insult had driven her away. Let him think anything he chose. It didn't matter. . . . All that mattered she told herself, as she jerked open the door of her clothes closet—was that she had reached the end of her rope. She was through, through! She had tried her best and she had failed. What if they did still need her? She was sick unto death of thinking of them all the time, of crucifying her love every day on the cross of self-sacrifice.

She was cramming dresses into a suitcase when a low knock interrupted her. Her heart leaped. Oh, couldn't she ever learn not to hope? Let him knock! . . . Slowly, jerkily, she crept toward the door to open to her husband. . . .

(To Be Continued)

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Pure bred Bronze and pure bred Narragansett. Carefully selected range stock, vigorous and healthy. Fine large toms. Husky poulters. Write for catalogue and latest summer bulletin. Telegraph orders for immediate shipment. Free circular "Artificial Brooding of Turkeys."

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TEX RANKIN PINS FAITH IN VEEDOL

Tex Rankin, famous veteran flyer and owner of the largest flying school in the world, is another of the many advocates which Veedol motor oil has found in aviation circles.

"You think motor car repair bills are high. But you should see what an infernal oil is used!" This is the comment Rankin, who knows from long experience what may be expected from various brands of oils, makes in his praise of Veedol.

"I use nothing but Veedol, and I recommend it exclusively," he continues. "It saves me thousands of dollars every month."

The high praise of this man who operates a large fleet of planes is representative of the wholehearted reception which Veedol has won for itself everywhere among flyers, who know that they can feel free in trusting their lives and planes to its efficient lubrication no matter how gruelling the flying may be.

The success of Veedol in aviation, however, is of great importance not alone to flyers, but equally to motorists, in whose engines the same protection against heat and friction is vitally essential to economy and efficiency. True, to-day the proving ground for motor oil is in the air; but it is the motorist as much as anyone who profits.

Increasing numbers of motorists are daily turning to Veedol, with its longer life and 100 per cent paraffine base, for their engines, according to sales figures of the Tide Water Oil Sales corporation, refiners and marketers of Veedol. "They are learning that economy is to be found not in saving a few cents per quart in purchasing inferior oil, but by demanding the best and thus avoiding costly wear and repair bills," W. C. Pettigrew, western regional manager of the Tide Water organization declared.

A. R. CLANCY RISES TO VICE PRESIDENCY

DETROIT, Mich., June 11.—Keen interest in the recently announced election of A. R. Clancy, president and general manager of the Oakland Motor Car company, to a vice-presidency in General Motors, is evidenced here in automotive circles.

Mr. Clancy in point of years of service with the corporation is among its youngest major executives. It is pointed out, his election to a vice-presidency climaxing an unusual record of achievement.

In his new capacity with General Motors, Mr. Clancy will remain in active charge of the Oakland division. Although affiliated for some time with the DuPonts, Mr. Clancy first became identified exclusively with General Motors in 1920 as general manager of the Samson Tractor Co. at Jamestown, Pa. In 1924 he was made vice-president and assistant general manager of the Oakland Motor Car company. The following year he succeeded to his present title of president and general manager.

During the four years of his executive control, the Oakland Motor Car company has revealed an amazing growth. Five years ago it occupied a minor comparative position in the industry. In the official rating for the 1929 national automobile show, it ranked in fourth place among all members of the national automobile chamber of commerce.

Annual production five years ago hovered around the 44,000 car mark, while last year it was in excess of 260,000 Oakland and Pontiac Sixes, with this year's schedule calling for a substantial increase.

During Mr. Clancy's early connection with the Oakland division the manufacturing facilities of the company were confined to a small factory with cramped working quarters, while today the plant is housed in a mammoth structure with a roof area of more than a hundred acres, which is claimed to be the newest and most modern, by equipped automobile plant in the world.

Dealer outlets and service facilities have been expanded at a parallel rate, with the result that today Oakland is regarded as one of the hardest and fastest growing companies in the industry.

SENATOR CORBETT WILL NOT ACCEPT EXTRA PAY

SALEM, Ore., June 11.—State Senator Henry L. Corbett of Portland, Ore., June 11.—The right of a full-blooded Indian who is a citizen and an allottee, though he may not have received final patent to his lands, to sue or be sued in the state courts is established by the supreme court today in the case of George Red Hawk, appellant, against Vestal Joines. The decision, written by Justice McBride, quotes and adopts as the supreme court opinion, the decree written by Judge James Alger Fee, who is affirmed.

The opinion upholds the constitutionality of the Umatilla county herd law, the appeal being from that county. A controversy over the ownership of cattle, taken up by Joines, was at issue, the lower court holding against Red Hawk.

The supreme court holds further that the complaint in the case did not state facts sufficient for cause of action in reply.

CHICKEN DINNER
Thursday, June 13, at Christian Church from 11:30 a. m. to 1 p. m., given by Ladies Aid society for benefit building fund. 50 cents per plate. Look for menu in this paper.

NOTICE
Bids for the audit of School Clerk's books of Douglas County will be opened June 28th, by the Boundary Board. Right to reject any or all bids is reserved by the board.
Signed: EDITH S. ACKERT, Co. School Supt.

VARIED DIET IS MOST IMPORTANT
Eat Different, Balanced Foods, Sweetened to Your Taste

The reason why many people do not eat enough, or do not eat the right kind of food, is that they have allowed their daily diets to become too monotonous. Scientific authorities on diet state that too many people in this country are sacrificing both health and enjoyment by trying to eat unappetizing food.

The intelligent use of sugar as a flavoring or seasoning agent can largely solve this problem. It has been scientifically established that sugar is an energy food in the diet, and in addition to this, it makes other healthful foods more inviting to the appetite. It is the ideal flavoring for fruits, vegetables, cereals and beverages.

The sensible way to health is to eat varied foods which contain the different elements necessary to well-being. It is almost impossible to eat these foods unless they are appealing to our appetites. Almost all of them are made more delicious by the addition of nature's great flavor—sugar. Remember the many ways in which sugar combines with health-giving foods—with raw or cooked fruit, in vegetables, desserts, cakes, milk-shakes and cereals. For weariness—eat sugar. The Sugar Institute.

land today informed Secretary of State House by letter that even if the courts find that members of the legislature are entitled to \$5 a day expense money in addition to the constitutional \$3 a day, he will not accept the money.

Senator Corbett mentions that he voted against the resolution providing for additional pay, both in the 1927 and the 1929 sessions, and that he did not accept it following the 1927 session.

The additional pay resolution was not tested in court in 1927, but the resolution of the 1929 session was challenged in court by a representative of the state grange and a decree is now pending in the circuit court.

NON-ALLOTTEE INDIAN RIGHT SET BY COURT

(Associated Press Local Wire)
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WAR VET STRANGLER BY WASHING MACHINE

(Associated Press Local Wire)
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., June 11.—Frederick G. Wood, disabled war veteran, and widower, was strangled to death at his home here today when his neck caught in a wringer attached to an electric washing machine he was operating.

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

Camp at Idleyd Park.

R. E. HARNESS WILL GET HIGHWAY JOB COSTING \$84,415

(Associated Press Local Wire)
PORTLAND, June 11.—W. H. Lynch, district engineer of the bureau of public roads, today recommended that the low bid of R. E. Harness of Roseburg for surfacing the Mount Hood-Wapinitia forest highway project be accepted. The bid was for \$84,415.50. The surfacing of this project, 13.7 miles in length, will close the last gap on the Mount Hood-Wapinitia road. Ten bids were received.

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

Camp at Idleyd Park.

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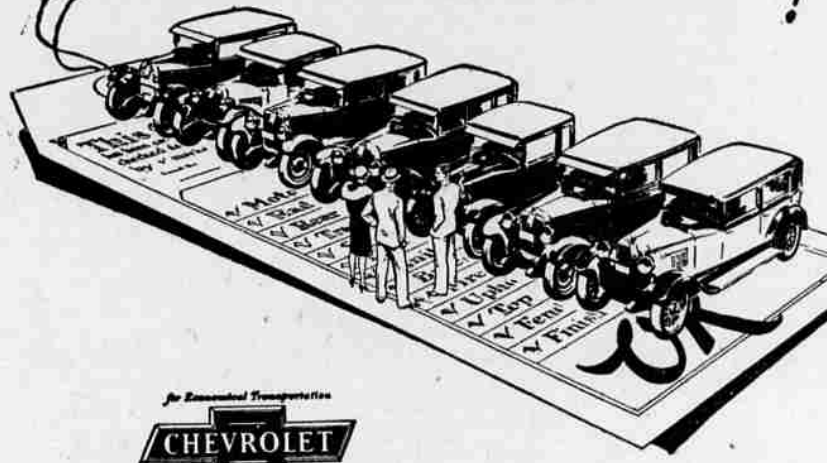
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The Chevrolet Red, "O. K. That Counts" Tag Protects Your Used Car Purchase

Used car buyers in this community have learned that they can have perfect confidence in any used car that has attached to its radiator cap the Chevrolet red "O. K. that Counts" tag.

Under the terms of Chevrolet's used car policy, originated to protect the used car buyer, every reconditioned car we offer for sale is identified by means of this red tag attached to the radiator cap. This tag is the purchaser's assurance that the car to which it is attached has been gone over carefully by expert mechanics—that it has been thoroughly reconditioned—and that the price is based on the car's actual ability to render service.

Due to the great popularity of the new Chevrolet Six in this community, we have on hand at this time an unusually large group of these "O. K. d." cars. If you are in the market for a dependable used car—come in. You are certain to find the car you want—at a price that will positively save you money. Make a small down payment and drive the car away—balance on easy terms.

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Dodge Sedan, 1927 model. You have all seen these big roomy cars with real leather upholstery and removable front seat. The real thing for farmers or campers. Offered for only \$525

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Dodge Coupe, 1926 model. This is a real dependable outfit well equipped and will give a lot of satisfactory service and it only ask \$375

With an O. K. That Counts

Dodge Roadster, 1923 model. If you are looking for a cheap dependable car to go fishing in here is one that will satisfy your needs. Only \$150

With an O. K. That Counts

Ford Touring, 1926 model. It has new Duco paint and Ruckstell axle and other equipment and is offered by us for only \$195

With an O. K. That Counts

Ford 4-door Sedan, 1926 model, fully equipped, offered by us at this time for only \$225

With an O. K. That Counts

Ford Coupe, 1929 model. This car is just barely broken in and is offered with a new car guarantee and at a big discount, about \$125 off

With an O. K. That Counts

Ford Tudor Sedan, 1925 model, repainted and in best of condition. It has also a Ruckstell axle and all we ask for it is \$150

With an O. K. That Counts

Star Touring. This is a sport model and looks fine. If you want a nice small touring at a low price here is one for only \$150

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Chevrolet truck, 1926 model, cab and body. This is the late model with the good clutch and new type rear axle that we all know is so good. Priced complete at \$395

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Ford truck, cab body and transmission, good condition. We are offering this serviceable outfit for a fraction of first cost, only \$195

With an O. K. That Counts

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helps Her So Much
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"I was just completely run-down. I had tired, heavy, sluggish feelings and I could not eat. I was losing in weight. I read so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what a good medicine it is, that I started taking it. I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and about the same in tablet form. This is one medicine a woman should have in the house all the time. I am improving every day and I am sure am able to eat. I am willing to answer any letters asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. ELLA RICHARDS, 21 Chautauque St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.