## 108 STORES ADDED TO WESTERN CHAIN

NEW YORK CITY, June 12.—The total number of J. C. Penney Co. stores now in operation throughout the countr yis 1105, with the 108 stores represented in the purchase of the J. B. Byars & Co. and the McCracken Co. stores, bringing this total up to 1213. The J. C. Penney Co. name will be placed over the last two chains on August 1st. Despite the fact that these stores are already handling a large volume of J. C. Penney Co. merchandise, it is the plan of the company to withhold the use of the name until all inventory of the old stores has been disposed of.

Leases already completed will bring the total number of store locations up to 1400 by July 1st with additional leases now being considered. At the start of the year the organization announced that 500 new stores would be added this year. It is now certain that this large increase will be exceeded before the full list of new stores scheduled for fall opening has been determined.

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

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County, administratrix of the estate of James M. McCormic, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, properly verified as required by law, at the office of R. L. Eddy, Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Oregon, within six months from this date.

Dated May 16, 1929.

ALMA E. WARREN,
Administratrix of the estate of James M. McCormic, deceased.

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Douglas.

In the matter of the estate of James Cooper, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executrix of the estate of James Cooper, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Douglas County, State of Oregon, her final account as such executrix, and that Tuesday, the 18th day of June, 1929, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. has been fixed by said Court as the time for hearing of objections to said report, and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published at Roseburg, Oregon, the 16th day of May, 1929.

HARRIET L. COOPER,
Executrix of the estate of James Cooper, deceased.

It takes 60,000 tobacco seeds to make a tablespoonful.

# RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of "The Black Pigeon"

© 1929 by NEA SERVICE INC.

### THIS HAS HAPPENED

Because she is in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, Nan Carroll, secretary, decides to resign. She lingers, however, when she hears Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford. Nan suspects that Crawford and Iris Morgan, wife of John Curtis Morgan, are lovers.

After Crawford's acquittal, he leaves at once, followed closely by Iris. She writes Morgan she will never return to him, cleverly omitting reference to Crawford. Nan saves Morgan from despair by directing him more deeply to his work. For six months she acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, winning the love of little Curtis, his son, and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of another.

Nan returns from her bar exams and Morgan tells her he has decided to divorce Iris. He proposes and Nan marries him.

They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the arrival of David Blackhull, accused of the murder of his father, who begs Morgan to defend him. Nan adds her entreaty and Morgan agrees.

For three months the farcical marriage continues, Nan believing Morgan cannot banish thoughts of Iris, and Morgan believing Nan married him out of pity and love for little Curtis. Nan tells herself she can go on no longer in this manner. Hysterically she goes to her room to pack. She is cramming clothes into a suitcase when a low knock interrupts her.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

#### CHAPTER XXIV

For the first time since she had come to occupy it three months before, John Curtis Morgan stepped into his wife's bedroom. Nan, clinging to the knob, retreated slowly to make way for him. His face was flushed but grim with determination. He did not see the disorder of the room, the half-packed suitcase; his black eyes bored into hers.

"Nan! Nan!" How thick and queer his voice was! "What did you mean, when you said I was 'stupid, blind'? Nan? Tell me!" he urged with curious violence.

"I won't tell you—anything!" she gasped, retreating from him until the door banged against the wall.

"I've got to know!" He was almost shouting at her, and the flush on his grim, lean face grew darker. "Did you mean—could you possibly mean—that you—love me?"

Nan's hands released the door knob. Hew to her cheeks, pressed hard into them, but she did not try to hide her eyes from him. She had never looked so proud as she did in her moment of supreme humiliation. "Of course I love you!" Her nostrils and lips quivered. "Why did you think I married you?" Why was he staring at her so blankly, so incredulously? "And now that you've made me say it—go away, oh, go away! You might have left me my pride—"

She whirled sharply away from him, but the next instant her small body was spun about again, but this time not in obedience to her will, but by the strength of his arms, a strength that for a moment threatened to crush in her ribs. Not that she felt the pain.

"I—don't want—your pity!" she gasped against his coat. "Let me go—"

"Pity?" he laughed, in a voice rough with emotion. "Oh, Nan!"

Somehow he shifted her so that her head lay in the crook of his right arm. Above her, coming closer and closer, were his black eyes, liquirly brilliant, wider than she had ever seen them. It was like trying to face twin suns. Blinded, she closed her own eyes. . . .

A thousand times Nan had dreamed of his first kiss, and now she learned what paltry things dreams can be beside the ecstasy of reality. If he had released her when he lifted his head at last she would have fallen to the floor. But he did not release her. Oh, no no! she exulted, as he held her head against his breast, so that she heard the deep, quick throbbing of his heart.

"Was that pity, Nan? . . . At least," he laughed, his voice vibrating joyously, "we talk the same language. For three months I've been telling myself that I didn't want your pity—that until you learned to love me I'd not touch you—Oh, Nan, my darling, what stupid, blind fools we've been! Two supposedly intelligent adults, sick with love for each other, keeping each other at a distance."

* * *

But a little latter she had to defend herself against his charge, of course. "I don't see how you can say I kept you at a distance," she gasped jerkily, for her whole body was trembling.

"You locked me out on our wedding night," he reminded her gently. "I didn't reproach you. How could I? I thought you had married me out of pity—and because you wanted to be a mother to the boy. All that day I had felt like an exiled king about to be led into a new kingdom—and then—! was banished again. I blamed only myself, not you. I tried to resign myself to the truth—that no woman could love me. I blamed you no more than I blamed—Iris—"

It was the first time that name had passed his lips since their wedding day. Nan turned in his arms and stared up at him, searching his eyes with the last flare-up of the old, sickening fear. No, thank God, the name had not brought back the shadow of pain to his beloved eyes.

Nan summoned all her courage. They must speak of Iris now, or the name would forever stand a barrier between them. "I thought you still loved Iris," she said steadily.

He answered, "I thought I did too, until—I wanted to take my real wife in my arms and found the door locked against me."

"Oh!" The word was a little wail of pain. She forced herself to confess: "I—that night—when you'd gone to see Nina Blackhull—"

"You made me go," he reminded her. "I didn't care a damn about a murder case that night, but you'd held yourself aloof all day, and at dinner-pour, funny little Curtis had said terrible things unconsciously—but go on, darling—"

"You hadn't kissed me," Nan accused him. "You hadn't even said you loved me, and—No, let me finish, John! When you had gone, I went into the library and there, among your law books, I found a book of poems. I read the one you'd been reading a few days before, for you'd left a marker in it—"

"A poem?" he frowned, in apparently genuine bewilderment.

Nan quoted that last dreadful stanza:

"'And I shall find some girl, perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kindlier,
And lips as soft, but true,
And I daresay she will do'."

Her husband's puzzled frown did not clear. "I never read any such poem, darling Nan—"

"No? You don't remember those lines, either?" she challenged, and gave him the first stanza:

"'Your hands, my dear, adorable,
Your lips of tenderness
—Oh, I've loved you faithfully and well,
Three years, or a bit less—'"

* * *

But Morgan interrupted, giving the last line himself: "'It wasn't a success.' Pood Nan! I read no further than that first verse and the beginning of the next: 'Thank God, that's done!' I echoed those words, Nan, with all my heart—'Thank God, that's done'!"

"You mean—?" Nan quivered. "Oh, John, don't lie to me now! I can bear the truth, if you love me as well as Iris—"

"I'm trying to tell you the truth, Nan," he interrupted gravely. He held her away from him for a moment, then stopped and lifted her into his arms, carried her to the one big armchair that the room offered. But one was enough. She lay, child-small, in his lap, her head against his breast, so that she could listen to the beating of his heart as well as to his words. "You must know," he began haltingly, "how it was with me. You saw—us together for three years. Would you have said that I was a—happy man, Nan?"

"No," she whispered. Her fingers took fierce hold on the lapel of his coat. It was still necessary to convince herself every now and then that it wasn't all a dream.

"I was a slave in bondage, Nan. Lord! I don't mean to sound pathetic, but it's so necessary that I try to make you understand now, so that we can forget the past and be happy. You know, Nan, I used to get a dim sort of feeling that it made you angry to see us together—"

"It did!" she agreed, vehemently nodding her shining brown head against his breast. "She didn't love you, and saw you small, made you small when she was with you. I loved you, and saw you big—"

"And made me big," Morgan interrupted, laughing exultantly. "Don't you think I realize that Nan has 'made me what I am today'—whether she's satisfied or not? But—did you really love me then?"

"Won't you leave me a shred of my pride?" Nan protested, blood rushing into her cheeks. "But—oh, what does pride matter now? I loved you from the first day I worked for you. I tried to be decent enough to resign, when I found out what was the matter with me—"

"What was that?" he demanded eagerly as a boy with his first sweetheart.

"Oh!—when Willis Todd wanted to marry me and was jealous of you, and tried to make me say I loved him and didn't love you," she answered.

"And for three months I've been tormented by the suspicion that you loved Willis Todd and married me only because I needed you more than he did." Morgan confessed. "But—about Iris. It had better be said—all of it, and then we can talk about us. I did love her, Nan, with the most painful, shameful, degrading, enslaving love that a man ever felt for a woman who could not love him. She didn't try to pretend that she loved me. As I said a while ago, I don't blame her. But I used to pray to God, in my agony, to wake up the next morning and find myself free of my love.

"I knew Iris would be relieved, even if her vanity would have suffered. I must have bored her and annoyed her unbearably with my passion. It made her despise me and hurt me in thousands of little ways. But—I couldn't cure myself. My malady was so malignant that it required a surgeon's knife—and Iris elected to be the surgeon."

* * *

He paused and Nan's heart banged sickeningly. Was he living again the agony worse than death which that major operation had caused him? She held her breath.

His arms tightened about her. One hand cupped her little face with such infinite tenderness that tears sprang into the girl's eyes. "I had a marvelous nurse after the operation," he pursued the metaphor whimsically. "It was her devoted care which made the operation a success, more than the surgeon's knife. And as most patients do,—fell in love with my nurse. . . . And, oh, Nan! The wonder of it—to be free of the malady!"

"Are you—sure—you're cured?" Nan whispered. "Sometimes such maladies break out—again—"

"You can't frighten me," Morgan laughed, bending his head to kiss her again. "Of course, if you want to torture yourself— You see, darling, the whole thing was so purely physical. I never loved Iris' mind or her soul. . . . I don't even know whether she had either. I loved her beauty. With you, it was so different. No, wait, you little devil!" he commanded sternly as she was about to take him up on that. "I was going to say that I loved your mind and your brave, fine soul long before I loved your body. I loved you in those ways from the very first, but physically I was enslaved to another woman. When she was—gone, I was free to discover and fall in love with your beauty—"

"I'm not beautiful," Nan protested, a little forlorn note creeping into her voice. "Not—like Iris—"

"No, thank God!" he agreed fervently. "Not like Iris. Her beauty is devilish, yours is—divine. Now—is it all said? Can we be—happy?"

But, womanlike, Nan could not forbear to ask the forbidden question, the one question which she should have avoided above all others. "But John—what if you saw Iris again?"

He did not try to lie to her. Perhaps it would have been better if he had lied. Certainly a great deal that happened later might have been very different if he had. His answer came slowly, conscientiously: "I—don't know. I can only say, 'Nan, I love you with all my heart and soul and mind. I hope I shall never see Iris again'."

"I—see," she said very quietly. Then, raising her head, she looked at him with her wide, solemn eyes. "John Curtis Morgan, I love you witht all my heart and soul and mind. And thank you for loving me," she added childishly, as she flung her arms about his neck.

(To Be Continued)


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### 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.


### Relief From Curse of Constipation

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause."

But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Rexall Drug Store.


### UNITED ARTISANS ATTENTION

You are requested to attend a special meeting June 15 at the K. P. hall. Supreme officers and members from other assemblies are to be with us. Please come.

By order of the M. A.

Fish at Idleyld Park.

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of Flinn Cooper, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Flinn Cooper, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County his final account as such executor and that Friday, the 28th day of June, 1929, at 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon and the County Court room in the Court House at Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, have been fixed as the time and place for hearing objections, if any, to said Final Account and for the settlement of said estate.

Dated, Roseburg, Oregon, this 24th day of May, 1929.

MINOR M. COOPER,
Executor of the last will and testament of Flinn Cooper, deceased.

### NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S FINAL ACCOUNT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Douglas.

In the matter of the estate of John Williams, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that by order of the County Clerk, duly made and entered on the 16th day of May, 1929, the County Clerk of Douglas County, Oregon, duly fixes the time of hearing of final account of John Williams, deceased, at 10 o'clock and June the 17th, 1929, as the date, and the courthouse as the place for the hearing of objections, if any there be, against the said final account of the estate of John Williams, deceased, and the final settlement thereof.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1929.

JEFF WILLIAMS,
Administrator of the estate of John Williams, deceased.

### NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of John J. Davis, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of John J. Davis, deceased, has filed in the above entitled court, his final account in settlement of said estate, and by order of said court Friday, the 14th day of June, 1929, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in the County Court room in the Court House at Roseburg, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing objections, if any there be, to said final account and for the settlement of said estate.

Dated this 15th day of May, 1929.

ROBERT W. DAVIS,
Administrator of the estate of John J. Davis, deceased.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of Cora B. Singleton, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 15th day of May, 1929, duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, as administrator of the estate of Cora B. Singleton, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at his residence in Roseburg, Oregon, or at the law office of John T. Long, in the Perkins Building in Roseburg, Oregon, said claims to be properly verified with vouchers annexed, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published May 16, 1929.

T. E. SINGLETON,
Administrator of the estate of Cora B. Singleton, deceased.

### NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of Mollie Howard, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Mollie Howard, deceased, in accordance with an order of the above entitled court in the above entitled cause duly made and entered on the 20th day of May, 1929, authorizing said Administrator to sell the real property of said estate, will on and after the 22nd day of June, 1929, offer for sale and sell, either for cash in hand or cash sufficient to pay the claims and expenses of administration and the balance upon credit secured by a mortgage upon the premises so sold, all the right, title and interest which the said Mollie Howard had at the time of her death in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at the northwest corner of Block 4, Plat E of Umpqua Park Fruit Lands, running thence along the west line of said Block 4, 1200 feet; thence east 1350 feet to the east line of Block 2 of said Plat E, Umpqua Park Fruit Lands; thence north along the east line of said Block 2 to the northeast corner of said Block 2; thence West 300 feet to the southerly line of the Coos Bay Wagon road; thence westerly along said Coos Bay Wagon road to the place of beginning, containing forty acres, more or less, all in Umpqua Park Fruit Lands according to the plat there of on file in the office of the County Clerk of Douglas County, Oregon.

Bids for the purchase of said real property will be received by the undersigned in Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, on and after the 22nd day of June, 1929. The sale of said property will be subject to confirmation of the above entitled Court.

Dated at Roseburg, Oregon, this 23rd day of May, A. D., 1929.

JAMES H. HOWARD,
Administrator of the estate of Mollie Howard, deceased. Postoffice address, Roseburg, Oregon.

### SUMMONS

No. 5741

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

Gardiner Mill Company, a corporation, Plaintiff, vs.

Clayton J. Leeds, a single man; Kate L. Coles and Harrison P. Coles, wife and husband; Bertha J. Walsh and Dormer Walsh, wife and husband; Ida E. Clark and Milton S. Clark, wife and husband; C. J. Marks and Mamie Marks, husband and wife; C. E. Marks and Eva H. Marks, husband and wife; H. F. Marks and Mary E. Marks, husband and wife; J. E. Marks and Anna Lena Marks, husband and wife; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

To Clayton J. Leeds; Kate L. Coles and Harrison P. Coles, her husband; Bertha J. Walsh and Dormer Walsh, her husband; Ida E. Clark and Milton S. Clark, her husband; Mamie Marks; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein; Defendants above named.

In the Name of the State of Oregon: You, and each of you, are hereby required to appear and answer plaintiff's complaint against you now on file in the above entitled court and cause on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of summons, to-wit, on or before the 27th day of June, 1929, said day being the expiration of four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, the time prescribed for publication being once a week for four consecutive weeks; and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, a succinct statement of which is as follows, to-wit: That each and all of you be required to assert and disclose in this suit the nature, extent and character of any adverse claims, estates, liens or interests which you, or any of you, assert in or to that certain real property, or any part thereof, situated in Douglas County, Oregon, and described as lot number three (3) of section number one (1) containing 44.22 acres more or less; lot number one (1) of section number one (1) containing 33.23 acres more or less; also lot number two (2) of section number two (2) containing 49.95 acres more or less; lot three (3) of section two (2) containing 22.30 acres more or less; lot number four (4) of section number two (2) containing 27.64 acres more or less; also the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter (NE¼ SE¼) of section two (2), all in township twenty-two (22) south of range twelve (12) west of the Willamette Meridian in Douglas County, Oregon; that each and all of you be decreed to have no right, estate, lien or interest in or to said real property or any part thereof, that you each be forever barred from setting up any estate, right, lien or interest in or to said real property or any part thereof; that plaintiff's title to said real property be quieted against you and plaintiff be adjudged to be the owner of all of said real property in fee simple, and for general relief.

This summons is published in the Roseburg News-Review, a newspaper published in Douglas County, Oregon, by order of the Hon. J. W. Hamilton, Judge of the above entitled court, made and dated May 22rd, 1929.

The date of the first publication of this summons is May 30, 1929, and the date of the last publication is June 27, 1929.

R. L. EDDY,
Attorney for Plaintiff. Post office address: Roseburg, Oregon.


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The public is cordially invited to attend.

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Our entire stock of Furniture and Hardware—Nothing reserved. This is your chance of a lifetime to save, as we must raise money.

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Come and Bring Your Friends

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