

CIGARETTES AND CLERK HIRE GRAFT HIT BY GRANGERS

(Associated Press United Wire)
MARSHFIELD, Ore., June 14.—The Oregon State Grange, in an annual session here, instructed its state-master, George Palmer, to appoint a grange committee to confer with the Farmers' union and the state federation of labor and to cause in the Oregon legislature and referendum law.

The grange also adopted a resolution that the grange legislative committee should "in finding some way of abolishing the graft on the extra clerk hire at the state legislature."

The session went on record as protesting against "false and vicious advertising of cigarettes on billboards, by the press and by radio, or any other means detrimental to health, and we further discourage smoking of cigarettes by

women and girls."

Redmond was voted the convention city for 1930.

E. A. Goff of Roseburg was appointed by the Grange Fire Relief association to fill the unexpired term of S. L. Shaw of Albany.

NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS OF ROSEBURG

Ordinance No. 578 of City of Roseburg provides that "No person, persons, firm or corporation shall permit or allow any weeds, grass, or brush to grow or stand, nor any rubbish to accumulate or stand upon any lot or ground, owned, controlled or occupied by them, or on any street, alley, sidewalk or parking, upon the half of the street or alley adjacent to any lot or ground owned, controlled or occupied by him or them, within the City of Roseburg, etc., and providing a penalty."

Property owners and occupants are requested and urged to co-operate in this matter at once in order to remove the fire hazard, and by your prompt compliance will also aid materially in helping to beautify the city.

A. J. GEDDES, Recorder.

Waikana products, 120 West Lane, Phone 157.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, secretary, is in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, and decides to resign. She figures, however, when she learns Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford, Nan suspects Crawford and Iris Morgan, the married wife of John.

Morgan wins Crawford's acquittal. He leaves at once, closely followed by Iris. She writes she will never return, cleverly omitting reference to Crawford. Nan says Morgan from despair by directing him more deeply into his work. For six months she and Iris maintain a busy schedule for him, winning the love of little Curtis, his son, and bringing comfort to a man who formerly shirks only of another.

Nan returns from her bar exams and Morgan tells her he is divorcing Iris. He proposes to her. After their marriage they are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the unexpected arrival of a pleading client. For three months this farcical marriage continues, and Nan is on the verge of despair. Nan realizes she can stand no more, and hysterically goes to her room to pack her bag. Morgan finds her there, and confesses that he loves her—but has believed she married him out of pity and love of the boy. She tells him she thought the thought of Iris had prevented his coming to her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXXV

"Good morning, Father. Good morning, Nan." Curtis, panting a little as usual from his hurried efforts to bathe, dress himself and reach the breakfast table on time, slipped into his chair the next morning and was making a dash for the cream pitcher when something about his stepmother's huffed his greedy hand in mid-air.

"My gosh, Nan! Whassa matter with you? You look all—glory! Don't she, Father—don't she?"

He stared at Nan's vivid, spark-like face with a curious, almost hostile, in his small vocabulary for more potent words of description. "I never saw you look so—so sparky, Nan. You look like you got about a million electric lights turned on inside you. Don't she, Father?" He turned to his father eagerly for confirmation, then his black eyes blazed even wider. "Golly, Father, you look like the moon! Whassa matter with you two? You look like it was already Christmas."

John Curtis Morgan laughed aloud, so unrestrainedly, so joy-

ously that his son's bewilderment increased. "You're right, Curtis, Nan and I simply couldn't wait another minute for Christmas. We gave each other our Christmas presents last night."

Nan blushed vividly but laughed, too, a throaty little sound that was rather tremulous, but rich with happiness.

"Aw—no fair!" Curtis accused them, his expressive black eyes clouding sulkily. Then he brightened: "What did you give each other? Don't grown-ups have a Santa Claus like kids do? Did Father give you a swell present, Nan? Can I see it?"

Nan and John glanced at each other, then their eyes caught and

chimed. And in the newness and wonder of their happiness they forgot the child who was watching them so intently. Laughter fled from their faces; a solemn, almost prayerful exultation took its place.

"Aw!" Curtis exclaimed at last, in deep chagrin. "Guess it's secrets. Grown folks are always having secrets from kids. It ain't fair."

"That broke the spell. Laughter returned with bright blushes of embarrassment. Nan was about to attempt to make some sort of answer to the child when Estelle pushed in from the kitchen with a plate of bran muffins.

"Hi! Muffins! Have they got raisins in 'em, Estelle? Have they?" Curtis was happy again; his eyes sparkled greedily.

"Curtis!" Estelle's grin faded. Then, "Oh, there's the doorknob. Excuse me, ma'am. Wonder what it can be at the front door this time of the morning? Looks like they wouldn't let a family have their breakfast in peace."

Nan wondered, too—aloud.

"Oh," her husband shrugged, "probably a magazine subscription solicitor whose future college course depends on our kindness of heart. Why, Estelle? What's the matter?" he broke off to demand of the maid who had run into the dining room, her hands clashing and unclashing in pitiful distress.

With a fearful glance over her shoulder toward the hall door which she had just closed upon herself, Estelle darted to the breakfast table, her face quite white, her pale blue eyes rolling.

"She—she's back, sir!" the maid gasped hoarsely.

Both Nan and her husband rose from their chairs, like a pair of marionettes jerked by unseen wires. No need to ask who "she" was. Again their eyes met, but this time they did not cling. Simultaneously they glanced away, neither able to bear what was to be read in the other's eyes. But as Nan's eyes tore themselves away from her husband's, they swept downward over his face. It was like the face of a man suddenly smitten with death—ghostly pale, pinched. Lips, caught and frozen in the whimsical smile with which he had speculated on who his caller might be, had gone blue-gray in the sudden draining of blood from his face.

Nan saw that for the moment he

was unable to speak. Estelle's eyes were rolling wildly from one to the other, imploring help in such a crisis as no maid had ever had to deal with before.

"Show Mrs. Morgan into the drawing room and tell her that Mr. Morgan will join her—" Nan began in a queer, strained voice that seemed to come from a great distance.

But she was not allowed to finish. Before the frightened maid could stir to carry out the order the door into the hall was torn open and Iris Morgan was swept in to the room on the rising tide of her own anger.

"How dare you try to keep me from seeing my own husband, Estelle!" The insistent voice, usually so musical, now shrill with anger, curled like a whip about the cowering maid. "I certainly shan't keep you another day! You never heard anything so impudent in your life, Jack!" she rushed on, as if she had seen Morgan not longer ago than the day before.

Nan gasped her amazement, then realized that the tall body of her husband forged an effective screen between herself and the woman who had been his wife. Iris had not seen her—yet.

"Leave the room, Estelle!" Iris commanded imperiously. Then her voice changed, became arch, laughter-rippled: "Dear Jack! Are you too stunned to speak? It's Iris, darling, come home again! And there's my little lover! You haven't forgotten Mother, have you, sweet heart? Naughty mother, but she didn't mean to be gone so long—Oh! Why—it's Nan Carroll, isn't it?"

Arrested in the act of stretching out one lovely hand to her former husband and the other to her son, Iris Morgan stared blankly at the girl whose presence there was apparently the last thing she had dreamed of. Blue-green eyes grew wider and wider, then suddenly narrowed until the thick bronze lashes almost touched. Drooping her hands, which had not yet touched either husband or son, Iris' tall, slim body straightened, stiffened.

"I—see!" she said slowly, icily. "No wonder Estelle tried to keep me out of my own house. Apparently it's high time I came home! So this is what the saintly Sir Galahad has come to!"

Nan's head jerked up. Her brown eyes blazed. Involuntarily

she took a step forward, but Morgan halted her and commanded her to silence with an imperative gesture. His task to explain, . . . Curtis was shrinking against the back of his chair, an utterly bewildered and frightened pawn in a drama whose significance he could not even faintly grasp.

"Leave the room, Curtis!" Morgan commanded sharply.

The child cowered as if he had been struck. "Don't wanna go!" he whined. "I wanna see my mother. Can't I stay, Nan? Can't I?"

"Of course he shall stay with his mother!" Iris almost screamed.

"Poor little lover! God knows what they've done to you, but Mother's home now—" She was about to drop to her knees beside the boy's chair when again Morgan's voice rang out.

"Leave the room, Curtis! Go on to school!"

Without a word Nan stepped forward. "I'll go upstairs with you, Curtis," she said with curious steadiness.

"Stay here, Nan!" her husband commanded sternly, but the girl did not betray word or glance that she had heard. The child seized her hand, scrambled out of his chair, and looking up at her with fearful black eyes, accompanied her docilely out of the room.

They did not speak until they were on the stairs. Suddenly the boy lunged both arms about the girl's small body, and raised frightened, imploring eyes to her pale, set face.

"Whassa matter, Nan? Aren't you and Father glad to see my own mother? Aren't you, Nan? Father's mad at me and I didn't do anything," he sobbed.

"He's not angry with you, Curtis," Nan said in a cold, steady voice. "He's just—surprised to see your mother. Come! We must hurry or you'll be late for school."

"You don't look sparky any more," Curtis mourned, tears slipping down his cheeks. "All those electric lights have gone out inside you, Nan. Are you mad, Nan? Are you?"

Afterwards, Nan could never remember what she said or did during those few ghastly minutes after Iris' arrival. She retained only a dim picture of herself moving as if in a nightmare, giving strange, incoherent answers to a terrified, stricken child who had no idea why he should be terrified. She remembered one question and the answer:

"Will my other mother let me

keep Cop, Nan? Will she? She don't like dogs. She says they eat too much and scratch up the furniture. Will I have to sell Cop? Will I, Nan?"

"No. You shall keep Cop, Curtis," she remembered, answering, with grim determination.

At last the boy was gone, almost happy again because of that promise, but with a lingering backward glance toward the closed dining room door. Did he love Iris, too?—Nan asked herself, and did not even realize that she had added that betraying "too."

Estelle found her standing on the last step of the stairs—a stiff, white-faced, blind-eyed little thing.

"Please, ma'am," Estelle whispered, coming close enough to touch Nan's loosely clasped, cold hands. "The mister sent me to find you. He wants you in—there," and she jerked her head toward the dining room. "Listen, ma'am: don't you let her get away with nothing! Stand up for your rights, Miss Nan! You're his wife now, and she ain't got no more right in this house than—a cockroach! Don't you take a word off her, Miss Nan—"

Blindly, but with odd dignity, Nan made a slight gesture of dismissal toward the maid, then walked with stiff jerkiness toward the dining room door. Her groping hand found the knob, was about to turn it, before Estelle's words penetrated into her dazed mind. "You're his wife now—"

She passed an uncertain hand before her eyes as if to dispel the mists through which she had been moving. Of course! What a fool she was to be so frightened! She was John Curtis Morgan's wife! Estelle, watching from the stairs, saw the little brown head go up, the slim boyish shoulders straighten, before Nan turned the knob. With a sob of relief, the maid darted around the staircase to the kitchen, to pour the latest news bulletin into Maude O'Brien's avid ears.

"She's going to fight for her man, Maude—God bless her!" Estelle exclaimed. "Fair knocked her out, it did. I thought for a minute that the poor little dear would pack her things and beat it, leaving that hell-cat to get her claws into the poor mister again."

"What stumps me," Maude O'Brien marveled, scowling prodigiously and clattering the dishes

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That is where John Deere machinery shines. If you will compare them on that basis you will buy John Deere.

SPECIAL

Used Fowler Cultivator	\$ 6.50
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In the sink to keep her words from penetrating to the dining room, "Is why the high and mighty Lady Iris come back? Anyone that was blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other coulda seen she didn't care a snap of her finger for the poor dear man when she ehad him—"

"Hank!" Estelle snorted, dabbing the tears from her eyes with her apron. "That don't bother me none, Maude! That crook Crawford that she run off with give her the air— Oh, Lordy! Listen!" she gasped, as a scream rose and rose till it reached nerve-shattering crescendo, then broke abruptly.

(To Be Continued)

JUNE SUNDAY NIGHTS

If you have no church home, we invite you to the Baptist Church Sunday evening at eight. A program of popular interest and a service of profit.

Party wanted to assume small unpaid balance on beautiful grand piano, will sacrifice for immediate sale. Your old piano accepted as part payment. For information write Mr. Janz, 433 West 8th St., Eugene, Oregon.

CRATE AND FINANCIAL STATEMENT	
Myrtle Creek Broccoli Pool.	
Garcia Maggini Co.	\$11,801.03
Cash sales	179.50
Total sales	\$11,980.53
Money handled	\$12,034.72
CRATES	
Sold to Garcia Maggini Co.	11,569
Sold for cash	199
Lost	4
Total	11,563
Expenses	\$ 396.84
Paid to growers	11,387.03
Balance in bank	175.85
Inspection	75.00
Total	\$12,034.72
Expenses and inspection per crate were	.04
Grower's net average per crate	.96
Pool's gross average per crate	\$1.01
GEO. D. WEAVER, Bookkeeper.	
RAY ALLEN, President.	
E. V. WEAVER, Secy.-Treas.	
Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.	
Fish at Idlewild Park.	

Mother of Eight Boys

"I read an ad in the newspaper and I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I will recommend this medicine to any woman who is in bad shape like I was. I used to get so tired after a few hours work that I was even afraid in my own house in the daytime. I didn't care if I lived or died. I have given birth to eight boys and I feel strong right after, since I have taken the Compound."

—Mrs. Maud Meyers, 460 E. 13th Street, Dubuque, Iowa.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

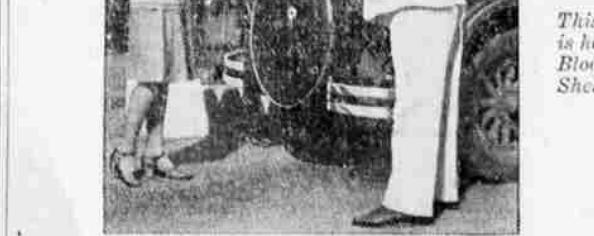
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.



One of the Cheek cars at a famous Country Club where the hail-fellow who owns it seeks to better his golf score



This beautiful seven passenger Lincoln is hard driven but it gets very good care. Blodgett keeps it running neatly on Shell 400



Notice the cars at Shell stations. Cars that show care—not all new or expensive makes by any means, but driven by thoughtful people who know the sound value of Shell 400, the "dry" gas

Here is BLODGETT's slant on gasoline

... one reason
why the James H. Cheeks
are envied
for their chauffeur!



H. J. Blodgett, chauffeur to Mr. James H. Cheek

SOUTHERNERS—distinguished southerners like James H. Cheek, son of the founder of Maxwell House Coffee—have a reputation for hospitality that is richly deserved. Even their household affairs seem to run more smoothly!

And people in the exclusive district in which the Cheeks live actually envy them the driver of their fine cars. Blodgett is never late; his cars purr silkily while theirs are being overhauled; the Cheeks never have automobile worries.

"How do you keep those motors running so sweetly?" other drivers ask the Cheek chauffeur.

"A lot of it is in the gasoline," Blodgett confesses. And he tells how he avoids crankcase dilution by using "dry" gas. He learned it from a lubrication man who once showed him how thin motor oil could really get—like water or kerosene—thinned from "wet" gasoline. "And you can't expect even a high-priced automobile to run very long on oil like that!"

It is now a well recognized fact that oil dilution from "wet" gasoline is one of the most serious menaces to automobile motors. Manufacturers and dealers, lubri-

cation men and expert mechanics are constantly sending out warnings.

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

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

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MOTORIST
—the kind of gasoline

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

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

SHELL 400 The "DRY" gas

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