

FUTURE OUTLOOK PRUNE INDUSTRY GOOD, IS REPORT

COVALLIS, June 17.—The Pacific coast is a favored locality for mass production of dried prunes to supply demands from increasing markets abroad in the future development seen by M. J. Newhouse, of Portland, who has just returned to America after spending two months studying the prune marketing situation for the United States department of agriculture.

Mr. Newhouse has been on leave of absence as manager of the North Pacific Cooperative Prune Exchange while making the study and he has been sent direct to the coast to make a verbal report to his friends before preparing his written report to the government. Such an informal report was made to an interested group at Oregon State college recently.

The two chief prune producing

areas of the old world are Yugoslavia and France. In the first country Mr. Newhouse found production falling off because of the ravages of a new scale pest that is not being successfully combated because the trees are too high to be sprayed even if equipment were available, which it is not.

Only the most primitive methods of production and processing are followed in that country, he found, and all the fruit is from seedling trees and is therefore very small. The exported prunes are the surplus left after the peasants have made their yearly supply of prunes broody.

In France production is decreasing as trees mature and die while no young plantings are being supplied as replacements. The growers there find it increasingly difficult to compete with the Pacific coast product produced on a commercial scale and placed on French markets cheaper than the native prunes can be grown and processed.

Mr. Newhouse found much of Europe in the midst of health crises with consequent increased demand for fruit. Dried fruit packing plants are developing in Europe which are buying sacked supplies from this country for final processing and packing over there.

There that she loves him at last, that she came back to him ready to give him her whole heart.

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The two had undoubtedly lived riotously, flinging Crawford's stolen money away in handfuls. But they could scarcely have spent a quarter of a million dollars in 11 months. Crawford was too shrewd a man to pauperize himself, Nan knew.

Then how had it happened that Iris had had to creep home, penniless? There could be only one answer: Crawford had abandoned her as heartlessly as she had abandoned her husband. Perhaps they had lived on the \$20,000 which the embezzler had given to Morgan as an unsolicited fee for having won him his freedom, and which Morgan had presented to his wife, Crawford—as wily and selfish as Iris herself—could have given Iris a dozen plausible excuses for using her money instead of his own—or rather, instead of the money he had embezzled.

"If John knew that Iris and Crawford had been lovers, that they were living together, that Crawford was really guilty of the charge of embezzlement—Nan could keep that thought down no longer. It had been lurking, like a cold snake ready to spring, and now it had struck. She shuddered, recoiled. Involuntarily she went to her filing cabinet, took from its recesses a letter placed there by the letterhead kept all these months; held it gingerly, as if it were unclean, while her tormented eyes scanned its familiar contents. Yes, it was incontrovertible proof of Crawford's villainy and of his and Iris' relationship.

FARM BOARD TO BE NAMED BY HOOVER WITHOUT DELAY

Chairmanship Said to Rest Between Two Men; Eight Members Will Draw \$12,000 Salaries.

By JAMES L. WEST
(Associated Press Staff Writer.)
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 16.—President Hoover plans to move as rapidly as possible in selecting the eight men who will administer the new farm relief law as members of the federal farm board, the most important independent agency of the federal government established in more than a decade.

This board, the members of which will draw cabinet officer salaries of \$12,000 annually and have at their disposal a revolving fund of \$500,000, is to have an authority and standing in agriculture comparable to that of the interstate commerce commission in transportation and the federal reserve board in finance.

A formidable list of candidates already has been presented to the president and he is believed to have made up his mind who is to be the chairman.

The two men standing foremost in the general endorsements are James C. Stone of Lexington, Ky., president of the Burley Tobacco cooperative association, and Carl Williams of Oklahoma.

Others whose names have been mentioned more or less prominently in connection with the board membership include D. O. Moses of Texas, a cotton cooperative official; B. L. Corey of Seaside, N. Y., who also has had large experience in cooperative organizations; former Representative Black of Texas; and William H. Marshall of Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

There has been speculation as to whether Mr. Hoover would offer a place on the board to Frank O. Lowden, former governor of Illinois and a candidate for the republican presidential nomination against Mr. Hoover.

There has also been some talk that a place might be offered to William M. Jardine, former secretary of agriculture, who resigned from the cabinet late in the Coolidge administration to become head of a fruit growers' cooperative association.

New U. C. Prexy



Robert G. Sprule, 38, and just chosen to succeed Dr. W. W. Campbell as president of University of California, not only is the youngest man ever to get this post, but he was selected for marked executive ability, rather than as an educator. He will guide institutions wherein nearly 23,000 students are enrolled. Sprule graduated from California after beginning life as a newsboy. He is at present controller and vice-president of the university.

He will go to part of the journey. His mother lives in Florida.

DOUGLAS COUNTY CLUB MEMBERS AT SUMMER SESSION

OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, June 17.—(Special)—The largest boys' and girls' 4-H club junior summer session on this campus is now in full swing, and includes 19 Douglas county club members, five of whom are from Roseburg.

This is the fifteenth annual gathering of the clubbers for two weeks of instruction and recreation at the college. In this period the number has grown from 20 to nearly 700, not including the hundred or more leaders and other staff members who are assisting in the session. Portland members were late to arrive because of the late closing of schools, but an even 600 were enrolled without them, 231 boys and 369 girls. Washington and Multnomah counties on the side of Portland, led in numbers among the 23 counties represented, with 70 each.

An unusually varied program of instruction in agriculture and manual arts is being carried through this year for the boys, and in home economics, art work and health education for the girls. In addition prominent men and women are speaking to the men daily assembly programs. Flag day was celebrated Friday with Major General U. G. McAlexander, "The Rock of the Marne," as principal speaker. On another day members of the Oregon Bankers' association handled the program. The session this year is in charge of L. J. Allen, acting state club leader in the Oregon extension service. For the first time all assembly programs and regular evening programs are being broadcast over the college radio, KOAC.

The list from Douglas county follows: Elizabeth Martin, Nellie Gladwell, Lester Smith, Harrison Winston and Fritz Martin, Roseburg; Marjorie Bailey and Pearl Danielson, Reedport; Gwendolyn Weaver, Doris Wilder, Marjorie Sellers, Loreta Hagan, Esther Haunshell, Marjorie Bates and Merton Weaver, Myrtle Creek; Priscilla Worthington and Benetta Green, Canyonville; Helen Smith, Glide; Mildred Nelson, Melrose, and Rex Dick, Camas Valley. Douglas county club leaders attending the session are J. Roland Parker, Roseburg, and Lillian Lindhe, Sutherlin.

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

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Carlot Price Wednesday
RED STRAND FENCE
MONARCH GATES
SPECIAL
J. D. Cultivator \$40.00
Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange
Roseburg Oakland
AGENTS FOR
L. & H. Electric Ranges
Hood River Spray Co.
Sutherland Spray Co.
Sean Spray Pump Co.
John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

MARAUDING BEASTS SPREAD
TERROR IN CHINESE AREA
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
HONG KONG, June 15.—Dispatches to the Hong Kong Telegraph from Swatow, Kwangtung, today said that for the first time in many years man-eating beasts had

The Red Ball Freight Line, Inc

BONDED AND INSURED
Fast Daily Dependable Service
To Drain, Roseburg and way points, Marshfield and North Bend. Make connections for Powers, Bandon, Gold Beach, Port Orford and down coast.
From Portland Truck Terminal After June 10th
This Line is Owned and Operated by
EXPERIENCED AND RELIABLE OPERATORS
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RIVAL WIVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Nan Carroll, secretary, finds herself deeply in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, and decides to resign. Her resignation, however, is delayed when she learns Morgan is to defend a supposed friend, Bert Crawford.

Morgan wins Crawford's acquittal. Crawford leaves town at once followed closely by Iris, Morgan's beautiful wife. She writes to Morgan she will never return.

Nan saves Morgan from despair by forcing him into 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 Morgan tells her he is divorcing Iris and asks her to marry him. They are prevented from doing so on their honeymoon by the unexpected arrival of a pleading client. Nan urges Morgan to stay with the case.

That farcical marriage continues for three months. Hystrically, Nan prepares to leave when Morgan finds her and confesses he adores her but has believed she married him out of pity. The next morning at breakfast time, Iris returns, apparently deserted by Crawford. Morgan tells her she is no longer his wife. She feels fainting and hysteria. Morgan goes to his knees, Nan, seeing her happiness in danger, decides to fight. She telephones the doctor to take Iris to a hospital.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXXVII
At 3 o'clock that day Nan Carroll Morgan, junior partner in the law firm of Morgan & Morgan, was sitting at her desk in the richly furnished prison which was labeled "Mrs. Morgan—Private."

Her brown eyes brooded unseeing upon a neat stack of letters which she had somehow managed to dictate that morning and which Kathleen O'Hara had delivered to her hours before. They were still unsigned, unread, though Nan's limp hand held the new desk fountain pen in readiness to affix her signature. She did not realize she had been holding it thus for more than an hour.

Slow, terrible thoughts milled about in her feverish brain. Disjointed pictures flitted across her mind—like a badly assembled film run off on a poor projector. Scrambles of one of those new "talkie" pictures. Nan thought, with bitter amusement, Iris Morgan, looking incredibly lovely and frail, lying on the big couch and stretching out a feebly trembling hand to Dr. Blake. Iris' lovely voice, like the sobbing of a violin.

"Dear Dr. Blake! I never thought we should meet again—like this." Dr. Blake's eyes widened. "What seems to be the trouble, Mrs. Morgan? Any severe pain?"

Iris' blue-green eyes widening at him reproachfully. "Only in my heart, doctor. . . . No, no, don't get out your stethoscope! . . . Tell him, Jack, I haven't the strength, or the heart."

John Curtis Morgan's shoulders to face the doctor. His voice harsh and uneven. "Mrs. Morgan tells me she has been well for some time. She came home, not knowing that I had secured a divorce and married again. The shock caused her to faint. My wife—Nan called you."

The film jerked, showed to Nan's a brooding eyes a close-up of the doctor's professionally handsome, pale face, one hand stroking his newly-shaved chin, his small, cold, gray eyes narrowed speculatively upon the recumbent woman. "Hm! Nothing serious, I take it. A few days' rest in bed will put you on your feet again. . . . St. Luke's Hospital all right, Morgan?"

"Oh!—a desolate wall from Iris. 'I can't go to a hospital, Dr. Blake. I have no money—no money at all. I'm broken, cast-off, penniless. . . .'"

Another jerk of the film: a close-up of John Curtis Morgan's face this time. But Nan could not look upon it; closed the eyes of her mind against it desperately. But she could not shut out the memory of his words.

"Any hospital you say, doctor. Of course I'll pay. The best room available, naturally—a special nurse."

"Oh, that won't be necessary—a special nurse, I mean," Nan heard again the doctor's callous

answer. "A few days' rest, plenty of sleep and good food and, I should say, a philosophic acceptance of facts. . . . Now, now, no hysteria, Mrs. Morgan, please, or I shall have to give you a hypodermic. I'll run her over to the hospital myself, Morgan. I see by the papers that you'll be busy in the court today on the Blackbull case. . . . Highly interesting trial, that. Do you think you'll get the boy off, Morgan—you and your brilliant junior partner, I mean?"

The jerky "talkie" film was broken by a knock on the door. Nan raised her head, blinked her eyes to clear her mental vision. "Come in!"

Kathleen O'Hara's brightly smiling, pretty face peeped in. Then she pushed the door open with her foot and entered Nan's private office, a tall glass of hot chocolate in one hand, a paper-napkin-covered plate in the other.

"I just couldn't bear to think of you working away in here without any lunch," Miss O'Hara explained coaxingly. "Please, for my sake, eat every bit of it, Mrs. Morgan."

It had them put lots of thick whipped cream in the chocolate and—look! A chicken sandwich—toast! Doesn't it look good? Please don't worry about the Blackbull case, dear Mrs. Morgan. I just know Mr. Morgan will win it, after all the marvelous work both of you have done on it."

Nan flushed with pleasure. She had scarcely given the murder trial a thought that day. "Thank you, Miss O'Hara. You're a darling."

"Oh, no I'm not!" the little secretary laughed and blushed, tremendously pleased. "I'm just taking a leaf out of your book! Mr. Evans and Mr. Blake have told me how you used to bring lunches in for Mr. Morgan and simply bully him into eating when he was so busy he forgot all about food. My greatest ambition is to be as good a private secretary as you were, Mrs. Morgan. . . . Now, will you promise to eat every bit of it?"

The tender white meat of the chicken sandwich might have been leather for all Nan knew, but she munched obediently. Kathleen O'Hara's thoughtfulness had done Nan one good service at least. It had released the tears which had pressed, unshed, against her hot eyeballs all day. It did not occur to her that she looked like a pathetic but absurd child as she sat there at her desk, doggedly munching a sandwich while tears trickled steadily down her cheeks. For she was not thinking of herself at all, except as herself was bound up inextricably with John Curtis Morgan. She was sure he had not eaten at all that day and the thought made her tears flow faster.

He had telephoned from the courthouse at the beginning of the noon recess, to tell her that he could not join her for lunch. By the strained note of apology and hurry in his voice Nan had been told, as plainly as if he had spoken the words, that he was going to spend the noon recess hour at the hospital with his former wife. Nan had felt no resentment toward him; only a dull despair. Of course he had to see Iris, both for the sake of his peace of mind and to arrange some sort of financial settlement with her. Iris' fragile wall—ill, broken, cast-off, penniless—must have tormented him all day like a dagger in his heart. Even if he no longer loved or desired her Iris had made herself his responsibility again.

That started the mad whirligig of thought again. Could it be possible that it was only last night that she—Nan—had asked him, "But John—what if you saw Iris again?" and he had answered, according to her: "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.'"

Now that he had seen her again, had all his old passion for her burst into flame again? Could just one night of deep but sane happiness with his new wife avail him to protect him against the terrific appeal of his passion for the woman who had been his wife for eight years?

"If she had only kept on reviling him and me, so that he could have seen her as she really is—an utterly selfish and cruel woman!" Nan's heart cried despairingly. "But she chose the one sure method of shaking him to the very roots of his being. She has made him be-

lieve that she loves him at last, that she came back to him ready to give him her whole heart."

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"I ought to show it to John!" Nan told herself fiercely. "That would kill his pity and his passion for her, if anything could. But—I can't fight this way, I can't!"

"Iris has no scruples. She'll fight you with every weapon she can lay her hand on," temptation reminded her.

"But I'm not like Iris," Nan's retorted, with forlorn pride. And she was rewarded by another flash of memory. Last night, when she had used the same words to her husband, he had answered fervently: "No—thank God!"

It was 4 o'clock when Nan finished signing the long-neglected letters and cleared her desk to go home. If Curtis had ever needed her, he would need her this afternoon. The memory of his wistful, bewildered eyes, as they cast a lingering, backward glance toward the dining room door beyond which his mother, strangely returned after a strange absence, was engaged in a strange scene with his father, stabbed the girl's tender heart. But what could she, tell him? Nan squared her shoulders, lifted her head gallantly. That was part of her job.

"If Mr. Morgan comes in or telephones, tell him I've gone home, please," she said to Kathleen O'Hara on her way out.

She found the sedan where she had parked it that morning, got in, started it mechanically, with the ease of three months' practice. She had driven down alone that morning, for her husband had insisted on accompanying his former wife and the doctor as far as the business district, on their way to the hospital. There had been no chance for him to kiss her good-bye, with Iris watching every movement he made. Would he ever kiss her again?

When Nan stopped the car before the house which had been her home for three months, Cop, Curtis' police dog, raced across the lawn to greet her, followed more slowly, and as eagerly by "Little Pat" O'Brien.

"Hello, Mrs. Morgan!" the cook's 11-year-old son sang out. "Curtis has gone with his papa to see his mother at the hospital. Mr. Morgan came for him in a taxi 'bout 10 minutes ago, and—"

"Thank you, Little Pat," Nan interrupted crisply.

The boy, who adored her, looked unphased and crestfallen, then, to hide his confusion, began to chase the police dog with loud whoops.

Nan locked the car carefully, then walked steadily, unharmed, up the path to the house.

"Please, ma'am," Estelle greeted her nervously in the hall, "Maude says would you mind telling her what you want for dinner, to-night?"

"Tell Maude to prepare anything she pleases," Nan wanted to answer. Instead, she went directly to the kitchen.

An hour later she raised her tear-wet, convulsed face from the cushions of her chaise longue and listened. Yes, they were back. She heard Curtis' shrill, excited voice, the deeper rumble of her husband's. Nan sprang to her feet, flew from one door to the other, locking them. He shouldn't bring his load of grief into this room that had only last night witnessed perfect joy!

(To Be Continued)

KIDDIES DRESSES \$1.95
The new for summer wear. Not only a fine dainty dress but party to which. And they're new. These are real value. Sizes 2 to 14. It's just what you want for wear now. See them at Carr's—where you save.

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 5th St., Eugene, Oregon.

Fish at Idlewild Park.

FATHER OF YELLOW BIRD STOWAWAY SMELLS MONEY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
PORTLAND, Maine, June 15.—The middle-aged parents of Arthur Schreiber, who stowed away aboard the trans-Atlantic plane Yellow Bird were joyful today. After a night and day of anxious and sleepless waiting for word of the plane they had a night of rest after learning last night the plane had landed with young Schreiber aboard.

Morris R. Schreiber, the father, also was elated over the thoughts of financial gain which he felt would accrue to his 22-year-old son. He spoke of the success which he seemed to feel was assured the youth and made newspapermen welcome at his home.

Mrs. Schreiber again took up the routine of the household abandoned while the plane was in flight. She said, however, that she would not be satisfied until she again saw her "boy."

Watkins products, 120 West Lane, Phone 197.
Camp at Idlewild Park.

Northwest Kept in Mind.
In making the appointments, the president is not restricted by geographical lines, but it is to be expected that he will name at least one member from the great northwest where the farm relief movement had its inception some seven years ago.

It is assumed also that he will give the Pacific coast states representation as well as the south and other sections.

HIMILAYAS PEAK BRINGS DEATH TO DARING AMERICAN

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
CALCUTTA, India, June 15.—The attempt of F. F. Farmer, young employee of the Standard Oil company of New York, to climb Mt. Kinchinjunga, one of the highest peaks of the Himalayas, has cost him his life.

Farmer left Darjeeling April 27 to explore the approaches to the peak. He was accompanied by coolies who had worked with a Mt. Everest expedition. While at an altitude of 25,000 feet, 3,000 feet below the summit, they saw him suddenly disappear over a ridge.

They waited four days at his camp, although experts believed he could scarcely have lived exposed for one day at such an altitude and in the rarified air, even if he had saved himself from falling the full length of the precipices. The coolies then returned to Darjeeling. Farmer was 24 years of age and came to India on a six months' leave. He worked his way on a cargo ship.

PALATABLE FOODS WIN APPETITE

Scientist Urges Healthful Use of Sugar

"An important thing to remember about eating is that we should enjoy our food," says one of the country's eminent food scientists. "Remember that sugar is one of the finest condimental foods in the world."

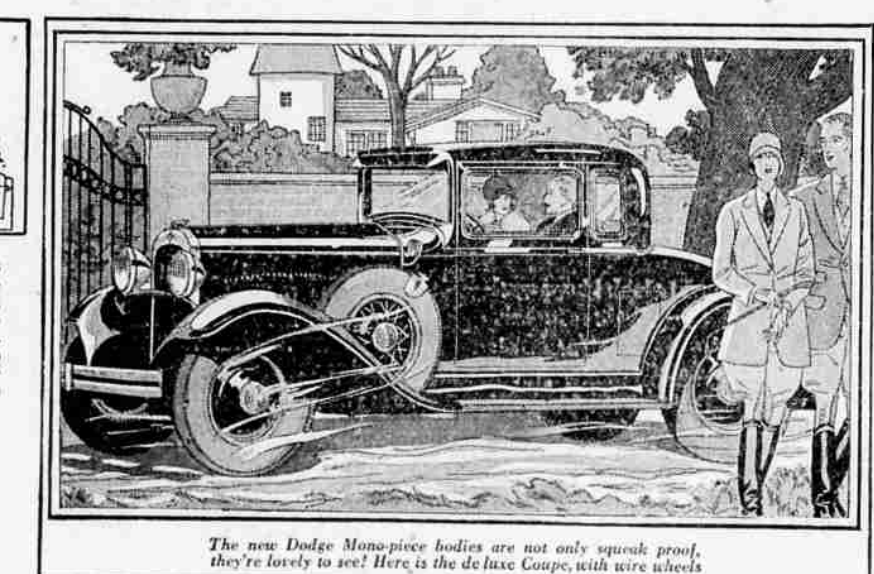
He goes on to explain that sugar is nature's incomparable flavor. It helps to relieve the monotony of our daily diets. It is an aid to nutrition and health because it adds to the enjoyment of eating, and for that reason enables us to eat a greater variety of other healthful foods, by improving their flavors.

"Sugar is wholesome," he said, "and it is inexpensive. Everyone can benefit from this flavor which adds so much pleasure to nearly all the other foods we eat."

The advice of this famous man can be carried out in planning almost all daily dishes. Fresh or cooked fruits are full of minerals, vitamins and other elements necessary in the diet. They are made more delightful to our taste by the addition of sugar.

The flavors of nearly all vegetables are very much improved by adding a pinch of sugar in cooking. Sugar in connection with chocolate or cocoa makes milk a delicious beverage. Most foods are made more delicious and nourishing with sugar. The Sugar Institute.

In the new DODGE SIX they even polish the combustion chambers!



The new Dodge Mono-piece bodies are not only squeak proof, they're lovely to see! Here is the deluxe Coupe, with wire wheels

Imagine the effects of gritty carbon there!

TO get uniform compression, power, smooth running—that's why the once rough-cast "insides" of motors are smooth finished today. They're even polished in the new Dodge Six.

And yet many motor oils, when burned, leave layers of rough, gritty, coke-like carbon on those polished surfaces!

Then red hot carbon flakes curl up and cause pre-ignition knocks and motor strains. Chips fall off and get under valves, holding them open to warp and burn. Gritty bits chafe their way down the cylinder walls, into the oil stream and grind endlessly through bearings, traveling at lightning speed.

Wear—trouble—annoyance, even in our finest cars, and from the very oil you buy to protect them!

But there is one oil, at least, that forms no hard carbon, one that lubricates modern motors safely.

It is Shell Motor Oil. When it burns it leaves only 1/3 to 1/5 as much carbon as even the costliest oils you can buy! The little it forms is just soft soot—a fluffy carbon that blows out with the exhaust gases.

If you drive a modern car—anyone made the last few years—you'll find a low-carbon oil almost essential to perfect operation.

Refill with Shell Motor Oil; continue to use it—it solves the high-compression lubrication problem.

SHELL MOTOR OIL