

REDWOOD HIGHWAY CARAVAN COMING SUNDAY, JUNE 23

SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—Supervisor Andrew J. Gallagher of San Francisco will head a delegation of San Francisco supervisors and families on the sixth semi-annual Redwood Empire Land Cruise Caravan Tour of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, leaving Grants Pass June 23rd, auspices Redwood Empire association.

The party will also accompany the conducted tour for metropolitan daily publishers through the Redwood Empire, the supervisory party leaving San Francisco June 19th. Included in the party will be, Mrs. Gallagher, Supervisor Warren Shannon and wife and two daughters; Supervisor Alfred Ponciveri and wife; Supervisor Alfred Ronciveri, Jr., and wife; Supervisor J. Emmet Hayden and wife and three children; Supervisor Charles

Powers and wife; Supervisor Frank McGovern; former Sheriff Tom Finn; Walter Trefts and wife; Judge and Mrs. Thomas F. Graham; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Seely; former Supervisor Angelo Rossi and wife, and Dr. Joseph M. Toner and wife. This expedition is designed to develop a greater good will relationship between Redwood Empire communities and the Pacific northwest, to develop a greater interchange of travel between these communities and to further the "See all the Pacific Coast" movement in a practical person-to-person manner, as well as to provide an opportunity for these leaders to become more intimately acquainted with attractions in the coastal area. This is the second expedition to the northwest operated by the Redwood Empire association. This party will be in Roseburg for lunch on Sunday, June 23rd at 1:00 p. m.

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.

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

RIVAL WIVES

By Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon

© 1929 NEA
SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED
Nan Carroll, finding herself in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, lawyer, decides to resign. Her resignation is postponed, however, 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 wife, who writes Morgan she will never return. Reference to Crawford, whom Morgan does not suspect, is cleverly omitted.

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, Morgan's son, and bringing comfort to a man who ironically thinks only of Morgan.

Morgan tells her he is divorcing Iris and asks her to marry him. They are prevented from going on their honeymoon by the unexpected arrival of a pleading client. Nan urges Morgan to accept the case.

Their farcical marriage continues for three months. Hysterically, Nan prepares to leave, but Morgan intercepts her, confesses he adores her but has believed she married him out of pity.

The next morning, Iris returns, apparently deserted by Crawford. She feigns unconsciousness and illness in an effort to bring Morgan to his knees. Nan, determined to fight, has the doctor remove Iris to a hospital. Morgan accompanies her. At the office that day, Nan remembers a letter proving Iris's perfidy—but no she can not fight that way! In her room that night, she locks the door.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XXXVIII**
It was 6 o'clock when Nan Morgan, in a temper of unreasoning fury and fear, looked her doors against any attempt her husband might make to bring to her his kind of despair and newly revived love for his first wife.

"She shan't haunt this room, too, as she does every other room in the house!" Nan sobbed.

She was trembling with the fury of her own determination, but her ears betrayed her by straining to catch the faintest sound which would indicate that he was trying to come to her. After many minutes she heard him open his door. Breathlessly she waited, savagely eager to have him turn the knob of her door and find it locked.

She herself was suffering so terribly that it gave her a fierce, perverse pleasure to think of his being hurt, too. Kneeling down before that door, who had never loved him and who had always hated him! Nan clenched her hands as her eyes stared at the doorknob, going to the hospital twice in one day to see her, when she wasn't really sick at all, but just shamming to win his sympathy! He'd always been wax in Iris' hands.

Well, let him be hurt now! It would serve him right. She had been hurt enough, God knew! But her straining eyes told Nan that he had not touched the knob of her door.

She heard water running; faint, familiar sounds which told her he was getting out his shaving things. He could see every step of the process as if she were in the bathroom beside him. This last day he stretched his upper lip in a comical grimace; the brooding gravity in his deepest black eyes, which saw nothing funny in the facial contractions a man makes when he shaves himself. The infinite care with which he circled the safety razor about the little brown nose on his right cheek. Oh! Nan caught her breath in agony. It was terrible to love a man so much. Only this morning she had stood close beside him as he shaved, so close that his elbow joggled her ribs and made her double up in a childish fit of giggling. And now—now—

She waited until she heard him re-enter his own room, then with a great effort Nan went about her own dressing for dinner. The amber chiffon he liked it, but why try to please him now? He would not notice what she had on. His eyes would be turned in upon a vision of Iris, lying in appealing helplessness upon a hospital bed, her fragility clothed in an exquisitely colored subtly scented negligee.

Even as her hairbrush gave forth one punctuation to her defiance, Nan knew, deep down in her heart, that if John Curtis Morgan wanted

her to relinquish him to his first wife, she would do so. He would be the last court of appeal. If he decided against her, there would be no fight left in her.

She did not descend the stairs until she had heard her husband go down, slowly, like an old man. It was their custom to assemble in the drawing room, there to wait for Estelle's summons to the dining room. It took all her courage to cross the threshold, and so strong had been her remembrance of what she would find when she did so, that she felt no surprise, only an overwhelming despair.

John Curtis Morgan and his son stood before the fireplace, looking absurdly like each other, in spite of the difference in their sizes. Consciously or unconsciously, Curtis had duplicated his father's nose—feet planted wide apart, hands thrust into trousers pockets, shoulders hunched, head lowered, but eyes raised to Iris Morgan's breath-takingly beautiful portrait. How closely akin those two were! Father and son, by virtue of the woman at whose picture they gazed.

Nan was powerless to move toward them, for she was interloper. It would be indecent to intrude upon their tragic brooding. All fight melted out of her for the moment, giving way to a nauseating self-hatred. If she had not "wormed her way" into John Curtis Morgan's home, into his grief, into the affections of his son, so that marriage with her had come to seem inevitable, he and the child would have been free to welcome Iris home. What did it matter that they had been better off without her? If they preferred sickness to health, misery to peace, Iris to Nan, why shouldn't they have them? People never thanked you for doing things for their good.

"Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Morgan. I didn't know you were there," Estelle apologized as she almost bumped into the frozen little figure in the doorway. "Dinner is served, ma'am."

The two before the fireplace started, the man guiltily. The 7-year-old boy stared at Nan as if he had never seen her before, a strange hostility in his fluid black eyes. There was a deep flush on his cheeks. Nan's heart contracted sharply with anxiety. Did he have a fever? Why was he staring at her like that? Had Iris already begun to poison the child against her? But why ask? He had known Iris was going to fight her, with every weapon she could lay hands on, and of course the child would be the most potent, next to the terrible appeal which she always made to the senses of the man she never loved and had deserted.

"Hello, dear!" her husband greeted her constrainedly, as he came forward to take her arm. "Sorry I couldn't meet you for lunch."

"How did the trial progress?" Nan asked. "Any errors chosen?" Nan asked, with apparently cheerful casualness.

"We went to the hospital to see my mother," Curtis cut in, his voice sounding oddly mature and childishly hostile. "She—"

"Nan asked me a question, son," the father removed him, sternly, but laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. "Haven't you seen the afternoon paper, Nan? The trial is adjourned until January 9."

No need now to pretend interest. Nan asked: "Adjourned? Why? What happened? You don't mean I'm brainy, do you? Or do you suppose he'd got wind of what we're going to spring?"

Morgan was obviously grateful for her interest and for a chance to think and talk of something else besides the amazing return of his divorced wife. He drew out a chair for Nan with his usual meticulous politeness, as he answered:

"Oh, no, nothing like that. We were impeding the jury. Had agreed on four men, when about 2 o'clock this afternoon Brainerd got for her star witness, the butler, Edgar, had been stricken with acute appendicitis and rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. He's in pretty bad shape. I understand. Naturally the trial couldn't proceed without him, and Judge Bunce granted an adjournment until the old man is in a condition to be brought to the courtroom—if he survives."

"Good heavens!" Nan said slowly. "It will be more of a blow for

us if the poor old man dies than for the prosecution."

"True," Morgan agreed. "But still we have the goods on Nina Blackhall, even without—but her testimony as to her relations with the chauffeur, Bassett. But naturally what he was willing to tell us on cross-examination would have been mighty important. Brainerd, of course, can use Edgar's testimony before the grand jury, as to Blackhall's quarrel with David, the boy's leaving in his car at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the finding of the body. I hope we'll have our chance at him, though."

"Where is he?—which hospital?" Nan demanded, as she made a pretense of eating her soup.

"He's at St. Luke's, too, where Mother is," Curtis answered. "The question, 'Father went to talk to the doctor about him while I stayed with Mother.' Again that curious direct glance of hostility from the black eyes which had been so full of love as late as this morning."

"Yes," Morgan agreed, flushing and lowering his eyes. "They were overeating then. No one could say how it would turn out, but a few minutes ago I telephoned the hospital and the poor old man has come out of the other all right. If there are no serious complications he'll pull through. Dr. Matthews says."

"I'm glad," Nan said in a low voice. There seemed to be nothing else to add, nothing whatever to talk about.

For Iris was as much a member of that constrained group as if she sat on the vacant fourth side of the table. Nan felt that the insolent blue-green eyes were mocking them all.

"Don't want any spinach and carrots and peas," Curtis said suddenly, violently thrusting aside the vegetable dish from which Estelle was about to serve him.

Morgan snapped out of a period of brooding abstraction to frown upon his son. "What's up, before you, Curtis," he commanded sternly.

"I don't like it," Curtis shouted, the feverish flush deepening, alarming by its force, which had once been so thin and anemic and now was ruddy with health. "Mother said I don't have to eat things I don't like! 'Sides she give me all the chocolates I wanted out of that big box you took her. I aren't hungry!"

Morgan seemed glad of the chance to show his anger. The two who were so alike and yet so different glared at each other. "Then leave the table!" the father ordered savagely. "And so straight to bed. You know you're not permitted to eat between meals and that—"

The child's bowl of rage cut across his father's furious rebuke. Involuntarily Nan reached out a hand and laid it soothingly upon Curtis' clenched fist. "Please, John! Let me—Curtis, darling, you don't want to lose your gold star for a perfect Health Chart, do you? If you aren't hungry, you can skip dessert, but Nan does want you to eat the vegetables—"

"Won't eat them!" Curtis screamed, pushing his plate so violently that part of the food spilled upon the immaculate white cloth. "Don't have to do what you tell me to! You ain't got any right to boss me! Mother says—"

"Go to your room!" his father roared, rising and bending over the child as if his clenched fists longed to strike him. "And stay there till you're ready to apologize to Nan and to promise to obey her implicitly. Do you understand?"

Nan shrank into her chair, every nerve outraged by the scene, the like of which had never taken place in that home since she had become its mistress. Helplessly, she watched the child scramble out of his chair and run howling from the room.

"I'm sorry, Nan," Morgan apologized stiffly, extreme pallor suddenly taking the place of the flush of anger.

Nan nodded dumbly and the miserable meal progressed in silence. Dishes were brought and removed, their delicious contents scarcely touched by either. It came to an end at last and the two who had been so close moved together, but miles apart, toward the drawing room.

For a few minutes they talked constrainedly, unnaturally. About the Blackhall case, then abruptly Morgan introduced the only subject about which either of them could think:

"I—Nan, we'd better face this thing, hadn't we? I've got to talk to you about Iris."

(To Be Continued)

**CONNIE MACK DENIES
RETIREMENT REPORT**
PHILADELPHIA, June 18.—Connie Mack, veteran manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, today spoke reports frequently heard in baseball circles that he wanted to win one more pennant and then retire.

He said he had no intention of retiring and hoped still to be managing the Athletics when he is 70 years old. He is now 66.

This is Mack's 29th season as pilot of Athletics and his 36th as a baseball manager.

**NEURITIS
and Rheumatic Sufferers**
Casey's Guaranteed Remedy assures you full relief in the most severe cases or money back. Nature's own tonic cleanses the blood from the uric acid poison through direct action on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Also specifically effective in cases of Gout, Dropsy, High Blood Pressure, cramps in the limbs. Reduces pain and swelling. \$1.50 per bottle. Marsters Drug Co.

Buy McCormick-Deering hay machinery. You will know why when you want repairs on short notice. We carry the largest stock of farm machine repairs in Douglas County. Wharton Bros.

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

us if the poor old man dies than for the prosecution."

"True," Morgan agreed. "But still we have the goods on Nina Blackhall, even without—but her testimony as to her relations with the chauffeur, Bassett. But naturally what he was willing to tell us on cross-examination would have been mighty important. Brainerd, of course, can use Edgar's testimony before the grand jury, as to Blackhall's quarrel with David, the boy's leaving in his car at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the finding of the body. I hope we'll have our chance at him, though."

"Where is he?—which hospital?" Nan demanded, as she made a pretense of eating her soup.

"He's at St. Luke's, too, where Mother is," Curtis answered. "The question, 'Father went to talk to the doctor about him while I stayed with Mother.' Again that curious direct glance of hostility from the black eyes which had been so full of love as late as this morning."

"Yes," Morgan agreed, flushing and lowering his eyes. "They were overeating then. No one could say how it would turn out, but a few minutes ago I telephoned the hospital and the poor old man has come out of the other all right. If there are no serious complications he'll pull through. Dr. Matthews says."

"I'm glad," Nan said in a low voice. There seemed to be nothing else to add, nothing whatever to talk about.

GRANGE AT MYRTLE CREEK TO HOLD ALL DAY PICNIC FRIDAY

Myrtle Creek grange has completed plans for an all-day picnic to be given at The Wigwam, Friday, June 21 and a general invitation to all interested persons has been extended. A special invitation has been given the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce.

The picnic will start with a program from 11 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. to be followed by a basket dinner, with the grange furnishing coffee. The afternoon will be given over to various games, sports, and contests, with a dance in the pavilion.

In the evening there will be a grand ball starting at 8 p. m. Rev. Charles C. Hulet, chaplain of the Oregon State Grange, is to be present from Myrtle Point, and will be the chief speaker at the morning program.

**ATHLETICS DROP
2 STRAIGHT BUT
KEEP GOOD LEAD**

By HERBERT W. PARKER
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

Having lost two games in a row, Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, driving on toward an American league pennant, are experiencing their first "slump" of the season.

The A's dropped the last game of the Cleveland series on Sunday and then bowed to the Chicago White Sox 6 to 4, yesterday. The first time this season that Mack's powerful array has been beaten in as many as two successive games.

Despite this condition of affairs, the chances are that Mack is doing little, if any, worrying. The standings this morning showed the Athletics seven and one-half games in front of the second place New York Yankees, who took time out yesterday to beat Bridgeport of the Eastern league 3 to 2, in an exhibition game.

In the only other American league activity of the day, the Detroit Tigers and Boston's Red Sox split even in a double bill at the Hub. The Sox lunched hits off Owen Carroll behind fairly effective pitching by Charlie Ruffing to win the first fray 6 to 5. The Tigers eluded Milt Gaston's offerings to all corners of the lot to take the second 8 to 3.

St. Louis and Pittsburgh marched along step for step in the hot national league struggle, the Cardinals shelling the Cubs into defeat by 12 to 3, while Pittsburgh was noosing out Cincinnati 2 to 1, in a tight pitchers' battle. All other national league clubs were idle. The results left the Cards on top of the pack with Pittsburgh half a game or two percentage points behind. The Cubs dropped to a game and a half behind the Pirates, and only two games ahead of John McGraw's New York Giants.

Fights Last Night
(Associated Press League Wire)

PHILADELPHIA.—Leo Lomski, Aberdeen, Wash., outpointed Matt Adgie, Philadelphia, 101. Roy Clark, Philadelphia, stopped Big Boy Peterson, Minneapolis, 61.

BOSTON.—George Cook, Australia, defeated Johnny Risko, Cleveland, four (5).

BRADDOCK, Pa.—Joe Dundee, Baltimore, stopped, Billy Algern, Phoenix, Ariz. (8).

CHICAGO.—Less Marriner, Champaign, Ill., outpointed Napoleon Jack Dorval, Pennsylvania (10).

WICHITA, Kans.—W. L. (Young) Strubling, Macon, Ga., outpointed Babe Hunt, Ponca City, Okla. (10).

BUFFALO.—Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo, outpointed Mushy Callahan, N. B. A. junior welterweight champion (10)—non-title.

NEW YORK.—Al Singer, outpointed Angie Pisano, New York (10).

**HOW THEY STAND
IN BALL LEAGUES**

National League

St. Louis . . . 35 21 625
Pittsburgh . . . 33 20 623
Chicago . . . 30 20 600
New York . . . 28 22 560
Philadelphia . . . 22 22 449
Brooklyn . . . 20 20 400
Boston . . . 19 21 389
Cincinnati . . . 19 25 352

American League

New York . . . 31 20 608
St. Louis . . . 32 23 682
Detroit . . . 31 29 617
Washington . . . 30 31 592
Chicago . . . 24 27 362
Boston . . . 17 27 315

S. P. R. R. BUYS RAILS

NEW YORK, June 18.—The Southern Pacific railroad is reported to have ordered 33,841 tons of steel rails for immediate delivery for use in the new 90-mile line from Klamath Falls, Ore., to Alturas, Calif., and on other improvement projects.

Myers pumps and electric water systems are reliable. They are sold at Wharton Bros.

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

us if the poor old man dies than for the prosecution."

"True," Morgan agreed. "But still we have the goods on Nina Blackhall, even without—but her testimony as to her relations with the chauffeur, Bassett. But naturally what he was willing to tell us on cross-examination would have been mighty important. Brainerd, of course, can use Edgar's testimony before the grand jury, as to Blackhall's quarrel with David, the boy's leaving in his car at 2 o'clock in the morning, and the finding of the body. I hope we'll have our chance at him, though."

"Where is he?—which hospital?" Nan demanded, as she made a pretense of eating her soup.

Heads G. A. R.



John Reece, commander-in-chief of G. A. R. veterans, decided to visit President Hoover at the White House the other day. So to Washington he went and here's how he looked when he posed on the White House steps.

**SEATTLE PREPARES
FOR EXPOSITION**

JULY 29, AUG. 3

SEATTLE, June 18.—In keeping with the progress of the northwest along industrial, manufacturing and general commercial lines, the Pacific Northwest Merchants and Maritime exposition, to be held here July 29 to August 3, under the auspices of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, will present this year a display of northwest and other products, educational features designed to be of special interest to the smaller retail merchants, and an entertainment program, all on a larger scale than has ever been possible in the past.

Dr. Henry A. Burd, professor of marketing at the University of Washington, will direct the institution, with the assistance of his colleagues, business men and merchants, many of whom will come from other sections of the country, all bringing practical, useful and up-to-date material on merchandising and retailing.

A feature of the 1929 exposition will be the spectacular, dramatic and colorful Freiburg "Passion Play," under the auspices of the Associated Students of the University of Washington, cooperating with the exposition committee, at which the visiting merchants will be the guests of the exposition management.

An augmented exposition, the added institute of retailing with its valuable educational features, the climax of pageantry in the northwest, are expected to draw a record roll of northwest business leaders to Seattle for this significant event, according to Chairman Kent.

**NEGRESS EPISODE
AT WHITE HOUSE
ECHOES IN SENATE**

(Associated Press League Wire)

WASHINGTON, June 17.—Senator Blaise, democrat, South Carolina, introduced a resolution today calling attention to the recent entertaining at the white house of the wife of representative DePriest, negro republican from Illinois, but some of its language, especially doggerel verse which it contained, aroused such opposition that Blaise withdrew it.

Senators Eager, republican, New Jersey, and Bingham, republican, Connecticut, were especially vigorous in their stand against the measure.

The resolution asked that "the president and Mrs. Hoover be requested to remember that the house in which they are temporarily residing is the 'White House' and that Virginia, Texas, Florida, Tennessee and North Carolina contributed to their becoming its custodians."

Although the resolution was stricken from the record, it was ruled that it had been referred to the District of Columbia committee for consideration.

The verse in the Blaise resolution was pitched around the theme of "Niggers in the White House." It had a dozen verses all beginning with this expression, and at the end it embodied the plea for the request to be made on president and Mrs. Hoover.

**MOTORBOAT KILLS
AMERICAN AVIATOR**

(Associated Press League Wire)

VENTIMIGLIA, Italy, June 18.—Graham Bullen, believed here to have been an American aviator in the Lafayette Escadrille, was struck by a motor boat propeller and killed last night when the craft overturned throwing him into the water. His body was recovered shortly afterward.

Captain Graham Bullen of Miami, Fla., was officially enrolled in a French aviation unit formed in 1925 for service in the war. He had been conducted in Morocco. He was among those named captain with a French foreign legion commission in November of that year.

**RUTH EXPECTS TO PLAY
AGAINST MACKMEN FRIDAY**

(Associated Press League Wire)

NEW YORK, June 18.—Much improved in health, Babe Ruth is back in town but he still needs a few days of rest before getting back in to the New York Yankees' lineup.

The Babe has been spending the past week on a fishing trip near Washington in an effort to recover from a severe cold that forced him out of the Yankee lineup nearly a month ago. He probably will not get into uniform until Friday when the Yankees play their crucial series with the Philadelphia Athletics.

leaders to Seattle for this significant event, according to Chairman Kent.

**For 100% mornings
QUAKER
OATS**

eaten steaming hot

DENTAL WORK

The time to see a dentist is when decay first sets in. See us today and let us correct defective teeth before complications arise.

Wire Fence and Gates

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.

Dean Spray Pump Co.
John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

**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
Free Pick Up and Delivery Service

Portland Phone Br 9461 or Br 9262
Roseburg 93 Marshfield 163-J

**I'm only a
Frankfurt
but I'm
proud as a
Swift's
Premium
Ham**

because I'm a Swift's
Premium Frankfurt made by
Swift & Company — and that
means I'm as wholesome and pure
and delicious as meat can be!

You would understand why I
am proud if you could see how
carefully I am made! Only the
best cuts of pork and beef are
mixed with the purest of spices
to stuff my immaculate casing.
No sinews or excess fat in me!

I'm plump—but I'm all good
meat—tender and juicy—with
high food value.

I'm only a frankfurt but I'm as Premium
as any ham!

When you buy "Swift's Premium" you
know that you're getting the best there is—
whether it's a Swift's Premium Frankfurt, a
Swift's Premium Ham, or Swift's Premium
Bacon. "Premium" is the highest honor that
an organization of experts can bestow upon
meat. It's the Swift standard.

Every product that bears the name of Swift's
Premium must measure up to high standards of
quality. Strict standards. In every department
—in every activity—in every detail—these
standards are strict.

Swift & Company, through its
nation wide system of packing
plants, produce plants, branch
houses and refrigerator cars,
brings meat and poultry, butter,
eggs, and cheese to the retail
stores from farms and ranches
hundreds of miles distant.

Swift & Company

Roseburg Salesman
F. E. Hartung, 1444 Riverside Ave.

Wire Fence and Gates

Carlot Price Wednesday
RED STRAND FENCE
MONARCH GATES

SPECIAL
J. D. Cultivator \$40.00

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange
Roseburg
Oakland