MOTORISTS SPEND MILLIONS IN GAS

"Motorists of America consumed over ten billion gallons of gasoline last year," said the secretary-manager of the Oregon State Motor association in a recent statement. "In using this gasoline the motorist paid motor fuel taxes aggregating $305,223,842.

"These figures," continued Mr. Brandenburg, "are based on statistics recently issued by the bureau of public roads and do not include the gallonage of Massachusetts or New York, neither of which states had a gas tax in 1928. These two states, however, since have passed laws providing for a gas tax and motorists of Massachusetts and New York are paying a gas tax this year, making every state in the union a gas tax state.

"All changes, except one, in gas tax during 1928-1929 have been increases rather than decreases and Oregon was in accord with other states when she raised her gas tax from 3 to 4 cents.

"The average rate per gallon in 1928 was 3 cents; the highest was 5 and the lowest was 2 cents. At the close of the year the rate in effect was 5 cents in seven states, 4 cents in eleven states, 3½ cents in one state, 3 cents in fourteen states and 2 cents in twelve states and the District of Columbia.

"Comparison of the total number of vehicles registered with the total tax collected in the states in which the tax was effective throughout the year shows an average revenue of $15.09 per vehicle. After deduction of the costs of collection the entire net revenue was used for rural road purposes in 35 states. In the remaining 13 states and the District of Columbia a total of $18,491,754 was devoted to other purposes. In 3 states a portion of the collections was used for public school purposes.

"All of the gas tax money in Oregon is used for road purposes and is placed at the disposal of the state highway department."

—o—

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.

—o—

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

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin, Author of "The Black Pigeon"

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, secretary, finds herself in love with her employer, John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, and determines to resign. Her resignation is postponed when she learns Morgan is to defend an alleged friend, Bert Crawford.

Morgan wins Crawford's acquittal. Crawford leaves town, followed closely by Iris, Morgan's wife, who writes Morgan she will never return. She omits reference to Crawford, whom Morgan does not suspect. Nan forces Morgan move deeply into his work, thus saving him from utter despair. 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 loves another. Nan passes her bar examinations and Morgan takes her into the firm as a junior partner. Morgan breaks the news to Nan that he is divorcing Iris and stressing his and Curtis' need for her, begs her to marry him. She accepts.

Their farcical marriage has continued for three months, when Nan resolves to leave. The next morning, Iris, apparently deserted by Crawford, returns and feigns illness in an effort to bring Morgan to his knees. Nan, determined to fight, has the doctor remove her to a hospital. At dinner Curtis refuses to eat, saying Iris told him he did not have to obey Nan. He is sent to his room and Morgan tells Nan they must face the problem.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIX

Nan's cold hands wringed each other convulsively against the amber chiffon of her lap. "It's come at last. He's going to tell me it was all a mistake, that he doesn't love me, and wants to be free to take Iris back," she told herself dully.

"Yes, John," she agreed aloud, in a voice that sounded flat and cold to her own ears.

They were seated side by side on the small sofa, whose back was turned upon Iris' portrait above the fireplace. Morgan had chosen the seat. Nan felt his eyes upon her, in a swift, appraising glance which she could not bring herself to meet. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

The man cleared his throat nervously, then suddenly she felt his hand, big and warm and comforting, close about her own.

"I—of course you know how—sorry I am that this had to happen," he began with slow weariness. Nan felt a surge of pity for him but she could not force her fingers to unlock the curl about his. Not yet . . . "I would have protected you if I could. You've been—so wonderful today, this morning—" he floundered on.

She wanted to help him, tried to say, "I'll be more wonderful still. I'll give you your freedom as soon as it can be arranged," but the words stuck in her throat.

He cleared his throat again, as if the words he was forcing himself to say rasped it sorely. "Iris is—sick. Nan, and—penniless. She's had a—rotten time of it, it seems. She didn't tell me—much, but I gathered she had tried to go on the stage and had failed. No training, you know, and not—not so young as beginners should be."

Nan forced herself to nod, by way of encouragement. Not so young! That was an odd thing to say in connection with Iris. She didn't seem to have any age, to be beauty and lure incarnate. But she must be— Nan calculated swiftly. Yes, Iris must be at least 29, perhaps older, for she and Organ had been married nine years before, and Iris admitted to 28.

"She could have made the chorus, of course," Morgan went on, with obvious pain and reluctance. "But even the chorus requires arduous training, and Iris wanted to be a dramatic star, or nothing."

"Of course," Nan agreed tonelessly, entirely without malice.

"Well, she didn't make the grade, couldn't get a part, spent all her money to buy into a show, in which she had been promised a part. The producers turned out to be crooks and got away with her money and what others had put up."

* * *

"So that's the story she's told him," Nan reflected, with curious detachment. "It's a good story, and one which can't possibly be checked up on and found to be false." Aloud she said, still in that toneless voice: "I'm—sorry."

"Thanks, dear," he answered, with touching gratitude. His hand tightened over hers. "So—I—we'll have to do something for her. I—we—can't let her—want."

"Of course not," Nan agreed. Hope began to lift its head.

"You are a darling!" Morgan cried huskily, and Nan knew that tears were in his eyes. "I think you're the best woman, the most understanding woman in the world."

"Thank you, John," Nan responded, but her voice still sounded cold and flat. She was thinking tiredly, despairingly: "No man ever loved a woman because she was good, not even because she was understanding. A man loves a woman, because—good or wicked, understanding or selfish—she enslaves his senses, and John has admitted that Iris—" But Morgan was speaking again, and Nan pushed down her despairing thoughts to give him attention.

"My—our — income is large enough now so that I—we—can afford to—to—" Embarrassment dragged his voice to a halt again.

Nan stiffened and raised her head. She could bear no more of this. "Please, John," she said clearly, firmly, "do anything for Iris that you wish to, without feeling that you will have to consult me. Whatever you do will be right in my eyes, naturally."

She felt his eyes sweep over her again, questioningly, appealingly. But still she could not meet them, was afraid to face the despair she was sure they held. Oh, why couldn't she be supremely generous, tel lhim he was free?

"I had thought—" Morgan floundered on, regardless of her obvious desire not to know the details—"that a—a monthly provision of—say, $400 a month. . . . She has been used to—a degree of luxury, and has no judgment at all about money—"

"Anything you say," Nan interrupted firmly, as she rose from the sofa. "Now, I think I'll go up to Curtis. He'll be ill if I don't get him calmed down before his bedtime, poor darling . . . By the way," she added, with every appearance of casualness, "has—his mother asked that he be given to her?"

She felt rather than saw that Morgan flushed darkly. His voice was thick and low as he answered: "At first, of course. She was—quite hysterical about it. But—this afternoon she was much more reasonable. In fact, she—agreed that it would be better for the child not to be taken from his father. Under the circumstances, she thought I could do more for the boy than she would be able to."

"And you swallowed that whole," Nan reflected, with bitter disgust. "Can't you see what her game is? In the first place, she doesn't want to be bothered with taking care of the child, and in the second, she knows he is a much more potent weapon against me in this house than he could possibly be in hers." Aloud, however, she said coldly: "Of course she knows that the court gave you custody of the child."

* * *

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Morgan bow his head upon his breast. "Yes—she knows that. But if she insisted, I would let her have him, Nan, no matter how much I should suffer from losing him. A child and his mother should not be parted—"

"She left him," Nan could not forbear reminding him.

"She admits that," Morgan said heavily. "We mustn't be too hard on her, dear. She has—paid pretty high for her—mistake."

Nan turned sharply so that he should not see the cynical smile which twisted her childish mouth. After a moment she was able to say, with genuine feeling: "I'm glad she has been generous about Curtis. It would break my heart to lose him now." But as soon as the words were uttered, she could have bitten her tongue in two. Would he interpret those words as a veiled, indirect bid for his sympathy and for his loyalty? She would die rather than plead for the continuation of a relationship that had become hateful to him.

"I must go to Curtis now," she said hastily. "Then I think I'll go to bed, John. I'm—tired. I'll say good night now—"

She was about to walk away from him without offering him even her hand when she heard him spring to his feet. His arms closed about her, held her close against his breast. But to save her life she could not relax in his arms, although every nerve in her body clamored for her to forget pride and cling to this man whether he loved her as much as he loved the other woman, or not.

"Dear little Nan!" he muttered huskily, his lips against her hair. "You're—wonderful. . . . You'll be patient with me, won't you, dear? I—need you—"

Why didn't he say, "Nan, it's you I love. I'm sorry for Iris, but I love you. You're my wife." Since he hadn't said those words or anything like them, Nan's body remained stiff and unyielding. "Of course, John," she answered in a voice that sounded impatient. The man's arms dropped as if she had struck them from her.

"Good night, Nan dear," he said slowly, heavily, like a man weary unto death.

"Good night, John. You'll call the hospital again tonight to see how Edgars is, won't you? It would be terrible to have him die, when he could help young David so much."

His low-voiced "Yes" followed her out of the room, up the stairs, its weary sadness nagging at her ears, knocking at her heart.

* * *

She found the door of Curtis' room locked, or rather bolted, for the boy had not been trusted with a key, lest he lose it. She knelt down, after trying the door, and called softly through the keyhole:

"It's Nan, darling. I've come to tell you a story before you go to sleep."

There was no answer for a full minute, while Nan waited, trembling. Had the boy as well as the father cast her out of his heart? Then a tear-choked voice called out angrily: "Go 'way!"

"All right, darling," she called cheerfully through the keyhole. "I'll go if you want me to, but I really thought you'd like to hear how the Wright boys made the first airplane. I'd been thinking of letting you and Little Pat make one like it—only smaller, of course."

Lucky she'd been reading the story of the Wright boys only last week! She couldn't lose Curtis, she couldn't! She loved him too much, and needed him now so desperately. . . .

There was the thud of a heavy body, the rush of padded paws across the floor, then the welcoming whimper of a dog snuffling at the door. "Cop wants me to come in," she laughed, her voice very tender and coaxing.

A lighter thud. Little feet pattering, reluctantly at first, then eagerly. A bolt shot back. The door opened a crack and one black eye, drowned in tears, studied Nan with a heartbreaking mixture of longing and hostility. "All right. C'mon in," a hiccoughy little voice invited ungraciously.

She was careful, when the child opened the door wide, not to take him in her arms, not to let him see how much she wanted him to be friends again.

"Can me and Little Pat make a airplane, honest?" he demanded suspiciously, as he climbed back into bed.

"You may try with all your might, for you'll have the materials and the plans to work from," Nan laughed, and pushed down an uncomfortable feeling of shame. This was the first time she had ever tried to bribe the child. Was she stooping to Iris' methods? "Now shall I tell you just how the Wright brothers set about building their first plane?"

She perched on the side of his bed, but still refrained from touching the boy, who listened with growing eagerness, the hostile gleam slowly dying out of his eyes. She had her reward when, the exciting tale finished, his little hand inched shyly toward hers. Suddenly the fingers closed convulsively over hers.

"It ain't—I mean, it isn't true, is it, Nan, that you won't let my mother come home?"

Nan's heart stood still for an instant. What could she say? Was he old enough to be told a part of the truth? No matter. . . . She could not lie to him.

"Curtis, darling, Nan can't explain all the reasons, but your father can't have two wives. It—it's against the law. So you see, dear, if your mother comes back, Nan will have to leave."

The black eyes widened in bewilderment, and the beautiful, curly mouth, so like Iris', trembled. "But I want both of you, and I bet Father does, too," Curtis insisted stubbornly. "It's a silly old law. . . . Listen, Nan, did Mother know about that old law before—before she went away?"

(To Be Continued)

—o—

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

—o—

Camp at Idleyld Park.

FIRST BOTTLE HELPED HER

Keeps On Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I always use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before and after childbirth. I am a mother of three children—two little girls and a baby boy. I would get rundown, nervous, dizzy and weak sometimes so I had to lie in bed. I would take the Vegetable Compound as a tonic and I always saw an improvement after taking the first bottle. I found it to be a good tonic. I always recommend your medicines to my friends and I cannot speak too highly of them."—Mrs. ANNA LOUDERBACK, 1607 S. Front Street, Phila., Pa.

U. S. ARMY BUYS 112 OAKLAND CARS

One of the signal honors eagerly sought by every automobile manufacturing company is to place its products in the service of the United States government.

A unique achievement along this line was recently effected by the Oakland Motor Car company when 112 new Oakland All-American Six 4-door sedans were purchased by the United States army for use at the various army posts located throughout the nation.

The cars were standard in every respect except for having been finished in the standard olive drab coloring of the army, and for serial number lettering and the designation, "For Official Use Only."

The accompanying layout shows, in the lower panel, the huge fleet of cars lined up at the Oakland factory. Upper left shows thirteen of the fleet posed with enlisted men who were sent to Pontiac, Michigan, to drive them to their destination, while on the upper right is a close-up of one of the attractive models.

Orders such as this are much desired by manufacturers because the government chooses the make of car it will purchase only after putting many different makes through a rigid series of tests to determine the one best fitted to measure up to its needs.

In addition to this fleet, there are many other Oakland and Pontiac Sixes faithfully serving various other federal departments.

—o—

FIRST BIRTHDAY TO BE OBSERVED

Celebrating its first birthday, coincident with the birthday of the nation, the Plymouth Motor corporation at Detroit is planning a national showing of the improved Plymouth cars in a variety of new colors.

J. O. Newland and Son, local Plymouth dealers, are preparing their showroom with a unique display in an attractive setting for this showing which will take place from June 29 to July 13 inclusive. During this period the public is invited to visit the showrooms, to inspect and drive these stylish, but low priced Chrysler-built Plymouth cars.

Unusual interest is attached to this first birthday of the Plymouth due to th efact that during this year it has been greeted so enthusiastically that production records for the entire industry have been shattered. No other car has ever reached such high production within so short a period after the car was introduced as has the Plymouth.

"The enthusiasm with which the Plymouth has been greeted," according to Mr. J. O. Newland, senior partner, "is due to the quality that is evident throughout the construction of the car. In power, speed, unusual accelerating ability, beauty, and comfort, it rivals cars of a much higher price and is an unusual value in its price class.

"One year ago when Chrysler put into production this lowest-priced Chrysler motors automobile, they were determined to build a car that would be sturdy, dependable, with rugged strength, and with freedom from any limitations that would prevent it being the leader in its field. So accurately did the qualities possessed by this car typify that stalwart band of Pilgrims who were the first settlers of Plymouth, Mass., that it was only natural that such a name should be chosen to designate this car.

"Visitors to the showrooms during this anniversary showing will be given the opportunity to inspect thoroughly and drive the Improved Plymouth. A number of improvements throughout the chassis and the body have recently been announced and these are expected to create an unusual amount of interest with the motor-wise public. Plymouth body engineers have spent several months in working out new designs to give the Plymouth the strongest and best braced bodies in its price class.

"A thorough demonstration is all that is needed to convince one that it is a car of exceptional worth. It is a car that will easily prove itself if given the opportunity to do so.

"Those who take a demonstration in any one of the cars will be given the opportunity to win one of a number of valuable prizes. Details of the contest are being explained at the showrooms."

Fights Last Night

CINCINNATI — Maxie Rosenbloom, New York, outpointed Joe Anderson, Covington, Ky., (10).

NEW YORK—Kid Chocolate, Cuba, stopped Teddy Roth, New York, (3).

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—Tommy Grogan, Omaha, Neb., outpointed Johnny Hadick, Philadelphia, (10).

INDIANAPOLIS — Eddie Anderson, Cody, Wyo., knocked out Steve McDonald, Canadian, (1).

Notice of Sale of Government Timber, General Land Office, May 11, 1929. Washington, D. C. Notice is hereby given that subject to the conditions and limitations of the acts of June 9, 1916 (39 Stat. 218), February 26, 1919 (40 Stat. 1179), June 4, 1920 (41 Stat. 758), and departmental regulations of April 14, 1924 (50 L. D. 274), the timber on the following lands will be sold July 8, 1929, at 10 o'clock A. M. at public auction at the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, to the highest bidder at not less than the appraised value as shown by this notice, sale to be subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior. The purchase price, with an additional sum of one-fifth of one per cent thereof, being commissions allowed, must be deposited at time of sale, money to be returned if sale is not approved, otherwise patent will issue for the timber, which must be removed within ten years. Bids will be received from citizens of the United States, associations of such citizens and corporations organized under the laws of the United States or any State, territory or district thereof only. Upon application of a qualified purchaser the timber on any legal subdivision will be offered separately before being included in any offer of a larger unit. T. 16 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 17, SW¼ SE¼ red fir 525 M. T. 19 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 29, NE¼ SE¼ red fir 1170 M. SE¼ SE¼ red fir 1010 M. hemlock 50 M. red cedar 40 M. T. 23 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 3, Lot 3 red fir 1240 M. T. 18 S., R. 5 W., Sec. 15, NW¼ NW¼ red fir 440 M. T. 19 S., R. 5 W., Sec. 21, NE¼ NE¼ red fir 700 M. T. 18 S., R. 6 W., Sec. 11, NW¼ SE¼ red fir 475 M. T. 28 S., R. 12 W., Sec. 11, NE¼ SE¼ yellow fir 2100 M. hemlock 30 M. none of the timber on the sections to be sold for less than $1.50 per M for the red fir and red cedar, $1 per M for the hemlock and $2.50 per M for the yellow fir. T. 20 S., R. 1 W., Sec. 5, Lot 3 red fir 1200 M. NE¼ SW¼ red fir 1500 M. T. 20 S., R. 4 W., Sec. 9, NW¼ NE¼ red fir 385 M. SE¼ NW¼ red fir 500 M. T. 18 S., R. 6 W., Sec. 17, NE¼ NW¼ red fir 400 M. red cedar 15 M. T. 1 S., R. 5 E., Sec. 11, NE¼ SE¼ yellow fir 2650 M. hemlock 550 M. red cedar 30 M. SE¼ SE¼ yellow fir 4765 M. hemlock 95 M. SW¼ SE¼ yellow fir 2750 M. hemlock 200 M. none of the timber of these sections to be sold for less than $1.75 per M for the red fir, $1.50 per M for the red cedar and hemlock and $2.50 per M for the yellow fir. T. 22 S., R. 2 W., Sec. 27, NE¼ NE¼ yellow fir 430 M. red fir 1400 M. red cedar 60 M. hemlock 150 M. red cedar poles 5 M. NW¼ NE¼ yellow fir 555 M. red fir 1720 M. red cedar 20 M. T. 26 S., R. 12 W., Sec. 25, NW¼ SW¼ red fir 2580 M. SW¼ SW¼ red fir 3030 M. T. 9 S., R. 2 E., Sec. 25, NE¼ NE¼ red fir 1480 M. SE¼ NE¼ red fir 1240 M. none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than $2 per M for the red and yellow fir and $1 per M for the red cedar and hemlock. T. 3 N., R. 3 W., Sec. 25, NE¼ NW¼ yellow fir 1200 M. red cedar 30 M. none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than $1.50 per M for the yellow fir and $1 per M for the red cedar. T. 27 S., R. 12 W., Sec. 22, NE¼ NW¼ red fir 750 M. NW¼ NW¼ red fir 1,000 M. SE¼ NW¼ red fir 1300 M. SW¼ NW¼ red fir 1400 M. NE¼ SW¼ red fir 1,000 M. NW¼ SW¼ red fir 1200 M. SE¼ SW¼ red fir 1400 M. SW¼ SW¼ red fir, 2,000 M. Sec. 27, NE¼ NE¼ red fir 2600 M. white fir 100 M. NW¼ NE¼ red fir 1,000 M. white fir 100 M. yellow fir 1300 M. SE¼ NE¼ red fir 1800 M. white fir 150 M. SW¼ NE¼ red fir 1200 M. white fir 250 M. yellow fir 2,000 M. SE¼ NW¼ white fir 200 M. yellow fir 2100 M. hemlock 100 M. NE¼ SE¼ red fir 1900 M. white fir 150 M. NW¼ SE¼ red fir 1200 M. white fir 250 M. yellow fir 800 M. hemlock 100 M. SW¼ SE¼ white fir 100 M. yellow fir 2400 M. NE¼ SW¼ white fir 450 M. yellow fir 1475 M. hemlock 75 M. SE¼ SW¼ white fir 600 M. yellow fir 1130 M. none of the timber on these sections to be sold for less than $2 per M for the red and yellow fir, 50-cents per M for the hemlock and $1 per M for the white fir. T. 4 S., R. 6 E., Sec. 31, Lot 3 yellow fir 1450 M. red cedar 10 M. white pine 15 M. hemlock 75 M. lot 6 yellow fir 675 M. red cedar 15 M. white pine 30 M. hemlock 40 M. Lot 7 yellow fir 1360 M. red cedar 10 M. NE¼ SE¼ yellow fir 1540 M. red cedar 10 M. white pine 25 M. NW¼ SE¼ yellow fir 1150 M. white pine 25 M. hemlock 50 M. NE¼ SW¼ yellow fir 1570 M. red cedar 35 M. white pine 10 M. hemlock 40 M. none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than $1.50 per M for the red cedar, yellow fir and white pine and 50-cents per M for the hemlock. T. 27 S., R. 11 W., Sec. 21, SE¼ NW¼ yellow fir 500 M. NW¼ SW¼ yellow fir 2,000 M. red fir 400 M. hemlock 75 M. red cedar 35 M. SW¼ SW¼ yellow fir 2450 M. red cedar 75 M. white fir 100 M. none of the timber on this section to be sold for less than $2 per M for the red and yellow fir $1.50 per M for the red cedar and 50-cents per M for the hemlock and white fir. Thos. C. Havell, Acting Commissioner.

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DRIVES TOO SLOWLY AND DRAWS FIVE-DOLLAR FINE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

GARY, Ind., June 19.—Al Shaw of Chicago was arrested yesterday for driving 15 miles an hour on the Lake county highways, and paid a $5 fine for his poky progress.

He was the first man to be arrested in the Indiana campaign against slow driving.

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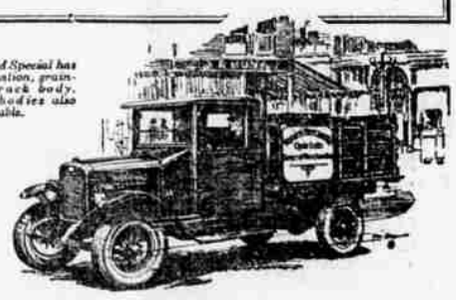

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