

Local News

Noyer Here— H. W. Noyer of Medford is a business visitor in this city today.

Visit Here— Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Davis of Portland are visitors in this city.

Visitor Here— J. J. Gross of Tillam was a Saturday visitor and shopper in Roseburg.

Guy King Here— Guy King drove to this city today from Glendale to spend the day on business.

Visits Saturday— Irvin Court of Melrose was among the out of town business callers here Saturday.

On Business— R. L. Rogers of Lookingglass is transacting business in Roseburg today.

Mrs. Maupin Visits— Mrs. Edith Maupin of Oakland visited friends here Saturday and shopped at local counters.

In Eugene— E. R. Boyce, employe of the Roseburg Cleaners, visited in Eugene over the week-end.

Here From Dixonville— Messrs. Cleone and Violet Incho of Dixonville were visitors here Saturday, calling on friends and transacting business.

From Talent— Mrs. Lillian Scott of Talent was a Saturday caller in Roseburg.

Visitor in City— Mrs. Agnes A. Allen of Drain is spending the day here today visiting with friends and shopping.

Here From Portland— Mrs. R. J. Flanders and Mrs. A. F. Flanders of Portland were visitors here over Sunday stopping at the Hotel Rose.

Here on Business— Day M. King, attorney of Myrtle Point and Charles A. Harlocker a druggist of that city, were business visitors here Saturday.

Furnish Flowers— Mrs. McClellan and Mr. Gurney furnished a beautiful display of choice sweet peas at the office of the Chamber of Commerce today.

Here Saturday— Mrs. Bess Cooper and Mrs. Marie Lane of Glendale were among the out-of-town callers at the office of the county school superintendent Saturday.

Forest Service Man Here— Col. John D. Guthrie of Portland with the U. S. forest service is a visitor in this section of the state for a few days. Guthrie is stopping at the Hotel Umpqua.

From Powers— Mr. and Mrs. Dan Thomas of Powers visited here over the week end and returned home in a new Pontiac Cabriolet, purchased from the Roseburg Motor company.

Leave for Seattle— Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Meyers and son, Allen, motored to Seattle Sunday where Mr. Meyers will be employed by H. A. Johnson, a Seattle contractor. They will return here late in October.

Enjoy Picnic— Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pickett, Miss Evelyn Hawn and Walter Frederickson of this city motored to Hubbard's creek yesterday, where they enjoyed an all day picnic.

To Attend Ball— Mr. and Mrs. George Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Ray B. Compton will attend the banquet and ball in Medford tonight honoring Imperial Potentate Leo Z. Youngworth and Mrs. Youngworth and also the imperial recorder.

Attend Reunion— Mr. and Mrs. Joe Householder and Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Buckingham attended a reunion of students of the Bellfountain school prior to 1900 at Bellfountain over the week-end. The two gentlemen were students of the school and met with others of their class.

On Vacation— Mr. and Mrs. Clair K. Allen left during the week-end for Albany and other northern points on a short vacation. They expect to return here Wednesday.

Here From Ashland— Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Jones of Ashland are visitors here for a short time. Mrs. Jones was formerly Miss Margaret Willis of this city and Mr. Jones is the son of Mrs. M. A. Jones of Roseburg.

At Bandon— Dr. and Mrs. Bee R. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Ira B. Riddle and Mrs. Maynon Ziesler of Portland spent the week-end at Bandon-by-the-Sea enjoying the sea breeze and activities at the beach resort.

To Return South— Miss Grace Lloyd is leaving today for San Francisco after visiting with relatives in this vicinity. She came to Roseburg with her niece, Miss Elizabeth Renner, who had been attending school in the south.

Brings Beautiful Flowers— Robert McKay of Brockway was a visitor here Sunday, bringing a beautiful bouquet of flowers to the News-Review office. Peonies, delphinium and choice lilies grown at the McKay farm were among the flowers making up the bouquet.

Visit in Marshfield— Mr. and Mrs. Henry Snyder and daughter Marjorie and son Donald and Mrs. Ralph Church of this city motored to Marshfield and Sunset Beach yesterday and spent the day. They made the trip over the Reedsport-Marshfield highway.

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SOCIETY

By MILDRED BYNON

The Thimble club of the Neighbors of Woodcraft will meet this evening with Mrs. Cole Owens of Stephens street.

Mrs. Clyde Carstens complimented Mrs. Arthur Knauss of Portland with an afternoon at her lovely home in Laurelwood on Saturday.

Among the week-end visitors in Roseburg was W. Tibbins of Bridge.

Miss Kathryn Montgomery of Lookingglass is visiting with friends here today.

Mrs. Mary Beley of Elkton visited here and shopped at local stores Saturday.

M. T. Middleberg of Garden Valley is visiting friends and transacting business here today.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Walker were visitors here over the week-end from their home in Medford.

J. C. Currie was among the out of city business visitors here Saturday motoring here from Salem.

Robert Schults of Bridge, a long-time operator of the Coon county section visited here yesterday.

S. F. Stine of Portland returned to the metropolis Saturday after spending a brief time here on business.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Moeller were among the week-end visitors here motoring from their home in Klamath Falls.

Paul J. Bezan of San Francisco is a visitor here and expects to enjoy a few days' fishing in this vicinity.

Joseph Jacobs of San Francisco a prominent leather dealer of the southern metropolis is a business visitor in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kauffman of Marshfield and their daughter were here Saturday. Kauffman is a Marshfield banker.

N. W. Hendryx of Eugene, connected with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company, was a Roseburg visitor Sunday.

Dr. Stella Ford Warner a physician of Salem and Miss Mildred Carlton of Medford were visitors here Saturday on a pleasure trip.

C. A. Lockwood, Joe Campbell and Frank Hills spent the week end at Steamboat on a fishing trip. They returned here last evening.

Charles G. Ludlow of San Francisco, visited here over the week-end. Ludlow is connected with the Standard Oil Co. in the southern metropolis.

K. N. Hav of Eugene, a radio and automobile equipment salesman for a Portland firm, is expected here today to spend a short time on business.

N. W. Perkins, owner of the Roseburg Cleaners, visited with Mrs. Perkins and his daughter Phyllis Jane at Myrtle Point over the week-end.

D. V. Flynn of Eugene is a business visitor here today and expects to leave during the afternoon for Marshfield and other coast cities.

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RIVAL WIVES

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Nan Carroll, secretary to John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, is in love with Morgan. His wife, Iris, elopes with a family friend, Bert Crawford, for whom Morgan has recently won an acquittal. Morgan does not suspect Crawford and is cast into utter despair.

Though he does not realize it, Nan is indispensable to Morgan both in his practice and in his home. For six months she acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, bringing comfort and health to him and his child, little six-year-old Curtis. Morgan breaks the news to Nan that he is divorcing Iris and, stressing his and Curtis' need for her, asks her to marry him. She consents.

Their farcical marriage has continued three months when Iris, lured by Crawford, returns. Feigning illness, she tries to bring Morgan to his knees. Nan, heartbroken, determines to fight and asks Dr. Black to remove Iris to a hospital.

Curtis goes to see his mother daily. She feeds him forbidden sweets. He awakens Christmas morning with an attack of appendicitis. The doctor says his diet must be watched closely, though Nan knows she is powerless to prevent Iris' interference. Morgan brings Willis Todd to dinner. He is a former suitor of Nan's. When they are alone, she tells him of Iris. He seeks to comfort her, placing his arm about her shoulders. Morgan finds them thus.

Plans were announced today for a poultrymen's picnic, which is to be staged at the Kiwanis-Boy Scout park on the South Umpqua Sunday, June 30. Every poultryman and family in the county is invited, the committee announces, and it is hoped that every man who raises chickens, even though as a small sideline on his farm, will be present. The picnic will start at noon with a basket dinner. The afternoon will be given over by the men and women to a social time and to a general discussion of the poultry industry. There will be no formal program. The park, which is reached by taking the road along the base of Mt. Nebo and following up the west side of the river through Umpqua Park, is ideal for such a meeting, and ample entertainment is possible for both adults and children. The river affords good bathing and boating facilities.

POULTRYMEN TO HOLD PICNIC ON SUNDAY, JUNE 30

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More than 22,000,000 motor cars were moving along the streets and highways of the world at the beginning of this year.

The automotive division of the department of commerce, which recently completed the laborious task of counting hoods from Iceland to Australia, finds that 24,629,521, or three-fourths of the world's motor car population, is in the United States.

Spitzbergen and Bermuda are tied for bottom place with only one automobile each. The Gilbert and Ellice islands have two busses but nothing else. The New Hebrides have no passenger cars but recognize the motor age with 25 trucks and three motor cycles.

The country with the largest total, next to the United States, is France, with 1,288,000 motor cars. France is next with 1,098,000 and Canada next with 1,061,000.

China's huge family of 400,000,000 manages to get along with only 25,581.

When the young man had left the room, Iris arose from the couch and strolled to the tree. She wondered if Morgan had noticed the still undried tears on her cheeks and what she would say if he questioned her.

"Shall we light the tree now?" she called over her shoulder. "Press the left-hand button for the Christmas tree lights and snap off the others. Now! Doesn't it look lovely?"

"I hope you'll like your presents, dear," Morgan said, in a voice that sounded a little constrained, for all his effort to make it cheerful. "It was hard to know what to get you. Want to open the box now, while we're alone? I'd rather be the sole witness of your disappointment, if you don't like them."

"This box is pretty small to hold more than one gift, Oh, John! I never had anything so gorgeous in all my life!"

She lifted from their satin bed an antique necklace and pair of bracelets of square-cut topaz, set in an exquisitely wrought gold filigree.

"I got them because they're just the color of the highlights in your hair and eyes," Morgan told her, his voice rich with satisfaction. "They're 150 years old, by the way—first presented to a very famous French actress by a royal prince. Full pedigree furnished on request. But there's something else in the box. Lift up the satin pad, dear."

Nan obeyed and drew out a credit memorandum upon the city's most fashionable furrier. The sum staggered her for a moment.

"Why, John, darling, we can't afford—"

"How many times must I remind you that you're only the junior partner in this firm?" Morgan scolded her. "I want you to have a decent fur coat, young woman. I was tempted to choose it myself, but didn't dare assume the responsibility."

"Thank you, John," she said simply, for her voice was too husky with tears to permit more. Then, as simply, she lifted her face for his kiss.

The memory of the hard, hungry pressure of his lips was still with her as she watched him fumble awkwardly with the wrappings of her gift to him. She had bought him a water-tight, platinum-cased watch. Very plain, very expensive-looking.

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With it, a thin platinum chain. Morgan's eyes lighted up with boyish pleasure. "And to think I ever teased you about your woman's intuition? I wonder if anyone else today has said, 'Just what I wanted!' and meant it as wholeheartedly as I do. Thank you, dear Nan! It makes this old watch of mine look like a turpin. And I thought there couldn't be a finer watch made when my father gave it to me. George! What a beauty it is!" he added, with such naive enthusiasm that Nan laughed aloud, joyously.

That meant another kiss, of course. And this time it was Willis Todd who halted uncertainly on the threshold, unwilling to interrupt which he knew was giving the most exquisite happiness to the girl he loved.

"We couldn't wait for you, Willis!" Nan cried. "Forgive us, won't you? And come look for what Santa Claus left for you."

She made a great ado of turning her back while he opened the package containing the cravat she had given him, "to allow him time to recover from the shock," as she warned him.

"The tie I've always longed for! Exactly what I wanted!" Willis announced emphatically and pretended to be very much hurt when his host and hostess exchanged amused, significant glances, then burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"These husband-and-wife secrets!" he gumbled. "Anyways, the tie isn't funny! It's a beauty!"

And they laughed at him again. Morgan explained: "The male vocabulary, under certain circumstances, seems to be curiously limited. You've said exactly the same thing about that tie I've just been saving to Nan about this watch she gave me. What is it, Estelle?"

"Telephone, sir," she answered, with an odd note of resentment or sulkiness in her voice.

It required no unusual amount of intuition for Nan to guess that the call was from Iris Morgan.

"Don't look like that, honey," Willis whispered, as Morgan strode across the room toward the library to answer the call. "I'm glad I came tonight. I see now why you feel about him as you do. He's a prince. Fight for him, Nan. He's worth it."

"That's big of you, Willis," Nan murmured huskily. "I'll fight all right, but—so will she. And she has the biggest advantage over me—that one woman can have over another."

"John was mad about her for the whole eight years they were married, and he never really possessed her. Now she pretends she's just as much in love with him as he ever was with her. Can't you see how the thought of possessing her completely, after all those years of frustrated adoration, must affect her?"

"But he loves you," Willis Todd protested. "Not in that insane, slavish way, perhaps, but truly, deeply. You've got to believe that, Nan."

"I do," Nan said simply. "I wouldn't fight for a minute if I didn't believe that. Now, I'm going to tune in on some other music. I love the Christmas hymns. Don't you?"

Nan was at the radio cabinet and Willis Todd was relaxed in a big wing chair before the fireplace when Morgan re-entered the room. With a deep sigh, whether of worry or contentment Nan could not know, he dropped to the couch and stretched his long legs toward the crackling flames of the wood fire.

"Music, John? Or would you rather just talk?" Nan called.

"A sandwich—music, talk, more music. Some carols, if you find any in the air," her husband answered.

Four days later Nan Morgan looked back upon that Christmas evening, and tried, desparately with need of its happiness and peace, if only in memory, to recapture every moment of it.

"And I sat there, snug as a pussy-cat, listening to carols and telling myself that I'd been making a mountain out of a molehill; that there was nothing to be afraid of," Nan reflected bitterly, on the day that she knew that Dr. Black's warning had not been the idle meddling of a hothead.

She was in her own office, reading a long, telegraphic report from her husband, filed at the state capital, where he was conducting the Bradley defense on its appeal to the supreme court.

Her telephone rang. Absently, she reached for the receiver, her eyes still fastened upon the telegram.

"Hello, yes, Estelle, what's the matter? Quit panting and try to talk plainly. Is it—Curtis?"

"Now, it's her!" Estelle's urgent, gusty whisper came over the wire. "Mr. Morgan's other wife. I mean."

Nan's heart lurch, was caught in the grip of a pain so intense that for a moment there was nothing else in the world but that terrible pain. After a bit, when that dreadful contraction of the heart muscles had relaxed somewhat, she became aware that Estelle's gusty whisper was vibrating against her eardrum.

"Mr. Morgan's other wife? So that was how even the servants thought of John Curtis Morgan—a man with two wives. But she must listen, must answer intelligently."

"I don't quite understand, Estelle," she said, and was aware that her voice sounded cold and reproving.

"I said she's here—right here in this house," Estelle repeated, with urgent impatience. "I tried to keep her out till you come home, but I couldn't do nothing with her, ma'am. Honest, I couldn't!"

"What does she want?" But why ask? She wanted her home, her husband, her child. Hadn't Dr. Black warned her that Iris Morgan would stop at nothing?

"She says she wants her own things," Estelle pointed. "She brought two men with her and she's going all through the house, gathering up things she says belong to her—"

"Mrs. Morgan may have anything that belongs to her," Nan heard her own voice answering. "Naturally she will want her clothes and other personal belongings. Please give her all the help she needs."

"I ain't going to help her, after the way she talked to me! Treating me like I was dirt under her feet!" the maid sobbed. "And if you know what she's done, you wouldn't ask me to!"

"Estelle!" Nan reproved her sharply. "You must realize I can't let you talk this way—"

"Well, I guess somebody's got to tell you!" Estelle retorted. "She's rented that furnished cottage right across the street, and she's going to live there. She told Curtis no, right in front of me. She said she wanted to be near so he could spend all his afternoons with her. And she said—"

"Please, Estelle!" Nan interrupted sharply, but automatically.

She was not conscious of the act of hanging up the receiver, nor of rising from her chair and walking toward the window of the office. But she must have done those things, for after a while she heard herself whimpering. Somehow, during those first black moments, she had fallen and struck her head against the sharp corner of the radiator cover.

"I must have fainted," she marveled dully. Dizzily, with terrific effort, she pulled her body into a sitting position, then dropped her head into her lap, violently trembling hands.

It was thus that Kathleen O'Connor, belonging in a frostily typed brief which Nan had dictated that morning, found her employer.

"Oh, my goodness!" Miss O'Connor cried shrilly, dropping the brief and sinking to her knees beside the bowed little figure on the floor. "What is the matter, Mrs. Morgan? Has anything happened? Are you sick?"

"I'm—all right," Nan answered, lifting dazed, blind eyes. "Just—a little dizzy. If you'll give me your hand, thank you. No, I don't want any water. I'm all right. Please go away, Miss O'Connor."

When the frightened secretary had closed the door reluctantly behind her, Nan, at her desk again, lifted the receiver of the telephone.

"Estelle? Mrs. Morgan speaking. If Mrs. Iris Morgan has not left the house yet, will you please take down her portrait from above the fireplace and give it to her?"

"She said she wasn't going to take it. She said she wanted it to stay where it is," Estelle babbled. "She's gone now, anyway—"

"Big fat to take it to her house across the street—and leave it!" (To Be Continued)

Watkins products, 120 West Lane, Phone 177.

Fish at Idlewild Park.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop 542 Fowler St. FURNITURE REPAIRING All kinds of Built-in Work made to order. Window Screens made to order E. S. AND F. L. COCKELREAS Phone 541-J

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STARTS TOMORROW FOR TWO DAYS A Talking Picture "The Bachelor Girl" with Wm. Collier Jr. Jacqueline Logan A story of true love and false love in the life of a lively, laughing, lovable person! Full of the highlights of life! LAST TIME TODAY BUSTER KEATON in "Spite Marriage" ALSO Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy in "Unaccustomed As We Are" ALL-TALKING COMEDY ANTLEERS

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR sets new standard of DURABILITY EFFICIENCY POPULARITY An all-steel cabinet that cannot warp. A mechanism that is hermetically sealed, dust-proof and self-oiling. No wonder the General Electric Refrigerator has set new standards! It actually operates more quietly—it uses less current, it provides the maximum food storage capacity. And—important to busy housewives, it operates automatically, regulating itself so that the temperature is always within the safety zone—several degrees below 50. These new all-steel models are remarkably low in price, beginning at \$215, at the factory. They are as durable as a safe and cannot warp. They keep cold from seeping out and heat from creeping in more effectively than any previous refrigerator ever offered. Visit our display rooms and see the new all-steel models and learn how easily they may be bought with conveniently spaced time payments. There are now over 250,000 users of General Electric Refrigerators. Not one of them has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. That was our guarantee to them. Be sure to listen in on the General Electric Hour broadcasting every Saturday Evening from 8 to 9 Eastern Standard Time over the N. B. C. network of forty-two stations. GENERAL ELECTRIC ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY

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