UNCLE SAM PLANS ANOTHER CANAL TO JOIN TWO OCEANS

Nicaraguan Waterway Will Be 3 Times as Long as Link in Panama But Will Save Time.

Billion Dollars Is Probable Cost and Construction Will Cover Period of Ten Years.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—A billion dollar, 10-year job—the building of a second canal to link the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through Nicaragua—looms as the next tremendous engineering task for Uncle Sam's government.

With congressional approval of the project, President Hoover was empowered to take the preliminary steps for the huge engineering feat with the appointment of a joint army-civilian commission of engineers to make a survey.

The chief executive advocated the canal in his conference with the presidents of Nicaragua and Costa Rica during his South American good will tour.

Exceeds Panama Link

The Nicaraguan canal will be 183 miles long, three times the length of the Panama waterway. Compared to the 50-mile length of the Panama canal, the proposed Nicaraguan route is 113 miles by land and 70 miles through Lake Nicaragua.

However, the water supply on the Nicaraguan route is much greater than that of the Panama canal, which, the engineers believe, will mean fewer impounding locks and works will have to be constructed.

Lake Nicaragua has a watershed of 12,450 square miles as compared to 1,320 square miles of Gatun lake, the chief body of water on the Panama canal.

The Niraraguan route would start at the Atlantic end at Greytown and run along the San Juan river, which is 50 miles long, to Lake Nicaragua.

It would pass 70 miles across the lake and then the engineers would encounter their most difficult problem—piercing the Cordillera mountains of the continental divide for some 70 miles with a waterway deep enough to carry the largest steamers. The Pacific ocean would be reached at the harbor of Brite.

Time Saving Sought

The commission is expected to start its survey next September, and while it can travel by boat along the San Juan river and across Lake Nicaragua, it will strike an almost impenetrable jungle for the last stretch over the mountains to the Pacific. The marine corps, however, probably will fly commissioners over the difficult terrain.

Although the Panama canal is 123 miles shorter from ocean to ocean, it is estimated that there would be a great saving in time for much inter-oceanic commerce in passing through the Nicaraguan waterway because it is on more direct lines of sea travel.

Through a treaty ratified February 18, 1916, Nicaragua granted the United States the right to construct the canal and the Central American republic was to receive $3,000,000.

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.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin, Author of "The Black Pigeon"

© 1929 by NEA SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Iris Morgan, wife of John Curtis Morgan, successful lawyer, deserts him for Bert Crawford, a family friend, whom Morgan never suspects. Nan Carroll, Morgan's secretary, is deeply in love with Morgan and saves him from utter despair by cleverly forcing him into his work. For six months she acts as long-distance housekeeper for him, winning the love of his child, little six-year-old Curtis Morgan.

Morgan breaks the news to her 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, jilted by Crawford, returns.

Feigning illness, she tries to bring the bewildered Morgan to his knees. Nan, crushed, determines to fight and asks the doctor to remove Iris to a hospital. Curtis, who sees his mother daily, becomes ill as a result of the forbidden sweets she gives him. He wakes up Christmas morning with an attack of appendicitis. Morgan brings Willis Todd, a former suitor of Nan's, to Christmas dinner. In spite of the strained atmosphere they spend a happy Christmas. While Morgan is in the capital on business, the maid telephones Nan that Iris is stripping the house of her things and is moving into a cottage across the street.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XLIV

Not even Nan's quixotic conscience could succeed in troubling her seriously when she had time to consider the irresistible impulse which had made her force Iris Morgan to take her portrait, along with her other belongings. She could feel nothing but a fierce exultation that that reminder of Iris Morgan's beauty was gone at last.

When John Curtis Morgan's second wife returned home that last Friday in December she went from room to room of her husband's house and viewed, with stony eyes, the havoc wrought by the first wife's pillaging. The linen presses had been ruthlessly ransacked of their finest treasures. Only the plainest, most utilitarian of the sheets, towels, table cloths and napkins remained. Nan shrugged and passed on. Bric-a-brac and tapestry missing from library, drawing room and dining room; pictures gone from almost every wall; great gaps in the book shelves.

Resolutely, her emotions numbed by a cold anger, Nan forced herself to enter the big bedroom which had once been occupied by Iris and the man who was then her husband.

Nan expected to find the room denuded. Certainly Iris could claim legitimately that all its furnishings belonged to her. Vividly Nan recalled the occasion of the room's redecoration—an eighth wedding anniversary present from John Curtis Morgan to his wife. It had fallen to Nan's lot, as Morgan's secretary, to total the exhorbitant bills and write checks for them. Oh, yes, the contents of this room of all rooms were certainly Iris Morgan's to do with as she pleased.

But on the threshold Nan stopped and stared, incredulously at first, then with a dawning comprehension, which made her childish mouth set in a hard, cynical smile. For the room was exactly as Iris had left it nearly a year ago. The amethyst and blue-green taffeta drapes still hung at the windows; the narrow beds of inlaid Chinese teakwood were still dressed in their blue-green taffeta spreads, as if demurely awaiting their rightful occupants.

No even the vanity dressing table, with its rich treasure of scent bottles, jars and boxes in amethyst crystal had been touched.

"So you've left it ready for your return," Nan mentally addressed the other woman. "Clever of you, Iris. To have transplanted this room from from this house to your temporary home would have been an acknowledgement of defeat. But to leave it here, waiting. . . . Oh, yes, clever of you, Iris!" The brown head jerked up then; the red light of battle glowed in eyes that had been stony with a cold anger and contempt. "Well, Iris!" she challenged her unseen rival, "I think it's about time I was clever, too!"

* * *

The result of that resolution was a conference the very next day between Nan Morgan and one of the city's most trustworthy interior decorators. Shortly after their marriage Morgan had paid his new wife the courtesy of adding her name to his in a joint checking account at the bank. Now, without compunction, she prepared to draw upon it almost to the extent of its capacity, in an effort to banish the ghost of Iris Morgan from her home and his.

Late on Monday, January 7, just 24 hours before Morgan was due home from the state capital to take up the interrupted case of The State versus David Blackhull, Nan Morgan made a tour of her home and found it good. The drawing room had been re-papered, so that no longer over the fireplace was there a dark square to call attention to the fact that Iris Morgan's portrait had been banished. There were new curtains and drapes in both dining room and drawing room, and in the latter a really notable collection of beautifully framed etchings, to take the place of the pictures of which Iris had robbed it.

But it was the first wife's bedroom which had undergone the most complete change. Gone were the amethyst and blue-green drapes and bed-spreads; gone the amethys rug, the vanity dressing table with its amethyst jars and boxes; gone, too, was every piece of the Chinese teakwood furniture.

The interior decorator had spoken glowingly of the new modernistic furniture, but Nan had told him: "No, this is to be our guest room, suitable for a man and wife of any age. It must be quietly charming and utterly comfortable.

Completed, it was just that. It even looked as if it had been lived in, Nan discovered, as she studied her new guest room with quiet satisfaction. No smallest reminder here of exotic Iris. In her files at the office reposed a warehouse receipt for all the gaudy trappings and furnishings which had given place to the new.

"If you win, Iris," Nan mentally promised her rival, "you may have the receipt, with my compliments to a better woman than I am."

Even as she uttered this bravado to herself, Nan knew that she was simply whistling to keep her courage up. It had not been so difficult to be brave, clever and hard while John Curtis Morgan was safely away from the spell of the woman across the street. But in 24 hours he would be home again, and then—what?

The Bradley case, which John Curtis Morgan was defending on an appeal before the state supreme court, did not go to the jury until Tuesday noon. The Blackhull case was to re-open the next day, after an adjournment due to the sudden, serious illness of the star witness, the old butler, Edgars. Nan spent the whole of Tuesday working on the Blackhull case, so that her husband should find everything in readiness for the delayed opening on Wednesday.

At half-past five his telegram came. Nan had not yet left the office. There was no need now for her to rush home to Curtis, for the child, obeying his mother's command, was spending his afternoons in the little house across the street. Nan had not dared issue a counter-order to the child to stay at home. If such an order was to be issued, it must come from the father.

* * *

She opened the telegram. "Leaving 5:10. Arrive 11:15. Lost. Please meet me. John."

Lost! Nan stared at the word. How sore his heart must be! He had so counted on winning this case. Lost. Not very many times in his career as a criminal lawyer had John Curtis Morgan been forced to make that confession. Through her tears, Nan saw the very letters of the word grow giant in size. Lost. It was like a cry from her heart to his—not, "I've lost," but "I am lost." Would he not be "lost" indeed, when he came home to find Iris almost in his very house—only the width of a street between her and him? A magnet drawing, drawing, until he was lost indeed.

Nan closed her eyes for a moment, then looked at the message again. "Please meet me." Suddenly exultation swelled in her heart. He wanted her; he needed her. He was sad and discouraged, and he was crying out to her for comfort.

When she met him at the train, his effort to be casual and philosophical over his defeat made Nan want to press his head against her breast and murmur broken little words of love and comfort.

"Well, Nan—that's that!" he said, his mouth quirking downward in the smile she knew so well. But there was no smile in his deep-set black eyes. "Guess we were about due for a tumble. Morgan & Morgan were getting too cocky . . . But we mustn't slip up on the Blackhull case."

Because there was so much that must be said, and which she could not yet bring herself to utter, Nan was unusually silent on the drive homeward. Morgan, glad to let her have the wheel, relaxed against the cushions and closed his eyes, but not once did he take his arm from about her shoulders.

"Here we are, dear," Nan said, when they were turning into their own driveway. "Sorry to disturb you."

"I was almost asleep," he admitted, as he sprang out to open the garage doors for her.

Two or three minutes later, as they walked arm and arm along the driveway to the front of the house, Morgan exclaimed:

"Well, well! I see the Fanner cottage has been rented. Who are our new neighbors, Nan?"

Nan couldn't tell him—not to night, when he was so tired and sad. While she was still struggling for words—any words rather than the truth, the necessity for answering was taken out of her hands. For the porch light of the little house across the street came on at just that moment, and out of the door stepped two figures—a man and a woman. Nan recognized the man instantly as Rufus Hubbard, a divorce lawyer. The woman, of course, was Iris Morgan. Beneath the unusually brilliant porch light her beauty, enhanced by a formal evening gown, was a breath-taking revelation.

* * *

Morgan stopped stone still and stared. Nan felt his arm contract and harden until her own hand, tucked within it, was almost crushed by the pressure. He did not move or speak until Iris had called a gay good-night to her caller and vanished within the house. When Rufus Hubbard's jaunty stride had carried him to the sidewalk, the light flashed off. Then slowly, heavily, Morgan ascended the steps of his own house.

Iris' name was not mentioned between Nan and her husband that night, but it was a man with sick eyes and deep, new lines in his haggard face that kissed her good-night just outside her own bedroom door.

The next morning Nan was not surprised to see Iris Morgan on her own porch, obviously awaiting her former husband's appearance. Brazenly, in defiance of neighbors who might witness the scene, Iris beckoned to Morgan, imperiously. He paused uncertainly on the step, his hand tightening convulsively upon Nan's shoulder; then, as her eyes lifted to meet his, they encountered such a tragic, humble plea for guidance or permission, perhaps, that she nodded mutely.

She was about to turn back into the house, as Morgan started across the street, when the thought of the neighbors whom Iris scorned to consider stopped her. If any community gossip was watching from behind a curtain, let her also report that John Curtis Morgan's wife had sanctioned that interview to take place across the street. As she forced herself to look on, she was rewarded for the effort it cost her to stay by seeing Morgan firmly and definitely refuse his former wife's invitation to enter the house. Whatever was said between them—and the interview was brief, due obviously to Morgan's impatience to be gone—was said on the porch. Faintly across the street came the tremulous cadences of Iris' voice.

After a very few minutes the man turned his back upon that voice and its passionate pleas; turned toward the little figure waiting, erect and smiling.

"Good-bye again, Nan—and thank you," he said in a low voice. "I'll put this house on the market today, but there is no need for us to wait until it is sold. We can be quite comfortable at a hotel for a few days, until we find a suitable house—"

Relief so exquisite that it squeezed happy tears out of her eyes swept over Nan's heart. He had not failed her, God bless him! Now she must not fail him.

"What? Sell this place, when I've just had so much fun redecorating? Not if I have anything to say about it, John!" Her voice was gaily indignant, but her steady eyes said something very different: "We mustn't run, John. We can't win this fight by running away from it."

And it was what her eyessaid that he answered, "Thank you, Nan." Then, not looking at her: "I've given my permission, Nan, for Curtis to visit his—mother every afternoon. I—could not refuse. He is—all she has left."

"I have not kept him from her," Nan answered evenly.

"I know," he agreed quickly. "And—thank you, again, Nan. . . . Now I've got to make a dash for the courthouse. We're lunching together, aren't we? . . . Fine! Good-bye, dear, and—don't worry!" And every time she remembered, her lips twisted in that new cynical, bitter smile that set so oddly upon their young softness.

(To Be Continued)

LOCAL SPEAKER TO ENTER CONTEST AT SEATTLE MEETING

LaVerne Hawn of the Copco investment department and president of the Roseburg Lions club will leave on the Shasta tomorrow to attend the twenty-second annual convention of the Northwest Electric Light & Power association to be held in the Olympic hotel, Seattle, on June 26, 27 and 28.

Mr. Hawn will represent the California Oregon Power company in the finals of the 3-minute speaking contest of the N. W. E. L. & P. association having recently won this honor in the final Copco contest held in Medford. The best wishes of his many friends in this city and all "Copcoland" will go with him as he leaves for Seattle.

The convention, which will be representative of the electric light and power industry of the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Utah, will, it is expected, be attended by approximately 600 delegates many of whom will be accompanied by their wives and families.

In many respects it will be one of the most unique events of the kind ever staged in the country. For instance, while invitations have been issued to such men as Thomas A. Edison, the founder of the industry; M. S. Sloan, president of the National Electric Light association; Sir Kengo Mori of Japan; Sir Ernest Benn of England; Chevalier Pirelli of Italy and other world-afmous leaders of the industry who figured prominently in the national convention just held in Atlantic City—these celebrities, being unable to attend in person, will each greet the delegates to the Northwest convention by means of a talking movie and deliver a short, instructive message to the industry. It is believed this will be the first time in the history of conventions that the "talkies" have been adapted to such a purpose.

GIVEN $50 FINE

Jack Huber, Roberts Creek, arrested months ago charged with sale of beer, and who was given time to make preparations for the care of his family was give $50 fine yesterday by Judge Hopkins. Lacking money to pay the fine he was committed to jail.

SUMMER CONCERTS BY CITY BAND TO START THURSDAY

The summer concert season of the Roseburg Municipal band will start Thursday. Each year the band plays a series of open air concerts which are greatly enjoyed by local residents, and also give the city a great deal of publicity, as the tourists find very enjoyable entertainment and give the city much praise because of the excellent music which the band offers.

The concerts will be played this year at the Library park, to which place the bandstand was moved last year.

The band is appearing on Thursday night in new uniforms, which arrived today and will be issued to the musicians at tonight's rehearsal. The uniforms are of regulation style and are of deep blue color, finished with black braid.

S. P. TRAIN HOLDUP BELIEVED DEED OF FORMER CONVICTS

SAN FRANCISCO, June 25.—Convinced that the robbery of the Southern Pacific passenger train near McAvoy, Contra Costa county, Saturday, in which $16,000 was stolen, was an "inside job," United States postal inspectors today were tracing the activities of recently discharged Southern Pacific and Columbia steel mill employees.

Proof that the three bandits, now believed to be ex-convicts, had "inside" knowledge of the $130,000 Columbia Steel company, payroll, usually carried in the express car of the train on Saturdays, was furnished by N. A. Becker, general superintendent of the mill at Pittsburgh, who disclosed he had received a letter requesting information about the payroll two weeks ago.

He did not answer the letter, Becker said, but warned officials of the company, who sent the payroll to Pittsburgh two days before the robbery.

Police at Pittsburgh reported the discovery of a suit of clothing in a house thought to have been occupied by the robbers before the holdup. A tailor's label in the suit and other clues, which the postal inspectors refused to reveal, were considered important evidence that might lead to their capture.

Posses were still searching the country near Concord, while the ferries and main highway outlets were being guarded, although it is thought the bandits have separated and are in hiding in one of the larger bay district cities.

DAUGHTER OF PENDLETON FOUNDER GETS DIVORCE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

RENO, Nev., June 25.—Mrs. Cornelia Pendleton Mayo, whose father or uncle founded the town of Pendleton, Ore., won a divorce here yesterday from Claud Banks Mayo, commander in the United States navy, on grounds of mental cruelty, Mrs. Mayo charging that her husband was dictatorial and querrelsome. He accused her of being stupid, she said, and told her on one occasion that he "thought once she was clever, but now know you are stupid." On one occasion, she testified, when they were entertaining guests he went up to his room and went to bed, leaving her a note telling her "he was through."

Custody of three minor daughters is awarded to Mrs. Mayo for nine months and to the father for three months each year. He is to pay $250 a month for their care and maintenance. The Mayos married at Beverly, Mass., September 3, 1913.

McCormick-Deering hay machines will serve you best. You can always get repairs on short notice, which may save your hay crop sometime. They are sold at Wharton Bros.

Fertilizers of all kinds are sold at Wharton Bros.

Camp at Idleyld Park.

UNION CHURCH SERVICES TO BE STARTED SUNDAY

Following the usual custom for the summer months the five leading Protestant churches of the city will hold union meetings on Sunday nights during the summer. The first union meeting will be held next Sunday night, and the joint evening meetings will be continued throughout July and August, according to present plans. The various churches will alternate in presenting the programs.

Arrangements have been made by the ministerial union to hold the services out of doors at the bandstand on the library grounds. This plan was adopted late last summer and the outdoor services were found so much more enjoyable that it has been decided to use them entirely this year.

FLORIDA GRAPEFUIT MAY BE BANNED AT MEDFORD

MEDFORD, Ore., June 24.—Precautionary measures against any possible invasion of the Rogue valley by the Mediterranean fruit fly has been taken by the fruit growers' league with a request to local grocery stores that they discontinue the sale of Florida grapefruit. Albert Burch, president of the fruit growers' league, said there is 'rather extensive handling of Florida grapefruit by Medford grocers," and said it was "needless jeopardizing of a five million dollar fruit crop."

"Although there is no Mediterranean fruit fly closer to this section than Florida, there is always a chance of infestation through Florida products," Burch declared. "With the discovery of just one fly the bottom would drop out of the pear market," Burch told the merchants. "No worse calamity could be visited upon us than a fruit quarantine with a large crop and record prices practically assured.

"The state and federal inspection is a safeguard, but there is too much at stake to take the smallest chance. Thus the cooperation of merchants is sought."

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED

The June marriage license rush, long delayed, is now on. Six licenses were granted Saturday and Monday as follows: Harry L. West, Stockton and Mattie M. Best, Yuba City, Calif.; Fred M. Bates and Bernice E. L. Brandon, Reedsport; Willard Elvin Cove, Medford and Lucille May Aldredge, Myrtle Creek; George H. Hutcher and Pearl L. Cox Coquille; Henry Weber and Mettiebelle Rockwell, Roseburg; Kenneth V. Ronk, Myrtle Creek and Josephine M. Jennings, Roseburg.

The Rush Will Start Now

Talk fast if you want to save money. One mower and two rakes left out of our carlot shipment.

One Rebuilt Osborne Mower $40.00
One Rebuilt Riding Cultivator $40.00
One Used Champion Rake as is $27.50

Farm Bureau Cooperative Exchange
Roseburg Oakland

AGENTS FOR

L. & H. Electric Ranges
Hood River Spray Co.
Sutherlin Spray Co.
Bean 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

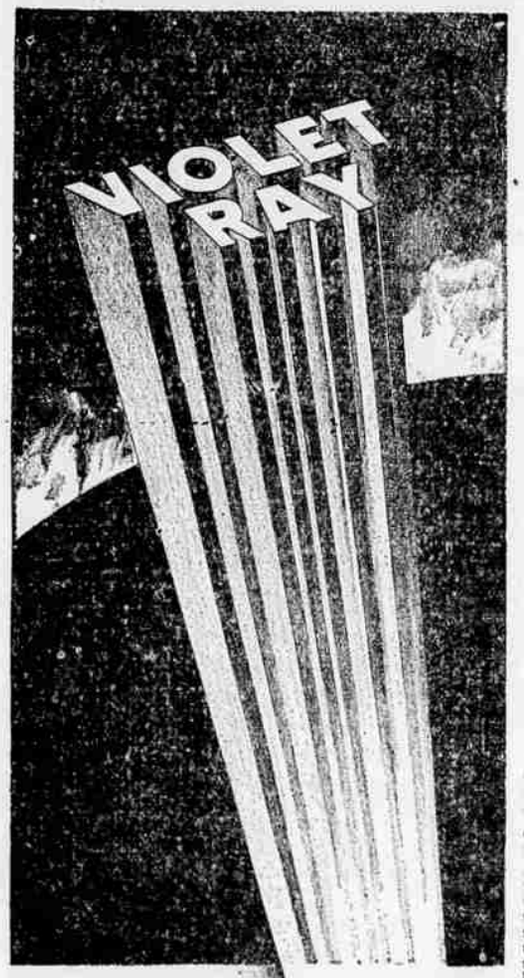
This Line is Owned and Operated by EXPERIENCED AND RELIABLE OPERATORS
Free Pick Up and Delivery Service

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

ROSEBURG UNDERTAKING CO.
Established 1901
M. E. RITTER, Manager
Founded and Maintained on Efficient Service and Courtesy
Phone 284
Oak and Kane Sts **AMBULANCE SERVICE** Licensed Lady Embalmer

ORONITE
"Kills 'em dead"
flies, mosquitoes, roaches, moths
and many other insects
STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA
FLY SPRAY

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH
THE BIGGEST YET---
CAP. HAGERMAN
and his Moonlight Garden Band
The Colorado Springs Champions
AT THE
RAINBOW GARDENS
ADMISSION $1.00



Violet Ray is anti-knock... the superlative fuel for all types of motors. A million motorists are finding that they need not pay premium prices for fine performance. **VIOLET RAY** *anti-knock Gasoline...todays' best motor fuel.... is sold for the price of ordinary gasoline.*

The REWARD that CAME to this NEW and BETTER GASOLINE

ALMOST like a grass fire the news spread last October, that a new and better motor fuel named **VIOLET RAY** *anti-knock* Gasoline, had come on the market.

One man told another, and he another, until thousands were spreading the word of Violet Ray, and its better performance and greater economy.

This process has never stopped. It is still going on and in larger volume than ever before.

The greatest reward in business has been conferred on **VIOLET RAY** *anti-knock* Gasoline — public approval. The public wants it, as more than 3000 General Petroleum authorized independent dealers testify. It is no longer being sold — in the sense that customer resistance must be overcome—it is being bought everywhere in greatly growing volume.

There is no denying the public demand for a product, once the public has found that product good and to its liking.

That is precisely what has happened in the case of **VIOLET RAY** *anti-knock* Gasoline. In a few short months it has become the preferred gasoline among all who demand finer performance, fuel economy and maintenance economy in their motor cars.

Try just one tankful and the improved performance of your motor will tell you that Violet Ray is the finest motor fuel that refining science can produce today.

Product of General Petroleum Corporation of California

LOOK FOR THE VIOLET COLOR IT IS YOUR PROTECTION