COLLEGE STATION WILL BROADCAST MARKET REPORTS

A new service to the people of Oregon will be rendered by the Oregon State college extension service beginning August 1, as a result of recently completed arrangements whereby market reports on all principal crops will be made available on the same day the quotations are established. Through the cooperation of the United States bureau of agricultural economics which has extended the federal market service leased wire to the Northwest, the market information will be available here from all the principal centers of the United States, including the Pacific coast.

In connecting the present terminus at San Francisco with the new stations in Portland, Seattle, Spokane and Boise, the wire will pass through Albany, where the extension service has been granted permission to tap it, and extend a loop to the campus. A full time telegraph operator will be maintained at the college to take reports from the wire.

Material of interest to Oregon will be prepared at the college for release over the college radio station, KOAC. Portland radio stations, or through any newspaper which requests the service. L. R. Breithaupt, extension specialist in economics, has been named market news editor, and will prepare the material, with the assistance of Gordon P. Boals, junior economist at the college.

Closing market prices of the principal grain and livestock markets will be received and broadcast here the same evening they are issued. This is made possible by the difference in time between here and the middle west and east.

A service similar to this but much more restricted was begun by the college last fall, and proved very popular, but was discontinued for lack of funds, and adequate information.

RIVAL WIVES

by Anne Austin, Author of "The Black Pigeon"

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CHAPTER XLVIII

It was Sunday evening, the fourth day of Curtis' almost fatal illness. Nan rose from a chair in the front hall and faced Dr. Black, who had just come downstairs from his usual early-morning visit to the little patient. The mother and father were still with Curtis; now was Nan's opportunity, but her voice was so choked with agitation that at first the doctor did not understand what she was trying to say to him.

"Yes, yes, child! The boy's going to be all right," Dr. Black assured her, taking the girl's writhing hands and forcibly separating them. "You mustn't let yourself go like this, Nan, or you'll be my next patient."

"I said—" Nan gasped, struggling to release her hands, "that if Curtis is going to get well, then I'm—I'm not needed any more, and I can go—"

"Go?" Dr. Black interrupted with sharp astonishment. "Go where, child? Are you crazy?"

"I believe I am!" Nan moaned. "If I'm not now, I will be, unless I get away! I can tell you. I can't stand it any longer, Dr. Black!"

"So—you're a quitter, Nan?" the old doctor asked gently.

"Yes, a quitter, if you want to call me that!" Nan agreed passionately. "I can't stand it any longer—the three of us, John, Iris and I under the same roof. There are some things too hard for human endurance, Dr. Black—"

"Nan, why did you marry John Curtis Morgan?" the doctor interrupted gravely.

"You know! Because he and Curtis needed me." Nan flung up her head and glared at her former champion.

"You didn't love him!" Dr. Black insisted gently.

"That's not fair! You know I loved him—love him now with all my heart," Nan cried. "But I married him because he needed me—he and Curtis."

"And you're willing to quit now, because you believe you are no longer needed?" the doctor prodded.

"They have—her!" Nan reminded him vehemently. "They both seem to want her—more than me—"

"Listen, Nan! I'm telling you, in all seriousness, that they never needed you more . . . No, wait! Listen to me! Have you thought what would happen to John Curtis Morgan if you desert him now? You would be leaving him at the mercy of every scandalmonger in the town. His fair reputation, which no one has guarded more jealously than you have, would be ruined. Iris Morgan is not his wife. As it is, with you here as a chaperon—"

* * *

A wild, hysterical laugh ripped out of Nan's throat. "That's—good!" she gasped. "I'm needed as a sop to convention! My sole functions now are to be a servant to Iris Morgan and a chaperon—oh! Delicious irony!" And she laughed again—a dreadful sound.

"Stop it, Nan!" the doctor commanded, almost roughly. "I know it's purgatory, child, but you've got to stick to it until Curtis is well enough for me to send that woman packing. I can't do it now, with the boy still as sick as he is. But I give you my word, Nan, that I'll send her back across the street as soon as Curtis is unquestionably out of danger of a relapse. . . You've borne a great deal, child. Can't you do this one thing more for the man you love?"

Nan stared at him a long minute, her eyes tragic, beaten. Then, "I suppose so," she said drearily.

And so, for another week, she endured the thousand and one humiliations which Iris' cruel ingenuity contrived for her. Like a servant, she waited upon the nurse, the child, and the woman who had taken possession of the home as if she were its legal mistress. During that week of waiting for release, which seemed like a year, Nan's only comfort was in the child. It was an exquisite joy to watch life and health slowly flowing back into his wasted little body, to see his black eyes widen and glow with welcoming love when she paid her brief, surreptitious visits to the sick room.

Every vestige of his temporary hostility to her, engendered and cruelly fostered by his mother, had disappeared. He clung to Nan with weak, demanding little hands, which she sometimes had to remove forcibly when Iris—her eyes blazing with jealousy—entered the room.

By the time another Sunday arrived, the child was so definitely convalescent that Nan was sure her hour of release was almost upon her. Her heart heavy with the pain of parting, Nan watched for her opportunity to pay what might be her last visit to little Curtis Morgan. It came at 4 o'clock that Sunday afternoon. Iris and John Morgan had been with him for a while after lunch, but were now in the drawing room together. The nurse tapped at Nan's bedroom door.

"Could you sit with Curtis a while, Mrs. Morgan? I really must get out for a breath of fresh air, and Dr. Black told me to trust no one but you with giving him his medicine. It's ready on the bureau. He's to have two ounces of cereal at half-past 4, too."

"I'll be very careful," Nan promised. "Please don't hurry back. I want to be with him as long as possible today."

* * *

The nurse gave her a long, measuring glance, full of sympathy and shrewd speculation. Nan turned sharply away, toward Curtis' door, for betraying tears were welling into her eyes.

"How do you feel, darling?" she asked Curtis, as she stopped to kiss his thin white cheek.

"I feel normal," the little boy told her, proud of his new word. "My pulse is normal, and my temperature is normal. I guess I'm about the normalest boy they is."

"I know what you are!" Nan cried, her voice breaking. "You're the most adorable boy 'they is,' and I love you to distraction."

"What's distraction?" he demanded, interestedly. "I love you, too, Nan. I love you to distraction. But what is distraction, Nan?"

It was a happy hour, in spite of the hard ache of pain in the girl's heart. Dr. Black found them both laughing joyously over a bit of Curtis' impish nonsense when he invaded the room at 5 o'clock, followed by Iris and John Curtis Morgan.

"Well, this looks something like!" the doctor applauded.

"He says he feels 'normal,' Doctor," Nan laughed shakily. "I'll leave you with your patient now—"

"No, young lady, you stay right here!" the doctor ordered briskly. "Let's look into this 'normal' business. Hand me his chart, please . . . Umm! Splendid! No temperature for three days. Pulse strong and regular . . . Appetite good . . . Well, well! Looks like you can't pull this invalid stuff much longer, young man!"

"Can I go back to school?" Curtis asked eagerly. "Can I, Dr. Black?"

"Pretty soon," the doctor evaded. "Well, Iris," he turned to the woman who stood, with narrowed eyes and flaring nostrils, at the foot of the bed. "You may go home this evening. No need—"

"Home?" Iris shrilled. "This is my home! . . . Jack!" She turned to her former husband, stretching out her beautiful hands. "You won't send me away from—from my baby, will you?"

The man did not answer, but Nan saw that his eyelids and mouth quivered and tightened with pain.

"Answer me, Jack!" Iris insisted, her voice rising hysterically, as she flung herself upon his breast. "Oh, Jack! I love you so! You can't send me away now! I've paid so dearly—"

As the man's arms lifted, slowly, Nan waited to see and hear no more. With a choked cry she ran from the room.

In the sanctuary of her own room she stood for a moment against the closed door, panting, dashing the tears from her eyes. Then, resolutely, she ran to her little escritoire, seated herself, pressed her fingers to her temples for a minute, then began to write furiously.

"Dear John—" she wrote. "I'm going away. I suppose Iris will have to go, too, for a while, until I can give you your legal freedom. But Curtis is doing so well now that the nurses and the servants can take care of both of you. Forgive me if I am causing you inconvenience, but I know you will be glad that I have taken this step. Please don't think I blame you—"

* * *

She was so absorbed in her letter, and her heart was pounding so furiously, that Nan did not hear the opening of the door leading into the bathroom between her and her husband's room. She heard nothing, had no intimation of her husband's presence until his voice, directly behind and above her head, crashed through her intense preoccupation with grief and renunciation:

"What are you doing, Nan?"

She dropped her pen, turned in her chair and raised tragic, startled brown eyes to his face. The fact that he was smiling faintly seemed to her the most terrible of all the dreadful things which had happened to her.

"Writing to you," she managed to answer. Then she seized her almost finished letter, thrust it into his hand.

He read it at a glance; then, to her amazement, his long fingers tore it deliberately across, doubled the fragments and tore them again. The bits fluttered into the wastebasket beside the little desk.

"We mustn't have that—to remind us," he said huskily.

"But—but—" Nan stammered, slowly rising from her chair.

Her husband stretched out his arms, then dropped them slowly. "There is just one question, Nan, before I—throw myself on your mercy: Do you want to be free—to marry Willis Todd?"

The question was so absurd, so unexpected, that Nan stared at him blankly before she could gather her wits to answer: "Willis Todd? Are you crazy, John? Or—are you just trying to save my—pride?"

"Then—why were you going to leave me?"

Anger at the man's stupidity flared in her brown eyes and clenched her small fists. "If you will make me say it—I'm leaving you because I love you so terribly I want you to have anything you want—even Iris!" she cried furiously.

His arms reached out again, and this time they did not drop; they closed about her rigid, angry little body so fiercely that she gasped for breath.

"Darling, blind little Nan!" Morgan whispered huskily, his lips against her tossed, short brown hair. "Don't you know I don't want anyone but you?"

After an interlude in which words had no place, Nan lifted her tear-wet face from his breast. "I don't think I'm such a blind little fool as you say," she insisted tremulously. "That night—our night—I asked you how you would feel toward Iris if you ever saw her again, and you said you didn't know—"

"I was trying to be truthful," he answered soberly. "I really didn't know. But I soon found out, darling. I felt sorry for her, a sort of pitying affection. No man can feel wholly indifferent to a woman who has been his wife for eight years. But I knew that I loved you more than ever. The contrast was—illuminating. But I was deeply shocked—for all of us—when Iris came back as she did, not knowing she was divorced. Then, when I wanted to talk it all out with you, you shut me out of your heart and your room—"

"I thought you loved her," Nan told him. "I didn't want you to come to me out of a sense of duty, with Iris in your heart—"

"Poor Iris! I don't know what is to become of her, but she must not come between us again—"

"'Poor Iris!'" a mocking voice cried from the door which Morgan had left open. "If you're really interested, Jack, read this! Read it and laugh at what a fool I almost made of myself! Read it!" she repeated, almost hysterical with triumphant joy.

* * *

Morgan's arm did not release Nan, so she was obliged to advance with him toward the woman in the doorway.

"It just came!" Iris' excited voice went on, as she extended an opened telegram toward her husband's unwilling hand. "The boy took it to my house across the street, and I wasn't there. Wasn't it lucky that one of the neighbors saw him and sent him over here with it? What a joke on me if it had come too late, too late! Read that, Jack, and don't worry about 'Poor Iris' again!"

Morgan held the telegram so that both he and Nan could read its message. It was a day letter; filed in Los Angeles:

"Just received your letters forwarded to me here. Missed you terribly. Ashamed of the way I treated you. Please forgive me. Delighted to hear of your divorce. Can you join me here immediately? Of course we will be married. Stopping at Biltmore. Lining up new proposition. All my love. Bert."

Even then, Nan tried to spare her husband. When she realized that the telegram was from Bert Crawford, and that the ugly secret from which she had protected the man she loved must now come to light, she tried to cover up the signature, but John Curtis Morgan lifted her head, and held it against his heart as he finished reading.

"May I congratulate you, Iris?" he said, with curious gentleness, as he gave back the yellow sheet. "I hardly dared hope that Crawford would—"

As he hesitated, Iris finished his sentence for him: "Would do right by our Nell" She laughed hysterically. Then, "Well, to tell you the truth, Jack, I didn't either, or I should never have tried to make you take me back! Well—thank heaven for that quixotic sense of honor of yours, Jack! You two ought to be very happy, you're both so damnably good! . . . I've got to run now, and pack! If I hurry, I'll just have time to make the eighteen for Los Angeles."

When she had gone forever, leaving a ripple of excited laughter and invisible wreaths of perfume behind her, Nan turned puzzled, incredulous eyes upon her husband.

"You—knew about Bert Crawford and Iris?"

"Yes," he agreed, without explanation. "Otherwise, I should have waited much longer to get a divorce. Judge Haskell knew, too, but he agreed to my keeping the charge of—infidelity out of the divorce petition. . . . But—let's try to forget it all now, and be happy. There's a very important subject to be considered—our belated honeymoon. Would you very much mind, darling, if a certain little convalescent joined us?"

THE END.

ALL-TALKING PICTURE ANTLERS SUNDAY

"The Ghost Talks" Is Packed Full of Exciting Episodes

All the excitement, action and entertainment packed into the Fox Movietone special feature, "The Ghost Talks," happens in the original story in the same time it takes to unreel the picture; that is, less than two hours. The excitement, by the way, is of the comic kind.

Incidentally, there is not a lap dissolve in the film and only one fadeout—the end.

This is the first feature length, all-talking farce comedy to be produced by Fox Movietone. It was directed by Lew Seiler and features a cast headed by Charles Eaton and Helen Twelvetrees.

"The Ghost Talks" was adapted from a story by Max Marcin and Edward Hammond. F. H. Brennan wrote the script and collaborated with Harlan Thompson on the dialogue.

"NO PARKING" SIGN OF NEGRO SOLON REMOVED

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, June 28.—A "No Parking" sign in front of the home of Representative De Priest, negro republican member of the house from Illinois, has been ordered removed by Henry G. Pratt, superintendent of police.

Pratt acted after receiving an official report that the sign had been placed by precinct police without authority. He said requests from members of congress, supreme court justices and others for such privileges had always been rejected.

NEW STYLES, LADIES HATS

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PORTLAND HAS BIG FIGHT SCHEDULED FOR 4TH OF JULY

JOE ANDERSON

PORTLAND, June 28.—(Special)—All roads will lead to Portland July 4, when the Portland boxing commission will stage the greatest boxing card ever held in the Pacific northwest. On account of its importance, with two of the leading contenders for world's light heavyweight championship honors, Joe Anderson, of Covington, Ky., and Maxie Rosenbloom, New York City, it will be held in the afternoon at the Portland coast league baseball park, starting at 2 p. m. They will meet in the 10-round main event.

Anderson has appeared in Portland several times, and is a big favorite there. He won from Leo Lomski, has beaten Eddie Roberts, Georgie Dixon and others of the same class. Rosenbloom is making his first trip to Portland, and is known as one of the most outstanding fighters of his weight in the country. He has met six former world's champions, Johnny Wilson, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Jack Delaney, Harry Greb, Pete Latzo, and Tiger Flowers. He won a decision over Anderson at Cincinnati recently and also has a decision over Lomski, obtained at Detroit two months ago. Anderson thinks he was given the worst of the verdict in the Ohio city and is anxious to even the count. It is likely that the winner of this match, which will be watched wit hinterest by every fistic fan in the nation, will be in line for a bout with the champion, Tommy Laughran.

Matchmaker Joe Levy is arranging an all-star card to round out the show. He has Willie Feldman, New York middleweight and Red Uhlan, Oakland, Cal., in another 10-round go and will add two six and two four-round matches. All of these will be between boxers of main event class.

Under the new Oregon state law, 60 per cent of the net profits go to the different war veterans' organizations. The rest will be used for the annual picnic to be given for crippled and poor children.

PENDLETON COP HALTS AUTO WITH PISTOL SHOT

PENDLETON, Ore., June 28.—Jimmy Weir was in a hospital here today with glass in his eyes, facial lacerations suffered last night when he and Jesse Flynn were fired on by Chief of Police Lemons. Bullets shattered the windshield of their auto.

Two jugs of liquor are declared to have been broken by the pair, who are held on $500 bail.

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. 376), 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. 3 W., Sec. 9, Lot 2 red fir 1240 M. T. 18 S., R. 5 W., Sec. 15, NW¼ NW¼ red fir 443 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 3100 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 900 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. 1 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 553 M, red fir 1220 M, red cedar 20 M. T. 26 S., R. 12 W., Sec. 35, NW¼ SW¼ red fir 2580 M, SW¼ SW¼ red fir 3020 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. 23, NE¼ SW¼ red fir 750 M, NW¼ NW¼ red fir 1000 M, SE¼ NW¼ red fir 1300 M, SW¼ NW¼ red fir 1400 M, NE¼ SW¼ red fir 1600 M, NW¼ SW¼ red fir 1500 M, SE¼ SW¼ red fir 1400 M, SW¼ SW¼ red fir, 2000 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, SE¼ SE¼ yellow fir 2200 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. 1 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 20 M, hemlock 40 M, Lot 7 yellow fir 1200 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 45 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 25 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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