The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 4.

The Action So Far.

Rosemary Merton, the youngest daughter in a large family, rebels at her poor surroundings and dreams of romance and luxury. She is attending college and living at home, but lack of money prevents her from taking part in college social activities. Philip Eames, a young man who has been in Japan, comes home and Rosemary welcomes him happily. In the following weeks she imagines he is in love with her, but discovers she is mistaken. She comes home determined to give up college and get a job and finds her sister, Gertie, in tears.

How Co On With the Story.

Gertie crying . . . Gertrude, who never cried!

"What . . . Gertie, nothing has happened to ma?"

It seemed to Rosemary, coming into the cool, dim hall from the glare and noise of the street, that nothing mattered but getting home, that nothing but ma could be worth crying about again.

A frenzy of fear gripped her. She left Gertie sobbing on the steps, and ran into the kitchen calling "Mother . . . where are you? Ma! It's me . . . why don't you answer?"

She ran back to the hall, "Gertie, please, tell me . . . oh, let me get by . . . is she upstairs? Tell me!"

Gertie turned a tear-stained face toward her. "Whats the matter?" she asked. "What do you want Ma for?"

"Ma isn't sick?"

"No; she's gone out with Millie. Didn't you hear her say she would last night?"

Gertie wiped her eyes with her wet, crumpled handkerchief. Her face twisted pitifully. "Oh, it's nothing—nothing you'd understand—just—just a letter I got from Al. I took it out of the box on my way to school this morning and I met Alice Powell on the car, so I could not read it them, or any time until recess"— She began to cry again, the strangling, broken crying of one unused to tears.

About Al! Crying that way about Al! A bald-headed man she'd known pretty nearly ten years — when she, Rosemary, could let Phil go without a whimper.

"He said—Gertie was struggling to form the words—"that he would not wait any longer. I'd have to decide one way or the other. So I wrote" — she held the square white envelope up—"and said that if he felt that way, knowing how things were with me—how I could not leave the family—that he could go. I wrote the letter, but I felt so terrible I couldn't stay in school another minute, so I came home—the first time I ever did such a thing."

The quick tears blinded Rosemary's eyes. Poor Gertie! Poor dear old Gertie! She must have been hard hit if she walked home from school in the middle of the morning. Gertie, who never missed a day from one year to the other!

Rosemary reached out and took the letter from Gertie's trembling fingers. Tore it into little white bits that dropped like petals on the floor.

"Don't be so crazy, Gert — you know you don't want to drop him."

Gertrude looked at the little white bits of paper with something like relief. 'But what else can I do?" she asked, unsteadily. "What else COULD I say?"

Rosemary kissed her wet cheek. A little well of thrilling happiness was bubbling in her heart. She show Gertie she wasn't the only one who could make sacrifices and do things for the family. She'd show her she could put her shoulder to the wheel and let Gertie go free at last!

"Come out in the kitchen," she said. "I'm going to make some tea. And then you can write and tell A it's all right. I'm going to get something to do tomorrow . . . I've quit college!"

The excitement of it all thrilled Rosemary, sent little tingles shivering down her spine. Of course, Gertie protested; ma, the boys, pa most of al, when they heard. They argued, threatened and pleaded, but Rosemary was firm; she was going right out to look for work tomorraw morning, and nothing they could say could possibly dissuade her. It was all settled, and it was just what she wanted to do, anyway, and Gertie coud go right ahead and plan her wedding, the sooner the better!

It stayed with her all that evening, and all the next morning, that mood of exaltation and tender love of the all. She put on the blue charmeen dress she had liked so much last Winter . . . it was a bit shiny in back, but so neat and business-like . . . sure to make a good impression. And Gertie's little red hat to brighten it up. Gertie wouldn't mind . . . with ma's fur-piece around her neck . . . She stopped to look at herself in the little mirror over the hatrack. She did look nice . . . surely that would make a difference . . . make it easier to get a job.

She kissed ma tenderly . . . yes she had a clean hankie. . . dear funny ma. She'd be back early . . . no she didn't want to take any lunch . . . where could she eat it, in the park like a tramp? Now she'd have to run.

The city always enchanted her. It was like stepping into the Arabian Nights to hear the roar of the traffic . . . to feel the crowds hurrying . . .

Here were the big office buildings, the big businesses—this was Rosemary's mecca. No dingy employment agencies, and one-horse concerns for her. The big companies were always taking on new people—all you needed was a little nerve.

Now for the oil company, before she could get cold feet. The young man who talked to her was charming. They didn't need any one just now, but he could fill out an application blank and they'd let her know. No, he couldn't say. Perhaps quite a while, there was no immediate vacancy. If she could come in again in a month or so?

A month! Rosemary's heart dropped. He might as well have said a year! She had to have something now! She tried other companies, three insurance companies and two bond houses. By 11 o'clock she had visited fourteen places and filled out twelve application blanks. Every one of them had asked her to come back later.

Well, there was one thing . . . she wouldn't go home until until she got work.

She was hungry and she looked about for a place to eat. Walked into a crowded room where women were standing, waiting their turn to be served. But there was one place left at a counter. Rosemary took it.

The girl at the next stool moved her purse and gloves to make room for Rosemary. Her hands were singularly beautiful: a large square emerald blazed on the little finger of her right hand Rosemary's gaze traveled up to her face, to the classical profile half hidden by the close-fitting gray hat, the clear pallor of her ivory skin.

"Little Rosemary Merton!"

"Why, Nina Clark . . . I didn't know you!" Nina Clark the harum-scarum senior who had smiled on her when she was a freshman! She had always thought Nina as rather loud, as well as rather "fast" . . . and how she'd changed!"

Nina laughed, the same low, musical note that had thrilled Rosemary before. "No wonder! Its a year and more since I've been out of college, and a year and a half in the big city gilds the lily! Let's see . . . what are you going to eat?"

Rosemary hesitated. She read through the menu from right to left, prices first . . . heavens, everything was expensive!

"Bring us two chicken sandwiches and two choc malts!"

Nina gave the order without waiting for Rosemary's decision. "The regulation working girls' lunch. This is on me. Now, tell me what you're doing, and how they let you out at all by yourself in the wicked city. Shopping?"

Rosemary shook her head. "Looking for a job."

"Bless my heart—what kind of a job?" Nina was all interest and sympathy. She slipped her hand into Rosemary's "Finding it kind of hard to get started?"

The unexpected kindness went straight to Rosemary's head. She blurted out the whole story even something about Phil—and how could you stay on at college and never get anywhere. Nina was so big and understanding and comforting.

"How would you like to work in a book store?"

"Why, Nina, I'd love it — do you know of a place? Oh, that's what I'd rather do than anything. Tell me about it—which one?"

Nina stopped to pay the check and they walked along together. Nina was a part of it—the beautiful clothes in the windows—the creams and powders and perfumes. They passed a large jewelry store. Nina's emerald might have come from there. A great wave of longing surged over Rosemary, a longing to be part of it, too—to wear beautiful things like Nina, to have a square-cut emerald.

The worshipping eagerness shone in her face. It decided Nina.

"Come, we'll walk around the block and I'll tell you about it. I work at Graham's, and he needs a girl — Rosemary (look at that black hat in the window—wonder what they want for it?

"Well, Graham wants somebody experienced, but when he finds out you can type and take dictation that will make a difference. We haven't a regular office force, as we ought to have, and the clerks have to get busy on the bills and everything else. He won't pay much, either — but I think you'd enjoy it. It's kind of a live bunch, and you meet people—most of the celebrities stray in eventually. And we have four or five starving artists in the building—nice boys, too."

"Nina—if you could get me in I'd do anything in the world for you, Nina. Do you think you could?"

Nina showed her even white teeth in a broad, understanding grin.

"Come on! I'll make a stab at it, anyway."

Rosemary's heart was pounding. They entered the store together. She had a confused impression of high shelves and books closing in on her from all sides. The ceiling was so high, the store so long and narrow. Tables piled high with latest fiction nearest the door, then more tables—art books in soft-toned buckram covers verse in tooled leather, wine-red and soft-hued green.

A group of men at a desk in the rear, smoking, talking together. A well dressed woman turning the pages of a huge book of etchings. Two younger men talking earnestly in another corner. A faint leathery, inky smell—the smell of old books, and newly cut pages—and just outside, the avenue—alluring, promising.

"Graham is back at the desk. Just sit down anywhere and wait, Rosemary, while I take off my things and when I get a chance I'll speak to him. Rub in that part about knowing how to type and being a stenog — that'll hit him where he lives."

Nina disappeared down the stairs that led to the basement and Rosemary sat down to wait. She felt suddenly very young and shabby. She wished she'd worn the pink sport suit instead of this makeshift outfit, half Gertie's.

"Mr. Graham! Telephone!" One of the younger men called him.

A tall, middle-aged man, immaculately tailored, detached himself from the group at the desk. He had the unwholesome, pale look of something that has been grown under glass. A carefully trimmed Van Dke and horn-rimmed glasses gave him a certain almost virarious dignity. You wondered how he'd look without them.

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Alexander." His voice was ingratiating, eager.

"I know just the book. Now, leave it to me. I know exactly what Mr. Alexander enjoys. In fact, I just put two under the shelf this morning — two late novels that just came in today. . . . Thank you, Mrs. Alexander; thank you. I'll send them right away!"

The group at the desk had their heads together, their laughter boomed . . . Mr. Graham was missing the fun. He snatched two novels from the table and handed them to the young man who had called him to the phone. "Charge and send to Mrs. Alexander — rush!"

The young man looked at them. "He's read those—had them both—a long time ago."

"He has" Mr. Graham was disappointed. "Well, try him on . . . oh . . . anything. . . Send three; she'll stand for it." He dashed back to the group at the desk, rubbing his hands, clapping them genially.

Nina came back, moving gracefully, slowly. Her ash-blonde hair, unbobbed, was swirled round her small, well-modeled head. Her yellow eyesrested upon Rosemary for a second, then she glided over to the woman who still lingered near the art books.

Rosemary heard her voice . . . low . . . interested, faintly persuasive.

Near her the young clerk was talking smoothly about Bjornson, Strinberg, Schnitzler.

The woman was leaving . . . Nina was talking to Graham . . . about her . . .

Her knees felt weak. She could never do it! Never talk books like the young man . . . never be persuasive and interesting and charming like Nina . . . never fit in! If it weren't for failing and all the questions Ma and Gertie would ask, she'd just walk quietly out, and go home . . . and look for a job another day . . .

She rose to her feet. Mr. Graham was coming toward her. He was looking at her, searchingly, curiously, intensely.

(To be continued.)

Opened — Hemstitching department in Fisher's Store. Mrs. F. F. Jones.

SCHOOL TAX ELECTION TO BE HELD MONDAY

(Continued from page 1.)

elementary schools housing grades one to six, the junior high school caring for grades seven to nine and the senior high school grades ten to twelve, has placed our educational system in an unexcelled position in the state.

"The occupation of a new building necessitating additional light, power, fuel, supplies, janitor's help, and an enlarged teaching staff, along with the extended curriculum advantages such as closer supervision of the penmanship, art and music courses of the schools, remedial teaching in the fundamental subjects in the elementary schools eliminating many failures and making it possible for the brightest pupils to receive double promotion, manual work for the adolescent boys, home economics for junior and senior high girls, systematic physical education for all children commencing with the seventh grade, the placing, supervision and special vocational instruction for boys in many of Roseburg's local trades, etc., necessarily entails a greater outlay of funds for maintenance, amounting to about $11,000 over last year. Some items in the upkeep of our schools have been reduced this year, as for instance the fuel which was paid for out of last year's budget. To finance this year's program, without going further in debt, an amount of $8263.94 is needed in excess of a six per cent increase over last year.

"During the past six years the schools have been operated within the sex per cent limitation without asking for an increased levy. For the reasons listed above to do so this year is impossible. The budget committee is therefore asking for an additional levy of $8263.94 or an increased millage for each taxpayer of about 1.5 mills.

"Your school board is endeavoring to maintain the district's school system with an organization befitting an up-to-date, progressive American city of the size of Roseburg. We believe a good school system is a community's greatest asset. Nothing advertises a town like up-to-date schools. We feel that the taxpayers of Roseburg want good schools and have made our plans on this basis. The obligations for this current year from necessity are already incurred. Our expenses will be greater than our receipts to an estimated amount of $8263.94. If these extra 1.5 mills are not voted, the district must necessarily issue additional warrants to pay our bills. A vote for the tax levy on November 22 will pay our increased costs this year instead of adding just this much to our warrant indebtedness to be paid off in the future."

DREAMS OF FIRE AND LEAPS 14 FEET; HURT.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 17. — Dreaming the house was on fire, Lawrence Elliott, living near Buriell in Polk county, ran to an open window and leaped to the ground, fourteen feet away. Elliott did not awake until after he hit the ground. His back and hips were injured and he was forced to seek the services of a physician.

THE ULTIMATE UNFOLDMENT

By Alden Harness

The following poem, which was highly praised by the editors, appeared in the November issue of the Reality Magazine.

When man, while in this earthly life shall gain
The now-undreamed-of knowledge of God shall give,
And rise till he shall pass the mortal plane
And in immortal consciousness shall live:

When man shall know and utilize the Mind
That guides unnumbered worlds through space afar
And to enlightened beings of his kind
Speak through the universe from star to star:

When far across the uplands man has drawn,
Controlled by Truth and holy love and peace,
The highest God-conceptions then shall dawn
And limitations shall forever cease.

BETTER HURRY!

Have your sitting for those holiday photos, the only thing your friends cannot buy. Roseburg Studio, over Salzman's. Phone 642.

What Thousands Use For Rheumatic Relief

Nathan Fullerton and every druggist in America sells Joint-Ease. Not only do people use it to ease the agony of rheumatism, but athletes use it for muscles that are lame and sore.

It's a soothing emollient—just rub it in when joints or muscles cause you trouble.

Try it for chest colds, lumbago and burning feet.

Pains and Swellings

Joint-Ease

Rut It In—Tube 60 Cents

IRRITATION FROM EYELID IS LATEST CANCER "CURE"

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

LONDON, Nov. 18.—Another claim to a cancer cure is under investigation by the medical research council of London, says the Daily Sketch. It was submitted with details of 17 alleged successful cures by the Octogenarian doctor, Michael Grabham, who has practiced for sixty years on the island of Madeira, in the Atlantic, off the northwestern coast of Africa.

The effective agency, says Dr. Grabham, is discharge from an irritation of the human eyelid, the efficacy of which was accidentally discovered by Dr. Fortuna Toplitz of Funchal, Madeira.

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

News-Review advertisers can attest to the pulling power of this paper from an advertising standpoint.

ALL HOPE ABOUT GONE FOR 6 MEN TRAPPED IN MINE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

HAZELTON, Pa., Nov. 18.—No signs of life had been discovered today in the flooded workings of the Tomhicken mine where workmen were entombed behind a rush of water Tuesday afternoon and nearly all hope of finding any of the men alive was abandoned.

Rescue work, nevertheless, went ahead with renewed vigor, fresh forces sent to the scene from many parts of the anthracite region filling the gaps made by tired out relays.

The sole ray of hope is pinned on the possibility of the miners having attained a haven high up in one of the gangways before the water and wreckage overtook them.

Mr. Miller Sleeps Like Log, Eats Anything

"After taking Adlerika I can eat anything and sleep like a log. I had gas on the stomach and couldn't keep food down nor sleep." (signed) R. C. Miller. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes GAS and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Often brings out old waste-matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for chronic constipation. Nathan Fullerton, druggist.

TRANSCONTINENTAL TELEPHONE LINE TO BE READY SOON

One of the major projects in the construction program of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company on long distance lines in 1926 is completion of the western end of the new northern transcontinental telephone circuit extending through from Chicago to the coast.

Nearly a quarter of a million dollars—out of the $1,100,000 total on long distance circuit construction in Oregon, Washington and Idaho—is going into the Pacific co... any portion of the new transcontinental circuit. Most of the work on this and other sections is already finished.

Manager Farrington, of the telephone company says this new channel of conversation across the country will be in use early in 1927. It is the third one to give direct connection from the Pacific to the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic.

The original transcontinental line was opened in 1915 to San Francisco and is now known as the central route. The second connected Los Angeles directly with the east about two years ago.

This third and latest circuit will supply a decided operating convenience in carrying the conversation of the Pacific northwest to Chicago and the Atlantic. It will also furnish an additional alternative connection between coasts in the event of interruption of service on the southern or the central route.

The Idaho portion of the new line was completed in September. Six crews of Pacific telephone men are now at work at various points between Spokane and the coast. East of Idaho, across Montana and farther east, other associated companies of the Bell System are rushing other sections to completion.

"This is one more link in the network of telephone wires which make a neighborhood of the nation,' 'observed Mr. Farrington, "and it is necessitated by the increased use of cross-country telephone connections, which is largely due to the demand for the products of the northwest in eastern markets."

The ladies of the M. E. Church, South, will hold their annual bazaar of art and fancywork Saturday, Nov. 20, at Roseburg Tire Shop, opposite News-Review.

ST. PAUL RAILWAY REORGANIZED TO PRECEDE ITS SALE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—An important step in the reorganization of the St. Paul railway was completed here today when a new company, to be known as Chicago, Milwaukee and Pacific railroad company, was organized to succeed the present railway company, now in receivership.

The action was taken in anticipation of the sale of the railway property under foreclosure proceedings at Butte, Mont., next Monday, for which the reorganization managers will bid.

If a successful bid is made under the reorganization plan, it will immediately be assigned to the new company, which will thereafter apply to the court for confirmation of the sale. After the necessary proceedings in court, the new company will apply to the interstate commerce commission for authority to take over and operate the property and to issue the new securities contemplated by the plan.

Indicating their confidence that they would succeed in obtaining the property at the forthcoming sale, the reorganization managers—Kuhn, Loeb and company, and the National City company—announced that the application to the Interstate Commerce Commission probably would be made by the first of the year.

MEETING OF FRUIT AND BROCCOLI GROWERS

All fruit and broccoli growers interested in organizing a fruit and broccoli union are requested to meet at Oregon Growers building on Saturday, Nov. 20th at 10 o'clock a. m.

R. H. C. WOOD,
FRED M. CURTIS,
Committee.

ELKS, ATTENTION

A special meeting will be held Thursday, Nov. 18, 1926, for the purpose of initiation and action upon applications. The lunch committee will be on the job.

By order of Exalted Ruler.
J. T. GOODMAN, Sec.

HEALTH NURSES EXPRESS THANKS IN RESOLUTIONS

The following resolutions were adopted at the meeting of the public health nurses in Roseburg Saturday, November 6:

WHEREAS, the southwestern section of the Oregon organization for Public Health Nursing has enjoyed the hospitality of the people of Roseburg, and,

WHEREAS, the management of the Elks Temple has generously given the rooms of the Temple for the meetings of this organization, therefore contributing much to the comfort and success of the meeting, and

WHEREAS, the News-Review has been very generous in giving space in its columns, and Mr. B. W. Bates, the editor, has been most cooperative in assisting with the plans for this meeting, and

WHEREAS, the County Health Unit and the Roseburg Community Group of the County Public Health Association are in a large part responsible for the success of the meeting, especially through the work and personal responsibility of Miss Natalie Markwitz and Miss Cora Baertsch, the county nurses, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, that the appreciation and grateful thanks of this organization be expressed to these various groups and individuals and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Roseburg newspaper.

(Signed) MRS. H. L. NOBLITT,
Chairman, Resolutions Committee.
November 6, 1926.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon, 24 hours ending 5 a. m.

Relative humidity 5 p. m. yes. 79
Precip. in Inches and Hundredths:
Highest temperature yesterday 56
Lowest temperature last night 44
Precipitation last 24 hours 0
Total precip. since 1st month 3.58
Normal precip. for this month 4.37
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date 7.04
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1877 .... 6.21
Total excess from Sept. 1, 1926 .... .83
Average precipitation for 44 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive) 31.12

Unsettled tonight and Friday; probably rain; continued cool.

ARTHUR W. PUGH, Meteorologist.

Women Few in Business of Bootlegging.

Only Nine Known to Atlantic Coast Officials; Unequal to Physical Tasks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—(A. P.)—The woman bootlegger exists mainly in fiction, in the opinion of Mrs. Mary A. Sullivan, director of the woman's division of the New York police department.

But, says Mrs. Sullivan, it's not lack of inclination or mental ability that has kept women from crowding the bootlegging field. It's rather a matter of physical ability.

Truck Loading Handicap

"A woman can't load and unload a truck of liquor and that is the game, unless you are among the highups." she said.

Mrs. Sullivan, with a record of fifteen years' service in the police department, asserted that of the thousands of "speakeasies" in New York City, she does not know of one that is being operated by a woman.

Records of prohibition arrests kept by the New York branch of the Anti-Saloon League reveal only nine women bootleggers, eight of whom, however, have records that rival any ever made by men.

Among Most "Famous"

Probably the most famous, or infamous, was Gertrude Lythgoe who specialized in smuggling liquor from the Bahamas. Before she finally was catght she had won the title of "Queen of the Bootleggers" and also that of "the Joan d'Arc of the Rum Runners."

Closely rivaling her was Mrs. Mabel Casares, Jr., wife of the son of a wealthy Argentine merchant. When arrested she was said to have been the head of a rum running syndicate of international proportions and the owner of several vessels.

None On Rum Fleet

Two of the lesser satellites were Frances Cannistraci, a 24-year-old miss, reputed to have been drawing a daily income of $1,000 to $2,800 from her bootlegging operations, and Helen Smith, said to have been an agent for a British rum syndicate.

The ninth woman gave the judge nine good reasons and escaped with a reprimand. She said she turned bootlegger to support her invalid husband and eight children.

As for women bootleggers or the rum fleet off the Atlantic coast Captain George C. Carmine, division commander of the New York coast guard, who says he knows all and sees all that happens on the smuggling line, asserted he never yet has seen a woman bootlegger.

With the Exclusive Thigh-Band Feature

Warner's Corselette
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

$4.50

The famous Warner diagonal thigh-band effectually holds the Corselette down on the figure, no matter what position the wearer takes. The all-brocade back is adequately boned for flatness and the brassiere section of soft silk is preferred by many women.

Other Models $1.50 to $4.75

I. ABRAHAM

The Silk Store

Varicose Veins Reduced or Money Back, Say Druggists

This Simple Home Treatment Giving Amazing Results.

The world progresses. Today ailments that took weeks to cure can now be ended in a few days. If you have varicose veins or bunches you can start today to bring them back to normal size, and if you are wise you will do so.

Just get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at any dispensing pharmacy and apply it night and morning as directed to the enlarged veins. It is very powerful and penetrating, and only a little is required.

After a few days' treatment the veins will begin to grow smaller and by regular use will soon reduce to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil, besides being one of the most powerful of antiseptics, capable of destroying the most pernicious germs and the poisons caused by them, is also a marvelous healing agent.

People who want to reduce varicose veins, or get rid of eczema, ulcers, or piles in a few days should not hesitate to get a bottle at once. It is so powerful that a small bottle lasts a long time. Any pharmacy can supply you. Chapman's drug store, and Nathan Fullerton sell lots of it.

AT CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Sunday Evening
Getting On In The Home
A packed house listened to the sermon on "Marriage"
HEAR THIS ONE ALSO
Letter will be read at this service from husbands on "Things I wish my wife wouldn't do" and from wives on "Things I wish my husband wouldn't do."

Ford Business Is Good
6665 Cars Delivered Daily Since May 1