

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

CHAPTER 8. 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. He kisses her and she imagines he is really in love with her, but is soon disillusioned. To allow her sister, Gertrude, to marry a man she has kept waiting for years, Rosemary quits college and gets a job in a fashionable bookstore through Nina Clark, who also works there. Nina takes her to an artist's tea in a studio on the top floor of the building. This studio they all call "The Secret Studio." Rosemary meets Larry Kane, who embraces her. She strikes him and rushes down the dark stairs. She keeps a luncheon date with the son of the owner of the bookstore—a young doctor known as "Snooky" Graham.

Now Go On With The Story.
"I'm the luckiest thing.... the luckiest thing!" She kept reminding herself of it, all the while Dr. Graham was gone—talking to the long-faced woman behind the pillar. "They're old friends—friends of his family—he had to see them—he'll be right back. It was quite all right for him to leave me this way.... But I wish he'd hurry!"

"Was I gone long?" There he was, as if nothing had happened. "That was Angela Smythe.... the Hemingway Smythes, you know—the big sugar people, and her mother. Couple of dead ones, but money.... Lord, the money they've got! They've been rushing me to death all winter, simply hounding the life out of me. Telephone until I'm nearly crazy.... the way they hound a single man is a crime."

"They walked out of the hotel together. You've got to see me again soon!" He was looking right into her eyes, and the pleasant little tingles were racing down her spine, and then—
"Snooky! Snooky, Graham!" A girl's high pitched laughter....

They both turned. Rosemary and young Graham. Two girls and a boy were passing. They nodded, and one girl waved a yellow gloved hand as they went on into the hotel.
"Where's your going? Wait a shake!" And there was Dr. Graham scurrying after them!

Rosemary stood rooted to the spot. She couldn't believe it. The hot color rushed to her cheeks. Why, he'd just booted without even a word. She stood hesitating—caught the doorkeeper's eye.

She walked on, her head high, and her heart that had been so proudly happy, shamed and leaden inside her. Even then she thought he'd come, with some eager apology on his lips. But he didn't.

He overtook her some way along and took her arm lightly, guiding her across the street. Then he spoke, in the hard, flat tone so like his father's: "You might have waited. I must say! I was only gone a minute!"

They walked on silently.
"Now you aren't mad over that, are you?"
"Oh, no!" Rosemary lied sweetly.

He noticed her frozen profile, the curl of her lips. Kissable lips. Lord, she was a little beauty!

"Say, will you meet me in the hotel lobby, Monday night about

eight?"
And then Rosemary did an unaccountable thing. She walked straight across the street, right through the rush of the noontime traffic, at the real peril of her life—and left him standing there.

"What the devil are you trying to do?" The taxi driver who nearly ran her down bellowed after her. The little fool, he'd have lost his job if he killed her!

Rosemary didn't hear. She was deaf and dumb and blind. Straight up the street, she walked, into the book store, seeing nobody. Her hand groped for the door, the little door behind the last row of shelves, that led to the stairs, the stairs that only Nina used.

Now she could cry.

Nina found her finally. Made her tell what happened.

"The dirty pup!" Nina's eyes flashed fire.

"Well, I fixed him!" Rosemary was laughing through her tears.

"I fixed him!" He went ask me to meet him on any more street corners. I wouldn't meet him here in the store with that girl and

Mr. Graham on their knees begging me to!" She wiped her eyes and accepted Nina's powder puff.

"Well, I warned you!" Nina said. "I told you what a pup he was. But there's nothing like finding everything out for yourself."

Well, that's that, I tell you, Rosemary, come with us Saturday night, and get in on a real party."

Oh, Nina—could I?"

Nina stood up, and listened.

"I thought I heard Larry whistling...."

Was Larry going to be in the party? Rosemary's voice sounded unnatural to her own ears.

"Is he coming Saturday?" she asked.

"Oh, surely. Larry's the life of the party. Larry and Jamie and John—the artists upstairs, you know and Hal Seagrave and Ellen and you and I—I suppose

Jamie's girl. We'll have dinner some place and then we'll come back to the studio and dance. We can borrow Madame Berthe's phonograph and a real time will be had by all. What do you say?"

"I'll be there!"

"Good girl!" said Nina. "Now you're one of the gang!"

"The gang is going to have a party Saturday, and I'm going."

She told Gertrude that night. She didn't tell Gertrude about Dr. Graham—she'd never tell anyone about that, never as long as she lived!

"The gang!" Gertrude put down her sewing and looked questioningly at Rosemary. "That sounds so common, dear. Who are these people?"

"Who are they?" echoed Rosemary. "Why, the people in the building, artists and all that. Nina's friends—"

"Yes, and what do you know about Nina? I wouldn't tell Ma, because it would only worry her, but I don't like what you say about Nina Clark. Rosemary, I don't understand how a girl who works in a store can have square emeralds and all these wonderful clothes you say she has. It doesn't sound right."

"What do you mean, Gertrude?"

Merton! What are you trying to say about Nina?" Rosemary's temper flashed.

Gertrude floundered—turned a dull brick red. "Well, I told Al, not realizing how it sounded," she began; "and Al said he didn't think it was just the best place in the world for you to be, and he said that it sounded to him as if—"

"If Nina wasn't—"

"Wasn't an honest woman!" cut in Rosemary. "That's about what

he would say. That's about the kind of a mind he has, the fat rabbit! Just because a girl is good-looking and has a few nice things he has to insinuate that some man is buying them for her! He makes me sick! I wish he'd told me instead of you. I'd have told him to go to the devil."

"Nina Clark has money. She doesn't have to work. She doesn't have to live on the meagre old salary Graham pays her. She always did dress beautifully, ever since I know her; so there!"

That'd hold Gertrude. That'd show her a thing or two! Oh, she hated Al Norton—hated him; hated him for thinking things like that, and making Gertrude think them.

Because she hadn't told Gertrude the truth. Nina Clark wasn't a rich girl in the old days at college. She was afraid.... dear God forgive her.... that Al.... was right!

Her Saturday afternoon off.

A whole afternoon to shop and get ready for the party. Rosemary's spirits soared. Happiness bubbled in her like the sap in the flowering tree.

If she just had something to wear to the party! Something that would be "right," the way Nina's things were always right. Something soft and slinky and glowing.

"That little Drell model she had seen in a store near 77 Ninety dollars, reduced from \$110!"

Rosemary walked out. You simply couldn't pay \$90 for one dress when your whole salary was only \$75. But how did Nina do it?"

She took another look in the window. Goodby you darling little red dress! Never mind, she could wear the old green georgette. But she'd simply have to have new slippers. And when she got there she was still pondering on what she was going to wear. Gertrude put the question into words.

"The green georgette," Rosemary answered.

Gertrude got it out. "Some of the beads are coming off. Oh, Rosemary, dear, why didn't you tell me sooner? We could have had it cleaned. I can't stand a party dress that isn't just spic and span clean!"

Rosemary, pink and shining from her hot bath, held it up against her. It looked terrible, simply terrible. Like a wilted lettuce leaf. "I just can't wear it. Oh, I wish I'd bought something new, like I wanted to."

"Of course, there's my black evening dress.... that isn't bright, but with all the spangles on it.... and could fix it on you so it wouldn't look too big."

"Oh, Gertrude! Just the thing! If you'd rip out the sleeve!"

They tried it on. She had never had anything black before. Her delicately modeled arms and neck were startlingly white in contrast. Even Gertrude was impressed. "It looks kind of naked, with those big armholes, but they all do it. You better not let pa see it—he'd have a fit!"

She came downstairs with her coat and hat on, just when the family were sitting down to dinner.

"Here.... just a little soup, lovely.... you don't know when they'll eat, or what they'll have!"

She was hungry. She'd only had an ice cream soda for lunch. "Well, just a little. I've got to be at the studio at 7. We're going to meet there, and go on to Mable Matson's in a bunch."

"Just one chop, and a few p'tatoes." Ma was piling her plate. "You've got fifteen minutes—eat it!"

"In off! Goodby everybody!" She kissed Ma, patted the top of pa's head and ran laughing to the door.

When she got to the studio building the big doors were closed and the elevator had stopped running. She stood there, frightened for moment. Had they gone on without her? Course they'd wait! Oh, of course; they'd gone up the back stairs! She might have known the elevator service stopped when Graham's closed at 6. So she walked around to the little alley behind the building and opened the back door.

The stairs loomed palely in the lamplight from the alley. Wound their dusty way into the dark; the thick, velvet dark above. With a little catch in her throat, half fear, half thrill, Rosemary wrapped her coat about her and groped her way up into the blackness.

They might have left a light! Theinky dark was pressing on her, her breath came brokenly. She stopped at the third landing to rest a minute. Thought she could see a light ahead. Yes, it was a light coming through the crack in the door above. She gained the last few steps in a little rush and threw the door open gratefully.

"Hello!" she called breathlessly. "Hello!"

Why, where was everybody? She stood blinking in the light. Then she saw Larry working at an easel way down at the other end. He was putting his things down, disentangling his long legs, coming toward her, his hands outstretched.

Rosemary's knees wobbled.... Larry.... and nobody else.... she fought with a wild desire to run. But that would be so silly.... and surely the others would be along in a minute....

She walked in, half closed the door behind her.

(To be continued.)

American fence is zinc insulated and guaranteed. Sold by Wharton Bros.

RETURN UNIFORMS

Former members of Douglas Co. Concert Band who have uniforms of this organization are requested to return them to the Lawrence Agency, 125 Cass street. These uniforms are the property of the band, and do not belong to individual members.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR XMAS CARDS

The News-Review exclusive job printing department is showing a nice line of Christmas and New Year announcements, both printed and engraved. Place your order at once. Don't wait until the last minute. Order now and pay for the work any time before the first of the year.

PROPOSAL FOR SUPPLIES

Sealed bids will be received on December 9, 1926, at 2 p. m. for furnishing to the various state institutions, supplies consisting of drygoods, clothing, furnishings, groceries, shoes, hardware, brooms, drugs, stationery, crockery, plumbing, etc., for the semi-annual period ending June 30, 1927. Specifications and schedules will be furnished upon application to the secretary at Salem, Oregon, also from the trade and commercial bureau of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, or from the Oregon Manufacturers Association; both located in the Oregon Building, Portland, Oregon.

Each bid shall be accompanied by a certified check representing 10 per cent of the whole amount bid, payable to the Oregon State Board of Control, or where the 10 per cent amount is \$500.00 or more, a surety bond from some company authorized to do business in Oregon will be accepted in place of the check. The same shall be held as a guaranty of the faithful performance of the contract. The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids or to accept the bid deemed best for the state.

CARLE ABRAMS, Secretary, Oregon State Board of Control.

CITATION

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County.

In the matter of the estate of George F. Benz, deceased.

To John Benz, Eliza Gerber, Anna Paulsen, Hermann Orlmann, George Orlmann, Fred W. Orlmann, Ada Orlmann, Edwin Orlmann, and Margaret Orlmann Shaver, next of kin and heirs at law of the said George F. Benz, deceased.

Also to all persons interested in the above estate, and to all persons claiming title or interest in or to said estate:

You are hereby cited and required to appear and show cause, if any you have, before the above entitled court on Thursday the 2nd day of December, 1926, being the December term of the above court, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the County Court room, in the Douglas County Court House, at Roseburg, Oregon, said date being not less than 28 days from the date of the first publication of this citation, why John T. Long, administrator of the estate of George F. Benz, deceased, should not be authorized and ordered to sell the real property which said George F. Benz, died seized, to-wit: Lot six (6) plat F of the Sutherland Land and Water Company, as recorded in the office of the County Clerk of Douglas County, Oregon. Title thereto being registered, being Certificate No. 1085 in Volume 126 of the Public Records of Douglas County, Oregon, all lying and being situated in Douglas County, Oregon.

That this Citation is being served by publication by order of the above entitled court in the Roseburg News-Review, a newspaper published at Roseburg, Oregon.

Witness the Hon. George K. Quinn, Judge of the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, with the seal of said court affixed this 1st day of November, 1926.

County Clerk and ex-officio clerk of the County Court.

Published first time November

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Around the County

ELGAROSE AND MELORE NEWS

We are having our share of warm rains which is making lots of grass for grazing.

We are sorry to hear that our friend, Uncle John Morgan, is on the sick list. We all hope for his speedy recovery.

W. E. Van Gram has gone to Mt. Vernon, Wash., to visit with his brothers. We all hope Uncle Bill doesn't stay away long for he is very much missed in this community.

Mr. and Mrs. Amel Johnson and Geo. Sunburg of Powers, Oregon, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Holmquist.

Eric Sutherland has just returned from a business trip to Portland.

Our friend and neighbor T. F. Ward succeeded in capturing a large coyote last week. The coyote have destroyed lots of valuable sheep and goats for the farmers around here, and it is a relief to them to know that we at last have an expert coyote trapper.

Otto Matthews of Prune Lane was soon on our street yesterday. Willis Lash and his father has moved to Dunn's Cove. We are sorry to lose our bachelors.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lundsen of Liars Flat spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Woodruff.

Last Wednesday afternoon the ladies of this community surprised Mrs. G. Johnson by all spending the afternoon with her with sewing and a social time. The afternoon passed quickly. Refreshments were served by the ladies. Those attending were Mesdames C. R. Holmquist, E. Cooper, C. J. Lundsen, Claude McKay, Adolph Johnson, C. Olson, V. S. Woodruff, T. F. Ward, Oscar Hanson, G. Johnson and Miss Jane McKay, Helen Johnson and Master Robert Holmquist.

Mr. and Mrs. David Churchill and daughter and Huckleberry Finn has returned home after an extended trip to Coles Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bass of McMinnville is spending a few days in our midst and visiting their daughter, Mrs. M. C. Ellison of Roseburg. It sure seems good to have them with us again.

T. F. Ward and wife spent Saturday in Roseburg.

Woodruff Bros. have been operating their saw mill the past few days.

Everett Cooper our new road patrolman has been improving the roads the past week.

Miss Lillian Long is expected home from California where she has been visiting for some time.

Mr. Oscar Becklund is erecting a new and modern bungalow on his prune ranch at Elgarose. He plans to move his family from Washington here to live.

Miss Lillian and Raymond Olson who are attending high school in Roseburg spent the week end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Olson.

On Friday, Dec. 3 our two energetic school teachers have planned a musical to be given at the Elgarose school house. Mr. W. E. Ott and his orchestra will furnish the music. At this time the lucky number will be drawn on the quilt. A bazaar will also be held and refreshments will be sold.

We expect to have our new piano at this time to be given one of the Elgarose school house. Mr. W. E. Ott and his orchestra will furnish the music. At this time the lucky number will be drawn on the quilt. A bazaar will also be held and refreshments will be sold.

We now have a nine month standard school and we hope to keep it so.

Joe Matthews has been seen in Elgarose quite often lately. He is planning to attend school at Elgarose the rest of the winter.

Last Saturday evening was the Country Club, the meeting being annual meeting of the Melrose held at the club house. A very snappy and interesting meeting was held, there being 40 members present. The new officers for the coming year are as follows: president, Geo. A. Crane; vice-president, T. B. Busenbark; secretary, Mrs. Anna Thompson; treasurer, E. L. Thompson; directors, C. J. Lundsen, O. A. Jorgensen, and Rose Conn. The financial standing of the club was in excellent condition, and some good work is being planned by the new directors. We ask the cooperation of all the members in helping make it still better this coming year.

TUBBY AND HANK.

GLENGARRY AND GREEN NEWS.

Lee Morrison left with a load of elder and apples for Klamath Falls the last of the week.

John Wilson was called away to Portland Friday because of the illness of his child who is with its mother visiting in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and daughter Lucille and son Leslie and wife were visiting at the home of their cousin John Pinkerton on Roberts Creek Sunday.

Mr. Nicholson of Roberts Creek, who received such bad burns and is in the hospital, is reported to be some better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd and family were callers at the C. C. Groves home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Betts and daughter were visitors in Roseburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Groves spent Saturday in Roseburg.

The prayer meeting was postponed this week on account of Thanksgiving.

Mr. Wright and son Albert were visitors in Roseburg from Glen-garry.

Mrs. John Stencil of Glen-garry was a visitor in Roseburg Saturday.

Pruning tools of all kinds at Wharton Bros.

"WEBFOOT" NAME STANDS. EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 23.—Tradition has demanded that the University of Oregon athletes retain their nickname of "Web-footers."

A movement was recently started

ATTENTION!

Country Club members. Dance Tuesday, Nov. 23rd, 8 o'clock.

To find a new cogaomen, one that held more of a fighting spirit, and a hint of savagery. Alumni and many of the students came to the rescue of the old name, however, for the sake of tradition if nothing else, and the name will stand.

Mattress \$6.50 at Powell's.

Ease the Pains of Inflamed Joints

Swollen, twingy pain tormented joints are usually caused by rheumatism.

To bring comfort and relief, thousands rub in Joint-Ease, a soothing emollient that Nathan Fullerton and druggists everywhere have a big demand for.

For lumbago, sore lame muscles and burning feet its comforting influence will be appreciated.

Joint-Ease

Rub it in—Tubes 60 Cents

TIRES

Ten Per Cent Cut

on all

Kelly-Springfield

Tires

Immediate service—

Inspection Advice

All the attention a customer has the right to expect.

No delay. See what you are getting, no postage to pay. Don't let the mail order houses fool you.

Rose Garage

Phone 66

BRAND'S ROAD STAND

Thanksgiving

Fruit

PEARS—Ripe and very fine.

APPLES—Almost all varieties of eating and cooking apples at scandalously low prices.

WALNUTS—Finest Garden Valley Walnuts.

SWEET CIDER—

Open every day and evening till 1 a. m., and there's always something doing in the Barbecue.

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Pacific Highway

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Honest Values