

DAUGHTERS of MIDAS

by Anne Austin

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Clay Curtis, returning to Colfax from a flying trip to New York, stands his father, Thomas Quinn Curtis, known to every employee of his mammoth department store as "Old T. Q.," by announcing he will no longer remain under his father's roof.

He admits that Claire, Donnell, a musical comedy star, has thrown him over because she has learned that their marriage will mean Clay's self-interest. To regain his self-respect, Clay declares he must make his own way and give the lie to Claire's belief that he couldn't support himself.

Old T. Q. then offers him the assistant manager's job of the store. Clay refuses, as he recognizes the offer to be just another soft berth prepared for him by his father, whom he admires tremendously and whom he wishes to imitate by making his own way.

The old man yields to the son's point of view and the two part in sorrow rather than anger. Clay prepares to leave. He has been a student of music and his ambition is to become a great composer. Old T. Q.'s eyes dim with sadness when he is left alone. He wonders how things would have been if he had had a daughter instead of a son. In his reverie he murmurs, "Well—maybe I will."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER II

When Clay Curtis left his father to brood alone in the library, he went to his own rooms on the second floor—an apartment that had seen little of him since his college days, but which was always kept in readiness against his return.

There was a library-stuffing room, with one wall of bookshelves devoted exclusively to volumes of music. A grand piano that had cost T. Q. Curtis ten thousand dollars dominated one corner in the center of the room, looking about him as if he had never seen the place before. Then he went about the room slowly, touching the ivory keys of the piano with loving fingers, staring at the stacks of music as if he were trying to read it all, to memorize it, so that he could hold it in his heart and brain forever.

He went to the phonograph, opened a drawer and took out the first big record that his fingers touched. It happened to be a reproduction of the first movement of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, as played by the New York Philharmonic orchestra. He adjusted the needle, and as the music flooded forth, he stepped into the second of the suite of three rooms, his bedroom, and began to pack.

The suitcase which he had brought with him from his flying trip to New York contained dinner clothes, a business suit, four custom-made shirts, three suits of silk pajamas, half a dozen pairs of silk socks, a dozen of his favorite cologne, a week's supply of handkerchiefs, five suits of his made-to-order underwear, four cravats from the stock he had laid in on his last visit to Paris, and a heavy dark blue silk dressing gown.

"Two suits, counting the one I've got on," he muttered to himself. "Reckon that's about all any struggling young Horatio Alger hero has a right to take away with him. Might as well leave the 'Tux' in there. May get an invitation to the Bollermakers' Ball."

From his dressing room he brought a second suitcase, and taking it into the library of his suite, he began filling it with a carefully selected stock of music, three or four of his most prized volumes and a great pile of manuscript that he had himself written. Into it, too, went the tools for setting music down—ink, special pens, music manuscript paper, ink erasing fluid—anything that he could lay his hands on, for as he told himself the "truck" could be of no use to anyone but himself, and without it he would be lost.

In his bedroom again, he filled up the suitcase to bursting point with odds and ends of clothing that he deemed absolutely essential, and which the other suitcase did not contain.

He paused at the door of the bedroom for a last look at the ease and comfort and luxury he was voluntarily giving up. How

big his room were! How soft and thick the carpets, how sturdy and genuine the heavy furniture! He would miss his piano, his phonograph with its records of symphonies and operas, his musical library, suddenly no wonder why he was going, where he was going. Wasn't he just a melodramatic, sentimental kid, making a fool of himself? He had known soft carpets and wide, soft, deep beds, and the luxuries of a perfect bathroom, all of his life. He couldn't earn—why he couldn't earn enough to pay the rent on one room as good as the one he was giving up! He who loved beauty and music and peace and leisure was hurrying himself into ugliness and noise and struggle and vicious, mean poverty. Why?

He dropped his suitcases, turned toward his piano, the beautiful perfect instrument that responded to his touch as if it loved him. Then, as plainly as if she were in the room, he heard the tinkling, bittered laughter of Claire Donnell.

"Why, Clay, you couldn't get a job, if they were giving them away as Christmas presents!" He couldn't, huh? He laughed shortly, snatched up his suitcases, and ran downstairs. At the foot of them stood Mrs. Moore, the housekeeper.

"There you are, Clay. I was just coming up to tell you I have a nice little supper set out for you in the breakfast room. Or would you like to have it with your father? We're all glad you're home again, Clay. Stay a while this time."

She was pretending that she did not see the suitcases. "I'm off again, Mrs. Moore. Thanks a lot, but I won't wait to eat now. You've been awfully good to me."

And he put his hands on her shoulders and stooped over her to kiss her soft, fat cheek.

"Well, Dad, I'm off. I'm taking a few things—just what clothes I'll be sure to need before I get on my feet, and some music that I know no one else would want. That all right, Dad?"

Old T. Q. rose from his chair, standing six feet two. He frowned down on his son, who was an inch and a half shorter.

"Don't talk like a fool," T. Q. said gruffly. "How about money? Got anything left in the bank?"

"The boy flushed. 'I'm afraid I've exhausted it,' he gave Claire a sapphire and diamond bracelet before he told her her decision, and she didn't offer to give it back. I wouldn't have taken it anyway, of course. But I've got a little loose change in my pocket, I think."

He thrust his hand into a pocket and drew out a silver bill clip, and a handful of small coins. "About twenty-one dollars, I think. Enough to do me until I can get a job of some kind. No, sir, I don't want any more," he protested earnestly, as his father's hand reached for a checkbook. I tell you, sir, I'm disinclined to my father, and I've got to do the job up brown. As it is, I'm taking an unfair advantage of my own self by carrying all these good clothes away with me. Ought to earn them, too."

T. Q. thrust out a hand. "I guess it's goodbye. As you say, you're disinclined to my father, and you'd better stay disinclined until you're ready to come back and go to work in the Curtis Store. You've shown me tonight that I've been wrong, letting you play around over Europe for the last four years, filling your foolish head up with music. When you're ready to come home and go to work and take your place in the world as the future owner of the Curtis Store, I'll be mighty glad to see you. But until then—well, I guess we'd better not see each other. Goodbye, son. Take care of yourself."

"Goodbye, Dad. I want to say again that I'm kicking myself out because I want a chance to make myself, as you made yourself. And I meant it when I said I admire you more than any person in the world. And take care of yourself."

Twenty-one dollars and thirteen cents! Why, that wouldn't keep him a day at a hotel, the kind of hotel he'd been used to. Was that why his father had grinned when he looked at the money? Thought he'd be sneaking home again in 24 hours, broke and willing to be a good boy and mind his Dad. Funny how that cold-hearted little gold-digger's words kept coming back to him. And how he'd loved her! Her gold and pink and white beauty! Her perfect body, displayed like a white statue to all who had five dollars and a half to pay for a ticket to the modest resort in New York. She'd never been real, he knew now, until that last half hour, when she'd mocked him, laughed at him, and kicked him out for a gold-headed butter-and-egg man.

Well, he couldn't walk the streets all night. He hardly knew where he was; had not been paying much attention. But he had turned instinctively toward the poorer part of the town, the section where working people lived in small cottages. He must have walked fifteen or twenty blocks, he thought, as he looked about him. He was cold and tired.

He was looking for a street sign when he became conscious of music. Violin music. He stopped, without realizing that he was do-

ing so, leaned against a low picket fence and listened. It was odd that such music should come from a funny little house like that. There were lights in the front room, showing along the edge of a cracked green shade.

"That's real playing," he told himself incredulously, forgetting the cold and the fatigue. "Who would have dreamed of hearing Chopin played by a genius on the violin in a funny little dump like this!"

He leaned forward, drinking in the pure, clear beauty of the notes, until the music was stopped suddenly, in the middle of a measure. He woke from the spell of the violin had cast upon him, and stared at the window.

Then he became aware of a white cardboard, lettered in black, tacked upon the corner of the house nearest the little scrap of front porch. He could not read the lettering, but he had an instinctive knowledge of what it said. Lifting his suitcases, he pushed through the little gate, stopped at the steps and lighted a match to read the card. He had guessed correctly. The lettering was: "Furnished Room for Rent. With or Without Meals."

"With meals—and music," Clay Curtis grinned to himself in the dark as she rapped upon the door. A girl opened for him, stood staring at him, her violin lying cradled in her arm.

(To be continued.)

Clay Curtis has found a home—and a girl who is to change his whole life for him. Meet Billy Wells in the next chapter.

REPAID BY RAPID IMPROVEMENT

F. M. Patton, Sec'y, Switchmen's Union, Peoria, Ill., talks: "Two bottles of Foley Pils diuretic removed all symptoms of my kidney trouble, stopping backache and pains, dizziness and floating specks, correcting irregular kidney action and clearing secretions. Foley Pils have my heartiest recommendation. Months of cold and damp weather put a heavy strain on the kidneys. Help them today with Foley Pils diuretic. A quick improvement will amply repay you. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask your druggist for Foley Pils diuretic."

THEATRES

ANTLERS THEATRE

For the first time since he has been playing on the screen Reginald Denny has opportunity to play one of his own countrymen in "The Cheerful Fraud," the Universal "A-Go-Go" comedy feature which is the current attraction at the Antlers theatre.

Although Denny is probably the most typical Englishman in Hollywood with an accident that is as typically British as a London fog and is about the same degree of thickness, he has never before appeared in any of his farce comedies as anything but a typical young American.

LIBERTY THEATRE

If you're suffering from ennui or crouch, be sure to go to the Liberty Theatre today, and see Samuel Goldwyn's latest offering, an adaptation of Montague Glass' famous stage play, "Partners Again," which Henry King has filmed in a most notable and humorous manner. It is full of fun from the first flicker to the last, and again implants the likeliness of the lovable partners, Potash and Perlmutter, as exemplified by George Sidney and Alexander Carr. In the hearts of the picture-loving public.

All of Samuel Goldwyn's "Potash & Perlmutter" pictures have been comedy successes, with an ever-increasing popularity, but this latest is the best yet. If there was an opportunity to pack another laugh into the picture, it was because of lack of footage.

As automobile distributors, Abe and Mawruss are a row. Many and varied were their experiences while dealing in clocks and suits and movies, but their venture into the automotive field was an inspiration, indeed. Apparently, mortal mind could scarcely have conceived more ludicrous and exasperating situations than the picture carries. And when the pair take to the air in an airplane, all speed records for laughs were broken.

The story is too good to tell. See the picture yourselves and get a good laugh.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-1.

BROWNLEE'S PAL FOUND

GUILTY BY EUGENE JURY

EUGENE, Ore., April 5.—Dewey Russell, alleged partner of Albert Brownlee in the holdup of the Veneta pool hall, was found guilty of assault with intent to rob by a jury in circuit court here yesterday. No date has been set for sentence.

The jury was out for a little more than two hours.

Russell was charged with participation in the Veneta robbery of February 27, when William Mad-daugh, proprietor of the pool hall, was shot and seriously wounded.

SOUTH AFRICANS LIKE DODGE CARS

More Dodge Brothers motor cars are registered in Johannesburg, South Africa, than any other make, according to the last report of the Office of Census and Statistics of the Union of South Africa. In these 2,161 or nearly one-sixth are Dodge Brothers vehicles. Registrations of Dodge Brothers cars exceed by 22 per cent, those of the nearest competition in the gear shift class.

Lower prices on all floor coverings at Powell's.

EDENBOWER AND WASHINGTON TRACTS IN LAND TRADE

The E. W. Davis property located in Edenbower near the trestle, has been exchanged by Mr. Davis with T. L. Hemmingway, for property in Washington. Mr. Davis exchanges his 17 acre tract and stock residence for 320 acres of land at Okanogan, Washington, the latter property consisting of 160 acres of farm land, a mile and a half from the town of Okanogan and 160 acres of timber land, four miles distant. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will move to Washington soon. Mr. and Mrs. Hemmingway purchased the Davis property for a home. The deal was made by the J. W. Tollman agency.

Sprocket type cutlupchers at Wharton Bros.

BROCCOLI Market News

PORTLAND, April 5.—Car lot shipments reported Saturday: C. Cal. 8, S. Cal. 3, Ore. 4—total 15. Carlot shipments reported Sunday: C. Cal. 1, S. Cal. 1, Ore. 6—Total 8.

Previously unreported Friday, C. Cal. 6, S. Cal. 4, Ore. 8. Destinations of carlot shipments of Oregon broccoli: April 1: Chicago 2, Dallas 1, Omaha 2, Portland 2—total 7.

(Shipping point information: Roseburg, Ore., cloudy, moderate. Haulings moderate, wire inquiry light, market weak. Carloads f. o. b. cash track, crates U. S. No. 1 large sizes \$1.25, 13s & smaller \$1.25, No. 2 \$1.00.

New York market today: 38 degrees partly cloudy, 14 Calif., 2 Ore. arr'd. Supplies moderate, demand moderate, market firm for good stock. California crs. med. to lg. \$2.25-2.75 few \$3.00, smaller \$1.75-2.25, poorer low as \$1.25.

Chicago: 42 degrees partly cloudy, 16 Calif. 8 Ore. arr'd. 49 cars on track including broken. Supplies liberal, demand & trading moderate, market about steady. Pony crs. California large sizes, best \$2.50-2.60 small \$2.00-2.25; Oregon 10-11s mostly \$2.50.

See "Grumpy," the Senior Class play at the Senior High Auditorium Friday, April 8, at 8:15.

RECRUITS TO BE ACCEPTED FOR MARINE CORPS

A regular and authorized marine recruiting office is to be established at the Liberty Theatre in connection with the showing of the feature photoplay, "Tell it to the Marines," which is to run Thursday Friday and Saturday of this week. Sergeant Carnes, a marine recruiting officer, has been given authority to exploit and prologue the show and is carrying on his regular recruiting work at the same time. A recruiting booth will be erected in the lobby of the theatre and any qualified young man desiring to enter the marine corps may enlist during the three days the officer will be in the city. The photoplay is to be shown twice each evening, with matinees Saturday.

HARRY B. JOHNSON WILL HEAD EUGENE HIGH SCHOOL

EUGENE, Ore., April 5.—Harry B. Johnson, principal of the Astor high school, was last night elected principal of the Eugene high school, at a special meeting of the Eugene school board. Johnson's salary was fixed at \$3,000. J. G. Swan, present principal of the Eugene high school, has accepted a position as principal of the Wheeler Union high school in Tillamook county.

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.

In the matter of Henry A. Denn, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Henry A. Denn, of Roseburg, in the county of Douglas, and district aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that the said Henry A. Denn was on the 14th day of March, 1927, duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned referee in Roseburg, Ore., on the 18th day of April, 1927, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated April 4th, 1927.

C. L. HAMILTON, Referee in Bankruptcy.

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Weather Bureau, local office, Roseburg, Oregon. 24 hours ending 5 A. M.

Relative humidity 5 p. m. yes 48 Precip. in inches and hundredths Highest temperature yesterday 59 Lowest temperature last night 39 Precipitation, last 24 hours .01 Total precip. since last month .92 Normal precip. for this month 2.48 Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date .32.33 Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1927 .28.08 Total excess from Sept. 1, 1926 .42.25

Average precipitation for 49 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive) .31.12

Forecast for southwest Oregon: Unsettled probably local rains to night and Wednesday; normal temperature.

ARTHUR W. PUGH, Meteorologist

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Get Quick Quaker (cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes) or Quaker Oats today at your grocer.

Mothers Look

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