

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

by Anne Austin

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

T. Q. Curtis, millionaire owner of the big Curtis store, conducts two business sessions for the serious purpose of determining which of the girls in his employ have really worth-while ambitions. He gives a dinner for the winners at his home. Among them are Billy Wells, Nyda Lomax, and Winnie Shelton. Billy sits next to her roommate—a fascinating, Oriental-looking man who strangely enslaves her with his personality. She also meets and dances with Ralph Truman, whose father owns an automobile factory.

The morning following the dinner, T. Q. Curtis summons Billy, Nyda and Winnie and offers to make them his wards for a year, in order that they may have an opportunity to achieve their ambitions. Billy's sincere passion is to become a concert violinist and Mr. Curtis presents her with a rare violin and assures her if she accepts his offer she may study with the best teacher in town. The other two girls like about their ambitions in order to gain the millionaire's favor. Nyda is to be given a course in a school for kindergarten teachers and Winnie is to study to become a private secretary.

Billy is radiant over the offer. A damper is cast on her enthusiasm by Clay Curtis, son of the store owner. Clay has disinherited himself and is living with the Wells family in a poor section of the town, working in the Truman factory in the daytime and writing music at night. He is in love with Billy and considers her a musical genius. Clay is gravely dubious about the outcome of his father's plan. "What a merry little hell he's picked out for himself—and you," Clay tells Billy.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXI

The next afternoon at 5 o'clock Billy Wells, rather a forlorn little character, sat alone in a taxicab, two suitcases on the floor at her feet and her violin case in her arms.

The cab swerved into Crescent Drive, the beautiful boulevard which followed the wide, gracious curve of the river, that gave the section its name, Riverview. Of course, T. Q. Curtis, one of the richest men in town, would have his home in Riverview.

She fastened her nose against the glass of the cab, the better to take in every detail of her new home and its surroundings. There it was—the Curtis home, known all over Colfax simply as "The Mansion." Incredible that she, Billy Wells, a department store clerk yesterday, was to live in that enormous pile of cream-colored brick and gray-white stone, as a foster daughter of its millionaire owner. Her home for a year!

Again, as the taxicab turned into the long winding driveway, a thrill of fear quivered along her nerves. She had signed away a year of her life. For value received—what was the fantastic language of that legal agreement?

"Here you are, miss." The taxi driver swung her suitcase to the wide white marble steps leading to the front porch.

Her first thrill out of new wealth came when she tipped the driver heavily without a quail. He sprang to press the bell for her, then, with a more deferential farewell, was off.

"Come in, Miss Mrs. Meadows is in the drawing room." The parlor maid admitted her unsmilingly. She, for one, evidently did not relish the idea of four females invading the house and giving orders.

As Billy hesitated on the threshold of the drawing room, Mrs. Meadows rose from a tea table and hastened to meet her, with extended hand and a determinedly friendly smile.

"Ah, my dear little girl, I am so glad to see you again! I was wondering which of the lovely girls you were. You had on the delightful little autumn dress, didn't you? I was quite drawn to you, and am so glad we are to know each other better." Mrs. Meadows' voice was the kind that is always described as "delightfully modulated."

"I'm glad to be here, of course," Billy said with disconcerting brevity. "Have the other two girls come?"

"Indeed they have! Miss Lomax—I suppose I really should say Nyda—arrived in time for lunch. I had not yet arrived, though, for unfortunately Mr. Curtis was here to

welcome her. And little Winnie—what a lovely, sweet child she is!—came about 3 o'clock. They've been having great fun choosing their rooms."

"I might have known they wouldn't lose any time," Billy thought grimly. Aloud she said, with a flash of her impudent grin, "If you don't mind, I'll go up and see what they've picked out for me. Don't bother about me, please, Mrs. Meadows. The maid will show me the way. You were just having your tea, weren't you?"

"It's a habit I became a slave to on the continent. Nyda and Winnie declined, but won't you join me?"

Billy escaped both the tea and Mrs. Meadows' excessive cordiality. The parlor maid led the way, carrying the suitcases, up the broad, gracious, winding staircase to the third floor.

A door was thrown open down the hall, and Nyda Lomax's almond-shaped black eyes flashed upon her. The girl's tall, beautiful body was wrapped in a cheap kimono of flame-colored, sleazy silk, trimmed in wide bands of black satin.

"Hello, Billy! Winnie, here's our little sister Billy. Come on in and see my room. Billy's across the hall from me. Let Clara bring your bags in here until you pick out a room."

When the maid, Clara, had set the suitcases just inside the door, with a thumb she told of her desire of being ordered about by shop girls. Nyda closed the door with a bang and put an arm about Billy's shoulders.

"How do you like it? Not so bad, is it?" She waved a languid time to indicate the room.

Winnie Shelton, in a pale blue negligee, was stretched upon a chaise longue, busy with a buffer and nail file.

"We thought you were never coming, and we simply couldn't wait to choose our rooms." She looked up at Billy with a comradely smile on her little heart-shaped fair face. "Of course Nyda beat us both to it, and took the swell east room of the lot. Old T. Q.'s rooms are on the second floor, and he told us we could have our pick of any of the rooms on the whole third floor."

Nyda's room was vast and high-ceilinged, with a great bay window looking down upon a fountain set in a huge circular flower bed that would be riotous with beauty in another two months. The room was impressive rather than beautiful, in rich, wine-red brocade, mellowed with age, a massive four-poster bed, dresser, chest of drawers and bureau of black walnut.

"Of course the room will have to be refurbished and redecorated," Nyda threw herself upon the vast bed and looked about her with discontented eyes. "But it really has possibilities. I'll get old T. Q.—I wonder what in the world he will want us to call him?—to do it over for me to suit my personality. Chinese, I think, with yellow paper and black carpets and purple hangings with dragons embroidered on them in gold."

"I think," Billy laughed, "that you are taking a lot for granted. It's a wonderful room as it is, a thousand times better than any of us ever had before."

"Oh, listen to Pollyanna!" Winnie giggled. "Wait till you see my room and hear what I've decided to have. T. Q. do it. Nyda said he told her at lunch—and believe me, she didn't waste any time getting on his good side—said he told her he'd fix up our rooms just like we wanted them. Said he knew the house was old-fashioned and that the rooms would not appeal to pretty young girls. Oh, boy! Ain't we got fun?" She flung her small, bare, white arms around her knees and hugged them against her breast ecstatically.

"There's the bath, through that door there," Nyda pointed out. "Big as our living room at home. A dozen towels on the racks if there's one, and a quart jar of magnesia bath salts. I stayed in the tub for an hour this afternoon."

Billy dropped down beside Nyda on the bed, and took one of the long, slim hands in her own.

"Girls, we've got to live together for a while yet. I've been wishing all day that we'd been better friends, closer to each other at the store. I know I've been pretty sharp-tongued, but I'm going to try to be a good sport."

Her voice broke, and she wondered, disquieted, if she were going to degenerate into a weeping female.

"You're all right, kiddie," Nyda said in a warm, friendly voice, and Billy desisted herself for winning at that particular word of endearment. "I guess most of us girls were jealous of you because you had more brains than we did. And sometimes you upstaged us—oh, maybe you didn't mean it, but that's what it looked like to us. You playing the violin so swell and all—you know, I'll stick together, won't we, Winnie?"

"I never said a cross word to you in my life, did I Billy?" Winnie asked plaintively. "Not even when you yanked Stanley Powers away from me. Of course we'll be good friends. I suppose we've got to be," she added wisely.

"And I feel that we ought to think pretty seriously of just how we can make Mr. Curtis glad that he's doing all this for us," Billy went on dogmatically, though her face was hot with embarrassment. "You know—I don't care to be crabby or ungrateful, and study hard, so as to make the most of our opportunities."

"Don't make me laugh!" Nyda shrugged her lovely shoulders. "Think of me cooped up all morning with a lot of cry-babies that I've got to learn to amuse! I could

slay Eddie Banning for having picked out that life ambition for me. You two have got it soft."

"Soft!" Winnie echoed scornfully. "All you've got to do is to learn to cut paper dolls and teach the kids to sing. 'Good morning, dear teacher, good morning to you!' while I've got to learn shorthand and break my finger nails on a typewriter!"

Billy's eyes flew to her violin case, and a great thankfulness flooded her face with light.

"It's Billy that has it soft," Nyda decided. "And yes, I'm glad you have, kiddie. I just love to hear you play the fiddle. What do you say we find a room for you? Are you going to dress up for dinner? In novels they always wear evening dress. I'm going to shop all day tomorrow—at the Curtis Store." Her black eyes glittered with unholy joy at the prospect. (To be continued)

The next chapter: A greatly changed Billy Wells pays a call on her mother.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks and appreciation for the acts of kindness, messages of sympathy and beautiful floral offerings received from our many friends in our sad bereavement in the loss of our beloved wife and mother.

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Mr. Martin Redfield.

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DEATH CLAIMS BEVERIDGE IN HIS 64TH YEAR

(Continued from page 1.)

ing camps.

Hard Toller in Young Days

That he should have attained proficiency in many endeavors is more significant in the light of Beveridge's humble beginning. He was born October 6, 1862, on an Ohio farm which gave back little more than a scant existence. After the Civil war the family moved to Illinois.

Before he had quit his teens Beveridge had worked as a farm boy, a section hand on a railroad, a teamster and logger. He found time, however, to complete grade school and enter De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind. Working summer vacations as a book agent, Beveridge completed the college work in 1885 and entered the legal profession.

Katherine Langdale, his first wife, died in 1900 and in 1907 he married Catherine Eddy of Chicago. The former senator had two children, Albert, Jr., and Abigail.

"Dear George" incident

An incident resulting in much criticism by Indiana editors became known in Hoosier politics as the "Dear George" episode. In 1912, when Beveridge was a progressive candidate for governor of Indiana, a letter purporting to have been written by him to George W. Perkins, an official of the J. P. Morgan company, in which Beveridge refused a \$25,000 campaign contribution by Perkins, was made public.

Perkins was called "Dear George," and the writer commented upon the many factors he had read from the financier regarded as one of the "Wall Street" group and close to the "invisible empire" of regular republicans in the senate.

Returns to Regulars

Beveridge returned to the republican fold in time to avow the Hughes candidacy in 1916. He made many speeches against the League of Nations and "stumped" the country for Harding in the 1920 campaign. His name was prominently mentioned as vice-presidential candidate with Harding.

President Harding offered Beveridge the ambassadorship to Japan in 1921, and he was said to have been mentioned by the president for the Berlin diplomatic post.

Beveridge always was a persistent student of American history, particularly the social and legislative phases. In 1926 he was awarded a Roosevelt medal for "valuable contributions to history"—the life of Marshall.

In 1926, Beveridge had been at work several years on a life of Abraham Lincoln.

An omnivorous reader and student he was able to present an able contribution to history—the "The Bible as Good Reading" and "The Law and the Constitution," two of his most popular addresses.

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HOLDUP PLACE WELL SELECTED BY BANDIT TRIO

(Continued from page 1.)

Just as were from the battery had been strung, the dynamite was alongside the spot where it was decided the mail car would be halted and with the crew well covered, one of the men placed the charge between the tender and the mail car and made the "shot." The battery with wire still attached was found on a small incline just outside of the tunnel from that point the men could watch the explosion. The three men were found dead on the side of the engine where the battery had been used. The engineer was dead in the cab, the fireman at the foot of the steps and the other man a short distance away. When last seen, the fireman had his hands in the air and when found his arms were outstretched and the gauntlet gloves still on his hands.

Blast Causes Panic

The explosion was evidently more terrific than the murderers had planned for and it was miraculous that the concussion from it did not level the entire stretch of the tunnel and entomb all the passengers on the train. The lights in the cars went out and the windows in four or five of the front end coaches were smashed in by the force of the blast. It can be imagined that the passengers were then panic-stricken and evidently the murderers, hearing the cries of the people in the train and seeing some of them running forward along the tunnel to ascertain the trouble, thought perhaps they would be closed in upon like rats in a trap and decided to run for their lives. This they did, leaving their pouches and equipment with the dynamite battery as well as a pair of overalls. It is this pair of overalls that will furnish some of the strongest evidence in the entire case.

Grizzly Scene in Mail Car

As soon as the smoke in the dynamited mail car had cleared away enough, the few passengers who had the nerve entered it and holding mail pouches to their face to guard against the gases and smoke, found the mutilated body of the mail clerk. The fire in the car later burned the torso, leaving only the charred bones. According to their stories when told at the time, the body was recognizable from the chest up but the lower part had been scattered to all parts of the car. This clerk never knew what happened. When the train stopped and the blast occurred he was probably at work in the car as his body was near the mail sorting table.

The more one studies the crime the more inclined one is to believe that only three men were implicated. Many have advanced the theory that a fourth man in an automobile aided in the getaway, but all through the tracing of the murderers the theory of three holds good.

District Attorney Chaney and his associates refuse to divulge any of the evidence they have, declaring that the public must wait for the information when it is presented to the jury.

Corn planters in hand, one-horse, and two-horse sizes at Wharton Bros.

OREGON TRUNK REJECTS JOINT USER CONTRACT

(Continued from page 1.)

of the territory concerned.

The Great Northern said it was willing to utilize the existing line of the Oregon, California and Eastern which had been tentatively acquired by the Southern Pacific and proposed to build such connections and branches on the contemplated Oregon route as would be necessary to serve the traffic.

No statement was issued by the commission, but it is expected the railroad concerned will be again given opportunity to present evidence in support of the conflicting proposals for extensions which they have advanced.

Budd Asks Lower Rates

PORTLAND, Ore., April 27.—Modifications for the terms for joint use of the Southern Pacific's Cascade line, in the event the Great Northern uses that part of the line between Paulina and Klamath Falls to its proposed extension south from Bend, were shown in jurisdiction received in local railroad circles.

In his application to the Interstate Commerce Commission, President Ralph Budd, of the Great Northern, proposes that the interest charge on the common user section of the Cascade line be reduced from one-half of five per cent annually on the cost of that portion of the line to one-third; that the common user contract be made effective in January 1928 instead of 1928; that the duration of the common user contract be 50 years instead of 99 years, and that a review of the terms of the contract shall be made by the Interstate Commerce Commission on application of either party.

There are several minor changes suggested in the draft of the contract.

The next step in the rail controversy will be the answer of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the withdrawal of the Northern Pacific from the field and the application of the Great Northern to extend its own line into the Klamath region.

Chas. S. McElhinny

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CONVICTS STAGE TWO BATTLES IN OREGON PRISON

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SALEM, Ore., April 27.—Two convicts are serving time in the "bull pen," one is still confined to the hospital ward with a knife cut in his leg and a battered jaw, and a fourth has been discharged from the hospital but still is nursing a slashed throat as the result of two physical encounters among inmates of the state prison last Saturday, the Capital Journal learned today.

Superintendent Meyers and Warden Lewis confirmed the stories of the fights, but declared them to be nothing more than incidents which are constantly occurring among the convicts.

The first fray occurred as the prisoners were leaving the cell blocks when John Monaco attacked another convict by the name of McIntosh with a safety razor blade and slashed him severely about the throat before guards could intervene. McIntosh was rushed into the hospital ward where, it is reported, 18 stitches were taken in his throat.

The second battle between Frank Fallon, who during the Kelley-Willis-Murray murder trial of 18 months ago figured in an alleged attempt to smuggle a gun in to the prison and who has since spent much of his time in the "bull pen," and another inmate named Hightower took place on what is known as "the island," that part of the prison yard in which the prisoners congregate when not at work. Hightower, it is alleged, was the aggressor and attacked Fallon for reasons that have not been determined. In the struggle Hightower is said to have received a kick in the jaw, but succeeded in plunging Fallon down. At this juncture Fallon is said to have drawn a knife and slashed Hightower in the leg, inflicting a shallow wound which necessitated 17 stitches being taken.

Fallon and Monaco are the two committed to the "bull pen." Hightower is still in the hospital and

STEIWER'S BODY FOUND IN RIVER

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

CONDON, Ore., April 27.—The body of Leland L. Steiwer, president of the Steiwer & Carpenter bank at Fossil, drowned in the John Day river, near Spray, March 20, was found in the river near the mouth of Sarville creek, yesterday.

Armstrong's linoleum as low as 75c sq. yd., Powell's.

NOTICE TO WATER USERS

While making repairs water will be shut off at midnight Wednesday, April 27th for one or two hours, affecting all residents on Main street between Lane and Douglas streets.

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A. K. HUMPHRIES OFFICER
AIR TRANSPORT CONCERN

SEATTLE, April 27.—Appointment of A. K. Humphries of Portland, Oregon, a former army aviator, as vice-president of the Pacific Air Transport company, coast air mail contractors, is announced here. He replaces C. N. Comstock, resigned. Before moving to Portland recently, Humphries was connected with a Tacoma department store.

Crackproof garden hose will last longer. Sold at Wharton Bros.

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

Relative humidity 5 p. m. yes. 42
Precip. in inches and hundredths: Highest temperature yesterday 59
Lowest temperature last night 52
Precipitation, last 24 hours .01
Total precip. since last month 1.44
Normal precip. for this month 2.48
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date .32.54
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1927 .29.88
Total excess from Sept. 1, 1926 .296
Average precipitation for 49 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive) .3112
Forecast for southwest Oregon: Fair tonight and Thursday; cooler tonight; normal humidity.
ARTHUR W. PUGH, Meteorologist

FREEZE NOT DETRIMENT TO UMATILLA WHEAT

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

PENDELTON, Ore., April 27.—Tests made in various parts of the county wheat section affected by the recent freeze indicated that an 80 to 85 per cent normal yield will be harvested this year. It is stated that nearly 50 per cent of the embryo wheat heads were killed by the frost, but new stalks are shooting up from the roots. An exceptional stand of wheat this year may result in a heavier production.

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