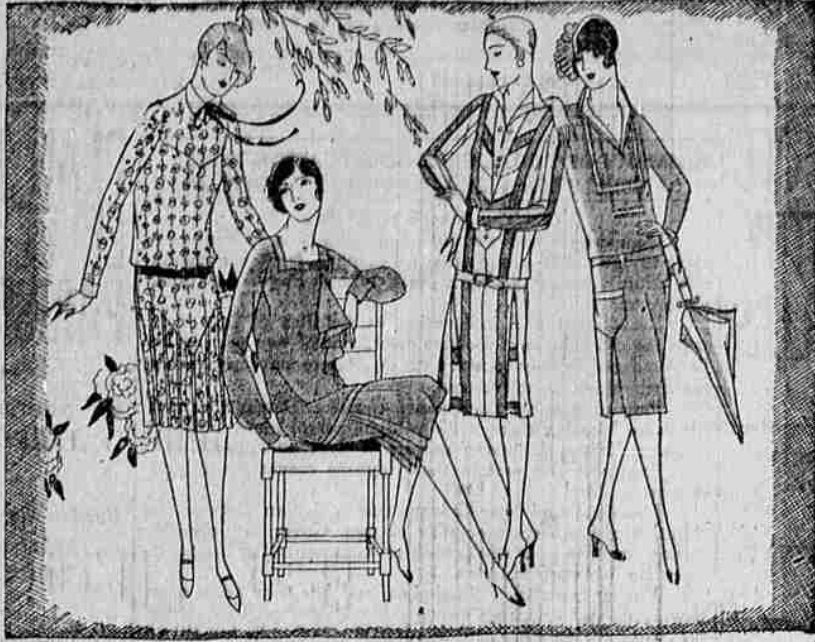


# Marvel Sale of Ladies' Wear



## 2 DAYS ONLY 2

### Friday and Saturday

The Ladies Shoppe Will Place the Following On Sale at Extraordinary Low Prices

**DRESSES**  
EXTRA SPECIAL

Dresses from \$19.75 to \$29.75 go on sale at

# \$15.00

All the latest spring shades and styles are included in this sale.

Crepe Back Satins  
Flat Crepes  
Crepe de Chines  
Georgettes  
Novelty Taffetas

# 25% Off

PRINTED SOISETTES  
Guaranteed Fast Color

# 37c

12-M PONGEE  
NATURAL COLOR  
Regular \$1.00 Seller, Special

# 63c

## THE LADIES SHOPPE

139 North Jackson St.

Roseburg

### SIGNS ON TRUCK PUBLICLY PAINTED BY ROY HUFFHAM

Considerable attention is being attracted to the show windows of L. O. Newland & Son, local Dodge dealers, where Roy Huffham is painting the names of seven beverages on the new Graham Brothers truck purchased by Ernest's Rose-

burg Bottling Works. When completely painted the truck will be a valuable advertising medium.

The truck is a 13-ton panel job with 12 feet of loading space. The roomy closed cab and body are built together. The yellow steel-spoke wheels harmonize in color with the deep blue fink of the body. Tires are 32x6 for all wheels. The price of a truck of this size with two half doors at the front of the loading compartment and two full doors at the rear is \$1950. Names advertised on the body are "Rainier," "Weinhard's Club Special," "Green River," "Coca Cola," "Maunier Root Beer," "Budweiser," "Orange Crush," and "Ereneral." As the truck is used to distribute the locally made pro-

ducts to various parts of the county, the truck will prove a valuable advertising medium.

Stop at Petty's Sweet Shop and see the milk shake. Every 20th one free. First prize Elmer McImberly, second prize Charlie Givan.

### KRUSE BEATS KILONIS

PORTLAND, Ore., April 28.—Bob Kruse, of Portland, won two out of three falls from John Kilonis, Boston light heavyweight, here last night. Kilonis won the first fall after one hour, one minute of mat work. Kruse took the second in three minutes, 26 seconds and the third in four minutes, 24 seconds.

## First Church of Christ, Scientist

ROSEBURG, OREGON

ANNOUNCES A

### FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

ENTITLED

### "Christian Science; Its Relation to the Destiny of Man"

BY

PAUL STARK SEELEY, C. S. B.

of Portland, Oregon

Member of The Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

In the Church Edifice, 312 East Douglas Street

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1927

at Eight O'clock

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND

### AIMEE'S LAWYER ATTACHES HOUSE TO COLLECT FEE

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)  
LOS ANGELES, April 28.—Aimee Semple McPherson today advised that she was forced to sell a house which she owned in order to pay one of her lawyers who defended her at the evangelist's recent hearing on conspiracy charges growing out of her story about being kidnaped and held captive in Mexico while the state at large she spent a part of the time of her disappearance in a cottage at Carmel with Kenneth G. Ormiston.

The attorney, Roland Rich Woolley, yesterday filed a writ of attachment for \$8500 in fees, alleged to be still due on his bill for \$19,500. The amount originally was \$26,500 but Woolley later agreed to accept the smaller sum. Two installments, totaling \$11,000, have been paid.

Mrs. McPherson said last night she was writing out a check for the balance asked by Woolley.

Rug rugs, 30c at Powell's Furniture store.

### LIFE OF LINCOLN HALF FINISHED BY LATE EX-SENATOR

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)  
INDIANAPOLIS, April 28.—A grassy knoll in the shade of the last resting place of James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana's famous poet, will be the burial ground for the remains of Albert J. Beveridge, who died here early yesterday morning.

It is a roomy plot that has been selected with just a trace or two to cast a bit of shade across the gateway. The deceased states-

## STRANGLER SLAYS IN PHILADELPHIA AND TAKES RINGS

### Character of Deed Recalls Four Similar Ones in Portland Several Months Ago.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)  
PHILADELPHIA, April 28.—Police today were unable to definitely assign a motive for the murder of Mrs. Mary McConnell, 57, who was found strangled under a bed in her home in West Philadelphia last night.

A cloth such as used for dusting furniture was tied tightly around her throat, and a stocking had been draped over the neck, as though to hide the knot. Denial was made by police that there was any sign of a hard struggle between the woman and her assailant. The house was in an orderly condition.

The police were baffled in assigning a motive by the fact that while three rings were missing, other pieces of jewelry and many valuable articles about the house were not disturbed.

A description was obtained from a neighbor of a man seen leaving the house about 4 p. m. yesterday. He was described as about five feet, 7 inches tall, weighing about 135 pounds. He had sharp features, wore a light grey felt hat with a black band and a dark grey coat.

Mrs. McConnell's husband is a traveling salesman and was away from home when she was killed. The body was found by her daughter, Mrs. Alice Donovan, a school teacher, and her husband, John Donovan.

### Recalls Portland Crime

PORTLAND, Ore., April 28.—Four women mysteriously slain here in October and November last year, led police to work on the theory that one at least was a victim of a murderer who had killed women in other coast cities.

Mrs. Blanche Myers, the last victim, met her death November 29 under circumstances similar to that of Mrs. Mary McConnell of Philadelphia last night. A man to whom she rented a room was missing after she was found strangled with an apron, her body being hidden under a bed. A diamond ring and watch were stolen by the slayer.

Mrs. Mabel Fluke was found dead October 22 in a house she had for rent, having been strangled with a dresser scarf. Diamond ring and other jewelry were missing.

The body of Mrs. Virginia Grant was found October 29 behind a furnace in the basement of a house she had for rent. Valuable jewelry was missing.

Mrs. Beata Withers' body was found jammed in a trunk at her home October 19 and no solution of her mysterious death was ever reached.

Evening cleaning time. Dye or clean your carpets yourself right at home. Makes them like new. For further information phone 25-R.

### 300 THEATRES ON PACIFIC COAST IN GIGANTIC MERGER

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)  
LOS ANGELES, April 28.—More than 300 theatres along the Pacific slope today were affiliated under the management of West Coast Theatres, Inc., the result of a \$250,000,000 merger whereby that corporation absorbs the western properties of Public Theatres and the coast holdings of the North American Theatre corporation.

Completion of the alliance was announced here yesterday by Mike Gory, president of the West Coast Corporation. The theatre organizations will retain their separate identities, but will be managed directly by West Coast. Headquarters of the combine will be in Los Angeles.

Theatrical properties of the Public Theatres, involved in the merger include the Metropolitan and Million Dollar Theatres here; the Grand, California, St. Francis and Imperial in San Francisco, a four thousand seat house being built in Seattle and a three thousand seat theatre under construction in Portland.

The North American Theatre Corporation's holdings in the consolidation include theatrical properties and theatres in Los Angeles, San Francisco and virtually all of the motion picture houses in Oregon and Washington.

The McCormick-Deering Cream separator is half bearing and runs easy. It is guaranteed by the largest manufacturers of farm machines in the world. See one at Wharton Bros.

# DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

THIS HAS HAPPENED

T. Q. Curtis, millionaire owner of the big Curtis department store selects by means of an intriguing contest three girls from his establishment to be his wards for one year. During that time he promises to give them the opportunity to pursue the work which will lead to the realization of their respective ambitions.

The girls chosen are Billy Wells, who longs to become a concert violinist, Nyda Lomax, who for the sake of gaining her employer's favor during the contest, says her ambition is to be a kindergarten teacher, and Winnie Shelton, who untruthfully declares she wants to become a private secretary to a "big business man like Mr. Curtis."

Clay Curtis, son of the millionaire store owner, tries to get Billy to give up the proposition, feeling that this precipitation of three poor girls into wealth will be disastrous. She disregards his advice. Clay has disinherited himself and is living in the Wells home in the poor section of the city, working in the Truman automobile factory in the daytime and writing music at night. Clay hints darkly that his father's full scheme has not yet been revealed.

In accordance with Old T. Q.'s terms, Billy leaves her mother's home and goes to the Curtis mansion where she is to live for one year. Billy finds Nyda and Winnie already established in their rooms. They were too impatient to await her coming and therefore had chosen their rooms before Billy has a chance to select the one she would like.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

The three girls took up their residence in the Cluny mansion on Thursday. Sunday afternoon Billy was driven to the shabby little Billy Wells cottage in the Cluny limousine, the chauffeur, Daniels, touching his cap to her as she stepped out of the car with directions for his return at five.

It was a transformed little Billy Wells who flung open the door of the living room. Her sturdy slenderness was wrapped about in a luxuriant mole skin coat, her bright chestnut curls just showing beneath a saucy, expensive tam of taupe-colored suede. A great, crisp orchid turned the blue of her eyes to its own exotic jade green.

"From rags to riches!" she laughed at Clay's and her mother's amazement. "Mother, I can see you doing mental arithmetic over this coat. Don't get a headache, darling. Old T. Q. treated all of us to our choice of a fur coat—Hudson seal, she could find and is more because it isn't a real seal. Winnie chose squirrel, and she looks adorable in it. Mole doesn't wear so awfully well, but I couldn't resist it. Like it, folks?"

"It's real pretty," Mrs. Wells said, taking the coat from Billy's shoulders. "But I'm thinking, Billy—it's going to be hard, after the year's up—"

"Oh, don't crab, mother," Billy lifted the suede tam from her head and flung it at Clay with an impudent smile. "Don't you like me in my glad rags, Clay?"

"Very much," he said briefly. Then, as her bright, eager face clouded, he added, with his boyish, frank smile, "Go ahead, Billy. Get all you can this year. But don't let it turn your head. Did you bring your violin?"

"Oh, Clay, I'm so sorry!" There was genuine distress in her voice. "Put I have to be back for tea at five. Guess, you know. And you're usually out walking on Sunday afternoon—"

"I was just going," he told her shortly, and before she could protest, he had slammed out of the room.

"Clay has atrocious manners," Billy bit her lips to keep them from trembling. "I've been so frantically busy since Thursday that I've hardly had time to think of my violin, and I did want a visit just with you, honey." She put her arms about her mother and hugged the plump little body close.

"I cried half the night Thursday night, and mother, what do you think? Winnie and Nyda did, too! Honestly! Both came sneaking to my room between eleven and twelve, and we had a weeping bee together."

"Mother's baby!" Mrs. Wells' kindly face glowed with joy as she drew the girl down into her lap.

"But Friday you'd never have suspected that any of us had wept with homesickness. Shopping, mother! We decided to get a new outfit from the skin out, and at breakfast T. Q. told us the good news about the fur coats. We got them at the Curtis store, of course, and you'd have died laughing to see the way Nyda and Winnie rizzed the girls who waited on us. But believe me, the girls didn't laugh. I—I don't think I'll do much of my shopping at the store, mother. It's terrible—the girls all know, of course, about T. Q.'s giving us a year in his home, and they'd rather take a dose of poison than wait on us."

as well as theirs. It's bigger than our living room and dining room put together, and it has a whole row of French windows opening out on a darling little balcony. Of course it's full of heavy, horrid, old-fashioned furniture now, but T. Q. is going to redecorate our rooms to suit our own tastes."

"And what's my baby going to have?" Mrs. Wells' voice and tear-dimmed eyes yearned over the girl nestling in her arms. Billy could not see the shadow of trouble that dimmed the brightness of her pleasure in her daughter's good fortune.

"Oh, I'm quite modest," Billy chuckled. "They have some adorable furniture at the store—a low, wide couch bed, dressing table, chest of drawers, desk and chairs in painted wood—soft, dull green, sort of a milky jade, with a dim pattern of roses in a faded pink and silk lace panels, and a big, dull-green velvet rug. Oh, yes, I want a chaise longue, too, with a fan-shaped back of cane, painted to match the furniture, and upholstered in the green silk of the chaise longue, with green and rose cushions."

"It sounds very sweet," her mother admitted by a slightly constrained voice. "I guess your own little room here, with its white enameled bed and oak dresser, will look pretty awfully to you when you—when you come home."

"Don't worry," Billy assured her with her wide, impudent grin. "When the year's up I'm going to have so much money saved up that we can go straight to New York and get me all dated up for a concert tour. Then I can earn pretty things for myself—and for you."

"Have you seen Professor Navratil yet?" her mother asked eagerly. "Don't he think you're a genius?"

Billy flushed, did not meet her mother's eyes. "Well, to tell you the truth, mother, I did make an appointment with him for Saturday afternoon, but I had to break it because I had a fitting at the Princess Shoppe, and I did so want to wear this dress today. I'm going to see him tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I'll phone you just as soon as I get away from him."

"You didn't have to dress up to come to see your mother," Mrs. Wells protested. "I was so anxious to hear what he thought of your playing—"

"Why, mother?" Billy took her mother's face between her hands and shook it affectionately. "I didn't know you'd mind so much, or I'd have gone without the dress. It was only that Nyda and Winnie were going to spring their new clothes today. You know I told you I have to be back for tea. We're going to have—guests. It's really our first party since we went there to live—"

"Some of those nice men you met at the dinner?" Mrs. Wells probed eagerly.

"Yes, Ralph Truman and Bruce Kruger and—Mrs. Meadows' nephew." She could not bring herself to pronounce Dalhart to-

maine's name. "The very thought of Romaine made her dizzy, flushed her face with the fever which had burned in her blood since the first time she had seen him."

Suddenly she was in a very agony of impatience to be gone. She came and walked restlessly about the room, parting the cheap lace curtains to peer out into the street, to see the Curtis car drive up. She hardly heard a word her mother said—something about how hard Clay was working now about how badly he slept, how nervous he was. Oh, why didn't the car come?"

Why had she bought this green dress? It was horrid! She wanted to appear before Dal Romaine in raiment so dazzling and gorgeous that his drooping black eyes could see nothing else but her in all the world. She had hungered and thirsted for a sight of him; the fever of her longing to hear his low deep voice had driven her to ceaseless activity during the day and to wide-eyed, restless pacing at night. And all she had from him was the orchid she wore on her coat. She had prized it above everything that her new life had brought her until she found that he had sent a white orchid to Nyda and a lavender-and-purple one to Winnie.

"Oh, there's the car!" she gasped in relief when at last there came a low, discreet honk of the horn—the signal she had agreed upon, since she did not want the chauffeur peering into their hideous little hall. "I thought I'd be late for the party," she laughed. But she was quivering with eagerness to be gone. "Fallen in love? Of course not, you funny darling! You know whom I love—but don't you dare tell him so, the pig! To chase off by himself as soon as I came! Goodby, darling. I'll phone you. And for heaven's sake, don't worry about me. I'm not going to be spoiled or have my head turned, or anything tragic like that."

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Newspaper reporters and photographers pounce upon the "Gin-drella girls," who suddenly find themselves figures of importance in the news.

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PERHAPS the ice-box you have is a good one. If it is, you can make a Frigidaire of it—easily and economically. A "frost coil" to replace the ice—a few simple connections and you are completely and permanently independent of outside ice supply.

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