

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Because he believes they have worthy ambitions which he wants to further, T. Q. Curtis, millionaire department store owner, chooses three girls from his establishment to come into his home as his wards for the year.

Billy Wells, who wants to become a concert violinist, is the only one of the three that is sincere. Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton enjoy Curtis' generosity under false pretenses. Billy overhears old Curtis say he is going to adopt one of the girls as his daughter when the year is up and in order not to have unfair advantage of the girls, she tells them. She is unwillingly drawn into the life which Nyda and Winnie wage for the old man's affection.

The chain of this, together with an information for Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the chaplain, is causing her to lose interest in her violin. In spite of her obsession for the romantic Dal, she remembered tenderly that Curtis, son of her benefactor, Clay, has disinherited himself, and is boarding with Mrs. Wells in a poor section of the town. Working in the Truman factory in daytime and writing music at night.

Winnie Shelton offers to do old Curtis' secretarial work in the evenings, so Billy, who often is asked to play for the old man, will not get the upper hand. Old T. Q. fits up a kindergarten room for Nyda and obtains two private pupils for her. Romaine asks Billy to allow him to accompany her on a shopping tour. He directs her to the exclusive shop of Madame Dubois, where she makes purchases to the amount of three hundred and ten dollars. As they leave the shop, she is surprised to hear the autograph of Romaine's hand. His previous visit there with Winnie Shelton. When they ride toward the country, they see Nyda Lomax with her head on Eddie Hanning's shoulder. Eddie was Nyda's chauffeur-sweetheart in her department store days.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXI

"Tell me about you and Nyda and Winnie before you came to live at Mr. Curtis' house," Dal Romaine suggested, as the roadster sped away from Colfax. "What sort of girls were they? Were the three of you friends, or enemies, as you now seem to be?"

"Nyda and Winnie were friends, or rather, as close friends as two such pretty girls can be," Billy answered. "Nyda was our star, our camp, but she had no real harm in her. She was engaged to Eddie Hanning, the chauffeur you saw her with just now, and she thought she was doing very well indeed to get him. He makes sixty a week, and has his room, meals and uniforms as well as fat tips from his millionaire employer's guests. And I think Nyda was really in love with him."

"What sort of chap—Hanning?" Dal asked casually, his eyes on the road.

"Oh, a roughneck, I suppose you'd say, not too chivalrous toward women, not even toward Nyda. But he suited Nyda—then, before she was thrown into luxury and a society for which she was not fitted. None of us was fitted for the life we've been thrown into."

"Except you," Dal told her softly. "You're a lady born and a lady bred, regardless of the fact that you've had to work for your living."

"Thank you, but it's not true, just the same," Billy contradicted him.

"Tell me about Winnie," he smiled indulgently, as if she were a stubborn child.

"Winnie," said Billy's voice hardened slightly, "was the prettiest girl in the store, and the men spoiled her. She could always get any man she wanted, and no girl's best beau was safe if Winnie wanted him. If T. Q. hadn't taken her up, she would probably have married Clyde Stewart, or someone like him, and glad of the chance. Now—well, she's playing for bigger stakes, and if she has to go back to the store, of course she'll never be a private secretary; she hasn't that sort of brains—her whole life will be spoiled. So will Nyda's. I don't know what's holding her to Eddie Hanning, for it's plain that she hates him now. And I don't believe either Winnie or Nyda will lead a life of luxury among the society men we've been thrown with as T. Q.'s wards. After all, we are Cinderella girls, shopgirls playing at society, and the actress

ment we signed prohibits us from marrying within the year. Of course a contract like that would not be binding, in court, and if Winnie could get off Ralph Truman or Bruce Kruger—or you—she forced herself to throw an impudent, challenging grin at him—"she'd kiss her contract and T. Q. goodbye without a qualm, I suppose Nyda would, too."

"And you?" Dal smiled.

"Oh, I'm afflicted with a conscience," she caught her lower lip between her teeth to keep it from trembling in the wave of feeling that swept over her. "I'll live up to my contract. Not that I expect to be beset with offers of marriage," and she flushed that impudent grin at him again. "It may be harder to live up to that contract than you think," he said meaningfully, his eyes narrowing in brooding seriousness upon her.

She wrenched her eyes away from his, to avoid the disaster of exposing her very soul to him. "Nice weather we're having," she said with a short laugh. "By the way, where are we going? That was the Clifton turning back there."

"I forgot to tell you," Dal's voice was casual again. "I have a friend, a chap I knew in India, who owns a small country place out here. I phoned him that we would take potluck with him today. I thought you'd like that better than an inn or a roadside with its inevitable fried chicken dinner. Kennedy will have his native cook fix up some real Indian food. You must be introduced to Indian chow. You're going to eat a lot of it before you're many years older."

"Am I?" Billy laughed shakily. "That's news, in the gypsy blood in you telling fortunes now?"

"Yes," his voice was very low. "India has marked you for her own. Just as she marked me—before I was born."

"You give me the shivers," Billy protested.

"We turn here," Dal Romaine's manner was casual again. "The house is a quarter of a mile up this dirt road."

They said little more until the house, a low, rambling log cabin, came into view. A curl of blue smoke from the squat rock chimney promised warmth and hospitality. A thrill of adventure tingled through Billy's overwrought nerves.

On May sixth, 1875, they were wedded in Roseburg, and have spent the greater part of their married life in Klamath county, where they have raised their family.

Judge Emmitt for over two score years has occupied a prominent position in Klamath public life. He has not only served as magistrate in judicial court in Klamath Falls, but as postmaster and as representative in the state legislature.

Mrs. Emmitt has taken part in women's affairs in the Klamath country. They reside at 517 Pine street.

New chandeliers, new designs, beautiful appearance. Low cost. Arthur H. Crowell.

HENRY FORD LAGS IN AUTO COMPETITION TO ADVANCE PLANE OUTPUT

Although Henry Ford has slipped in two years from a place where he sold as many cars as all the other manufacturers combined to where the other manufacturers are selling two cars to Ford's one he apparently is not disturbed points out William F. Sturm in an article in this week's Liberty.

For, as the writer explains, "The Ford Company is definitely in the airplane business. It first brought out the giant three-engine all-metal monoplane with an enclosed cabin, and capacity for ten passengers, the pilot and mechanic, with all baggage."

"Ford's latest effort," the writer continues, "is a small single-seater monoplane. It weighs 250 pounds empty, is powered with a Ford two-cylinder engine of forty horsepower, and has a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour. It has a wing spread of twenty-two feet and is sixteen feet long, four and a half feet high."

"One thing is apparent; the Ford is fast getting into a position where they can dominate the manufacture of this latest method of transportation, just as a score of years ago they began to dominate the automobile industry."

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happened to him. Dal Romaine leaned against the mantel, his hand stroking a cobra candlestick made of brass, its intricate carving painted with vivid green and red. Her gaze had not left him, and now it widened, became fixed in an unthinking stare, as the mysterious power of his black eyes, narrowed and burning, had its way with her.

Slowly his hand that was stroking the cobra of the candlestick lifted, slipped along the mantelpiece, dropped to his side, clenched into a hard, brown fist. His whole body seemed to grow as rigid as a bronze statue. Only the eyes escaped rigidity. As she stared at him, spellbound, the lids lifted their long black fringes until the full size of the sooty black irises was revealed. Even the drooping lid of the right eye gave up its secret. When the irises were fully revealed, their dull blackness seemed to turn to glittering, polished jet.

Their bodies were less than three feet apart. Entirely without her own volition, Billy took a jerky mechanical step forward, raised her arms slowly as if they were controlled by marionette strings. He stood quite still, knowing that he did not have to raise a finger, drawing her, compelling her, by the hypnotism of his wide, unblinking eyes.

When her shaking hands touched his shoulders, she threw herself upon his breast, her eyes released by contact with him. His arms went about her then holding her close. It was then that she broke into a wild sob of relief and terror,

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OBITUARY

MILLER—John T. Miller, son of Roy James Miller was born near Jefferson City, Missouri, Dec. 13, 1824 and moved with his father to Oregon in 1852. He spent his boyhood on the old Miller homestead claim near Yoncalla, where he helped his father on the farm. He attended the first schools established there, later, in 1857 going to the old Drapaga academy.

About the year 1868, he bought the J. W. P. Huntington donation claim in Hayhurst valley, where he has lived almost continuously since.

He was married in April 1873, to Miss Emma Bridges, daughter of Daniel Bridges, a Baptist minister, and together they have lived a devoted loving companionship for fifty-four years. Five sons and one daughter came to bless their home, the oldest son Lloyd, dying in infancy, the only death in the family circle, until the death of the beloved father, who passed from this life at the old home he loved so well May 4th, 1927. The children are as follows: Mrs. Ida Montgomery, Los Angeles; Herman Miller and Leslie Miller, of Yoncalla; James Gilbert Miller, Trona, Calif.; and John Miller of the United States navy.

Funeral services were held at the Yoncalla community church Friday afternoon, May 6th. Rev. T. M. White of the Drain Christian church officiated.

Have your fortune told May 9, Umpqua Park Clubhouse.

HOW 30 YANKS CAPTURED 300 GERMAN PRISONERS

An extraordinary instance of American courage is recounted by Norman S. Hall in an article in this week's Liberty. Describing the five days of fighting done by the 35th Division in the Meuse-Argonne battle, in which the division was practically destroyed, the writer tells how the 138th Regimental Headquarters detail, augmented by reinforcements to a strength of about 150 men, had become beleaguered by the Germans through the German lines.

"Then the sun crept out long enough to dispel most of the fog and the boche found them," the writer explains. "He cut down with everything he had, and within a few minutes a third of that meager detachment was killed or wounded. For three dragging, awful hours they took punishment that for sheer grueling cruelty could be surpassed by the master mechanics of hell itself."

"About noon," the writer continues, "a fleet of eight French and American tanks reached the thirty or forty who remained unhurt. Then—and there ought to be some way of cutting this fact into a tablet of imperishable stone to be hung in the sky for the eyes of the world—then this handful of battered Yanks charged! Charged and took 300 prisoners! And there was only a few weeks ago that I heard sweet-scented jackass declare that there is no room in modern warfare for individual courage."

COAST LEAGUE Baseball

(By The Associated Press.)

Portland pushed the Hollywood Stars deeper into the cellar yesterday by administering a double licking to them, the score being 5 to 4 in each game. Pat Shea, former Hollywood hurler, pitched the Beavers to victory over his old team mates in the first encounter.

Batteries: first game: P. Shea and Velle; Fullerton and D. Murphy. Second game: Hughes, Couch and Wendell; Shellenback, Hulvey and Murphy.

The Missions closed their first week under the management of Harry Hooper in a blaze of glory, trimming Seattle twice by scores of 1 to 2 and 4 to 3 to win the series, six games to one. Batteries: First game: Edwards, Brett and Schmidt; Christian and Walters. Second game: Brandt, Miljus and Schmidt; Dumovich, Barfoot and Whitney.

The Oaks tightened their grip on the league leadership by trouncing Los Angeles twice, 11 to 1 and 7 to 2. Their double win gave them the series, four games to three. Batteries: First game: Wright, Moss and Hannah; Boehler and Read. Second game: Percy and Hannah; Delaney and Baker.

Ten thousand enthusiastic fans saw Sacramento keep right on the heels of the first place Oaks by beating San Francisco in both ends of a double header, 5 to 4 and 5 to 2. Batteries: First game: May, Kunz and Vargas; Stokes; Singleton, Rache and Sevelard. Second game: Mills and Stokes; Keating and Sevelard.

FORMER ROSEBURG COUPLE CELEBRATE ANNIVERSARY

Scores of letters, phone calls and personal greetings from friends with a profusion of flowers greeted Judge and Mrs. R. A. Emmitt today, says the Klamath Falls Herald. The occasion marks their fifty-second wedding anniversary.

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Mrs. Emmitt has taken part in women's affairs in the Klamath country. They reside at 517 Pine street.

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If the face powder you now use does not stay on long enough to suit you—does not keep that ugly shine away indefinitely—does not make your skin colorful like a peach—try this new wonderful special French Process Face Powder called MELLO-GLO. Remember the name MELLO-GLO. There's nothing like it. Nathan Fullerton.

ALBANY PIONEER DIES

(Associated Press Local Wire.)

ALBANY, Ore., May 9.—Leighton E. Blaine, 85, pioneer of Linn county, died here yesterday. He had been a resident of Oregon since 1850 and active in mercantile business of Albany since 1873.

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Nile Ceremony

An elaborate ceremonial is being planned by Zulema Temple No. 13, Daughters of the Nile, for Saturday, May 14, at Medford Masonic temple. The membership includes Ashland and Grants Pass as well as Medford, and visitors from Eugene, Klamath Falls and Roseburg will be present.

Mrs. Naomi Montgomery, who is presiding officer, announces that a banquet will be served at the Hotel Medford following the ceremonial, and dancing at the fair grounds pavilion—Medford Mall Tribune.

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Mr. Wilcox in charge.

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THE REASON IS BAKED IN EVERY LOAF.

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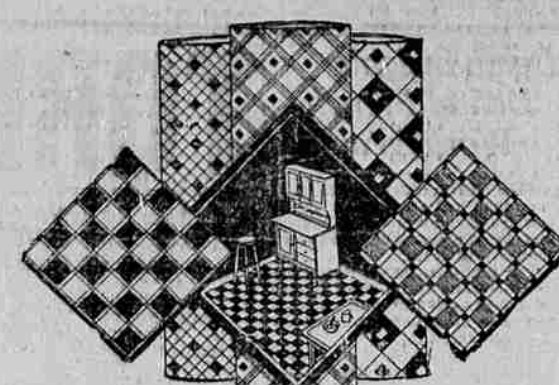
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An Oldest Linoleum Contest

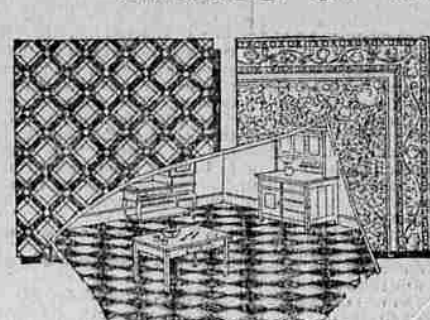
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For the oldest Linoleum Floor in use from Drain to Glendale (these places included) or within thirty miles east or west of Roseburg reported to us on a coupon or by letter; we will award prize of a new Linoleum. The winner may choose any pattern of Linoleum in our stock.

Rules of the Contest



Your written report, either on the coupon which forms part of this announcement or in a letter, must be in our Linoleum Department not later than 9 P. M., Saturday, May 14.

The statement as to the length of time, the linoleum has been in use must be signed by two persons. The Linoleum must be in actual service at this time. This does not apply to Linoleum in a public place, but in a home.

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My Linoleum floor has been in constant use since..... and is in service now.

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STANDINGS OF LEAGUES			
Pacific Coast			
	W.	L.	P.
Oakland	24	17	.585
Sacramento	23	17	.575
Missoula	22	18	.550
Portland	20	20	.500
San Francisco	20	21	.489
Seattle	19	20	.487
Los Angeles	17	22	.436
Hollywood	14	24	.368
American			
	W.	L.	P.
New York	14	7	.667
Philadelphia	11	9	.550
Detroit	10	9	.526
Washington	11	10	.524
Chicago	12	11	.522
St. Louis	9	9	.500
Cleveland	10	12	.455
Boston	5	15	.250
National			
	W.	L.	P.
St. Louis	13	7	.650
New York	14	8	.636
Philadelphia	9	7	.563
Chicago	10	9	.526
Pittsburgh	10	9	.526
Boston	9	11	.450
Brooklyn	8	15	.348
Cincinnati	7	14	.333

PRUNE PROSPECTS IN MYRTLE CREEK VICINITY REPORTED TO BE GOOD

It is the consensus of opinion among prune growers of the Myrtle Creek section that the outlook is very fine right now for another bumper prune crop, barring further possible frost hazards, says the Myrtle Creek Mail.

The several warm days of the past ten days has started the young prunes to growing rapidly and they are showing up fine. While it is really too early to forecast with absolute certainty the extent of the crop that will be harvested next fall, the conditions are favorable, and there seems to be nothing at the present time that indicates other than a bumper crop, and the prune men are more optimistic than at any other time since the late frosts which seemed at the time disastrous.

The peach crop seems quite seriously damaged, but apples and pears and all small fruits other than strawberries promise to be up to the average.

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