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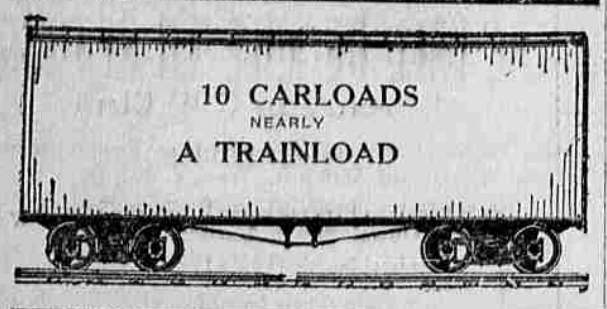

TEACHERS FROM COUNTY TO ATTEND SUMMER COURSES

Interest in the summer sessions of the University of Oregon is unusually keen this year, largely on account of the faculty of exceptionally strong educators who are being brought together at Portland and Eugene.

An examination of the summer session catalogue reveals the names of educators of national renown from such institutions as Columbia University, Pennsylvania, Colgate, Syracuse, Wisconsin, Ohio, Wesleyan, Michigan, Northwestern, California and Stanford. Besides these there will be school administrators of prominence from different parts of the country and one specialist from the Department of Education, Washington, D. C.

All indications point to the largest attendance in the history of the summer school, and Douglas county will be well represented as several Douglas county teachers have already signified their intention of attending. Among these are Supt. W. W. Campbell, D. E. Oleman and Florence Snedaker, Roseburg; I. W. Tucker Glendale; Leslie P. Miller, Louis A. Nex and Evelyn Underwood, Yoncalla; T. H. Coke, Sutherlin; Henrietta Dolan, Glide; Mae Gillam, Drain; Mrs. Mollie Kabler, Elkton; and Oscar Gorrell, Oakland.

—o—

Cottage cheese, Roseburg Dairy. Phone 186.

—o—

For most of the small growers in Oregon whose area of potatoes is not over ten acres the corrosive sublimate treatment is recommended by the experiment station. There are numerous experiments and more numerous examples in the field, of better yield and better quality from potatoes that are treated.

Send for booklet of recipes for candy making and baking

Buy from your neighborhood dealer

Budweiser
Real Hop Malt Syrup

Anheuser-Busch not only pays an extra price for the right to take first choice of the finest hops and barleys grown in America and abroad . . . .

But sorts, cleans and grades the barleys—malts them—blends them with the selected hops—even fills the cans and labels them—all in the Anheuser-Busch plants at St. Louis.

It is this constant, absolute control of quality from raw material to finished product that makes Budweiser Real Hop Malt Syrup worthy of the name you see on the label.

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ROSEBURG SODA WORKS
Local Distributors Roseburg, Ore.
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Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

From his big department store, T. Q. Curtis selects three girls and makes them his wards for one year, because he believes they have worth-while ambitions which he wants to help them further. He takes them into his home.

Billy Wells, who wants to be a concert violinist, is the only one of the three that is sincere. The other two, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton, lie to enjoy the old man's generosity. Billy overhears Curtis say he is going to adopt one of the girls for his daughter when the year is up. She tells the other girls what she has heard so she will not have unfair advantage. The house is turned into a hell of intrigue by Nyda and Winnie, who are eager to win the old man's affections. Billy is unwillingly drawn into the battle.

The strain of this, coupled with her infatuation for Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess, causes her to lose interest in her violin. Through everything, however, she tenderly remembers Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, who has disinherited himself and is boarding with Mrs. Wells in the poor part of town, working in the Truman factory by day and writing music at night. Romaine accompanies Billy on a shopping tour and directs her to an exclusive shop where, under his flatterys, she spends more than she should. As they ride toward the country, Billy and Dal see Nyda Lomax and Eddie Banning, her chauffeur-sweetheart of department store days. At the country house of a friend of Romaine's, where they find themselves alone, Billy succumbs to Dal's hypnotic charms. He tells her strange things about his experience in India, that he possesses strange powers. He kisses her and calls her his, but begs her to keep their love-making a secret. She asks to be taken back to Colfax, to her mother.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIII

As soon as Mrs. Wells had taken one good, long look at Billy, she marched her daughter into the bedroom and began to undress her as if she were a child.

"Now, not a word out of you!" Mrs. Wells spoke with maternal authority. "Of course you're sick! I never saw you look so pale and unstrung in all my born days! Too much high society and too much violin practice! Here—slip right into this nightie. Now, hop right into bed. Mother's going to fix you some hot milk toast and give you a bromide to make you sleep. Poor little baby!" She held the girl tight in her arms for a minute, then turned abruptly away to hide her tears.

When Mrs. Wells returned in ten minutes with a tray, she found Billy lying with closed eyes, tears rolling down her pale cheeks.

"Now, looka here, honey, none of that!" Mrs. Wells scolded gently. "Mother's fixed you some nice brown toast and a bowl of piping hot milk. What you need is food, young lady! I bet you've lost ten pounds! Sit up, now! You're going to eat every speck of this, or I'll spank you!"

"I can't eat!" Billy moaned, turning her head sharply away in disgust as the odor of the hot milk reached her nostrils. "Please, mother, just let me have my cry out and then I'll try to sleep if you'll give me that bromide."

Mrs. Wells capitulated suddenly. "Well, I reckon it wouldn't do you much good to eat if you've got your heart set on crying and making a baby of yourself. If you'll just drink this hot milk, I'll give you the bromide."

Billy sat up then and sipped the steaming milk. A faint color came back to her cheeks, and she smiled a wan little smile.

"Now, I'm not going to pester you with questioning. I want you to sleep. And after you wake up, you can tell mother all about it—if you want to," Mrs. Wells said as she stooped to kiss her on the forehead.

Left alone, Billy's overwrought nerves began to yield to the influence of the bromide. After all, she thought drowsily, what had she been crying about so bitterly, so hopelessly? She had lived in a fever for a month, longing for Dal Romaine to tell her that he loved her. And hadn't he done just that?

He had kissed her as if she were too precious and fragile to be touched, as if—as if he worshipped her. Dal—Dal—But he was a murderer. He had confessed his crime to her—but how ridiculous it all was!

"But he loves me now," she told herself drowsily. "He said I was his strength and his salvation—Winnie would scratch my eyes out if she knew, but she mustn't know. He's honorable. He didn't ask me to break my word to T. Q. I'd warned him that I had a conscience, that I wouldn't break my agreement to stay the full year." She was about to drift off into sleep when she was shocked to sudden wakefulness by a sentence winging its way from her subconscious mind—"He didn't ask you to marry him!" Her body flushed hotly all over, broke into a fine dew of perspiration. Then she fought the thing down—how silly she was to expect him, as heroes do in novels, to say, before daring to kiss her, "Miss Wells, I want you to be my wife!" In real life it didn't happen that way. He'd talked of their future—what had he said? She must get used to East Indian cooking—India was calling them, both—Of course he meant to take her there as his wife.

"Wake up, honey, you've had a wonderful nap!" Her mother's voice cut short a delicious dream of herself and Dal Romaine in a glorified land that was a queer mixture of Kipling's India and heaven.

Her mother helped her dress, her hands lingering fondly on the rich, bronze crepe of the frock Billy had bought that morning at Madame Dubois'.

"It's a mighty pretty dress, honey," Mrs. Wells told her cheerfully. "I guess it must have cost at least fifty dollars."

Full realization of her extravagance rushed in upon Billy then. How in the world was she going to tell her mother that she had spent three hundred and ten dollars in one morning for new clothes? What was she going to do for money the rest of the month? Thirty dollars a week for Professor Nayratil—

"You look scared to death, Billy." Her mother put her arms about her. "What's the matter, baby? Tell mother. You're all rested now, and it will help you to get it off your mind."

"I've been a fool, mother," Billy sank down upon the bed and stared at her mother with frightened, little girl eyes. "I—I spent three hundred and ten dollars this morning for clothes. And—and I'm not going to have enough money to pay for my music lessons—oh, mother! I didn't realize what I was doing! Scold me, mother. Say ugly things to me! You ought to whip me!" She began to cry.

"Now, don't spoil that new dress," her mother commanded sharply. "Of course you'll pay for your music lessons. I must say you was foolish to spend so much on clothes right at the first of the month—"

"I know!" Billy nodded miserably. "But Nyda and Winnie spend every bit of their money on clothes—except what little their courses cost. Their tuition is only about fifty dollars a month. I've gone shabby all this month—oh, mother! I'm sorry, I'm ashamed. Here's your money!" She snatched up her handbag and began to fumble with the diminished roll of bills. "Here's a hundred and fifty—" She held out the bills with a quick, apologetic gesture.

"Put that money right back in your handbag!" Mrs. Wells cried indignantly. "The idea! I don't need it. I've still got fifty from the hundred and fifty you gave me last month, and Clay pays his board up regular as the clock. What he pays buys victuals for both of us, and I can pay house rent and the odd bills out of the fifty—"

"Mother, you make me so ashamed!" Billy burst into fresh tears. "Here! You're going to take fifty at least, or I'll take back those new things—the ones I haven't worn yet—and choke that red-headed Madame Dubois if she won't give me my money back. Honestly, mother, I won't need this fifty at all— and I'll make it up to you next month."

Mrs. Wells took the fifty without more argument. "But if you need it, you come and ask for it. Now, dab some powder on your face and come on in to supper. Clay's already here, and Leila Sampson's having supper with us, too. She'll be tickled to death to see you. Leila's been a real comfort to me lately. And I'm glad to have her here as often as she can come, for Clay's sake. The poor boy's pretty near a wreck, with that machinery hammering at his nerves all day long. It's good for him to have somebody young to talk to and go to concerts and the movies with."

Billy whirled from the mirror and stared at her mother in blank astonishment. "What in the world are you talking about, mother? Surely you don't mean Leila Sampson is going about with Clay to concerts and movies? Leila?"

"I'd like to know why not!" Her mother bristled. "Leila's a real sweet, nice girl, and she's been a mighty good friend of yours—sticking up for you at the store all this month, when the other girls were cutting you—"

"I'm sure I thank her," Billy said sharply, turning back to continue powdering her face with little vicious dabs of the puff.

Mrs. Wells' lips quirked in a smile curiously like Billy's old impudent grin. "Well, you ought to thank her, honey. And she's been awfully good to Clay—copying his music for him, though she doesn't know one note from another. Are you ready, baby?"

They found Clay and Leila in the living room, sitting side by side on the lumpy old sofa, their heads bent over a book at which they were laughing with genuine, light-hearted enjoyment.

"Excuse me if I seem to intrude," Billy called out in a fabulous blithe voice. "Hello, Leila! Hello, Clay! Why, Leila, how you've changed! You're getting positively pretty!" In her astonishment she did not realize how tactless her words were.

The girl that sprang up to kiss her was hardly recognizable as the Leila Sampson she had worked with little more than a month ago. Leila had discarded her owlish, horn-rimmed specialcles, and her hazel eyes revealed an unsuspected beauty. They were clear and wide and bright now.

"Oh, I've been reducing," Leila laughed without resentment or embarrassment. "I've lost twelve pounds. It's helped my complexion a lot, if I do say it as I shouldn't."

"But what have you done to your hair?" Billy remoled the short, curled locks with an affectionate hand.

"Permanent wave and a bonus there," Leila laughed. "Just enough bonus to take that mousy drabness off it. Like it?"

"Of course she likes it," Clay answered for Billy, giving her a direct challenging glance out of his clear, soft black eyes. "You've a dark pretty girl, Leila."

There was something so manly-live and friendly and affectionate in his voice and eyes as he paid Leila the compliment that Billy felt suddenly faint and more than a little forlorn. It was not until they were seated at the supper table, with Mrs. Wells chatting volubly as she poured coffee from the chipped enamel pot, that Billy remembered that she was in love with Dalhart Romaine.

(To be continued.)

Dal Romaine fascinates Billy so that she forgets music, duty, Clay and everything but him. Read the next chapter.

—o—

Used range stove at Powell's Furniture.

—o—

MYRTLE CREEK RESIDENT SELLS GROCERY STORE

D. R. Henderson, of Myrtle Creek, was in Roseburg today attending to business affairs and making preparations to leave for the east. Mr. Henderson has been a resident of Myrtle Creek for the past five years and has sold his grocery store to J. D. Loffer, also of that place, the deal being completed this week. Mr. Henderson has conducted a fine store, and enjoyed a good business during his residence at Myrtle Creek. Mr. Loffer intends to conduct the business along the same satisfactory lines as heretofore and will undoubtedly receive a good patronage. Mr. Henderson is disposing of his affairs to return to his former home at Kansas City, Mo., where he will visit with relatives. He is undecided as yet what his future business activities will be.

—o—

Pure whole milk, and it's pasturized. Roseburg Dairy. Phone 168.

—o—

Mr. Patterson Home—

"Pat" Patterson returned to this city last evening from Klamath Falls where he has been looking after business affairs for several days.

No More Gas In Stomach and Bowels

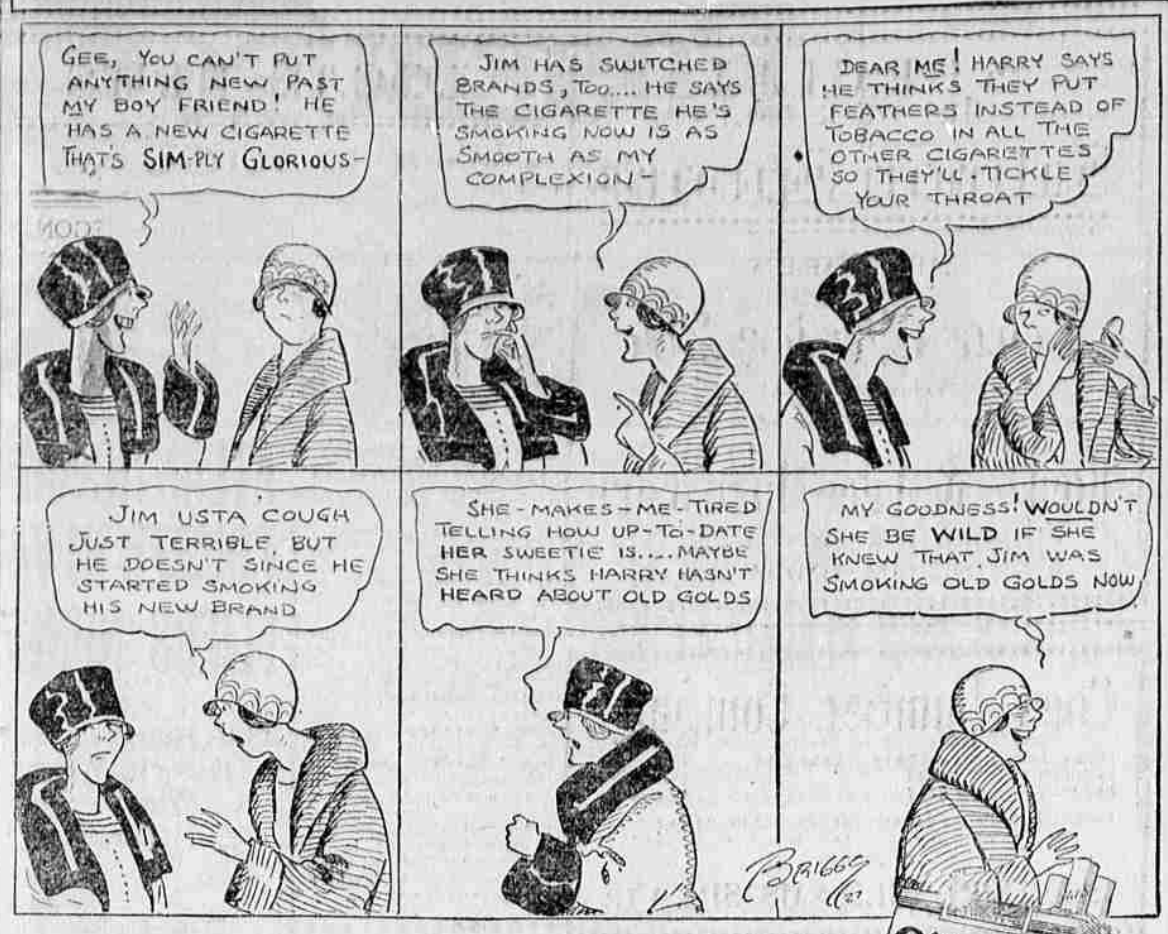
If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in stomach and bowels, take Baalmann's Gas Tablets, which are prepared especially for stomach gas and all the bad effects resulting from gas pressure.

That empty, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach will disappear; that useless, nervous feeling with heart palpitation will vanish, and you will again be able to take a deep breath without discomfort.

That drowsy, sleepy feeling after dinner will be replaced by a desire for entertainment. Belching will cease. Your hands, arms and fingers will no longer feel cold and "go to sleep" because Baalmann's Gas Tablets prevent gas from interfering with the circulation. Get the genuine in the yellow package, at any good drug store. Price $1.

NATHAN FULLERTON

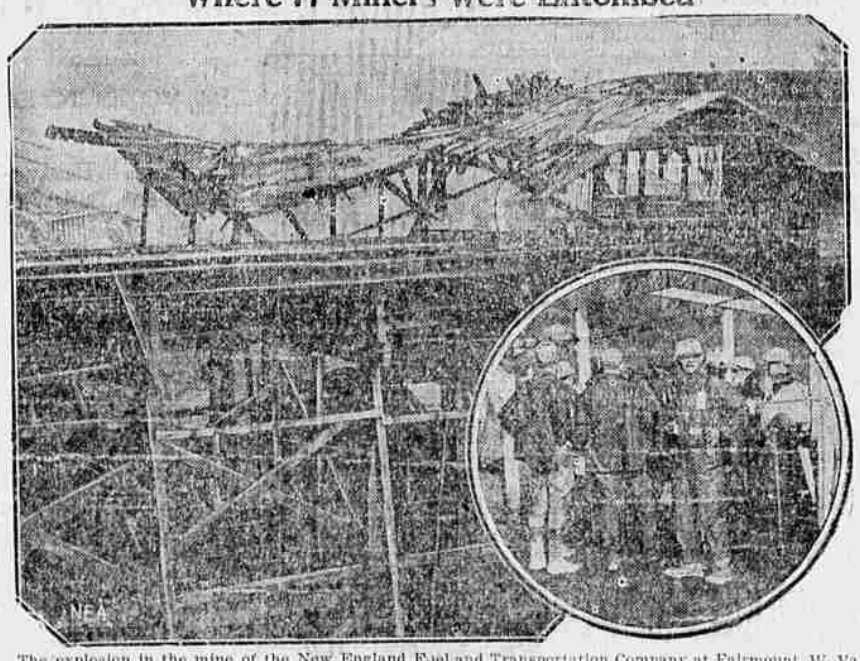
Me and Mine : : : : : : : : By BRIGGS



OLD GOLD
It's the Smoothest Cigarette... 20 for 15¢
.... not a cough in a carload

Product of P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

Where 77 Miners Were Entombed



The explosion in the mine of the New England Fuel and Transportation Company at Fairmount, W. Va., which entombed 77 miners, was so terrific that it wrecked the mine tipple 150 feet from the mouth of the mine and 650 feet from the spot where the explosion occurred. Two men working on the tipple were killed. First reports placed the death toll at 17, exclusive of the entombed men. The inset shows one of the rescue crews which worked desperately to save the entombed men.

SUGAR AREA OF LOUISIANA NOW FACING THREAT

Bayou Des Glaises Levees Above New Orleans May Collapse Today.

RUIN WOULD RESULT

Waters in Delta District Still Rising; Finance Corporations Are Being Formed.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW ORLEANS, La., May 11—Levees at Bayou des Glaises, about 170 miles above New Orleans, were expected to collapse at any time today, allowing a rush of muddy water across the "sugar bowl" of Louisiana, where most of the domestic cane is grown. Word from that section to Adjutant General L. A. Tombs at Baton Rouge said the levee appeared ready to collapse.

The fight had been given up, however, and at Big Bend where heroic efforts of citizens have been concentrated to bolster the weakening rampart, work continued.

Should the crevasse occur today, it was reported that much of the strain on the levees along the Mississippi would be relieved minimizing the danger of an additional break along that line. A collapse at Bayou des Glaises, however, inundated thousands of acres of the most fertile soil in the state, flooding many sugar houses and driving additional thousands from their homes to refugee camps. A rescue fleet has been mobilized in the danger zone and prospects of loss of life have been reduced.

Loss Elsewhere Light

Vidalia, La., remained inundated by waters from a crevasse in the protection levee that held backwaters from the four crevasses in lower Concordia parish. Precautions had been taken at Vidalia and loss of property will not be great. Many citizens moved their household goods to high ground more than two weeks ago, when the levees along the river front seemed in danger of collapsing.

The crests of two floods were moving toward Old River today, one former of the waters from the breaks in the Arkansas levees and the other of the torrents pouring thru the Cabin Teche and Winter Quarters crevasses in northeast Louisiana. The latter is due at the mouth of Old River between May 11 and 15.

Waters in the Tensas basin were deeper today than at any time in the history of the state, weather bureau officials reported. It still was rising at a rate of five inches in twenty four hours.

Re habilitation Plans

A $1,000,000 finance corporation for rehabilitation of farmers in the flood delta of Mississippi was formed at Jackson, Miss., yesterday and began functioning today. More than $350,000 in stock of the corporation was subscribed yesterday and the remainder was expected to be subscribed in a few days.

Similar corporation are to be formed in Arkansas and Louisiana.

—o—

Get your coupon in on our oldest linoleum contest. McKean, Darby & Baldwin.

—o—

DAILY WEATHER REPORT

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

Relative humidity 5 p. m. yes. 67

Precip. in Inches and Hundredths:

Highest temperature yesterday	67
Lowest temperature last night	50
Precipitation, last 24 hours	.08
Total precip. since 1st month	.82
Normal precip. for this month	2.05
Total precip. from Sept. 1, 1926, to date	31.23
Average precip. from Sept. 1, 1877	30.92
Total excess from Sept. 1, 1926	3.31
Average precipitation for 49 wet seasons, (September to May, inclusive)	31.12

Forecast for southwest Oregon: Probably showers tonight and Thursday, continued mild.

ARTHUR W. FUGH, Meteorologist