

20th CENTURY- Out in the Lead



In this day and age one must be ahead of the race, up above all others, to win recognition. Your continued patronage is appreciated because it proves to others in the community that we are first in service, quality and price—out in the lead with lower prices, quality unsurpassed and with it system of service which merits your trade.

Money Savers Saturday and Monday, May 14th and 16th, inclusive.

On the Square, What Does Your Breakfast Cost You?

What your breakfast will cost the next two weeks will depend on where you buy it. At the prices quoted in this square you can well afford to buy at least a two weeks' supply.

INSTANT POSTUM—Large Can	38c	COCOA—Blooker's Dutch, half lb. tin	25c
OLD FASHIONED POSTUM—Pkg.	19c	GRAPEFRUIT—Dromedary, 2 Cans	58c
QUAKER QUICK OATS—Large Package	25c	GRAPENUTS—Package	15c
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES—3 Packages	25c	PUFFED WHEAT—Package	10c
KELLOGG'S BRAN FLAKES—Package	9c	PUFFED RICE—Package	15c
GROUND CHOCOLATE—Bulk, 2 lbs.	37c	POST TOASTIES—3 Pkgs.	25c
COCOA—Pure, bulk, 5 lbs.	43c	POST BRAN—Package	12c
HOT CAKE FLOUR—Kerr's Large Package	23c	CREAM OF WHEAT—Pkg.	24c
PRUNES—Italian, grown in the Northwest, 4 lbs.	29c	KELLOGG'S PEP—Pkg.	12c
COFFEE—Hills, M. J. B., Royal Club or Golden West, 1 lb. can	50c	PANCAKE FLOUR—Sperry's No. 10 sack	69c
20TH CENTURY COFFEE—Few equal, none better, pound	42½c	MILK—Libby's, 4 cans	39c

Why not save on these, too?

LARD—Silverleaf, 1 lb. cartons, 3 for	58c	SNOWDRIFT—4 lb. can 93c; 8 lb.	\$1.83	AMAIZO OIL—quart can	45c
RAISINS—Seedless Thompson's, 4 lbs. pkg.	39c	BEANS—Campbell's, The "Big" cans, 3 for	28c	PINEAPPLE—Libby's heavy syrup, large cans	27½c

Roseburg Store
130 N. Jackson St.

Oakland Store
Baker-Flannery Bldg.

Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Billy Wells, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton, department store employees, are taken as wards into the home of their millionaire employer, T. Q. Curtis, for one year, because he wants to help them further ambitions which they have expressed.

Billy, who desires to become a concert violinist, is the only one of the three who is sincerely ambitious, the others having led to enjoy T. Q.'s generosity. When they learn, by accident, that he intends to adopt one of them as his daughter when the year is up, a battle follows for his affection. Billy is unwillingly drawn into the contest, and this, together with her infatuation for Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, hired hostess for the girls, causes her to neglect her violin. Through everything she tenderly remembers Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, who has disinherited himself and is boarding with Mrs. Wells in the rear part of the town, working in the Truman factory in the day and writing music at night.

Dal Romaine takes Billy to a country house conducted by a Hindu and there he makes ardent love to her. He begs her to keep their romance a secret until the year is up so as not to hurt her father with Curtis' agreement. Billy is jealously jealous when she learns that Winnie is going to meet Romaine. The same day, Ralph Truman takes Billy through his father's automobile factory. She sees Clay before he is aware of her presence, and she is hurt and shocked to see his body bent over the hideous noisy machine, to see the face twisted in nervous agony.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXV
Billy stood on tiptoe and spoke into Ralph Truman's ear. "Leave me alone a bit with Clay, please, Ralph. I have something important to say to him."
She stood behind Clay, when Ralph had obligingly wandered away, watching her at a distance, sensed her problem and gave an order that caused the machinery on that side of the building to stop functioning abruptly.

"Clay Curtis straightened his head and stared about him in slow bewilderment. Then he turned, as if to go to investigate the trouble, and almost knocked Billy off her feet.

Blank amazement was followed by a flash of joy in his black eyes.

"Billy," he came to see you," she told him. "You look so ill, dear, so—so torn with the noise." She had never called him "dear" before, and scarcely realized now that she had done so.

"It's driving me crazy," he told her, drawing a deep, shuddering breath. "Noise, noise, clamor, bedlam, right here a day. I hear the damned machines in my sleep. Can't hear anything else. I'm losing my music—can't write or play—but—" he brought himself up with a jerk—"how are you, Billy? We don't see much of you any more. Happy?"

"My, how polite we are!" she laughed at him, with a trace of her old impudence. "Don't I look happy?"

"No," he told her bluntly. "You look as if you're burning up inside with fever. And you've lost a lot of weight. Circles under your eyes, too, and your mouth looks tighter—and older."

"That's what a wreck I must be!" she challenged him, but there was a break in her determination as she talked about you. Let's hurry, before these machines start roaring again. Look about you quick, Clay—"

She spread her arm to indicate the men who stood before their machines, contented, waiting placidly for the machinery to start up again. "They don't look like nervous wrecks, as you do. And I've found out the secret. I'm ashamed of you—a musician!—for having worked here so long without having found it out for yourself. When the current goes on again, I want you to listen, dear, and see if you hear what I heard."

"Infernal noise, trying to tear every nerve out of my body!" Clay answered her with passionate anger. "That's what I hear, have heard every day for weeks—"

"Don't coddle yourself so!" She stamped her foot at him, but her eyes were tender with sympathy. "I hadn't been in here ten minutes before I heard something wonderful, something tremendous—a great symphony of sounds, overtones and undertones of real music, played on a Titan's orchestra—or Vulcan's—"

"A symphony!" His lips twisted angrily over the word. "If you had to work in this madhouse—"

"But these other men, hear it, though they don't put it into words," she insisted earnestly, refusing to be angry with him. "They don't look torn and ravaged and miserable, as you do. They are actually impatient for the machinery to start again. It's the only music that really means anything to most of them. And they're part of it. Part of the tremendous 'Song of Toil' that this old Titan's orchestra is playing for you, and you, you poor boob, aren't musical enough to hear it!"

He stared at her resentfully, but comprehension was dawning slowly in his tired, harassed eyes.

"Look at them!" she commanded him, pointing again to the nearest men who waited for their trucks to begin again. "Watch them when they begin work again. Every movement they make is in rhythm—I watched them before I spoke to you!—every movement in rhythm to the music that is being played by the greatest orchestra I

ever heard! The song of toil. Your work is killing you because you fight it, are out of step—" She stopped, breathless, and before she could speak again, the switch was thrown, the great steel instruments of Vulcan's orchestra began to perform again.

Clay turned back to his task. His job was to feed strips of thin steel into the teeth of a machine which bit out pieces of it, and spat them into an endless, running carrier.

She moved so that she could see his face. When she had watched him before, she had flinched in sympathy with his nerves as his hands had flinched at their task—his piano fingers fearing and hating the steel teeth that bit so savagely into the strips of metal which he fed to them. She had known what he was fearing—that those relentless, blind teeth would seize his fingers, snap them off, so that he could never play again.

She saw that he was listening, incredulously at first, then with dawning wonder. His eyes grew soft and wide with an almost childish delight, the muscles of his thin, groove-marked face gradually stopped twitching, his hand lost its fearfulness; almost mechanically, as if he had lost his horror of the thing, he pulled the strip of steel into the jaws that opened and closed rhythmically to receive it.

"You're right!" he told her with his lips, though she could not hear the words above the roar of the machinery.

Ralph Truman joined them then, and Billy left Clay to his work, smiling upon him with such lingering tenderness that Truman could not help noticing it. He was less eager, more silent, as he conducted her through the numerous other buildings of the factory.

"Tired now, Billy?" he asked so innocently, after she had looked on in naive wonder at the assembling of an automobile engine in the great assembling plant of the factory.

"Rightfully," she smiled at him. "In such a model factory I'm sure you have afternoon tea. And I'm starved."

"That shall be the next revolutionary innovation in the Truman automobile works," Ralph assured her. "As a reward for the big idea, you shall have your tea now. It'll have to make it myself. This is the cafeteria, where employees are served at actual cost. Oh, Angie!" he raised his voice and shouted as he led Billy into a great, pleasant room, comfortably tiled with small white-topped tables.

"Yes, Mr. Ralph!" A middle-aged woman hurried from the kitchen, smoothing her starched white apron. "Tea, sir? Would the little lady like cinnamon toast or French toast? And I've just been whipping some cream. Hot chocolate with whipped cream would be nice, sir."

"It would!" Billy laughed. "Cinnamon toast, please. With oddest of cinnamon and sugar. Your secret is out, Ralph." She lowered her voice to a mocking whisper as Truman settled into a chair opposite her. "You keep Angie—doesn't the name suit her to a T?—just to pamper your lady friends whom you proudly conduct through the works."

"If I'm Angie for giving me away!" He pretended to be angry. "But I'm delighted that you're hungry."

Billy laughed wholeheartedly, and was surprised at the sound. She had not laughed with genuine enjoyment for weeks. It was odd that she and Dal so seldom laughed. With him she was tense, keyed to tense emotional pitch, either abysmally tragic or feverishly ecstatic—never just plain happy, in the comfortable, ordinary sense of the word.

When the crisp, hot toast and the steaming chocolate came, Ralph watched her eat, his eyes filled with a tenderness and anxiety that would have startled her out of her previous hunger if she had caught the expression.

"There—that ought to 'flesh me up' quite a bit, as mother says," Billy sighed contentedly, when she had finished her third piece of cinnamon toast and her second cup of chocolate.

"Now I can talk to you," Ralph Truman lit a cigaret and studied the glowing tip of it for a long minute before he went on. "Billy, sweet child, tell me something, and tell me true—are you seriously in love with Dalhart Romaine?"

"Go on—pull it," he told her grimly. "How dare you, sir?" and "You forget yourself, sir!"

"Well, you do forget yourself, Ralph Truman. Just because you've fed me when I was starving and showed me the family winegar works—" She was striving to be flippant, but her lips trembled.

"I know," he said gently. "But Billy, Billy, don't you realize, child, that your happiness means an awful lot to me—and to others?"

A good many of your friends have been watching you anxiously and lovingly, and we're afraid for you, honey, pretty scared."

STRAW HATS

FRIDAY, MAY 13th

Ushers in the Straw Hat Season for 1927
All the new shapes in Genuine Panama, Leghorn, Mikado, Toyo and Milan.

PRICED FROM

\$2.50 to \$6.50

Wilder & Agee Company

NOTICE

The Benson P. T. Ass'n. will hold a cooked food sale at McKean, Darby & Baldwin's, Saturday, May 14th.

the seat of the impeccable Romaine trousers, and bonied him out of the house with the information that he'd disinherited Annette if she married him. Now—what I can't figure out is, if he needs money, as he evidently does, why he is playing both you and Winnie Shelton.

But Billy Wells could stand no more. She sprang to her feet, upsetting her chair, and ran zigzaggedly among the tables to the door.

(To be continued)

Blinded by her passion for Romaine, Billy does something that turns Clay Curtis' love to disgust. Read the next chapter.

Try our buttermilk—it's different. Roseburg Dairy, Phone 186.

MORE LIGHT, LESS CRIME

When Chicago householders asked Morgan A. Collins, superintendent of police, what they could do toward checking the crime epidemic now afflicting their city, he replied:

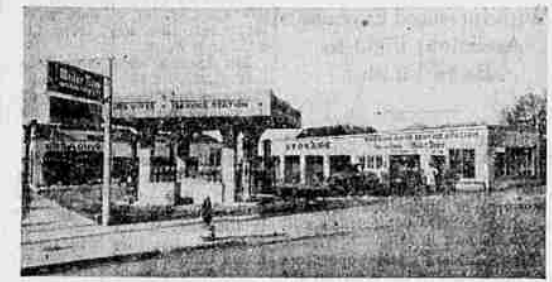
"Burglars rarely enter a home where there is a light burning. Leaving your home in total darkness is an invitation to the sneak thief."

Such protection, it is estimated, would cost the average home less than \$1 a year.

Ask about Saturday's special on Watkins goods at 129 W. Lane St. Phone 177.

KEEP YOUR CAR LOOKING NEW

Washing and Polishing
by Experts



Roseburg Super-Service Station
C. D. FIES

MANY STOCKHOLDERS IN AMERICA

Every ninth person in this country is a stockholder in some sort of a corporation. The utilities, the industries and the banking of the country are largely in the keeping of the masses. Even the man who shines the shoes owns a share in the light and power company.

Pure whole milk, and its pasteurized, Roseburg Dairy, Phone 188.

A good garden hoe 90¢ at Powell's.

ELECTRIC LAMP COST BELOW OTHER COMMODITIES

On April 1, when the price of electric lamps dropped 51 per cent—the tenth decrease since 1921—the cost of these household and industrial necessities was exactly 115 per cent less than the average of other commodities, as based on 1914 price levels. Lamps are now 49 per cent less expensive than they were in 1914 while the national average of other commodities is 66 per cent above 1914.

Large size mattress, \$6 at Powell's.

It takes a lot of mineral salts To grow a husky frame. That's why a kid should lunch each day On honey-sweetened

Tru-Blu Graham's

Baked Clean and Packed Clean for Your Baby's Sake

Tru-Blu Graham's have always been a favorite food for babies. Doctors have recommended them frequently. And mothers have told their friends.

Such faith has been taken to heart by Tru-Blu. Only the best goes into Tru-Blu Graham's. Your baby will like them. They're honey-sweetened.

Order From Your Grocer NOW

Ask for the Blue and Gold FAMILY Package—

Many Thrifty Mothers Buy Tru-Blu Graham's in Wood Boxes

TRU-BLU BISCUIT CO.—Spokane, Portland, Seattle

TWO OTHER FELLERS

"Hey, any of you fellers lost a wrench?"
"Yes, me."
"What's your name?"
"Mike Connor."
"You ain't the guy. This wrench belongs to Pat Pendling. His name's game."

THE VANISHING WORD

Neroma (playwright) (on first night): "What shall I do? I'd prepared a speech, but it's quite gone now."
Manager: "Don't worry—so has the audience."—Passing Show.

SANDLOT SCANDALS

Stranger: "Here's your ball, kid. Hurry up, you can catch him at third!"
Mickey: "Hurry up nuttin'! I'm catchin' a dave fer 'trown' dis third!"—Life.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 185-L.

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Umpqua Savings and Loan Association

ORGANIZED 1917
Under State Supervision

Earnings past two years 9%. Earnings past 8 years 8% or better. Not a single foreclosure or piece of property taken for non-payment of principal or interest since organization.

Investigate our monthly savings plan. An account may be started with a deposit of one dollar.