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FOUR PERSONS HURT IN EASTERN OREGON WRECKS

(Associated Press Local Wire.)
LA GRANDE, Ore., May 18.—Three women were seriously hurt and a baby boy was painfully injured east of Union, Oregon, late yesterday in two automobile accidents.

Mrs. Jack Wagner, of Baker, is at Hot Lake sanatorium as a result of injuries received when she was struck by a truck driven by Ray Lynch, of La Grande. Lynch states the woman became confused and darted in front of his machine. In attempting to miss her he drove his truck into a telephone pole.

Mrs. Orval Olsen and baby boy and Mrs. John Haynes, of North Powder, were painfully hurt when the car in which they were riding collided head-on with a machine driven by L. Q. Gilmore, of Union. It is reported that Gilmore was on

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the wrong side of the highway. Both cars were wrecked.

PRISONER SLIPS AWAY

SAN FRANCISCO, May 18.—Jacob Schyblinger, who was being returned here from Milwaukee, Wis., to face a perjury indictment in connection with the steamer Quader run racket case, escaped from federal guards aboard the train near the Berkeley City limits today.

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

by Anne Austin

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Billy Wells, Nyda Lohax, and Winnie Shelton, employees of the big T. Q. Curtis department store, are taken into the home of their employer as his wards for one year, because he wants to help them further their ambitions. Billy, who wants to be a concert violinist, is the only one that is sincere, the other two lie to enjoy T. Q.'s hospitality.

The girls accidentally learn he intends adopting one of them when the year is up, and Winnie and Nyda turn the house into a place of intrigue.

Billy is unwillingly drawn into the contest. She is infatuated with Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess.

She fears Dal is "playing" both her and Winnie Shelton and her suspicions are heightened when the two are absent from the city during the same week-end.

In spite of this infatuation, Billy tenderly remembers Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, who has disinherited himself and is now boarding with Mrs. Wells in a poor part of town, working in a factory by day and writing music at night. Billy neglects her music and finally brings on a breakdown. She and Constance Bradley, a charming girl of the wealthy set, decide to go to Crescent Lake for a month. The maid gives a note to Billy from Dal, begging her to meet him that night in the summer house. When she steals out to meet him, she asks him if he has an interest in the gown shop where he induced her to make excessive purchases. With his usual disarming candor, he sets at rest her fears that he has made a profit on her. As Billy returns to the house, she is amazed to see Eddie Manning, Nyda's chauffeur-sweetheart of department store days, coming out of Nyda's window and leaving by the fire escape.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XI.

"Well, what do you want?" Nyda demanded angrily, as Billy only stared at her, wide-eyed and frightened.

"I—let me come in, Nyda," Billy whispered, slipping into the room as she spoke. "Please, close the door. Nyda, did I wake you up? But a glance at Nyda's right hand, which held a half-smoked cigarette, told her that that could not be the explanation of the strange sight she had witnessed. "I—I saw a man climbing out of your window."

"That's a lie!" Nyda's sudden, beautiful face was suddenly distorted with fury. "I've been in my room for half an hour, and nobody's been here! I see! You're trying to frame something on me, to queer me with T. Q."

"Nyda! I was frightened for you! I—I thought you might have been attacked—or robbed—I saw him, I tell you!"

"And pray tell me how you saw any such thing? Where were you, little angel? Poor little sick girl! Papa Curtis has to hold your hand and get doctors for you and send you flowers and give you expensive trips to Crescent Lake! Poor little sick baby! What were you doing out at midnight, so you could spy on me?"

One of Nyda's long arms, shot out, her long fingers closed over Billy's throat.

"Let me go!" Billy gasped, under pressure of those murderous fingers.

"All right—but get out of here! Take your damned lies to Dal Romaine or T. Q. Curtis or anyone you please! And I'll have a sweet story to tell! Then we'll see what dear Daddy Curtis thinks of his little angel genius child! Get! I tell you!"

Billy did not wait to be told again. She ran to the door and tore it open. It was only by catching at the door jamb that she saved herself from falling over a crouching figure.

"Mrs. Meadows!" she gasped, wondering if she had gone completely crazy.

"I thought I heard a noise—a burglar or something," Mrs. Meadows, stammered, a dark flush staining her softly withered face. "Is everything all right?"

"Of course!" Billy lied, doing her utmost to get control of her face and voice. "I've been out for a breath of fresh air. I—I could not sleep. Then I went to tell Nyda goodnight. I'm leaving tomorrow for Crescent Lake, you know. Good night, Mrs. Meadows. I suppose I'll see you before I go."

Without another glance at the trembling old woman who was trying pitifully to get back her dignity, and to pretend that she had not lied and spied, Billy ran to her own room, fumbling with shaking hands for the key.

Her mind swayed sickly from the only interpretation she could put upon the bit of ugly drama she had stumbled upon. And why—why was Mrs. Meadows listening at keyholes, spying, lying? Had T. Q. Curtis stooped so low as to hire a spy to report on the actions of the girls? Wouldn't T. Q. Curtis be justified in evicting them both from his home? Winnie would be left, then, to win that strange secret contest that was to end in the adoption of a daughter and an heiress for the Curtis millions. But who was she—she, Billy Wells, who had stolen out for a midnight rendezvous with the man whom T. Q. Curtis hated—to judge either Nyda or Winnie?

And underneath her self-loathing ran a swift, dizzying current of delight that Dal Romaine had held her in his arms, had reminded her, as if there had never been any doubt of it, that she was to marry him. Engaged! Engaged! Dal loved her, wanted to marry her, expecting nothing else than to marry her when the year was up.

When Viola brought her breakfast to her the next morning, the maid almost dropped the tray when she caught sight of Billy's

face.

"Why, Miss Billy, you worse!" she ejaculated. "Who been smudging black under your pretty blue eyes? And your lips—why, they's purple, Miss Billy!"

"I'm all right, Viola, I just didn't sleep very well." She struggled to a sitting position in bed, and watched Viola adjust the wicker tray stand across the bed. "Ugh, Viola! There's enough here to feed a family of day laborers. Take it away. It makes me sick to look at all this food. Wait, I'll drink the orange juice and the coffee."

Her train did not leave until mid-afternoon. Viola, cheerfully voluble, flushed Billy's packing for her, while the semi-invalid lay, dazed for the journey, on the chaise longue. Mrs. Meadows came in two or three times during the course of the morning, with polite offers of assistance and advice, and Billy was amazed to find that there was not the slightest change in her manner. "I must have been dreaming last night," she decided at last.

At noon "Old T. Q." insisted on carrying her down to the dining room in his arms, for a farewell "family meal." Nyda and Winnie were both there, and like Mrs. Meadows, Nyda acted exactly as if nothing had happened the night before. Both Nyda and Winnie pretended a great solicitude for Billy and promised, like the good little foster sisters they were supposed to be, to write her all the news.

T. Q. had a minute alone with her, after he had carried her back upstairs to her room.

"I haven't any right to ask it of you, but, as one friend to another, I'd like to ask you to make me a promise, Billy child."

Billy forced herself to smile at him sunnily, but her heart beat fast with apprehension, as she nodded assent.

"I want you to promise not to write to—well, to any man but me while you're gone. And you don't have to write to me unless you feel like it, of course. But I want your mind to be absolutely at rest for the next month. You understand, don't you, child?"

Knowing that he meant Dal Romaine, she was grateful to him for not mentioning the name. "I promise, Mr. Curtis."

She did not see Dal before she left for the truth with Constance Bradley. Mrs. Wells, more troubled than Billy had ever seen her, arrived at the Curtis mansion two hours before train time, in response to a telephone message from her daughter.

"Now, mother," Billy pleaded, after she had kissed her a dozen times and explained the situation to her with as little emphasis on her own illness as possible, "you're not to worry, do you hear? I'm not sick. I'm just tired and nervous, and Mr. Curtis thought I needed a real rest. Smile pretty for your baby," she begged, smiling through her own too-ready tears.

"I've had a sort of feeling that something was going to happen," Mrs. Wells worried. "Clay's been going around looking like a ghost, and I hardly ever see you any more."

"Is Clay sick?" Billy cried, surprised at the throb of pity that shook her heart.

"Not exactly, I guess," Mrs. Wells concluded. "But puny-like, and mopey. He spends every evening in his own room, writing music, or humming at the piano. He has your room now, and I had the piano moved in there for him, so's he could play all he wanted to. He writes a bit and plays a bit and some of it sounds simply terrible—like a boiler factory."

Billy smiled a ghost of her old grin. "He's writing a symphony. I gave him the idea for it, mother. I've at least done that much for Clay."

"I know it," Her mother nodded sagely. "You two've had a silly spat and he's creeping around like a ghost and you're flat on your back with a nervous breakdown. I always knew you'd take love hard, if it ever hit you. Best thing for you to do is to make up with Clay, and you'll get your appetite back and can throw away that bottle of sleeping tablets."

"I'm afraid it's not so simple as that, darling," Billy told her gently.

Mrs. Wells did not go to the station with the two girls, and Billy knew that her mother refused Constance's offer of a seat in the Bradley sedan because she was shy of the aristocratic, reserved girl, but it was that very reserve, with warm, genuine friendliness underlying it, that made Billy feel more comfortable with her than with anyone she had met. She could be herself with Constance Bradley.

During the long, lazy month that followed the two girls became the closest of friends, yet neither would have dreamed of intruding upon the privacy of the other. They occupied a luxurious suite in

the most exclusive of the resort hotels, seeing just enough of each other to cement the friendship but not to endanger it, playing golf, usually in foursomes, with other guests of the hotel, which was not half filled and therefore extremely comfortable; reading, sleeping, enjoying the excellent meals; strolling in the spring evenings over flower-scented country roads, or listening with quiet enjoyment, to the very good three-piece orchestra that played for an hour an evening on the mezzanine floor of the hotel.

Billy did not hear from Dal, and his name was not mentioned in the few letters she received. As she had expected, Nyda and Winnie did not write her a single real letter; it was still a scrawled postcard, fulfilled the letter of their promise to Mr. Curtis. The spell which had bound her so painfully and so ecstatically to the mystic, dark man who looked like a Hindu seemed mercifully to be lifted. She became normal again, flitted a bit, entertained her hotel acquaintances with her impudent wit, was proud of the callouses from golf clubs that mottled her tender palms. And she had put on the ten pounds of weight she had lost. She had the glorious conviction that again she was her own mistress, that never again could anyone "lay a spell" on her.

And yet her boyish cocksureness in her own strength was destined not to survive the first evening of her return to Colfax.

(To Be Continued.)

Banning becomes jealous of the fickle Romaine's attentions to Nyda, and Romaine exhibits his knowledge of another murderous act. In the next chapter.

NOTICE TO WOOL GROWERS

Will receive wool Saturday, 21st, at S. Oregon Truck Station. Also later delivery. If you have not already sold, bring your wool and get my price.

H. F. HEBARD, Umpqua.

CRIPPLED VETS FASHION POPPIES FOR LIVELIHOOD

MINNEAPOLIS, May 19.—Men who knelt behind machine guns among the poppies of Flanders fields a decade ago are fashioning the red petalled blossoms from cloth today in a unique rehabilitation project.

Scores of crippled or shell-shocked veterans of the world war, unable to support themselves and their families at normal occupations or by government compensation, work at the tables of the American Legion Auxiliary poppy shop here, adding to their own incomes and regaining health and ability while creating artificial rosebuds, the sale of which yields thousands of dollars to the auxiliary on each "Poppy Day" for soldier welfare work.

The poppy shop here is the first and the largest of the auxiliary's workrooms. Its flowers are sold all over the United States and its possessions. Its payroll exceeds \$1,500 a week, and some weeks 150,000 flowers are made by its workers.

For four of its seven years it has been directed by Mrs. Maude G. Winters.

Men, weighed down by physical and financial burdens, many of them discouraged by failure to adapt themselves to veteran's hospitals to peace time tasks, come to the poppy shop for work.

They put to making poppies at a cent apiece. Some become expert enough to make 125 an hour, while others take half a day or longer to make their quota of 200 or 300. The schedule is arranged to give part time work to all veterans who want it. Several of the workers are ardent despite the loss of arms in battle.

Between orders for poppies the workers make wicker baskets, rugs, lampshades, favors and similar trinkets.

Every day at his work table is G. Nemzies, 63-year-old infantryman of the Spanish and world wars. Wounds received in France left him completely incapacitated, and he sought refuge at the poppy shop. There he learned to make the cloth blossoms. Now he earns up to \$3 in two or three hours a day.

Granite milk pans, 16c at Powell's.

TO ATTEND ASSEMBLY OF PRESBYTERIANS

Several from Roseburg and surrounding districts are planning to leave the first of next week to attend the general assembly of the Presbyterian church at Los Angeles which will be preceded by conferences beginning May 23. The assembly will be in session following until the first part of June. B. S. Nichols of Roseburg and Rev. Lamb of Sutherlin are attending as official commissioners of southern Oregon. Others who plan to attend are Watson Boise and J. O. Arthur both of this city.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

From Canyonville—Boss A. Clough of Canyonville was in this city Tuesday afternoon and this morning attending to business matters and shopping.

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