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STRANGER: Gimme a cup of coffee. I've got to stay awake to-night.

WAITRESS: What you gonna do?

STRANGER: Defend my title as coffee-drinking champion of the world.—Judge.

FLUNKED, HE SUES

P. MORRY, Ga.—Unprecedented action on the part of a falling student has been taken here by

L. T. Poe, 66, who was studying to get a teacher's certificate. Because he was given a failure in English, he is suing the college he attended for recovery of the money paid for matriculation fees. He declares he was unable to hear the instructors distinctly.

NO TULIPS

TOM: Does your wife gab at you when you come home late at night?
JERRY: No, she says it with glowers.—Judge.

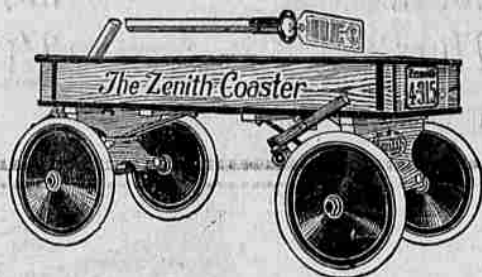
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DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

by Anne Austin

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T. Q. Curtis, millionaire owner of the Curtis department store, selects three girls from his establishment to come into his home as his wards for one year, because he wants to help them further their worthy ambitions. Billy Wells, who wants to become a concert violinist, is the only one of the three that is genuinely ambitious. Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton lie to enjoy the old man's generosity.

When, unknown to him, the girls learn that T. Q. intends to adopt one of them when the year is up, Winnie and Nyda turn the house into a place of intrigue and draw Billy into the contest against her will. Billy is infatuated with Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess. She fears he is "playing" both her and Winnie Shelton and when the two leave town over the same weekend, her suspicions are heightened.

In spite of this infatuation, Billy tenderly remembers Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, who has disinherited himself and is boarding with Mrs. Wells in a poor part of town, working in a factory by day and writing music at night. Billy loses interest in her violin and finally has a breakdown. She and Constance Bradley, a charming, wealthy girl, decide to go to a lake resort for a month.

The night before they leave Billy secretly meets Romaine in the summerhouse at midnight. He suavely puts her doubts at rest. Returning to the house, Billy sees Eddie Manning, Nyda's chauffeur, sweetheart of department store days, stealing from Nyda's window and leaving by the fire-escape. When Billy rushes to Nyda's room to see if any harm has befallen the girl, Nyda is furious at her and tells her she is lying when she says a man was in her room. Billy goes to her own room and stumbles over Mrs. Meadows, who is peeping through the keyhole of Nyda's door. During the month that Billy and Constance spend at the resort, Billy hopes she has banished Romaine from her heart.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XLII

Billy and Constance returned to Colfax on a train arriving at five o'clock and the two girls parted affectionately at the station. Constance driving away in the Bradley sedan with her mother, and T. Q. taking charge of Billy and her luggage in the Curtis limousine. "Good night," she said, as she had to recognize the brusque old millionaire in the fatherly, beaming man who gathered the sun-burned, sturdy little girl's hands in his when the car was picking its separate way through the downtown section. "You're looking great, child. Feel up to a little party to-night?"

"I never felt better in my life," she laughed, laying one of his hands against her cheek. And I've led such a quiet life that I'm spoiling for a good party. What's the program?"

"Dinner for twelve at the house, then the young people want to whisk away to the Country Club. The big Saturday night dance, you know. But you mustn't overdo, Billikin."

Mrs. Meadows seemed delighted to have her back again, and even Nyda, who was usually so faintly friendly, when they came to her room before dinner.

"I haven't a thing to wear," Billy mourned, looking at the sleek newness of their dresses with envious eyes.

"That dress what came from that Madame Dubois, or whatever you call her, would be nice for tonight," Viola the colored maid, contentedly eagerly. "My, Miss Billy, that dress is a dream—a dream what I mean." She abandoned her work of unpacking Billy's wardrobe trunk and hurried to the closet. "Now, Miss Nyda, and Miss Winnie, I ask you—ain't that dress a dream?"

Billy's profound amazement passed unnoticed, for Nyda and Winnie were wholly engrossed with the dress which Viola had so proudly displayed. She had ordered no dress from Madame Dubois.

"It's stunning, Billy," Winnie cried, her voice a little shrill with envy. "But you'd better try it on. It may have to be altered." Billy took the dress into her own hands almost reverently. It was a beauty—and those particular shades of yellow and green had always filled her with covetous delight.

"Got a label on the neck," Viola crowed. "I say, Madame Dubois, Exclusive Models—The Daffodil. That's what you are now, Miss Billy, a daffodil. An' that name ain't no lie, neither, is it, Miss Winnie?"

"It's lovely," Winnie conceded. "I don't know why she didn't show it to me. Goodness knows I've spent more at her old shop than you have, and she knew I was look-

ing for a dress on that order." When Nyda and Winnie had gone to their rooms to add last-minute touches of make-up, Viola drew a tiny envelope from her apron pocket and handed it over, with a rich chuckle.

"This here note was pinned on the dress when it come, Miss Billy."

Inside the small envelope was a card, covered with the minute printing which was Dal Romaine's entirely distinctive handwriting: "This is your dress, Mignon. It was created especially for you. And it's from me to you, with love. Dal."

The "spell" rushed back upon her, recaptured her, shook every nerve in her exquisitely clad little body. She understood. This was his answer to her charge, her bitter, unjust charge, only half uttered but understood by him, that he had "lured her into Madame Dubois' shop and caused her to spend more money than she could afford, so that he might profit at her expense. Viola was not looking, and Billy laid the card against her lips, in a passion of reawakened love.

She was bitterly disappointed that Dal Romaine was not among the dinner guests whom T. Q. had invited to do her honor on her homecoming. But she laughed and talked gaily of her experiences at the big resort hotel. Constance, who had known for days of the prospective dinner party, was among the guests, and before her Billy could not bear to be less than gay and charming. For she knew that Constance had guessed the secret of her infatuation for Dal Romaine.

The party included Ralph Truman, Bruce Kruger, G. Warburton, son of President Warburton; Carl Boswell, in whom Nyda seemed to be interested, and Peter Conroy, who, like Carl, did not "quite belong" to the Kruger-Bradley-Truman set, but who had been invited because Winnie so evidently liked him; and, besides the three girls of the house, Constance Bradley and Kathleen Kruger, a vivacious little red-headed flapper, who had recently announced her engagement to Gil Warburton. At ten o'clock the young people piled into cars which hurried them away to the Country Club.

Billy was dancing with Ralph Truman, who had treated her all evening as if nothing unpleasant had ever occurred to mar their friendship, when she was startled by an explosive "Damn!" from the lips which had just been smiling at her with comradely affection. "What's the matter?" she demanded, as his arm tightened about her.

Then she looked toward the door of the club ballroom and saw the cause of his annoyance. Dal Romaine stood there, a slight smile on his thin, perfectly cut lips, his teeth gleaming as white as his polished shirt front, his tuxedo fitting his trim figure with exquisite precision.

Ralph swung Billy to the opposite end of the room, dancing there in a small area for several minutes, while he talked of a dozen inconsequential things. When the music stopped, Billy excused herself to Ralph and hurried away, as if bent on some important mission, but she had only one need—to see Dal and to speak with him alone. She was shaken with emotion that she wondered how she could walk steadily, and she felt that her eyes were burning with such a light that anyone glancing at her would be blinded by it.

The music started again while she was still hunting for him. Bruce Kruger swept her into a dance, but she scarcely knew whose arms were around her. She was glad of their support, however, when she came abruptly upon Dal Romaine, dancing with Nyda Lomax. Nyda, who was as tall as Dal, in her broad, heels, was dancing far closer than good taste permitted, her face almost touching the man's dark cheek.

"Let's dance over to the balcony, Bruce," Billy pleaded. "Feeling faint, old dear?" Bruce asked solicitously, when they reached the open window by the balcony. "Wait here, Billy. I'll get you a glass of iced punch. Don't revive and whirl away with some other chap while I'm gone." "I'll wait for you on the balcony," she told him, stepping through the open French window as she did so.

She was feeling faint, she realized with surprise and self-pity, as she stretched out in a big wicker chair drawn up to the stone balustrade of the balcony. The cool spring breeze, laden with the sweet fresh scent of new-cut grass on the billowing golf course that lay below the club building, revived her.

How foolish she was to be nervous! How foolish she was, just because Dal Romaine danced with Nyda Lomax! What if he did look at Nyda as if he adored her? Dal could not help paying whimsical, knightly deference to women. He had teased her often about her jealousy, though she had never stooped to the ignominy of putting that jealousy into words. Of course he flirted!

As she reasoned with herself, her eyes brooded upon the moonlit scene below her. A couple, walking arm in arm, crossed the field of her vision. With a tightening of her whole body, she realized that it was Dal and Nyda, their heads bent so close that Dal's breath must be playing upon Nyda's cheek. Before she could realize the pain that the sight caused her, a man leaped from the shadows of a high box hedge, and buried himself upon Romaine. She had time to note the attacker was the semi-military coat and glistering Cordovan puttees of a chauffeur before her recognition of him was

confirmed by Nyda's shrill scream: "Eddie! Eddie, for God's sake—"

Billy's instinct was to throw herself over the balustrade of the balcony, regardless of possibly injury to herself, and rush to the defense of the man she loved. But her defense was not needed. Before she could move or cry out, Romaine, as if by magic, since he was at least thirty pounds lighter than the chauffeur, had thrown his attacker over his shoulder. "Jiu jitsu, by golly!" Bruce Kruger's voice behind her exclaimed with sincere admiration. "Wonder where he learned that?"

Billy did not answer. Her eyes were straining toward the group below. Dal stood over the fallen man, spoke to him, apparently with quietness and without gestures. Banning flung a threatening arm about, but as Romaine talked he grew quieter. Then Nyda stooped beside him, helped him to his feet. The chauffeur limped on down the driveway, after a minute or two of feeble threatening, the words of which Billy could not hear, and Nyda and Dal returned to the club house.

A few minutes later Dal, with a smile of unruffled poise, "cut in" on Bruce Kruger, who was dancing with Billy. She was still pale with fright, but the conventional contact of his arms in the dance made her crazily happy.

"I saw what happened—from the balcony," she whispered, as soon as they had swung away from Bruce. "Why did he do it, Dal?" "Forget all about it, Mignon, my darling," his voice caressed her, but his eyes commanded her. "Banning will not bother me again. He put himself in my power tonight—and someone else, too," he added so softly that she hardly caught the strange, frightening words. But his lips closed in a thin, cruel line, and his narrowed eyes glinted in a way that made her shiver. (To Be Continued)

Romaine apparently knows something about Nyda that he won't tell, and Billy's efforts to get it out of him are in vain.

DISTURBING NEWS

JUDGE: The jury's verdict was not guilty.

PRISONER: Good Lord! Now I'll have to spend the rest of my life at hard labor so I can pay my lawyer.—Judge.



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Coast League Baseball

(By The Associated Press.)

Wildness on the part of Hulvey and Mulcahy in the last of the eighth enabled the San Francisco Seals yesterday to score twice and defeat Hollywood, 7 to 5. Batteries: Shellenback, Hulvey, Mulcahy, McCabe and Cook; Kunz and Vargas, Agnew.

Earl Hamilton had too much stuff for the Missions, and Los Angeles registered her first win of the series, 3 to 1. Batteries: Wehnert, Eckert and Whitney, Walters; Hamilton and Hannah.

The Senators suffered their first shutout of the year and their tenth consecutive defeat at the hands of Oakland this season. Dickerman blanking them, 3 to 0. Batteries: Dickerman and Baker; Keating and Severeid.

Rain postponed the Portland-Seattle game.

Games today: Hollywood at San Francisco; Missions at Los Angeles; Oakland at Sacramento; Portland at Seattle.

Beauty Hints

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.

CARRY HUBBY'S SKULL

LONDON—A deceased husband in not easily forgotten by a widow of the Isle of Andaman, off the coast of Africa. A lecturer here says he found that in Andaman, when a husband dies, the wife wears his skull on a chain for a year. When the year is up she throws away the skull and is open to new proposals.

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"Were you in Paris, London, Berlin?"

"I really couldn't tell you. My husband bought all the tickets."—Buen Humor.

Try our buttermilk—it's different. Roseburg Dairy, Phone 188.

GOOD ENOUGH

LADY: I should think you'd be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood.

TRAMP: Don't apologize for it, ma'am. I've seen worse.—Answers.

CONSERVATORY RECITALS

The program announced for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week will be given AT THE CONSERVATORY instead of M. E. Church. Pupils of Mrs. Holmlund and Mr. Germalin will be presented Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock, and Mrs. Brand will present her voice students on Thursday evening. Admission free! Everybody welcome.

THEATRES

ANTLERS THEATRE

"Old Love and New" is an adaptation by Marion Fairfax of "The Desert Healer," the latest of the celebrated E. M. Hull novels to reach the screen. It is now showing at the Antlers Theatre here.

Ever since the novel's appearance, not so long ago, and its immediate leap into the best seller class, film producers have sought the rights to the book for film purposes. But it has fallen to the lot of Marion Fairfax, eminent screen writer and executive, who recently turned producer, to realize this purpose.

Eddie Cantor, whose second comedy feature for Paramount, "Special Delivery," comes Sunday to the Antlers Theatre, claims the distinction of being the first Paramount star to achieve the company's honor roll with his first picture, "Kid Boots," the screen version of the former Broadway comedian's famous stage success in the picture that won him his "place in the sun" among the ten most prosperous current films produced by Paramount.

"Special Delivery" his second starring vehicle, is based on Cantor's own story of the misadventures of a rookie postman in which he blunders from one ludicrous difficulty into another.

LIBERTY THEATRE

Tom Mix, as the Phantom Falcon of the Texas Rangers, disguises himself and holds up a stage coach so that he may get into the lair of the bandits in "The Outlaws of Red River," his latest starring drama for Fox Films, which will have a showing at the Liberty Theatre today.

On the screen Mix shows as an expert in the role of a bandit and he played his role so well that the real robbers formed a merger and took him into their gang to end competition which was ruining the bandit business. But they made a mistake and in the end he cleans up the gang and saves the heroine.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, lovers in three films, come to the Liberty Theatre in "The Night of Love." Samuel Goldwyn's presentation of George Fitzmaurice's production of a tale based on the fraud "right to the first night." Colman appears in an entirely new character for him, that



Clearance Sale

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of a bold Gypsy bandit, a touselled Vilma plays the role of a beautiful hair fellow with pointed moustache, Duchess, victim of the fearful and lengthened "side burns." "Right to the first night."

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Who wouldn't cheerfully pay a five-dollar fine for trespassing on the Smith College lawn at Northampton, Mass., if Margaret Groat, chief of the student guard cops, were the arresting officer? Margaret's duty is to keep thoughtless undergraduates off the greens.



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