

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS



Paint your house with

SWP

The above picture shows that one gallon of SWP house paint covers 360 square feet of surface, two coats. Ordinary paint covers from 200 to 250 square feet. That is the first saving. SWP, though heavy-bodied, flows easily and evenly, thus cutting down the time required to apply it. That is the second saving. SWP out-

lasts two or three paintings with ordinary paint, saving the cost of materials for repainting and also saving the labor cost which is about 75 per cent of the total expense.

In buying paint it's the same a gallon costs, but the cost per gallon, that determines its economy. We carry a complete line of SWP. If you plan to paint your house, let us help you.

Churchill Hardware Co.

THE IRON MONGERS

PAINT HEADQUARTERS

ABRAHAM FABIAN, MOVIE MAGNATE, ENDS HIS LIFE

(Associated Press Licensed Wire.)
LONG BRANCH, N. J., June 1.—Abraham Fabian, son of Jacob Fabian, president of the Stanley-Fabian Theatrical corporation, and vice president of the First National Pictures, committed suicide at the home of his father here early today.

When you want bargains in beds, springs, mattresses. See us first and save money. Powell Furniture Co.

Extra good mop sticks 15c, at Powell's Furniture store.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

ALL NEW ADS WILL BE FOUND ON BACK PAGE

FOR SALE

EWES for sale. Goats wanted. Fred A. Goff, Roseburg.

FOR SALE—12 weanling pigs. Roy Bond, Clatsop, Ore. Phone 3672.

SLASH WOOD—An excellent summer fuel, \$3.25 per cord. Denn-Gibson Co., Phone 128.

FOR SALE—Fordson tractor and disc and disc. Will sell cheap. C. H. Claypool, Winston.

FOR SALE—Cokebush and small pullets, 5c per lb. Will deliver. Phone 13723.

FOR SALE—Team blocky mares, weight 2600 lbs., 7 and 8 years old, price \$225. C. L. Weber, Rt. 1, Phone 42713.

FOR SALE—Fryers and broilers for less than your cheapest beef cuts. D. A. Williams, Box 64-B, Edenbow.

7 H. P. GAS ENGINE on trucks, cheap. Also 6 h. p. Fairbanks Morse used only two weeks. Priced right. Farm Bureau Exchange.

PIPE AND PIPE FITTINGS—Our prices will please you. Second hand pipe in black dipped and galvanized. Any size. Low prices. Farm Bureau Exchange.

FOR SALE—Universal electric range, almost new, at a sacrifice price. Will take in a good wood range as I am going in the country. H. A. Roberts, Star Rt. Phone 4573.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Apartment house, six apartments, 3 rooms each, furnished and heated. Also modern home, 6 rooms, would consider good ranch. Write J. O. Langworthy, Marshfield.

FOR SALE—Choice February hatched O. A. C. Barred Rock and Molokai strain. H. I. pullets from accredited and B. W. D. tested eggs. Douglas Park Stock Ranch, Sutherlin.

LOOK THIS ONE OVER—For a paying investment in a camp ground and service station. Has been paying well for four years and have excellent reason for wanting to sell now. Ideally located on Pacific highway near Wolf Creek, 21 miles north of Grants Pass. Beautiful spot has house and cabins with water and light, 90 acres of land. Well equipped service station. Will bear thorough investigation. See Mrs. R. A. Wilson at Mountain View Inn, Mgr. and owner.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Modern 5-room house, furnished. Gas and wood range. Inquire 544 S. Pine.

WANTED—Woman to assist with housework. Two in family. Phone 527-Y or call at 627 Court St.

WANTED—Fat beef, veal, hogs, sheep and chickens. Hides. Phone 606 or write box 465. E. W. Kimball.

WANTED—Working housekeeper, small hotel, wages \$40 per month. Work consists of rooms and dining room work and miscellaneous work around small hotel. Apply Eldon Hotel at Glendale.

LOST

LOST—Pair grey kid gloves at armory Friday. Finder please call 437-L.

LOST—Friday night, purse containing lodge receipts, watch and silver. Finder please leave at Roseburg Plumbing & Heating Co.

LOST—Brown vanity case, containing about \$10 and stage and train ticket. Finder please return to News-Review office. Reward.

MISCELLANEOUS

LAWN mowers sharpened and repaired. All work guaranteed. Phone 73.

CAR OWNER—Don't forget to call 553 when in need of auto parts. Sartt's Auto Wrecking House.

Try a course of magnetic inductions. Information and demonstrations free. Dr. Smith's Magnetic Institute, 1253 Winchester St.

Chas. S. McElhinny "The Widow's Friend"

Oregon Life

Masonic Bldg. 101 N. Jackson

Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

From the ranks of his big department store, T. Q. Curtis selects Billy Wells, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton to come into his home as wards for one year, because he wants to help them further their ambitions. Each has expressed a desire to be a concert violinist, is really serious. The others lie to enjoy his generosity.

Billy becomes infatuated with Dal Romaine, nephew of the hostess, Mrs. Meadows. She is deeply troubled when she learns he is "playing" both her and Winnie Shelton.

Despite her infatuation, Billy tenderly remembers Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, who has disinherited himself and is living with Billy's mother in a poor part of town, working in a factory by day and writing a symphony at night.

Unknown to T. Q., the girls learn he intends to adopt one of them when the year is up, and Nyda and Winnie turn the house into a place of intrigue.

T. Q. begins to question the wisdom of his philanthropy when he observes that Billy loses interest in her violin and that Nyda does not, after all, want to fulfill her expressed ambition—that of becoming a kindergarten teacher.

One night Billy goes to the library to get a book for Nyda, who is sick. While there she breaks her beads and while stooping to collect them, the builder comes in. When she returns to her room, she hears a familiar whistle and steals to the garden to meet Dal.

As she is returning to the house, she sees Eddie Banning, Nyda's former sweetheart, sneaking out of Nyda's room and leaving by the fire escape. Billy is met by Sawyers, the butler, in the hall when she opens the door. The next morning T. Q. calls her into his library and tells her his safe has been robbed and that Sawyers has placed the suspicion upon her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER I

When Nyda appeared in the doorway of the library her ravaged face more than supported her contention that she had been suffering from a violent headache since the evening before. T. Q. Curtis was visibly shocked by her appearance.

"I hope you will forgive me for having routed you from your bed my dear," he went to her and took her hand with awkward tenderness. "You look like a very sick girl. I'm sorry."

"I'm just mad with a headache," Nyda moaned, dropping against his shoulder.

"I won't keep you long, my dear," T. Q. assured her. "Mrs. Meadows, it distresses me beyond words to have to do what I am about to do, but I am sure you will understand

and forgive me, when you know the necessity for it."

As briefly as possible he told them the story of the robbery. He did not mention Billy's name until he had gravely put his question to each of the other two women.

"Mrs. Meadows, have you any information of any kind whatever that would have any bearing on this distressing occurrence?" he asked.

"I have not," Mrs. Meadows answered smoothly, without indignation. "I was in my room all evening, writing letters and reading. I saw nothing, heard nothing whatever. I am sorry I cannot help, Mr. Curtis."

"Nyda?" T. Q. turned to the sick girl.

"Mr. Curtis, I didn't have anything to do with the robbery!" Nyda cried, holding her head between her long, slim hands. "I did hear someone moving about in the halls after Billy left my room just before twelve, but I was too ill to care who it was or to think anything about it."

"Why, Nyda, I thought you were much better when I took your book to you," Billy protested.

"My book?" Nyda's face was a study of pain and astonishment. "I don't know what you're talking about, Billy."

"You must be mad with a headache if you've forgotten that you sent me down to the library to get a textbook for you so that you could study for a quiz today," Billy retorted hotly.

"I did not send you for a book," Nyda contradicted her flatly. "I was far too sick with a headache to study last night, and you know it."

Billy's brain at first refused to take in the extent of Nyda's treachery. She stared with wide, blank eyes first at Nyda, then at T. Q. Curtis, who refused to meet her eyes. Then, when the full horror of her situation rushed upon her, she sprang toward Nyda as if she intended to strike her. T. Q. seized her upraised hand.

"Billy, my dear child, Nyda has accused you of nothing more serious than a misstatement of fact."

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I think it quite possible that Nyda's head to aching so frantically that she cannot remember last night's events distinctly."

His eyes opened wider than was their wont and gazed into the eyes of the frantic girl warningly. All of the fight went out of Billy suddenly. She understood what T. Q. was trying to tell her—that no one but him and Sawyers knew that there was a shred of evidence against her.

"That is all for the time being," T. Q. said wearily, as he released his hold upon her arm. "I hope you all understand that there is no one under suspicion, and that the necessity for subjecting you to questioning has embarrassed and pained me a very great deal. If you will pardon me now, I shall question the servants."

Billy left the room first, Nyda and Mrs. Meadows following more slowly, the arm of the older woman half supporting the sick girl, who turned at the door to smile at him, forgiving smile at the old man slumped dejectedly in the chair behind his desk.

Billy ran to her own room and locked the door. She flung herself down upon her bed and burst into a storm of weeping. She wept first with sheer murderous rage against Nyda, then with grief that T. Q. should think her capable of robbing him, and finally her tears were the tears of self-pity. She was trapped, horribly wronged, alone. By making her out a liar Nyda had with fiendish cleverness, locked and barred the door of the trap.

If she went now to T. Q. and told him what she had seen last night—Eddie Banning sneaking out of Nyda's room at one o'clock—T. Q. would not believe her. He would naturally want to know how she knew it was Eddie Banning, and she would have to tell him of those nocturnal visits of the chauffeur to Nyda's room. And if he believed her, he would have every right to demand an explanation of why she had not told him before.

At last, in utter desperation, she snatched the phone from the little bedside table and called the Truman automobile factory asking, in a shaken, unrecognizable voice, for Ralph Truman.

"Oh, Ralph, this is Billy—Billy Wells," gasped when Ralph Truman's voice came briskly over the wire. "Don't interrupt me for a minute please, Ralph. I'm in terrible trouble. No, I can't explain. But will you do this for me—will you send for Clay, tell him to meet me somewhere—oh, I don't know where," she moaned.

"There, there, Billy darling! Get a grip on yourself!" Ralph's voice came comforting. "Of course I'll send for Clay. I'll tell you—suppose you meet him here, at the factory. Everyone is at work now, and will be till twelve, and the library will be deserted. Nice quiet place to talk—and weep, if that's the way you feel."

"Thanks, Ralph. I'll be there as soon as possible."

Flipping on a hat and coat, she ran from the house, without encountering anyone but Sawyers.

The girls had been allowed free use of the two sedan cars which T. Q. kept, in addition to the coupe in which he drove himself to and from the office. Kelly, the chauffeur, was playing solitaire when the flying little figure hurtled in to the big garage.

"Kelly, can you drive me to the Truman factory in an awful hurry?" She was already tugging at the door of a sedan as she spoke. "Sure," Miss Billy. Works on fire?" he joked.

But for once his favorite of the "Cinderella girls" had no gay, impudent come-back. Billy huddled into a corner of the back seat, her eyes closed, tears slipping slowly down her white cheeks. Kelly took one good look at her, whistled softly, then stopped hard upon the accelerator as the car rolled into the street.

Ralph was waiting for her outside the door of the main office building. He, too, needed only one look at her drawn, pale face to see that the situation was serious.

"Clay's waiting for you, honey," he told her tenderly, as he took her arm to lead her to the pretty little white stucco building that housed the library. "Count on me to be of the half of my kingdom—or all of it, if you need it."

He left her at the door of the library, a certain delicacy restraining him from witnessing that meeting. Clay, in overalls, his face streaked with grease, was standing at a table waiting for her, his black eyes frowning and puzzled. That there was no joy in his eyes at the prospect of seeing her again hurt her appallingly. Driven by an impulse she ran straight to him, and flung her arms about his neck.

Slowly at first, as if they moved against his will, his arms went about her, then closed hard, crushing her small body against his breast.

"What's the matter, honey? Tell Clay," he spoke at last.

"Something terrible has happened against his forehead, as if she could not bear to lose contact with him. I—I never even thought of asking anyone else to help me. Please help me, Clay."

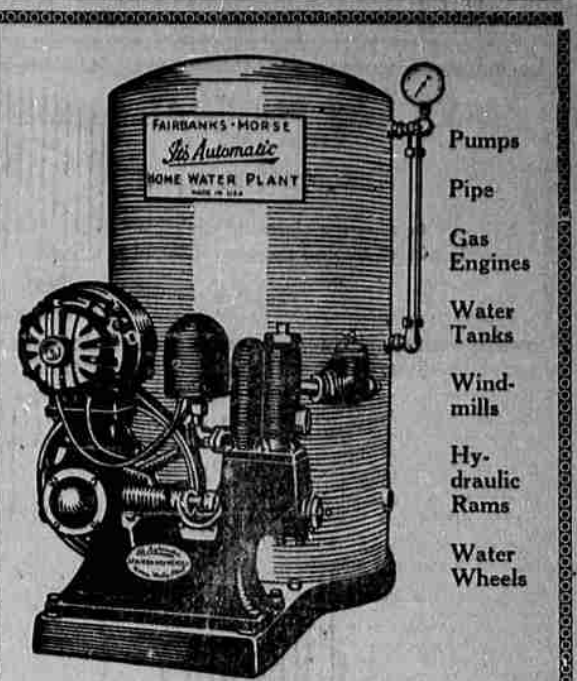
There was nothing said between them about forgiveness. Their last furious parting was not mentioned apparently not even remembered. He sat down at last, after he had tenderly forced her into a chair drawn close to his.

She told her story in a jerky, sobbing voice, while his hands gripped her once.

"You don't believe I stole from your father do you, Clay?" she begged at last.

"Don't be a damned little idiot!" he scolded her tenderly. "You're pretty sure it was Eddie Banning you saw last night, leaving Nyda's room?"

"I can't be sure since it was dark, but it was Eddie before. And I've told you how he's been tormenting Nyda for months—ever since we went to live with your father. And I know it was Eddie's voice that I heard quarreling with



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AGENTS FOR
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Nyda that night—

"I think you're right, of course," Clay told her. "For some unknown reason he's had a hold over Nyda and has used it to make her help him rob the safe."

"But what can I do, Clay?" She was becoming hysterical again. "I've told you why I can't go to T. Q. and tell him the truth, or as much of it as I know and suspect—"

"You're going home and act as if nothing has happened—if that is possible," he commanded her almost sternly. "Dad has said he wouldn't call in the police. Just keep your head up, and act as innocent as you really are. Don't row with Nyda. The rest is up to me."

"What are you going to do, Clay?" Billy asked fearfully.

"I'm going to get on Eddie Banning's trail, and I'm not going to lose any time. I'll keep in touch with