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ESTABLISHED 1920

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Phone 112

Lady Attendant

STANDINGS OF LEAGUES

Pacific Coast

	W.	L.	P.
Oakland	42	29	592
Sacramento	38	32	543
Seattle	35	32	523
San Francisco	36	34	514
Portland	33	35	485
Los Angeles	29	39	426
Hollywood	27	41	397

National

	W.	L.	P.
Pittsburgh	28	13	682
St. Louis	24	17	585
New York	24	19	558
Chicago	23	19	548
Brooklyn	23	25	479
Philadelphia	18	32	450
Boston	15	32	404
Cincinnati	14	32	394

American

	W.	L.	P.
New York	31	15	674
Chicago	30	17	585
Philadelphia	29	22	511
St. Louis	22	23	489
Cleveland	22	24	478
Washington	20	23	465
Detroit	19	25	432
Boston	12	30	386

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

Coast League Baseball

(By The Associated Press.)

The Seals, by virtue of high class hurling on the part of Moudy and Kunz, walked off with both ends of a twin bill with Portland Sunday by scores of 4-2 and 3-1. The Seals could get but five hits in each game, but bunched them to good advantage, while the Beavers were helpless in the pinches. Batteries: First game; Moudy and Vargas; Kinney, Hughes and Wendell, Fisher. Second game; Kunz and McCrea;

Coen Lumber Company

MILLWORK LUMBER BOXES BUILDERS HARDWARE GLASS PAINT ROOFING SHINGLES CEMENT

See our stocks, our equipment and our facilities to furnish you what you want, when you want it, at reasonable cost.

AGENTS

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USED CARS

ROY CATCHING MOTOR CO.

Ford 1926 Truck, \$800 job	\$425
Ford 1926 Sedan, like new	\$425
Ford 1926 Coupe, new finish	\$350
Star 1924 Sport Touring, F. W. B.	\$250
Gardner 1924 touring	\$275
Chevrolet 1924 Sedan	\$325
Studebaker 1920 special touring	\$250
Ford 1922 Touring	\$100
Ford 1922 Touring	\$50
Hudson 1921 Sedan	\$450
Essex 1926 Coach	\$525
Oakland Touring	\$75

125 N. Rose Phone 438 Roseburg, Ore.

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The Fruit House floor has been sanded and waxed and is excellent. Refreshments always ready. Photograph or radio for music. Bring your own favorite records. For information and terms call Brand's, Phone 3176.

AND WE HAVE WONDERFUL STRAWBERRIES

BRAND'S

Pacific Highway 3 Miles North

Good Foods, Conveniently Packed

No housewife should be short on that kind of food as desirable when extra company comes, to make up in a quick picnic lunch or for use in the home by the non-folk when she doesn't want to be there to prepare the meal.

ECONOMY GROCERY

344 N. Jackson St. Phone 63 O. L. Johnson

Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

T. Q. Curtis selects three girls from his big department store to come into his home as his wards for one year, because he wants to help them further ambitions each one has professed. Billy Wells, anxious to be a concert violinist, is the only one of the three that is in earnest. Nyda Lemax and Winnie Shelton lie to enjoy the old man's generosity.

Billy is secretly engaged to Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, and is deeply hurt when she observes he is playing affectionate attention to Winnie.

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. Strange events involved in these intrigues are Mrs. Meadows, Dal and Eddie Banning, Nyda's sweetheart.

T. Q.'s safe is robbed, and Sawyer, the butler, throws suspicion on Billy whom he saw in the library at a late hour. Billy, who is innocent, calls on Clay Curtis, son of T. Q., to help her. Clay has disinherited himself and is living at the Wells home in a poor part of town working in a factory by day and writing music at night. Billy tells him she suspects Nyda and Eddie Banning and Clay makes Eddie confess. Nyda then tells that she and Eddie have been married the whole year. T. Q. agrees not to prosecute them.

Clay proposes to Billy, telling her he has made a success with his music. He wants to help her in her study of music. Before she can answer him a telegram comes from Romaine and the spell of infatuation for Romaine is again upon her. That night at dinner, Ralph Truman, young capitalist, makes insinuations before the entire party that Romaine is an accomplice of a fortune teller, Namir Sadh, who was run out of town. This is a stab at Billy's heart and she is some time recovering. Later when she goes to the music room to get her violin to play for the party, she hears a noise in the library and opening the door finds Winnie, a legal document in her hand. When she sees Billy, her face is suffused with anger and hatred.

IN BANKRUPTCY

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.

In the matter of Samuel L. Hebard, Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Samuel L. Hebard, of Roseburg, in the county of Douglas, and district of Oregon, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given that the said Samuel L. Hebard was on the 26th day of May, 1927, duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned referee in Roseburg, Oregon, on the 17th day of June, 1927, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated June 4, 1927.

C. L. HAMILTON,

Referee in Bankruptcy.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER LIV

Winnie did not trust herself to make another appearance in the drawing room after her scene with Billy in the library. From her room she sent Viola with a message that she was suffering from a headache. At ten o'clock the entire party, with the exception, of course, of T. Q. and Mrs. Meadows, motored to the Country Club for dancing. Dal brought Billy home at half-past one, keeping her for another fifteen minutes in his car parked before the house, as he made ardent love to her.

She was so happy that she slept little, but when she did sleep, terrible dreams disturbed her rest, and in the morning she felt into the deep sleep of exhaustion, and did not awaken until ten o'clock. Mrs. Meadows, arranging flowers in the drawing room, told her that Winnie was ill in bed, and that she had sent word that she would not be down for luncheon. Billy spent two hours with her violin, practicing doggedly, as if she were trying to make up for all the hours she had stolen from her music.

At two o'clock Dal called for her and there were three happy hours of dining in the crisp cool air of late February. Because she was afraid of seeing and hearing him, she did not tell him that Winnie was ill—oh, claimed to be. But when she returned to the house at five, she brought with her a bunch of lilies for Winnie at a florist's. In her happiness she was almost sorry for Winnie, had an obscure, unreasoning impulse to try again to make friends with the little blond aches.

She was taking off her hat and coat in her own room, the door of which stood open, when she saw T. Q. Curtis home from the office earlier than usual, pass through the hall. She went to the door to call out a greeting to him, when she saw that he was knocking at Winnie's door across the hall.

"Winnie may be really sick," she murmured to herself, sorry that she had not been to see the girl before. T. Q. looked worried, as he listened for the small voice bidding him to come in.

T. Q. was worried. Something in the tremulous words with which Winnie had summoned him by telephone had frightened him. "Please come home, Daddy Curtis. I feel so bad! And I want to see you now!" That sweet, small voice had implored him.

If his thoughts could have been put into words as he opened the door, they would have been a prayer something like this: "Good Lord, help me do the right thing by this child who has been so dear to me this year."

"Hello Daddy Curtis!" Winnie's weak, sweet voice called out to him. "Thanks for coming—so soon."

"Why, Winnie, child! What are you crying about? Do you feel so ill as all that?" he said with gruff kindness as he stooped over the bed and took her limp little hand. "I'm not ill," Winnie's voice choked on a sob. "I—I just didn't have the heart to get up today. I—oh, nothing matters any more! I wish I were dead!"

"Why, Winnie, darling child! T. Q. protested, lifting the soft, limp hand to his lips. "What in the world is the matter?"

"Sit down here by me," Winnie begged forcibly, moving her tiny body a little more toward the middle of the silk-draped bed. "Last night, Daddy Curtis, at dinner, I came over me all of a sudden that

in just one more week we— we wouldn't be dining together, you and I. Don't you realize, dear Daddy Curtis, that the year is gone? Just one more week!" she repeated desperately.

"I—Winnie, child, I have realized it, and I assure you that it makes me more unhappy than— than you may imagine, from my short time I shall be a daughter— a lonely old man again."

He was glad that she was not looking into his eyes, for he was afraid that she could read there the lie that he had told her. For he had a vivid mental picture of that legal document which he had locked away in a secret drawer of his desk. And that document was the best proof in the world, that if Billy Wells would accept his offer of adoption, he would not be a lonely, daughterless man after the year was up.

He had not been absolutely sure until after the rather wretched scene of the two girls—Winnie or Billy—who would name in that formal agreement of adoption. But after Billy's vindication, after the gallant, courageous way in which she had borne herself during that dreadful time, he knew that of the two she was the daughter for him. And yet Winnie—dear, soft, lovely little Winnie—after all, why not have two daughters? He asked himself suddenly. Would it work? He had not been a fool all these months. He had been that the three girls were not contented. To had—it had been a mistake to choose Nyda for the year of probation; she had never really been in the running at all.

"What am I going to do?" Winnie began to cry like a heart-broken child. "I—I can't bear to leave you, Daddy Curtis. I—I've grown so awfully fond of you."

"I've tried to be like a father to you, my dear," T. Q. said huskily. "I'm very glad if I have made you happy this year."

"I've got a father!" Winnie burst out at him, with a spark of anger. "I don't need a father, Daddy Curtis. I—I—oh, I can't tell you how I feel toward you!"

The old man looked down at the convulsed little face wonderingly, then he bent to kiss the grief-twisted, childish mouth. But before his lips touched hers, Winnie drew back sharply, her eyes widening as if with fright, a trembling hand going up to shield her mouth. "Don't—don't! You mustn't—do that!" she gasped in a shaken whisper.

"But—why my dear?" T. Q. asked in genuine astonishment. "I've kissed you often enough child, and you didn't seem to find me repulsive."

"That's it!" Winnie moaned, covering her face with her hands. "I—I haven't found you repulsive! I want you to kiss me so much that I don't—I don't dare let you do it! Oh, Mr. Curtis, you've been so blind, so blind!"

A fit of trembling seized the old man. He passed a shaking hand over his dazed, incredulous eyes. No, no, she couldn't mean—that! This lovely, young little thing, dewy with youth, made for romance—she couldn't love him in that way!

"I—Winnie, I'm afraid I don't understand!" he gasped.

A sudden, shy, intensely sweet smile flashed out at him through her tears. "I—I think you do!"

He gathered her into his arms then, fiercely, passion which he had thought dead for years surging through his rapidly beating heart. "Winnie, little sweetheart, Winnie! Do you want to stay here with old T. Q.—as his wife?"

"Of course I do!" Winnie laughed softly, her arms tight about his neck, her flushed cheek rubbing provocatively against his. "Oh, T. Q., I do love you so! Haven't you—guessed? All these months that I've loved you, and called you my Daddy Curtis, and you were so blind!"

He was murmuring clumsy endearments into her ear, lifting the silvery blond hair with tender fingers as he did so, when he was startled by an incredible sound.

He looked at Winnie to make sure that the silly single had not come from her lips, but she was as startled as he, or appeared to be.

"Someone is in the room!" T. Q. almost shouted, as he sprang from his seat on the edge of the bed.

"No, no! You imagined it! Or it was someone outside!" Winnie cried out in panic.

But T. Q. strode to the thick taffeta draperies that hung to the floor before the great bay window. When he yanked them viciously aside, Viola, the colored maid, stood revealed, a hand clapped to her mouth her eyes rolling with ludicrous fear.

"What do you mean by hiding in here for?" she shrieked in a metallic voice from which all sweetness had departed. "How did you get in here? When I was asleep?" Her pale blue eyes blazed into the rolling black eyes of the maid as if she were trying to get across a message which she dared not put into words.

"Take your hands off me, white girl!" Viola's hand dropped from her mouth with astonishing abruptness. "Ain't gonna get nothin' out of you, Mr. Curtis, you ain't. You told me to hide here and listen to ever' word the old fool said—that's what she called you,

MUSIC SUPPLIES AT COST

The entire stock of phonograph records, sheet music, instruction books, etc., comprising the stock of Moore's Music Shop, will be closed out at cost prices within the next few days. It will pay you to buy your supplies now. Make a list of what you may need and take advantage of this sale to save on your purchases. Prices slashed on pianos and phonographs during closing out sale.

MOORE'S MUSIC SHOP
225 N. Jackson St.

Mr. Curtis—the old fool! I guess I ain't gonna get myself fired on your account, I ain't."

Winnie dropped her head upon the maid and flung herself against T. Q.'s breast. "Don't believe her, Daddy Curtis! She's lying!"

"Who's lying?" Viola uttered a scream of animal rage. "I'll show you. Who gave me this twenty-dollar bill to hide here and listen?"

She snatched a yellow-backed bill from her apron pocket and waved it in the face of the white-faced terrified girl. "Mr. Curtis, she wanted a witness so's if you tried to get out of this she'd have the goods on you!"

"That will do, Viola. I understand," T. Q. said heavily. "Get control of yourself and go tell Mrs. Meadows and Miss Wells that you want to see them immediately in the library. Then go to your own room, without speaking to anyone, until after I send for you."

"Yes sir!" Viola backed out of the room, her eyes still rolling with terror.

"Oh, what are you going to do to me, Daddy Curtis?" Winnie collapsed upon the bed, weeping and shivering with fear.

(To Be Continued)

With Winnie out of the way there is no one in Billy's path. In the next chapter, though, she makes a confession:

New Thing in Face Powder

A new youth shade that is exclusive to MELLO-GLO. Stays on longer, less affected by perspiration, does not clog the pores. This new wonderful Beauty Powder is made by a new French Process and you will be delighted with it. Absolutely pure. Just try MELLO-GLO and note its rare qualities. Only one dollar. Nathan Fullerton, drugist, Perkins Building.

VESTA BECKLEY OF ROSEBURG, ASSISTANT MANAGER YEAR BOOK

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, June 6.—Vesta Beckley of Roseburg has been appointed assistant manager of the Beaver, the college year book. The Beaver requires one of the largest staffs of student assistants of any campus publication. This year's book consisted of 453 pages, and had a sale of 2300 copies. Work has already been started on the new book and the Memorial Union building has been chosen for the theme. The Memorial Union idea was used this year and the architecture of the building will be used next year as the motif for art work. Miss Beckley is a freshman in commerce.

Try our buttermilk—its differ-ent. Roseburg Dairy, Phone 186.

RUMANIA IS PROMISED MORE LIBERAL RULE

BUCHAREST, Rumania, June 6.—Dissolution of parliament, removal of the censorship, and the holding of free elections are promised by Prince Barbu Stirbey, who contemplated the organization of a cabinet (said to succeed the Averescu government, which resigned yesterday).

Premier Stirbey has announced that the new government will be conducted along strictly legal lines. Full liberty of the press is to be established and removal of officials of the Averescu regime is promised.

Parliament is to be dissolved by royal decree and new elections ordered for July 7, in which ballot-box is to be unhampered.

Fish at Idlewild Park.

Chas. S. McElhinny

"The Widow's Friend"

Oregon Life

Masonic Bldg. 101 N. Jackson

When it's doggone hot!

There's nothing like a clean, dust-free suit—spotless, cool and crisp—to keep your morale from melting when it's doggone hot!

And no one in town can give you dejected clothes a more invigorating dry cleaning than we can!

When do we start?

Imperial

APPLICATION OF SPRAY PRODUCES THE BEST BLOOMS

To produce the largest number of desirable flowers sprays carefully and intelligently used are essential in Oregon, says Don C. Mote, entomologist of the O. A. C. experiment station, even though insect pests of the rose are not especially serious.

Among the most common pests of leaf, bud and growing tip of the rose are plant lice, or aphids. Lice are small soft bodied green or reddish green insects which cluster on under surface of leaves, growing tips, or the rose canes during early summer. When in small numbers they are controlled by crushing, or brushing off the plant. When present abundantly, nicotine sulfate spray or nicotine dust controls them.

The rose leaf-nopper is often more injurious than plant lice. It is on under surfaces of leaves, a small light yellowish or yellowish green insect. The leaf-nopper is smaller and more active than plant lice and when mature has white wings. In heavy infestations leaves turn yellow and become thickly spotted with whitish dots. Control measures as used for plant lice destroys them.

The appearance of skeletonized foliage in late May and June is usually an indication of rose slug—a light green slug-like worm about a third of an inch long, which feeds on under surfaces of leaves. It is controlled with arsenate of lead spray.

The rose scale infests the canes of the plant. It is white and circular in shape with small raised yellowish centers. It attaches itself to the bark and obtains its food by sucking plant juices. Time to control this type of scale is during the dormant season of the rose. Nicotine sulfate sprays during growing season will aid in checking its increase.

San Jose and cottony scale attack the rose. All scale insects are controlled in the dormant season with lime sulfur solution containing one part of commercial lime sulfur to 12 parts of water.

To insure heavy blooming biennials and perennials by next year from now it is necessary to start them now.

Flower seeds have shown the best results at the O. A. C. experiment station when sown in soil one part each of leaf mold, fine sand and garden loam which were screened and thoroughly mixed together. The soil containing spent manure taken from old hotbeds may be substituted for this combination.

A convenient and efficient method of sowing seed is to broadcast them in shallow boxes of soil, tamp them in gently and then lightly cover them with fine sand and leafmold. To prevent washing out or burying the seed they are watered with a fine sprinkler held several feet from the box. When the seedlings are large enough to be handled and show two leaves and a terminal bud it is transplanting time.

The seedlings are transplanted into good soil preferably one part of each leaf mold, decomposed manure and rich garden loam. A dibble is used to lift out and transplant the seedlings which are set two inches apart each way. As soon as these plants begin to crowd they are planted in the garden permanently where they will flower satisfactorily the next year provided they are weeded, watered and cultivated in the meantime.

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

CONTRACT IS LET FOR MEDFORD MOTION PICTURE STUDIO

MEDFORD, June 6.—The Rogue River Studios, Inc., through their counsel W. E. Crews, announced today that the contract for the erection of a \$300,000 motion picture studio, to be located on an 80-acre tract of land, adjoining Medford, had been let to C. E. Swallow, Portland contractor, and that work preparatory to the construction would be the first of next week.

The entire building, when completed, will be 336 by 82 feet, ranging from one to three stories in height. Plans for construction were drawn by William Lang, Portland architect. The corporation plans to begin the filming of pictures September 1.

DECKING OF DEER CREEK BRIDGE IS REPAIRED TODAY

The decking of the Deer Creek bridge was broken Saturday afternoon when a truck passed over it. No serious damage was caused by the break, which was repaired by workmen. There has been some discussion of a new bridge over Deer creek and at a recent meeting of the council there was talk of referring the matter to the voters in the form of a bond issue to replace it.

EUGENE MAN BUYS OAKLAND STORE

W. N. Crouch, who for many years has owned and conducted a tobacco store and pool hall in Oakland, has disposed of his business to H. W. Fair of Eugene. The new owner is taking immediate possession. Mr. Crouch has as yet made no plans for future business activities, but expects to continue his residence in Oakland where he has made his home for a long period of time.

Hot Weather Means Tire Trouble TRY MILLER TIRES



Roseburg Super-Service Station C. D. FIES

Get Ready for Your Camping Trip Now.

We Recommend the SHEIK AND IDEAL TENTS

because they give perfect satisfaction, are set up in a few minutes, and will shed the hardest rain. These tents will please the most exacting camper.

Full line Campers' Equipment. Let us help you select your camping outfit.

ZIGLER-CRAVEN HARDWARE CO.

PHONE 25 ROSEBURG, ORE.

TILDEN BEATEN BY LA COSTE IN SECOND BATTLE

ST. CLOUD, France, June 6.—William Tilden's triumphal sweep of Europe's tennis courts has been checked by a fighting member of the three French "musketeers" who holds the championship of the United States.

Although the tall American with the shagging racket-arm had taken the measure of each of the three in previous matches in his last tour of reprisal for their successful invasion of the United States last year, he lost out to Rene La Coste in their second meeting yesterday. The score was 6-4, 4-6, 6-7, 6-3, 11-9.

The prize was the international hard court championship, The American No. 1 player and the Frenchman who holds that place in his own national ranking with Henry Cochet and Jean Borotra, had reached the final round. With a straight set victory over La Coste in the Franco-American duel two weeks ago, Tilden was a heavy favorite.

The match was a battle worthy of the tennis giants it brought together and it was won thru strength of nerves as much as strength of muscle. A squabble among spectators over the right to a particular seat, a dirigible passing overhead—such things as these drew Tilden's attention from his game at important moments, while his French opponent played steadier, less temperamental tennis, to win a gallant uphill fight.

Plenic at Idlewild Park.

PORTLAND WOMAN SUES FORMER ROSEBURG PEOPLE FOR RETURN OF HOME

PORTLAND, June 6.—Mrs. Susan A. Fowler, 82, has brought an action in circuit court to untangle her financial affairs, which became involved through her efforts to provide, through agreement with her children, for care during her old age, the complaint states. The suit is directed against Elizabeth Alice Evans, her daughter; W. H. Evans, a son-in-law, and Mrs. Able H. Wolfe, another daughter.

The agreement was that Mr. and Mrs. Evans were to live with Mrs. Fowler in her Sunnyside home upon condition that the property was to be bequeathed to them upon her death, Mrs. Fowler alleged. On October 27, 1926, she asserted that she signed a paper purporting not to be effective until after her death, which in reality proved to be a deed giving the Evans' clear title to the premises. They then mortgaged the place for \$650 and left her, Mrs. Fowler declared. She asks the court to return her title to the property and to give her a judgment for \$650 against the Evans, with costs of removing it as a lien upon the premises.

The W. H. Evans referred to in the above dispatch was a former resident of Roseburg, being engaged in the automobile business here for a time and also at the Country Club.

MEDFORD S. P. MAN IS MADE GENERAL AGENT