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PERRIN'S SHOE STORE

111 West Cass St., Roseburg.

Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Billy Wells, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton are selected from the big T. Q. Curtis department store to come into the home of their employer for one year, because old Curtis believes the girls have worthy ambitions and he wants to help them. Billy, anxious to be a concert violinist, the only one of the three that is truthful about her ambition.

Billy is secretly engaged to Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess, and she is deeply grieved when she learns he is also paying affectionate attention to Winnie Shelton.

Unknown to T. Q., the girls find out he intends to adopt one of them when the year is up, and Nyda and Winnie turn the house into a hot-bed of intrigue. Strangely involved in these intrigues are Mrs. Meadows, Dal and Eddie Banning, Nyda's former sweetheart. T. Q.'s safe is robbed one night, and Sawyers, the butler, throws suspicion on Billy, whom he saw in the library at a late hour. Billy is innocent and calls on Clay Curtis, son of old T. Q., to help her. Clay has disowned 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 Clay she suspects Eddie Banning and Nyda. Clay goes for Banning and makes him confess. Nyda then tells T. Q. that she and Eddie have been married during the entire year.

One night after dinner, Billy surprises Winnie in T. Q.'s desk. She is holding a legal document in her hand. The next day, Winnie feels ill and calls T. Q. to her room. She makes it plain that she is in love with him and the old man succumbs to her caresses when a giggle is heard from behind the curtain. Viola, the maid, tells T. Q. Winnie bribed her to witness the "compromising" situation. T. Q. is stunned. He orders Viola to her room, locks Winnie in, and sends for Billy and Mrs. Meadows to meet him in the library.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER LV

When T. Q. Curtis entered the library ten minutes later, both Mrs. Meadows and Billy, who had answered his summons promptly, greeted him with shocked exclamations. "I'm not ill, thank you!" T. Q. waved aside their solicitous inquiries with a peremptory hand. But the gray shadow of his countenance and the twitching of his usually firm mouth belied his words. "I must apologize in advance for the distress which this interview is bound to cause you both, but it is necessary that I take you into my confidence, for my own protection," he explained, passing a weary, trembling hand across his eyes.

Mrs. Meadows' hands fluttered over her knitting for a moment, then dropped heavily into her lap. If Billy had been watching her she would have seen a shadow of terror darken the faded brown eyes. "I need your advice, too," T. Q. said with a ceremonious bow toward Mrs. Meadows. "I think you will believe me when I say that for a year I have tried to fulfill honorably the terms of the agreement I made with the three girls in whose lives and careers I have interested myself."

"Indeed I do, Mr. Curtis," Mrs. Meadows answered. "You have been a father to Nyda, Winnie and Billy. No one could be more disinterested than I that Nyda repaid your generosity with gross ingratitude."

"Poor Nyda!" T. Q. interrupted her with a groan. "She is more to be pitied than blamed. I should have realized that I was putting almost irresistible temptation in her way. But it is not of Nyda that I wish to speak."

He bowed his head in his hands and sat in silence for a long minute. Billy's heart began to beat with painful rapidity. Why had she—and not Winnie—been summoned to this conference with T. Q. Curtis? Could it mean that he was about to announce his decision in that strange, secret contest? That document which Winnie had stolen from his desk to read?

But T. Q. Curtis was speaking again, his voice halting with embarrassment. "Another of my three girls has succumbed to irresistible temptation. I may be a fool, but it had not occurred to me, Mrs. Meadows, that a lovely young girl would be tempted to try to marry me—for my money."

"My dear Mr. Curtis!" Mrs. Meadows' exclamation was freighted with shocked astonishment. Her

faded eyes flashed a look of utter contempt upon Billy. "I am afraid you are jumping to conclusions, Mrs. Meadows," T. Q. said heavily. "Billy is not the guilty party. I shall be brief. Miss Shelton tricked me into a proposal of marriage this evening, and she took care to have a witness concealed in the room. It was the colored maid, Viola, who accidentally ruined Miss Shelton's scheme by betraying her presence behind the window drapes." He made his humiliating confession in a ashamed, low voice.

Billy sank limply back into her chair. What a vile little beast Winnie Shelton was! So that had been her game all along! For months she had courted the old man, coddling against him like an affectionate kitten, kissing him, trying, by every means in her power, to arouse desire for her in the unsuspecting old man's heart. Oh, it was sickening.

"You will, of course, put her out of your house immediately, Mr. Curtis!" Mrs. Meadows was saying indignantly. "I can't imagine such a thing! The brazen little hussy!"

"Please, Mrs. Meadows!" T. Q. protested. "But I do need advice on how to handle the situation. If I do as you suggest—put her out of my house immediately—there will be a scandal. Oh, Lord!" he groaned, dropping his head into his hands until his hands again.

"Mr. Curtis," Billy began diffidently, her heart aching for him, "the year is almost up. Probably no one but a few of your employees at the store will remember the exact date when Winnie and I are expected to leave your home, under the terms of the agreement. Will you let me suggest something?"

"Go ahead, child," T. Q. answered without looking up. "I'm asking for advice."

"Well, then, Mr. Curtis, it is undoubtedly known at the store that Winnie's father has been very ill with pneumonia. She really should have been staying at home with him until he was out of danger. I understand he is much better now, and it seems to me that everyone would consider it the most natural thing in the world if Winnie went home to nurse him until he is able to travel. I know how you must feel—heart-sick and terribly disappointed—all of us," she stammered, "but I believe you will be happier a year from now if you return good for evil, so far as Winnie is concerned, just as you did for Nyda. Give her a thousand dollars, so that her father can recuperate for a month or two in the mountains, and so that she will have enough to carry her until she gets a position as a private secretary."

"Private secretary?" T. Q. smiled sadly. "The child is probably the world's worst stenographer. She'll never know how to spell 'receive'." But—thanks for the suggestion, my dear. Of course I intended to do something for her, even though I would prefer never to see her again. Well, what's done is done, and it can't be helped," he groaned.

"You still have Billy, Mr. Curtis," Mrs. Meadows reminded him. "A good girl who is devoted to you."

"Please, Mrs. Meadows!" Billy cried, tears of shame stinging her eyes. "I will leave me alone for a few minutes with Mr. Curtis! There is something I must say to him, if he will let me."

T. Q. nodded, his eyes narrowing with what Billy thought, with a guilty conscience, must be suspicion. Poor darling, he had every right to be suspicious of any girl that asked to be alone with him now!

Mrs. Meadows rustled indignantly out of the room, and Billy walked slowly to his desk, where she stood, head high and blue eyes sparkling with tears.

"I couldn't say what I want to say before anyone else," she began, striving to get a tight grip on her courage. "Mr. Curtis, I want to leave your home today, too. It must be painful for you to see any of us now, and—its impossible for me to be happy here. I can't tell you how deeply I appreciate your great kindness to me—" Her voice broke.

"Billy"—T. Q. leaned forward and laid a hand on hers, which was rigidly grasping the edge of the desk—"I want you to stay. There is something I did not intend to tell you just yet, but if you are determined to leave today—"

"Please, Mr. Curtis! Before you say anything—I've got to make a confession."

"A confession?" T. Q. withdrew his hand. "You, too?"

"Yes," she nodded miserably. "Me, too! I'd rather die than tell you, Mr. Curtis, for I've learned to love you almost as much as I do my mother since I have been in your home. But—I've got to do it! All three of us—Nyda, Winnie and I—have known for almost a year that you—that you planned to adopt one of us as your daughter!"

Prizes Offered "Lindbergh's" for Hops to Hawaii and Hongkong



Following Lindbergh's successful hop from New York to Paris, prizes for long flights are on the boom. William E. Easterwood (above) of Dallas, Tex., has put up \$25,000 for a two-stop flight from Dallas to Hongkong, China, in 144 hours or less. James D. Dole (below) of San Francisco, head of a pineapple company, offers \$25,000 for a nonstop flight from the Pacific coast to Hawaii.

burton talking as you passed through the music room on your way to the library. We hadn't been here a month then. I was asleep in a chair drawn up to the window. I'd been practicing. Your voices woke me up. I didn't intend to eavesdrop. I hope you'll believe that!" Her head went higher, her eyes flashed through her tears.

"Your confession is entirely voluntary," T. Q. answered wearily. "I shall believe anything you say. But with a piece of valuable information like that in your hands and yours alone, how did the other girls happen to know?"

"I told them, of course!" Billy's voice rang out sharply. "At first I wanted to rush into the library and tell you that I had overheard, but—but I was selfish. I thought that you would give up your plan for having the three of us here for a year. I didn't know what to do. I went home and told Clay—"

"So my son has known all this time!" T. Q. interrupted bitterly. "What a fool he must think his father is!"

"No, he doesn't! He had suspected from the first contest that you were planning just such a move. He tried to keep me from entering the contests and when I'd won on both he tried to keep me from accepting your offer of a year in your home. He—he warned me that it would be hell, and it—has been!" she confessed in a low voice.

"I can see that it must have been," T. Q. conceded, his lips twisting wryly over the words. "Did Clay advise you to tell the other girls?"

"Yes, he did, after I'd assured him that I didn't want anything more than the year. I didn't either! Not then, at any rate!" She did drop her eyes then, for the thought of her own motives in trying to win was almost more than she could bear.

"He wouldn't be fair to Nyda and Winnie for me to know such a secret and to keep them out of it. And so for a year three girls have accepted your hospitality, your boundless generosity, while they schemed to outwit each other and to win the big prize."

"You, too?" he repeated sadly, but there was hope in his eyes as they gazed searchingly into hers. (To be continued.)

To be free of T. Q. Curtis and his agreement, and to go away with Dal Romaine, is Billy's only thought. In the next chapter she summons Dal.

Fish at Idlewild Park.

LOCAL BOY GOING TO BAPTIST CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA SOON

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, June 7.—Clair Taylor, of Roseburg, has been chosen by the Baptist Young People's union as a delegate to the national B. Y. U. convention at Philadelphia in July. Taylor is a sophomore in electrical engineering.

LODGE DIRECTORY

DE MOLAY CHAPTER

regular communication 2nd and 4th Thursdays, Masonic Hall.

Union Encampment No. 9, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple on 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month. Visiting Patriarchs always welcome.

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I. O. O. F. Philatristan Lodge No. 8—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every Friday evening. Visiting brothers are always welcome.

W. J. BURKE, N. O.
A. J. GEDDES, Rec. Sec.
J. B. BAILEY, Fin. Sec.

Job's Daughters No. 8—Meets first and third Fridays at 7:30 p. m. Masonic Temple. Master Masons and O. E. S. members always welcome.

ELIZABETH ABRAHAM, Secy.

Woodmen of the World, Camp No. 125—Meets in the Odd Fellows Hall in Roseburg every first and third Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome.

M. M. MILLER, Clerk.

B. P. O. Elks, Roseburg Lodge No. 326.—Holds regular communication at the Elks Temple on each second and fourth Thursdays each month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.

H. W. BOOTH, E. R. DOUGLAS WAITE, Sec.

W. B. A. O. T. W. Roseburg Review No. 11.—Holds regular meetings on second and fourth Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. Visiting sisters invited to attend reviews.

MRS. HELEN HUFFMAN, JESSIE RAPP, COF.

O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 8.—Holds their regular meeting on the first and third Thursdays each month. All sojourning brothers and sisters are respectfully invited to attend.

MYRTLE BOND, W. M. FREE JOHNSON, Sec.

Knights of Pythias, Alpha Lodge No. 47.—Meets every Wednesday in Knights of Pythias hall, 131 Rose street. Visitors always welcome.

GEO. R. WARE, C. C. ROY O. YOUNG, M. F. E. E. WIMBERLY, K. R. S.

Laurel Chapter No. 31, R. A. M.—Meets every third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Temple. All members requested to attend and visiting companions welcome.

W. G. BURT, High Priest. W. F. HARRIS, sec.

Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every week on Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

ALICE GOFF, N. G. GERTRUDE HATFIELD, R. S. EMMA LENOX, F. S.

IRA TAYLOR, G. N. MARGARET WHITNEY, Clerk.

K. O. T. M.—Meets each second and fourth Thursday of each month, in Macabeh hall, corner Cass and Pine streets. Visiting Knights always welcome.

L. C. GOODMAN, Com. G. W. RAPP, R. K.

A. F. & A. M. Laurel Lodge No. 13.—Regular communication second and fourth Wednesdays each month at Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Ore. Visitors welcome.

F. P. CLEMENS, W. M. W. F. HARRIS, Sec.

W. O. M. L.—Meets in Moose hall first and third Fridays at 8 o'clock. Visitors welcome.

MARION SHAW, S. R. KATHRYN SINGER, Rec. VIVIAN PHILLIPS, Treas.

Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Temple every week on Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

ALICE GOFF, N. G. GERTRUDE HATFIELD, R. S. EMMA LENOX, F. S.

POULTRY POINTERS

(From O. A. C. Exp. Station.) An average flock production of 150 eggs a year per fowl is considered satisfactory, although 200 eggs for a hen is common in Oregon.

Wire bottoms in laying nests for poultry permit free circulation of air, which prevents prostration in hot summer. They are more sanitary because the wire bottom makes it practically self-cleaning.

Self-feeding mash hoppers for poultry clog and need shaking daily, to give the fowls as much mash as they want to eat.

Nests under the dropping boards save space, but they also light away from the back part of the floor. They make it impossible to observe the fowls properly. It is less sanitary and it is more difficult to gather the eggs.

It is necessary that poultry-houses be well ventilated, more so than housing for other livestock, because the body temperature of the fowl is several degrees higher. Its digestion is more rapid and more oxygen is needed for food assimilation.

An effective broody coop for hens is made of lath nailed together, with a 1 inch mesh bottom. It is hung on the wall and preferably placed above the dropping boards.

Runs of checks confined to brood coops are kept on soil where the grass is green and tender, the

Plumage is eaten off.

A field with a slight slope to the south makes an ideal location for a poultry-house.

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News and Views of Women

SPRINGFIELD, Ill.—One defeat is not enough to halt Representative Lottie Holman O'Neill of the Illinois legislature in her efforts to reduce the hours of women workers by law from 10 to eight hours a day. Her original bill having been defeated, Mrs. O'Neill prepared a nother measure, this time for a 48-hour week.

Social workers have upbraided the state for "laggardness in labor legislation" because it refuses to amend the existing maximum hour law for women employees.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla.—A career prophesied in poems when she was an infant have come true for Mrs. Mabel Bassett, Oklahoma politician. Mrs. Bassett is serving her second term as Oklahoma Commissioner of charities and corrections. She led the democratic ticket when elected to her second term.

When she was an infant, her aunt, Miss Mary Tomlin, now deceased, was one of the few women newspaper editors in Chicago. Miss Tomlin published a poem in her newspaper, The Balance, predicting a bright political future for her small niece, although woman suffrage was not then even a probability.

NEW YORK—Mildred Seeba, the young soprano who has held the Caruso Foundation scholarship for two successive years, will return to the United States this summer to arrange for a series of public appearances.

Miss Seeba, who was born in Jacksonville, Fla., made her debut in Baltimore, Md., soon after graduation from high school and won the Caruso scholarship. This entitled her to a year's study abroad. Her success was so marked during that year that Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera company, hearing her sing in Italy, recommended that a second year's scholarship be given to her.

PORTLAND, Ore.—When she was so small she could not reach the keyboard of a piano unless bolstered by a pile of books on top of the stool, Miss Louise Jacobson could play by ear selections from opera.

Now at 22, she is one of the popular radio concert pianists of the Pacific coast. She was only three when she first began her musical career.

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