

Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Billy Wells, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton are chosen by T. Q. Curtis 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 has expressed.

Billy, ambitious to be a concert violinist, is the only one that is in earnest. The others lie to enjoy his generosity for the year. Billy becomes infatuated with and secretly engaged to Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess. Dal is also "playing" Winnie Shelton.

Billy loses interest in her music. T. Q. notices this, and also that Nyda, who professed an ambition to become a kindergarten teacher, is not at all interested in her work. Winnie, who wants to be a private secretary, seeks to win his favor by offering to do his stenographic work in the evenings.

T. Q. discovers his wife has been robbed by someone on the "inside." Suspicion is cast on Billy. She asks Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, to help her. Clay has disinherited himself and is living with the Wells family, working in a factory by day and writing music at night. Clay forces a confession from Eddie Manning, Nyda's old sweetheart, and Nyda who also admits being married. T. Q. does not prosecute them.

Winnie finds a document in T. Q.'s desk, showing that Billy is to be adopted and tricks T. Q. into a proposal of marriage. Viola, the maid, whom Winnie paid to witness the scene, gives the ruse away. T. Q. calls Billy and Mrs. Meadows into the library and tells them the whole thing. When Billy is left alone with T. Q. she confesses that the three girls knew of his plan to adopt one of them all along and they had not played the game fairly. When he tells her he wants her to be his daughter she refuses, saying she has other plans for her life. She plans to go at once to Romaine and she telephones him at his apartment.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XVII

Billy set her suitcase down in the hall of the apartment house a few paces from Dal's door before she pressed the bell below a chastely engraved card—"Dalhart Romaine." Over the telephone she had told him only that she must see him immediately at his apartment, had volunteered no explanation whatever of her unusual demand.

"Hello, darling!" He stood before her, immaculate, distinguished, a white gardenia in the lapel of his perfectly fitting coat.

"May I come in, Dal?" she laughed shyly, as he still held the door almost closed behind him.

"I'm taking you to dinner, am I not?" he countered. "I had an other engagement, but I called it off, of course. My car is waiting at the curb."

"I've got to talk with you, Dal—privately. Don't be afraid of scandal," she reassured him.

She wondered why he looked so embarrassed as he bowed her to enter, but when she was in the room she understood. It was a mean little place, so utterly different from the setting in which she had imagined Dal Romaine that she was bewildered. It was a one-room apartment, an open door giving a dismaying glimpse of a tiny bath, the tile floor cluttered with soggy towels. The room itself was small, poorly furnished, its crude ugliness relieved only by a few pieces of carved and painted brass ware from India. There was nothing exotic about it; it was not even very clean.

"Rather poor digs for a gentleman," Dal confessed. "I am in my apartment so little that it never seemed worth while to move. But what is the matter, darling? You frightened me almost out of my senses when you telephoned. I have never heard your voice so agitated."

Without invitation from him, Billy removed her moleskin coat, flung it, with her little jungle green velvet hat, across the back of a chair, then aware that his eyes had been watching her uneasily, she went to him and held out her arms.

"Aren't you glad to see me, Dal?" Please say you are, anyway," she begged with a laugh that was not mirthful.

He kissed her briefly, then led her to the disreputable sofa and drew her down to his side. "Some-

thing rather tremendous has happened. I can tell by the hectic light in your eyes and the red danger flags in your cheeks. Tell me, dear. I'm pardonably curious."

She lifted his hand and held it against her cheek as she told him what Winnie Shelton had done. His low, angry exclamation, "My God! the little fool!" did not interrupt the steady flow of her recital.

"So you see, dear I—I ran away. I couldn't stay there after that. You see that, don't you? It would be too horrible to be left alone there with a stricken old man who has had every reason to lose his faith in human nature."

She could not bring herself to tell him of that interview between herself and T. Q. Curtis. That should be their secret. No one should know from her that he had planned a supreme folly—that of adopting a daughter from among the three selfish schemers to whom he had played benefactor.

"So you are breaking your word to him—leaving before the year is out," Dal said thoughtfully, frowning.

"But dear, only a week remains of the year," Billy protested, wide-eyed. "He agreed to let me go. Naturally I did not run away without telling him my reasons for leaving. He has been wonderfully kind. I would not hurt him for the world."

"Your desertion at the time of his greatest need must hurt him," Dal insisted, drawing his hand from hers and clenching his fist.

"Your consideration for Mr. Curtis' feelings rather surprises me," Billy retorted almost angrily. "Especially since you two have never liked each other. Oh, Dal, we mustn't quarrel—now!" she cried brokenly. What had happened between them? she asked herself in a panic.

"Of course we mustn't, darling!" he laughed tenderly. "I'm just bewildered, Billy. Your news is so startling. Come, darling, look at me! Can't you read in my eyes that I love you—utterly?"

He lifted the veiling lids slowly, gazed into her eyes deeply, so that gradually she grew limp in his arms, the old powerful spell dragging her body and her mind. Then suddenly, fiercely, he bent his head so that his lips met hers.

"Now," he exulted, "you're going to be a sensible little darling and go back to Mr. Curtis until the year is up when you can leave in honor."

His words shocked her into alertness. "When the year is up—why was he so insistent? Did he guess—did he know?"

She drew herself entirely out of the circle of his arms. "I'm not going back, Dal. If—if you don't want me, I'll go home—my real home. I mean—my mother's. She will take me in." She began to sob, in fright and selfpity.

"Darling, darling," he remonstrated gently. "Don't be a baby. Of course I want you—"

"Then we can be married—to-night!" She melted toward him again.

"To-night? That's rather short notice isn't it, darling?" he teased her. "What about a license?"

"Is that all?" Billy grinned at him. "Nyda and Eddie Manning were married in the middle of the night, at Chatham, and I'm sure Eddie didn't already have the marriage license. Why couldn't we follow the same program?"

"Billy, dear, please don't be angry. I think it would be much more sensible—and beautiful—if we waited until April as we had planned. No, don't fly out at me," he begged, as she sprang to her feet with an angry exclamation. "What I want you to do is to go back to Mr. Curtis until the year is up."

"Dal Romaine, if you say those words one more time I'll never speak to you again!" His surprised and stunned Dal Romaine, by stamping her foot at him. "I've humiliated myself enough already by asking you to marry me tonight instead of waiting, but I won't repeat the request. Don't fear!"

"My dear Mignon!" Dal recovered himself with remarkable swiftness and took her clenched hands into his. "I'm sorry! Forgive me, darling! I was just trying to protect you, and to make it beautiful, not a hurried elopement. My own affairs are not in the best of shape."

"Please, we won't discuss it any more!" Billy tried to wrench her hands from his. "I have my bag at

ELKS, ATTENTION!

Meeting next Thursday night, initiation and lunch. DOUGLAS WAITE, Sec. B. P. O. E.

outside the door. "I'm going to mother. I'll get a job at something and—" She tried to keep her voice from breaking on a sob, but failed.

"You blessed, darling little infant!" Dal's caressing voice crooned over her as he took her in his arms. "Nothing matters to me but your happiness. Come now, smile pretty for the gentleman! That's better! Excuse me now, dear, while I throw some things into a suitcase. You won't want to come back here after we're married, will you? I'll take along what I'll need for a few days."

He settled her upon the couch, kissed her lightly on the forehead, then set about packing. She watched him as he lifted hangers from the closet and arranged his clothes with meticulous care in the suitcase he had opened upon a chair. Her eyes were shy and very sweet, her mouth tremulous with an amused, tender little smile, as she followed every movement he made.

The bag was half packed when a shrill clanger from the doorbell interrupted his labors.

"I'll answer it!" she told him, springing toward the door. Already she felt as if she had a right in his "diggings," felt like a wife who takes little duties off her husband's shoulders.

That happy feeling was lost in astonishment when she opened the door upon Clara, the pretty parlormaid of the Curtis house. Clara was as startled as Billy, but her training as a servant stood her in good stead.

"I have a note for Mr. Romaine," she told Billy, peering over the shorter girl's shoulder into the room.

"Thank you, Clara," Billy smiled as she reached for the note.

"I was told to give it to Mr. Romaine himself, and to wait for an answer," Clara stated positively, as she pushed past Billy into the room, meeting Dal, who was striding toward her, his face darker than usual with annoyance.

Billy watched him tear open the thick, expensive envelope—stationery which Billy recognized with a sudden, sick sinking of her heart as belonging to Winnie Shelton. He read the three pages of the letter frowningly, then crushing the sheets in his hands, he turned to Clara.

"There is no answer, Clara. Here—and thank you." He drew a dollar bill from his trousers pocket and gave it to the maid, who left after another long, shrewd glance about the room, her eyes lingering upon the half-packed suitcase on the chair.

He tore Winnie's letter, into small bits, with vicious twists of his brown fingers. Then, smiling briefly into Billy's troubled, doubting eyes, he turned away to resume his packing, flinging the remaining garments into the case with little of the meticulous care which had marked the beginning of his packing.

Fifteen minutes later the cream-colored roadster swerved away from the curb before the imposing entrance of the apartment house, carrying a rather grim-faced bridegroom and a trembling little bride-to-be, who looked as if she were of half a mind to leap from the car and run as fast as her legs could carry her to the dear security of her mother's arms.

(To Be Continued)

Winnie Shelton telephones Clay Curtis, then exposes the villainous Romaine, who is running off with Billy. Clay follows.

Galvanized screen wire at Powell's.

FOREST SERVICE OFFICIAL ON VISIT TO COUNTY

Earl W. Loveridge, forest service inspector from Washington, D. C., is spending a week in this county making a visit to the South Umpqua District of the Umpqua National Forest. The trip is being made in company with Forest Supervisor Carl B. Neal.

RAYON BOB BLOOMERS

Yes, you can get those short leg bloomers in a dandy rayon at Carr's. Flat lock seams, set-in crotch, full sizes, all colors. Much finer quality than the ordinary rayon. \$1.25 a pair. Other styles at \$1.65. Vests to match at 95c and \$1.15. Quality at a lower price than Carr's.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clark, who have been operating a service station in South Drain for the past two or three years have sold the business to a Mr. Mason and are returning to their former home at Washougal, Wash.

W. C. Edwards, who with his family were residents of Drain and vicinity for several years, but who are now operating a large stock ranch near Fossil in this state, is here this week, accompanied by his daughter Miss Athena, visiting former friends.

Mrs. Anna Roberts and her niece, Miss Myrtle Hall, of Milwaukee, Wis., are here on a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. J. L. Irwin and family. Before returning home the latter part of the month they will visit relatives at Astoria and also at Washougal, Wash.

Mrs. Harry Cool and children are visiting this week with Mrs. Cool's mother, Mrs. Olsen, at Glendale.

Mrs. M. R. Ryan, who has been quite poorly lately for the past several months, was taken to a hospital at Eugene last week for medical attention.

Recent building improvements in Drain are, in addition to Andy Monson's garage, nearly doubling the size of the building; Roy Spalding's private garage; D. C. Davis, a new barn; Ted Davis a new dwelling; John Sneed, a new wood house.

Road Patrolman Roy Spalding has been improving the roads in his district with gravel for the past several weeks. The Smith river road leading toward Gunter recently the larger part of the work.

Mrs. D. V. Kuykendall and son Vernon of Klamath Falls are here this week visiting Drain relatives, Mrs. Kuykendall's father, Benton Mires, and two sisters, Mrs. W. N. Wise and Mrs. Jack Roach.

LOOKING GLASS NEWS.

Don't forget the bachelors' services June 12, 8 p. m. and graduation exercises June 13.

Kathryn Jacobs, 23, leaving for Ashland June 15, to attend the graduation exercises at the normal.

Teddy Leavitt and Claud Neely, noted evangelists, are going to hold revival meetings in the Looking Glass church, starting Sunday.

Let's get down to cases

YOU don't need a degree from Oxford to figure out why so many men smoke pipes today—and enjoy them. Pipe-smoking has increased at least three-fold since Prince Albert came into the picture. And pipe-pleasure has increased a thousand-fold. And with good reason!

Prince Albert in the bowl of your pipe means pipe-joy coming up the stem. That's the story of P.A.'s tremendous popularity in a pipe-bowl. You suspect that Prince Albert is wonderful tobacco the instant you open the tidy red tin and set free that rich, rare fragrance. That's a treat in itself!

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

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P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, bound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-consistencies, top. And always with every bit of bite and punch removed by the Prince Albert process.



Around the County

Retta Meredith, who has been teaching school in Hillsboro, visited her brother, Wesley Meredith, of Looking Glass. Their younger sister, Florence also spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Meredith.

Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Twedt and son, Myron, also Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Twedt and family were visiting Monday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Paulson. From here they are going to LeGrand, Iowa.

Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Steinhauser's sister, left last Wednesday for Winchester, Ky., where she will visit her niece Mrs. Fred Rector.

Mr. Stromquist left last Sunday for the mountains where he is employed in the forest service.

There will be a party at the Looking Glass grange hall Friday, June 10, in honor of the boys who are leaving soon to work in the forest service.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews' home burned down Sunday, June 5. The fire took everything. No one saw the blaze until it had a good start. How it started no one knows.

Mrs. Burchard gave a Sunday school party for her class last Sunday. They had a very good time.

Neil Voorhees, daughter of William Voorhees, of the valley, and Mr. Cooke were married last Saturday, June 4, in Roseburg.

Automobile curtains installed, \$1.65 at Parolows.

June 12. The former is the preacher and the latter a song director. Both are good. Welcome everyone.

Northwest-Atlantic Air Mail Time to Be Slashed

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

L. A. GRANDE, Ore., June 8.—The government plans to speed up the airmail service from the north-west to the east coast by a full business day, flying two nights and one day instead of two days and one night from Pasco, Wash., to New York City, according to John Bonaforte, of Washington, who is here surveying the territory for installing 24 inch beacon lights to illuminate the route.

Mr. Bonaforte also declared that another feature development might be the installation of a local service, with stops at La Grande, Baker, and other cities along the Pasco-Salt Lake City route.

Let us give an estimate on linoleum for your floor. Powell Furniture Store, 238 North Jackson St.

BODY IN POWDER RIVER

BAKER, Ore., June 8.—The body of a young man was seen floating down Powder river near Richland today by Floyd Mason, a ranch worker. Parties are watching the river but early this afternoon the body had not been recovered. No one has been reported drowned here.

Automobile curtains installed, \$1.65 at Parolows.

TELEGRAPH COMPANY TO HANDLE WIRES TO "LINDY"

When Captain Lindbergh steps off the Cruiser "Memphis" next Saturday his homecoming will be the signal for a deluge of greetings, welcoming words and congratulations from thousands unable to be on hand for the celebration.

Manager Young of the local Western Union office has made arrangements to accept at special rates appropriate expressions to Lindbergh to be delivered to him on specially and appropriately designed blankets. For the convenience of the public, Mr. Young says he has prepared a number of appropriate messages which can be had on application at the Western Union office and that he will be glad to assist in every way in expediting

the handling of the tribute so richly deserved by the intrepid flyer who will doubtless treasure for years the expressions from his countless admirers in his home land. Roseburg citizens have this opportunity of letting "Lindy" know how they stand and what they think of him.

CHIFFON SILK HOSE

Arrowhead chiffon silk in a service weight. Pure silk and silk to the top! Priced at \$1.25 a pair. A new number with us and is proving very popular. All sizes and popular colors. Get the mat Carr's.

Myers pumps are reliable. They have been used in this locality for over 50 years. You can get Myers repairs anywhere. Sold by Wharton Bros.

Going to Can Some Berries?

We have the choicest strawberries obtainable. Phone us and say how many crates you can use. Better order sugar now, too.

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

The Location

of those who call is of no importance; splendid motor equipment enables us to serve them even if they are a considerable distance away. We have many cases in the outlying rural districts.

One can have the best in mortuary service by just phoning. Remember that our service extends to where the necessity may be.

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Corner Pine and Lane Streets
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Auction Exchange Auction Exchange
THE PLACE TO SELL—THE PLACE TO BUY
Saturday, June 11, 2 P. M.
Great Crowds—Great Sales—Great Bargains
Open every afternoon for private sales and listing your goods. Main AUCTION EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON. This is the place for you if you have anything to sell or want to buy.
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