The Signal Of the Rose

Girl Who Had Everything She Wanted

By AGNES G. BROGAN *********

David Bourne turned from the wild commotion of the "pit," with its babel of high keyed voices, and passed out into the morning sunshine. "So old Richards has won again." Failure seemed a word unknown to this wizard in the world of finance. How did he do it? What "god of fortune" waited upon this great speculator, giving him infallibly the proper cue? And what new extravagance would this later victory bestow upon Paula-Paula, the daughter of whom her father so proudly bonsted, "She shall have everything she wants?"

"The girl who has everything she wants," Bourne thought of her now as he strode along, and an inner light passed over his features, crasing all weariness. It had been a mistaken kindness upon the part of the doting father, carrying out this humble clerk in his employ to spend delightful days at his famous home on the Hudson. Had it been an intentional kindness, David wondered gloomily, or merely the insatiable desire of the man to impress another with his greatness? And the daughter, who was beautiful, had also been kind. David pictured her now moving with a sort of stately dignity, her little dusky head held high, her rure and radiant smile. And she had done justice to the generous advantage of her training; her touch upon the piano was a joy, her voice a charm to be

David sighed abruptly, "The girl who has everything she wants." recalled half bitterly the luxury of her surroundings, the rich draperies which clung about her slender figure, the little jeweled fingers-Paula Richards, only daughter of the king of finance-and be, David Bourne, loved her. Sometimes he had fancled a tenderness in the girl's eyes upraised to his, a wistfulness answering to his own unspoken longing. But David put these dreams resolutely from him. He even laughed contemptuously as he squared his shoulders.

"You poor simpleton!" he breathed. Still it was growing-the little hoard in the bank-growing, oh, so slowly, with such painful self sacrificing, with almost hopeless desperation. Yet there were times when the hopelessness vanished, and David smoked on in subdued excitement as he planned his one plunge, his first venture in the pit of the Stock Exchange. And if he were successful, if he could follow the lead of his great employer, if his money should come back increased a hundredfold, why, then she might be his and still continue to be "the girl who had everything she wanted." Until then he must worship at her feet as long as she should be kind.

She met him that evening with her usual sweet gravity. He had always admired this pretty seriousness, lightened by her rare smile. Tonight the smile seemed more rare than ever. She glanced at him with concern. "You are tired," said Paula, "or

David laughed shortly. "Troubled, I think," he replied. "Will you play for

troubled."

With her characteristic understanding the girl seated herself at the piano. Throughout the "Love Symphony" he wondered wildly if a milflonaire's daughter might not possibly find happipess in a small apartment, if romance might not be made to atone for the absence of a retinue of servants, if and if- A song of Caruso's brought him back to the opera and Paula there in her father's box, with her the people of her kind.

"Paula!" he cried abruptly. The girl quietly arose and stood before him? David pointed a tentative finger at the diamonds upon her hands. "You love those things?" he asked.

"Why, of course," she answered, wondering. "I love everything beautiful." She smiled at the roses upon her breast. "I cover myself with roses, and I cover myself with jewels."

"And you may have for the wishing anything which money can buy?" Paula nodded. "Yes," she said.

David jumped to his feet. "If I could say that," he cried, "I'd be the cappiest man in the world!"

Her voice came to him softly. "Is there something, then, that you wish for so very much?

He laughed shakily. "The moon, I think," said David.

"And," she persisted, "would money purchase this particular moon of

"Perhaps not," he answered, "but it would at least give me a chance to try." Passionately he swung around upon her. "I'm quite mad tonight. Paula," he said tensely. "You and your music have sent me up into a fool's paradise of hope. I want to tell you something, not of my love for you; you have always known that. Your father's success has got into my I've thought that if I could make one deal like his today I'd dare to voice the longing that's consuming my heart. I have been able to save s little money, and and I'm going to make a plunge. If by any giorious Then very temberty and very rever thence it should win out I'll try ently the man took her juty ble arms.

again and again. If it doesn't"-David paused-"then I'll say goodby to you a little sooner. That's all."

Paula motioned him to a seat at her side. Her eyes had taken on a strange, calculating glint, which reminded Bourne forcibly of her father. When she spoke her tone was calm and impersonal, like his.

"If you succeed," she asked, "do you intend to ask me to marry you?" David nodded dumbly. "Then," she went on, "I am naturally interested. You have heard my oft given name, 'The girl who has everything she wants.' You will first understand that I wish to keep that name."

David was conscious of a keen thrill of disappointment. "I am merely honest," the girl nodded, with a smile to remove the sting from her words. "So," she continued hastily, "I ask a favor. Will you let me give you a 'tip' before you make this plunge? I mean,' she repiled to his look of amazement. "to get information from my father which I shall immediately pass on to An inscrutable smile played about the girl's lips. "Old man Richards cannot fail," she quoted.

David stared, wondering that the knowledge that she wished him to win should be so unpleasantly overwhelmed by the fact of her shrewd plan. "A balcony runs across one end of the exchange," she went on. "Father and I shall be there. You must stand beneath, and at the psychological mo-A flush of excitement dyed her cheeks; her eyes shone. "I shall drop a red rose," she said. "And I," David answered slowly, "shall stake my all at the falling of that rose." Paula held her hands out to him. "If you are honest in your wish for the moon," she smiled, "you must trust

"Trust you I will. Now tell me what is your tip. Am I to sell short or long? What is the security to be put up or down? Is it to be manipulated by a pool or an individual?"

"I don't know what you mean by all this," replied Paula, "though I have heard father talk about 'pools' and 'squeezing the shorts' and all such un-Intelligible things. I only know that I asked him as a favor to me to tell me where there was a chance to make some money and how to proceed. He has told me to sell M. O. P. What that is I don't know."

"I do. Goodby." And he turned

Impulsively she followed him to the door. "And, remember, if by chance signal should fail"-she paused breathlessly-"well, I'm like my father," said Paula. "I'm 'game." I'll marry you to atone."

"Marry him!" With a contradictory sense of joy and pain David went homeward through the night. When at her hasty summons he stood again in the "pit," the hurrying messengers. the darting, uncanny figures on the wails, seemed all part of a dream. Paula alone was real, Paula in the balcony with a crimson rose at her breast. With fixed intensity he watched her face, forgetting to return her smile. A moment's cessation in the babel seemed like the sudden silence preceding a storm; then swiftly, noise. lessly, a red rose fell at his feet. An instant it lay crushed and fragrant. David was calling wildly for a messenger. Blindly his pencil flew across the paper, and here in the tiny folded scrap were the tireless savings of

When he looked up again she was gone. Like one dazed, he rushed ! through the streets, "Old man Richards cannot fall," he repeated, "and tomorrow-tomorrow"- When "tomorrow" came he sat before his humble desk in the great man's office. Beneath David's eyes were the dark circles of a sleepless night. About his mouth were lines which had not been there vesterday. Mechanically he reached for the telephone; then the blood surged to his face. "Yes," he answered, with difficulty, "I recognize your voice. Miss Richards, but I fear that the engagement for this evening must be canceled. You are aware, of course, that the signal failed, the signal of the rose," And Paula replied evenly, "I would like to see you, David, and shall expect you tonight at 8."

There was a bright happiness about the girl's greeting which, in face of his great disappointment, caused David's heart to contract painfully.

"The signal failed," he said dully. "Do you suppose that your father suspected your purpose and sought to frustrate it?"

Panla's eyes met his steadily. "I deliberately acted against my father's advice," she told him. "I gave you the only signal which could be the right signal, if you wanted me."

With unexpected passion she threw out her hands. "Do you think," she cried, "that I wanted you to be drunk with the wine of triumph, to win and go on winning money until you became the hard thing that he has be come? Do you think that I want to live through the life that my mother found too hard to bear? Do you think that I could be satisfied forever with mere 'things' purchased for me by a love which had turned to a 'love of gain?" Her voice broke tremulously. "The girl who has everything she wants," she mocked, "when all my life

money can't buy!" "Paula." David began, his voice hushed in the presence of this unbelievable joy, "surely it could not be right for me to accept your great sac-

I have wanted the one thing which

From the colls of her hair came tumoling a flower to rest there at his feet. Laughing, she raised her eyes to his. "Ok. don't you see," evied Paula, "H's pute planat. David-p crimon roseft

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOMEBODY TE might have been an author and have written many pages To blossom for a little hour and molder down the ages, He was clever, he was cultured,

he was traveled, he could write, But the product of his genius never seem-

ed to seek the light.
You seldom saw his name attached to 'Letters to the Press," But he siways wrote a gentle word to

was in Petersburg and Pe-And when he king and in Rome Instead of writing "travels" he was writ-

He might have been an orator and wielded To illuminate the nation and to glorify

his name. He was able, he was tactful, he was eloquent of speech.
But he did not spread the eagle and rejoice to hear it screech. Seldom on the public platform did he ever

play a part, But he always had a happy word to help

a heavy heart, And perhaps his cheerful speeches were too simple for the stump But they made a fallen friend forget he'd ever had a bump.

He might have been a scholar with a string of high degrees

And have found some hidden meaning in

a play of Sophocles. But instead of ever studying the dim and ancient letter

He was studying his little world and how
to make it better.

How to do some little kindness common

to the passing eye, But which the hurried rest of us had noted and passed by.

He might have been somebody on some self encircled plan If he hadn't been so busy being some-

thing of a man.

-Edmund Vance Cooks.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies, Ne'er steeps to earth her wing nor flies But high she shoots through air and Bight.

Above all low delay, Where nothing earthly bounds her flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

SO grant me, God, from every care And stain of passion free, Aloft, through virtue's purer air, My soul as home she springs; Thy freedom in her wings!

The KITCHEN GUPBOARD

Cream of Asparagus Soup. CUT off the tips of a bunch of asparngus. Cut the rest of the stalks in half inch pieces and cover with vater. Add a small onion and a sprig f celery and simmer for an hour and a half. Half an hour before taking from are add the tips in a little cheesecloth ng or small wire strainer. When the and put the rest of the asparagus thicken with flour and butter rubbed each cupful of asparagus stock. Then add to the same amount of hot milk and serve with the asparagus tips in

it. Season with paprika and salt, Clam Pates.

Drain a quart of clams and heat a upful of the liquor. Melt a tablespoonul of butter, add the same amount of lour, and when cooked add a cupful of hot milk, a plach of soda and a cupful of hot clam liquor. Chop the dams while the sauce is simmering, add them, and then add very slowly a beaten egg. Season with sait and pepper and put while very hot into puff paste pate shells.

Green Peas and Mint.

Shell green peas just before they are to be cooked. Line the top of a double boiler with green lettuce leaves, put the peas in, add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, cover and cook until lone, which will be about half an hour or perhaps forty minutes. Then drain, add a tablespoonful of finely minced mist, sait and pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Sweet Pepper and Cheese Salad. Wash a sweet red and a sweet green pepper and cut off the stem end of | each. Remove all seeds and pith. Mix cream cheese with a little cream, pepper and sait and chopped parsley and nut meats. Stuff the pepper shells full and chili thoroughly. Then slice, about | danger was much less. three slices to the inch, and serve a slice of each on each plate on a bed

of white lettuce leaves. Dress with mayonnaise. Watermelon Balls.

Chill a ripe, red watermelon, cut it in half and scoop out with a ball scoop rounds of the pulp. Sprinkle them with sugar and chill thoroughly. Then pile them in long stemmed dessert glasses, sprinkle with temon juice and serve.

Anna Thompson!

A Hog Item.

The Chinese claim that they bred and domesticated hogs 4,000 years before the Christian era, but in all of that time the manners of the hogs have not improved. Atchison Globe.

Of Course.

Audie tof divorce courts - Aren't you Then very temberty and very rever, attucked to your hashand? Platoriff I receive therapy to the day tacked - Seston Transcript.

SERVING A **SUMMONS**

By JOHN Y. LARNED

When I was a young man studying law I secured a legal position, the principal duties of which were to serve papers on those who were sued for debt. I had one experience that made me the laughingstock of the town.

Jason Parke as a boy was the dare devil of the place in which he lived. He was up to all sorts of pranks, much to the annoyance of the older citizens but which amused the youngsters. He was afraid of nothing and had a head capable of enabling him to look down from immense heights. Had he been born in Switzerland he would doubtless have been a mountain guide. As it was, becoming an ironworker, he was often engaged in joining together the steel framework of buildings, and, some of them being skyscrapers, he was obliged to work up in the air.

Jason was a favorite among his companious. He was tender hearted, generous to a fault and suffered, as such persons generally do, from spendthrift proclivities. Instead of laying up money for a rainy day he ran into debt. One of his creditors, to whom he owed several hundred dollars, after vainly trying to recover, sued him, and I was directed to serve the summons upon him.

I was told that he was working on a bridge across a river. I went to Archville, where he was engaged, and to the bridge. It was a cantilever structure across a broad river and had not yet met in the center.

Parke had got wind of the suit brought against him, and a lawyer had advised him to keep out of the way so long as possible so that service upon him could not be secured. This I did not know; but, of course, I never gave away for what purpose I wished to see a person on whom I wished to serve a summons.

inquiring of a workman where I could find Jason Parke, he looked at me suspiciously and asked what I wished of him. I replied that I had a matter of business with him. Looking up at an Iron structure extending from the farther shore nearly to the middle of the river and a couple of hundred feet above the surface, he pointed to a man on the outer extremity, saying that be was the person I wanted.

I was young, had a good head for heights and saw an opportunity by climbing out to where the man was to corner him and secure service. Hiring a boat. I pulled myself across the river. climbed the bank and, walking inland till I reached what would eventually be the floor of the bridge, walked to the first pier, then worked my way to-

ward my quarry. Not wishing to be seen by him in the effort I was making, I was glad to crawl along the unfloored steel stringers. He did not apparently notice me, going on with his work, which was riveting. I dared not look down for fear route. At Salem, Ore., they went to L. I. WHEELER, hour and a half is up remove the tips of losing my head and falling into the see Mrs. Wesley Barklow at the asywater, and I kept my eyes fixed steadthrough a vegetable press. Heat and fly on my man. I must get near enough for him to hear my voice while I read together-a tablespoonful of each to the summons, and since if he suspected my purpose he could hammer enough noise out of the steel to drown my voice it was necessary for me to get very close to him.

When I was 100 feet distant he caught sight of me. He seemed surprised to see one not a workman in such a position, but after a glance went on with his work, paying no further attention to me. I was quite assured by this that he did not suspect my purpose and climbed on, though every moment I dreaded dizziness. I had reached a point not twenty feet from him when he stepped off the iron beam on which he was standing and went down feet foremost into the water below.

I had been balked. Quite likely Parke had received a signal from the man of whom I had inquired for him that I was coming and had thus been enabled to give me the slip. I had had enough of the job climbing out to such a place and had no mind for following him down into the river. The moment he jumped a boat put out from the shore, and the moment he rose to the surface he swam toward it, was taken aboard and carried to the opposite

My return to terra firma was even more trying than my outward climb, for I was becoming dizzy every moment. However, I reached the pier without falling, and after that the

On going down to the margin of the river I found that the boat I had come over in was missing. I did not doubt that every workman on the bridge was in league with his fellows to warn Parke and to render my duty as difficult as possible. After much delay I secured ferriage. As I approached the shore I saw my quarry sitting on some fronwork at the base of the pler on that side of the river. He had evidently got on some dry clothing or dried in the sun what he had worn and was looking at me with apparently no concern whatever. I was then a fleet runner, and as soon as my boat's nose touched the shore I sprang out and ran for him. Before I could get within hearing distance he had sprung into the open ironwork of the pier and was climbing upward like a monkey. He did not stop till be had reached a platform a hundred feet above, leaving me below gaping at him and greeted with shouts of derision by every workman

employed on the bridge. I found an excuse to resign my poettion and seek another home and an other secupation. I never returned to

the lawyers.

The department of the interior of a rent at Powers, against whom the from its Rosburg office.

unappropriated lands therein.

subsequently became part of the Slsmade settlement prior to such with- their "walking papers."

J. M. UPTON, Register R. R. TURNER, Receiver

With but \$30,000 revenue in sight for 1916 and an administration that annually costs \$44,000, Marshfield is facing a deficit next year of at least \$14,000, according to statements made by R. A. Coppel of the finance committee of the city council. Where the extra money is coming from is a mystery to the city fathers. It is possible that the city will bond itself for the extra amount required to pay runing expenses.

E. A. Bailey of Cooston and North Bend has received a letter from John R. Smith, who claims to have made the big gold discovery on Rock Creek near the Coos and Curry county line, saying that he was about to leave Los Angeles with some mining men who would inspect the L. T. Matthews ranch and other mining properties in that section.

Soaked with liquor for months, Calvin Miller, a middle-aged man at Marshfield, this week appealed to the police to put him in jail and keep him there for five years. "I want to get away from it; give me a chance" he tion price to the two papers is \$2,50 pleaded, and the police locked him up, and he said at once that he felt much

Uncle Thomas Barklow and wife arrived home last Sunday after a four and one-half months sojourn, which took them as far east as Pennsylvania. During the trip Mr. Barklow attended the National Conference of the Church of the Brethren, Hershey, Pennsylvania, and the District Conference at Weston, Oregon, as well as visiting relatives at points in various States enlum and Mr. Barklow states that while Mrs. Barkelow has built up considerably physically, her mental condition First St. is not very much improved. Through letters in the Enterprise each week, Mr Barklow has kept his many friends in the Myrtle Point Section informed and told them of many interesting sights, so there is, so he says not much to say at this time only that "we are glad to be home again."-Myrtle Point anterprise.

A. II. Powers, head of the Smith-Powers Logging Company has always held that no liquor shall be sold at or near the company's logging operations Die i creing this veer two men living

ends out the following information company had pretty good evidence of heir in ing sold liquor to loggers, Notice is hereby given that parts of were p ven one h . . tr get out of town sections 14 and 18 and sections 19 to 36 V. ben the hour w s up and the men nclusive, in township 32 S., R. 3 W., rast nod no more the company stand sections 1 to 18 inclusive, Tp. 33 and od a cable and a team of horses to 3. R. 10 W., W. M. and sections 7 to the tent which we on one of the lots 36 inclusive in Tp. 33 S., R. 11 W., W. or the tewnsite where liquor is posi-M. have been surveyed and the plats tin 'y prohibited, and proceeded to of the survey will be in the Roseburg more it off the townsite Several office on October 6th, 1915 at 9 o'clock ogpers who are said to have patreniz-A. M. and on and after such date we led the "blind pig," were discharged will be prepared to receive applica- 1. + ld that they could not work for tions for entry of the unreserved and the company again til. 1916 when the whole State goes dry All purchasers All persons are warned however of logs in the Pewers townsite sign a that said lands in T. 33 S., Ranges 10 | tause in the dee, that no liquor will and 11 W., were withdrawn from set- to sold on the promises Mr. Powers tlement or entry, April 29 1903 and says . c has no objection to any of the non perting drun't if they feel so dis-Kiyou Forest Reserve, and in T. 32 S. | . acd. Int they m: t get further away R. 3 W., the land became part of the from the works than the town of Cascade Forest Reserve, April 5, 1907 Powers to have their spree, and should and applications can not be accepted they come to camp before they have except from bona fide settlers who so ered up they will immediately get

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