

The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston
CHAPTER 2
THE ACTION SO FAR

Rosemary Merton, youngest daughter in a large family, rebels at her poor surroundings and dreams of romance and luxury. She is attending college and living at home, but lack of money prevents her from taking part in college social activities. Philip Eames, a young man who has been in Japan, comes home and Rosemary welcomes him happily. He kisses her and she imagines he is really in love with her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:
Two weeks since Phil came! Two weeks of wondering, wistful happiness.

Long days with books at college. Short evenings with Phil.

Long, dreamy hours trying to study. Watching the Spring sun glorify the white beauty of the broad velt great bushes of it. Clouds of loveliness, bursting into bloom over night. Listening to the sparrows flitting, twittering of hearts to be built, chirping of little murmurs to come.

Short walks at night in the rustling darkness, her hand in Phil's. Hurried kisses, snatched in the little moments that were theirs together... too soon ended.

And still he hadn't... hadn't

and ask the butcher for credit. The boys, Ernest and Frank and finally Joe, going out long before it was light, cold, wintry mornings, on their paper routes. Their knobby little wrists sticking out of the sleeves they were always outgrowing. Gertie, pigtails and forlorn, wheeling the Johnson baby after school.

And finally Rosemary... the baby... on whom she had built all her hopes, breaking her young heart... while he cackled over his old jokes and scratched at his everlasting garden... making things worse.

The telephone.
"Phil answer it!" Rosemary hadn't gone upstairs after all.

"Phil it's for you!"
"Good, I've been waiting for that!" Phil, all excited, running to the phone.

Rosemary waited, her pulses tingling. It was something important... something nice...

Phil tore back into the kitchen, beaming. "It was Rod Sweeney. I had a call in for him. Wanted to borrow his car, and he says it's O. K. Get your hat, old lady. Make it snappy! I'll be back in five minutes, and us for the great open space!"

Rod Sweeney's rooster! Long of line, powerful of motor, it pur-

home. Nothing like a mother to stick by you. Why, that old lady will be knitting me neckties after you've forgotten I ever was alive, you little vamp, you!"

He slid his arm around her waist again. "Say... look at that sun... that's what I call a pretty sight... In the China Sea..."

Rosemary looked, unseeing. Her sun had gone out.

The wind blew the curtains, rustling them gently. Rosemary watched them dully from her pillow. Gertie was gone. It must be late. She could smell bacon—pa's breakfast. She ought to get up—the front door slammed—Frank, running for his train. Seven o'clock—and she had an 8 o'clock class—she'd never make it.

She burrowed her head in the pillow—struggled against waking. If she could only sleep forever—never wake up again. Her eyes hurt so—she'd been crying—if she could just go to sleep again and not remember—not remember—

"Rosemary! You'll be late!" It was ma, calling from downstairs.

It was no use—she'd have to wake up—

"Rosemary!"

Rosemary sat up. "All right, I'm coming!"

but I ran out of bread—so I stirred these up, see—I'm turning them. They'll be ready in a minute. Pour your coffee. Are you very late?"

She pushed her plate back. The food was choking her.

"Rosemary, you can't go all the way to college on an empty stomach—I won't have it."

"Well, I can't eat, I can't swallow, I tell you! Oh, why don't you leave me alone!" Her eyes were swimming. Why did she always have to go and cry when she was mad?

Ma did not answer. She moved heavily into the pantry, began stacking the dishes at the sink. Her heart ached for Rosemary—the baby.

The clock was striking the half hour when Rosemary got off the car. Too late for the French class, not that it mattered. Nothing mattered. She went into the library spread her books out and tried to study.

She couldn't stay there! She'd go out and walk—take a car—anywhere.

"Oh, Phil—come back. Don't let it end like this!" She was in the country now, following a road up a hill. "Phil—you said you'd see the cherry blossoms together, you did, Phil!" She'd sit down a minute and rest. Oh, silly, silly, to care like this! He wasn't worth it, he really wasn't!

A little wind came and cooled her cheek. A ladybug walked sedately over her skirt. The tiny droning noises in the grass soothed her—what a fine, pretty world it was, if only you had the heart for it.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Special notice. On account of the many requests, we will extend for a few days the offer of a large 8x10 photo with each order of photos. Clark's Studio, Bank Bldg. Cash! Phone 331.

THEATRES
ANTLERS THEATRE.
Stage and Screen Laughs Different

Getting laughs on the stage and screen are separate branches of the acting art, asserts Gregory La Cava. "Incidents that cause a theatre audience to roar will sometimes fall entirely flat on a motion picture screen."

Mr. La Cava handled the megaphone on W. C. Fields' current Paramount comedy, "Sole Your Old Man," which arrived at the Antlers Wednesday. His remarks were made during a discussion with Fields as to how certain scenes should be played.

Both star and director agreed as to the fundamental of comedy—an immediate loss of tragedy.

Sudden loss of dignity, surprise, suspense in which the audience knows what's going to happen to the hero when he himself doesn't know—these are some of the things Fields and La Cava think are needed.

Recently, Mr. Fields ran a flivver head-on into a tree at Flushing, Long Island. The crowd that was watching simply howled. After it had been completed the star turned to La Cava and asked if he'd noticed the laugh it got.

"That may not cause a giggle on the screen," replied the director. "It has loss of dignity and you looked surprised, but to get it over on the screen we'll have to break the sequence up with close-ups, and build the scene so that audiences will notice the impending disaster."

"I don't see anything funny about that," said Fields.

Later, he was heard to say, "Mr. La Cava thinks in terms of pictures. I deal in terms of spontaneous audience reactions. But I know that his way is best and believe me, I'm learning more each day."

Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers are featured in "So's Your Old Man."

LIBERTY THEATRE.
Fun and Drama in Mary Pickford Film.

Following closely on the heels of the popular "Little Annie Rooney," Mary Pickford's newest photoplay "Sparrows" at the Liberty Theatre for the last time tonight, under a United Artists Corporation release, bids fair to duplicate "Little Annie's" success. It is brimful of comedy and human interest that is bound to please those fans who did no care for "Our Mary" in preposterous costume dramas.

"Sparrows" is the story of a baby farm, harboring nine wistful scraps of humanity who are at the mercy of a flinty-hearted old villain and his half-crazed wife. The children range in age from mere babies to "Mama Mollie," a girl of twelve, whose heart yearns over the unfortunate little waifs.

This role offers Mary Pickford one of the most sympathetic of her career, for it gives her an opportunity to be all of her most charming selves. She is adorable as the childish boyden, amusing the children by her merry pranks, and equally appealing as the tender little mother, in rags and tatters "The World's Sweetheart" is irresistible and she forges them only briefly at the end of the picture where everything ends happily, of course.

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MILLIONS HEAR BY BROADCASTING FROM HUGE CHAIN

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—A hook up of 21 stations, linked together by telephone wires and broadcasting from widely separated points a program by famous stars for millions of listeners throughout the United States, has lifted the curtain to show radio possibilities.

More than 1,000 persons who gathered at the Hotel Waldorf last night to hear Mary Garden sing in Chicago and Will Rogers talk in Independence, Kansas, were shown a telephone photograph of Miss Garden singing, delivered in New York just 13 minutes after it was taken in Chicago.

The occasion was the initial program of the National Broadcasting company, which recently purchased station WEAP here at a reported price of \$1,000,000, to be the central link in a chain of stations broadcasting programs by famous stars.

"In our efforts tonight we but lift the curtain of our hopes," said Merle Hall Aylesworth, president of the company, over the microphone. He announced the formation of an advisory council to determine policy.

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

RUSSIAN EXILES TO FIGHT SALE OF CROWN JEWELS

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Prospective purchasers in the United States of jewels or objects of art sold by the Soviet government must face the opposition of the Russian "Lovers" association, which numbers among its members many exiles of the monarchy.

Prompted by news that jewels of the Russian Imperial family are coming here for sale, the association in a statement today promises Russians in this country who are able to recognize their property support toward its recovery.

The association contends that the jewels are not state property, but were confiscated by the Soviet officials from their rightful owners. The "sense of justice" of the American people, it believes, will not permit the sale here of things which have been "stolen" in Russia.

The jewels on their way to this country include the crown of Catherine the Great, the great Orloff diamond, which studded the sceptre, and the Imperial globe, symbol of Imperial power over all the Russians.

The crown alone has been appraised at \$52,000,000.

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CHINESE PIRATES TOUGH MATCH TO BRITISH STEAMER

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

HONGKONG, Nov. 16.—The British steamer Sunning was boarded by pirates 80 miles from here and was fired by the boarders, but saved from destruction by the arrival alongside of the British gunboat Bluebell, it was learned here today.

The Sunning was on its way here from Amoy, out of Shanghai. The Bluebell sighted the Sunning in distress, her upper works afire. The blaze was subdued and a salvage tug was sent to her assistance.

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THE NEW WINTER RED CROWN

RAH! RAH! RAH!

A fine gasoline of the volatility and stability that produce quick starting, fast acceleration and a maximum of miles. Scientifically made to provide the greatest efficiency of engine operation—the product of 48 years of refining experience.



WILD TO GO

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

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"I want to talk to you seriously," said Phil. Rosemary's pulses leaped—he did care after all.

had anything definite. Two weeks ago, his ship sailing on Wednesday. Two weeks since she had planned to leave college, to leave all the uncertainty and slow down and dependence behind and strike out for herself in the business world. Two whole weeks... and she was still at college... still undecided.

It was Sunday morning, perhaps the last day they'd have together for months and months, and there Phil was in the garden, talking to Pa, leisurely, contentedly, cracking jokes, smoking his pipe, leaning against the fence, talking about the little plants as if he were going to be right there forever, and there would be no parting on Wednesday.

Perhaps he didn't care so much after all. Perhaps he was only playing. The hot red blood rushed to her face, dyeing it crimson at the thought. She bent over the pansy bed she was pretending to weed, fighting off the sick fear that gripped her heart.

Ma knocking on the window. Now what did she want? Rosemary came slowly into the kitchen, Phil didn't even notice she left the yard!

"Lover, butter the pans for me, will you? My oven is just right and as I can't... I'm trying that new sunshine cake."

"All right."

"What's the matter, don't you feel well?"

"Not very. I think I'll go and lie down for a few minutes. My head aches. It's so hot in here!"

Ma let her go in silence. She knew she didn't miss much. There were Pa and Phil, the pair of them, lounging in the backyard, watching the plants grow while Rosemary was eating her heart out upstairs and she was slaving over the stove.

The yellow batter churned under her angry hand. She could drive in her tracks and he'd never raise a hand to help her. He never had, not even when he was out of work. Well, he'd better not get out of work again in a hurry! She stood about all of that she intended to do. Her mind went racing back to the old days when she had to borrow money from her sister, Kitty... "our rich aunt" the children called her.

Taking money from Kitty, Kitty with her well-to-do husband and her big house, had left marks on Mary Merton's spirit. It was the hurt of those old wounds to her pride that made her turn on Pa so savagely sometimes now. She forgot he was a beat little old man entering upon the years when rest deserved or not, is almost necessary.

She never saw him as he really was, thin and gray and pathetic. To her he was still "Young Merton," who "wandered the life insurance his father left him. Who "played the possum" when she, strident and healthy girl that she was, was helpless and dependent upon him, because of the babies that came so fast. Who was always flaring up and quitting, leaving her to turn the collectors away

red, smoothly up the white ribbon of road, winding higher and higher through the hills beyond the city. Happiness painted. Rosemary's cheeks, made her eyes starty, her heart like a warm red rose. Phil's nearness thrilled her. "They were alone again. Miles from home."

The long car came to a stop just around the bend of a hill. Rosemary jumped into the grass, Phil after her.

They scrambled up the steep hill, laughing. The grass was springy and soft under their feet. Rosemary kissed the poppies, deep orange, satin smooth. And Phil kissed her.

"Want to go back?"

"Back?"

"Back to the car. I mean?"

Rosemary was laughing. Back home, when there was the open road ahead and green grass on every side.

"No, let's sprawl here in the sun for awhile. I want to talk to you seriously."

Seriously. Her pulses leaped. Then it was all coming right! He did care!

She moved closer and he took her into his arms. He kissed her eyelids, her soft brown hair.

"Lord, I'm going to miss you!"

"Phil!"

The note in her voice startled him. He looked deep into her eyes and crushed her to him. The strength of him, the power and passion of the embrace terrified her.

"Phil," she gasped, "Phil... you're hurting me!"

He untensed her suddenly. Stood up. Stood looking long moments out to sea.

Rosemary, shaken, laid a trembling hand on his arm. "I'm going to miss you, too," she said softly, "when you go back to Japan."

"Japan! Damn, I'm not going to Japan!"

"Why... aren't you going back?"

"Back? I should say not. No more ships for this baby. I know when I've had enough."

Rosemary held her breath. "Not going away? Oh, Phil... I'm so glad!" She began to laugh, little choking giggles, half tears. "But I thought you said... you... were going to miss me!"

He looked at her curiously. "I am, worse luck. You see, it's this way. I'm not going back to the ship... for several reasons. But I'm not going to stick around this burg, either, begging for a job to keep somebody's stupid books or being washed machines to a bunch of blowy waitresses. Not me. I'm going to move... soon. Fellow I know in Chicago has something good I can get in on."

He reached for her hand, squeezed it. "Sure, you. But I gotta make some money, don't I? I'm stone broke..."

"Oh, Phil... and the wonderful presents you brought me!" She touched her throat where the pinkish pearls were choking her now.

"Forget it. Easy come, easy go. Besides, it don't matter. The old lady don't rush me for board."

"Mother, I mean. She likes me

Ma was making hotcakes. "Lover, I don't know how it happened,

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