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## Coen Lumber Company

# The SECRET STUDIO

By Hazel Livingston

### CHAPTER 50. The Story So Far.

Rosemary Merton, determined to win independence of her family, quits college, following a romance with Philip Eames, a neighborhood sweetheart. Clerking in a book-store she meets Larry, an artist, and Sloan Whitney, a man of the world, by whom she is fascinated. She breaks with Larry. Nina, employed in the same store, goes to Spain to join Stanley Cuyler, an old friend of her dead father, and married. Rosemary is given the use of her luxurious apartment. At the store a mysterious masculine stranger interviews Rosemary concerning Nina Clark and then shadows Rosemary. Mrs. Merton dies. Rosemary encounters Whitney after an estrangement, and he tells her he cannot marry her, but asks her to go abroad with him. She asks time to think it over. Whitney encounters a private detective on the roof of Rosemary's apartment. She faints and is hurt in falling. Whitney nurses her and presses her for an answer. She discovers he is drinking habitually and breaks with him. He disappears, leaving an unpaid bill at the store of Rosemary's employer. A large woman greets Rosemary at her apartment and forces her to open the door at the point of a revolver. Now Go On With the Story.

They faced each other. Rosemary small and white and frightened, the other woman, shaking with emotion, that little, deadly weapon in her hand.

The gun fascinated Rosemary. She couldn't take her eyes off it. Such a tiny, shining thing for death to dwell inside.

A dozen times since Sloan went she had wished she could die. There wasn't anything left to live for. Just days and years to be got through somehow—without him. And now death stared her in the face! She began to tremble violently, the fat woman with the pistol seemed to grow to monstrous size.

"Sit down!" the woman commanded. "Don't you come near me, or I'll shoot!"

Without taking her eyes off the shining weapon, and the fat mottled hand that held it, Rosemary sank into a chair behind her.

"The woman leaned against the door, breathing hard. She kept one hand strained against her heaving side. She gaped like a runner, winded in a race. Unseen, agonized breaths."

"For weeks I've been following you. You've hidden from me. But I was too smart for you. You think you're pretty slick, don't you? She began to laugh, in terrible wheezing gusts, and her eyes, round and glassy as marbles to her immense purplish face, glittered as she laughed.

"You can hoodwink the men with your pretty baby face—but you can't fool me. A lot of good it pretty face did me. I was prettier than you are. You ought to have seen me when he married me. I was a perfect baby blonde. I was, no betwixt and between about me. I could have gotten any man."

She started to sob, and pressed her hand still tighter to her side, "and I took him—I must have been

crazy! You thing I'm lying! Because I've been sick, and taken on flesh. But I tell you I was ravishing beauty—I was, I was!"

Her voice rose to a scream. "Now you think you can take him away from me. Well, I'll show you you can't. Not that I'd take him back now. If he came begging on his hands and knees I'd kick him out. But I'm not going to let any other woman get him. Do you hear that—do you understand?"

She kept repeating it—"Do you hear that—do you understand?"

"Oh, she's crazy," Rosemary thought. Her first numbing terror ebbed. She began to plan cunningly. The door was locked, but there was the window that gave on the roof garden. But first she'd have to calm her, get the pistol. Perhaps if she humored her—

"Yes, I don't blame you—" "Don't come that line on me, Miss! I know you. That goes with the men, but it don't go with me! When you're with the best detective in the country off the track with your pretty way, I knew what I had to deal with. I came myself."

Detective! What was she saying? Detective!

"Oh, I don't understand," Rosemary cried. "I'm sure there's some mistake. There has been a detective here. But I haven't done anything—really and truly I haven't."

"Stolen my husband—that's all. That's nothing. The man I picked up out of the gutter and agent a fortune on—"

Now horror crept over Rosemary, leaving its slimy imprint behind. She clasped and unclasped her hands, fighting off the loathsome thought that was in her mind.

Could Sloan have lied to her? Could all his tragic story of a dead loved one be a blind, his wife lived, and showered her money upon him? Had he come to her fresh from this creature's fat, reeking arms? Was this Sloan Whitney's Coralie—alive?

She covered her face with her hands.

"Don't pull that stuff on me, I tell you! Save your tears for the judge. I'm not to have you up—"

For the judge—Rosemary lifted her streaming face. Was the woman going to arrest her? Could she? Was there some law...?

"But I haven't done anything," she cried. "I didn't even know he was married. We've just been friends—there hasn't been anything wrong!"

"Nothing wrong!" Again she wheezing, terrible laughter. "Don't waste your breath. Do you think I'm crazy? And you didn't know he was married! Ha, ha, ha—you didn't know—ha, ha, ha—"

"He told me you were dead!" The words shot out of Rosemary's mouth—she rose to her feet, suddenly very strong, and cool. She no longer feared the gun, the threatened jail.

She no longer feared anything. Everything that could happen, had happened. What came after this was nothing. She had the queer, detached feeling that she was already dead.

She knew she was still talking, still moving, still making gestures that stood for living, but they didn't mean anything. She was just

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doing all this convulsively, as a mangled angio worm wriggles after its little life is done.

"He told you I was dead?" the woman whispered. "Dead?" She pressed to her heart. "The swine! He told you that, did he?"

"Yes," Rosemary said. She didn't care whether the woman believed her or not—it didn't matter.

There was a long silence, broken only by the breathing—the strained, wheezing breathing of the fat woman who had come to kill her. Rosemary began to study her, as she might have studied some giant insect in a case.

She searched the blotched red face for the apple-blossom beauty that was once Sloan's delight. Her brittle, burnt hair might have been pretty once. Her thin, loose lips might once have been a Cupid's bow.

Under the surplus of flesh were small, delicate bones. She pictured them voluptuously covered with fine pink plumpness.

The hair, a homely woman with sagging jowls faded dizzily away and in her place stood Coralie, with hair like color of ripe wheat and her mouth like a rose.

"But there were years and years when you knew I was alive!" The harsh voice came triumphantly, breaking in on her thoughts. "You were after him from the first. I know it. A fortune teller told me."

"What did you say?" Rosemary asked patiently.

"I said, if you thought I was dead now, there was a long time when you damn well knew I wasn't."

"But I haven't known him a long time."

The woman leaned against the door and moaned. "God, why don't I kill her! Why do I listen to her? Everybody lies to me. They always have. I never had a chance. He always lied, everybody lied. Doctors, lawyers, everybody. Even the detective I paid to trail him. He told me he'd gone to Spain and thrown you over—and you were living here with another man. And then he said you weren't here at all!"

"Spain!" Rosemary began to see a little flickering light of hope in the black, slim darkness.

"Who do you think I am?" she cried. "Who are you?"

But the woman went on, unheeding. "Too thin. I knew better. He never lets go, he never changes. He always hated me—I tried to change him, but I couldn't because he loved you—you, you!"

Her voice rose in a shriek. "I was too smart for you. I knew you'd never give him up, either. How much did you pay Gaines and Warburton to double-cross me? How much of my money—the money my first husband left me, to buy off that detective I set to trail you? Where did you get that Spain story—where is my husband?"

"Oh, stop!—Rosemary cried. "Stop—you think I'm Nina Clark! You're Mr. Cuyler's wife—and you had that detective follow me, because I live in Nina's apartment—stop—don't you see you've made a mistake!"

The woman's face had gone sickly pale. Her round blue eyes were fixed and staring. She opened her mouth, but no words came, just the loud, snoring breathing.

"I'm not Nina, Mrs. Cuyler! Your husband isn't here—why, I don't even know him!"

"No, you aren't Nina Clark—the words were thick, falling gaspingly over one another. "You're Cleopatra. And I'm Napoleon. No! I'm dead—" Her whole body began to heave, convulsively, "but I'm dead, so are you." She raised the little shining pistol. "The joke's on you—the joke's—"

She hurled, and Rosemary, in one swift, catlike bound, leaped and struck the weapon from her hand. (Continued tomorrow.)

# Here Is The Best



WITH cereals, especially those the children eat, it's unwise, if not actually unsafe, to get anything but the best.

The confidence that comes of having the purity and wholesomeness that H-O stands for, is worth much more than its price.



Did You Ever Stop to Think  
 By Edson R. Waite, Secretary of the Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce.

Harold E. Lathrop, manager of the Hotel Alexandria of Los Angeles, says:

"That in the hotel business smiling faces are as important as pleasant surroundings. First impressions are the most likely to tell a guest whether he will or will not enjoy his stay in the hotel he has chosen. If the doorman who greets him on arrival has a sincere and pleasant welcome, and if this is backed up again by the clerk at the desk and afterwards by the bell-boy who shows him to his room, the guest feels that he is at home indeed."

It is quite impossible to put courtesy and cheerfulness into hired employees with lectures and threats of expulsion from the service. They have got to learn kindness and consideration at first hand and from the executives in authority over them. If the manager and assistant managers fly off the handle on the least provocation, the employees will quickly catch this spirit and it will be reflected to the guests no matter how careful an effort is made to conceal it.

I have always tried to make it a principle to welcome a guest to the Hotel Alexandria exactly as I would welcome a visitor to my own home. I feel that he has conferred a courtesy upon me by selecting this hotel for his stay and that I should return that courtesy in kind.

Because many of the employees in the Alexandria have been with us for a number of years, this same spirit and feeling exists with them. They take a pride in the establishment and in every department of it. If something goes wrong, it makes all our employees feel as badly as if they personally had been responsible for it, and do their best to adjust it so the guests will not be inconvenienced.

In short, we take pride in our establishment, which we feel is conveyed by our attitude to every guest who has been kind enough to call upon us.

On and after this date, January 6, 1927, I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by my wife, Cora R. Starmer.

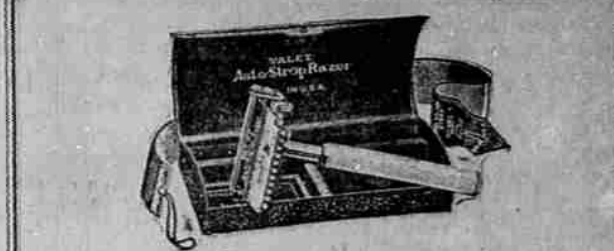
W. R. STARMER.

NOTICE TO PUBLIC

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New Location—Katty Corner from Ford Garage

# THEATRES

ANILIND THEATRE  
 Loud Laughs Run Riot in "Love 'em and Leave 'em"

A peculiar bit of psychology is contributed by the heroine of "Love 'em and Leave 'em," Paramount's latest Frank Tutis production, featuring Evelyn Brent, Lawrence Gray and Louise Brooks, which is at the Antlers Theatre.

"You've got to love 'em and leave 'em. If he decides to walk out, beat him to the gate. When one leaves, get another. Aim for the man higher up and if you can't take an elevator—wait. You'll get there just the same!"

Louise Brooks plays Janie, the flapper who roams and forgets. In fact, she roams her sister, Blaine to such an extent that Blaine's sweet-heart forgets her and falls for Janie. Then Blaine wakes up. "If you can pay, so can two. And if two can get away with it—just watch number three. The future will find her lovin' and leavin'!"

"Flower of Night" Laid in California in 1850

A picture typical of California is "Flower of Night," starring Patsy Noyri at the Majestic tonight.

Not alone is it a dramatic story with historical significance and atmosphere peculiar to California, but the locations are magnificent in scenic beauty.

Some of the exteriors were filmed in the mountains of Northern California, the sites of the first gold diggings. Other scenes were made on the towering stone crags of Chatsworth Jar, forty miles from Los Angeles, while still others show the wooded hills and roads to be found off Dark Canyon Road in the Hollywood foothills.

LIBERTY THEATRE

In "The Better Man," which is having its final showing tonight at the Liberty Theatre, Richard Talmadge is performing some of the best work of his career in F. B. O. productions. His reputation as a "stunt" actor is increasing steadily, and in this picture he also has plenty of opportunity to exhibit some real acting as well, the story possessing an appealing element of love interest in addition to a wealth of comedy situations and daring feats of skill. The plot revolves around Talmadge as Lord

JAYNES ACQUITTED  
 (Associated Press Los Angeles Wire.)

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 13.—Dr. S. R. Jaynes, veterinarian of Eugene, was acquitted by a jury late yesterday in federal court of violation of the Mann Act. The charge was that he brought Mildred A. Himan, 18, a second cousin, to Springfield, Ore., from Pueblo, Colo.

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Creomulsion is guaranteed satisfactory in the treatment of persistent coughs and colds, bronchitis, asthma, bronchitis and other forms of respiratory diseases, and is excellent for building up the system after colds or flu. Money refunded if any cough or cold is not relieved after taking according to directions. Ask your druggist. (adv.)

## Men Who Made the World

MONTEZUMA SENT FOR CORTEZ AND URGED THAT THE SPANIARDS LEAVE THE CITY AT ONCE IF THEY HOPED TO GO ALIVE. CORTEZ, TO GAIN TIME, DECLARED HIMSELF READY TO GO. BUT SAID IT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO BUILD THREE SHIPS AT VERA CRUZ TO TRANSPORT HIS MEN, AND ASKED FOR ASSISTANCE FOR HIS CARPENTERS AND MATERIAL TO DO IT. HE ALSO INFORMED MONTEZUMA THAT IF THE SPANIARDS WERE FORCED TO LEAVE, MONTEZUMA WAS TO ACCOMPANY THEM AS A HOSTAGE. THIS MONTEZUMA DID NOT LIKE.

## FERNANDO CORTEZ

By Dr. Elliott Shoring, the Noted Historian

SOME TIME BEFORE THIS INCIDENT, CORTEZ HAD SENT ONE HUNDRED MEN, LEADING COMMAND OF DE LEON TO ESTABLISH A SETTLEMENT MORE CONVENIENT AND BETTER PROTECTED THAN VERA CRUZ. THIS, OF COURSE, WEAKENED HIS FORCE. CORTEZ WAS NOW VERY ANXIOUS ABOUT THE SAFETY OF HIMSELF AND HIS MEN IN VIEW OF THE CHANGED ATTITUDE OF THE AZTECS. SUDDENLY AN UNEXPECTED EVENT HAPPENED.

REPORTS REACHED MONTEZUMA THAT EIGHTEEN SPANISH SHIPS HAD ARRIVED AT VERA CRUZ. WHEN THE NEWS REACHED THE SPANIARDS, THEY WERE OVERJOYED AT THE THOUGHT OF REINFORCEMENTS BUT SOBER SECOND THOUGHTS CONVINCED CORTEZ THAT THE SHIPS HAD PROBABLY BEEN SENT BY VELASQUEZ TO DESTROY HIM. THE SUSPENSE WAS INTOLERABLE. HE SENT FOUR MEN TO BRING INFORMATION AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

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