

# SOULS FOR SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES  
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

Remember Steddon, a pretty, unsophisticated girl, is the daughter of a kindly but narrow-minded minister in a small, mid-western town. Her father,

Rev. Doctor Steddon, violently opposed to what he considers "worldly things," accepts motion pictures as the cause for much of the evil of the present day. Troubled with a cough, Remember goes to see

Dr. Brethrick, an elderly physician who is astonished to find her in a had plight. Pressed by the doctor, Remember admits her unfortunate affair with

Elwood Faranby, a poor boy, son of the town sot. As Remember and Dr. Brethrick discuss the problem, a telephone message brings the news that Elwood has been killed in an accident. Dr. Brethrick persuades Remember to go West, her cough serving as a plausible excuse. Unable to hear the secret any longer, Remember goes to her mother and confesses.

Her mother agrees with the plan of the doctor. Mem leaves town. On the train Mem accidentally meets Tom Holby, movie star, travelling with Robina Teele, leading lady of the movies, who are the cynosure of all eyes. The train comes to an abrupt halt, a disaster having been narrowly avoided, and the passengers

At Tucson Mem meets Dr. Galbraith, a pastor, who knows her father. She miscalls Tom Holby 'Mr. Woodville' in order to make her fancied suitor seem more real. While the Galbraiths are away, she writes them as well as her parents (that she has married 'Mr. Woodville' and that they are to live in Yuma—for which place she buys a ticket.

**Now Go On With the Story**

At her boarding house in Yuma, she meets an old man who told her of his partner of prospecting days—the name of Woodville reminded him of his friend's, which was like Woodward, or nearly so, and how he had died in the desert.

His story offered her the way, possibly, to get rid of "Mr. Woodville." She would take him into the desert and let him "die" of thirst.

She had found a way to be rid of her husband for the satisfaction of her people.

Now if she could only find a way to be rid of herself.

And that way came to her before the long day had burned away, for she heard two waitresses talking in the dining room below as they set the tables for supper.

"Who's that letter you got from, some feller?"

"Nah! It was from a lady up to Palm Springs, asking me was I coming back this season?"

"Are you?"

"Nah! Too quiet for me. Yuma ain't no merry-go-round, but Palm Springs—my Gawd! It's just a little spot of shadder in the desert."

"This lady offer you a job?"

"Yes. She's on her knees to me. Mrs. Randle's her name is. Husband's got a ranch. How'd you like to go there and take the job?"

The other voice moaned: "Me?"

"Not much. I run away from home to git love and excitement."

Mem had never heard of Palm Springs, but she was looking for just such a place. And a ranch! She had always wanted to see a ranch. She wanted to get away from everybody that had ever known her. She wanted to find some deep, dark case.

Heat and fatigue whipped her into hysterics. She found energy enough for one last desperate letter home. Then she would declare her soul bankrupt and face the world free of responsibility to the past.

Darling Mamma and Papa:—By now you will probably have ceased to be surprised at anything I do. You'll think I have gone crazy and I guess I have, but as long as I'm getting happier every day you won't mind.

I've been too busy to write you all about John as I promised. He is out here scouting for a famous mine and is going prospecting for it right away. It is a famous lost mine that got abandoned on account of some old litigation and was nearly forgotten. So he's on the hunt for it and we are going together. It means losing ourselves on the desert and the mountains for a long while—and there's no telling how long—but it will be terribly romantic and fine for my health and when you next hear from me I may be so rich I'll send you a gold sewing machine, mamma, and papa a solid gold pulpit.

There's no mail delivery where we are going and no way of reaching us, but don't worry. If anything happens I'll let you know. You can send your letters to me here and I'll find them when I get back. Don't send me any more money.

So good-bye and blessings on your darling heads. John sends you his love.

Your loving, loving, Mem.

To be a waitress or chambermaid was a dismal comedown, but, Mem, decided, she must accept it. What right had she to pride?

And so she fared into the desert to become a "widow"—as she had become a "wife." She went there to find obscurity and concealment.

But everything went by contraries, and from that oasis she was to be caught up into a fiery chariot, for all the world to behold as it roiled her round and round the globe on an amazing destiny.

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Mem was deposited at the lonely station of Palm Springs, and fear smothered her as she watched the train vanish into the glare. But a rancher, almost as shy as herself, offered her the hospitality of his wagon. He said he was going to the Randle's ranch anyhow, and would leave her there.

After a time, Mem saw ahead of her a shimmering lake and trees and a waterfall.

"That's Palm Springs, I suppose," "No, ma'am, that's a mirage—a 'maningary mirage. They's nothin' there at tall—no ma'am."

And now that Mem had learned her own eyes could lie to her with convincing vividness, suddenly, as the road led them within eyeshot of two vast hills of sand unspotted with vegetation, she saw what she was sure was a mirage—a scene that must have come from her memory of a picture in an old book of Bible stories. She would almost have sworn that she looked into the desert of Araby, for she seemed to see certain trains of camels in trappings, and, perched upon their billowy humps, men in the garb of Bedouins. The ranchman's horses seemed to suffer from the same delusions, and terrified by the camels they carried the wagon into the ditch, and overturned it.

Mem found herself gently spilled in the soft sand, so little injured that her only thought was for pulling down her skirts.

She lay in wonderment as the wagon slid on its side, the driver slipping along and still clinging to the lines as if he tried to hold giant falcons in leash.

The caravan grew restive too, and Mem was consumed with perplexity as she saw one of the animals forced to its knees not far from her. The sheik, or whatever he was, tumbled from the saddle and ran to her.

A brown face looked out from the hood, and from the scarlet lips surrounded by a short beard came a voice startlingly un-Arabic.

"Miss Steddon! Miss Remember Steddon!"

She was so dazed that she could only stare into the mysterious face. The Arab smiled and laughed. "I'm Tom Holby—a common movie actor out on location."

He lifted her from the sand, brushed her off, and went for her suit-

case, which had been dumped into the cactus.

"Have you come here to be with parents, friends, or relatives?" he asked.

"No. I'm looking for a position as a chambermaid."

"My God! You?" Her eyes were amazed at his horror. He cried again: "You with your beauty? Oh, no!"

She had been brought up on the motto, "Praise to the face is open disgrace." She snubbed him and tossed her head.

A man in a pith helmet, dark goggles, and a riding suit drove up and was complaining:

"Say, Holby, do you realize you're keeping the whole company waiting in this ghastly heat?"

I beg your pardon, Mr. Folger," said Tom, and walked beside the director, "Just a minute, old man. That girl is a friend of mine, and as beautiful as a peach. She's just lost her husband and come out to this hole to be a chambermaid! It's too outrageous to think of. Give her a chance, won't you?"

The director twisted in his saddle and stared at Mem with expert eyes, then laughed at Holby.

"All right," he said, "I'll take a chance. Two of the extra women keeled over this morning from the heat. I'll have my assistant take her to the wardrobe woman and get her fitted out and made up. She can appear in the famine scene."

The caravan resumed its plodding advance, and Holby turned back to say to Remember:

"I've taken a great liberty. I can't bear the thought of your working as a servant when there may be a big career before you in the pictures. There's a shortage in the company for the big scene, and you'd be a godsend. To please me—I mean the director—do this, won't you?"

"Well, of course, if it would be doing you a favor—"

"An immense favor!"

"I don't know anything, you know." "That's all the better. You have nothing to unlearn. Here's Mr. Ellis, the assistant director. He'll take care of you. I've got to go."

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Mrs. Kittery, the wardrobe woman, and Leva Lemaire (who in private life was Mrs. David Wilkinson) helped Mem in one of the cars after she had made her farewell to the curious ranchman. While Mrs. Kittery found a costume for her Mrs. Wilkinson, who was an "extra," took the job of making her up.

In a heat that drove the desert Indians into the shade and idleness, dainty actresses and actors invited sunstroke, and after a time the extras were called forth from the comparative shelter of the tents to the scene of action.

Mem could not believe that this was she who stumbled across the

**Baby Smoker**



Sixteen months old, Tracy B. Dunway of Cincinnati has been smoking pipes and cigars for several months

The mob went forward slowly and she recognized Tom Holby on a camel. She hoped that he would not recognize her, but he studied all the faces and, being used to disguises, made her out and hailed her with the password:

"How are you standing it?" She called up to him:

"All right, thank you." There was vast interest in her from now on. The leading man had singled out an extra woman for special attention, and the gossip went around with a rush as of wings.

**TO BE CONTINUED**

First Farmer: "I've got a freak on my farm, a two-legged calf."

Second Farmer: "I know. He came to call on my daughter last night."

**Scotch Story No. 7836**

The usual morning collection was taken in church one morning, and the minister noticed a lot of dollar bills in the plate and two pennies. "Ah," said he facetiously, "I see there is a Scotchman present."

Whereupon an old Scot arose from the back of the church and said, "Yes, sir, there are two of us."

**Good Bait**

"Why are you putting 'personal' on that letter to Mr. Durand?"

"I want his wife to open it."



Preening and brushing and combing her hair—It wonders me not she remains very fair!—Warendolph.

Your hair probably has not profited by the summer vacation—unless you are unusually fortunate—and requires special attention at this season of the year. The sun, salt water and careless, hasty shampooing as well as complete neglect in the matter of massage and brushing, are likely to have robbed the hair of its smooth sheen and lustre.

Let us begin at the beginning. Good circulation is the prime essential for a healthy scalp and healthy, lustrous hair. The blood supply in the scalp must be kept active in order to nourish the hair roots and to keep the tiny glands in good working condition. This means that the scalp must be stimulated. Hair tonics should fulfill two functions. First, they should be stimulating to bring up the circulation. Second, they should be corrective in their efforts upon the oil glands. For the dry scalp a tonic should be oily. For an oily scalp the proper tonic should have astringent, drying qualities. Simple massage when used in connection with an efficient hair tonic will frequently correct the common scalp trouble of dandruff and falling hair. Massage brings up the blood to the scalp, and tones up

the tiny muscles at the root of each hair, thus permitting the nutrition and general good health of the hair.

Regular vigorous brushing is another important beauty aid in developing healthy, lustrous hair. It is an excellent thing to remember at this time of the year that if you massage your scalp and brush your hair regularly and frequently as you eat your meals and brush your teeth you will not have to spend your time and money later in curing unhealthy scalp conditions.

Shampoos are important, too, but as I have recently gone into this matter, I shall not take it up again.

I shall mention one caution, however. When it is possible, avoid the drying machine for your hair. After it has received its final rinsing, wring it out thoroughly and wrap a warm towel around your head, rubbing the hair until most of the moisture is absorbed. Then divide the hair into sections and rub each section with a second warm towel. This is a good time to use your hair tonic, if you need one. Massage it well into the sections of your scalp. Shake your hair well and, if convenient, finish the drying process with a sunbath.

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