



Remember Steedon, a pretty, unsophisticated girl, is the daughter of a kindly but narrow-minded minister in a small, mid-western town. Her father, Rev. Doctor Steedon, 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 bad plight. Pressed by the doctor, Remember admits her unfortunate affair with Elwood Faranby, a poor boy, son of the town snot. 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 bear 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, traveling 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 bet out and walk about. 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. Arriving there she falls in with the movie company of Tom Holby. Tom insists that she become an extra and is most cordial to her. She finds herself in the movie game.

Now Go On With the Story

caught her and drawn her into her arms, kissing her and whispering: "Wonderful! Wonderful!" She felt a hand on her arm and was drawn from Leva's arms into a man's. Her shoulders were squeezed hard by big hands and she heard a voice that identified her captor as the director. He was saying: "God bless you! That was real stuff. You're a good girl! The real thing!" Then she began to laugh and choke, became an utter fool. This was her first experience of the passion of mimicry. She was as ashamed as glorified, as drained as exultant, as if a god had seized her and embraced her fiercely for a moment, then left her aching, an ember in the ashes. The director was already calling the mob to the next task. She could not help glancing at Tom Holby. His camel was moving off with the crowd, but he turned back to gaze at her. He was nodding his head in approval and he raised his hand in a salute of profound respect. Mem's sin had led her to the edge of paradise, and then drawn her back by the hair. She was doomed to spend a certain time in increasing heaviness, and then to die or to go about with a nameless child holding on to her hand, and anchoring her to obscurity. She found a place as maid in the home of a storekeeper at such wages as he could afford. She began the sordid routine of her tasks, but, con-

trasting them with the glamour of playing tragic roles, she felt herself entombed. Then the summer heat began and grew so fierce that her employer and his family went to the seashore. She spent much thought upon the letter home that she had not yet written, that she must write if ever she were to go home again. The whole purpose of this long, long journey into loneliness was to be able to write that letter; and it had not yet gone. Every time she made the beginning her hands flinched from the lying pen. But one night in a frantic fit of histrionic enthusiasm she dashed off her fable, sealed it in an envelope, and dropped it after dark in the mail box. Darling Mamma and Papa: How can I write the terrible news? I can hardly bear to think of it, let alone write about it. But my darling husband passed away in the desert. I cannot write you the particulars now, for I am too agitated and grief-stricken and I do not want to harrow your hearts with details. I know your poor hearts will ache for me, but I beg you not to feel it too deeply, because I am trying to be brave. And I remember what you taught me, that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. . . . I cannot write you more now. I am in no need of money and I will come home when I get a little stronger. All the love in the world from your loving Mem. After she had slipped the letter irrevocably into the mail box she re-

alized that the post mark of Palm Springs would be stamped on the envelope. Her place of concealment would be disclosed. Still, it would not matter. She was a widow now in the minds of her people and she could go back to them and face the future in calm. The mountains had a beckoning look always, and on this afternoon, when a clouded sky gave a little shelter from the sun she set out to obey an impulse to climb as far as her strength would take her. The exertion of climbing was more than Mem had bargained for. The steep that had looked so inviting from a distance were ragged and forbidding. The burnt-almond mountains were hot and sharp-edge gridirons to her feet. The sun came blazing forth and seemed to splash upon her a yellow hot mass of metal and rolled over her shoulders in blistering ingots. A stone rolled under her foot and shook her from her balance. She wavered, clutched at nothing, whirled, struck, bounded from the hard rock, and fell—fell, and then—a smashing blow, blackness, silence. A young Indian girl chasing her stray pony about the sand had seen Mem stumble, then fall; had heard the thump of the body on the sand; had run to the nearest house and told what she had seen. Mem was taken home. The village doctor did all that his skill could do. Though she had never dared to visit him, he knew of her, and knew her as a widow. When she was strong enough to be talked to he prepared her for bad news. "Am I to be crippled for life?" she cried. "No," he sighed. "You will bear no marks of your accident. But you will not—but your other hopes and expectations—will not be realized." She was dazed and he was timid, and he had some difficulty in making her understand his bad news; that she would not be a mother. She bore this blow with a fortitude that surprised him. And now Mem was weak and woe-begone, at the bottom of the cliff of life. She had never climbed very far, but she had fallen far enough to give both body and soul an almost fatal shock. She was a drudge in a poor family in a scorched settlement abandoned by all that could get away. The only inferiors she could see

was a young widow named Dack and her boy Terry. Mrs. Dack took in washing. The boy Terry was of the Ariel breed. His fancy girdled the earth in forty minutes. He mimicked the birds and animals and often covered his mother with confusion by imitating her clients with uncanny skill. Once the child caught cold—in all that heat—and Mem sat by his bedside through several smothering nights, while the back-broken mother slept. Mem exercised her skill in making up little dramas to while the long nights away and to keep the wakeful child's mind from his cough. During her illness Mem received a letter from Leva Lemaire, saying that she had just seen in an old paper a paragraph describing Mrs. Woodville's fall from the mountain and her miraculous escape from death. Leva expressed the utmost sympathy and hoped that her beauty was not marred. She added: "But if it has, you can still find something to do in the movies. I've given up trying to be an actress and taken a position in the laboratory projection room, correcting the films. It's cool and dark and interesting. I think I can get you a place if you'll come here. There's no excuse for a woman of your education and charm wasting your sweetness on the desert air. Do come! I've sent my three children out to their uncle's ranch. You could live here with me and my friends." The thought of working in the dark and cool was a hint of Paradise to Mem.

MOTHERS' CLUB HEARS PAPERS AT MEETING

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the Mothers' Study club was held Monday evening at the home of Mrs. W. N. Dow. Two papers were presented during the evening by Mrs. Henry Fandrem and Mrs. Lloyd Thompson, and refreshments were served by the hostess. Members present at the meeting included Mesdames Levi Neet, Walter Gossler, Henry Fandrem, Floyd Thompson, Lawrence Moffatt, Allen Kafoury, Larson Wright, and W. C. Rebhan. The next meeting will be held on November 4, with Mrs. Lawrence Moffatt at her home on 9th and D streets.

Returns From Hospital

Mrs. H. E. Moxey and her baby son, James Norman, who was born at the Pacific Christian hospital in Eugene on Friday, October 11, were released from the hospital on Monday, and are now at their home in this city.

MAN SO NERVOUS GETS SORE WHEN SPOKEN TO

"It actually irritated me to have anyone talk to me, I was so nervous. Vinol ended this and I feel wonderful now."—Wm. Fabry. Vinol is a compound of iron, phosphates, cod liver peptone, etc. The very FIRST bottle makes you sleep better and have a BIG appetite. Nervous, easily tired people are surprised how QUICK the iron, phosphates, etc. give new life and pep. Vinol tastes delicious.—Kotel's Drug Store.

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Estimated Budget for the Town of Springfield for 1930

Springfield, Oregon, October 22, 1929.

Budget committee met at City Hall at 7:30 P.M. Tuesday, October 22nd, 1929. W. P. Tyson elected Chairman and C. E. Wheaton, Secretary. All members of the committee present. The following is the budget estimate of expenditures and receipts for the Town of Springfield for the year 1930.

STREET IMPROVEMENT:	
Lumber	\$ 50.00
Labor, Man and team, 12 months	400.00
Crushed rock	300.00
Cement alley crossings	50.00
Cutting weeds	200.00
Surveying streets	75.00
Cleaning streets	250.00
Equipment and supplies	100.00
Sewer pipes	75.00
Incidentals	250.00
	\$1750.00
POLICE DEPARTMENT:	
Chief of Police at \$150.00 per month, 12 months	\$1800.00
One night watchman at \$105.00 per month, 12 months	1260.00
Extra help, supplies and expenses	205.00
	\$3265.00
FIRE DEPARTMENT:	
Fire Chief at \$140.00 per month, 12 months	\$1680.00
Tires for fire truck	100.00
Soda and acid	50.00
One radio	65.00
One mask	25.00
Extra help	100.00
Laundry	10.00
Supplies	50.00
Telephone	24.00
	\$2104.00
RECORDER'S SALARY	900.00
TREASURER'S SALARY	180.00
ATTORNEY'S FEES	240.00
LIGHTS AND WATER:	
Lights: Mountain States Power Company, Lights for streets and public buildings, 12 months	\$1850.00
Water: Mountain States Power Co. Fire hydrants, street sprinkling, public buildings, 12 months	1150.00
	\$3000.00
STREET CLEANING AND FLUSHING:	
Man and team, 12 months at \$115.00 per month	\$1380.00
TOWN LIBRARY:	
Services, rent, wood, supplies and expenses	\$643.00
ANNUAL CLEANUP	\$ 125.00
EMERGENCY FUND	1140.34
INTEREST ON BONDED INDEBTEDNESS:	
General Improvement, First Issue \$35,000.00	\$2100.00
General Improvement, Second Issue \$35,000.00	2100.00
Refunding Bonds, Due 1932, \$35,000.00	2450.00
Refunding Bonds, Due 1944, \$50,000.00	3000.00
Improvement Bonds, 1926 Issue, \$2981.00	178.86
Improvement Bonds, 1927 Issue, \$9059.55	543.04
Improvement Bonds, 1928 Issue, \$13,000.00	780.00
Bond Sinking Fund	7000.00
	\$18,151.90
Gross Estimated Expenditures	\$32,879.24
ANTICIPATED REVENUES:	
Licenses, Pool and Billiard Halls, etc.	\$ 180.00
Fines, 12 months	1800.00
Road Funds, 12 months	2000.00
	\$3980.00
Total Net Expenditures	\$28,899.24

The Common Council, sitting as a levying board, will meet on Tuesday, November 12th, 1929, at the City Hall in Springfield at the hour of 7:30 P.M. where and when any and all taxpayers of the Town of Springfield shall be heard in favor of or against such proposed tax levy or any part thereof.

W. P. TYSON, Chairman of the Budget Committee.
 Attest: C. E. WHEATON, Secretary.

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