



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. Bretherick, 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 sot. As Remember and Dr. Bretherick discuss the problem, a telephone message brings the news that Elwood has been killed in an accident. Dr. Bretherick 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 beat out and walk about.

narrowly avoided, and the passengers At Tucson Mem meets Dr. Galbraith, a pastor, who knows her father. She miscaalls 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.

After her accident, Mem receives a letter from Leva Memore, inviting her to Hollywood, and stating in her letter that she can get her a position in a film laboratory.

Now Go On With the Story

She told Mrs. Dack and Mrs. Reddick that she had received a call to go to Los Angeles at once. A few days later a taxi deposited her before a tiny place of four or five rooms. This was Leva's home. A servant who opened the door said that "she would not get back from the studio before six or nappast." She was glad to relieve Mem's loneliness with chatter. She explained that Miss Le-maire lived there with three other ladies, all of whom were in the movies, but none of them getting their pictures took.

They lived alone with no more thought of chaperonage than a crowd of bachelors.

When Leva and her friends came in at dinner time they came like young business men home from the offices, tired of shop, yet full of its talk; eager for amusement, knowing no law except their own self respect for health or reputation for efficiency.

The next morning Mem acquired on tick the brief trousseau of a little business bride. Then she went to the studio with Leva and was assigned to the laboratory projection room at twenty-five dollars a week.

A hundred pretty actresses got no jobs at all, for they were seeking glory and wealth.

All day she sat in a dark room and ran a little projecting machine that poured forth moving pictures before her on a little private screen. She must watch out for typographical errors, a "to" for a "too," a slip of grammar, a mistake in an actor's or a character's name.

Her common school education was good enough for this, though it was by no means so marvelous as Leva had told her employers it was.

The artistic beauties of the pictures made her inarticulately happy, and for a time she was in a heaven of tumultuous ecstasies. But gradually the delight turned to torture, the torture of envy.

She was young and she had been told that she was beautiful. If God had made her pretty it was because He delighted in beauty and wanted it known. He did not grow flowers in cellars. He was not afraid to squander sunshine.

If the art of mimicry was a God-given gift, it must be meant for use. She had acted once before a camera, there on the desert. She had brought tears to the eyes of a stranger. She was an actress by divine intention.

She sat in a dark room and watched other people's pictures flow by. It seemed wrong, wicked, cruel. She was mad to act.

On the lot Mem saw children, and they were always happy. The mothers were with the little ones. Going to work was going to play. They lived in an eternal fairy story.

She was told that Jackie Coogan had made his mother a present of a

big touring car costing seven thousand dollars; that he had a salary of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week!

She thought of little Terry Dack and his second-hand express wagon, helping his mother to pack her wash bundles home to bitter toil. She wrote Terry's mother, urging her to come to Los Angeles without delay; to beg, borrow or steal the necessary funds; to seize the chance to rescue the divine child from poverty or oblivion, and to earn luxury by giving the world the sunshine of his charm.

And the day after she mailed the letter she lost her job. The tide of hard times had engulfed the studio where she was engaged. All but two or three companies were laid off. The laboratory force was reduced to a skeleton.

And now the dark room that had come to be a prison cell was as dead a home as the shut cage of a canary that cannot get in again.

Pay day came around no more. She had debts to absolve for clothes no longer fresh. She had tomorrow's and next week's hunger dread. The girls at her house were equally idle and their hospitality lost its warmth for lack of fuel.

They tried to make the best of idleness. They wore records to shreds and danced together all day long to pass away the time.

Young men who had no money to spend on excursions came to the house of evenings and helped to dance away the tedious.

It became a commonplace for Mem off for her own biography:

to jig about in young men's arms. She learned to dance. She learned to play a little golf, a little tennis. She went on her first beach picnic. And a little later Mem might have been seen in a bathing suit of popular brevity, substituting a general coat of tan for the forty bluishpower she had abandoned.

Her soul and her body were her own now. No, they had gone beyond even that. Her soul and body were the public's. Beauty was community property. She was committed to their fullest development into such joyous acrobatic agility and power that they should give joy and a delightful sorrow to the public. For which a grateful public would pay with gratitude and much money.

One day in Westlake Park she sat down on a bench and by and by was hailed by a sturdy mid-Western voice.

"Well, as I live and breathe! If it ain't Miss Steddon!"

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Sturges!" It was a mid-aged woman who had been a member of her father's congregation and had come west because of her husband's lungs.

Mem's first impulse was to welcome anybody from home. Her second was to fear anyone from home. Mrs. Sturges' life in this Babylon had not changed her small-town soul, body or prejudices.

Mem's wit scurried in vain to bring up protecting lies. Mrs. Sturges was too full of her own opinions and adventures to ask any embarrassing questions beyond a hasty take-

"And how's your father and your mother and your whole family? Well, as I was saying yesterday, everyone on earth gets to Los Angeles sooner or later. It's a nice city, too, full of good, honest, plain—o' course those awful movie-picture people have given the town a—"

"Such stories as they do tell about their— Why, that Hollywood is just a plague spot on earth! And the women—little pink nineties that don't know enough to come in when it—they get their fortunes for just making eyes at the camera, and they rent nice respectable homes and hold—well, orgies in the only word—orgies is just what they are.

"It's a sin and a shame, and if something isn't done about it— Why, young girls flock there in droves, and sell their souls for—it's simply terrible. Every one of them has to pay the Price to get there at all.

"I do declare it makes my blood run cold just to—Don't it yours?" "I don't believe it," said Mem.

She had heard a vast amount of gossip, but she had not heard of anybody paying such an initiation fee. She had seen no vice at all.

Mrs. Sturges flared up. There is nothing one defends more zealously than one's pet horrors.

"Don't believe it! Why it's true as gospel. They sell their souls for bread. Any girl that's too honest to pay the price don't get engaged—that's all—she just don't get engaged. Oh dear! that's my car."

Next day the mail brought her a shock in a letter from Mrs. Dack. It said:

Dear Mrs. Woodville: I was awful glad to get your letter. Been mean to answer it but trying to fix up my affairs so's Terry and I could come up to your city. Yesterday I was to Mrs. Reddicks and she had a telegram for you but no address and so could not forward it. It said your mother was so worried not having had no answer to her letters she was coming out on the first train and would reach Palm Springs day after tomorrow. Hopping to see you soon either there or here. Mrs. Dack, P. S. Both I and Terry send you lots of love.

Mem was petrified. Nothing could stop her mother from coming. The first blaze of joy at the thought of the reunion was quenched in the flood of impossible situations her

presence would create!

Old Steddon had raised a family and been habituated to a mother's slumber, light and broken with frequent dashes to bed-sides troubled by bad dreams or imagined burglars or mere thirst or a cough. If her hasty feet found both her slippers or one or neither, she hastened as she was. She would not have paused for a wolf, an Indian, a murderer or an earthquake.

Mem was still her baby in the dark, and it did not matter whether she lay needful and terrified in the next room or beyond the deserts or the seven seas. The mother's one business was to get to her. Her telegram was her old night cry: "I'm coming, honey. Don't worry. Mom's coming to her baby." She shot this cry across the continent and called Mem "baby," although Mem felt as old as night.

TO BE CONTINUED

WILLING WORKERS ENTERTAIN PRESIDENT

The members of the Willing Workers' society of the Christian church gathered at the home of their president, Mrs. I. A. Valentine, yesterday afternoon and had a very enjoyable Halloween party. Delicious refreshments were served by the ladies.

Among those present for the party were Mrs. Valentine, Miss Vin McPherson, Mesdames George Vallier, C. Meachan, James Morelock, Mary Clingan, Jane Mountjoy, Rosa Bosserman, E. E. Morrison, Fred Williams, Thomas McKinnis, Mary McPherson, Dean Beals, Georgia Nettleton, and C. W. Pettyjohn.

Have Daughter—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Church of Fall Creek are the parents of a baby daughter, born at their home on Tuesday. Doris Ruth is the name which they have chosen for the child.

Expects Daughter—Eunice Gerber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Gerber, is expected to arrive here the first part of next week from Bismarck, North Dakota, where she has completed a nurse's training course at the Bismarck hospital.

Moving to Portland—Mrs. Vina McLean, librarian here is closing her home and will leave for Portland the latter part of the week, where she will spend the winter at the home of her son, Fred Lemley.

MRS. LYNCH SURPRISED AT HER HOME TUESDAY

Women of the Christian church gathered at the home of Mrs. Abbie Lynch on Tuesday to pay her a surprise visit. The ladies brought their refreshments and the afternoon was spent in hemming tea towels.

Those present were Mesdames Lynch, M. J. McKlin, John Pederson, Georgia Nettleton, Bud McPherson, Flora Hack, Nolf, John Harris, John Parker, Ed. Cole, Mark Cole and W. M. Richards.



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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 raldo	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
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\$1380.00

TOWN LIBRARY:

Services, rent, wood, supplies and expenses	\$643.00
ANNUAL CLEANUP	\$ 125.00
EMERGENCY FUND	1140.34

\$1898.34

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, \$9050.56	543.04
Improvement Bonds, 1928 Issue, \$13,000.00	780.00
Bond Sinking Fund	7000.00

\$18,151.90

ANTICIPATED REVENUES:

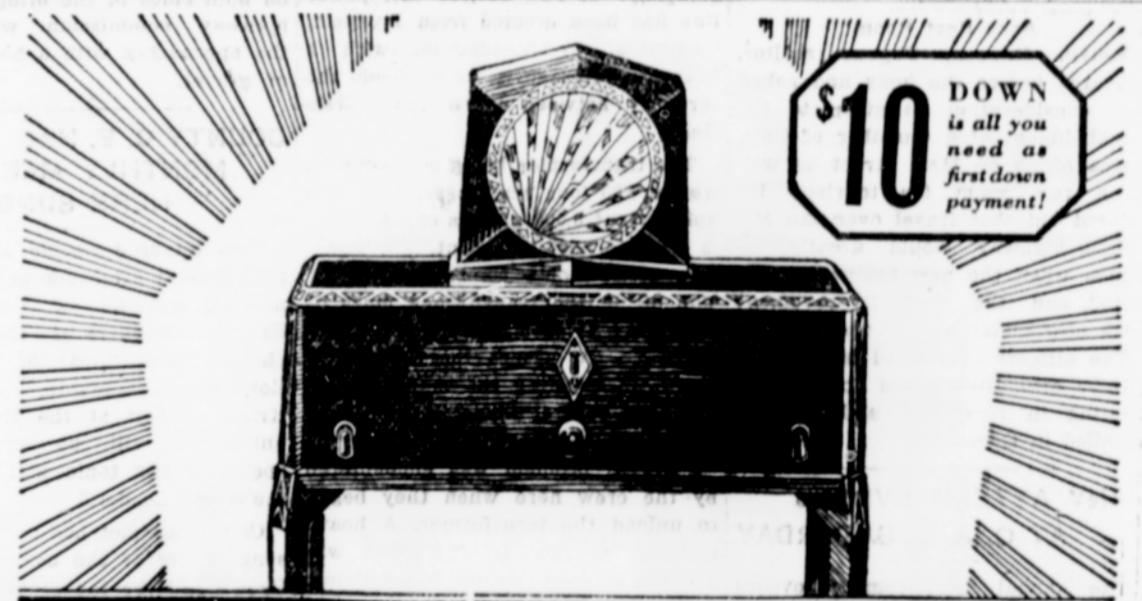
Gross Estimated Expenditures	\$32,879.24
Licenses, Pool and Billiard Halls, etc.	\$ 180.00
Fines, 12 months	1800.00
Road Funds, 12 months	2000.00

\$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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