



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 averted, and the passengers 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.

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

Mem gets a job in a film laboratory but loses it. She meets a Mrs. Sturges from her home town, who talks of the evils of the movies and says that the stars are forced to sell their souls. Mem has a letter saying that her mother is coming to Palm Springs, and Mem goes there to meet her. She decides that she will sell her soul to get a job in the movies.

Mem gets a tryout with the Bermond movie company. She finds herself posing with Claymore as her director, obeying his commands in a kind of stupor.

**Now Go On With the Story**

Then the lights went out and there was a wait while Mike ran along the gallery parallel with tweezers in his gloved hands. When Mike was ready the camera man shouted: "Hit 'em! All right, Mr. Claymore!" Mr. Claymore called "Music, please!"

And Mem found herself in a sea of blazing radiance tremulous with a shimmer of music.

She went back to the door and nodded when Claymore's "Are you ready?" penetrated the myth realm from far away. She heard him call "Camera! Action!" and she heard his voice reciting an improvised libretto for her pantomime.

"You've come from your dark cell! The light blinds you! You begin to see the angry public, the cruel judge. You flinch. You fall back. They are going to sentence me to death! They are hissing me because I loved too well! But my little baby! They said I killed him! They can't know how I loved him! How I felt his little hands on my cheek, his lips at my breast! How I suffered when his cheeks grew cold! O God! I prayed for his life even though it meant eternal shame! But he is gone. My lover is dead. What is this world to me! Wring your hands! Look at the judge! Draw yourself up! Defy him! That's it! Now let the tears come. My baby, I am coming to you! My baby!"

She heard his voice wailing and trembling like the vox humana stop the village organist used to pull out for the sake of pathos. It was maudlin, cheap, trashy, yet it was the truth for her as for millions of other girls. It was trite because it had broken so many hearts.

She felt a fool, a guilty fool. The music, the lights, the director's voice—all, all was insanity. But it swept her heart strings with an Aeolian thrill and they sang with a mad despair.

But Mem had been schooled all her life to keep her hands down and to avoid flourish, to take short steps and to keep her waist and hips solid. Though the fashions of the day gave her short, loose skirts, free arms, she might as well have been handcuffed and hobbled and fastened in iron stays, for all the freedom she used.

Claymore made her run, with longer and longer stride, bend and touch the floor, fling her arms aloft, take the steps of a Spanish dancer and a

Spanish vixen. But she was unbelievably inept.

"I wish I had the courage and the kindness to give you a Belasco training," he said. "You know he testified in court that when he trained Mrs. Leslie Carter for her big war-horse roles, he had to break her muscle-bound condition first. He threw her down stairs, throttled her, beat her head against the wall, and chased her about the room. She told me herself that she learned the Declaration of Independence by heart and spent hours and hours repeating it as glibly as she could. Every time she missed an articulation she went back to the beginning and recited it over again—hundreds and hundreds of times. That's how she learned to deliver great tirades with a breathless rush, yet made every syllable distinct. That's how she learned how to charge about the stage like a lioness."

"To be a great actress is no easy job. You've got to work like a fiend or you'll get nowhere. You've got to exercise your arms and legs and your voice and your soul. If you will, you've got a big future. If you won't you'll slump along playing small parts till you lose your bloom of youth, then you'll slip into character parts and go out like an old candle."

The upshot of it was that Mem was recognized as a star yet to be made—if, indeed, her nebulous ambitions should ever be condensed into solid achievement.

Claymore felt that she had a future. He told her so. But he told her that a period of hard labor lay between her and that paradise.

There was a curious method of getting acquainted. Teacher and student became as much involved in each other's souls as Abelard and Heloise at their first sessions.

Claymore offered her a lift home in his automobile. It was quicker than the street car, but it seemed far quicker than that. They chattered of art theories and practices. They did not realize how long the car stood in front of her bungalow before Mem got out or how long he waited after she got out, talking, talking, before he bade her a final good night.

Her mother realized it, peering through the curtains, and Leva exclaimed:

"Good Lord! The minx has the director eating out of her hand already. She'll get on."

She met Tom Holby on the lot one day. He had been asked to come over and talk of a possible contract with the Bermond company. He greeted Mem with enthusiasm, and she warmed at the pride of his recognition. Then she felt a little twinge of conscience—an intuition that she had no right to be so glad to see Mr. Holby, now, as she fancied, she belonged to Mr. Claymore.

One day when a little scene was being filmed in which Mem was the only actress, the rest of the company

being excused for a change of costume, a visitor from overseas was brought upon the set, a great French general.

The publicity man suggested that the general might like to be photographed on the scene. He laughed and came forward with a boyish eagerness. When the picture appeared in newspaper supplements about the world it was stated in each of the captions that the warrior had said, "Remember Steddon is the prettiest girl in America."

More amazing yet, Mem first learned of this astounding fact from her astonished father.

The news came in a letter from the man Mem and her mother loved and dreaded. As Mrs. Steddon's fingers opened the envelope in the awkwardness of guilt, two pictures fell to the floor. They were in the brown rotogravures of the Sunday supplements and presented Mem standing at the side of the French general. Both stated that he had called this promising member of the Bermond company "the prettiest girl in America."

Mem and her mother gathered themselves together as if they had been dazed by a rip of lightning from the blue and waited for the thunderbolt to smash the world about them. They read the letter together. It began without any "Dear Daughter" or "Dear Wife." It began:

The inclosed clippings were sent to me by members of my congregation who were sojourning, one in New York and one in Chicago. It is hard for me to doubt the witness of my eyes, but it is almost harder for me to believe that the wife of my bosom and the daughter, reared in the shelter of our home could have fallen so low so suddenly. Before I write more I want to hear the truth from both of you, if you can and will tell it.

The Rev. Doctor Steddon was something more than a father to his daughter, or a husband to his wife; he was also the high priest of his religion.

But Mrs. Steddon had grown up with her husband and had seen his tempers goad him to too many mistakes. She was merely angry at him now for a burst of wrath, while Mem cowered before him as an inspired prophet.

Finally, in a frenzy she went to her table and wrote her husband an answer to his letter:

Dear Husband—I am ashamed of you for writing such a mean little note. Yes, I am proud to say my daughter is an actress and is doing fine work. If you are not proud of her it is because you don't know enough to be. You will some day, you'll see.

She is working hard and earning lots of money, and I'm going to stay down here as long as she needs me. I guess you can get along without us for awhile. If you can't come on out and see for yourself how wrong you are. I hope your next letter will be an apology. Mem would send her

love if she knew I was writing. Your loving wife.

When this tiny bomb exploded in Dr. Steddon's parsonage it produced an outstanding effect. The old devil fighter was not afraid of all the legions of hell, but he was a little afraid of that wife of his. She alone could scold him with impunity and by the mere withdrawal of her approval cast a cloud across his heaven. He was in an abject perplexity now.

Have a job and get a job. To him that hath—

Remember Steddon's first picture was approaching its finish.

She had been already acquiring a little name. Gossip of every sort was rife, and some of it was flattering. The word floated about that "Steddon was making good at Bermond's."

The Bermond company, when her picture was finished, agreed to rent Mem to a new company that was to make Tom Holby a star. He had earned the elevation, and this meant that he and Robina Teele would part company—at least upon the screen.

When Mem read of this flattering plan in an evening paper her heart gave a hop. She was not sure just what the excitement meant within her there.

She did not want Tom Holby for herself, yet she did not want to see any other woman land him.

Claymore obtruded upon her meditations. She was under obligations imposed by his devotion.

He tried to be aloof, professional, and directorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon were thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

**CONTINUED NEXT WEEK**

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY**

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, in the matter of the estate of John J. Thomas, deceased, duly made and entered of record on the 13th day of November, 1929, the undersigned, administratrix of said estate, will, on and after Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1929, offer for sale and sell at private sale, the real property in said order and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point sixty (60) rods South of the One-Half Section corner between Sections 35 and 36, Township 17 South, Range 4 West, Willamette Meridian; running thence East forty (40) rods; thence South 768 feet; thence West 196 feet; thence South 222 feet; thence West 464 feet; thence North 60 rods to the place of beginning, containing fourteen (14) acres in Lane County, Oregon.

Also, beginning at a point 32.80 chains West of the Southeast corner of Claim No. 44, Notification No. 8073

in Section 33, Township 16 South, Range 3, West Willamette Meridian, and running thence North 527 feet to the railroad right of way, thence Southeastly along said right of way to a point due East of the place of beginning and thence West 648 feet to the place of beginning, containing 3.90 acres, more or less, in Lane County, Oregon; Said sale to take place at the law

offices of Potter & King, 531 Miner Building, Eugene, Oregon. Terms of sale, cash in hand or on contract with partial payment and a first lien upon the property for the balance, to be approved by the Administrator and the County Court. LEORA A. HARKINS, Administratrix of the Estate of John J. Thomas, Deceased. N 14-21-28 D 5-12

We are agents for

# SARGON

and Sargon Soft Mass Pills

Flanery's Drug Store  
Springfield, Oregon

**SALE of 200 New Dresses \$14.95**

Regular values to \$29.50

All Wanted Materials All Popular Colors

These values cannot but be appreciated and meet with your approval. Sizes 14 to 20; 36 to 48; 14½ to 24½.

**Coats - Coats**

Hundreds of them. All at reduced prices. All prices on these and Leather Sport Jackets reduced.

Sale Starts Friday morning at 8:30

## BEARD'S

EUGENE OREGON

**There's no experiment in our investment plan**

**BY NO MEANS!** Not only is the plan inherently sound and business-like—but it has been tried and tested and proved.

There are hundreds of "Memorial Parks" in the United States. Every one of them has been developed and financed according to a plan which, in every important respect, corresponds to our plan in financing Rest-Haven. And in every one of these cases, the plan has worked out with marked success, and to the entire satisfaction of the original purchasers—those who bought property in the park on an investment basis.

The essence of this plan is the disposal of tracts in the Park to original purchasers on an investment basis, and under conditions that provide, first, for the use of the money thus obtained (every dollar of it!) for the development of the Park; and, second, for the re-sale of the property as the improvement of the Park is carried on.

It is expressly provided that the re-sales are to be made at a price not less than 100 per cent greater than the original price. The experience of other Parks is that the re-sale takes place in a period of from six months to two years and a half. During that time the property is not subject to any assessments, taxes or liens of any nature.

The investment is small. The property is right here at home—where you can see it—watch its development. Surely—you owe it to yourself to learn all about this unique opportunity.

**Rest-Haven MEMORIAL PARK**

536-7-8 Miner Building Telephone 830

**12 MONTHS TO PAY**

for the Amazing New

# RCA Radiola 33

86<sup>25</sup> Cash Complete

Here's a radio we're proud to recommend because it's built to meet all modern requirements. Beautiful to look at! Amazing value! The RCA reputation is behind it. The reliability of Mountain States Power Company is behind it. That means years of dependable performance for you! Let us place this fine radio in your home. Only \$10.00 down and then \$6.67 monthly pays for it while you enjoy it. Come in today for a free demonstration.

Four other beautiful models, Screen Grid, Super Hets, in Console and table cabinets.

**MOUNTAIN STATES POWER COMPANY**

**Keep Your Shirt On!**

If its one of ours you can! They're made with ocean pearl buttons that don't come off so easily and are firmly sewn in the seams. The latest college styles, too.

**\$1.98**

**J. C. PENNEY CO.**