



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 bad plight. Pressee, by the doctor, Remember admits her unfortunate affair with

Elwood Faranby, a poor boy, son of the town squire. 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.

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

Mem is trained to be a star and in due course her first picture is finished, and she is being "lent" to the company starring Tom Holby. She will play the leading woman in Holby's new picture.

Meanwhile, Claymore has got Mem away to himself. Mem and Claymore become more and more interested in each other. Out riding one day Claymore takes Mem in his arms, and she does not object. They are interrupted by a holdup man who takes their money.

Now Go On With the Story

Claymore, brooding deeply in his earnest soul, felt that he owed Mem some atonement. He meant it nobly, but it sounded crude when he checked the car in front of her little home and took her hand and said:

"If you'll let me marry you I'll see that my wife divorces me."

These divorces of convenience marked the new fashioned way of accomplishing old-fashioned righteousness. He wanted to make her "an honest woman."

Mem laughed nervously.

"No thanks!" It was as uninspired as possible, but then it is not easy to make a brilliant answer to a stupid suggestion. She felt that she must improve on it a bit, but she helped it a little when she added: "Just as much obliged. Good night."

Two days later she began to work with Tom Holby's company. Holby described the part she was to play, read to her the big scenes.

People make love unconsciously at times and in the truest courtships never a word is spoken. Two souls travel mystic gardens together and come to deep understandings without the exchange of a syllabled thought.

Mem was so wooed by Holby.

The orders had gone forth to rush the Holby picture to a conclusion. Big night-storm pictures had been scheduled for the final takes, and on the final morning the first scenes were begun promptly at nine. Kendrick promised to let the company go at three to rest for the all-night grind, but it was not until half past seven that the day's work was done.

At nine they went to the first of the sets. The California night was black and cold. The night in the story was one of tempest and battle. Tom Holby must run an automobile into a ditch and make a desperate war against four brutes who were instructed to put up a good fight.

Each bit of scenery through which she was to flash had been made ready the day before. Perforated rain pipes were reinforced by men who would play a fire hose or two upon the hapless actress. The gale was to be provided by an airplane propeller mounted on a truck.

Mem inspected the settings which was so briefly to adorn. "Why do they build that fence around the wind machine?" she asked Kendrick.

"To keep people from walking into the propeller and getting chopped to mincemeat," said Kendrick.

After an hour of preparation the army was ready for battle.

A gentle rain fell from the pipes. The fire hose, aimed up in the air, added its volume. The wind machine set up its mad clatter. The water and the lightning filled it with shattering fire.

Then Mem was called forth. She clutched her cloak about her and thrust into the tempest. It was like driving through a slightly rarefied cataract. She hardly reached the pillar at the edge of the porch, clutched it for a moment, caught a quick breath, and flung down the steps. And that was that. All this preparation for one minute of action.

She was taken to a warm room and wrapped into blankets until the next scene was prepared. She was supposed to have run a long distance between the last scene and this, and she must enter it, wet.

At length she got her signal and went forward again, head down, into the wild storm.

During her absence a telephone pole and a tree had been brought down by the storm and photographed as they fell. It was her business now to clamber across the pole and push through the branches of the tree, and so fight her way out of the picture. The wind machine had been shifted several times. The wind man in his confusion forgot to notice that the property man had forgotten, in their confusion, to set up the fence before the propeller. It was after midnight now and everybody was numb with cold, drenched with the promiscuous rain, and a little irresponsible. Their working day was already fifteen hours old and it would last at least five hours more.

Tom Holby had been photographed in a climb up the wet sides of a ravine, and was half frozen in his soaked clothes, but he stayed to Match Mem through this scene. She struggled with the maniac hurricane, stumbled and fell across the telephone pole, thrust aside the wires, lifted herself and breast the wind again, drove into the wreck of the fallen tree. The branches whipped her wet flesh cruelly. The lightning just ahead of her blistered her vision like the white-hot irons driven into the eyes of Shakespeare's Prince Clarence. The wind blew her breath back into her lungs. If she had not gained a little support from one stout bough of the tree she could never have reached the margin of the picture.

Kendrick's heart was glad with triumph as he saw her pass out of the camera range. He called "Cut!" and the camera men were jubilant as each of them shouted "O. K. for me!"

Then Kendrick heard screams of terror, wild howls of fear. He ran forward and saw the blinded little figure of Mem still pressing on straight into the blur of the airplane propeller.

His heart sickened. She would be sliced to shreds. She could not hear the yelled warnings in the noise of the machine.

The operator shut off his engine, but the propellers still whirled at a speed that made them only a whorl of light. The witnesses were paralyzed by the horror of the moment.

Tom Holby broke from a nightmare that outran the immediate beauty of the girl walking forward to a hideous fate. He ran and dived for her like a football tackler, hooked his left arm about her knees and flung her backward, thrusting his right arm and his head beneath her, so that when she struck, her shoulders were upon his breast, her wet hair like seaweed fell across his face.

She opened her eyes in a chaos of bewilderment. Just above her the flying propeller blades were glistening the light of the sun arc.

They were still revolving when the wind machine man, leaping from the post where he had stood expecting her fate and his own eternal re-

morse, ran to lift her from the ground. Others helped up Tom Holby.

He had knocked himself unconscious when his head struck a rock in the road. His cheek was ripped and gushing with blood.

He came to his senses at once and forced a ghastly laugh.

Mem screamed with fear for him. She had not yet realized her own escape. She was all pity for Tom Holby, and anxiety.

"It's nothing," he said. Then he staggered with dread of what Mem would have looked like now if he had waited an instant longer or missed his aim at her knees.

He drew her from the vortex of the propeller, which was subsiding with the dying snarl of a leopard that had missed its pounce.

The next day the company gathered to see the rushes of the night stuff.

Kendrick said, "That came near being a portrait of you walking out of this world."

Tom Holby did not speak, but he reached out and, seizing Mem's hand wrung it with an eloquence beyond words. He seemed to be squeezing her heart with clinging hands.

She was consumed with an impatience to begin a new picture at once, and to be busy with life and love, beauty and delight.

And yet, when Tom Holby, after they had left the lot, asked her to ride with him for a bit of air, told her he adored her and that she was adorable; when he courted her with deference and meekness and pleaded for a little kindness—her heart froze in her. She could not even accept a proffered beatitude.

She looked at him and thought—and said:

"Too many people love you, Tom. You belong to the public, and you couldn't bring yourself down to really loving little me."

"Oh, but I could! I do!" he cried. Damn my public! I don't care for anything but you."

"But I haven't had my public yet, and I love it. Just now the only love I can feel is acted love."

"Then let's have a rehearsal," he suggested cynically. But she shook her head. "I want to laugh, Tommy," she cried. "Amuse me, make me laugh."

"There's a new Charlie Chaplin comedy," he said. "We might get in."

"Let's try" said Mem.

Holby swung the car around. "Tommy," said Mem, "what is comedy? I'm sick of all these crying scenes and emoting all over the place. I want to be a comedienne. Do you think I could be one?"

"I don't think so," said Holby, with scientific candor. "You never make me laugh. You don't laugh much."

"No, but I'm going to! I think if I ever love anybody really, it will be a great comedian. Do you know any comedians who aren't married, Tommy?"

"Lots of 'em," said Holby. "A sense of humor keeps a man from getting married—or staying married long."

They took in a Chaplin show and on the way home she snuggled close to Holby in the car. Yet when he spoke tenderly she made fun of him, giggled, and reminded him of bits of the picture that had amused her. This enraged him.

"I'm going in for comedy," she said. "It's the only thing worth while. All this tears and passion business makes me sick."

Holby fought out in his soul a decent battle of self-sacrifice before he brought himself to the height of recommending a rival.

"There's Ned Ling; he's looking for a pretty leading woman. He's not Chaplin, but he's awfully funny in his own way. If you're so hell-bent on a comic career get your agent to go after him."

"Ned Ling," she mused. "Yes, I've seen him. I may make a try at him a little later."

But when she reached her home there was something waiting in ambush for her—a letter from her father.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Mistress: "I am not quite satisfied with you references."
Maid: "Neither am I; but they are the best I could get."

She (at the piano): "That last note was D flat."
He: "That's what I thought, but I didn't like to say anything."

WORLD'S LOOP RECORD NOT ATTEMPTED TODAY

There will be no attempt made here today to establish a world's record for outside loops. Major Eckerson's health is such that it will endanger him to make the attempted loops. Instead, the major, accompanied by a Mr. Beams, representative of the Breeze Aircraft company, of Portland, left the local airport in the City of Portland on Tuesday afternoon for Medford, where they will demonstrate and exhibit the ship during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Lloyd Kenny was given his private pilots license last Friday, when he and Major Eckerson flew to Portland for the examination.

James Stovall, the partner of Major Eckerson in the Eckerson Flying Service, is learning to fly ships. He made his first solo flight last Saturday and made several flights and landings Sunday afternoon before a large crowd which gathered to watch Eckerson go through his bag of stunts.

BAD CURVE IN HIGHWAY TAKEN OUT YESTERDAY

Motorists will no longer have to worry about the abrupt curve in the McKenzie highway in the east end of town. The final work of removal of the curve was completed yesterday by a crew of highway road workers, when they finished spreading the gravel coating over the newly graded part of the road which eliminates the curve. Large steam rollers were used to pack the gravel into the loose dirt to prevent automobiles from skidding while crossing the new stretch.

Marriage Licenses Issued

During the past week marriage licenses have been issued by the county clerk to the following: Alvie Wright, Cheshire, and Gussie Cruzan, Dexter; J. Calvin Arnold and Zaneta Meakins, both of Eugene; Norvel Pierce, Eugene, and Pauline McPherson, Springfield; Jack Wilbur and Garnet Clark, both of Swisshome; Marshal Dresser and Margaret Galloway, both of Eugene; Fred Watts, Crow, and Carrie Pierce, Noti; James Stinson, Junction City, and Verla Wilson, Portland; Cleo Chutcock and Thelma Sly, both of Eugene.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County November 22nd, 1929, upon and pursuant to a decree duly given and made by said Court 21st day of November, 1929, in a suit pending therein in which the Inter State Fidelity Building and Loan Association, a corporation, was plaintiff and Clara L. Jones Miller and others were defendants, which execution and order of sale was to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy certain liens and charges in said decree specified, I will on Saturday the 28th day of December, 1929, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. at the southwest door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the defendants in said suit and of all parties claiming by, through or under them or any of them since the 21st day of November, 1929, in or to the following described real property, to-wit:

Lot 8 in Block 3, Kelsay's Addition to Eugene, in Lane County, Oregon, Dated November 26th, 1929.

H. L. BOWN,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
N 28 D 5-12-19-26

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County November 27th, 1929, upon and pursuant to a decree duly given and made by said Court November 27th, 1929, in a suit pending therein in which the Inter State Fidelity Building and Loan Association, a corporation, was plaintiff and C. K. Clendenin and others were defendants, which execution and order of sale was to sell the real property hereinafter described to satisfy certain liens and charges in said decree specified, I will on Saturday the 28th day of December, 1929, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. at the southwest door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the defendants in said suit and of all parties claiming by, through or under them or any of them since the 27th day of November, 1929, in or to the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at a point 262 feet South of the Southwest corner of Lot 2 in Block 4 of J. I. Jones' Addition to Cottage Grove; thence South 58 feet; thence East 212 feet; thence North 58 feet; thence West 212 feet to the place of beginning, in Section 33, Township 20 South of Range 3 West of the Willamette Meridian, in Lane County, Oregon.

Dated this 27th day of November, 1929.

H. L. BOWN,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
N 28 D 5-12-19-26

THURSTON

Ira Nice is having some remodeling work done on his home.

John Taylor, from Indian Creek, visited his brother, Charles, last Thursday.

Lafe Moore is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Bert Weaver.

Mrs. William Rennie is able to be up after a sickness which kept her in bed for six weeks.

Mrs. Ray Rennie, who underwent a major operation in Portland some time ago, has improved enough to leave the hospital, but is not able to come home yet.

John Conley has bought a new car. John Edmiston is the owner of a new Ford car.

A. W. Weaver was painfully hurt Monday by his bull.

Mrs. Ray Baugh is ill. Paul Jenkins and family are moving to Eugene Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Weiss have moved to Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor and son, Herbert, from Eugene, were looking after property interests here on Tuesday.

Dwain Buell and Miss Bandon from Klamath Falls are visiting Miss Heersma.

Rev. Pistus, from Eugene, preached last Sunday evening in Rev. Miller's place.

Next Sunday, December 1, will be Rally Day at the Sunday school. A goal of 90 is set, followed by a basket dinner.

The P. T. A. and schools are putting on a program December 6th.

Word has been received by Miss Heersma that her nephew, Melvin Buell, was married in Klamath Falls a few days ago. His many friends here all wish him future happiness.

Jay Grant and Lawrence Baxter

are home again from McKenzie Bridge, where they have been employed the past few months in forest reserve work.

Mr. Charles Needham, from California, spent the past week-end with his father, Mr. Taylor Needham.

Mr. and Mrs. Manning from Santa Fe, California, visited Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Needham last week.

JUNIOR CLASS TO OFFER PLAY ON WEDNESDAY

The junior class at the high school will present their one act play "Enter the Hero" at the high school assembly period next Wednesday, according to Miss Clara Wagner, their coach.

The play is being put on to raise funds for the junior class treasury, and will cost every person a dime.

The cast is as follows: Anne Carey, Daisy Tomseth; Ruth Carey, Dorothy Fischer; Mrs. Carey, Betty Anderson; and Harold Lawson, Jack Hulett.

Dress Sale

1 for \$7.50
2 for \$14.50
Values to \$18.75

25 Hats \$1.98
Values to \$4.98

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Hat & Dress Shop
42 8th Ave West, Eugene, Ore.
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All Coats and Dresses Reduced 1/3 to 1/2

Open a charge account

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"Make your money make more money"

THE ABOVE EXPRESSION is the title of a little leaflet that is yours for the asking. In it you will find a concise statement of the plan of financing Rest-Haven Memorial Park. Every step in this plan is explained, and every question clearly answered.

This plan is of interest to you for just one reason: It offers you an opportunity for an investment that is not only safe, but unusually profitable.

You owe it to yourself to know about Rest-Haven. The least you can do is to ask us—by mail, or by telephone—for one of these leaflets. If the facts it contains fail to interest you, that's an end of the matter. You can read the whole thing in two minutes. But you can't read it unless you have it. Ask us for one.

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