

# SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday)

She studied herself a long while in the mirror, since her eyes and her smile must be her chief wardrobe, her attire equipment. She practiced such expressions as she supposed to represent invitation. They were silly and they made her rather ill. The face in her glass was so alien and so miserable that she borrowed some of Levi's warmest face powder, and smoothed her mouth crudely with lipstick.

It was a long journey to the studio, with three transfers of street car. She reached the lot late in the afternoon, just before the companies were dismissed and the department forces released.

The gatekeeper knew, smiled at her and let her in. She went to the casting director's office and found him idly swapping stories with his assistant. He spoke to her courteously, and when she asked if she might see him a moment he motioned her into his office, gave her a chair, closed the door, and took his own place behind his desk.

The telephone rang. He called into it: "Sorry, Miss Waite, that part has been filled. The company couldn't make your salary. I begged you to take the cut, but you wouldn't. Times are hard and you'd better listen to reason. You'd have had four weeks of good money, and now you'll walk. Take my advice, next time, old dear, and don't haggle over salary. All right. Sorry, Goody."

He turned to Men and started to speak. The telephone jingled. He had a hairy moment, but he could not see a certain actor whom Mr. Tirrey was using as the ideal for the type. They debated the man as if he had been a race horse or a trained animal. Tirrey spoke of him as a gentleman, who could wear clothes and look the part. He had been missed in his last picture. He was willing to take \$300 a week off his salary because his wife was in the hospital and one of his daughters was going away to boarding school.

Another telephone call—agent evidently for Tirrey said: "We took a test of Miss Glover. She's terrible. Her mouth is repulsive, her teeth ought to be strained, her eyes are out of the line that photographs like dishwater. We can't use her. Don't tell her that, of course. Tell her, we're not certain about the picture. The sooner they get a good story."

This was a discouraging background for Men's siren serenade. He was determined to carry out her theory. Mr. Tirrey's eyes looked her way now and then as he listened to what was coming in through the wire. When he looked at the picture in all self-loathing, adjusted himself in her big chair to what she imagined was a Cleopatra's sinuosity. She thought of her best lines, secretly, when he said she and thrust her ankles well into view. She turned upon Mr. Tirrey her most languishing eyes, and tried to pour coquetry into them as into bowls of fire.

She cursed her lips and set them full. She widened her breast with deep sighs. Tirrey seemed to recognize that she was deploying herself. He grew a little uneasy. Before he finished the telephone talk, his assistant came in to say that another of the directors had decided to call a big ballroom scene the next day, and 50 ladies and gentlemen must be secured at once.

"He wants real swells, too," the assistant said. "He says the best bunch of muckers quered the whole picture."

Tirrey groaned and said, "Get busy on the other wire." He took up his telephone again, used it as a long antenna, and felt through the city for various extra people. He advised several actors and actresses to lay aside their pride and take the real money rather than starve.

His methods, his strenuous enthusiasm for the welfare of these invisible persons, touched Men with admiration. She could not see where or when this Samaritan could find time or inclination to play the actor. He was a bit fagged when he finished his last charge upon the individuals and the agencies. But he was as polite to Men as if she had been Robina Teale.

"What can I do for you?" "I want a chance to act." "What is your line?" "Anything." "Anything is nothing. What experience have you had?" Men had not come here to offer her past, but her future. She was suddenly confronted with the fact that all actors must offer themselves for sale—not the pretty women only, but the old men, too, and the character women.

Actors are much abused for talking of themselves. Few of them do when business is not involved, but when it is they must discuss the goods they are trying to sell. Show merchants talk about railroad presidents, railroads, politicians, politics, clergymen, salvation. Each salesman must recommend his own stock and talk.

Men had to grope for experience and dress her window with it. And she had so little she lied a little, as one does who tries to sell anything. "I was with the company that Tom Holby and Robina Teale played in. I took the part of an Arabian woman. Mr. Folger, the director—er—promised my—er—work."

"Well, he knows," said Tirrey, "but he's not with us, you know. Have your name and address and a photograph outside in our files?"

"No." "Well, if you'll give them to Mr. Dobbs, with your height, weight, color of eyes and hair, and experience, we'll let you know when anything occurs. Everything's full just now, and we're doing almost nothing, you know."

He was already implying that the interview was ended. She broke out zealously: "But I've got to have a chance. I'll do anything," she pleaded. He looked sad, but rose and shook his head. "I'm sorry, my dear. I can't give you jobs when there aren't any, now can I? I'll introduce you to Mr. Dobbs and let—"

He moved toward the door to escape from the cruelty of his office, but a frenzy moved her to seize his arm in a fierce clutch. She tried to play the vampire as she had seen the part enacted on the screen by various sithly toves. She drew her victim close to her, pressed tight against him, and poured upward into his eyes all the venom of an amorous onslaught. "I'll pay the Price. I know what it costs to succeed, and I'm willing to pay. I'll do anything you say, be anything to you. You can't refuse me."

She could hardly believe her own ears hearing her own voice, though without horror, without even amusement, but—also without a hint of surrender. His only mood was one of added pity. "You poor child, who's been filling your head with that stuff. Are you really trying to vamp me?" The sacred word angered her: "I'm trying to force my way to my career, and I don't care what it costs."

And if you won me over you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would my company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality? "It's none of my business what your character is off the lot—except that your character will photograph, and a girl can't last long who plays Polyanna on the screen and polygamy outside."

"Just suppose I gave you a job for the price you want to pay and collected my commission, and then the director refused to accept you, or give you after the first ray's test. What guarantee could I give you that you could hold the job once I recommended you for it? And what would the rest of the women on the lot and off it do if such a business system were installed here? What would the police do to us?"

"There's a lot of bad girls in this business and there's a lot in every other business and in no business. But put this down to your little book, my dear—there's just one way to succeed on the screen and that is to deliver the goods to the public. The danger you'll run in this business is after you get your job, mostly mighty nice fellows, magnetic handbags, good sports, hard workers; otherwise the public wouldn't look at them. Well, you'll be associated with them very closely, and you'll feel like a bad sport, maybe, sometimes, if you try to be too cold and unapproachable when they're in a friendly mood. But that's a danger you'll meet anywhere."

"Forget this old rot about paying the Price. Good Lord! If you could sit here and see the poor little idiots that come in here and try to do my me. I get it all day long. Your work was pretty poor, my dear. I congratulate you on being such a bad and woman. But I'm immune. You'd have failed if you had been the queen of Sheba. Now go on outside and tell Mr. Dobbs your pedigree and we'll give you the first chance we get, and no intention, fee or commission will be charged. How's that? A little bit of all right, eh? You're a nice child, and pretty, and you'll get along."

He looked at her without surprise, without horror, without even amusement, but—also without a hint of surrender. His only mood was one of added pity. "You poor child, who's been filling your head with that stuff. Are you really trying to vamp me?" The sacred word angered her: "I'm trying to force my way to my career, and I don't care what it costs."

Tirrey's sarcastic smile faded. "Sit down a minute and listen to me. A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. But suppose it wasn't. Suppose I were willing to give a job to every pretty girl who came in here and tried to bribe me with love. Do you know how many women I see a day—a hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. I happen to have a wife and a couple of kids and I like 'em pretty well at that. But suppose I was King Solomon and Brigham Young and the Sultan of Turkey all in one. A hundred and fifty a day—really you know you flatter me! I won't ask you how I could do any office work or how long my health will last, but how long do you suppose my health would last if I gave position in return for favors?"

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## Parents' Problems

How can boys best be taught to be "handy around the house?" By letting them help father with his chores; the care of the furnace, the filling of the wood box, etc. Give him a box of tools, and teach him to use them. When made need to be driven in or any other small carpentering job done, let him do it.

## Common Sense

Why Worry if Your Conscience is Clear? Just because you are accused of doing a certain thing does not make it so, so why should you worry about what others say, falsely.

There are some folk who are only happy when they can stir up trouble. Be proof against such mean spirits. Your own conscience is the only thing you have to answer to in the long run.

If you have done wrong, you have more to fear in the still small voice which is bound to chide you when you least expect it. If you have done wrong you cannot forget it.

Unless you are hardened by much wrong-doing you are bound to suffer for your misdeeds, whether others know about them or not. But if you are guiltless, you certainly have nothing to fear. Those who are deflected from you



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## Persian Cat Missing

Mrs. E. L. Stiles, 2240 London court, of the Nebraska Humane society, returned from a visit in Des Moines to find that her 6-year-old Persian cat, Jerry, Jr., had strayed from home.

## Mrs. Stiles

"I won't be happy until I find him." Mrs. Stiles said. "Jerry has been my companion on trips from coast to coast," mourned Mrs. Stiles.

## France has 4,500,000 licensed bicyclists

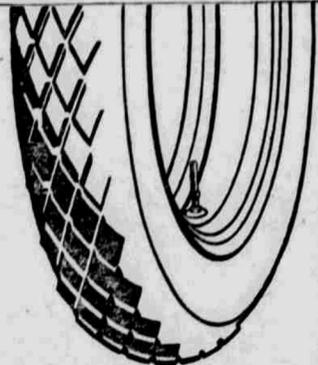
France has 4,500,000 licensed bicyclists.



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The buoyant, active, tractive Goodyear Cord Truck Tire is now made proof against the ruts.

Special design and construction make it capable of mastering road conditions severer than any other pneumatic can possibly endure.



1—It has an extra thick sidewall of toughest tread stock reaching from head to bead.

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You see, we have been making, improving and refining this medicine for over 50 years until it is so perfect and so well adapted to women's needs that it actually has the virtue to benefit 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

Its reliability and recognized efficiency has gained for it a sale in almost every country in the world—leading all others.

Such evidence should induce every woman suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see if she can't be one of the 98 THE LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.

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