SOULS *for* SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

He lifted her from her chair and put his arm around her as a comrade, and slapped her shoulder blades in an accolade of good fellowship.

She broke down under the strain and began to cry. She dropped back mostly mightly nice fellows, magnetgood to be punished and rebuked into common decency by the way of common sense.

Tirrey watched her and felt his overpumped heart surge with a compelling sympathy. He resolved to move her up to the head of the endless company of pretty girls pleading for opportunity—the bread line of art.

When he had let her cry awhile, she began to laugh, hysterically at first, then with more wholesome self-decision.

Her eyes were so bright and her laughter so glad that they impressed a director who pressed his face against the screen door. Mem had been so deeply absorbed in her plan that she had not observed the other door standing wide open save for its screen.

Tirrey asked the director in as he opened the inner door for Mem's exit. But the director checked her with a gesture. Tirrey presented him as Mr. Rookes. He had to ask Mem's name. She gave it, from habit, as Mrs. Woodville.

Mr. Rookes said to Tirrey:

"I've got to let Perrin go. She's no good at all—no comedy, no charm. She's supposed to play a village cutie and she plays it like Nazimova's Hedda Gabler. This young lady looks the type. She's very pretty, nice and clean looking."

Mem was aghast at being so discussed, yet it was thrilling to be considered. She did not even note that the director had neglected to demand virtue as the Price. It was almost more embarrassing to have him demand her experience.

Her story improved with repetition:

"Oh, I played a bit for Mr. Folger. He said I was wonderful."

"Was it comedy?"

"Well, not exactly. It was character." She was trying to talk like a professional.

"Would you mind giving me a test?"

She was not quite sure what he meant, but she was there to pay any price, so she said:

"I'd love to."

"It's late," said Rookes, "but I'm desperate. Come right over to the set before the electricians get away."

He hurried her through the screen door, across the grass to one of the vast warehouses, and there under a bombardment of grisly lights, with a camera aimed at her point-blank and under the eye of various men in overalls, he asked her to smile, to turn her head slowly from side to side, to wink, to laugh aloud, to flirt with an imaginary man, to indicate jealous vexation at a rival.

Rookes was fretful over the snarl this small role was causing in his big picture. The delays and shifts it had compelled had already added several thousand dollars to the expense account, since the overhead and all totaled nearly $3,000 a day even with the recent cuts in salaries.

He assumed that Mem knew the rudiments of her trade and could use the tools of it, which were her muscles. He gave her no help, painted no scene, did nothing to stimulate her imagination.

In the desert, among the famine-wrung people in costume, under the fiendish sky, it had been easy to lift her eyes in prayer and to weep.

She found out all of a sudden how much harder it is to be natural in one's own clothes than to play a poetic role in costume; how much harder it is to be funny than to be tragic.

She could not smile at command. Her lips drew back in a grin of pain. Her wink was leaden.

The camera caught what her face expressed and it expressed what she felt, which was despair. She had her chance, and she was not ready for it.

She knew that if she had been droll and mischievous, the director's face would have reflected it as Mr. Folger's eyes had grown wet when she wept in the desert. But Mr. Rookes was merely polite; the camera man was mirthless, the props and grips stole away.

The test was short. Mr. Rookes said: "Very nice. Ever so much obliged. Mr. Tirrey will let you know how it comes out. Thank you again. Good night!"

And now she must find her way out. Tirrey was just driving away in his car as she sneaked through the gates, feeling that her paradise was gone again.

She had so little hope that she did not mention the experience to Leva. She had no ambition to promulgate her failures. It was success that she wanted.

For once, her gloomy forebodings were justified. And ever after she trusted her gloomy forebodings, often as they fooled her.

The next day passed with no summons from the studio. But the mail brought her a letter from Mrs. Dack.

It was written in such script as one might expect from a hand that clutched a cake of soap or a hot boiler handle or scrubbed clothes against a washboard all day six days a week. It said:

"Dear Mrs. Woodville. I was awful glad to get your letter. Been meaning to anser it but trying to fix up my afairs sos I and Terry could come up to your city. Yesday I was to Mrs. Reddicks and she said she had a tellagram for you but had no adress and so could not forword it. It said your mother was so worrit not having had no anser to her letters she was comeing out on the first train and would reache Palm Springs day after tomorrow. Hopping to see you soon eiter there or here.

"MRS. P. 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 conditions her presence would create.

Alone with her skyish ambition, her contempt for village standards had been sublime. But that was in the absence of the village. It made an amazing difference in the look of her new ideals and practices that they must be submitted to a mother's eyes.

Her mother did not know Los Angeles.

But then, Mem did not know her mother. Daughters have not all been mothers, but all mothers have been daughters.

Mem's courage turned craven before the wilderness of her problems, unemployment, poverty, ambition, Terry Dack to launch and her mother to educate.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Remember Steddon was not exactly a runaway. She was a walkaway. She was not included in the pitiful headroll of the 65,000 girls who vanished from American homes that year and caused a vast pother, though girls have been running away from home since girls and homes were.

They have followed the cave men, the barbarian invaders, the allied troops, the caravans, the argosies. They filled the primeval factories and the places of merriment, the Corinths and Alexandrias. Some of them became slaves and some sultanas, priestesses, royal favorites, empresses, tsarinas, queens of song and art. Some starved, some flourished.

Mem felt that to go back would condemn her to ignominy and futility, while to stay away promised a chance for wealth and glory. She heard voices calling her, saw spirits summoning her to the skies, no less than Joan of Arc did, and perhaps with no more sanity.

But now her mother had found her out and was pursuing her. Her mother would be as grave a problem to her as she to her mother.

The fall from the cliff that did not quite free Mem's soul from her body had quite freed the little parasite soul that was to have been her conspicuous fardel to bear through life. But the tiny leech had begun to drink her blood and in its death it tore open a wound that would never quite heal. Her soul had bled and she had been stricken with awe before the two miracles that fastened a life upon hers and then wrested it from her before it was quite a life.

The letter she had written her mother then had been the instinctive cry of a child beset in the dark by some enormous presence passing overhead.

Just as instinctive was the compulsion that drew her mother to her across the continent.

Old Mrs. Steddon had raised a family and been habituated to a mother's slumber, light and fitful and broken with frequent dashes to bedsides troubled by bad dreams or imagined burglars or mere thirst or a cough. Mrs. Steddon had always flung out of her own warm covers to run to the call. 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, a fire, 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. Mamma's coming to her baby." She shot this cry across the continent and called Mem "baby," although Mem felt as old as night.

The Rev. Dr. Steddon had wished that he might go along, but his church tasks held him and he could not find the money for two fares. The lies he had been told had succeeded to perfection.

Mem's efforts to hide herself and support herself in the wilderness he assumed to be her usual unselfish and characteristic unwillingness to be a bother to her father and mother.

Dr. Steddon agreed with his wife that she must set out at once for Palm Springs. He raised the necessary funds by lifting still more of his drawing pauperdom closer. His only regret was that he had not more to sacrifice.

And now Mrs. Steddon was following Mem's train route, with all the difference in the world: Mem, a young and beautiful girl, had had all her fate before her and a heart of growing audacity and reckless ambition. Mrs. Steddon, an old and shabby parsoness, had all her hope behind her and that not much, and a heart full of inexperience and of timidity before everything except self-immolation.

When Mem learned that her mother was already on the train, she could devise no plan for turning her back. Somehow she had to be met and provided for.

Every one of the women of Mem's Hollywood household was out of work. She who had savings was lending them to her who had not. One of the women in the bungalow gave up the fight and, putting up her little car for security, borrowed from Leva money enough to pay her fare home to the village and the scornful relatives she had sworn never to return to except in triumph. The servant had been released and the stranded women were cooking their own food, such as it was.

It was this dire confrontation with bankruptcy that had goaded Mem to her insane idea of pawning her virtue for an opportunity. When the casting director had given her a sermon instead of a quid pro quo, she had found herself abject, indeed; even her shamelessness repulsed her and her last trinket proved nonegotiable.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Safe Milk
For Infants, Invalids & Children

The Original Food-Drink for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office & Fountains. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder & Tablet forms. Nourishing—No cooking.

Avoid Imitations and Substitutes

BIG LACE CURTAIN SALE AT VALUE-GIVING PRICES SATURDAY

H. R. Bowen Co.

THE VALUE-GIVING STORE

Howard St., between 15th and 16th

USE BEE WANT ADS—

Parisian Mousette
ICE CREAM

You've never enjoyed a treat like this before! A frozen delight that will put a ring of smiles around your table this Sunday afternoon. A Harding Sunday Special Ice Cream, of course!

Order from the dealer who serves

Harding's The Cream of all ICE CREAM

We Deliver Orders of $2.50 or Over to Any Part of the City—Phone Your Order Early—Douglas 1796.

16th & Douglas Phone AT. 5490

CENTRAL MARKETS
Everything for the Table
SHOP AT THE "CENTRAL" MOST CONVENIENT FOR YOU

16th & Harney Phone DO. 1796

Central Markets Are Handy—Best Equipped to Render You the Most Satisfactory Prompt Service. Come Once and You Will Come Always

HIGH GRADE MEATS

Swift's Premium Skinned Hams, 10 to 12-lb. average—Special, per lb. 23½c

Fancy Fresh Dressed Spring Chickens, lb. 24½c
Fancy Rolled Rib Roast, per lb. 20c
Steer Round Steak, tender and juicy, lb. 19c
Fancy Pot Roast, per lb. 10c
Best Cuts Fancy Shoulder Roast, lb. 12½c
Fancy Young Veal Roasts, lb. 15c and 17½c
Lean Pig Pork Roast, lb. 17½c
Pure Pork Sausage, made daily, lb. 20c

GROCERIES OF QUALITY

Gold Medal Flour, 48-lb. sack $1.98
Pillsbury's Best Flour, 48-lb. sack $1.98
Gooch's Best Flour, 48-lb. sk. $1.65
Fine Granulated Sugar, 10 lbs. 75c
Tall cans Carolene Milk, can 7½c
Tall cans Purity Milk, 3 cans 25c
Tall cans Carnation, Pet or Borden's Milk 10c
Large jar Strawberry Jam 19c
Imported Macaroni or Spaghetti, 1-lb. pkg. 10c
Large jars Green Windmill Brand Olives 40c
Assorted Campbell's Soups, can 10c
Jello, all flavors, pkg. 10c
Early June Peas, per can 12½c
Per dozen $1.45
Windmill Evergreen Corn, can 10c
Per dozen $1.15
Windmill brand Country Gentleman, Corn, per can 12½c
Per dozen $1.45
No. 3 can Del Monte Sliced Pineapple, can 38c
No. 2 can Grated Pineapple 20c
Our Central Special Coffee, lb. 30c
3½ lbs. 98c
Central Santos Coffee, special per lb. 20c

CRACKER DEPT.

Fluted Cocoanut Bars, 2 lbs. 45c
Iten's Fairy Sodas, per lb. 15c

BUTTER AND EGGS.

Central Extra Quality package Butter, lb. 43½c
Beechwood Creamery pkg. Butter, lb. 40½c
Guaranteed Checked Eggs in cartons, dozen 20½c
Auxormont Camenbert Cheese, can 10c
3 for 25c

FRESH FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Fancy Tokay Grapes, per lb. 10c
Fancy Tokay Grapes, per basket 49c
Large Juicy Grape Fruit, 3 for 25c
New Dates, 1922 crop, 2 large 25c pkgs. 25c
Fancy Jonathan Apples, per bushel $1.75
BUY THEM WHILE THE PRICE IS LOW.
New English Walnuts, per lb. 27½c
New Filberts, per lb. 17½c
New Brazil Nuts, per lb. 17½c
Black Walnuts, per lb. 5c
6 lbs. for 25c
WE SPECIALIZE IN GREEN VEGETABLES

Pearl White Soap 10 Bars for 35c

CIGARS—JUST INSIDE THE DOOR.

Manila Cigars, 3c values, 3 for 10c
Box 50 cigars for $1.50
Whale Smoking Tobacco, full lb. for 48c
Genuine French Briar Pipes, 50c value for 25c

WE SELL SKINNER'S The Superior MACARONI-SPAGHETTI and Pure EGG NOODLES

M·J·B Coffee

Have You Seen the Demonstration of M. J. B. Coffee at the Sixteenth Street Store

1-lb. Vacuum Packed 47c—2 lbs. Vacuum Packed 92c

It Is Worth Your While

P. & G. White Naptha Soap Special 10 bars 45c

CANDY DEPT.

McComb's Home Made Chocolates, per lb. 49c
Delicious Chocolate Fudge, filled with Royal Marshmallows 29c
All kinds of Salted Nuts for your Hallowe'en parties.

WE MAKE OUR OWN SALAD DRESSING—Pts. 40c; ½ pt. 20c

Come in and watch us make it—there is also Mayonnaise and Thousand Island if you like it.

WE DELIVER TO ANY PART OF THE CITY

TABLE SUPPLY
OMAHA'S PURE FOOD HEADQUARTERS
SEVENTEENTH AT DOUGLAS STREET

PHONE DOUGLAS 3940
MAIL ORDERS FILLED ON THIS AD

Startling Specials for Saturday

Yellowstone Country Gentleman Corn, per can 10c (Limit 5 cans)
Farrell's Wedding Breakfast Corn Syrup, dark, gal. 39c
Farrell's Wedding Breakfast Corn Syrup, light, gal. 49c
Omar Wonder Flour, 48-lb. sack $1.89
Quaker Oats, new stock, small pkg., 10c; large pkg. 23c
Wisconsin Pure Buckwheat Flour, per sack 29c
Red Dot Selected June Peas, per can, 15c; doz. $1.65
Advo Pancake Flour, 4-lb. sack 25c
Solid Packed Tomatoes, No. 2 cans, 12½c; doz. $1.35
Wakefield's Kippered Herring, can 15c

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Texas Sweet Potatoes, finest on the market, per lb. 5c
Extra Fancy Head Lettuce, 12½c and 10c
Finest Florida Grapefruit, 15c size 9c
New English Walnuts, No. 1 soft shell, per lb. 33c
Extra Large Alligator Pears, each 50c
Sure-pop Pop Corn, 6 lbs. for 25c

Special Sale Saturday of
DOLD'S REGULAR HAMS
At 18½c Pound

Home Dressed Spring Chickens 22½c
Prime Rib Rolled Roast, per lb. 19c
Lean Pork Shoulder Roast, lb. 13½c
Choice Steer Rump Roast 15c
Choice Steer Pot Roast, per lb. 9c
Rib Boiling Beef per lb. 5c
Best Cut Chuck or Shoulder Roast 12½c
Young Veal Roast, per lb. 12½c
Genuine Spring Lamb Legs 25c
Young Veal Breast, per lb. 8½c

Iten's Fairy Crackers, per lb. 14c
Iten's Chocolate Mistletoes, lb. 29c

COFFEE

Ankola Coffee, 3 lbs. for 98c
Gunpowder Tea, good quality, per lb. 35c
Calumet Baking Powder, 1-lb. can for 25c
Advo Jell, 3 for 15c
Baker's Chocolate, ¼-lb. 16c

BUTTER

Idlewild or Seward Butter, per lb. 45c
Slightly Cracked Eggs, per dozen 22c
American Cream Cheese, per lb. 29c

19 PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES NOW IN OMAHA

PIGGLY WIGGLY

Saturday Opening New Location

2908 Leavenworth Street
OPEN 9 A. M.
Music by "Raggy" Rubin's Orchestra

A Single Birth, But a Big Fellow
Free Souvenirs for Everybody
A Flower for Every Adult—A Balloon for Every Child
A Shopping Bag to Each Customer

Prices Prevailing at All PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES—Not for One Day Only But EVERY DAY

Lorna Doone Cookies 29c
1 Package UNEEDA BISCUITS FREE

"LORNA DOONE" Now Playing

At the RIALTO Theater

3 Packages LORNA DOONE Cookies, 29c

Piggly Wiggly Helps You Save Money

YOUR MONEY SLIPS THROUGH YOUR FINGERS when you pay more for the same goods which you can get elsewhere for less. When certain overhead expenses are added to the cost of goods the addition of these expenses does not add to the intrinsic merit of the goods. When these expenses are eliminated or lessened you get the most for your money. When you buy your groceries on credit your money is slipping through your fingers. You not only pay for the credit extended you, but you pay for the credit extended the other fellow who fails to pay. Also bookkeepers' and collectors' salaries are added to the cost of the goods.

BUTTER
Like You Never Tasted Before

Fresh Churned, lb., 41c

Red Alaska No. 1 tall tins 28c
Tuna Fish, Catalina, white meat, No. ½, for 22c
Lobster, Lettuce Brand, No. ½ tins 48c
Sardines, King Oscar, No. ¼ tins 18c
Fish Flakes, B. & M., large size 18c
Small size 13c
Beechnut Jellies, medium glass 26c
Beechnut Marmalade, medium glass, for 17c
Beechnut Peanut Butter, small 10c
Medium, 16c; large 24c
Beechnut Catsup, small 17c
Large 26c
Beechnut Chili Sauce, small 21c
Large 30c
Wright's Supreme Mayonnaise, large jar for 27c
Wright's 1,000 Island Dressing, jar 32c
Wright's Supreme Olive Cream Dressing at, jar 32c
Maraschino Cherries, 5-oz. bottle 18c
Maraschino Cherries, 3-oz. bottle 12c

QUEEN QUALITY FLOUR

48-lb. sacks, per sack $1.47
24-lb. sacks, per sack 74c
12-lb. sacks, per sack 39c
6-lb. sacks, per sack 22c

RICE—Fancy Blue Rose, new crop, lb. 5c
CORN FLAKES—Kellogg's or Post Toasties, per pkg. 7½c
LARD—Swift's Silver Leaf, 1-lb. carton 15c
FRESH EGGS—Every Egg Guaranteed, one dozen in carton 27c
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER—Per can 7½c
HAM—Swift's Premium, Skinned, 10 to 12-lb. average, per lb. 26c

19 CLEAN STORES

8008 Underwood Ave.
112 S. 16th St.
818 N. 16th St.
1258 S. 13th Street
1518 N. 24th St.
5022 Farnam St.
2417 Farnam St.
1301 N. 24th St.
3524 N. 24th Street
2516 Cuming St.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

2308 Leavenworth St.
1712 Vinton St.
2211 Military Ave.
6110 Military Ave.
4821 S. 24th St.
5801 N. 30th St.
2821 Sherman Ave.
1719 Maynard Ave.
2708 Leavenworth St.

2 MORE ON THE WAY

ALL OVER THE WORLD — CLEANEST STORES IN THE WORLD