

**SOULS FOR SALE**  
 by RUPERT HUGHES  
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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 at the plight in which he finds her. Pressed by the doctor, Remember admits her unfortunate affair with Elwood Farnaby, a poor boy, son of the town snot. As Remember and Dr. Bretherick discuss the problem a telephone message brings the news that Elwood has been killed in an accident. Dr. Bretherick accordingly persuades Remember to go West, her cough serving as a plausible excuse; to write home of meeting and marrying a pretended suitor—"Mr. Woodville"—and later to write her parents announcing her "husband's" death before the birth of her expected child. Unable alone to bear her secret, Remember goes to her mother with it. 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 in the movies, who are the cynosure of all eyes. The train comes to an abrupt halt, a disaster having been narrowly avoided, and the passengers get out and walk about. Mem meets Dr. Galbraith, a pastor, who knows her father and takes an interest in her. 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.

**Now Go On With the Story**

At her boarding house in Yuma, she met an old man who told her of his partner of prospecting days—the name Woodville reminded him of his friend's, which was Woodward "or something like that," as he remembered it—and how he had died in the desert. His story offered her the way, possibly, to get rid of "Mr. Woodville." She would take him into the desert and let him "die"—of thirst! She had found the way to be rid of her husband for the satisfaction of her people. Now if she could only find a way to be rid of herself. And that way came to her before the long day had burned itself away, for she heard two waitresses talking in the dining room below as they set the tables for supper. "Who was that letter you got, from? some feller?" "Nah! It was from a lady up to Palm Springs, askin' me was I comin' back up there this season?" "Are you?" "Nah! Too quiet for me. Yuma ain't no merry-go-round, but Palm Springs—my Gawd! It's just a little spot of shadder in the desert." "This lady offer you a job?" "Yes. She's on her knees to me. Mrs. Randles her name is. Husband's got a ranch. How'd you like to go there and take the job." The other voice moaned: "Me? Not much. I run away from home to get love and excitement!" Mem had never heard of Palm Springs, but she was looking for just such a place. And a ranch! She had always wanted to see a ranch. She wanted to get away from every-



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body that had ever known her. She wanted to find some deep, dark cave. Heat and fatigue whipped her into hysteria. She found energy enough for one last desperate letter home. Then she would declare her soul bankrupt and face the world free of responsibilities to the past. Darling Mamma and Papa: By now you have probably ceased to be surprised at anything I do. You'll think I have gone clean crazy and I guess I have, but as long as I'm getting better and happier every day you won't mind. I've been too busy to write you all about John as I promised. He is out here scouting for a famous mine and is going prospecting for it right away. It is a famous lost mine that got abandoned on account of some old litigation and was nearly forgotten. So he's on the hunt for it and we're going out to hunt for it together. It means losing ourselves in the desert and the mountains for a long while—there's no telling how long—but it will be terribly romantic and fine for my health and when next you hear from me I may be so rich I'll send you a solid-gold sewing-machine, mamma, and papa a solid-gold pulpit. There's no mail delivery where we're going and no way of reaching us, but don't worry. If anything happens I'll let you know. If you don't hear from me for a long while you'll know everything's all right. You can send your letters to me here and I'll find them when I get back. Don't send me any more money. So good-bye and blessings on your darling heads. John sends his love. Your loving, loving, loving. Mem. "To be a chambermaid or a waitress was a dismal come-down, but, Mem, decided, she must accept it! What right had she to pride? And so she fared into the desert to

become a "widow"—as she had become a "wife." She went there to find obscurity and concealment. But everything went by contraries, and from that oasis she was to be caught up into a fiery chariot, for all the world to behold as it rolled her round and round the globe on an amazing destiny. Mem was deposited at the lonely station of Palm Springs, and fear smothered her as she watched the train vanish into the glare. But a rancher, almost as shy as she, offered her the hospitality of his wagon. He said he was going past the Randles' ranch anyhow, and would leave her there. After a time, Mem saw ahead of her a shimmering lake and trees and a waterfall. "That's Palm Springs, I suppose," she said. "No, ma'am, that's a mirage—a 'maginary mirage. They's nothin' there at tall—no ma'am." And now that Mem had learned her own eyes could lie to her with convincing vividness, suddenly, as the road led them within eyeshot of two vast hills of said unspotted with vegetation, she saw what she was sure was pure mirage—a scene that must have come from her memory of a picture in an old volume of Bible stories. She would almost have sworn that she looked into the desert of Araby, for she seemed to see a train of camels in trappings, and, perched upon their billowy humps, men in the garb of Bedouins. The ranchman's horses seemed to suffer from the same delusions, and terrified by the camels they carried the wagon into the ditch and overturned it. Mem found herself gently spilled in the soft sand, so little injured that her only thought was for pulling down her skirts.

She lay still, reclining, not in pain, but in wonderment, as the wagon slid on its side, the driver stumbling along and still clinging to the lines as if he tried to hold giant falcons in leash. The caravan grew restive, too, and Mem was consumed with perplexity as she saw one of the animals forced to his knees not far from her. The sheik, or whatever he was, tumbled from the saddle and ran to her. A brown face looked out from the hood, and from the scarlet lips surrounded by a short beard came a voice startlingly un-Arabic. "Miss Steddon! Miss Remember Steddon!" She was so dazed that she could only stare into the mysterious face. The Arab smiled and laughed. "I'm Tom Holby—a common movie actor out on location." He lifted her from the sand, brushed her off, and went for her suitcase, which had been dumped into the cactus. "Have you come here to be with parents or friends or relatives?" he asked. "No. I'm looking for a position as a chambermaid." "My God! You!" Her eyes were amazed at his horror. He cried, again: "You with your beauty! Oh, no!" She had been brought up on a motto, "Praise to the face is open disgrace." She snubbed him with a fierce toss of the head. A man in a pith helmet, dark goggles, and a riding suit drove up and was complaining: "Say, Holby, do you realize you're keeping the whole company waiting in this ghastly heat?" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Folger," said Tom, and walked beside the director. "Just a moment, old man. That girl is a friend of mine and beautiful as a peach. She's just lost her husband and come out to this hell hole to be a chambermaid! It's too outrageous to think of. Give her a chance, won't you?" The director twisted in his saddle and stared at Mem with expert eyes, then laughed at Holby. "All right," he said, "I'll take a chance. Two of the extra women-keeled over this morning from the heat. I'll have my assistant take her to the wardrobe woman and get her fitted out and made up. She can appear in the famine scene." The caravan resumed its plodding advance, and Holby turned back to say to Remember: "I've taken a great liberty. I can't bear the thought of your working as a servant when there may be a big career before you in the pictures. There is a shortage in the company for the big scene, Mem listened to Leva: "That's and you'd be a god-send. To please me—I mean the director—do this, won't you?" "Well, of course, if it would be doing you a favor—" "I don't know anything, you know." "That's all the better. You have nothing to unlearn. Here's Mr. Ellis, the assistant director. He'll take care of you. I've got to go." Mrs. Kittery, the wardrobe woman, and Leva Lemaire (who in private life was Mrs. David Wilkinson) helped Mem into one of the cars after she had made explanations and said farewell to the curious ranchman. While Mrs. Kittery found a costume for her, Mrs. Wilkinson, who was an

"extra woman, ing her up. Watching a bina Teele on She's earning the sweat of sweet on Tom of him as a fi—not spoiled—tised as the m the world. I w once; he was if I had been Pauline Freder In a heat th dians into the dainty actress sunstroke, and were called for tive shelter of of action. Mem could n she who stum twitching her s of the cactus, sweat from her chief already c brush rag, a walked, with b The mob we she recognized She hoped tha nize her, but h and, being use her out and ha word: "How you st She called up There was va now on. The le out an extra tentation, and t with a rush as The director groups, with each. (Continu Libertyville Handson Definite step a new busines of Milwaukee were taken las ing of ground the structure, by Frank H. Forest. The property ner was purch Kennedy broth ment was mad proposed devel The contrac has been give Excavators, w the village re The propert on Milwaukee Broadway and the building v major portion The plans ment of this Anderson and est and Xavier Park who ar architects on t The origina will be adhere changes, call f ure with six s wauke eavenue ments on the