

of fear and frenzy. Her feet were at the brink of the Rubicon.

Claymore had provided a camera man, a few men to handle the electric lights, a property man, and even a pair of musicians—a violinist and the treader of a wheezy little portable melodeon.

Claymore marched her into the scene and gave her a little of what he called footwork.

"Go back to that door and come forward to this spot. Shake hands with—er—with your lover—er—Well—no. Let me see. That's too simple. Let's get down to business.

"You've a— Oh—well, just for instance, you've been—er—betrayed and your child has died and you've been accused of murdering it and you're now being called before the judge and the jury. Do you get me? You're coming into a courtroom under a charge of crime; you feel your shame, but you're innocent of the charge, yet you're overwhelmed with guilt for your fall, and the father of the child is— was killed in the war, say—and you don't much care whether you live or die; so you're in despair, yet defiant. That's a triple layer of emotion for you and I don't suppose you can get much of it over, but—just try to give the atmosphere of it. Now back to the door. Walk through it once."

Claymore was as much embarrassed as Mem, for his invention was not in its best working order so early in the morning. He felt as silly as a man badgered by a peevish child to tell a story.

But his trite plot stirred Mem amazingly. He could not know how close his random shots had come home to her and flung her back from the forward-looking artist to the lorn fugitive who had stumbled into California laden with disgrace.

She was all atremble and her eyes darted, her fingers twitched. Claymore marveled at her instantaneous response to his suggestion. There were born artists who shivered on the least breath of inspiration and suggestion.

His first impression of Mem was that he had found a genius, and he fought against the obstacles he encountered later with the zest of a man digging toward known gold.

In a kind of stupor Mem obeyed his commands like the trained confederate of a hypnotist. She went to the door, came in reluctant, shamefast, doomed. She advanced slowly till she reached the edge of the rug he had indicated, then halted, and with a fierce effort hoisted her head in defiance and brayed the lightning of the judge.

She heard Claymore call to her.

"That's fine! Now we'll take it!"

She started back, but was checked by the camera man's "Wait, please!" He ran forward and shouted directions on all sides for lights.

"Hit those spots! Throw the ash can on her. Bring up that Kliegl. Put a diffuser on that Winfield. What's the matter with the second spot? Your carbons are flickering. Mike! Mike! Trim those carbons on the second spot! Pull 'em!"

(Continued Next Week)

Barnum Was Right; Here Is Another Proof of It

The lure of a buried treasure unfolded to him by a fake crystal gazer cost Howard Moon, Elmwood, Ill., farmer, his entire savings account of \$175 before he discovered that he had been the victim of a swindle and was chasing an empty dream.

The crystal gazer, "S. H. Miller," told Moon that a grand-uncle had buried a treasure in the south just

before his life was snuffed out in the civil war.

"He's very fond of you," the crystal gazer told Moon. "He wants you to have that treasure, but he wants to be sure that you can afford to go there and get it."

After six "seances," Moon produced his savings, \$175. The expenses of the trip would be \$200, he was told but the seer offered to put up the additional \$25 for 20 per cent of the the treasure.

"Then he placed the money in a

little sack and told me that he wanted me to take care of it," Moon related. "He said I should put it in a safety box in the vault where the spirit of my uncle could see it."

Moon took the sack to a safety deposit box. A few days later he became suspicious. He got out the sack and opened it. It contained a wad of newspaper.

Moon obtained a warrant for Miller but the latter had departed.



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