

Personals

Earl Higdon left Monday, for... Miss Irene Oliver has gone to High Point... Miss Carolina Rhodes left Monday... Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Curry, Miss Virginia and Mr. Cecil Curry spent the week end here with friends...

Miss Irene Oliver has gone to High Point, where she will again be a member of the faculty of the city schools.

P. T. A. WILL ENTERTAIN

The Parent-Teacher Association will entertain for the teachers in the elementary and high schools, on next Tuesday evening.

GIVE BUFFET SUPPER FOR BRIDE

Misses Sue McCulley, Ruth Wilson, Mary Alma Wilson, and Margaret Sherrill were hostesses at the McCulley home, last night, at a buffet supper and handkerchief shower...

METHODIST SOCIETY TO MEET WEDNESDAY

The Methodist Missionary society will meet next Wednesday afternoon, with Mrs. Annie Tompkins and Mrs. C. Z. Candler will be the leader of the program.

DEPARTMENT OF CLUB TO MEET MONDAY

The Literary Department of the Woman's Club of Sylva, will meet next Monday, Sept. 9, in the Chamber of Commerce Hall, at 3:30.

SYLVA WOMEN ENTERTAINED IN BYRSON CITY CLUB MEET

At a meeting of the Woman's Club of Byrson City, which was held in the parlor of the Methodist church, Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Billy Davis, district president, and Mrs. Walter Jones, district secretary of the federated clubs, were guests of honor.

BAPTIST SOCIETY MEETS WITH MRS. JOHN R. JONES

The Baptist Woman's Missionary Society met yesterday, at the home of Mrs. John R. Jones, the Naomi Schell Circle being hostess.

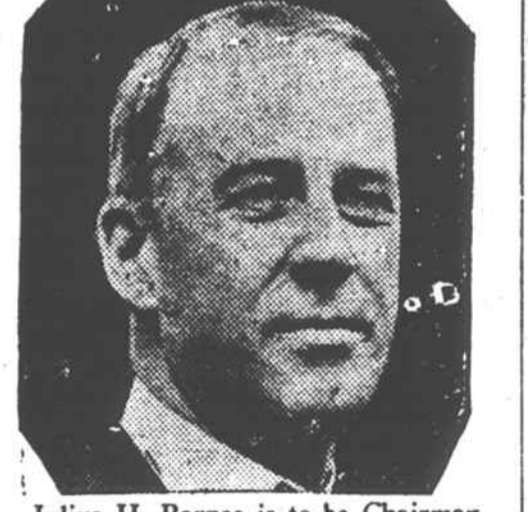
GIVE SHOWER FOR BRIDE

Mrs. Avery Cunningham was the honoree at a miscellaneous shower, given by Miss Leah Nichols and Miss Hicks Wilson, at the home of Miss Nichols, on Saturday afternoon of last week.

MRS. RHODES GETS VERDICT

Mrs. J. C. Rhodes was awarded verdict of \$5,000 against New York Life Insurance Company, in the federal court in Asheville, today.

Heads Fruit Board



Julius H. Barnes is to be Chairman of the Board of a nationwide fruit and vegetable growers' cooperative marketing organization, the United Fruit Growers of America.

SYLVAN

- FRIDAY NIGHT Buzz Barton in "PALS OF THE PRAIRIE"
SATURDAY Bill Patton in "OUTLAWED"
WEDNESDAY Ranger, the dog, in "FURY OF THE WILD"

POST—On Sunday, Sept. 1, between Sylva and Cullowhee, a pair of black satin pumps, from Cinderella Shop, Asheville. Return to Journal.

COL. LUSK PASSES TO GRADE HIGHWAY 28

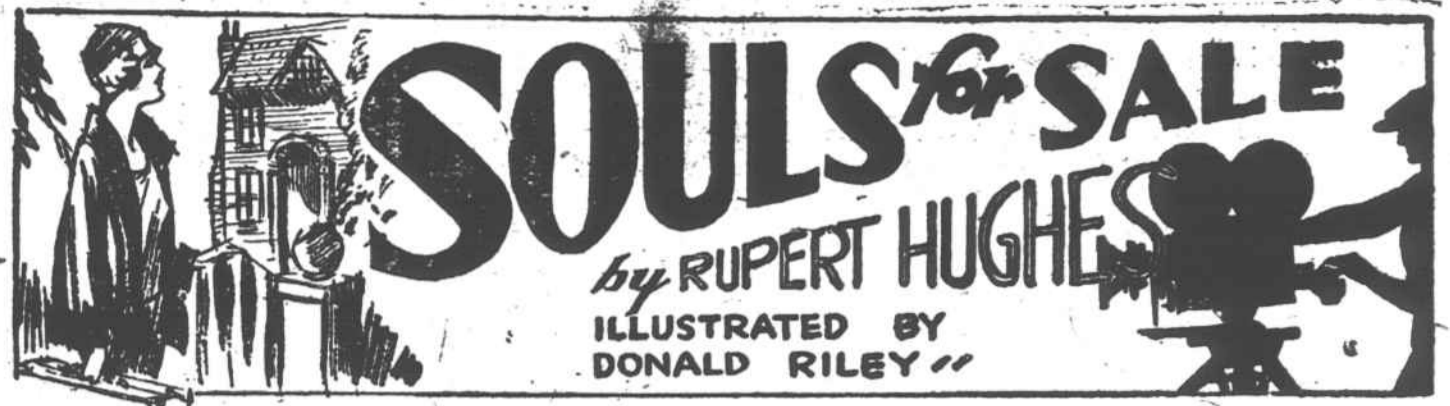
Col. V. S. Lusk, oldest member of the North Carolina bar, Confederate veteran, Republican leader, and one of Western North Carolina's most prominent citizens, for three quarters of a century, died, this morning at 8, 50 o'clock, at his home in Asheville, at the age of 94.

TO GRADE HIGHWAY 28

Work of grading Highway No. 28 between Highlands and the intersection of 28 and 106, in Cashier's Valley, will get under way this week, according to information from the office of the State Highway Commission.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our appreciation to our good neighbors and friends for their many acts of kindness and sympathy during our recent great bereavement.



Seventh Instalment

What Happened Before

Remember Steadon comes West to avoid revealing the result of an unfortunate love affair to her father. The Rev. Dr. Steadon, a clergyman of kind heart but narrow mind who attributes much of the evil of the world to the movies...

Now Go On With the Story

Well, she would sell what God had made of her for what man might make of her! At the studio she had met the casting director, Arthur Tirrey. It was he who said to this one or that one, "Here is a part; play it, and the company will give you so much a week."

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 slithy toves.

"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 with pride in the acting she

was going to give her a chance!

The next morning found Mem at the studio betimes, borrowing mascaro and advice from Miss Calder.

Claymore was waiting for her when she came from the women's dressing rooms. She was daubed, smeared, lined, powdered, rouged, mascarosed, and generally calmed for duty.



"I'll pay the price. I'll do anything you say. You can't refuse me."

was doing lifted her from the disgust for the rôle.

He looked at her without surprise, without horror, without even amusement, but—also without a hint of surrender. His only mood was one of jaded pity.

"You poor child, who's been filling your head with that stuff? Are you really trying to vamp me?"

The crass word angered her: "I'm trying to force my way to my career, and I don't care what it costs."

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

with his assistant. He spoke to her courteously, motioned her into his office, 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. Sorry. Good-by!"

This was a discouraging background for Mem's siren scenario. But she determined to carry out her theory and, in all self-loathing, adjusted herself in her big chair to what she imagined was a Cleopatra sinuosity.

She turned upon Mr. Tirrey her most languishing eyes, and tried to pour enticement into them as into bowls of fire.

She pursed 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. But he was as polite to Mem as if she had been Robina Teele.

"What can I do for you?" "I want a chance to act."

"What experience have you had?" he asked.

Mem 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.

"I was with the company that Tom Holby and Robina Teele played in. I took the part of an Arabian woman. Mr. Folger, the director—er—praised my—er—work."

"Well, he knows," said Tirrey, "but he's not with this company, you know. Have we 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. I'll introduce you to Mr. Dobbs and he—"

"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. Suppose I were willing to give a job to every pretty girl who 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. 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 our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?"

"Forget this old rot about 'paying the Price.' Tell Mr. Dobbs your pedigree and we'll give you the first chance we get, and no initiation 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 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 under the strain and began to cry. She dropped back into her chair and sobbed. It was good to be punished and rebuked into common decency by the way of common sense.

It chanced that the president of the company was returning to his office from a visit to one of the stages. This was the man whose name was familiar about the world. Every film from his factory was labeled: "Bermond presents—"; "Copyright by the Bermond Company"; "This is a Bermond picture"; "This is a Bermond year."

When Mr. Bermond heard Mem crying, his heart hurt him. He did not like scandal, disorder, confusion, or grief on his lot.

He went to Mem and tried to console her. He took her hands down from her contorted face and forced her to look at him. Seen through the cascades of her tears she was strikingly attractive, appealing.

"Sarah Bernhardt failed in her first play, you know, and you may be a second Sarah some day," he said. "Just you wait!"

Mem's eyes were filling with rainbows. A bystander drew Bermond aside. It was Claymore, a dramatist who had had a few successes before he established himself in the moving pictures as a director.

"That girl has the tear," he said to Bermond. "That woman you've given me for my next picture is awful. Let me take this kid and give her a real test. She might have just what we want."

"Sure! Fine! Go to it!" said Bermond, and hastened to Mem with the good news that Mr. Claymore—the great Mr. Claymore—

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 trifle 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 braved 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 Klieg! 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"

TOO HOT to clean Thoroughly? Are these stifling days so exhausting that you slight your cleaning? Half efficient cleaning methods are too burdensome, too wearying for any woman to endure. Particularly when she can get the most efficient cleaner made—The Hoover—for a down payment of only \$6.25. Telephone for a No-obligation trial. Allowance for old cleaner. The HOOVER It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans Sylva Supply Co.