

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD

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SYNOPSIS
 Betty Terwilliger and Hal Chatterbox are movie operators in Hollywood. Hal is a serious sort; Betty is a frivolous one. They are both in the same business, and are both in the same way. Betty is a serious sort; Hal is a frivolous one. They are both in the same business, and are both in the same way.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.
 "Your father died while you were still young, and you were left alone," continued Virginia. "You, too, have suffered and cried in vain for the mother love you had been deprived of. To you, your mother has been dead all these years. Now you have found her. What—"

"What?" cried the sobbing Betty, turning herself into Virginia's arms. Then an instant later she shamelessly detached herself from the heavy embrace of the kindly woman and laughed in bewilderment. "I'm not at all mixed up in this. For a moment I thought—"

Virginia, her face still inspired with light from within, gently led Betty back upon the set almost without the emotionally aroused girl knowing it. "We'll rehearse it again, child," she said softly. "You had been held captive by Virginia's self-suggested Betty remained unconscious of her surroundings. The intently watching director and Melain got a covert signal from Virginia which told them to shoot without letting Betty know it."

And without rehearsing again, they looked at one another. "I'll try it," said the director. "Without knowing or hearing the words and silent preparations at the feet of the set Betty still remained in the magnetic power of the strangely magnetic woman who was portraying the part of her mother. She went through the whole scene under Virginia's whispered guidance. Virginia, with her great eyes, was able to direct Betty a part while subtly playing her own."

Betty was oblivious to everything except the thrilling conviction of the play. She heard not the grinding of the cameras, saw not the magnetic blue-eyes of the King. She was living, entranced, a scene that seemed to plumb the innermost depths of her soul. Virginia, throwing herself into her part with hungry abandon, helped make that scene the real and most moving scene of the film. For it was a scene that dealt with the heart of a woman who would arm herself and hide in the hotel private dining room which Marshall had selected for a place to work his evil designs upon Betty.

CHAPTER XVI.
 Marshall was a connoisseur in the voluntary arts of the flesh, and the room he had chosen for the night's adventurous liaison reflected the delicacy and taste of the true sensualist's aesthetic sensibilities. Many, many months since first his covetous eyes burned upon the pink velvet cheeks of Betty in her languid warmth of youth he had planned for this climax. And he had forgotten nothing in the setting of the stage for the last act, which would be the breaking down of the girl's chaste reserve. The famous Los Angeles downtown hotel boasted no more expensively furnished room than this private dining parlor. Its rich hangings, luxurious rugs and rose shaded lights formed an almost Oriental sanctity, while its deep-cushioned divan was a veritable shrine of love. Marshall had indeed prepared a sacrificial altar for the eve lamb.

GIVEN DRAMATIC STORY
 OF HER OWN LIFE IN COURSE OF VERY LIFELONG SERMON
 (Continued From Page One)
 house is formality, coldness and frigidity, and the home is ease and contentment and contentment. If you will let me visit your home and if you will take the time to tell me what is in your home by your own choice and then allow me to study the titles of the books in your library and permit me to read the messages and listen to your conversation, give me the privilege to talk to your neighbors and servants and I will take the initiative in doing three things: First telling you what you have been; second, what you are; third, what you will be but for the grace of God, altho I am a stranger to you and do not know you personally. People, whatever may be seen in your homes determines what your home is. There are too many homes in which they are breeding vice as a dog breeds fleas. I remains me of the soliloquy of a flea that I once read:

whom you particularly like, then I either to brighten or damn the land they should be the center of all that is noble, godly, inspiring, and great. I am going to ask you to go with the tonight to the most sacred spot in the world. A place that knows more of sweet associations, and pleasant memories than any other place in the world—the home. The more I travel up and down America and preach Jesus Christ the more I see of its successes and defects, drunkenness and sobriety, fidelity and infidelity, the more I become

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.
 With his ill purpose still screaming from Betty's traitorous eyes by the very skill of the chase that had given tradition to his reputation as a breaker of hearts, he smiled at her across a sumptuous dinner. His reputation would have kept a less loyal, less unsophisticated girl far from his wine laden board that night when the tides of passion, which had been gathering for months, were racing in a foaming breaker through his veins toward a final cresting consummation upon an amorous beach. During the meal and immediately after, when the snowy cloth was cleared and tinkling wine glasses set out, Marshall talked grandly in round figures and ambitious clauses and made notes and waded papers. But Betty, to his chagrin, refused to be worked into an enthusiastic mood.

"What's the matter?" he demanded suavely. "You look and act as though you were attending an inquest instead of sitting in at the pleasant task of drawing up a five year contract at an ascending scale that will eventually make Gloria Swanson's pay envelope look like a day laborer's."

"I had thought," replied Betty, with a faraway look, "that when the time came for me to sign a star contract my cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing. But now I find that my mouth is full of dead ashes!"

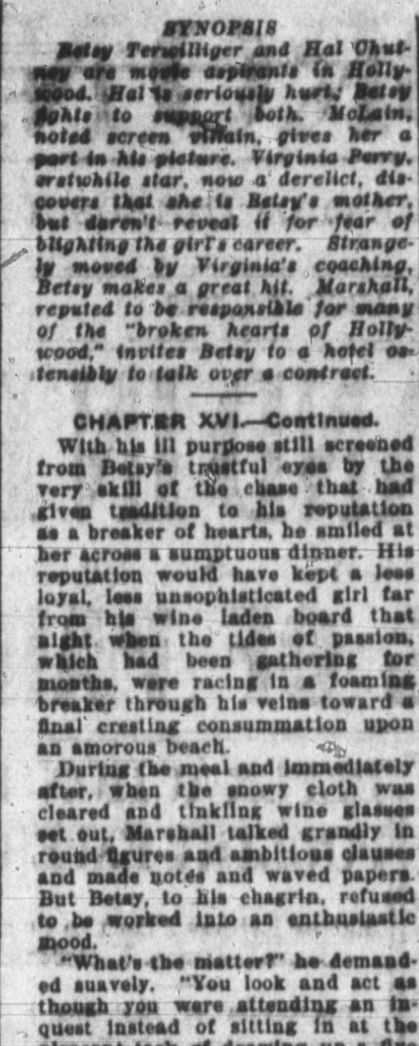
"In heaven's name, you silly child why?" "Because Hal told me this evening that as soon as he is strong enough to stand the trip he is going home."

"Quitting?" sarcastically. "No—just recognizing, as he says, that you can't fit square pegs into round holes; that, like ninety-five per cent of the smart thousands trying to get into the movies, he has no right by talent or training to do so."

"But you're fitted in!" "I'm not so sure. What have I done on my own account to prove that I have superior talent, that I am not robbing some more gifted girl of a chance? I'm honest enough to see through the glitter and know that I've been pushed along by circumstances, by friends like Melain and you—"

"But the way you put that scene over this afternoon?" "Betty shook her head in a puzzled manner. "I didn't do that. Mrs. Perry made me do it. She was acting through me. I can hardly remember a thing—it was as though I were hypnotized." Marshall laughed heartily. "Then more than you were hypnotized, including a couple of hardboiled movie producers, who are going to give you a contract at any figure we set! Don't be a goose, child. Get those foolish thoughts out of your head. You're talented and—beautiful!"

He was leaning across the table now and softly punctuating his words by light taps of his fingers upon her gleaming bare arms—taps that soon became caressing strokes. Betty noticed and pulled away. Marshall instantly went back to his second line; it was not yet the zero hour for the final attack! "As for Betty, she fell to brooding over the details of her scene earlier



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in the evening with Hal. When she told him the day's wander and most marvelous bit, that she was to get a star contract, Hal had congratulated her with a smile that was not a smile, a jeering that was not jeering. After a while he had told her what was in his mind; that as long as she had needed help it was his intention to stay and fight her and with her and shield her, but now that she was on the threshold of an assured career there was no longer a possibility that she might need him. Small help that—a nobody—could ever be to her again! He would go home to take over the pastoral farm. "I'd rather be a big farmer," he had paraphrased, "in a little valley than a little actor on a big screen!"

"But Hal," Betty had whispered brokenly, "you aren't thinking of me?" "I'll always think of you, Betty, my darling," he said simply. "And when I get my business running well I'll come for you. Only I'm afraid you'll be so rich and famous that you won't have any use for me!"

Betty had cried upon his shoulder then and mumbled vows that she would never turn from him—had clung to him with prayers that he would start to leave soon. After a while she had left him, smileless and wistful upon the bed, to keep her appointment with Marshall.

Now she shook the dreamy haze from her eyes and came back to the reality of her presence here alone with Marshall. He looked an opulently draped room heavy with the sweetness of flowers and the headiness of poured wine.

"And that," she said warily, "is why I'm not interested in these!" She flicked the contract papers from her lap. "Marshall has been studying her thoughtfully through narrow eyes. 'Poor child,' he said, with the air of a field marshal disposing his troops for the next encounter, 'you've had a lot to contend with. And now, this—desertion!'"

Betty started to bare her teeth in indignant denial that Hal was deserting her, but Marshall silenced her with a deprecating smile. "Don't take me literally, Miss Terwilliger. I'm speaking in generalizations. But they sometimes are too damning by far. God knows, you look a bit tired and dejected. Here, have a sip of this; it will brace you."

Betty snatched the proffered cocktail. Marshall was the picture of kindness, so that Betty felt sorry for her abruptness and became once again her usual demure self. "There isn't a bit of harm to it—just innocuous wine. Good Lord, you know I wouldn't ask you to take anything that would harm you, especially at this moment when you're need of a clear, refreshing tonic to counteract your troubles—Hal, for instance, and these," indicating the papers.

Betty drank as if under the tutelage of a parent. "Are you sure," she asked thickly a minute later, "that it's safe stuff, that there's no harm in it? I seem to go to my head every time I drink it?" "Perfectly sure!" lied Marshall, who felt swelling in his breast pocket the half-filled paper from which he had sipped enough to make sure that the drink was all that he had said it was not.

She took another one under the pressure of his insistence. "Why are you locking that door—Mr. Marshall? I think I want to get out of here. I feel funny." Now he was on his knees beside her offering a brimming goblet to her and deadly calm, his eyes resting like his befuddled eyes. The touch of her bare arms inflamed his blood to the point where he could no longer control himself. Nor did he feel now that he had to—now!

side are the influences that shape the destinies of empires, states and nations. It is the influences of the home that are felt in the life of kingdoms while parental counsel repeats itself in the voices of republics. I want to cry out with a clarion voice and burn it into your souls, that a nation is but a magnified home. Parliaments, senates, congress and chambers of deputies are but hearthstones on a grander scale. The great and noble characters of this world who have left a deathless impress upon the history of nations were not fashioned on battlefields, but in the cradle and at the fireside. I do not believe it is necessary for me to stand here and argue or try to convince you of the potency of the home influence in shaping character. In a democratic nation like the United States, where the fate of the nation is in the hands of the people, the future of the nation is in the hands of the children. They must be fitted for their high responsibility by the influence of the home. The country should fear the idleness and contentment of the fireside more than the nefarious plots of scheming politicians. It was not her statement that made old Greece grand, it was the character of her citizenship. The mightiest statesmen that the world has ever produced could not make a grand republic in the South Sea Islands. What a nation needs is honest toilers, intelligent and scholarly reformers, cautious scientific and temperate railroad engineers, learned blacksmiths, healthy, intelligent and pious mechanics. When I stand here on this rostrum and plead for the home I plead for the nation. For what the home is that is what the city will be; and what the city is, the county will be; and what the county is, the state will be; and what the state is, the nation will be.

I was born in a hovel on a cotton plantation down in the forks of an old swamp in South Carolina. I was educated in the school of poverty and took a post graduate course in the university of hard times. After the civil war poor white folks and negroes had a hard time in the South. I was the child of a tenant farmer. Father and mother were both uneducated. They came up during the war. Of course, it was impossible to go to school. My father for four years killed "wild dogs" and hogs that weren't wild, and fed the soldiers' wives for miles and miles around, while their husbands were fighting, but they had good blood flowing through their veins and they were as proud as peacocks, and if there was ever a God-fearing, Christ-serving, Holy Ghost-obeying place it was my home. My father was a great fox hunter, and very often he would be out at night, hunting, and my mother would gather her three children around her knee, and altho' uneducated, she was the greatest word painter I have ever known. Her father was a great hunter also and kept the best hounds in North Carolina, and she could picture my grand-father's pack of dogs coming over the hill and across the valley and through the woods, and the old red fox two hundred and fifty yards ahead of the pack, with his tail 45 degrees in the air, and Little Music swinging down the hill and Old Friend at the rear, and the other pack, that could be covered with a sheet, and old Buck, the cutter, taking a circuitous route, and she would make it so real and paint it so vividly that I could see the old fox, the pack of hounds and hear the music; behold the hills and look down thru' the valleys. Then she would tell us about Wheeler's cavalry, Sherman's raid, picture Bible scenes about old Moses, little Joseph, and the prodigal son, until our little hearts would burn within us, and we would plead with her to tell us something else. I never heard a cross word in my home. I never heard my parents talking about their neighbors. Father and mother were lovers, and it was as near heaven as home could be. Ate biscuits every Sunday morning, and it looked like Sunday mornings were far apart as Christmas is now. I washed in a tin pan, dried on flour sack towel fed my face with a case knife (I was a regular sword swallower) and drank coffee (which was as ignorant of sugar and cream as it could possibly be) out a saucer. I never heard my parents saying anything about indigestion, or "children don't eat that. Meal time was a get-together."

There were three children would line up on one side of the table, Ma at one end and Pa at the other, the table was covered with an oil cloth, a big tin pan of collards, or black-eyed peas, with a chunk of saw-bread, Pa would take our tin pans, fill them full of collards or peas and a big piece of meat, and throw us over a half a cake of bread, pour out a big tin cup of coffee, and tell us to go to it, and when we started we were about six inches from the

convicted that the home is the greatest problem with which we have to deal with today. You may talk about your home problems, mill problems, city problems, country problems, church problems, school problems, but the settlement of the home problem will mean more to America than the settlement of any other question. We are in the midst of a great era of reconstruction, and the home is the great conservator of the seedling place of virtue and the origin of civilization. The laws of a nation are but rescript of its domestic codes. The words uttered and the doctrines talked around the fire-

table and when we rubbed against the table we knew we had enough. And at night we would be sent to bed from an altar of prayer and an open Bible. And the next morning my Father would get his old Bible, read a chapter, put one arm around Murray and Sisay, and the other around me and start the day by reverencing and honoring God and that is why two boys went out from that home to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I want to say to you husbands here tonight that there is a great responsibility lying at your door in the way that you should treat your wife. If you want to be the right kind of a husband, honor your wife, love your wife, show your love, suffer for your wife if need be, study to keep her young; consult with her, help her to bear her burdens, be thoughtful of her always, don't be a Lord North, don't command, but suggest. Seek to define your own nature. Don't be a rough-neck, be a gentleman as well as a husband. Remember the past experiences of your wife. Level up to her character. Don't be out every night at the lodge or show, stay at home as much as possible. Take your wife with you often.

And to you wives I would say that just as there is a responsibility lying at the door of your husband, so there is a responsibility lying at your door. You should reverence your husband, love him, and do not conceal your love for him. At one time you would meet him at the door put your

arms around his neck and kiss him. (I'll acknowledge I'd just as soon kiss a spittoon as to kiss some of them.) Forsake all for him, let him be the biggest man in your sight in the world, confide in him, don't keep any regrets from him, keep his love at any cost, cultivate the modesty and Jollity of youth, cultivate personal attractiveness, don't go around with your face shining like a door knob, when powder is so cheap. You don't have to dress slovenly, you can be neat and attractive. If you read nothing and make no effort to be intelligent, you will soon sink into blocks of dull stupidity. Keep your house clean and in good order. Don't sweep in the center of the room and leave dirt and dust under trunks and boxes. Preserve sunshine.

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