

Miss West From the East

By ROSCOE G. STOTT

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

PLEASE try to get a hurried picture of Gaines Mitchell. Twenty-five, restless, good-natured, not so handsome but attractive, human as the earth, and deplorably rich.

It was Gaines who was talking to the telephone operator in the huge hotel in Los Angeles.

"This town has 'em all beat when it comes to variety! Gosh, you can feed your funny face on anything from hot dogs to a ten-dollar-a-plate dinner; beds from twenty cents to twenty dollars. Eastern folks clipping their coupons and living quietly out on the Hill. Rich birds like me hanging around and waiting to be starred in a 'movie'—in the year 1900—maybe!"

How much longer Gaines would have continued will never be known. The girl at the switchboard caught his arm.

"There's your chance, Gaines! Brace up to that little blonde just sinking to rest in the big leather chair—there, quick! See! Miss West—you know the little dame I talked to you about."

Rough-and-ready Mr. Mitchell did not hesitate for a courteous thank-you. He was descending upon his new "victim."

"Pardon me—won't you, please?—but I'm Gaines Mitchell. And you are the Miss West, aren't you?" To her nod he added a confused "Yeah, I know."

Then he pulled a chair up toward hers.

"Gosh, I'm outta luck. Came out to get into pictures and I've been an extra—let's see—just three times at seven bones per. And you—"

She smiled with the calmness of achievement.

"I am the Miss West—from the East. As you probably know I am resting between pictures."

Gaines' face was alight as it had not been since he was mechanism for his father's chauffeur in the May automobile races.

"Dandy! I want to work for you."

"And I think you might, if I were working—I'm resting. And meantime I am all horribly upset. I cannot decide between producers. Which would you star in?"

Gaines fell into a mock faint.

"Which? Oh, Lord—any?"

"Not too fast, Mr. Mitchell. Miss West from the East must have her own terms. Maybe my price is too high—maybe they will have to come up. Would you work for fifty thousand a year—?"

Gaines grinned.

"Miss West, honestly, I'd work for fifty a year. And further—"

He now looked at her a bit sheep-

ishly.

"You wouldn't know dad nor his stores probably—being too far East. But money isn't my trouble." He looked up with admiration—"and you a little girl almost turning down those big producers."

A queer look flashed across her face. "An idea struck me. I will have to depend upon my snap judgment of men. I believe you are what you say—wealthy. I will turn down the whole outfit and come to you for fifty thousand a year, and you can go into the pictures as my leading man."

Within two days' time Gaines Mitchell was head over heels in a maze of business details. For a week he did not see Miss West—almost a pathetic figure in her obvious misery.

"Come with me, Mr. Mitchell."

He followed her to a car. "Don't talk till I get you in my real room. I am so nervous."

Out on one of the humbler side streets he took her, scarcely saying a word in his hurried entrance.

"Come in, Mr. Mitchell. Mother is here. It will be all right."

Within, she broke down and cried and afterward turned to him with infinite repentance written all over her.

"Even after I had wired mamma to come out and enjoy my luck, I couldn't go through with it. I couldn't—because—because I couldn't. Even my name is in it. I took it because I heard of Miss Dupont. I'm a small town girl like hundreds of others who come out here—I thought I could bluff my way through to something. I've never even been an extra."

The Sunday papers had a feature story about your coming out here—and I liked your face—and I came to the hotel where it said you had rooms. I tipped the telephone girl so she would give me my start with you. It was all a mean, low trap. Maybe I could act in pictures—maybe not."

A mother's hand was being laid on Mitchell's broad shoulders.

"It is the only lie she ever told, Mr. Mitchell. Dora got the craze. All of them do. But if she had not been honest, she'd never have told you at all, would she, Mr. Mitchell?"

Gaines Mitchell's face was a puzzle.

"I've gone too far to stop now I guess—Miss Dora. Guess I was a sucker but gosh, if I really ain't glad. Maybe we both won't fit into pictures but we can try. I've got a bird of a story—bought it from a writer who stung me ten thousand beans for the yarn. Just as well have our chance—huh? The money's spent."

Today you know that Dora West's pictures better if she'd only got a divorce or something for the sake of publicity. But she won't. She loves Gaines too well for that.

An Enterprise Liner will sell it.

DESTROY LIQUOR TO SAVE STORAGE COSTS

State Rids Itself of Stock Accumulated in Raid.

The finest collection of liquor in the central part of the United States was destroyed recently at East Lansing. It was the accumulation of confiscated beverages taken by the State Police since the Michigan prohibition constitutional amendment went into effect and amounted to thousands of quarts of whiskey, wines and other liquors. The work of breaking it up required several days and was supervised by Commissioner Alan G. Straight in person and by a representative of the attorney-general's office.

This hoard of liquor was kept for a time in a basement downtown in Lansing but for the past two years had been stored in a building at State Police headquarters where it was a source of considerable worry as well as some expense since it had to be guarded. Withdrawals from it were made for the use of hospitals and public institutions, under proper inspection.

There had been no additions to the stock in a long time as it has been the practice of the department to break up liquor as seized and condemned. Just how much of a task this is may be deduced from the fact that the routine work for June included the destruction of 21,223 quarts of whiskey, 33,439 quarts of beer, 495 quarts of wine, 291 quarts of gin, 14,460 quarts of mash and a considerable quantity of other liquor.

How Big Men Do Things

A friend of the late Henry M. Flagler, the Standard Oil giant who did so much for the development of Florida by constructing railroads, building hotels, etc., tells me this incident, which throws light on the manner of man Flagler was. This friend was chatting with Flagler when a telegram was handed him. He read it and handed it to his friend. It was from St. Augustine, where Flagler had built his monumental Ponce de Leon hotel. It read: "Hotel empty except for band playing at one end. What shall I do?"

The manager was wondering whether he should pay off the band. What did Flagler reply? "Engage another band to play at the other end."

Flagler, like most of the stalwarts John D. Rockefeller gathered around him in his early days, had foresight and the courage of his convictions.

B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine.

Demand Exceeds Supply

The worst thing about common sense is that it isn't exactly common enough. —Boston Transcript.

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