



WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

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 "wordly" 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 sot. 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. Men 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.

At Tucson 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. Mem decides to kill off the imaginary husband by saying he died of thirst in the desert.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

always wanted to get away from everybody 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.

Yours 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 around 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 Randle's 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 'naam."

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 sand 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 horses seemed to suffer from the same delusions, and

terrified by the camels they carried the wagon into the ditch, and overturned it.

Mem turned 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 its 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 SOULS FOR SALE. . . . GAL TWO 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 am looking for a position as a chambermaid."

"My God! You!"

Her eyes 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, and you'd be a godsend. Do please me—I mean the director—do this, won't you?"

"Well, of course, if it would be doing you a favor!"

"An immense 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."

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," took the job of making her up.

Watching a scene being taken Robina Teele on that biggest camel. She's earning her money today by the sweat of her whole system. She's sweet on Tom Holby and as jealous of him as a fend—mighty nice boy—not spoiled a bit by being advertised as the most beautiful thing in the world. I was in a scene with him once; he was just as considerate as if I had been Norma Talmadge or Pauline Frederick."

In a heat that drove the desert Indians into the shade and idleness, dainty actresses and actors invited sunstroke, and after a time the extras were called forth from the comparative shelter of the tents to the scene of action.

Mem could not believe that this was she who stumbled across the sand, twitching her skirts out of the talons of the cactus, carefully dabbing the sweat from her face with a handkerchief already colored like a painter's brush rag, and jingling, as she walked, with barbaric jewelry.

The mob went forward slowly and she recognized Tom Holby on a camel. She hoped that he would not recognize her, but he studied all the faces and, being used to disguises, made her out and hailed her with the password:

"How are you standing it?"

"He called up to him: 'All right, thank you.' There was vast interest in her from now on. The leading man had singled out an extra woman for special attention, and the gossip went round with a rush as of wings.

The director divided the extras into groups, with business assigned to each.

Close-up of individuals were taken, the most striking types being selected and coached to express crises of feeling. "You go mad and babble, old man," will you? Tear at your throat and let your tongue hang out? . . . You, miss, will you fall fall back in your mother's arms—you be mother, will you, miss, and catch her—you are to die, you know just roll your eyes back and sigh and sink into a heap. And you, mother, wring your hands and beat your breast and wail. You understand—Oriental stuff, eh?

"And I'd like somebody just to look up to heaven and pray for mercy—somebody with big eyes—You, the young lady over there—will you step out? Oh, it's Mrs. Woodville, isn't it? I met you this morning. Here's your chance. Do this for me like a good girl, and give yourself to it. Look up to heaven; if the sun brings tears to your eyes all right, but let them come from your soul, dear, if you can. You see, you have seen your people dying like flies about you, from famine and hardship. You look up and say, O God, you don't mean for us to die in this useless torture, do you, dear God? Take my life and let these others live."

Won't you, dear God?"

Mem stood throbbing from head to foot with embarrassment and with a strange flush of alien moods. The fierce eyes of the director burning through his dark glasses, the curious instigation in his voice, the plea to do well for him quickened her magically.

Folger took her by the arm and murmured:

"Now, dear! Let your heart break! Look around and see your dying people. That's your father over there just gasping his life out. Your mother lies dead back there; you've covered her poor little body with sand to keep the jackals from it. Can you do it? Will you? That's right. Look around now and let yourself go!"

(Continued Next Week)

MATHERS OUTSTANDING TAX COLLECTOR CANDIDATE IN KINGSTON TOWNSHIP

Down in Kingstons Township all advance indications point to the election of Frank G. Mathers for the important office of tax collector. The feeling seems to be that office needs a business man at its head who can get a job right and see the taxes are collected in a business like manner. Mr. Mathers is well qualified for the office having lived in Kingstons township for nineteen years and having been one of the communities leading business men during that period.

Mr. Mathers has reared a family there and has a keen interest in civic and community affairs. His work as a business man has well qualified him for the office and it is with the business men and substantial citizens that he finds his strongest support. Surely no one known is better in this section as a man of ability than Frank Mathers.

ELLSWORTH FAMILY HOLDS REUNION AT MESHOPPEN

The tenth annual reunion of the Ellsworth family was held Saturday, August 31, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ellsworth of Meshoppen, with seventy-five in attendance.

The oldest person present was Uncle Joe Ellsworth of Meshoppen, aged 90 years March 3rd, and the youngest was Early Robert Richards of Stroudsburg, age 18 months.

The following were elected as officers for the following year: President, Leslie Ellsworth, Meshoppen; vice president, Edward Ellsworth, Kingston; secretary, Margaret E. Patton, Shavertown; and treasurer, F. L. Ellsworth, Wilkes-Barre.

The following committees were appointed: Committee on entertainment—Edward Ellsworth and George Ellsworth, Wilkes-Barre.

Marriage, birth and death committee—Mrs. Walter Atwood, Binghamton; Mrs. Edward Ellsworth and Mrs. Aleck Neely.

The next reunion will be held Saturday, August 30, 1930, at Fernbrook Park.

Those present were: Ernest H. and Elsie A. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Atwood, Binghamton; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Courtright, Eleanor F. and M. Frances Courtright, Bloomfield, N. J.; Mrs. Harriet Cole, Mrs. Clarence Bunnell and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Ellsworth, Kenneth Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Ellsworth, Olive, Mildred and Leslie Ellsworth, Jr., Clarence and Catherine Ellsworth, Meshoppen; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Ellsworth, South Montrose; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Achuff, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Patton, Marguerite Patton, Esther, Thomas and Jeanne Appleton, Shavertown; Mrs. Guy Woolbert, Almon E., Carl L., Warren R. and Ben G. Woolbert, Trucks

ville; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Richards, Richard, Jr., and Earl Robert Richards, Stroudsburg; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wharen and son Robert; Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Ellsworth and son Robert, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ellsworth, Emma Stroh and daughter Elizabeth of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Ellsworth, Mrs. Gideon Miller and daughter Jean, Mr. and Mrs. William Besoe, Caroline Brace, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ellsworth, of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Ellsworth, Leonard Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Ellsworth, Helen Ellsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellsworth, Lillian Ellsworth, of Wilkes-Barre; Mr. and Mrs. George Ellsworth, Jack Ellsworth and Carol Ellsworth, of Swoyerville; Mrs. Emma Hahn of West Pittsboro.

Advertisement for Quaker Girl and Congoleum Rugs featuring an illustration of a squirrel and text: 'There's no nut too hard for us to crack in the floor covering business. We are equipped to furnish linoleum for every room in the house. Remember We Handle Quaker Girl and Congoleum Rugs. FRANCIS A. SMITH "expert floor covering service" TRUCKSVILLE, PA. Phone Dallas 288-R-9'

Advertisement for Plymouth cars: 'Only Plymouth builds a Full-Size Car at a Small-Car Price. \$655 and upwards F. O. B. DETROIT. Ride in a Plymouth. Drive it. Then you will understand why 127,768 Plymouths were produced and sold in the past year. CHRYSLER-BUILT FULL-SIZE HYDRAULIC SELF-EQUALIZING BRAKES SMARTEST STYLE LOWEST UPKEEP BEST PERFORMANCE. PLYMOUTH AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR. JAMES R. OLIVER Direct Dealer Main Street Dallas, Pa.'

Advertisement for Wyoming County Fair: 'SEPTEMBER 18, 19, 20, 21 THE BIG WYOMING COUNTY FAIR AND PROFIT 4 BIG DAYS OF FUN. All is in Readiness for the Largest and Most Attractive Fair ever held. The Exhibits, for which Cash Premiums are offered, will be complete. EVERYTHING OF INTEREST WHICH IS PRODUCED IN WYOMING COUNTY CAN BE SEEN ON DISPLAY AT THIS BIG PRODUCTS SHOW. More Free Attractions Than Ever! WORLD FAMED HELKVISTS featuring their spectacular Double Fire Dive high up from the top of a lofty ladder. BASE BALL GAMES DAILY With real players in hot contests. BATTERY B, 109th FIELD ARTILLERY will give many fine demonstration's Wednesday afternoon. A FINE SPEED PROGRAM will satisfy all. The steppers will be there every day—Sure to show you the fastest racing possible. The track is one of the best. A WONDERFUL MIDWAY Shows and Rides from Reithoffer's Circus AIRPLANE STUNTS Thrilling stunts in the air—Passenger Rides FINE EXHIBITS The display of cattle and other farm stock will be better than ever this year. FRIDAY AND SATURDAY Dallas vs. Hurlock's Creek—Beaumont vs. West Wyoming. SPECIAL—SHEEP DEMONSTRATION Dr. Turner will show practical methods of Sheep Parasite Control.'

Advertisement for Tunkhannock: 'TUNKHANNOCK SEPTEMBER 18, 19, 20 and 21 Don't Fail to Attend the Fair'