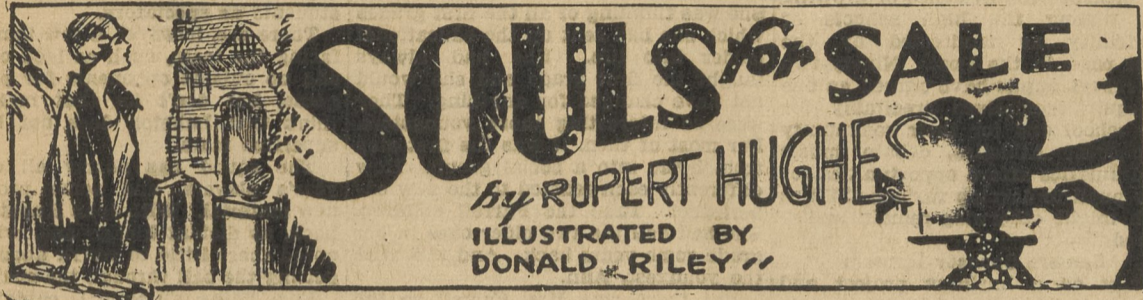
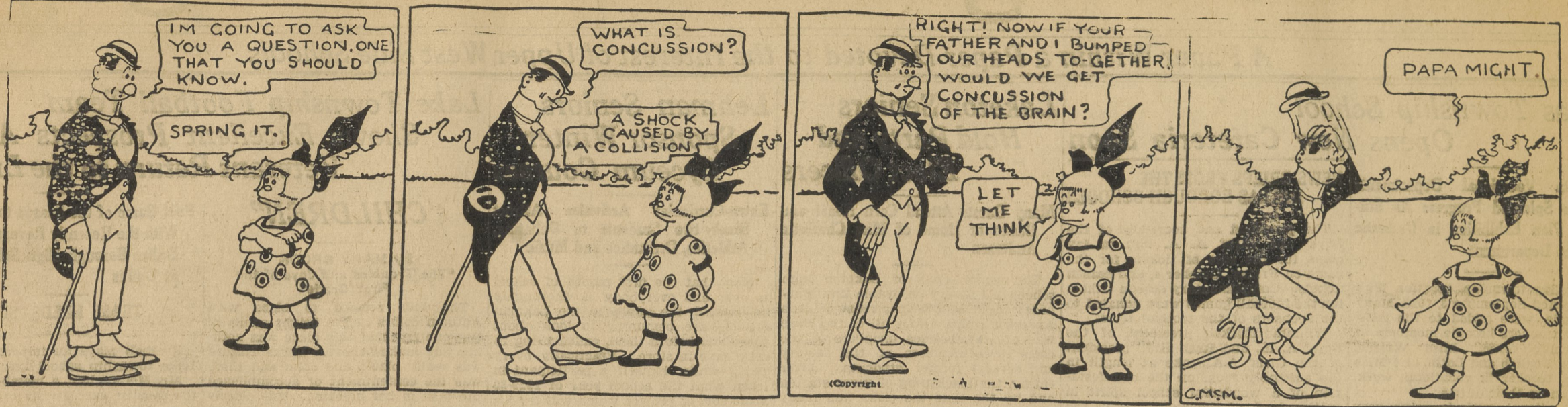


DOROTHY DARNI

E. Charles McManus



WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

Remember Steddon comes West to avoid revealing the result of an unfortunate love affair to her father. The Rev. Dr. Steddon, a derynman of kind heart but narrow mind, who attributes much of the evil of the world to the 'movies' and constantly inveighs against them. Mem, her lover, Elwood Farnaby, having died in an accident, at the advice of Dr. Bretherick, gives her bad cough as an excuse to get to Arizona and from there writes home that she has met and married 'Mr. Woodville,' a wholly imaginary person. Later she writes again to say that her 'husband' has died in the desert. She takes a job as a domestic to avoid being a burden on her parents. A fall prevents her becoming a mother. In Arizona she had met

Tom Holby, a leading man in a motion picture company, and through him gets the opportunity to play a part in a desert drama. With the company is

Robina Teale, a star, fond of Holby and

Leva Lemaire, an extra woman. After her accident, Mem becomes friendly with

Mrs. Dack, a poor woman of Palm Springs, Arizona, and takes an interest in her bright little son.

Terry Dack, who has a great gift of mimicry. Inspired by a letter from Leva, Mem plans to go to Los Angeles to take a job in a film laboratory.

She gets a job in a film laboratory, but loses it. She meets a Mrs. Sturgis from her home town, who talks of the evils of the movies and says the stars are forced to sell their souls. Mem then learns her mother is coming to visit her. Mem is worried about her finances.

She sees a casting director, Arthur Tirrey, and abruptly offers herself to him in return for a job in the movies. He tells her the talk about 'paying the price' is all rot. Meanwhile the attention of Mr. Bernond, head of the company, is diverted to her and he decides to give her a chance. Soon she finds herself posing with Claymore as her director, obeying his commands in a kind of stupor.

Her mother realized it, peering through the curtains, and Leva exclaimed:

"Good Lord! The mix has the director eating out of her hand already. She'll get on!"

She met Tom Holby on the lot one day. He had been asked to come over and talk of a possible contract with the Bernond Company. He greeted Mem with effusive enthusiasm, and she warmed at the pride of his recognition. Then she felt a little twinge of conscience—an intuition that she had no right to be so glad to see Mr. Holby, since now she fancied she belonged to Mr. Claymore.

One day when a little scene was being filmed in which Mem was the only actress, the rest of the company being excused for a change of costume, a visitor from overseas was brought upon the set, a great French general.

The publicity man suggested that the general might like to be photographed on the scene. He laughed and came forward with a boyish eagerness. When the picture appeared in newspaper supplements about the world it was stated in each of the captions that the great warrior had said, "Remember Steddon is the prettiest girl in America."

More amazing yet, Mem first learned of this astounding tribute from her astounded father.

The news came in a letter from the man Mem and her mother loved and dreaded. As Mrs. Steddon's fingers opened the envelope in the awkwardness of guilt, two pictures fell to the floor. They were in the brown rotogravure of the Sunday supplements and presented Mem standing at the side of the French general. Both stated that he had called this promising member of the Bernond Company "the prettiest girl in America."

Mem and her mother gathered themselves together as if they had been dazed by a rip of lightning from the blue and waited for the thunderbolt to smash the world about them. They read the letter together. It began without any "Dear Wife" or "Dear Daughter." It began:

"I wish I had the courage and the kindness to give you a Belasco training," he said. "You know he testified in court that when trained Mrs. Leslie Carter for her big war-horse roles, he had to break her muscle-bound condition first. He threw her down stairs, throttled her, beat her head against the wall, and chased her around the room. She told me herself that she learned the Declaration of Independence by heart and spent hours repeating it as glibly as she could. Every time she missed an articulation she went back to the beginning and recited it all over again—hundreds and hundreds of times. That's how she learned to deliver great tirades with a breathless rush, yet made every syllable distinct. That's how she learned how to charge about the stage like a lianes."

"To be a great actress is no easy job. You've got to work like a fiend or you'll get nowhere. You've got to exercise your arms and legs and your voice and your soul. If you will, you've got a big future. If you won't, you'll slump along playing small parts till you lose your bloom of youth, then you'll slip into character parts and go out like an old candle."

The upshot of this ordeal, by fire was that Mem was recognized as a star yet to be made—if, indeed, her nebulous ambitions should ever be condensed into solid achievement.

Claymore felt that she had a future. He told her so, he told her that a period of hard labor lay between her and that paradise.

Theirs was an exceedingly curious method of getting acquainted. Teacher and student became as much involved in each other's souls as Abelard and Heloise at their first sessions.

Claymore offered her a lift home in his automobile. It was quicker than the street car, but it seemed far quicker than that. They chatted volubly of art theories and practices. They did not realize how long the car stood in front of her bungalow before Mem got out, or how long he waited after she got out, talking, talking, before he bade her the final good night.

Have a job and get a job. To him that hath—Remember Steddon's first picture was approaching its finish.

She had been already acquiring a little name. Gossip of every sort was rife, and some of it was flattering. The word floated about that "Steddon was making good at Bernond's."

The Bernond Company, when her picture was finished, agreed to "rent" Mem to a new company that was to make Tom Holby a star. He had earned elevation, and this meant that he and Robina Teale would part company—at least upon the screen.

When Mem read of this flattering plan in an evening paper, her heart gave a hop. She was not sure just what the excitement meant within her there.

She did not want Tom Holby for herself, yet she did not want to see any other woman land him.

Claymore obtruded upon her meditations. She was under obligations imposed by his devotion.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

reared in the shelter of our home could have fallen so low so suddenly. Before I write more I want to hear the truth from both of you, if you can and will tell it.

The Reverend and Doctor Steddon was something more than a father to his daughter, something more than a husband to his wife; he was also the high priest of their religion.

But Mrs. Steddon had grown up with her husband and had seen his tempers goad him to too many mistakes. She was merely angry at him now for a burst of wrath, while Mem covered before him as an inspired prophet.

Finally, in a fine frenzy she went to her table and wrote her husband an answer to his letter:

Dear Husband—I am ashamed of you for writing such a mean little note. Yes, I am proud to say that my daughter is an actress and is doing fine work. If you are not proud of her it is because you don't know enough to be. You will some day, you'll see.

She is working hard and earning lots of money, and I'm going to stay down here as long as she needs me. I guess you can get along without me for awhile. If you can't, come on out and see for yourself how wrong you are. I hope your next letter will be an apology. Mem would send her love if she knew I was writing. Your loving

WIFE.

When this tiny bomb exploded in Doctor Steddon's parsonage, it produced an outstanding effect. The old devil fighter was not afraid of all the legions of hell. He could even face his richest pewholder without flinching.

But he was afraid of that little wife of his. She alone could scold him with impunity and by the mere withdrawal of her approval cast a cloud across his heaven. He was in an abject perplexity now.

When Mem read of this flattering plan in an evening paper, her heart gave a hop. She was not sure just what the excitement meant within her there.

She did not want Tom Holby for herself, yet she did not want to see any other woman land him.

Claymore obtruded upon her meditations. She was under obligations imposed by his devotion.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

reared in the shelter of our home could have fallen so low so suddenly. Before I write more I want to hear the truth from both of you, if you can and will tell it.

The Reverend and Doctor Steddon was something more than a father to his daughter, something more than a husband to his wife; he was also the high priest of their religion.

But Mrs. Steddon had grown up with her husband and had seen his tempers goad him to too many mistakes. She was merely angry at him now for a burst of wrath, while Mem covered before him as an inspired prophet.

Finally, in a fine frenzy she went to her table and wrote her husband an answer to his letter:

Dear Husband—I am ashamed of you for writing such a mean little note. Yes, I am proud to say that my daughter is an actress and is doing fine work. If you are not proud of her it is because you don't know enough to be. You will some day, you'll see.

She is working hard and earning lots of money, and I'm going to stay down here as long as she needs me. I guess you can get along without me for awhile. If you can't, come on out and see for yourself how wrong you are. I hope your next letter will be an apology. Mem would send her love if she knew I was writing. Your loving

WIFE.

When this tiny bomb exploded in Doctor Steddon's parsonage, it produced an outstanding effect. The old devil fighter was not afraid of all the legions of hell. He could even face his richest pewholder without flinching.

But he was afraid of that little wife of his. She alone could scold him with impunity and by the mere withdrawal of her approval cast a cloud across his heaven. He was in an abject perplexity now.

When Mem read of this flattering plan in an evening paper, her heart gave a hop. She was not sure just what the excitement meant within her there.

She did not want Tom Holby for herself, yet she did not want to see any other woman land him.

Claymore obtruded upon her meditations. She was under obligations imposed by his devotion.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He tried to pe particularly aloof, professional, and dictatorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with courtesy alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon was thicker than thieves.

-Centermoreland-

Mrs. Edith Race, Miss Adah Hunter and Mrs. L. S. Shook attended a Grange meeting last Saturday at Meshoppen.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gay of Elina, N. Y., are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Brisbin Kelley, Charles Sicker, Glenn Kelley, Floyd Besterder and Jammie Long, who are engaged in work at Johnson City, spent the week-end at their homes in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Myers have a new son, born Saturday, September 28.

Mrs. Eugenia Shook entertained her cousin, Miss Martha Garey of Wilkes-Barre the past week.

Miss Mildred Wells is employed at the home of L. W. Myers at the present time.

H. L. Dailey and family went to Philadelphia last week and visited many points of interest there. Mr. Dailey and his daughter, Florence, also took a trip in an airplane while there.

Mrs. Eugenia Shook is employed at the home of C. S. Besterder at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Keithline have returned home from Unlontown, where he has been employed for the past six months by A. J. Sordoni Co.

Rev. and Mrs. Munion have returned home after spending a week with

friends at Red Bank, N. J.

Mrs. Nettie Canfield is spending the week in Philadelphia.

Walter Brungess, who is working in Tyrone, spent Sunday at his home in this place.

Services at the M. E. Church last Sunday evening were conducted by Theodore Swartwood and Herbert Gessner, student at Wyoming Seminary.

The home of Tony DeAngelo was destroyed by fire last Saturday evening. It was a heavy loss to the owner, as it

was a large, well built structure. It was formerly owned by James H. Besterder.

The district convention of the Jr. O. U. A. M. was held here last Saturday evening. A large number attended the meeting.

Mrs. L. C. Shook is on the sick list. Her daughter, Mrs. Verna Welsh of Dallas, is caring for her.

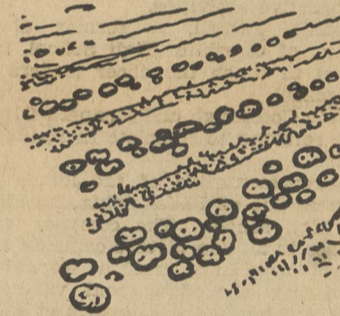
Twenty-five members of the Vernon Grange visited the Oriental Grange at Mill City last Wednesday evening.

The McCormick-Deering Potato Digger



Rod-link diggers in 6-foot 2-horse; and 7-foot, 4-horse sizes; with shaker and vine turner, or extension elevator delivery. Also 6-foot 2-horse riddle-type diggers, with shaker and vine turner.

It Digs the Potatoes, Shakes Dirt Off, and Puts Them in Rows.



THE McCormick-Deering Potato Digger changes the hardest job in potato growing to almost a pleasure. It speeds up the harvest, does away with a lot of hired help, and cuts harvest costs so low that a good profit is assured.

It's a wonderful feeling to sit on the seat of this digger and see it root out every hill without cutting or bruising. You will like the way the adjustable apron shakes the potatoes free of vines, dirt, and stones. The ease of gathering the clean, trash-free rows of potatoes will surprise you. Users say it is easier to pick up behind a McCormick-Deering than any digger they have ever used. Faster gathering saves you money, too, because it reduces losses due to sunburn and exposure.



JOHN ISAACS KUNKLE, PA.

ENDURANCE HOUSE PAINT



for Your Home

beauty of finish and charm of color that inspire pride—protection that is a source of enduring satisfaction: all these are yours when you use this paint.

This highest quality paint is the most expensive in the end. Not to use it costs you much more. There is a color to meet every demand of individual choice. Come in and ask for a color chart.

GLIDDEN Quality Guarantee

EVERY product carrying the Glidden name is a Quality product. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If you purchase a can of Glidden Paint, Varnish or Lacquer and for any reason it is not satisfactory, bring it back and get your money. Glidden customers are satisfied customers.

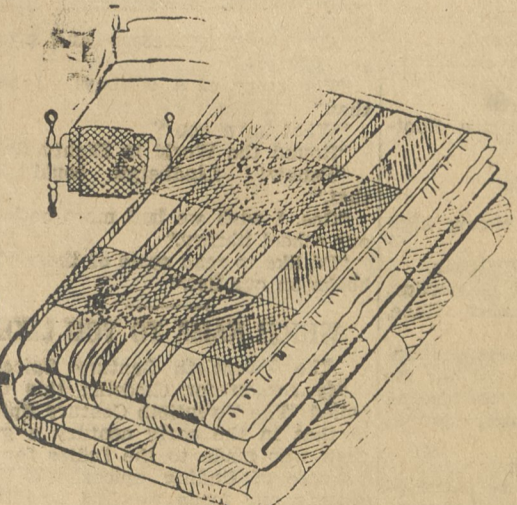
Housework and Headache

When lack of fresh air working over a hot stove and the odor of cooking make your head throb, your back ache, take

DR. MILES' Anti-Pain Pills They'll relieve you quickly and safely.



The enclosed clippings were sent to me by members of my congregation who were sojourning, one in New York and one in Chicago. It is hard for me to doubt the witness of my eyes, but it is almost harder to believe that the wife of my bosom and the daughter



\$7.95

Size 66x80

Chill Autumn and cold Winter nights will soon be with us, bringing the need of warm coverings to your attention. These are luxuriously warm, comfortable blankets of pure wool, in large block plaids of rose, blue, green, tan, orchid and grey, with edges bound to match.

LAZARUS BLANKET SECTION—LOWER FLOOR

Monk Hardware

Shavertown, Pa.