

**-Idetown-**

The Dallas District W. C. T. U. meeting held in the Idetown church on Tuesday afternoon was well attended. An impromptu program was enjoyed by the guests and a delicious and rather unusual luncheon served by the hostess.

A good number of church school workers have enrolled for the study course to be given by Rev. Burleigh following the hour of prayer on Wednesday evening. The book being used is "Missionary Education in the Church" by Gates. It is one of the standard training courses and those who successfully complete the work will receive a certificate which gives that person one credit. Twelve credits are required for graduating.

Four of our church school workers have already earned two certificates and four others hold one certificate. The aim of our school and of every up-to-date school is to have every worker a graduate of the standard training work.

Mrs. Emery Hadsal, Alfred and Benton Hadsel spent Sunday afternoon and evening with Mrs. John Montgomery at Kingston.

Ed. Smith received an injury to his hand while at work last week.

Clark Smith was seriously hurt during football practice last Monday noon when he came into a head on collision with another player. He has been under the doctor's care since the accident.

Mrs. Libbie M. Ide called on Mrs. Leonard Ide and Mrs. James Ide last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Neely, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Neely and Mrs. Neely's mother, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Ralph Welsh and Helen and Bobby Welsh made an enjoyable motor trip over the splendid new highway to Towanda last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Welsh and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Welsh of Dallas last week.

Mrs. Frank Hobbs of Stroudsburg is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bruce Shaver.

Miss Lydia Smith, who is a student at Bloomington State Teachers' College, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Smith, last week-end.

The boys' Sunday school class of which Howard Crosby is the teacher, met at his home last week for the purpose of organizing. Results of the election were: Elwood Renshaw, president; Harry Rogers, secretary and treasurer; Bud Davis, sergeant at arms. After a pleasant social hour refreshments were served to the following: Elwood Renshaw, Harry Rogers, Bud Davis, Glenn Spencer, Alfred and Benton Hadsel, Robert Wright and Alfred Smith.

The Howard Kelly family have closed their cottage and returned to the valley for the winter season.

Last Sunday morning completed the series of three sermons by Rev. Burleigh on the subject of "Life After Death." The discussion showed the same deep study and broad-minded attitude which characterize all Rev. Burleigh's sermons. A large congregation including people from neighboring towns and from the valley followed the series with interest.

The funeral of Mrs. Hannah Shaver was held from the home of her son, Bruce Shaver, on Monday afternoon. A large number of friends and relatives were present. Rev. Brundell of Wyoming, a former pastor, paid a beautiful tribute to her memory. There were a great many floral offerings.

There will be a Halloween party held in the P. H. Park's garage next Thursday evening, October 24, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Everybody is invited to attend there will be games and eats appropriate to the season. Come in costume and we promise you an enjoyable evening.

**-Lehman-**

There will be an entertainment consisting of three short plays given by Mrs. Howell's division of the Ladies' Aid Society on Friday evening, October 26, in M. E. Church basement. Everybody welcome. Admission, 25 cents.

There was quite a number of people from this place attended the funeral of Mrs. Hannah Shaver at Idetown on Monday afternoon.

Kathleen Johnson is improving nicely after an operation for appendicitis at General hospital in Wilkes-Barre.

Mrs. Libbie Ide of Idetown spent a day with Ellis Ide and family recently.

The Truth Seekers Sunday School class was entertained at the home of L. U. Case at Jackson on Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Case and Mrs. Case and Mrs. H. G. Miers. After the devotional and business session a social time was enjoyed and lunch served to the following: Mrs. L. L. Nulton, Mrs. B. F. Nulton, Mrs. R. D. Major, Mrs. Ollie Whitesell, Mrs. G. Shupp, Mrs. Reese Thomas, Mrs. W. R. Neely, Mrs. A. W. Sutton, Mrs. H. Brandon, Mrs. W. H. Parks, Mrs. Ralph Johnson, Mrs. G. E. Brown, Mrs. A. B. Ide, Mrs. James Ide, Mrs. Fred Harlos, Eleanor Atkinson, Myrtle Major, Mildred Green, Emma Case, Rush Fisk, Mrs. Alice Fisk, Mrs. Francis Lewis, Mrs. George Lewis, Betty Lewis, Margaret Miers, W. R. Neely, L. U. Case, Mrs. H. G. Miers and Mrs. Case.

Mr. Hacker is moving from Huntsville to the James Pembleton home at this place.

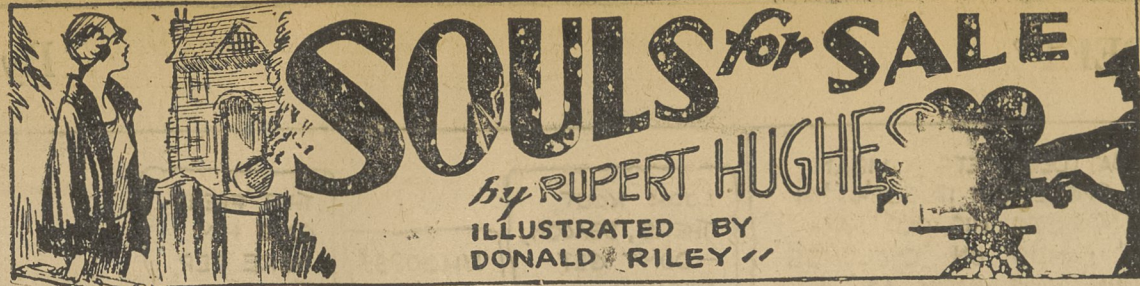
Mrs. John Vollerger entertained friends from Nanticoke on Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Clark of Wilkes-Barre and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Garey of Shavertown were callers at James Ide's on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fine have moved to Courtdale.

**MRS. SICKLER ENTERTAINS**

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sickler of Beaumont entertained on Saturday Mrs. Sickler's brother, Mr. and Mrs. Loren Staines and sons, Lester and Loren, of New York City. In the afternoon they motored to Jenningsville to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Allen. Mr. and Mrs. Creston Gallup and daughter Alice of Kunkle, Mrs. Ellen Mansfield of Noxen and Mrs. A. Kte Taylor also were guests on Sunday.



**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 clergyman of kind heart but narrow mind, who attributes much of the evil of the world to the 'movies' and constantly 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 Teele, 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. Bermond, 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.

Mem's father reads a publicity story calling her "the prettiest girl in America" and writes a letter of protest to his wife, and daughter, Mem's fame begins to spread, and Claymore, the director, takes an unusual interest in her. He is infatuated with Mem but tries to be aloof and professional to hide the fact from the company.

Mem and Claymore become more and more interested in each. Out riding one day, Claymore makes physical advances to her. While they are parking a hold-up man approaches and demands their money.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

Claymore was sane enough to attempt no resistance, though he almost perished from chagrin. He endured insolence of the masked stranger who stole the chain and a wallet and the loose silver.

The blackguard held his clubbed ply to over Claymore's head a moment, then forebore to strike, and dropped from the step with a last warning.

"Sit pretty now and keep 'em up till I git goin' or I'll— His car shot around the curve. Claymore brought down his aching arms. They were too much ashamed of themselves to return to their late post about Mem's shoulders.

A preverse remorse filled their souls with confusion; a remorse because of a wrong remorse, a disgust for an unaccepted temptation and for being so temptable.

A woman never quite forgives a man for not dying for her at the first opportunity. She probably never quite forgives him for dying either.

So the clever man evades the situation where a choice is required, as the virtuous man evades temptation while he is yet far off.

Claymore, brooding deeply in his earnest soul, felt that he owned Mem some atonement. He meant it nobly, but it sounded crude when he checked the car in front of her little home and took her hand and said:

"If you will let me marry you, I'll see that my wife divorces me."

These divorces of convenience marked the new-fashioned way of accomplishing righteousness. He wanted to make her "an honest woman."

Mem laughed nervously. "No thanks!" It was as uninspired as possible, but then it is not easy to make a brilliant answer to a stupid suggestion. She felt that she must improve on it a bit, but she helped it a little when she added: "Just as must obliged. Good night!"

Two days later she began work with Tom Holby's company. Holby described the part she was to play, read her the big scenes.

People make love unconsciously at times and in the truest courtships never a word is spoken. Two souls travel mystic gardens together and come to deep understandings without the exchange of a syllabled thought.

The orders had gone forth to rush the Holby picture to a conclusion. Big night-storm scenes had been scheduled for the final takes, and on the final morning the first scene were begun promptly at nine. Kendrick promised to let the company go at three to rest for the all-night grind, but it was not until half past seven that the day's work was done.

At nine they went to the first of the sets. The Californian night was black and cold. The night in the story was one of tempest and battle. Tom Holby must run an automobile into a ditch and make a desperate war against four brutes who were instructed to put up a good fight.

Each bit of scenery through which she was to flash had been made ready the day before. Perforated rain pipes were reinforced by men who would play a fire hose or two upon the hap-

less actress. The gale was to be provided by an airplane propeller mounted on a truck.

Mem inspected the settings she was so briefly to adorn.

"Why do they build that fence around the wind machine?" she asked Kendrick.

"To keep people from walking into the propeller," said Kendrick.

After an hour preparation the army was ready for the battle.

A gentle rain fell from the pipes. The fire host, aimed upon the air, added its volume. The wind machine set up its mad clatter. The water and the lightning filled it with shattering fire.

Then Mem was called forth. She clutched her cloak about her and thrust into the tempest. It was like driving through a slightly rarefied cataract. She hardly reached the pillar at the edge of the porch, clutched it for a moment, caught a quick breath, and flung down the steps. And that was that. All this preparation for one minute of action!

She was taken to a warm room and wrapped in blankets while the next scene was prepared. She was supposed to have run a long distance between the last scene and this, and she must enter wet.

At length she got her signal and went forward again, head down, into the wild storm.

During her absence a telephone pole and a tree had been brought down by the storm and photographed as they fell.

It was her business now to clamber across the pole and push through the branches of the tree, and so fight her way out of the picture. The wind machine had been shifted several times. The wind man in his confusion forgot to notice that the property men had forgotten, in their confusion, to set up the fence before the propeller.

It was after midnight now and everybody was numb with cold, drenched with the promiscuous rain, and a little irresponsible. Their working day was already fifteen hours old and it would last at least five

hours more.

Tom Holby had been photographed in a climb up the wet sides of a ravine, and was half frozen in his soaked clothes, but he stayed to watch Mem through this scene.

She struggled with the maniac hurricane, stumbled and fell across the telephone pole, thrust aside the wires, lifted herself and breast the wind again, drove into the wreck of the fallen tree. The branches whipped her wet flesh cruelly. The lightning just ahead of her blisters her vision like the white-hot irons driven into the eyes of Shakespeare's Prince Clarence. The wind blew her breath back into her lungs. If she had not gained a little support from one stout bough of the tree she could never have reached the margin of the picture.

Kendrick's heart was glad with triumph as he saw her pass out of the camera range. He called, "Cut!" and the camera men were jubilant as each of them shouted "O. K. for me!"

Then Kendrick heard screams of terror, wild howls of fear. He ran forward and saw the blinded little figure of Mem still pressing on straight into the blur of the airplane propeller.

His heart sickened. She would be sliced to shreds. She could not hear the yelled warnings in the noise of the machine.

The operator shut off his engine, but

the propellers still swirled at a speed that made them only a whorl of light. The witnesses were paralyzed by the horror of the moment.

Tom Ho by broke from a nightmare that curran the immediate beauty of the girl wa'king forward to a hideous fate. He ran and dived for her like a football tackler, booted his left arm about her knees and flung her backward, thrusting his right arm and his head beneath her so that when she struck, her shoulders were upon his breast, her drenched hair fell across his face like seaweed.

She opened here eyes in a chaos of bewilderment. Just above her the flying propeller blades were glistening in the light of the sun arc.

They were still revolving when the wind machine man, leaping from the post where he had stood expecting her fate and his own eternal remorse, ran to lift her from the ground. Others helped Tom Holby.

He had knocked himself unconscious when his head struck a rock in the road. His cheek was ripped and gushing blood.

He came to his senses at once and forced a ghastly laugh.

Mem screamed with fear for him. She had not yet realized her own escape. She was all pity for Tom Holby, and anxiety.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

**FARMS FOR SALE**

40 ACRES, 6-room house, fine spring of water, some timber. Price for all, \$600.

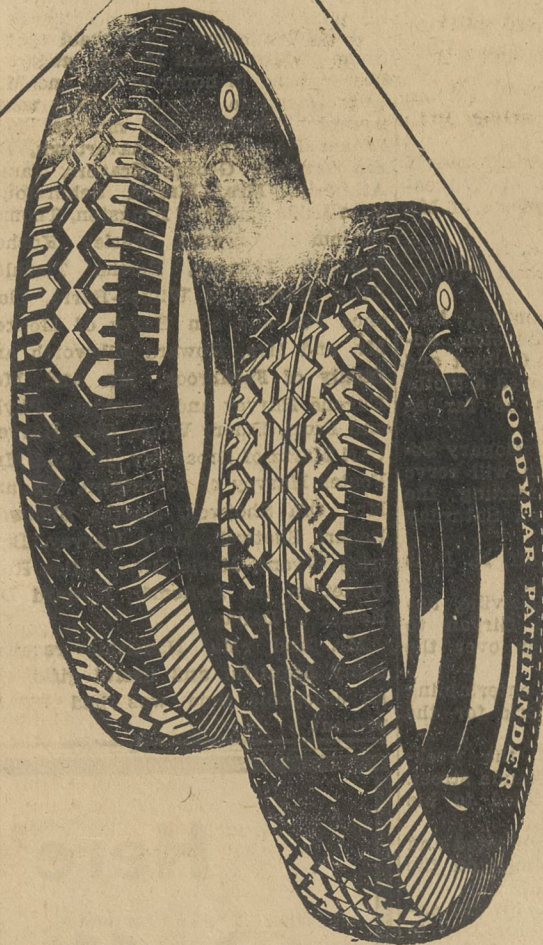
300 ACRES, 10-room house, two very large barns. The land is very productive, smooth and level. One-half mile from hard road. Price, \$5000 for farm only. With twenty cows, one bull, good team of horses and farming tools, \$8,500, and on easy terms.

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