



"It's nothing," he said. Then he staggered with dread of what Mem would have looked like now if he had waited an instant longer or missed his aim at her knees.

He drew her from the vortex of the propeller, which was subsiding with the dying snarl of a leopard that has missed its pounce.

The next day the company gathered to see the rushes of the night stuff.

Kendrick sighed. "That came near being a portrait of you walking out of this world."

Tom Holby did not speak, but he reached out and, seizing Mem's hand, wrung it with an eloquence beyond words. He seemed to be squeezing her heart with clinging hands.

She was consumed with an impatience to begin a new picture at once, and to be very busy with life and love, beauty and delight.

And yet, when Tom Holby, after they had left the lot, asked her to ride with him for a bit of air, told her he adored her and that she was adorable; when he courted her with deference and meekness and pleaded for a little kindness—her heart froze in her. She could not even accept a proffered beauty.

She looked at him and thought—and said:

"Too many people love you, Tommy. You belong to the public, and you couldn't bring yourself down to really loving little me."

"Oh, but I could! I do!" he cried. "Damn my public! I don't care for anything but you."

"But I haven't had my public yet, and I love it. Just now the only love I can feel is acted love."

"Then let's have a rehearsal," he suggested cynically. But she shook her head. "I want to laugh, Tommy," she cried. "Amuse me, make me, make me laugh!"

"There's the new Charlie Chaplin comedy," he said. "We might get in."

"Let's try," said Mem.

Holby swung his car round.

"Tommy," said Mem, "what is comedy? I'm sick of all these crying scenes and snoring all over the place. I want to be a comedienne. Do you think I could be one?"

"I don't think so," said Holby, with scientific candor. "You never made me laugh. You don't laugh much."

"No, but I'm going to! I think if I ever love anybody really, it will be a great comedian. Do you know any comedians who aren't married, Tom?"

"Lots of 'em," said Holby. "A sense of humor keeps a man from getting married—or staying married long."

"They took in a Chaplin show and on the way home she snuggled close to Holby in the car. Yt when he spoke tenderly she made fun of him, giggled and reminded him of bits of the picture that had amused her. This enraged him.

"I'm going in for comedy," she said. "It's the only thing worth while. All this tears and passion business makes me sick."

Holby fought out in his soul a decent battle of self-sacrifice before he brought himself to the height of recommending a rival. "There's Ned Ling, he's looking for a pretty leading woman. He's not Chaplin, but he's awfully funny in his own way. If you're so hell bent on a comic career get your agent to go after him."

"Ned Ling," she mused. "Yes, I've seen him. I may make a try at him a little later."

But when she reached her home there was something waiting in ambush for her—a letter from her father.

Dear Wife, he wrote her mother—The Lord giveth and taketh away. I have lost you and my darling daughter and my loneliness, but I still can say. "Thy will be done."

I think you should know, however, how things are here. Otherwise I should not write you. But I am afraid that the daughter that was once ours might tire of the husks of sin and wish to come home repentant.

Bitterness filled my soul when I learned that she was leading a life of riotous mockery, and when I saw the picture of her smiling in wanton attire at the side of that smirking French general, I had it in my heart to curse her. I wrote in my haste. I repented my hardness of heart and bowed my head in humble shame when I read your angry reply. I had lost your love and your admiration, but that was deserved punishment for the idolatry that had grown up in my heart to you; and for the mistakes I must have made in not giving our erring daughter a better rare.

But now it has pleased the Lord to pour out the vials of his wrath on my gray hairs. The old mortgage on the church fell due long ago, but foreclosure had been postponed from time to time. We gave a benefit to pay it off, but everybody was too poor to respond, and it did not pay expenses.

The manager of the motion picture house here offered to share the profits on the showing of a picture in which, as he had the impudence to tell me, my daughter played a part. But while it would have drawn money for curiosity that would not have responded to a Christian appeal, I felt that it would be a compounding with evil, and I put Satan behind me and ordered the fellow out of the house.

The church is to be closed. What I shall do next or how take care of the little children that still cling to our home, the Lord has not yet told me in answer to my prayers. I still have faith that in His good time he will provide a way or call His servant home, and I hope you will not take this letter as a plea for pity.

My cup is full and running over, but my chief dread is that unhappiness and want may be your portion as well as mine, and that I shall fail you

utterly after providing so scantily for you all your days. I can only pray that my fears are the result of loneliness and age and weariness.

And now may the Lord shield you with his ever-present mercy, or at least give us the strength to understand that in all things he knoweth best.

Your loving,

HUSBAND.

As they read this letter and saw back of the lines the heavy brows of her old father, saw the bald spot she had stared at from the choir loft, saw all the sweet wrong-headedness of the veteran saint, Mem's heart hurt intolerably.

Her mother sobbed: "What on earth can I write darling?"

Mem replied: "The answer is easy. I'm going to send all the money I've got."

Her mother cried out against robbing one of her loves to pay another. It seemed a cruel shame to take the first bit of cake from her daughter and sell it to buy bread for her husband.

"You'll need it yourself. You may not have another job soon. You need 'Rest and the clothes can wait.'"

Her mother kept a miserable silence for a long while before she could say: "Your father will never accept money that you have earned from the pictures. He'd rather die."

This gave Mem only a brief pause. She answered simply:

"Dr. Brethrick got me into this business by making up the pack of lies that brought me out here. Now he can make up a few more and save poor daddy from desperation."

She sat down at once and wrote the doctor a letter, telling him what he must know already of her father's helplessness. She inclosed a money order for two hundred and fifty dollars. She wrote a check at first, but she was afraid to have it put through the bank at Calverly lest her father hear of it. She instructed the doctor to make up another of his scenarios about a repentant member of the congregation wish to restore some stolen funds—or anything his imagination could invent.

Then she set the wheels in motion to secure an immediate engagement with the next to the greatest comedian on the screen, Ned Ling, a reader of important books; a debater of art theories—but above all a man afraid of nothing so much as he was afraid of love.

It was a period of dead calm and torpid seas, and so Mr. Bermond willingly arranged to "rent" her to Ling, who wanted her at once at first sight.

Meanwhile, through Claymore, Terry Dack was about to be struck off in innumerable portraits and showered upon a grateful world.

At the age of five he would commence his business career with a salary of two or three thousand dollars a year.

One of Mem's pictures was shown soon after at a theatre in Los Angeles, and she sat in a vast throng. She saw with pride a fat woman snifle and thought it a beautiful tribute. She saw a bald-headed man sneak a handkerchief out and, pretending to blow his nose, dash his shameful tears away. And that was beautiful to her with a wonderful beauty.

The papers the next day in their criticisms gave her special mention. A marvelous thing to see one's name in print and with a bouquet tied to it. She had but a little while to revel in this perfect award, for in a few days a letter came to her, forwarded from the studio.

I seen your picur last nite and it made me sick your awful innasest and sweet in the pictur and you look like buter wouldnt melt in your mouth but I know beter for Im the guy who held you up wen you was with that other guy and took your wedin ring off you I didnt know who was then and I dont know who he is yet but Im wise to you and all I got to say is Ive got my eye on you and you better behave or els quit playin these innasent parts you movie people make me sick your only a gang of hippocrits so beware.

Mem felt odious to herself, with all the revolting nausea of evil revealed. There is remorse enough for a struggling soul that knows its own defeats and backslidings, but it is nothing to the remorse that follows a published fault.

This letter was more hideous than headlines in a paper. It was more dreadful than such a pilloried public shame as Hester Prynne's. It meant that somewhere there was a man in an invisible cloak of namelessness and facelessness who despised her and jeered at her sublimities of purity. Her highest ambitions were doomed to sneering mockery.

After a day in Ling's studio, he took her to "The Beggar's Opera."

She had so lost her orientation at the send of the seductive lillainies that she did not faint when Ned Ling said: "I've laughed myself hungry. I haven't ordinarily any appetite. Let's go to my house and have a bite."

"To your house?"

"Yes. It's all right. I'm quite alone there. Just a Jap. Very secluded."

She wanted to say: "You tell me not why I should go, but why I should not. And I won't."

But it seemed a silly little-girlish, old-maidish, prunes-and-prism thing to say so she said, "All right," and got into Ling's car.

When he said, "Home," to the driver she almost swooned, but not quite.

The Jap showed no surprise at the late arrival of his master with a lady. Evidently it was the ordinary thing. Mem longed for a mask or a fire escape or a gun. She glanced about for weapons of defense.

But Ned Ling said: Some scrambled eggs and bacon—some wine. Would you rather have red or white?—or a little champagne? Let's have some champagne—yes? Yes, we'll have some champagne—native California—but good."

She was hungry, but he kept one of her hands prisoner and preferred to talk.

Afterward they went into the beautiful living room, a strange room for a clown; more like what she imagined a millionaire's room to be, judging from what millionaire's rooms she had seen in the movies.

He made her sit down on a long couch and snuggled close to her. She was curious rather than alarmed. He took up her hand again and studied it, taking in the rather literary manner he sometimes assumed: "Each separate finger has its own soul, don't you think? Hands are families, queer things, fingers. Your right hand and your left hand aren't the least alike and your face is still a third person."

Before Mme quite realized how solemnly ludicrous a couple of comedians could be—if anybody had been looking—except God—and perhaps that Jap valet—Ned Ling's head was on her breast and his eyes were turned up to hers—like a baby's. He was a new-born prattling humor. That was a secret of his success. He was a baby with all a baby's privileges of impropriety, selfishness, hatefulness, adorableness.

(Continued Next Week)

-Huntsville-

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Frantz entertained Miss Lucy Fuller of Wilkes-Barre over the week-end.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church met at the home of Mrs. H. W. Danks on Thursday afternoon. Devotions were led by Mrs. F. H. Johnson, Mrs. Clarence Elston had charge of the program and Mrs. G. A. Learn asked the enigmas from the Woman's Home Missions magazine. The annual meeting of the Conference Society will be held at the M. E. Church, Forty Fort, November 5 and 6. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. H. A. Randall. Mrs. Albert Perrego will have charge of the lesson from the second chapter of the study book, "The Crowded Ways." Mrs. George E. Lamoreaux will have the enigmas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hadsall entertained on Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Levine of Wilkes-Barre. Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Keller of Trucksville.

Mrs. Zimmerman has returned home after spending two weeks with relatives at Kingston.

Several people from this place attended the convention at the Christian church at Forty Fort on Wednesday.

Mrs. Henry Headman has returned home after spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Paul Bogart, at Town Line. Mrs. Bogart also entertained her aunts, Mrs. Cora Hittner and Mrs. Emma Kroegler, who motored from Pittsburgh and spent the week-end.

Mrs. Harry Hufford and daughter spent Wednesday with Mrs. Hill at Plymouth.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hadsall, Mrs. Harold T. Bertram and daughters Betty visited Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hadsall at Kingston on Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Learn entertained Mr. and Mrs. Russell Leary of Scranton on Sunday.

John Headman and sister, Miss Emma Headman, spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. Paul Bogart, at Town Line.

Robert Jones of Plymouth has returned home after spending several days with his cousin, Glenwood Ide.

Mrs. George E. Lamoreaux and children, Phoebe, Elmer and George, Jr., spent Saturday evening in Wilkes-Barre.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weaver and daughters have moved to Kingston for the winter.

James Davis is spending a few days in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudnicki and family of Plymouth were callers at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Headman's on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Balliet and son Billy, Mrs. J. S. neofotrshrdnu son Billy, Mrs. J. S. ofnes of Forty Fort, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Moore and children Irene and Charles, Mrs. James Davis spent Monday evening with Mrs. Lulu Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Morgan of Kingston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George E. Lamoreaux.

The beautiful new home being built by Mr. Kent is nearing completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Diehl and son Paul of Philadelphia, Miss Altha Headman of Linfield spent the week-end with Mrs. Paul Bogart at Town Line.

Mrs. Fred Riley spent Sunday with Mrs. Olie L. Harvey.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912. Of The Dallas Post, published weekly at Dallas, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1929.

State of Pennsylvania, County of Luzerne, ss:

Before me, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Risley, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the Dallas Post, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher—Dallas Post, Inc., Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Managing editor, H. W. Risley, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

2. That the owner is Dallas Post, Inc.

That the only stockholders are:

H. W. Risley, Dallas, Pa.
Harold Wagner, Dallas, Pa.
L. A. McHenry, Dallas, Pa.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are:

Kingston Bank and Trust Co., Kingston, Pa.
Tanners' Bank of Noxen, Pa.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association

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-Sweet Valley-

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Birth spent Sunday with the latter's brother, John Hontz.

Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Waterstripe entertained their son and his family from Richland, N. Y., over the week-end.

Several from this place attended the anniversary services at the Huntsville Christian church last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hoover and Mrs. Ella Hazelett spent Friday in Pittston.

Miss Betty Bittenbender of Plymouth spent Sunday with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Edwards.

or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

HOWARD W. RISLEY, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of October, 1927.

J. H. ANDERSON, Justice of the Peace.

(My commission expires the first Monday in January, 1934.)



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— TO —

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