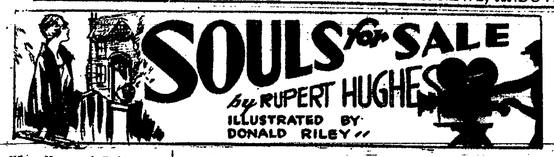

What Happened Before

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 inveighs against them. Mem, her lover Elwood Farnsby 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 thru 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 Lamerie, 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.

Now Go On With the Story

She told Mrs. Dack and Mrs. Reddick that she had received a call to go to Los Angeles at once. Terry was out of danger, but his arms around Mem's neck were withes she could hardly break. The soft hands, the dewy cheeks, the lonely eyes of the child were fetters cruelly tyrannous, but a few days later a taxi deposited her before a tiny office of four or five rooms. This was Leva's home. A servant who opened the door said that "she would not git back from the studio befo' six or happast." She was glad to relieve Mem's loneliness with chatter. She explained that Mademaire lived there with three other ladies, all of them in the movies, but none of them getting their pictures took.

They lived here with no more thought of chaperonage than a crowd of bachelors.

When Leva and her friends came in at dinner time they came like young business men home from offices, tired of shop, yet full of its talk; eager for amusement, knowing no law except their own self-respect for health or reputation or efficiency.

* * *

The next morning Mem acquired on tick the brief trousseau of a little business bride. Then she went to the studio with Leva and was assigned to the laboratory projection room at twenty-five dollars a week.

A hundred pretty actresses got no jobs at all, for they were seeking glory and wealth.

All day she sat in a dark room and ran a little projecting machine that poured forth moving pictures before her on a little private screen. She must watch out for typographical errors, a "to" for a "too," a slip of grammar, a mistake in an actor's or a character's name.

Her common school education was good enough for this. It was by no means so marvelous as Leva had told her employers it was.

The artistic beauties of the pictures made her inarticulately happy. For a time she was in a heaven of tumultuous ecstasies. But gradually the delight turned to torture, the torture of envy.

She was young and she had been told that she was beautiful. If God made her pretty it was because He delighted in beauty and wanted it known. He did not grow flowers in cellars. He was not afraid to squander sunshine.

If the art of mimicry was a God-given gift, it must be meant for use. She had acted once before a camera, there in the desert. She had brought tears to the eyes of strangers. She was an actress by divine intention.

She sat in a dark room and watched other people's pictures flow by. It seemed wrong, wicked, cruel. She was mad to act.

* * *

On the lot Mem saw children, and they were always happy. The mothers were with the little ones. Going to work was going to play. They lived an eternal fairy story.

She was told that five-year-old Jackie Coogan had made his mother a present of a big touring car costing Seven thousands dollars; that he had a salary of seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week!

She thought of little Terry Dack and his second-hand express wagon, helping his mother to pack her bundled wash home to bitter toil. She wrote Terry's mother, urging her to come to Los Angeles without delay; to beg, borrow or steal the necessary funds; to seize the chance to rescue the divine child from poverty an oblivion, and to earn luxury by giving the world the sunshine of his irresistible charm.

"Bless my soul! If it ain't Miss Remember Steddon!"

And the day after she mailed the letter she lost her job.

The tide of hard times had engulfed the studio where she was engaged. All but two or three companies were laid off. The laboratory force was reduced to a skeleton.

And now the dark room that had come to be a prison cell was as dear a home as the shut cage of a canary that cannot get in again.

Pay day came around no more. She had debts to absolve for clothes no longer fresh. She had tomorrow's and next week's hunger dread. The girls at her house were equally idle and their hospitality lost its warmth for lack of fuel.

They tried to make the best of idleness. They wore the records to shreds and danced together all day long to pass the time away.

Young men who had no money to spend on excursions came to the house of evenings and helped to dance away the tedium.

It became a commonplace for Mem to jig about in young men's arms. She learned to dance. She learned to play a little golf a little tennis. She went on her first beach picnic. And a little later Mem might have been seen in a bathing suit of popular brevity, substituting a general coat of tan for the forty shades she had abandoned.

Her soul and her body were her own now. No, they had gone beyond even that. Her soul and body were the public's. Beauty was community property. She was committed to their fullest development into such joyous acrobatic agility and power that they should give joy and a delightful sorrow to the public. For which the grateful public would pay with gratitude and fame and much money.

One day in Westlake Park she sat down on a bench and by and by was hailed by a sturdy mid-Western voice.

"Well, as I live and breathe! If it ain't Miss Steddon!"

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Sturgs!"

It was a mid-aged woman who had been a member of her father's church and had come West because of her husband's lungs.

Mem's first impulse was to welcome anyone from home. Her second was to fear anyone from home. Mrs. Sturg's life in this Babylon had not changed her small-town soul, body, or prejudices.

Mem's wits scurried in vain to bring up protecting lies. Mrs. Sturgs was too full of her own opinions and adventures to ask any embarrassing questions beyond a lusty take-off for her own biography. "And how's your father and your mother and your whole family? Well, as I was saying yesterday, everybody on earth gets to Los Angeles sooner or later. It's a nice city, too, full of good, honest plain—o' course those awful moving-picture people have given the town a—

"Such stories as they do tell about their—Why, that Hollywood is just a plague spot on the earth! And the women—little pink ninnies that don't know enough to come in when it—they get fortunes for just making eyes at the camera, and they rent nice repsectable homes and hold—well, orgies is the only word—orgies is just what they are.

"It's a sin and a shame, and if something isn't done about it — Why, young girls flock there in droves, and sell their souls or — It's simply terrible. Every one of them has to pay the Price to get there at all.

"I declare it makes my blood run cold just to— Don't it yours?"

"I don't believe it," said Mem.

She had heard a vast amount of gossip, but she had not heard of anybody paying such an initiation fee. She had seen no vice at all.

Mrs. Sturgs flared up. There is nothing one defends more zealously than one's pet horrors.

"Don't believe it? Why, it's true as gospel! They sell their souls for bread. Any girl that's too honest to pay the Price don't get engaged—that's all—she just don't get engaged. Oh dear! that's my car'.

* * *

Next day the mail brought her a shock in a letter from Mrs. Dack. It said:

Dear Mrs. Woodville: I was awful glad to get your letter. Been meaning to answer it but trying to fix up my afairs so I and Terry could come up to your city. Yesday I was to Mrs. Reddicks and she said she had a telegram for you but had no address and so could not forward it. It said your mother was so worrit not having had no answer to her letters she was comeing out on the first train and would reach Palm Springs day after tomorrow. Hopping to see you soon ether there or here, Mrs. P. Dack.

P.S.Both I and Terry send you lots of love.

Mem was petrified. Nothing could stop her mother from coming. The first blaze of joy at the thought of the reunion was quenched in the flood of impossible situations her presence would create!

Mrs. Steddon had raised a family and been habited to a mother's slumber, night and broken with frequent dashes to bedsides troubled by bad dreams or imagined burglars or mere thirst or cough. If her hsaty feet found both her slippers or one or neither, she hastened as she was. She would not have paused for a wolf, an Indian, a murderer, a fire or an earthquake.

Mem was still her baby in the dark, and it did not matter whether she lay needful and terrified in the next room or beyond the deserts or the seven seas. The mother's one business was to get to her. Her telegram was as her old night cry: "I'm coming honey. Don't worry, Mamma's coming to her baby." She shot this cry across the continent and called Mem "baby" although Mem felt as old as night.

When Remember learned that her mother was already on the train, she could devise no plan for turning her back. Somehow she had to be met and provided for.

Every one of the women of Mem's Hollywood household was out of work. She who had savings was lending them to her who had not.

And now her mother!

With a few dollars from Leva's waning resources Mem took the train to Palm Springs.

With Mrs. Dack and her boy she stood on the platform of the little desert town waiting for the up train and when Mrs. Steddon dropped off the steps Mem put her right back on aaain.

Mrs. Steddon had been prepared to find a scared and sickly child in a shack in Palm Springs. She had come as a rescuing angel. She found her wings and halo were old-fashioned.

When they reached Los Angeles they left Mrs. Dack and Terry at the home of a cousin, then sped on to the bungalow where Leva made Mrs. Steddon welcome.

* * *

And now Mem recalled Mrs. Sturgs and her statement (so glibly did she substitute faith facts) that "every one of them has to pay the Price!"

Mem grew grim as she meditated. "The Price"—it was only a vague phrase. But she was ready to pay it, whatever it was! The question was, to whom?

She brooded a long while before she thought of a shop to visit. She smiled sardonically as she remembered The Woman's Exchange at home where women sold what they made —painted china, hammered brass, knit goods, cakes and candies.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

* * *

From the standpoint of feed production, the pasture is commonly the most important field on the farm. Don't overlook the permanent pasture when applying this winter's manure.

* * *

Quality Printing at the News Printng House.

The knowing woman no longer submits meekly to regular, systemic suffering. For this kind of pain is relieved by Bayer Aspirin just as readily as an occasional headache, twinge of neuralgia, or the more intense pain of rheumatism. Try it for the days you dread and share the gratitude of business and professional women for Bayer Aspirin. Doctors declare it safe to use freely. Any drugstore.

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"Where What You Buy is Good"

There is surely no extravagance in choosing one of these new coats at

Coat Sale Price

Due to some intensive planning we can show you far finer Coats at our sale prices than you ever dreamed of finding.

Fabrics and furs to meet the most fastidious tastes; linings, trimmings and lines that mark the woman of marked refinement and style.

When we chose our Coats we had in mind not only the new lengths . . . new lines . . . new furs . . . but also the individual requirements of the many smart women we serve.

No Coat is smart unless it is flattering . . . no line is good unless it is good for you . . . no fur is chic unless it is definitely becoming!

The number of garments is large, but the reduced prices will move them quick.

"The Twins" . . HATS

The newest in Winter Hats is here for the holiday season - - fashioned by "The Twins" assures you of smartness and correctness of style. We invite you to see them.

Buy Your Fur Coat

with confidence in the seller. Our knowledge of furs is gained by nearly a half century of experience. Know how to care for your furs to extend their years of service. We tell you.

PINKY DINKY DAD IS A POET BUT DOESN'T KNOW IT. By Terry Gilkison

Country Correspondence

South Hill

November showed her claws in real winter weather, the last few days of her reign and Old Allegany fared better than some sections.

Thanksgiving was pleasantly observed by our people in a spirit of good cheer.

John P. Dean and mother Mrs. Katherine Dean enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean of Andover.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Daniher, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Byrnes of Wellsville and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dougherty at dinner, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith and family of Andover were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Horan.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean and their guests Mr. and Mrs. Roselle of Wellsville and Mr. and Mrs. Newton Clark attended the Thanksgiving party in St. Marys Hall Rexville.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Dougherty ate Sunday dinner with their mother Mrs. Ella Dougherty and daughters of Andover.

Mr. nad Mrs. Ligouri Lynch of Andover were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean.

Hart Brothers of Wellsville trucked potatoes they had bought of A. Dougherty from the farm the first of the week.

Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. Avery Nickles and family of Wayland, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Malatte and son and Mr. and Mrs. Archie Malatte of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Sweet of Bush Hill and Gladis and Eloise Drake of Bush Hill spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Guy Drake

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery and three sons of Milwaukee and Miss Cleone Graves of Canisteo spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Judd Sampson spent Thanksgiving in Buffalo at the home of her mother Mrs. Clara Emery.

Albert Harner and Miss Mazie Whitmore were in Hornell and Almond Thursday evening.

Mrs. Blanche Rollins and two sons Donald and Dale of Hornell spent Thursday with her mother Mrs. Jennie Williamson.

Miss Belle Bennette of Young Hickory spent Thursday with her sister Mr. and Mrs. Ordo Williamson.

Mrs. Gretchen Pond of Cambridge Springs Pa., spent Wednesday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arhie Malatte of Milwaukee spent Saturday afternoon with their daughter Mrs. Guy Drake.

Lloyd Norton and Sam Alkely of Canisteo and the Misses Doris and Geraldine Case attended the dance at Canisteo Thursday evening.

Miss Pauline Brundage attended the dance in Canisteo Thursday evening.

Mrs. Olive Woodward and Mrs. Mary Tilroe and son Dexter of Syracuse are spending a few days with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mallotte and son are moving into the rooms over W. L. Lippert's store. They were former residents o Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Madison of Canisteo were business callers in town Saturday morning.

Misses Laura and Esther Howland and Carrie Parks of Adrian attended the dance here Friday night.

Donald Brundage of this place attended the dance in Canisteo Thursday evening.

Miss Marjorie Swarts of Hornell spent from Thursday night until Saturday with Miss Esther Clark.

Miss Marjorie Swarts of Hornell and Elwood and Esther Clark of this place attended Miss Gertrude Clark's school in Slate Creek.

Harold Schmeetle and daughter Geraldine of Rochester called at Dever Clark's Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn VanFleet and son Francis and daughters Rachel of Canisteo spent Thursday with Mrs. Jennie Williamson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Updyke and grandson Francis spent the week-end in Syrause.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Stephens spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wakins.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers Jr. and two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Rogers and daughter Louise, Mr. and Mrs. Truman Banks and family, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Baker and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Woodworth and two sons Wesson and Jack spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers Sr.

Whitesville

Sub-zero weather prevailed last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. John Cook has been ill with gripe.

Floyd Hurlbert had grip last week

Lee Millaugh of Andover was here on business Monday night.

Whitesville is to have a community Christmas tree this year.

Miss Evely Coats has been very ill with mumps the past week. She is improving.

Miss Caroline Lewis who was home for the Thanksgiving vacation has returned to her school work in Ithaca.

Mr. Cady of Adams Center spent the Thanksgiving vacation here with friends.

The Ladies Aid of the M. E. Church received about $75.00 at their Thanksgiving dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rho Leach have purchased the grocery stock of his brother H. E. Leach and are located in the Richardson store on West Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Chase and Mr and Mrs. C. L. Case spent Thanksgiving and several days visiting their brother John at Wallkill N Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Casey entertained relatives from Auburn and Syrause last week.

Winter seems to have arrived to stay. It has been the "Old Allegany" type the past week.

Davis Hill

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis spent Thanksgiving at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. Carson on the Wellsville road.

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey Saturday evening.

Roy Meade visited Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway and sons and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey were Thanksgiving dinner guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis of Andover were visitors at Leo Davis Sunday.

Arling Briggs was a visitor of Will Greene Monday evening. Mr. Greene was severely burned about the face and eyes Sunday. We are glad to say that he is improving as fast as can be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Ordiway are moving from the Crandall house to their house on the Williams farm at Elm Valley to-day (Wednesday)

Mr. and Mrs. Arling Briggs, Rosanna and Edna Joyce spent Thanksgiving guests of relatives at Hornell

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Halsey and children of Andover visited at Frank Halsey's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis Clarence Carson Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and Kathleen attended the supper and entertainment at the I.O.O.F. Hall Thanksgiving eve.

Mrs. Sophia Slocum is in Wellsville assisting Mrs. Lyle Nye with her housework.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis, Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Kathleen and Clarence Carson visited at Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schrieners of Wellsville Sunday.

Archie Green and sons are working at a logging job for C. L. Earley on the Burns farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum Friday night.

Frank Davis and Floyd Slocum were visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Boyd Friday evening.

Harry Smith and a speaker from Buffalo were on the hill Friday evening for a meeting of farmers at the school house, in connection with the milk situation, however, having trouble with their car didn't arrive until the crowd had returned home.. The meeting was postponed until a later date.

Menzo Mead was on the Hill Sunday distributing auction bills.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey visited at Floyd Slocums Monday eve.

Barney Mills

Mr. and Mrs. Joe White of Pa., were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sherd Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edwards entertained 18 relatives and friends at Thanksgiving dinner.

Mrs. Anna Wallace is on the sick list.

Norman Tracy spent from Wednesday until Sunday at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Fletcher and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bell and daughter all of Rochester, spent Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bliss.

Mr .and Mrs. John Groves and family from Pleasantville, N. Y., were week-end guests of Miss Barney.

Little Mary Ann Heselton spent from Thursday until Sunday with her grandmother, Mrs. Mbael Heselton of Whitesville.

A piece of orange rind kept in the canister gives a delicious flavor to tea.

Independence

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nye entertained their children and families on Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Carris M. Slade is slowly recovering from her recent illness at the home of Floyd Clarke.

The Ladies Aid Society will serve supper at the Parish House Saturday evening Dec. 7th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Potter and Mrs. Comstock of Andover were guests over Thanksgiving of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Potter.

Prof. and Mrs. Rahl and family of Ithaca were guests over the week-and of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crandall.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl V. Clarke entertained company Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Green and Fern of Alfred, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Elton Greene and two daughters of Andover and H. M. Clarke were Thanksgiving Day guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Greene.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Spicer, Rene and Stanford of Whitesville spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Spicer.

Mr. Wallace Clarke was home from Alfred for the Thanksgiving vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarance Greene and children of New York City spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Crandall.

About sixty enjoyed Thanksgiving Day at the Parish Hoose.

West Greenwood

The dance held at Clarence Brutsman's Friday night was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster and family were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs.

Quite a number of the children in this vicinity are having the whooping cough.

Mrs. Ada Atherton spent the Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Adrian.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brutsman and Delores and William Hyland attended a dance at Canisteo last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs and daughters spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster.

Delores Hyland has returned home after spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brutsman.

Classified ads. pay!

BRIEF BUSINESS BRINGERS

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Buy your Christmas canaries of Mrs. Dell Hann, guaranteed singers, $5.00. Hen birds $2.00. Andover, N. Y., R. D. 3, Box 26. 49

WANTED

WANTED TO RENT — Small house or apartment, modernly equipped. Jerry Lewis, Larkin store.

WANT upholstering, refinishing, repairing, rush and splint seats, carting free. The City Upholstery, 12 Depot street, Canisteo. 8tf

A Shawl Worth $200,000

This Paisley shawl, which has been in the family of Francis Scott Key for centuries, is shown here gracing Debora Key, a descendant of the man who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." The shawl will find a permanent shrine in the former residence at Frederick, Md., of Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney of the U. S. Supreme Court, the author of the Dred Scott decision. Hammond Clary, a banker and collector of Americana, has bought the shawl and will place it with other objects relating to American history. Brides of Key men and daughters of Key men wore this shawl at their weddings.

Have You Forgotten Your

Christmas Cards

If so, better come to the News Office right away for the time is getting short, but three weeks until you want tnem.

We have the very latest and best Card Samples ever shown in Andover, ranging in price from 5c to 50c each.

Engraved Cards Box Assortment Cards

Cards in every form made

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Andover, New York

Merry Christmas lasts all year

. . . with clever electrical gifts

AND what a wealth of practical, durable gifts they are! Percolators, toasters, egg-cookers and grills. Ranges, refrigerators, lamps and cigar lighters. Novel gifts without number.

Many cost less than five dollars. And they're so smart in bright colors, ebony-black handles, glowing nickel and chromium plate! No wonder women love them, for their usefulness, and for their jewel-like beauty.

None cost over a penny or two an hour to run. For your electricity has never been cheaper. While the price of most necessities has almost doubled, Niagara Power Service costs less today than when every auto carried a tow-rope.

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