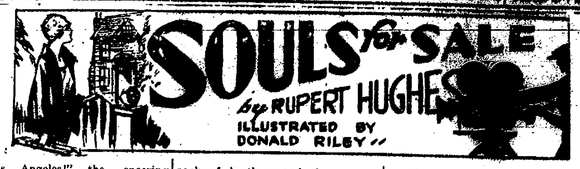


"Los Angeles!" the sneering preacher cried, as Jonah might have whinnied "Nineveh!" and with equal scorn. "The Spanish missionaries may have call it the City of Angels, but the moving pictures have changed its name to Los Diablos! For it is the central factory of Satan and his minions, the enemy of our homes, the corrupter of our young men and women—the school of crime. Unless it reforms—and soon—surely, in God's good time, the ocean will rise and swallow it!"

Tho he was two thousand miles or more away—the Reverend Doctor Steddon was so convinced by his own prophetic ire that he would hardly have been surprised to read in the Monday morning's paper that a benevolent earthquake had taken his hint and shrugged the new Babylon off into the Pacific ocean.

But Doctor Steddon, if he could have seen the realm he objurgated, would have confessed that the devil had a certain grace as a gardener and that his minions were a handsome, happy throng. As it was, Doctor Stedden had never seen Los Angeles and had never seen a moving picture. He knew that the world was going to wrack and ruin—as usual—and he laid the blame on the nearest novelty—as usual.

His daughter had heard him lay the blame in previous years on other activities. She wished he would not.

But then she had not escaped blame herself, and she was in a mortal dread now of a vast cloud of obloquy lowering above her and omnious with lighting.

Her father and mother had named her Remember—after one of the Mayflower girls—nearly three hundred years after. Her father often wished that she had been liken to the Puritan maidens. But that was because he did not know how ill she was to them, how much too, had terrified their parents their love of finery and rotic experiment.

or it is only the styles, and not souls, that change. There are nicles enough to prove that the quota of the Remembers and Praisegods of Plymouth and the colonies suffered the same beatitudes and frantic bererments as Remember Steddon Elwood Farnaby endured when elbows touched in the choir of this mid-Western village. iss Steddon felt a sudden tremn Farnaby's elbow then it was from hers: she saw his thumb whiten as it gripped the hymn hard.

omehow in the words he chosseemed to stab him with a sense uilt. He felt it a terrible thing her to stand before the congreon and cry aloud words of ecy over her redemption from in heir secret, unknown and unsoned, was concealed by the very nor of its publication. And it bled Farnaby mightily to be ing all the advantage of a le singing the truth.

* * *

Then the choir was not singing ly and aboveboard, it was usy busily whispering. Even Elnd Farnaby had to lean over ght and whisper important news Remember. He was not permitto call at her house or to beau home after the service. Singbeside her in the house of God hat was different. He told her what he had just learned, that factory where he was employed ld close down the following k because of hard times. Elnd was to have been promoted te rintendent soon.

o Remember Steddon the news Elwood would have no job in eek and would know no place to for one had more than a comcial interest. It was the alarum late.

he had loved Elwood since they e children—had loved him all more for the spualor of his e. He was the son of the n's most eminent drunkard, old ldown Farnaby."

mong the slipshod children of family Elwood alone had manl to acquire ambition. He had rly supported his mother and a pack of brothers and sisters. He had even been able to afford to go to the war and win the guerdon of a wound that made him glorious in Remember Steddon's eyes and a little more lovable than ever.

Her father, however, had been unable to tolerate the thought of his daughter's marrying the son of the town sot. Doctor Steddon felt that he was proving his love, his loving wisdom toward his daughter, by forbidding her even to meet young Farnaby outside the choir loft. He was sure that her love would wear out.

He did not know his daughter. Who ever did?

All he said was, "My child!".

Elwood had expected that the bad news would shock her. But he could not understand the look of ghastly terror she gave him. He forgot it in his own bitter brooding and did not observe the deathly white that blanched her pallor.

Yet he had noted that she was paler of late and had added that worry to his backbreaking load of worries.

She coughed incessantly, too, and kept putting her hand to her chest as if it hurt her there.

On the way home under the wasted magic of the rising moon, Remember did not walk as usual between her father and mother with a hand on the arm of each. Tonight she kept at her mother's left elbow and clung so tight to the fat, warm arm that her mother whispered:

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, mamma," she faltered. "I'm just a little tired, I guess."

Mem was again coughing violently and the rest of the way home Doctor Steddon was not a preacher anxious about his daughter's soul, but a father afraid of her life. The cough to her parents was an ominous problem. To her it might promise a solution.

* * *

Next morning at her father's command Mem went to see Doctor Bretherick. She told him that her parents were afraid her cold was more than a cold, and she coughed for him. He asked her many questions, and she grew so confused and apt in blushes that he asked her more. Suddenly he flung at her a startled look, gasped, and stared into her eyes as if he would ransack her mind. In the more shifting of his eyelid muscles she could read amazement, incredulity, conviction, anger, and finally pity.

All he said was, "My child!"

There could be no solemner conference than theirs. Doctor Bretherick had attended Mem's mother when the girl was born. He thought of her still as a child, and now she dazed him and frightened him by her mystic knowledges and her fierce demands that he should help her out of her plight or help her out of the world.

He refused to do either and demanded that she meet her fate with heroism.

In the talk that followed, Dr. Bretherick drew out the fact Elwood Farnaby was "the man" and suggested a plan for their marriage when the telephone rang.

The doctor's welcoming "Hello!" broke thru a many-wrinkled smile. It froze to a grimance. As Mem watched he kept saying: "Yes. Yes. Yes!" and finally, "That's right—bring him here."

He set down the telephone as if it were a drained cup of hemlock.

"It wasn't Elwood?" Mem said.

"No. Yes. Well—O God! what a bitter world this is!"

Mem caught eagerly at grief.

"Tell me! What's happened? What's happened to Elwood? He's hurt. He's killed!"

"Yes!"

It was Dr. Bretherick who afterward found a solution.

"Your cough will take a long time to cure or kill," he said. "But it may come in very handy. I've got it all thought out. You can't stay in this town now, I suppose. Most of the animals crawl away and hide at such a time; so suppose you just vanish. Let your cough carry you off to say, Arizona, or California."

She was startled at this undreamed-of escape. He went on:

"I'll tell the necessary lies. That's a large part of my practice. And practice makes perfect. You will go to some strange town—and pose as a widow.

"You will marry an imaginary man out there and let him die quietly. Then, if you ever want to come home here, you can come back as Mrs. Somebody-or-other."

He chose Woodville as the name Mem was to write of Mr. Woodville's devotion, then to describe a hasty marriage and request that her letters thereafter be addressed to her as Mrs. Woodville.

After a brief honeymoon she could eliminate Woodville in some way to be decided at leisure. It would be risky, he said, to let Mr. Woodville live too long.

* * *

A hurricane struck the little town of Caverly on the day of Elwood's funeral. When Mem expressed a wish to sing with the choir at the service over their late fellow-singer her mother cried, "A girl who's got to be shipped out West has got no right to go out in weather like this."

So she stayed at home and stared thru the streaming windows. She saw her poor old father set out to preach the funeral sermon.

He had the valor of the priests which leads them to risk death in order to defeat death: to endure all hardship lest the poorest soul go out of the world without a formal come. Doctor Steddon clutched his old overcoat about him and plunged into rain that lashed the silk in long, slanting lines.

* * *

Again and again Mem revolted at the outrage of robbing her own parents of their savings, their one shield against old age. She went again and again to Doctor Bretherick and demanded that he release her from her promise not to tell the truth and not to kill herself.

But he compelled her to his will, and she was too glad for a will to replace her own panic to resist him. For a necessary stimulant he prophesied that somehow in that land of gold she was seeking she would find such wealth that she could repay her parents their loan with usury, with wealth, perhaps. Who knew?

He spoke of many women who had begun poor and finished rich.

"You might go into the movies, for instance, and make more money than Coal Oil Jimmy," he said.

Mem imbibed mysterious tonics at the doctor's office, and always came away buoyed up with the feeling that her tragedy was unimportant, commonplace, and sure to have a happy finish.

But the moment she reached home she entered a demesne where everything was solemn, where jokes were never heard, except pathetic old witticisms more important in intention than in amusement.

And at last, one day, quite unexpectedly, when she was under no apparent tension at all, the girl went into Mrs. Steddon's room and said, in a quiet tone:

"Mamma, I want to tell you something. I'd rather break your heart than deceive you any longer."

"Why, honey! Why, Mem dear, what on earth is it? You can't break this tough old heart of mine. What is it?"

She whispered it so softly that her breath was hardly syllabled.

"Mamma, I—I'm going to have—to have a baby."

The shock of the news was its own ether. Mrs. Steddon whispered back, cowering:

"You? You! My baby! You? A baby?"

Mem nodded and nodded till her knees were on the floor and her brow in her mother's lap. Old hands came gropingly about her cheeks. She felt the drip, drip of tears falling into her hair, each tear a separate pearl from a crown of pride.

Then her mother fumbled at the dreadful question:

"But who—who—"

"Elwood!"

Mrs. Steddon's decision was easy, and she made no difficulty of the gross deceits involved. Her husband must be protected in his illusions and protected from the necessity of wreaking his high moral principles on his own child. His child must be protected from the merciless world and the immediate wrath of the village.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Births

Oct. 20.—To Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Scholla of Angelica, a son.

Oct. 17.—To Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Nelson of Wellsville, a daughter, Phyllis Mae.

Oct. 26.—To Mr. and Mrs. James Maxson of Friendship, a daughter.

Oct. 28.—To Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rumsey of Friendship, a daughter.

Marriages

Oct. 17.—Miss Hilda Ketchum and John W. Rogers of Wellsville.

Oct. 17.—Miss Isabel B. Crandall of Alfred Station and Charles R. Fenner of Alfred. The best man was Garland L. Crandall, brother of the bride, and the matron of honor Mrs. Garland Crandall of Andover.

Oct. 26.—Miss Madeline Benham of Cuba and Ernest A. Blakeslee of Portville. They are making their home in Bolivar where the groom is employed.

Oct. 20.—Miss Auta Cline of Belmont and Richard Wagner of Erie, Pa.

Deaths.

Oct. 24.—Patrick Schaill of Belfast, aged 81 years, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. E. Weaver of Hornell, after two week's illness from a stroke. Mr. Schaill had been a life long resident of Allegany county. He is survived by three sons and three daughters. Funeral and burial were at Belfast.

Oct. 21.—Colonel John S. Pitt of Short Track, aged 90 years and a veteran of the Civil War, passed from life. During his earlier life he lived the life of a cowboy on Western ranches. Col. Pitt was one of the participants in the old fiddlers contest held in Wellsville last June and greatly pleased the audience with his old time melodies.

Oct. 27.—Mrs. Margaret Harrington of Wellsville, aged 76 years. Six sons and a daughter survive.

Oct. 18.—Mrs. John Wirt of Belfast died suddenly at Clifton Springs where she had gone for medical treatment. Deceased was born at New Hudson in 1874. She leaves her husband and a daughter, Mrs. George Hanks of Bolivar.

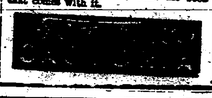
Oct. 18.—William P. Elliott, aged 80 years, Civil War veteran and well known resident of Bolivar. Deceased was born at Belmont, serving in the war in Co. K, 19th Regiment of the New York Cavalry. Two daughters and two sons survive.

Oct. 19.—Mrs. Louise C. Sturn at the home of her sister, Mrs. John L. Robinson of Friendship. Mrs. Sturn was born in Belmont 76 years ago. Until the death of her husband two years ago she had resided at Gardean, Pa.

It May Be Urgent

When your Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant for babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.



Which gets your vote?

FIVE hours of rubbing and scrubbing over a steaming washtub! There's not a woman alive who would vote for all that back-ache and fatigue.

But you don't have to scrub when you own an electric washer. It does a big two weeks' washing in less than two hours.

Why not see your nearest electrical dealer now? Just a small down payment will install an electric washer in your home.

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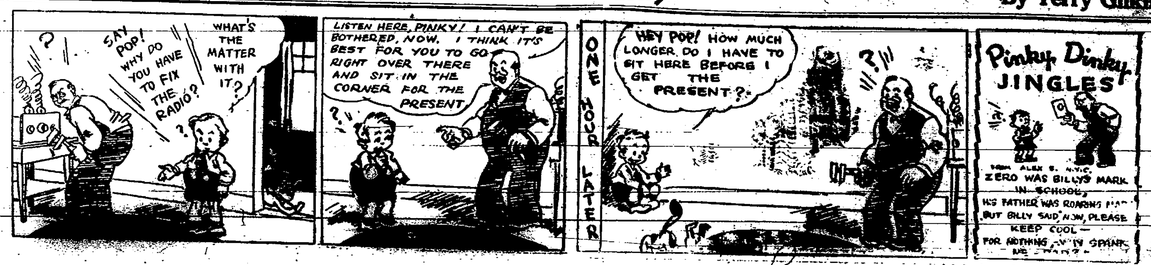
PINKY DINKY — PINKY IS EXPECTANT — By Terry Gilkison