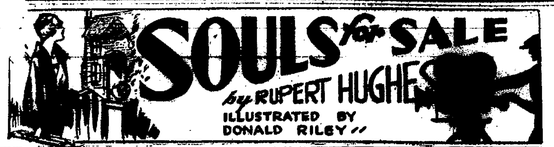

SEVENTH INSTALMENT

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 Farnaby having died in an accident, at the advice of Dr. Brotherick, gives her bad cough as an excuse to get to Arizona and from there writes homes 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 in a desert drama. With the company is Robina Teele, a star, fond of Holby, and Lemaire, an extra woman. After a minor accident, Mem becomes friendly with Holby, who is back, a poor woman of Palm Springs, Arizona, and takes an interest in her bright little son, Tommy Dack, who has a great gift of mimicry. Inspired by a letter from Olivia, Mem plans to go to Los Angeles to take a job in a film laboratory.

Mem gets a job in a film laboratory and loses it. She meets a Margo from her home town, who tells of the evils of the movies and of the stars are forced to sell themselves. Mem then learns her mother is coming to visit her. Mem is worried about her finances.

Mem goes on with the story—

I knew she would sell what God gave me for what money I could make of her!

At the studio, she had met the director, Arthur Tirrey. It was he who said to this one or that one, "There is a part; play it, and the company will give you so much money."

I saw as the St. Peter of the movie heaven, empowered to admit or to deny. He was the man for her to conquer. He had seemed a decent enough man, and he had looked at me without insolence. But you never can tell!

I had studied herself a long while in the mirror, since her eyes and her smile must be her chief wardrobe under siren equipment. She practiced such expressions as she supposed to represent invitation. They were silly and they made her rather ill.

She reached Tirrey's office and found him idly swapping stories with his assistant. He spoke to her courteously, motioned her into his office, closed the door, and took his own place behind the desk.

The telephone rang. He called into it: "Sorry, Miss Waite; that part has been filled. The company couldn't make your salary. I begged you to take the cut, but you would not. Times are hard and you'd better listen to reason. Sorry. Good-by!"

This was a discouraging background for Mem's siren scenario. But she determined to carry out her theory and, in all self-loathing, adjusted herself in her big chair to what she imagined was a Cleopatran sinuosity. She thought of her best lines; secretly twitched up her skirts and thrust her ankles well into view.

She turned upon Mr. Tirrey her most languishing eyes, and tried to pour enticement into them as into bowls of fire.

She pursed her lips and set them full. She widened her breast with deep sighs.

Tirrey seemed to recognize that she was deploying herself. He grew a little uneasy. But he was as polite to Mem as if she had been Robina Teele.

"What can I do for you?"

"I want a chance to act."

"What experience have you had?" he asked.

Mem was suddenly confronted with the fact that all actors must offer themselves for sale—not the pretty women only, but the old men, too, and the character women.

Actors are much abused for talking of themselves. Few of them, do what then it is they must discuss the things they are trying to sell. Shoe merchants talk shoes; railroad presidents, railroads; politicians, politics; clergymen, salvation. Each salesman must recommend his own stock and boost it up.

Mem had to gaope for experience and dress her window with what. And she had had so little she talked little, as one does who tries to sell anything.

She was with the company that Tom Holby and Robina Teele play. She took the part of an Arabian woman. Mr. Folger, the director, was—praised my—er—work."

"Well, he knows," said Tirrey, "he's got with this company, you know. Have we your name and address and a photograph outside in our files?"

"No."

"Well, if you'll give them to Mr. Dobbs, with your height, weight, color of eyes and hair, and experience, we'll let you know when anything occurs. I'll introduce you to Mr. Dobbs, and he—"

He moved toward the door to escape from the cruelty of his office, but a frenzy moved her to seize his arm in a fierce clutch.

She tried to play the vampire as she had seen the part enacted on the screen by various slithy loves. She drew her victim close to her; pressed tightly against him, and poured upward into his eyes all the venom of an amorous basilisk.

"I'll pay the Price! I know what it costs to succeed, and I'm willing to pay. I'll do anything you say or anything to you. You can't refuse me!"

She could hardly believe her own ears hearing her own voice, tho with pride in the acting she was doing lifted her from the disgust for the role.

He looked at her without surprise, without horror, without even amusement, but—also without a hint of surrender. His only mood was one of jaded pity.

"You poor child, who's been filling your head with that stuff? Are you really trying to vamp me?"

The cross word angered her.

"I'm trying to force my way to my career, and I don't care what it costs!"

Tirrey's sarcastic smile faded:

"Sit down a minute and listen to me. A little common sense ought to have told you that what you've been told is all rot. Suppose I were willing to give a job to every pretty girl who tried to bribe me with love. Do you know how many women I see a day—a hundred and fifty on some days; that's nearly a thousand a week. And if you won me over you'd still have to please the director and the managers and the author and the public. How long would our company keep going if we selected our actresses according to their immorality?

"Forget this old rot about 'paying the Price.' Tell Mr. Dobbs your pedigree and we'll give you the first chance we get, and no initiation fee or commission will be charged? How's that? A little bit of all right eh? You're a nice child, and pretty, and you'll get along."

He lifted her from her chair and put his arm around her as a comrade, and slapped her shoulder blades in an accolade of good fellowship.

She broke under the strain and began to cry. She dropped back into her chair and sobbed. It was good to be punished and rebuked into common decency by the way of common sense.

It chanced that the president of the company was returning to the office from a visit to one of the stages. This was the man whose name was familiar about the world. Every film from his factory was labeled: "Bermond presents —"; "Copyright by the Bermond Company;" "This is a Bermond picture." The slogan of the company was—"This is a Bermond year."

When Mr. Bermond heard Mem crying, his heart hurt him. He did not like scandal, disorder, confusion or grief on his lot.

He went to Mem and tried to console her. He took her hands down from her contorted face and forced her to look at him. Seen thru the cascades of her tears she was strikingly attractive, appealing.

"Sarah Bernhardt failed in her first play, you know, and you may be a second Sarah some day," he said. "Just you wait."

Mem's eyes were filling with rainbows. A bystander drew Bermond aside. It was Claymore, a dramatist who had had a few successes before he established himself in the moving pictures as a director.

"That girl has the tear," he said to Bermond. "That woman you've given me for my next picture is awful. Let me take this kid and giver her a real test. She might have just what we want."

"Sure! Fine! Go to it!" said Bermond, and hastened to Mem with the good news that Mr. Claymore—the great Mr. Claymore—was going to give her a chance!

* * * *

The next morning found Mem at the studio betimes, borrowing mascaro and advice from Miss Calder.

Claymore was waiting for her when she came from the women's dressing rooms. She was daubed, smeared, lined, powdered, rouged, mascaroed, and generally calcimined for duty. Her heart was beating an alternate throbs of fear and frenzy. Her feet were at the brink of the Rubicon.

Claymore had provided a camera man, a few men to handle the electric lights, a propery man, and even a pair of musicians—a violinist and the treader of a wheezy little portable melodeon.

Claymore marched her into the scene and gave her a little of what he called footwork.

"Go back to that door and come forward to this spot. Shake hands with—er—with your lover—er—well—no. Let me see. That's too simple. Let's get down to business.

"You've a—Oh—well, just for instance, you've been—er—betrayed and your child has died and you've been accused of murdering it and you're now being called before the judge and the jury. Do you get me? You're coming into a courtroom under a charge of crime; you feel your shame, but you're innocent of the charge, yet you're overwhelmed with guilt for your fall, and the father of the child is—was killed in the war, say—and you don't much care whether you live or die; so you're in despair, yet defiant. That's a triple layer of emotion for you and I don't suppose you can get much of it over—just try to give the atmosphere of it. Now back to the door. Walk thru it once."

Claymore was as much embarrassed as Mem, for his invention was not in its best working order so early in the morning. He felt as silly as a man badgered by a peevish child to tell a story.

But his trite plot stirred Mem amazingly. He could not know how close his random shots had come home to her and flung her back from the forward-looking artist to the lorn fugitive who had stumbled into California laden with disgrace.

She was all atremble and her eyes darted, her fingers twitched. Claymore marveled at her instantaneous response to his suggestion. There were born artists who shivered on the least breath of inspiration and suggestion.

His first impression of Mem was that he had found a genius, and he fought against the obstacles he encountered later with the zest of a man digging toward known gold.

In a kind of stupor, Mem obeyed his commands like the trained confederate of a hypnotist. She went to the door, came in reluctant, shamefaced, doomed. She advanced slowly till she reached the edge of the rug he had indicated, then halted, and with a fierce effort hoisted her head in defiance and braved the lightning of the judge.

She heard Claymore call to her: "That's fine! Now we'll take it!"

She started back, but was checked by the camera man's "Wait, please!" He ran forward and shouted directions on all sides for lights.

"Hit those spots! Throw the ash can on her. Bring up that Kliegel. Put a diffuser on that Winfield. What's the matter with the second spot? Your carbons are flickering. Mike! Mike! Trim those carbons so early in the morning. He felt as silly as a man badgered by a peevish child to tell a story.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

"I'll pay the price. I'll do anything you say. You can't refuse me."

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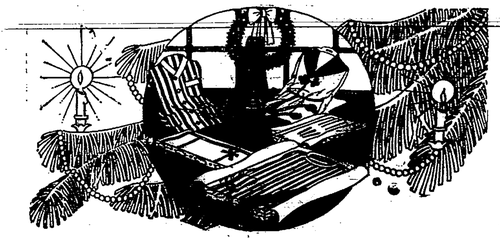

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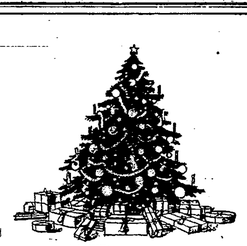

The real test
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"HOW LONG WILL IT BE USEFUL?"

HERE are Christmas presents that you can be proud to give! They are smart, attractive, novel . . . and yet in the years to come they will say, "Here is a friend who is truly thoughtful."

Such a marvelous choice of *inexpensive* gifts . . . at our nearest electric shop or your neighborhood electrical store. An egg-cooker that cooks eggs exactly right, then turns the current off. An auto engine-heater, to keep motors snug on cold nights. Even toy electric irons, toasters and ranges for little women who "play house."

Nor are they in the least expensive to use. A penny or two an hour will run any of them. For never has your electricity cost less. While the price of most necessities has nearly doubled, Niagara Power Service is cheaper today than when Santa Claus was 20 years younger.

NIAGARA, LOCKPORT & ONTARIO POWER COMPANY

NIAGARA SERVICE

Country Correspondence

South Hill

Dec. 11.—Old St. Nicholas is now the man of the hour, and we may expect him in an airplane, on his annual visit this year.

Anthony Dougherty and Howard Dean were Hornell visitors Wednesday evening of last week and Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Dougherty and Miss Anna O'Leary attended the card party in Blessed Sacrament Hall, Andover Mrs. James Cannon, hostess.

The Empire Gas & Fuel Co. are preparing to flood the wells on the Horan lease.

Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty and Mr. and Mrs. Dean were Wellsville visitors Saturday. Mrs. Dougherty and little son remaining until Sunday at the Daviher home.

Ed. McAndrew and sons, Howard and Richard of Andover spent Sunday on the farm.

Miss Anna O'Leary was shopping in Andover and Wellsville on Tuesday, remaining with Andover friends over night.

Vet. Regan of Wellsville was inspecting dairies on the hill, Monday.

Earl Schoonover has purchased a fine radio of the radio man, Graves, of Andover, which they hope to thoroly enjoy the coming winter. "Tony" Dougherty will also "be on the air" as he is installing a radio he obtained in Hornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dean visited in Wellsville, Tuesday afternoon.

Frank Graves of Andover was a business visitor on the hill, Tuesday.

Whitesville

Dec. 10.—Rev. Ronald Leach of Fremont visited relatives here Saturday.

L. F. Howe of Wellsville was greeting friends here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Leach and Mrs. D. N. Howe were Andover visitors, Thursday afternoon.

Rev. L. J. Engler and Olney Graves attended the ministerial meeting held at Corning last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin McKee of South Wales were week-end guests of his brother, G. H. McKee and family.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Travis are spending this week with friends in Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Lewis of Alfred visited his brother, G. M. Lewis and family, Monday.

George Probasco, Loren Seger and Irving Mullen were in Buffalo Friday, after Ford cars.

Several friends from here attended the funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis of Saunders, last Friday.

Arden Wiseman and Marian Wilson were both very ill with chicken pox last week.

B. H. Robbins, Glen Robbins and Mrs. Anna Robbins of Whitesville and Lee Robbins of Canisteo visited Raymond Robbins, who is ill in a Rochester hospital, Friday. He is still in a serious condition.

The drama, "The Automatic Butler," presented by the Senior class of the high school last Thursday and Friday nights is very good. It is to be played in Andover, Thursday evening.

The December meeting of the Woman's Civic Club was held last Friday at the home of Mrs. Oretta Richmond, with Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. L. G. Probasco and Mrs. George Probasco as hostesses. There was a fine Christmas tree with gifts for all, an appropriate musical and literary program and a delicious luncheon served at the home of Mrs. George Probasco.

A community Christmas tree will be held in I.O.O.F. Hall on Friday evening, Dec. 20th, to which everyone is invited. This is the first one ever held in Whitesville and is sponsored by the Exchange Club and the M. E. church.

A large evergreen tree has been erected on the vacant lot below Dr. Taylor's residence and is to be illuminated with colored Christmas lights. This will be a thing of beauty during the Christmas holidays.

To keep the metal tops of salt shakers from corroding, cover the inside with melted paraffin. While the paraffin is cooling the holes may be opened with a pin.

Davis Hill

Dec. 11.—Mrs. L. E. Davis attended the funeral of Mrs. Ila Clarke Tuesday, at Andover, also visited Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum, Kathleen, and Miss Genevieve Clarke were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Schriener of Wellsville on Sunday.

Mrs. Arling Briggs and daughter, Edna, attended the basket ball game held in Andover, Tuesday evening.

Arling Briggs visited at John Briggs' in Andover, Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halsey, Arling Briggs and Frank Halsey visited at Floyd Slocum's, Monday evening.

Mrs. Frank Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Slocum and John Briggs were business visitors in Wellsville, Tuesday.

L. E. Davis and George Davis were business callers in Whitesville, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis and family and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis were shoppers in Andover, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis were in Belmont, Thursday. Mrs. Davis receiving a driver's license.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford Green and family of Duke Center are visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Green.

Ford Green visited his sister, Mrs. Glenn Amesbury, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeman Davis and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis visited at Leo Davis, Friday evening.

Archie Green has moved his family to the Scribner farm, recently vacated by John Ordiway.

West Greenwood

Dec. 9.—Grange meeting was held at the Grange hall Wednesday night. Anna Redmond took the first and second degrees.

Nelson Brewster, who is working in Andover, spent the week-end at his home here.

Paul Whitcomb and boy friend from Dansville spent the week-end with his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Van Coombs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster and family were in Andover, Saturday.

Clarence Brutsman and son Clinton, were in Hornell, Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gravalle of Stephens Mills were Sunday guests of her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brewster.

Grace Brewster was a Friday afternoon guest of Mildred Coombs.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Rogers were Saturday shoppers in Andover.

Clarence Brutsman has been helping W. J. Redmond thresh.

Mr. and Mrs. John Williamson were in Andover, Saturday.

Fern and Ruby Swarts were Sunday afternoon callers at Fred Conrad's.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wittle and son, Dick, were in Hornell, Saturday.

Barney Mills

Dec. 9.—Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Frost and children and Mrs. J. W. Wallace were Sunday visitors at N. Rogers'.

Sherd Austin is spending some time on his oil lease near Whitesville.

Carl Tracy and family shopped in Hornell Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Young spent last Wednesday with his father, who has been very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wallace and family of Canisteo spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace.

Births

Nov. 30.—To Mr. and Mrs. Karl Vossler of Brimmer Brook, a son, Lawrence Richard.

Dec. 1.—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kingsley of Belmont, a daughter, Beverly Jean.

Nov. 27.—To Mr. and Mrs. Merle Simmons of Wellsville, a son, Robert Burr.

Dec. 3.—To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Damon of Fillmore, a daughter, Mariel Frances, also to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gillette, of Fillmore, a daughter, Wilma Marie.

Dec. 5.—To Mr. and Mrs. Philip Saunders of Rexville, a daughter.

Marriages

Nov. 31.—Mrs. Winifred Booth and Otto Reesher, both of Wellsville.

Dec. 2.—Miss Vina E. Armstrong and Cecil Herbert Smith, both of Wellsville.

Nov. 31.—Miss Margaret Weinhauer of Madison Hill and Fred Traymer of Wellsville.

Dec. 2.—Miss Allena Jones of Wellsville and Elbridge N. Barnes of Limestone were married at the M. E. parsonage in Olean.

Nov. 28.—Miss Edna Preston of Fillmore and Frederick Welsh of Nunda.

Nov. 27.—Miss Helen M. Smalley of Friendship and Maurice Alterberg of Buffalo.

Nov. 30.—Miss Ivy Fisher of Fillmore and Leland James of Granger.

Nov. 24.—Miss Nina M. Allen of Richburg and Adrian A. Williams of Cuba.

Nov. 29.—Miss Nellie Mae June and Homer P. Fancher, both of Bolivar.

Dec. 3.—Mrs. Olive Cooper, widow of the late Ira Cooper of Bolivar and Leonard H. Smith of Bradford, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left by motor for St. Petersburg, Fla., where they will pass the winter. On their return they will reside at Bradford.

Brown gravy for veal or lamb is particularly good if a little tart jelly is added to it.

Deaths

Nov. 27.—Mrs. Bertha Rosley Sisson at her home in Cuba, aged 63 years. A son and daughter survive.

Nov. 26.—Sherman P. Devoe of Clarksville died suddenly from a heart attack. Deceased was born in 1863 in Clarksville, where he had always lived. His wife, son and daughter survive.

Nov. 26.—Mrs. Ephriam Burdick, aged 56 years, died at her home in Whitesville. She leaves two sons, Clyde and Paul Burdick. Burial was at Whites Corners.

Dec. 6.—Miss Mabel F. Bayless, 38 years old, died at the home of her parents, in Almond, after an illness of 13 weeks. Miss Bayless was born in Almond and was well known as a successful teacher and last taught in the Batavia high school. Her parents, a brother and sister survive.

A child who is worried, irritated, unhappy, or over-tired at meal time cannot digest his food properly.

You've learned how promptly Bayer Aspirin breaks a cold or relieves a headache. But you'll never know its full efficiency until you accept its welcome relief from the stubborn pain of neuralgia, or of neuritis; even of rheumatism. The times your very bones ache, then you'll be most grateful for genuine Aspirin. It always helps, and never harms. Identify it by Bayer on the box and on every tablet.

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FOR SALE—60 acre farm, buildings in fair condition; one-half mile from town and railroad, on concrete road. Good school. Price $1,250. Home Enterprise Sales. See R. E. Shaff.

FOR SALE—One 1927 Pontiac six coach, fine condition, good rubber. Cheap. Also some other used cars; priced right. R. E. Shaff.

FOR SALE—Some fine Chinchilla venison, order now. R. E. Shaff.

LOST

LOST—Friday night, a bank book on the Andover State Bank. Finder kindly notify News office. Emerson Ordiway.

LOST—Fur-lined glove, Wednesday. Finder please notify P. B. Perrone.

WANTED

WANTED—Everybody to attend the basket ball game tonight, between Co. K. of Hornell and Andover Ton Team. High School Gym.

WANT upholstering, refinishing, repairing, rush and splint seats, carting free. The City Upholstery, 12 Depot street, Canisteo. 34tf

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In chiffon or service weights—both sheer and clear—square and pointed heels.

Specially priced in Wardrobe boxes of three pairs.

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For women we offer a splendid line of colors in Phoenix and other lines of silk and wool hose.

The $1.00 line is the best fashioned stocking we have ever seen.

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50c-75c-$1.00
Wool Mixtures
Pure Thread Silks
Silk and Wool

Fancy Socks
25c and 50c
Two Specials
New Patterns
Big Color Range

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Let's have fewer gift accidents this year!

Our label on the things you give is complete gift insurance. It is your guarantee of Merry Christmas and your protection against Jeery Christmas! It is the visible token of your good taste and your good judgment. The recipient renews his faith in Santa Claus as a wise and benignant saint instead of a bewhiskered devotee of practical jokes!

With so much that is shoddy and flashy in the "gift" matter, you will naturally seek this safe zone of Christmas shopping — where our specialists have chosen so well that you cannot choose otherwise.

This store assumes complete responsibility for the success of your Christmas giving. And gift insurance doesn't cost you a penny.

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French Rugs
$6.75
Extra large size—may be used for couch covers, piano covers, as a tapestry hanging or as a floor rug.

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$2.95
Beautiful silky sheen—rich oriental patterns.

Belgium Gilt Scarfs
$1.29
Handsome tapestry patterns, rich colorings—large size.

Tapestry Scarfs
$1.59 and $2.49
Two popular sizes—real imported tapestries.

Saxony Cushions
$1.00
Handsome decorated covers for cushions—a special value.

Italian Breakfast Sets
$1.95
2-piece Breakfast Sets of Italian Crash Needlework.

Madeira Towels
$1.49
Large size—18x27—beautiful hand needlework.

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$3.75 and $6.50
These wonderful bedspreads reveal the beauty of colored blankets or rayon comfortables.

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The gift seeker will find at babcock's many treasures that cannot usually be found outside of exclusive foreign shops.