

Alicia Hammersly

A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idaho McGilgore Gibson
The Rated Writer

A Furious Quarrel.

"Dear, you don't mean that. You just angry with me and you want to hurt me," said Hal when I told him I regretted having married him.

"So mean it, every word of it," said firmly, "and I would live in the world if I were not married to you."

"All right, you don't realize what you are saying. Have you forgotten a child—our boy—is coming to be born?"

"I don't care," said Alicia, "I am going to use the funeral as an excuse to get away again."

"I did not answer and after a moment's pause, my husband came toward me. 'Well, I'll say good-bye,' he said, perplexed."

"I retreated before him. 'Then you're not going to kiss me?' he asked."

"No," I answered wearily. "All right, Alicia, but don't say that I didn't ask you" and with that he went away."

Time has mellowed my feelings, and altered somewhat, my viewpoint, but now, years afterward, it is clear to me that I had begun to feel differently not only toward Hal, but toward all other men."

Love, you know is a very jealous god. He wants the absolute devotion of his votaries, and many things were then driving a wedge between Hal and I. Hal, like most other married men, seemed to think that when he married me, he possessed me, body and soul. He did not seem to sense the changed conditions because he was free. I do not believe he was ever jealous of me, and I hardly think that I was jealous of him in the short time we were husband and wife, although it hurt me when he neglected me. He was thoughtless and selfish, as all men are, and I thought then, as I do now, that Hal never loved any other woman but me. I am sure that no other woman interested him as I did, yet there were times when he for days was more or less interested in some other woman. There were times, when for months he was very much interested in his business, and then there were weeks when he neglected me to be with his men friends."

That morning of our quarrel, however, I felt absolutely at bay. I knew I was tied—tied hand and foot with approaching motherhood, and Hal was free. I realized as never before that there was no other life than the life that Hal and my baby could make me. I could no longer choose. I wonder how many women today have felt as I did then. It is a sensation which only a wife can experience. And yet, with all its poignant pain, its heart agony, I would not have missed it for worlds."

Monday—Hal's Habits Persist.

"You're not yourself. You don't mean this. Won't you do me just this once? It was a trick, but I know if you had perfectly well, you would have known when I came in. I intended to come home at dinner, but at that time I was so much in love that I simply could not stay and I just simply had to stay."

"Don't you please go, Hal?"

"But, Alicia, I have to go and leave alone all day. I didn't know that you were going to take it so seriously. I didn't."

Being alone is the only thing that makes the day bearable," I said firmly, and it was plain to Hal that he could not fathom the depths of a woman's mind."

"Well good-bye, dear. I know you feel differently when I come home tonight."

Hal went toward the door and then back as if with a sudden thought.

"I don't expect you're going to be well enough to go to Nell's mother's funeral?" he queried.

"No. I am certain that I shall not go."

"Then I suppose that I'll have to go. I had hoped that you would go and that would let me stay in the office. Dad sure will think that I am going to use the funeral as an excuse to get away again."

"I did not answer and after a moment's pause, my husband came toward me. 'Well, I'll say good-bye,' he said, perplexed."

"I retreated before him. 'Then you're not going to kiss me?' he asked."

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NOW DEMAND PIPE POCKETS

Philadelphia Newspaper Declares Up-to-Date Women Insist on Them in Their Garments.

New suits will have to possess a novel feature if up-to-date young women are to be satisfied. The pipe pocket should be considered in creating all feminine garments of the future.

Perhaps it is the effect of gaining the suffrage, so that they feel they must go on to wider, freer conquests, but, anyway, certain it is that the girls are getting tired of cigarettes and are turning to good old-fashioned corncob pipes as a solace for the languors of modernity, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

Some time ago several young women in New York decided that cigarettes were too expensive, and that they ought to join the great world movement for financial conservation by substituting pipes for the more delicate joy. But at that time ordinary pipes were not tried, usually small, ladylike ones being selected.

Now, however, substantial corncobs, cheap, picturesque and nonbreakable, are the favorites.

"The corncob pipe is unpretentious, respectable and conservative," one of the corncob devotees explained. "Many of our great-grandmothers smoked corncobs. Especially is this true of those of us who had southern great-grandmothers. There is something like a Bolshevik about a cigarette, but we feel that in smoking corncobs we will be back on the sure foundation of good old-fashioned Americanism. The people who are always lamenting the good old days will be pleased, and will feel that the country is saved."

ANYWAY, PROPELLER IS GONE

Dispute Now Is Whether It Was Torn, Bitten, or Blown Off, But It Is Missing.

What happened to the starboard propeller of the United Fruit liner Calamare, recently arrived at New York from Central American ports and Havana, puzzled her skipper, officers and passengers, who discussed the mystery since the ship threw a fit on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 19, in the placid Caribbean and started wobbling, heaving, pitching, rolling and doing other things that no healthy ship does all at the same time.

Capt. Harry Spencer stopped the liner and the chief engineer examined the starboard propeller. He found that one of the blades had been torn, bitten or blown off. Some surmised that a sea serpent might have nibbled at the propeller and others said outright there was no doubt a steel-eating Caribbean shark had bitten off the blade.

Captain Spencer derided these theories, declaring the blade had been blown off by the force of a subaqueous earthquake, as the Calamare began rocking violently a moment after the mysterious force was first felt. And there the matter rests.

Electric Air Purifier.

How many places there are where the natural air circulation is inadequate! Restaurants, for instance! How often one enters them with a wee bit of appetite, only to have that wee bit reduced to none at all, by the close and stuffy atmosphere of the place. Not only that, but the cooking odors are all too apparent. In other words, the place is so "smelly" that appetite dwindles instead of being whetted, and even though the food is good, the appetite is lacking. Is there any remedy for the close and stuffy conditions of so many restaurants?

There is the electric air purifier that costs no more to operate than an electric fan, and it removes air impurities and approximates outdoor conditions, so there is a pleasant, stimulating tang in the atmosphere. It is valuable in kitchens, offices, basements, smoking rooms and theaters—wherever the air conditions are apt to be bad and inadequate.

Bad Omen to Dream of Devils.

To dream of seeing devils is a bad omen for the sick. For the young it denotes grief, melancholy, anger, sickness. Devils with horns, claws, tails, etc., or with pitchfork, torment, despair. To fight with a devil, peril. To talk with one in a familiar manner, danger near at hand, despair, and sometimes loss of life. To be carried off by a devil is a warning of great misfortune. To be possessed by a devil, great favor from one in power, long and happy life. To be pursued and fly from a devil, fear, persecution from a man in power, law troubles. To beat and conquer one, triumph over an enemy, glory.

Kept It Up Too Long.

One day at a community sing we were instructed to sing a round. As this was the first round I had ever sung I had great difficulty in carrying the tune with my set. To make it easier, I put my fingers in my ears so that I wouldn't hear the other divisons singing. Imagine my embarrassment when, taking my fingers from my ears, I discovered I had been singing about a minute after the others had stopped, and that they were all sitting there laughing at me.—Exchange.

Great Expectations.

"Who is the mysterious stranger who has upset Punkiller?"

"The boys think he's a baseball scout, while the girls hope he's round up beauties for a moving picture concern."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW



He views with alarm, does the Croaker. The Gov'ment ain't bel' Run to Sult him, the Young Generation is Plum Wuthless, times ain't What they Wuz, and even the Weather has Gone to the Bad. If he gets to Heaven, the Croaker will Kick because his Harp isn't a Self-Player.

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Some FACTS About

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Here are authentic figures from the Ford factory at Detroit. They show you just how many Ford cars and trucks have been built each month since January 1, 1921, and how many have been sold to retail customers, in the United States.

	Produced	Delivered to Retail Customers
JANUARY	29,883	57,208
FEBRUARY	35,305	63,603
MARCH	61,886	87,221
Total Production	127,074	Total Retail Sales 208,032

showing that actual sales for the first three months of 1921 exceeded production by 80,958 Ford cars and trucks!

April requisitions already specify 107,719 additional cars and trucks and the estimated April output of the factory and assembly plants combined calls for only 90,000!

These facts clearly show that the demand for Ford products is growing much faster than manufacturing facilities to produce and were it not for the dealers' limited stocks, which are now being rapidly depleted, many more customers would have been compelled to wait for their cars. It will be only a matter of weeks, therefore, until a big surplus of orders will prevent anything like prompt deliveries.

If you would be sure of having your Ford car or truck when you want it, you should place your order now. Don't delay. Phone us or drop us a card.

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