

Alicia Hammersly

A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Ida McGlone Gibson
The Novel Writer

The Gypsies Recognized.

Notwithstanding the real terror I was in lest we be found out, I had to laugh at Larry as we were seated at the table with one of our captors. Larry looked over the bill of fare and then pretended that he could not read it. In broken English that he fondly hoped was Italian dialect, Larry ordered spaghetti, olive and other things that he imagined Italians might eat.

I thought we were getting along fine when I heard a man at the next table say: "Those young people are spoofing you fellows. Can't you see that they do not look like Italy? Why, the girl's hair is a red brown where it shows under her turban, and the boy looks more Irish than anything else."

With that he came over to our table and said: "Tell us what your game is, youngsters."

"No have-a-de-game," said Larry. "Yes, you have and I'll say you are playing it well. But don't you see that all the men are getting more or less curious over the girl here? Unless you want some notoriety you had better be getting away while the getting is good."

Larry capitulated at this and whispered: "We are doing it on a bet. Help us get out, won't you, old man?"

"Can you dance again?" he asked suddenly as one of the men who had been drinking too heavily lurched over to our table.

"Yes, Senor."

"Well, let's see you do it. Clear a space, fellows. The gypsies are going to dance again. They are going to give you a real Spanish fandango this time. And while they are doing it, you pass around the hat," he said to the inebriated one who seemed determined to speak to me.

This caught the drunken fancy of the man and he started reeling about the room insisting that no one should put less than a dollar in the hat. Our rescuer leaned over toward me and whispered: "Dance toward the door and when you get there slide through and run as though the devil were after you."

I did not even dare give him a grateful glance as I rose to dance.

As we began I whispered the plan to Larry. "Put in all the fancy steps you know, Larry, and I'll follow." I will say this for the "music boy." He outdid himself.

As we drew closer and closer to the door, I began to get a little nervous as I saw that the musicians were getting ready to stop. Would Larry get in front of the door in time? To my great relief I saw that he had timed our dance beautifully and as the music stopped with a crash we quickly slipped through the door and, running through the lobby, I jumped squarely into Roland Early.

I knew he recognized me by the

look of horror on his face. I did not stop, though, for we were followed by half a dozen of the laughing men from the dining room, who were trying to persuade us at the top of their voices to come back.

Larry opened the door of the taxi that was standing at the curb and shouted: "Drive on!"

"Where to?" demanded the chauffeur.

"Anywhere—ten dollars worth."

The man understood and, starting in second gear with a jump, propelled me straight into Larry's arms. I was alternately crying and laughing and Larry was trying to calm me for many blocks.

At last I got myself in hand and Larry was able to give the chauffeur the address of my apartment.

"You nearly knocked a man down, Altx, as you came out of the hotel."

"Yes, I know. Do you know who it was, Larry?"

"No, I was not stopping for introductions at that moment."

"It was Mr. Roland Early, editor of the magazine and consequently the arbiter of my literary fate."

"Do you think he recognized you?" Larry whispered as though the world were listening.

I laughed at his conformation, although I was sure that Roland Early knew it was I, and I answered: "Yes, I caught his horrified glance."

"What are you going to do?"

"Sit tight."

"Fine; you have the courage of a man, Altx," commended Larry.

"Larry, you men have no patent on courage. I am afraid I am in a hole and it is not a question of what a woman would do—it's just a question of how to get out of it. I am not courageous, I am desperate."

"Oh, Altx, I am so sorry. It is I that got you into this. You are right; you should not entrust yourself to me. I am irresponsible as well as selfish. I wanted you all to myself. The moment I saw you when I got off the train my whole ambition was to get rid of Bari for a little while. Even now I am not sorry with all the trouble I have made for you. I am thanking heaven that I have found this side of your nature, and yet I want to take all the blame."

"You can't do that, Larry. I am more to blame than you are. I should have known that we could not get through this prank without being recognized by some one. But I was so tired buckling down to work and I had grown a little panicky at the thought of my youth passing away from me. You know, Larry, a woman does get that way at times and then she is very vulnerable to any kind of temptation that promises the gaiety she craves."

"And after all, Larry, we did not do anything but crack some of the conventions wide open."

"That's it, Altx, but I hope you will not learn that the world is

more apt to punish a sin against convention than an infringement of the moral code."

Tomorrow—Bari Brings News.

Movie Closeups

Loveable Cinderella is with us again—or rather her new twin sister, whimsically appealing and sparklingly fresh. She will be seen at the Antlers theatre tonight, when the Metro special "Cinderella's Twin" will be featured as the attraction of the bill.

Which is cause for rejoicing. For rumor hath it that this picture is one delightful concoction with all the old never-failing charm. And piquant little Viola Dana is there as the star, the scullery maid who goes straight into a twentieth century mansion to find the heart of the man she loves.

It was twist a plenty. One of the situations where Connie McGill, the little maid, suddenly has to flee the splendor of a ballroom, and in the act drops her slipper, which contained the key to a safety vault holding the jewels sought by thieves. Her pique charming gets the slipper, and arrested into the bargain for the theft.

In the old story a fairy godmother does the trick; in the modern version, a gang of unscrupulous thieves assist the little maid to see the brilliant life. It tells of Connie who is given to dreaming, and has for her hero a social light she saw photographed in a magazine. Her dreams come true, but only through a band of thieves who make her a too! and are later frustrated by her action.

"Cinderella's Twin" is from the original story by the well-known writer, Luther Reed, as scenarized by himself. It is directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald, under personal supervision of Metro's production director Bayard Veiller. The motion picture is by John Arnold and the art interiors are designed and executed by A. E. Mann.

The supporting cast includes Wallace MacDonald as the leading man, Ruth Stonehouse, Edward Connelly, Edward Cecil, Gertrude Short and Victory Bateman.

There is a genuine romance behind the screen as well as on the screen in the new Goldwyn photoplay, starring Tom Moore, which will be shown at the Majestic theatre tonight.

The picture, entitled "Made in Heaven" gives a clue to the double romance. Yet, it was a marriage. On the screen Tom Moore and Helen Chadwick delight their audiences with their forced union. But in real life, Tom Moore became the hero of a "Made in Heaven" romance with another member of the cast, Rene Adoree, who plays the part of Tom Moore's sister.

In the photoplay, Tom Moore plays the role of a fireman who comes to America from Ireland, marries a girl to save her from an unpleasant dilemma and finally discovers that he is in love with his wife and she with him. However, the various obstacles that keep them apart furnish the rippling humor on which the comedy trips along to a most satisfying conclusion.

Mr. Moore has every possible opportunity in "Made in Heaven" to reveal his rich joviality. But unlike many actors who possess a charming smile, Mr. Moore can act and does so in his newest Goldwyn production. The story was written by William Hurlbut and directed by Victor Schertzinger.

Fern Moves to New Location

The Fern Floral shop is opening up for business in its new headquarters in the People's Supply store. For a short time it will occupy the old millinery department, but will move into the new annex as soon as that is completed. A grand opening is planned upon the occupation of the new annex.

This new place of business will have the advantage of being near the center of the shopping district, and also close to the two theaters. The vacated premises near the depot will be occupied by D. P. Fisher's paint shop.

TOWN PESTS

MISSUS, KING & BOREY IN LOAN OF A POTEM EGGS, IN ALARM CLOCK AND TOMMY PANTS.



The Borrower tugs off legs when they're Eighty Cents a dozen and brings them back when they are down to Twenty-Five, and takes the Lawn Mower in the Summer and returns it in the Winter and borrows Today's Newspaper and 357 Other Things and Never Brings Them Back No More No Time!

VULTURES ON THE GANGES

Scavenger Birds Perform Function That is in High Degree Repulsive to Westerners.

On December 2, 1920, writes a correspondent, I was in the vicinity of the Massacre Ghat, of evil repute in the Mutiny of 1857, and saw a vulture over the Ganges. This scavenger bird was apparently on the surface of the water, and was flapping its huge wings, for all the world as if a small crocodile had gripped its talons and was trying to drag it under. Then I observed a white object come to the surface momentarily and bob under again. My interest was aroused at the strange proceedings which followed. The vulture flapped its wings as the weight of the bottom told on its strength. Again the white broke the surface and as it did so the huge bird, with fully opened wing, appeared to be using itself in the manner of a sail, and with the help of the breeze, which was blowing, stirred its prey out of the mid-stream, flapping every now and then, till at last it ran the white object right up on a gently sloping shelf of sand on the near bank. By this time the air was thick with birds, and no sooner had the vulture in question beached its capture than a cluster of like birds swooped down, and the whole commenced an orgy of feasting and fighting. The next day a human skeleton remained.

HABIT WAS STRONG ON HIM

Even Smith's Words of Wisdom Failed to Keep Jones' Attention From Wandering.

Smith and Jones were personal friends, so one day Smith took a personal friend's liberty and said to Jones:

"You mustn't take offense if I speak to you about something I have had on my mind for some time—just a little habit of yours."

"Nobody has ever had the nerve to tell you before," Smith continued in a hesitating sort of voice, "and you are such a splendid, noble fellow."

"Yes, yes," answered Jones. Smith cleared his throat; then, with great determination, launched out:

"You're one of those fellows who never really know what is being said to them; you're always pursuing some train of thought. Any one can tell half the time you are not listening by the faraway look in your eyes. You've offended a lot of people. Of course, it's terribly rude, only you don't know it. You mustn't any more, old chap!"

"Putting his hands on Jones' shoulders, 'Promise me you'll not.' Jones was then obliged to face his friend.

"Just what were you saying?" he inquired in a faraway voice.

Is Your Hair Long?

The fact that a person was wrongly certified as insane led to a discussion the other day as to whether long hair was a sign of insanity. London Answers states:

It was said that, although this was no evidence of insanity, it might probably be proof of eccentricity. Many of our greatest geniuses have possessed remarkable crops of hair.

It was once said that the love of music, or the possession of musical talents, tended to increase the growth of hair, and, indeed, when one looks round there are many instances to make this seem feasible.

A great man once made a statement to the effect that there was only a thin dividing line between genius and lunacy. So if long hair is a sign of insanity and genius and there is only a thin dividing line between the two, it behooves us to be very careful how we treat long-haired, eccentric-looking individuals, for fear they prove to be some one too great to risk offending.

Taiiping Rebellion 1850-1865.

What is known in history as the Taiiping rebellion was an insurrection of a section of the Chinese which originated in 1850 and was not suppressed until 1865. The rebels were under the leadership of a man who declared that he was divinely commissioned by heaven to establish a universal peace, though his real object was to overthrow the Manchurian dynasty at Peking. This rebel chief, the Detroit News recalls, was named Hung Sui-tsun, who began life as a village schoolmaster. Branching out, he styled himself "the heavenly king" and his dynasty "Taiiping" or "Great Peace."

For a time the insurrection was one of formidable dimensions, but the rebels were finally defeated, largely through the assistance of British troops, led by Gen. Charles G. Gordon (1833-1885), thereafter popularly known as "Chinese" Gordon.

Health and Wealth.

"Dr. Philers seems to be a fashionable physician."

"I should say so! He has patients at some of the most expensive health resorts in America and a waiting-list of people whose health will give way as soon as they get money enough to consult him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Family Luxury.

Gone—It's curious to me that your other daughters have married into large mercantile houses and your youngest daughter is engaged to a poet.

How—Yes, I allowed it. The family needs him as an adornment.

CANOEISTS AND CAMPERS SPEND HAPPY SUMMERS 'MID ANCIENT PLEASURE GROUNDS OF INDIANS



TUB RICE AT A STONY LAKE RESORT

Agnes are the voyageur and the missionary penetrated the wilds of Ontario. Kawartha was what it is today, a summer playground. Only the original name remains to remind us that this was the "Bright Waters and Happy Lands" of the Ojibways, the Hurons, the Algonquins and other Indian tribes. Through its maze of waterways glided their birch bark canoes and on the tree-bordered shores of mainland and islands burned their camp fires.

The paddle still sings its summer song and bright colored canoes slip through the blue waters while camp fires gleam nightly in Kawartha during summer months, but it is an army of pleasure-seeking pale-faces who enjoy this pine-scented lake district today.

Kawartha embraces fourteen beautiful lakes—Scugog, Sturgeon, Cameron, Balsam, Pigeon, Bald, Sand, Buckhorn, Chemong, Deer, Lovesick, Stony, Clear and Katchewanooka. Each has its unique attractions while sandy beaches and excellent fishing are common to all. Accommodations for visitors are abundant and varied. Cottages, isolated and in colonies, and hotels ranging from simple cabin type to large, well-staffed establishments, are strewn about the shores. This is the region of summer homes, here the tired statesman builds himself a lordly retreat on some commanding site; here the busy city mother houses her kiddies in a cozy cottage and turns them loose to play in the woods and water while she enjoys a book and hammock beneath the pines.

But above all, this is the paradise of the canoeist. Paddling and drifting may be lengthened into a month-long delightful outing. A pup tent, blanket, pail, frying pan and a small supply of provisions are sufficient outfit as landings are frequent. It is quite easy to arrange one's schedule so as to eat and sleep at various resorts. Starting from Bobcaygeon on Sturgeon Lake and working toward Peterboro on the Otmebe River will take you via Oak Orchard, a very de luxe resort; Buckhorn where there are two good hotels and fine fishing; Burleigh Falls with its popular Park Hotel and cottages, and dozens of hotels and camps around Stony and Clear Lakes. Should you wear of paddling, there is always the opportunity to transfer yourself and canoe to one of the lake steamers. The fishing, bathing and dancing at the various resorts offer inducement to stop and play.

The highest cash prices will be paid for second hand furniture, stoves, etc. J. B. Heninger, 404 Cass street. Phone 102.

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