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NEWS-REVIEW OFFICE

A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Miss McGinnis

On The Bridle Path.

Mr. Early looked very much hurt when I asked him to go. So much so that the fantastic notion came to me that no other woman had ever asked him to leave her before.

"Yes, I will go, Alice," he said. "Forgive me if I have tired you. Goodbye, my dear. I wish I had never met you, and yet I shall always thank God that I have known and loved you."

Paradoxical as his last words were, I understood that although I could not bring myself to give Roland Early my hand as I bade him goodbye I really was very sorry for him. I gave him the credit for thinking that he was honest with himself even though I understood that he was unconsciously making lying excuses for his conduct.

"I must get out of doors. I must get away from things," I said as I heard the door shut behind him. Again I felt how utterly solitary we all are in this world. There was no one to whom I could go for advice, no one to whom I could tell what had happened this morning.

My mother? Could she understand? Even if she could I could not bring myself to tell her. It was a kind of experience that daughters never tell mothers.

Alice Gordon? Yes, I was sure of sympathy, and understanding from her, but to gain it I would have to tell her much of my married life and my pride would not allow me to let her know that I had not known the happiness with my husband that she had always enjoyed with hers.

Larry? Even if Larry could leave his mother he would have no sympathy or understanding with the analytical aspects of the affair. Love to him was an affair of the heart only.

Judge Turner? Of course he would understand, but I could not give our friendship that intimate note which would be sounded by a confidence of this kind. Beside, immediately I thought of what Roland Early had told me "Judge Turner is in love with you." I placed this assertion beside the paragraphs of the letter in which Judge Turner had written he was going away because he was not a marrying man.

In congruous as the idea might seem, I wanted my husband! I wanted to tell him about it. I found right then and there that one's husband was a part of one! I knew that Hal might have been very cruel in his summing up of the whole matter, but at least he would have reached some conclusion, even if it were only to pick me up and carry me away from the whole thing after smashing Roland Early's nose. "I think I am going mad," I said to myself, "for I should know very well that were Hal alive all these things could never have happened to me. I shall get out and take a brisk walk."

In looking for my hiking shoes, I came across my riding boots, and suddenly remembered that I had not been on a horse since my marriage. I called up the stables at a riding school nearby and asked them to send me around horses and a groom. Hurriedly pulling out my rather worn riding togs, I was ready by the time the man arrived.

"I hope this horse has some pep," I said to the groom.

"Well, you see, lady, we did not know much about you and so the riding master said to send you a mount that was perfectly safe. This horse I am riding would give you

plenty of action, if that is what you want. We can ride back to the stable and change saddles if you wish."

"You can do it here," I said and proceeded to hold the perfectly "safe mount" while the saddles were being exchanged.

As soon as I swung into my seat my spirits rose. I knew that I was going to have enough to take up my mind during the ride. Lightly releasing the reins a little and gripping my horse with my knees, I started off followed by the groom at a respectful distance. He seemed to understand from the first that I could take care of myself.

Soon we reached the park and turned into the bridle path. Touching the horse's flank lightly with my spur, we were off with a leap.

It took us a little while for my mount and I to come to an understanding and by the time that we had done so all my despondency had fled. It was good to be alive. The sun was shining. My work was interesting. Little Hal was well and happy. Roland Early or no one else could keep me unhappy long.

Suddenly I became conscious of a thud-thud on the path behind me. I knew it was not my groom, as it was apparent that the rider was trying to overtake and pass me. As the horseman reached me, he averted slightly and frightened my horse a little. I had all I could do to keep my seat, but I succeeded in finally bringing my horse to a walk and found the man who had frightened me, mounted at my side.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ham-

mersley." In great surprise I raised my eyes. "See you have forgotten me," said the man. "I am Allen Henderson of the Commercial Bank to whom you brought your letter of credit."

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Henderson, I remember you now. In fact, I think I should have done so immediately, but you see my horse was claiming most of my attention."

"I see, Mrs. Hammersley, that you are an expert horsewoman. Otherwise my foolish attempt to overtake and speak to you might have resulted in an accident. I was interested in your article upon Judge Turner, Mrs. Hammersley," he said as he pulled his horse into a walk beside me.

"Although the judge and I are of different political faiths, and look upon life from different viewpoints, yet I admire him very much and your exposition of his character was most illuminating. Until I had read your article I had always thought that the temperament of a judge and of a business man should be the same. I know now that I would not be a good judge and I have always known that Judge Turner was not a good business man."

I looked at Mr. Henderson with surprise and interest. The idea was new to me. "I did not suppose," I said, "that it was necessary to have temperament to be a good business man." In fact, I had always had the idea that the lack of it was a business asset.

"Not at all, not at all, Mrs. Hammersley. I would like to prove it to you."

"Your theory looks so plausible that I do not need proof. However, come and have tea with me and talk to me about it. I am always home on Thursday."

Mr. Henderson accepted this as a dismissal and I took myself to task, as I rode home, for so quickly becoming interested in another man.

Tomorrow—An Idea from Bab.

WANTED—A CIRCUS GOVERNMENT.

The homegrown philosopher was watching the circus, noting with admiration the perfect economy of time and motion and expense with which everything necessary was efficiently accomplished.

"Gosh," he remarked, "I wish this government could be run by a circus man of the Barnum-Bailey or Ringling Bros. type for about ten years. We would have taxes so low we wouldn't notice them, public service would be improved about a hundred and eighty-three per cent., if not more, and political scandals would be extinct."

"Suppose, for instance, the government had on its hands the job of tearing up this circus outfit and transporting it to another town? It would take eleven weeks at the very swiftest, about seventeen million dollars, four strikes, nine investigations and a change of administration to complete it. The men who started it would have become so utterly disgraced and disliked by the time they had the big top down that the head of the government would be enthusiastically removed and a new one elected sure. The same gang would never be permitted to move the tent again or set up the outfit in another town."

"Now watch those razorbacks take down that iron fence around the ring where the lions have been performing. It took them seven minutes by my watch to get down every one of those panels and pile them neatly between rings ready for the next performance."

"Suppose the government had had that to do? They would have had twice as many men there would have been at least six bosses. A walking delegate of the cage removers' union No. 127 would have come along and examined the label on the overalls of one of those workmen and called the others off the job on the ground that one man's pants were made by a scab shop. Compensatory would have been summoned hurriedly to the White House to consult with the president, and after

a time the trouble would be smoothed over, the workman would have a new and union-made pair of overalls, or a man with the right kind of denim bifurcations would be in his place. By that time it would be found that one other of the men had been blackballed by a union in Omaha, one time, or that he had voted for Cox, and that the work could not proceed until he showed his union card or left the lot. No open shop stuff in this circus! Did the government want to go on record as favoring the discrediting of the unions or denying the right to collective bargaining? Then some congressman would manage to hold up the work by act of legislation because he had not had his rakeoff from the contractor. The lions would starve to death, the audience get tired and go home and the circus disbanded before that cage could be dismantled and the ring prepared for the elephant stuff.

"Yes sir, this government ought to be in the hands of circus men for a few years. They could get more things done, more efficiently, and with less delay and expense, than could any other set of men that verse. Also, and this isn't a pun, the public would have a far better show."—Strickland Gillian in Farm Life.

Service Garage, Goodyear Tires.

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THIS COUNTRY "GOLDEN HILL"

Looked Upon as Land of Promise to the Chinese, No Matter What His Status at Home.

When a young man of China looks around him to decide just where he will go to school to finish the lessons the neighborhood schoolmaster has taught him, the chances are—if he is the son of well-to-do parents—that he will choose the United States. For generations those who have come to this country and have saved a little money and have returned to that land, where it costs very little to live, have gone back to China with wonderful stories of the United States. Temple Manning writes in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So bright are these tales of returned travelers that this country doesn't go by its proper name in China. It bears a typical Chinese name—"Golden Hill." In this country the youth are told gold may be picked up on any hill. But so eager are the people who live in the land to keep it only for the worthy that no one is permitted to land in the United States unless he wishes to learn and become a wise and great man.

This view of our country seems to the Chinese to be borne out by the exclusion laws. No Chinese workman, of course, is permitted to land in this country, but those earnest Chinese who wish to attend our schools and take back to their own country the knowledge they gain are eagerly welcomed. So it is that a Chinese youth must be well to do or he cannot afford the trip and the years of studying at one of our schools.

POISON IN RHUBARB LEAVES

Their Use as "Greens," Which is Sometimes Recommended, is Fraught With Grave Danger.

Do not eat the leaves of the rhubarb plant! From time to time one reads or hears advice to economize and also to freshen and purify the blood by eating green vegetables. That is all right with certain important limitations, and one of these limitations concerns the leaves of the rhubarb plant. Green vegetables have a very valuable place in the food schedule, and boiled "greens," such as cabbage, kale, turnip tops and beet tops are wholesome. The eating of turnip tops and beet tops has led to the assumption that rhubarb tops are good.

That is not the fact. There is a danger sign on them. Men have been poisoned by eating them. They contain oxalic acid and death lurks in that acid.

A fatal case of poisoning by rhubarb leaves was reported some time ago in the New York Medical Journal.

The red and rosy stalk of the rhubarb has been proved by generations of cooks and generations of men and women at table to be a wholesome and palatable food. It is good as sauce and as filling for pie. But the green foliage of the plant should not be used as "greens."

Down in Mississippi.

Irvin S. Cobb, the humorous lecturer, on a recent southern tour stopped for dinner at a tiny railway restaurant in a Mississippi village.

"Well, uncle, what's the bill-of-fare?" he asked the aged colored man who came from the kitchen to look after him.

"De bill-of-fare," said the old man, "am ham, eggs, corn bread and coffee."

"Then I'll have ham, eggs, corn bread and coffee, uncle," said Mr. Cobb.

The old waiter bowed and shuffled out. But a moment later he put his head through the doorway again.

"Boss," he said, "how ye gwine have dem eggs—blind or lookin' at ye?"—Detroit Free Press.

Legend of the Great War.

In the early days of the World war, when the brave little band of British soldiers was compelled, by the overwhelming number of the enemy, to retreat from Mons, a report was put in circulation, and telegraphed all over the world, to the effect that an angel, with a flaming sword, stood in the path of the pursuing host of Germans, and thus allowed the British to retire in comparative safety. How the report originated was not known at the time, but it was discovered later that it had its origin in an imaginary poem entitled "The Angel of Mons," written by an English clergyman.

Moving Sidewalk for Paris.

Emile Desvaux, the engineer who constructed the moving sidewalks at the World's Fair exposition at Paris, has been commissioned by that city to draft and submit plans for a moving sidewalk to be built below the street level alongside a new subway system which is now in course of construction. The specifications call for a municipal sidewalk for pedestrians to move at about five miles per hour. In some places the platform will be forty feet below the ground.

England's "Potato Queen."

England has a female Luther Burbank in the person of Miss Breeze, who is called the potato queen because of her success in producing new varieties of potatoes. Miss Breeze is a bachelor of science, and first developed her genius for hybridizing while attending the Cambridge School of Agriculture.

Alexandra Likes Pearls Best.

Pearls are the favorite ornament of Queen Alexandra. Her fondness for them is well known, and she has seldom been photographed or painted without rows and ropes of them.

Auto Owners!

This should be of interest to you. Look the list over carefully.

We are closing out our stock of Maxotires as follows:

On Hand	Old List	New List	Our List
1 30x3 1/2	\$7.88	\$6.65	\$4.50
2 32x3 1/2	\$8.61	7.45	6.50
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2 34x4	10.80	9.70	7.50
2 34x4 1/2	13.38	11.60	9.00
2 35x4 1/2	14.02	12.15	10.00
2 36x4 1/2	14.42	12.50	10.50
2 35x5	16.39	14.20	12.00
2 37x5	7.	15.10	13.00

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