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Bates

NEWS-REVIEW OFFICE

Alicia Hammerly A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idah McGlone Gibson
The Red Writer

An Idea From Bab.

"And tomorrow is another day," I said to myself as I physically tired and very sleepy I turned off my light and composed myself for the night.

I had resolutely put away all worry about my personal affairs. I had made myself go through a great sheet of manuscript. I had shopped for an hour or two for little Hal. I had refused an invitation to Alice Gordon's home for dinner and to my surprise I had enjoyed my own solitary chop and baked potato.

Two or three times during the evening I had been called to little Hal's bedside. He had developed a bad cold during the day. During this time my thoughts were concerned with a new story which would illustrate the impossibility of great unhappiness of mind if the body was perfectly healthy and comfortable.

Finally, Hannah had said that she didn't think I needed to stay up any longer and from pure physical exhaustion I welcomed my bed and sleep.

It seemed to me, however, that I had hardly closed my eyes when I was awakened by a great commotion in my living room.

Out of the confusion of sounds I heard the words: "Alix, where are you lazy girl? Do you mean to tell us, Alix, that you are still asleep?"

Although it did not seem possible, I was sure that the voices were those of my sister, Bab, and Duane Benton a boyhood friend of ours.

Bab came rushing into my bedroom in spite of all Hannah was doing to keep her out.

"Get up you lazy bones. Your sister and your new brother have come to visit you."

"What's that? You don't mean Bab?"

"That is just exactly what I do mean. Duane and I were married yesterday in the judge's chambers just after Duane, by his testimony, had won a big case for the Henderson Mining Corporation. Mr. Henderson wired us to come on immediately and here we are. I expect it means something great in a business way for Duane."

I jumped out of bed and threw my arm about Bab. "Dear, dear little sister, although you don't look like a bride in your old last summer's suit, you do look very happy and I am very glad."

"I'm coming in," shouted Duane from the other room.

"Wait a minute," I answered, trying frantically to wrap a kimono around me. I succeeded in doing so just as Duane opened the door.

He came over and kissed me in a most brotherly fashion and then we all sat down on my chaise longue—Duane on one side of me and Bab on the other—and talked of home and home folks.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came! I'm so glad you came," I enthused, throwing my arms about them both. "I never knew before how homesick I was. How I wanted you, wanted some one that belonged to me! Bart only stayed in town a day and I saw very little of him. Now you must stay a long while, won't you?"

"We are going to get out of here

just at present and let you dress," said Bab briskly. "Certainly you want to get down to the office some time today, don't you?"

"I don't care whether I go or not. In fact, I think I will telephone that I will not be down." I could not keep my voice from expressing the happiness and relief that now I would have a good excuse for keeping away from the office for at least a day longer.

Of course both Duane and Bab thought my great pleasure in their coming was the cause of my high spirits during the breakfast, which Bab insisted upon calling luncheon.

"Ask Mr. Henderson to come up to dinner, Duane," I said, when he finally decided that he must go down and keep his appointment with the banker.

"Do you know Allen Henderson?" asked Bab in surprise.

"Yes, don't you remember Duane? You gave me a letter to him. I presented it when I opened my account at his bank."

After Duane had left I told Bab about meeting Allen Henderson in the park. "How often have you been horseback riding?" she asked. "If I remember rightly, when you left home you had not ridden since your marriage."

"Not until yesterday," I explained, "but you remember when I was a girl and I had a hard problem I always could solve it better on horseback than any other place."

Apropos of nothing Bab asked: "Do you still admire Mr. Early as extravagantly as ever?"

I knew that clever Bab had intuitively understood that my problem had to do with him and for the life told her the whole story, explaining that I was going to leave the magazine.

Bab was splendid. Never once did she say: "I told you so." All the comment that she made was: "Alix you will always be in hot water until you marry again."

"That is a queer thing for you to say, Bab."

"Well, if you are honest, you will own up to the fact that you are never happy unless you have a man around, and besides, you have that personality which always attracts them. You need a husband to take care of you, for you are a wee bit of a flirt, sister mine. However, I expect that Early man would not be half as crazy about you if you had fallen into his arms when he held them out to you. The trouble with the Earlys is that Mrs. Early is always conscious that she is older than her husband. And she never lets him forget it either. Consequently Early is always playing on the self-pity string and whenever he sees an attractive woman he reminds himself that he might have done better."

"Yes, I guess you are right," I said, recalling how he revealed in self-pity during our interview.

"You can take that out of him, Alix, very easily. The thing for you to do is to invite Mr. and Mrs. Early to a dinner at the hotel while Duane and I are here."

"Why, Bab, I couldn't do that." "Yes you can. And it will silence gossip for once and all."

Tomorrow—

ADVICE TO LOVELORN AND OTHERS

BY MRS. ELLISBURY

A Daily Column of Questions and Answers Conducted by a Woman Who Knows. Address your Letters to Mrs. Ellisbury Care Roseburg News-Review.

Dear Mrs. Ellisbury:—Several years ago I was engaged to a man here and later we broke off the engagement and he left town. He is now living in a city not far from here and is married. I don't think that I love him any more, but I am not sure. Just recently I was offered a position in the same office in the city that he is employed in. It is a wonderful advantage for me, and I have always wanted to go to the city. Would you advise me to take the position?

ANSWER: TWENTY, Roseburg. Let the fact that you were once engaged to a man in the office stop you from going to the city and taking a position that would be a distinct advantage to you. That would be foolish sentiment, it seems to me. Surely you can trust yourself to behave toward him as you would toward anyone you had once known. Make friends of him and his wife and don't refer by the smallest word to the fact that you were once engaged. If you have managed to get along without him for several years there is no reason why you should think that you love him now. Forget about that and be glad that there is some one in the city whom you know, and at whose home you can visit.

Dear Mrs. Ellisbury:—I am going to be married in August and I will tell you all about it so that you can tell me just what I want to know. We are going to be married in California in a town just a day's journey from here. We are going by auto and expect to be married in this town about eight o'clock in the evening at a preacher's home. After that we are going to travel around California for about two weeks. What would you take to wear at the wedding, and what would be necessary to take with me for clothes. I forgot to tell you that we are not going to come out.

ANSWER: AUGUST BRIDE, Roseburg. A First of all I would get a new khaki outfit to wear in the car. Trousers and light boots. Be sure

that it looks well on you and fits perfectly. Don't get the idea that because you will get tired and dirty that you should not care about how your auto outfit will look. A neat, cute suit adds much to your appearance and to the enjoyment of your trip. A taffeta or satin street dress with hat and slippers to match would be the ideal costume for you to be married in. Arrange so that the hat and slippers will also go with your suit, and take the suit along, too. If you are going to stay at hotels for two weeks you will need the suit and silk dress both. Instead of taking the suit you might substitute an ordinary dress as California will be warm in August. A good plan also is to have a complete set of underclothing of pongee, made very plain, and wear them during the day. They are easily washed at a hotel and do not become soiled appearing.

HEMSTITCHING 10c YARD.

We have installed a new hem-stitching machine and solicit your patronage. We would be pleased to have you come in and examine our work. Mail orders from out of town people will be given our prompt attention. We also take orders for pleating. Rooms 1 and 2, Bell Bldg., 129 Jackson st.

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HAVE ORCHESTRA IN CHURCH

Picturesque Feature of Place of Worship Noted by Traveler in Old English Village.

A picturesque feature of the Sunday service in many parts of the old world is the survival of the orchestra, writes David Berry in the London Daily News.

In many village chapels of Primitive Methodist persuasion the old hymns are still sung with a combination of vocal and instrumental vigor that makes town singing seem anemic in comparison.

"I recently visited a village chapel of one story, nestling at the foot of one of the downs," he says. "Its remoteness from the madding crowd" may be judged from the fact that even after the great war for freedom, it still observes an arbitrary old condition in its lease requiring the morning service to end before that in the established church begins.

"The unusually large congregation numbered some 30 souls. But the volume of sound when the cornet, harmonium and piccolo reached crescendo pitch in leading the equally lusty singing was out of all proportion to the size of the edifice.

"In competition with the two more robust instruments, the piccolo could scarcely be heard, but occasionally he stole a note in front at the opening of a verse. One could not blame the player for an evident desire to be heard somehow. Otherwise his efforts would have been completely submerged by the swelling strains of the harmonium. Still less could he have stood a chance when the cornet, with its powerful blast, triumphed over all. "I left the building with a conviction that the little village chapel knows how to make a joyful noise, but I still entertain some misgivings as to the life of its roof."

SO THE DOCTOR LET HIM GO

Imprisoned Negro Had Altogether Too Good a Memory of Certain Happenings in France.

"Doctah, ain't you goin' get me out a beah?"

The voice, plaintive and supplicating, came from the depths of the city jail of Birmingham, Ala., a few nights ago when Dr. Cecil Gaston, city physician and former overseas medical corps captain, dropped in on the warden.

Inside, the ersatz private, first class, Ebenezer Johnson tarried because he previously had tarried too long with the moonshine when it gleamed white in the cup. Seeing the doctor, for whom he had been "dog-robber" in a French camp, he immediately hit upon an idea.

"Doctah, can't yo' make out a slip, sayin' Ah'm sick, an' take me ovah t' th' hospital so's Ah c'n get outtah beah?" But the doctor was adamant.

"Say, doctah," he began, whispering to the former captain, "does yo' 'member de night w'en all of de olefahs wuz dry an' I went an' fetched dat cooneyah, an—"

"Send this man to the hospital. He's too sick for the jail," said the city physician, sharply, to the policeman in charge.—From the Stars and Stripes.

Ideal Health Certificate.

A very comprehensive form of health certificate is proposed for use in Germany, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. If adopted, it would form a record of the health of each individual at any stage of life, and at death would furnish a complete history of that individual's whole physical life. This record would constitute a single health certificate, in which would be combined the certificate of birth, of vaccination, the health reports of school medical examiners, and in later life the reports of health-insurance societies, in which all Germans in industrial life are registered. The result would be of value, during the life of the individual, in furnishing any attending physician with a complete family history; and after death, these certificates would be collected in a central bureau, where they would furnish material for the study of heredity.

The Wifely Training.

"So you've graduated from college?"

"Yes, sir."

"Studied abroad, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Consider yourself now fairly well able to get along and adapt yourself in any kind of society?"

"I believe so."

"That's what I used to think, but I lived to discover this: no matter how many college degrees a man earns, and how carefully his parents may have trained him when he gets married there's always a lot that his wife still thinks is necessary to teach him."

Might Drop in Occasionally.

"Henry," said Mrs. Glipping, in one of her tearful moods, "if I were to die would you mourn for me?"

"Certainly I would, my dear," replied Mr. Glipping, as he scanned the market page.

"And would you visit my—boo—boo—grave sometimes?"

"Of course. Why do you ask such a foolish question? You know the cemetery is right on the way to my favorite golf links."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Most Unusual.

"Anything unusual about this second-hand car?"

"Yes, indeed. It's the only second-hand car I know of that wasn't especially made for the general manager of the company which builds these motors."—Detroit Free Press.

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
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2 32x3 1/2	\$8.61	7.45	5.50
2 31x4	9.75	8.45	6.50
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	17.03	15.10	13.00

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4 inch 65	31x4 2.50
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5 1/2 inch \$1.10	34x4 3.50

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