

Alicia Hammersly A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idaho McClane Gibson
The Novel Writer

A Four O'Clock Tea.

I was glad to see that Bab ignored Miss Belcher's question, as did the judge, for with his hand still over Alice's, he said: "I am afraid that I would be harder to handle than your husband if I were in great physical pain, Alice. I haven't the stamina to bear pain in the humbleness of spirit with which Bill meets his torture. When I think of Bill as he was when we were all together in the old town, I almost doubt the goodness of God. I should think that Bill would feel like cursing God and dying as did the man in Holy Writ."

"Bill bears his pain with a super-courage, Jeff, because he knows that he must live to make existence bearable for me. I sometimes think that I am very selfish to want to keep him when he suffers so much, but he tells me that when we are together he is compensated for everything."

Bab involuntarily made a little choking sound, but I noticed a tiny wrinkle come between the eyes of Mr. Early. Evidently he did not approve of suffering as a topic for tea time. The judge, I think, also noticed it, for he said: "Forgive me, Alice dear, for bringing this up at this time but I am satisfied that to have the love and devotion that you give to Bill is worth even what he pays for it. You are the most beautiful woman I know Alice, and every time I see you I ask myself: 'Are there many others in the world like you?'"

Mr. Early said nothing. Miss Belcher tried to look sympathetic and did not succeed and I found a tear running down my cheek.

To change the subject I said to Mr. Early that Bab and I had made a special visit to the office to tell him that Mr. Henderson was to be at my dinner and I thought he ought to know so that he could arrange for an extra seat for the play.

"I have already ordered two boxes so I think there will be room for Mr. Henderson," he said somewhat stiffly. "By the way, Turner, do you not want to drop in the theater this evening?" Mrs. Hammersly, Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Mrs. Early and myself will be there."

"I will be very glad to come if you will let me come in late. I probably will not be in before the last act," he said as he left.

Bab and I stayed a moment later, long enough to catch the vindictive form of Miss Belcher. She was resenting the fact that she was not to be one of either party.

As she left the room, Mr. Early started to come over to where I was sitting, but Bab in the most innocent manner in the world, arose and kept him in conversation until we left.

"A pleasant time was had by all," grinned Bab as we left. "Do you know, Alice, I read the other day

a very old story by Frank Stockton, of a man being left on a desert island where the inhabitants had lost the power of speech because they were all able to read each other's thoughts.

"As I sat in that room, pretending to drink my tea (which I detest and which I consider a silly idea on the part of Mr. Early) I could not help thinking what a terrific punishment to cover would ensue if suddenly, by some necromancy, every one of us had been able to read every one else's mind and knew, also, that his own mind was an open book."

"With the exception of your friend, Mrs. Gordon, I am afraid that every one of us would be ashamed of what we were thinking. Miss Belcher was malice personified. You were trying to fathom at just what place Early was taking his stand. I was baiting him to the best of my ability and hoping I would get under his skin. As for him, only an all-wise Providence could know of what he was thinking. But I do know his thoughts were not pleasant."

"Alice, I like your judge," Bab continued abruptly.

"He is not my judge—more is the pity—for I like him too, very much."

"Well, what is the matter?" he asked. "He certainly is very fond of you, dear, for whenever he thought no one was observing he simply deigned you with his eyes. And when he made that remark about wondering if there were many other women as good as Alice in the world his face lighted with absolute certainty as he looked at you."

"He may be very fond of me, Bab, but he has already given me warning that he intends staying away from me because he is not a marrying man. I rather resented that, for it gave me the impression that he felt that he only had to ask me to marry him for me to accept."

"Well, why beat about the bush?" asked Bab bluntly. "It's true, isn't it?"

"What do you mean, Bab?" "I mean that for some reason you are more interested—really interested in that judge—than you have been in any other man you ever met."

"You forget I have been married." "I forget nothing. You do not have to answer me, for I know that I am right. Why didn't you invite him to the dinner tonight?"

"For the reason I have just given you. You wouldn't invite a man to your house would you, if he had told you that he had intended to stay away from you for fear that you would inveigle him into the matrimonial net?"

"That is what I did to Duane Benton."

I laughed merrily. Bab was so complacent over the success of her marriage.

"Did you ever tell him this, Bab?" "Don't be silly, Alice."

Tomorrow—Bab's Comments

So Long Volstead We're Goin' Overseas

The Ninety-first (Wild West) Division is going overseas again—Over three miles of seas.

A Seattle buck private got the idea. Gazing disconcertingly northward, with a snapshot of himself at the battle des Cafes in his hands, he was mourning the dear dead days. Then came the happy thought. In September, on the 24th and 25th, the Ninety-first is going to hold its annual reunion in Los Angeles. A thousand or more buddies from Montana, the panhandle of Idaho and Eastern and Central Washington will make the trip. Most of them will pass through Seattle. A little way north lies Vancouver—and Canada. Boats may be chartered at the port. Three miles from the American coast the memory of Mr. Volstead is lost in the fog.

So—Plans are on foot. Veterans of the battles des Cafes will assemble in Seattle about the twentieth of September and crossing the Canadian line embark on a British or Japanese boat, yet to be chartered, and three miles or more at sea again will attack Cognac and Vin Rouge, and the numerous other villages carried in the memorable assault. If arrangements now under way can be completed.

There were some brilliant strategists in the army—and they were not all attached to G. H. Q.

Recreational standards of the 91st Division are to be brought to Los Angeles for the annual reunion of the organization, to be held in the movie city September 24 and 25.

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Movie Closeups

Some of the most remarkable achievements in the use of wild animals for a motion picture are said to have been accomplished in the production of the James Oliver Curwood story, "Kazan," which comes to the Antlers theater tonight.

Most remarkable of all is said to be the work done by the wolf dog "Kazan," the part of "Kazan the Killer." In one scene this dog is shown with his mate, a real wolf and her litter of whelps in their cave. In another scene the great, black, curly-haired dog chases and captures a rabbit in the snow. He carries his prey back to the cave and its inmates.

Then, later, while Kazan is off on the hunt, a big lynx prowls up to the rock in front of the little den and enters. What happens in the cave cannot be seen on the screen, but the James Oliver Curwood story says that the vicious lynx killed the wolf pups and blinded their mother. The lynx is seen stealing out, licking her chops, and behind her comes the mother wolf, pawing blindly at her eyes. Kazan appears, sees the lynx, and then what is declared to be the most terrible battle ever seen on a motion picture screen between two wild animals takes place.

The dog and the lynx, fighting fiercely, rolling off the top of the rock into the snow. There Kazan sinks his teeth into the throat of the lynx and kills it.

The killing of the lynx and the

As for humming bird—the subtleties of that are left to your imagination.

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A rabbit by the wolf-dog, as seen on the screen, is the genuine article, according to William N. Sell, producer of the feature, who has the skins of the two animals as proof.

Two beautiful women support Harry Carey in the noted western star's most recent Universal photodrama, "Desperate Trails," which comes to the Majestic theater tonight. Irene Rich, whose screen personality has endeared her to thousands, appears in the leading feminine role while Barbara Lamar, a vivacious brunette, has a less heroic but nevertheless interesting characterization of an unfaithful girl.

"Desperate Trails" was written as an original story for the Red Book Magazine by Courtney Riley Cooper and was widely read by lovers of western action. Purchased by Universal it was given to Elliott J. Clawson for screen adaptation and filmed under the direction of Jack Ford. George Stone and Helen Field, two gifted children of the silent drama, have patiently appealing roles as children of a widow, while George Seligman and Ed Coxen do their best screen work in roles of the sheriff and the outlaw, respectively.

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MANY BIRDS AVOID IRELAND

Species That Are Common in England Are Not to Be Found in the Emerald Isle.

One of the curious features of wild life in Ireland is the absence of some of the birds best known in England. The nightingale, for instance, is never found in Ireland, while the wood-warbler, the redstart, all the species of woodpecker, the wren, the out-batch and several other kinds are so rare that they are unknown to the great majority of the people. There seems to be no very obvious reason for the absence of these birds. It may, perhaps, be found in the lines of migration along which the birds travel, for most of those mentioned above are not resident in Britain all the year.

But it is certainly strange that such a bird, for instance, as the common whitethroat, should thrive everywhere in Ireland, while the lesser variety is unknown, and that while the willow warbler is one of the commonest of summer birds its larger relative, the wood warbler, is found in only a few places and in very few numbers. Ireland can only boast of one bird, the hooded crow, which is not a regular visitor to the neighboring island.—Christian Science Monitor.

Four Colors Are New.

What is a season without a few new colors? Thus we have them—forward comes some fashion authority and announces in our midst that the four newest and most popular colors of the present moment are rosewood, chow, aztec and humming bird.

With rosewood we're more or less familiar—we've met it in pianos, spinet, desks and so on.

But chow! 'Tis a different story—it might be anything from a pet pup to the food your dogboy existed on in those misty days of memory.

Aztec—ah! There's something to conjure with! The name brings visions of bright shawls, beads and painted

ethers in which we might array ourselves and bedeck the Sunday landscape.

As for humming bird—the subtleties of that are left to your imagination.

Giant French Machine.

From France it is reported that the Etablissement Schneider of Creusot, manufacturers of guns, armor, locomotives and other steel products, are hard at work on a new four-engine military airplane in which the four engines will be arranged in tandem inside a central fuselage. The wing span will be about 100 feet, and the power plant is to consist of four engines of 400 horsepower each. The machine will be designed for bombing work, and will carry several machine guns. The Farman "Goliath" pilot, Lieut. Gonin, has been engaged to test the first machine, while it is possible that Casale, who has already tested the Bleriot "Mammouth," will test the second machine.—Scientific American.

Snow Geese.

The only known flock of snow geese in existence, containing more than 3,000, weighing an average of eight pounds each, arrived recently at Cape Tourmente, Quebec, on its annual northern migration from the Southern states. Each year the birds make this a stopping-off place on their way to the Labrador coast, and have been known to do so for more than forty years. The flock has been closely protected, and this year moving pictures were taken of them by the moving picture service of the Dominion parks branch, Ottawa.

Sea Serpent Proved Hawser.

The first sea serpent tale of the season was brought to New York by the liner Munamar, from Antilla, Cuba. On Sunday Captain Andrew Osborn saw something off the port bow. Passengers lined the rail and the Munamar was headed for the object. When alongside, seamen reached down with hookbacks and grabbed it. They drew up a 34-foot length of a ship's hawser with a wooden peg on one end.

CLOSE TO HORRIBLE DEATH

Youth Will Long Remember How Near He Was to Being Trampled Under Hoofs of Cattle.

A yarn which may be branded as "pretty fair" comes out of the West, remarks the Philadelphia Ledger.

A young man named Barker had taken his bicycle to make a journey of several hundred miles to inspect some land. In the course of his trip he crossed a large prairie field, broken near the middle by a high transverse ridge.

When he had climbed the ridge and mounted his wheel to proceed he noticed that the rise of ground had obscured—that the field was filled with Texas cattle grazing in little bunches of ten to fifty. Just as he started one of the "long horns" caught sight of him and the bunch followed its leader to investigate. The young man naturally quickened his pace and the cattle took after him.

The trail was straight and level, leading to a big gate. The boy bent over his wheel and pedaled for his life. He could hear the bellowing of the cattle and the pounding of their hoofs behind him, but he looked neither to right nor left. What should he do when he reached the gate?

No matter. All his mind was fixed upon the necessity of keeping ahead. He neared the gate and it was open. He dashed through like a flash of lightning, lost his pedals, struck a rock and was pitched off and lay senseless on the ground.

It had happened that the man who owned the range was visiting it at that moment. He had seen the boy race for life and had opened the gate to let him pass through. Then, with two or three attendants, he rode in and headed off the herd.

GOOD IDEA ALWAYS WELCOME

Incident Proves That Invention That Has Merit Will Secure Appreciation at Any Time.

"A good thing will always succeed," Charles M. Schwab was talking in Loretto about the remarkable popularity of a new steel.

"Let me tell you," he went on, "a story about a shovel. Just a hundred years ago a number of men were digging a line of railway between Birmingham and Manchester. The shovels they were using had square-cornered blades about fifteen inches long.

"The digging was hard and slow, and one of the workmen suggested to the boss that if he would grind off the corners of the shovels they would cut into the earth more easily and the day's output would be bigger.

"The boss ridiculed the idea, but the workman later on persuaded an ironmonger in Sheffield to make him a couple of dozen round-cornered shovels as an experiment. These shovels were submitted to the seedling boss for trial. The boss reported at the end of a week that his diggers were all turning up 10 or 15 minutes ahead of time in the morning so as to get hold of one of the new round shovels.

"The boss, the ironmonger and the workman-inventor patented the new shovel between them and proceeded to manufacture it in a small way. In a few years they were all millionaires."

Childish Imagination.

"It is difficult to learn to know child nature, since it is continually in the act of becoming different," says V. Rasmussen in his work on child psychology. This remark applies to the development in the first four years of child life. The author is emphatic in his opinion that little children should, as far as possible, be allowed to follow their own way. Don't distract their attention unnecessarily, he says; rather come to their aid when they are particularly attracted to any one thing. Let them develop their imagination in their own kind of play.

It might be natural to think that the child's imagination is most healthily and powerfully developed if it is fed from an early age with tales of wonder and fantastic adventure. But this is a misunderstanding, says Mr. Rasmussen.

Road Construction in China.

The central government of China is evincing considerable interest in road building, and the ministry of the interior, which has charge of highway projects in conjunction with provincial officials, is said to have prepared a bill concerning highway development for presentation to the new parliament, which is expected to meet in Peking at an early date. Considerable road construction is being conducted in connection with the famine relief work whereby the recipients of relief are enabled to render compensation for the food furnished them and thus contribute to the permanent betterment of China's transportation facilities, which will tend to minimize such catastrophes in the future.—Scientific American.

Splendid Aerial Record.

Edo Chavez, Brazilian aviator, recently flew from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in less than five days. Flying a Curtiss Oriole with K-6 motor, the pilot covered 1,735 miles on his route in 20 hours and 20 minutes. Several previous aerial efforts to link the two capitals had failed.

Heard on a Car.

"Does your husband give you all the money you want to spend?" "My goodness, no! Why, even I would not think of being that extravagant."—Boston Transcript.

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