Alicia Hammersly - A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idah McGlone Gibson
The Rejected Wife

ALICIA'S LOVE.

"What is the matter with Judge Turner?" asked Bab curiously as the sound of his motor died in the distance.

"I can't possibly understand."

"But the judge seemed all right until you drew his arm across your shoulders."

"Perhaps I should not have done that, but I wanted to help him."

"Do you think that his eyes could have completely gone back on him?"

"I hardly think so."

"Oh, Alix, didn't you feel sorry for him? I never have seen any man change as Judge Turner has. It doesn't seem right that so splendid a man should suffer as he is suffering.

"Will he have to resign from the bench if he goes blind?"

"Don't suggest it, Bab. It is too horrible. What an awful tragedy that dinner of mine was. I think I'll go up to my room, Bab. I want to get my mind on something else. Possibly I can finish my story this afternoon."

"How is it going dear?"

"Very slow. Some way I seem to be living bigger things than I can write.

I went upstairs to my room and sat down to my typewriter. Then, without volition except for striking the keys, these words printed themselves on my copy paper:

"Don't pity me, my dear. I think a man can stand anything in the woman he loves except pity. I can go out of your life and never look upon your face again, but I do not think I could stand the memory of pity in your eyes.

"I am not sorry, dear. A real man cannot be a coward even when he knows that to do the right will mean something worse than death."

As I read the words over I realized that I had been modeling my hero upon the character of Judge Turner and that the paragraphs that I had just written were an integral part of my story—but I could write no more.

I sat and looked blankly at the carpet. I started and read my story carefully from the beginning to this very human cry for sympathy. I knew in my heart that it was the best story that I had whitten—and yet I could not go on.

I seemed to be waiting for something I knew not what. My story seemed entirely out of my hands.

I heard the motor coming back and voices in the hall, but I did not go downstairs. I was afraid to talk to Duane. If he should tell me that Judge Turner's eyes were worse it seemed to me that I would never be able to write again.

For the first time in my life I did not want to look ahead. For the first time in my life I wanted to go away and be alone.

I heard Duane coming up the stairs. He knocked at my door. Again I dreaded the knowledge that he was bringing me.

"I cannot see you now, Duane. In a little while I will come downstairs."

There was no answer except a white envelope slid under the door.

For a long while I looked at it with mixed desires. Oh, I wanted to know what was inside and yet I dreaded to pick it up. Slowly I walked over to the door and glancing down with a great sigh of relief I saw that the handwriting was somewhat scrawly and ill-formed.

"How Judge Turner's handwriting has changed," was the idea that crept into my brain.

"At least he can still see," I found myself whispering as though I was imparting the blessed news to some one else. But even then I could not touch the envelope.

Obeying an impulse that I could not understand, I went to the mirror and looked at myself. My face was pale and drawn. There were lines from the corners of my mouth to my chin—lines which invariably speak of heart or soul pain. The eyes looked straight from out the mirror into mine accusingly.

"You have been selfish, very selfish," they said. "Even though he refused to see you, you should have insisted upon going to him at the hospital. You should have been by his bedside all the long weeks and months—for you love him."

It was though the woman in the mirror had spoken. Surely it was not I.

Straightway I went to my typewriter and I found myself finishing what I termed "a story," meanwhile denying that it was "my story."

"You must make your hero tell you he loves you," I said to myself because I had a feeling that I could not end this story in a way that would not let my hero live happily ever after. Having used Judge Turner for the central figure in my story I felt I must under no circumstances give it an unhappy ending. Superstition as well as pity had entered in.

"It would never do," I said to myself "to hurt him."

"Perhaps if I read the letter, I will find the end of my story," I meditated and I went toward the door.

Stooping down I picked it up. Lingeringly I fingered it as people do, hoping vaguely my problem would be solved. Then, with sudden courage I opened it.

I turned over the sheet and read: "Yours, I hope, until death do us part, Allen Henderson."

Tomorrow—A Marriage Proposal.

PUBLIC SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on Monday, August 15th, 1921, at 2:30 p. m. o'clock, at the old J. Green residence, on the Pacific Highway, about 4 miles south of Roseburg, Oregon, sell at public sale to the highest cash bidder, one Willys-Knight five passenger touring automobile, with equipment, motor No. 3709, serial No. 12812.

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Canned Horse Meat Stirs up Senate

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—(United Press.)—The senate turns the ear of ennui to talk of "pork barrel" bills, but it showed a lively interest when "canned horse meat" was injected into the debate on the soldier bonus bill by Senator Watson of Georgia.

In taking a fling at Senator Myers for his four-hour speech in opposition to the gratuity for the veterans, the Georgia firebrand referred to Montana as the "canned horse meat state."

"Montana, declared the Georgian, "kills wild horses and packs the meat and sells it to the effete east to eat as beef—"

Myers leaped to his feet bristling with wrath.

"I am always ready to stand up for Montana, at any time and any place," shouted Myers.

"And at any length" interposed Watson, harking back to the four-hour speech.

"Perhaps the effete state of Georgia, too, may sell canned horse meat," suggested Myers

"Oh, no, replied Watson, "of all the effete states, the effetest is the state of Georgia."

"I do not know where the Senator gets his information," said Myers horse meat in Montana," said Myers. "It may be that he has been eating some of our canned meat, and it is so good that he cannot tell canned horse meat from canned beef."

"Quite likely," assented Watson. "I am almost sure of it. You never can tell who you eat in some of these restaurants. You go by the bill of fare and when the words are in French you do not know what you are eating until after you have eaten it."

Pennsylvania Tire Service. Ask us. Ford Garage.

Movie Closeups

As an opening attraction for Thursday night, C. E. Huber, manager of the Liberty theater, has been very fortunate in securing "The Sage Hen," a special feature that has attracted tremedous crowds and has caused much comment. Mother love, idealized, glorified and immortalized, is the theme of "The Sage Hen." It is an Edgar Lews-Pathe feature.

This photoplay contains a depth of emotion and a breadth of appeal the action taking place in the old west when the world's adventurers—the best and the worst—flocked to its hills in answer to the lure of gold. The lawlessness of those frontier days, a woman's struggle against unjust and malicious persecution and the turmoil of a crude country are all depicted vividly and melodramatically

It is essentially a heart interest mother for a son and adopted daughter, with the love of a man for a woman together with a gripping interest-holding plot that permits many moments of tense action and breath catching thrills.

Gladys Brockwell gives a superlative performance as "The Sage Hen" As the young mother fighting for her son, and later as the old mother pleading and then entirely effacing herself so that he may never know the story of his mother's disgrace, she tugs feelingly at your heart strings. Other splendid work is done by Lillian Rich, Wallace MacDonald, James Mason, Arthur Morrison and Helen Case.

Priscilla Dean's widely heralded Universal super-feature, "Reputation," will be shown the first time locally at the Antlers theater Thursday and Friday.

The story is based on "False Colors," Edwina Levin's sensational novel, and was adapted to the screen by Lucien Hubbard, scenario editor at Universal City, in collaboration with Doris Schroeder

In no story, even including "Outside the Law," has the star done such remarkable dramatic work. She reaches the heights of human emotions and sinks into the profoundest depths of misery.

Revolving around a dual role, the theme of "Reputation," concerns a famous actress who dissipates until success falls away from her. She is in London, and a New York theatrical magnate is waiting for her to arrive to star on Broadway. When she doesn't come, her daughter—ignorant of the relationship—imperhit in her new mother's guise. Then sonates her and make a spectacular back to New York comes the wretched woman who, a year before, was the brightest jewel of the diadem of the drama. A tremendous climax follows:

Stuart Paton directed "Reputation" at Universal City with an especially selected cast including Niles Welch, Mae Giraci, Henry Van Meter, Harry Carter, William Welsh, Spottiswoode Aitken, Rex de Rosell, Madge Hunt, Al Garcia, James McLaughlin, Kathleen Myers, Joy McCreery, Alice H. Smith, Francois Dumas and Joy Ray.

Ethel Clayton is supported by an unusually strong cast of supporting players in "Sham," the clever Paramount comedy-drama which is scoring a real hit at the Majestic theater. Included are Theodore Roberts, Walter Hiers, Helen Dunbar, Sylvia Ashton, Eunice Burnham and Carrie Clark Ward. Douglas Doty adapted 'Sham" from the Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner stage success.

The story deals with a young society woman who is harnessed by creditors and who meditates marrying a fat unsophisticated rich young man, but changes her mind. There is abundant comedy throughout the action and every scene is heartily enjoyed by film fans.

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TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to hunt or otherwise trespass on my ranches at Happy Valley and at Green. Any person violating this notice will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

S. C. MILLER.

HIS PRIVATE SWIMMING POOL

Wise Willie, Forbidden Trip to Coos River, Found Substitution That Answered the Purpose.

On certain occasions Willie takes his mother's instructions literally while other times he doesn't. When Willie's mother told him that she did not want him to leave the building all afternoon because he had disobeyed her by going swimming in the river on the day previous, Willie carried out his mother's instructions to the letter. He did not leave the building all afternoon. When Willie's mother arrived home from her shopping tour late in the day, however, she was surprised to find that her son's hair was wet.

"I hope you didn't disobey me and go in the river again," said his mother.

"Nope," Willie replied.

"Then how did you get your hair wet?" his mother asked.

"Swimming," Willie replied.

"Swimming?" gasped his mother. "I told you not to leave this building. Now you will go to bed without any supper."

"I didn't leave the building," Willie insisted.

"How could you go swimming without leaving the building?" said his mother. "There's no place to swim in this apartment house."

"Ain't there, though?" asked the youngster. "Did you ever try the water tank on the roof?"—New York Sun.

Elephants Raid Railway Station.

We are used to stories of how an elephant occasionally upsets a circus but it is rare we hear of an orgy of destruction like that which occurred in the Malay peninsula. A herd of wild elephants attacked a railway station, pulling down the stationmaster's kitchen and bathroom. They did the same to the clerk's quarters and then tackled the station while the office force looked on from trees. One elephant took off an automatic weighing machine as a souvenir of the raid but finding it heavy, threw it down on the track. One of the elephants trumpeted the recall and they all went back into the jungle except one who fell in a well and had to be cut out by human aid, but was not detained. By the time help arrived after a general telegraphic alarm the huge beasts had entirely disappeared.—Scientific American.

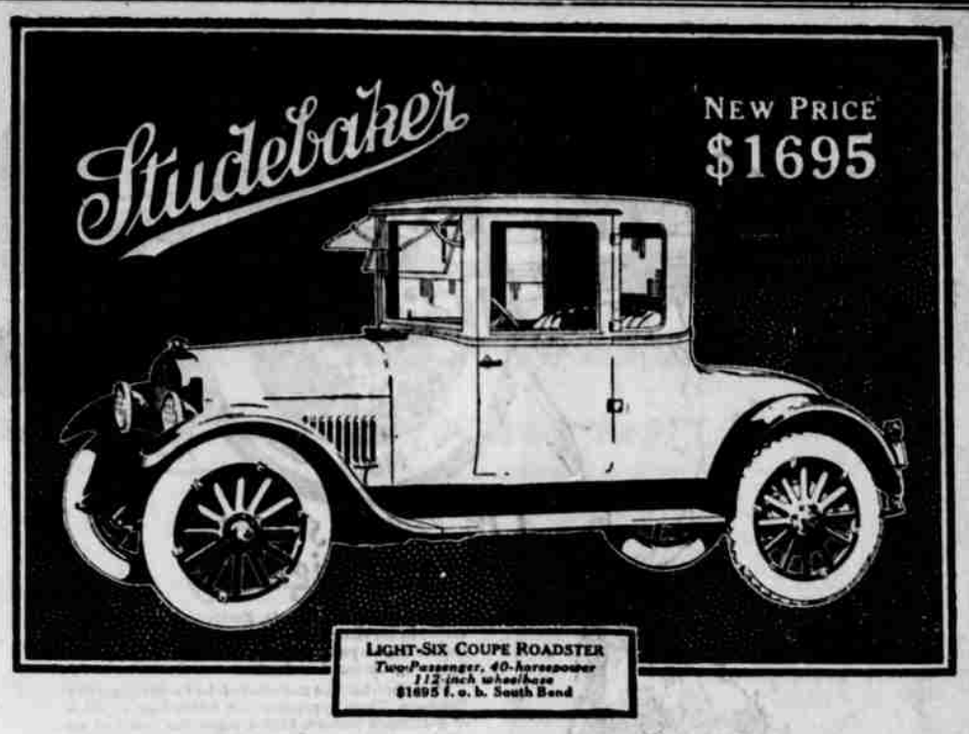
LODGE DIRECTORY.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Camp No. 135, meets in Odd Fellows' hall in Roseburg every 1st and 3rd Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors always welcome.
H. CARRICK, C. C.
M. M. MILLER, Clerk.

B. P. O. ELKS, Roseburg Lodge No. 326—Holds regular communications at the Elks' Temple on each Thursday of every month. All members requested to attend regularly, and all visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.
ROY BELLOWS, E. R.
R. L. WHIPPLE, Secy.

O. E. S., Roseburg Chapter No. 8—Holds their regular meeting on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in each month are respectfully invited to attend.
MYRTLE REYMERS, W.M.
FREE JOHNSON, Secy.

I. O. O. F., Philoterian Lodge No. 8, meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brothren are always welcome.
A. REDBARN, N. G.
A. J. GEDDES, Rec. Sec.
J. R. BAILEY, Fin. Sec.



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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Alpha Lodge No. 47, meets every Wednesday evening in Douglas Abstract Hall, corner Jackson & Washington Sts. Visitors always welcome.
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E. E. WIMBERLY, K. R. S.

ROYAL ORDER OF MOOSE—Roseburg Lodge No. 1027 meets first and third Tuesday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock in the Moose hall. All visiting brothers are invited to attend.
C. W. CLOAKE, Dictator.
H. O. PARGETER, Secretary

A. F. & A. M., Laurel Lodge No. 13—Regular communications 2nd and 4th Wednesdays each month at Masonic Temple, Roseburg, Ore. Visitors welcome.
W. F. HARRIS, Secy.
JOHN E. RUNYAN, W.M.

REBEKAHS—Roseburg Rebekah Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every week on Tuesday evening. Visiting members in good standing are invited to attend.
MYRTLE TREFREN, N. G.
BELLE STEPHENSON, Sec.
ETHEL BAILEY, Fin. Secy.

EAGLES—Roseburg aerie meets in Moose hall on Jackson St. on 2nd and 4th Monday evenings of each month at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren in good standing always welcome.
VICTOR MICELLI, W. P. P.
A. J. WULF, W. P.
B. F. GOODMAN, Secretary.

I. O. O. F., Union Encampment No. 9—Meets in Odd Fellows' Temple every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome.
GEO. RADABAUGH, C. P.
V. T. JACKSON, H. P.
OLIVER JOHNSON, R. S.
JAMES EWART, F. S.

W. B. A. O. T. M.—Roseburg Review, No. 11 hold regular meetings on second Thursday at 2 p. m. and fourth Thursday at 8 p. m. Visiting sisters invited to attend reviews. Maccabee Hall, Pine and Cass streets.
LOUISE LOCKE, Com.
JESSIE RAPP, Col.

NEIGHBORS OF WOODCRAFT—Lilac Circle No. 49, meets on 2nd and 4th Monday evenings. Visiting neighbors invited to attend.
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