



Alice Hammersly A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By Idah McGlone Gibson
The Novel Writer

OUT OF THE VALLEY

The next morning at eight I was standing just outside the door of the operating room.

I heard the mumbled tones of many voices and for a short minute or two I distinguished my Jeff's and then, for me, there was silence.

A nurse came and gently led me down the length of the corridor. She seated me in a steamer chair and I waited—waited while the minutes dragged themselves on leaden feet.

I had never been a praying woman but for a long hour there were not many minutes in which my lips did not move in prayer. Over and over, while tears filled my eyes, I repeated those beautiful words of Scripture.

Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.

Occasionally a white-capped nurse would come to me and whisper reassuringly: "Everything is going all right."

Suddenly I heard the clock strike nine and I remembered that Dr. Sanford had said that the operation would be over at that hour. My eyes flew swiftly to the closed door of the operating room at the other end of the corridor. I was denied the answer to my question: "What was keeping them beyond the time set to conclude the operation?"

I waited until the every moment meant torture. And then the door opened and a sheeted figure was wheeled along on the white hospital carriage to the elevator.

I had not strength to rise to my feet even though before the elevator door shut softly the nurse beside the unconscious figure gave me a reassuring smile.

I somehow raised myself slowly to my feet and then sank to my knees. My Jeff was still alive! I thanked the Great Power that it was so.

Softly I followed down the corridor and, taking the elevator, I reached his room. As I leaned against the casing of the door I heard a faint voice calling: "Alice! Alice!"

I stepped within. My Jeff was still unconscious and, disregarding the warning finger of the nurse, I slipped to his bed and placed my lips to his forehead.

"Alice, Alice, my darling," he faintly whispered again, and then I left the room.

At the threshold Duane caught me in his arms. The next thing I knew I found myself in my own room at the shore with Little Hal upon the bed beside me.

During the long weeks before the bandage was taken from Jeff's eyes the only hour of each day which meant anything to me I spent just outside the room where my Jeff lay. Sometimes I went with Bab and while she talked with him I listened for the note of increasing hope in his voice.

I had forbidden Bab to speak my name unless he spoke of me and my heart sank lower and lower as day after day passed and he had never, since he lay still unconscious from the anesthetic, mentioned my name.

"Will his pride never break?" I asked myself. I grew cold as I thought perhaps the verdict might be blindness. If it were, he would never let me come to him, however much I pleaded. I had long since buried my pride and determined that if Jeff Turner did not ask me to come to him I should beg of him to come to me.

I waited impatiently for the day that had been set for taking the bandages from across my Jeff's eyes.

When it came at last it took the combined persuasion of Duane and Bab and my physician to keep me away from the hospital, but I had grown so nervous and weak that I could hardly stand. Finally the doctor said that he would not be responsible for me if I allowed myself another great hour of suspense.

"I will come straight back to you," said Duane as he handed me a glass of water into which the doctor had surreptitiously placed an opiate.

Five hours passed when I awoke at the sound of Duane's voice.

"Alice, I am very sorry that you were not at the hospital today. When the bandages were taken off of Jeff's eyes in the darkened room, there was a moment of silent inquiry which Jeff answered by saying: 'Where is she? Why is she not here today?' She has been here every day before."

"Who?" someone asked.

"Way, Alice," he answered.

"Then he can see, Duane? He can see?" I screamed.

"Hush, dear. Yes, he can see."

"I am going to him now."

"No. The doctors have told him he can come down here to the shore tomorrow evening. They will not let him come out in the bright sun."

I told him how you begged to go to him today and he said, 'Tell her, Duane, that I am coming to her tomorrow.'"

Duane, always understanding, took Bab from the room and I threw myself on the bed sobbing for sheer happiness.

I do not know how I got through the night. All the next day I wandered from room to room and down the path to the garden seat. Ofttimes I clasped Little Hal to my breast and again I prayed in thankfulness that soon he would have my Jeff to stand in the place of his own father and raise a standard for him to follow.

Twilight drifted down o'er the landscape. Hearing the whirr of the motor I sped down toward the garden seat in sudden shyness.

There my Jeff found me.

And, with my hand upon his breast we watched the moon come up out of the silver sea. Down low on the horizon there was a slow, seductive star which twinkled so discreetly that it seemed to say: "You are at last in accord with things too sacred to voice, too mysterious for speech. But we—the moon, the stars and the sea—we know."

Slowly my arms crept up around my Jeff and my lips pressed his.

The mystery was mystery no longer. There was no need of speech; we two knew.

THE END

So ends the dramatic story of Alice Hammersly—a Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry—but did, as all others must—when the right man appeared.

Tomorrow we start publication of another Great Gibson Super-Serial entitled, "STARLIGHT"

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Horse Show at Fair Great Event

The night horse show in connection with the forthcoming state fair, to be present in show formation, some of the finest riding horses of the northwest, as well as several other sections of the country. Outstanding will be the McCleave string from Victoria, B. C. Miss Doris McCleave, who proved to be one of the cleverest riders of last year's show, will again be entered in the equestrian contests.

She will show one of the best educated high-school horses in the country, putting him through the usual paces of schooled horses, including dancing in time with music and several special stunts that no other horse does.

The McCleave stable will also be represented in a brilliant jumping stunt, that is unique and sensational.

The Corinthian on Thursday night will be a new feature in Salem. This event calls for six jumps, three of them being hurdles of timber and brush, four feet high, one post and rail jump of four feet and a "pig pen," sixteen feet square. The latter proves the stumbling block to most horses. The ideal performance is to take the pig pen at such a rate of speed that the horse lands clearly in the middle of the enclosure and clears it at the next jump. Unless everything is figured accurately the horse is forced to take an extra jump in the pen, which lands him on the fence, or so close to the farther side that he cannot get out cleanly. Refusals and "spills" are a frequent incident of the "pig pen."

The water jump calls for the same hurdles, except that the last one is made to imitate hedges and ditch

jump of about ten feet from the "take off" to the landing place. The water must be entirely cleared to make a perfect score, no matter how well the hurdles have been taken.

Probably the most thrilling of all the jumps to be seen at the Salem show is the table jump in the Handy Hunter jumping class. The last jump in this event is a table with a bench on either side, with a dummy figure of a red-coated soldier lying on the table. Both the nature of the jump and the vivid coloring of the obstacle are such that only the best-motivated horses can be persuaded to make the attempt. Only one horse made the record at the Vancouver, B. C., horse show last month.

Five horses will be shown at Salem from the Skinner show stables of New York, including a jumper, three and five-gaited saddlers, a high-stepper and a great Harvester, standard-bred roadster, "Comet," 14.2 hands in height. The Skinner stables are known all over the horse show world. The same horses to be seen here have been shipped to horse shows in England three times. "Flash," the jumper, world's champion high-jumping contest in London. His record is six feet, seven inches.

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