









At the End of the Aisle

By MARY DALAND
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"DO YOU remember the time we planned our weddings, Dulcie?" asked Stannie with a whimsical smile.

"Yes, I remember," said Dulcie. "We had them planned to the last detail."

"Except for the last detail, you mean," said Stannie. "We both omitted the bridegroom."

"Well, I suppose he would be quite necessary," Dulcie admitted.

"Rather. Do you know, Dulcie, during the last few years I have often thought of our very young plans—and always at the end of the aisle, I have seen—Eric."

"I saw Michael—until he went away to sea," said Dulcie bitterly.

"I know," she said. "I sometimes wish these men who forget could know what the forgotten endure. But you had no triangle in your love affair, Dulcie!"

"It would have been better if I had!" said Dulcie.

"Perhaps."

Stannie rose and walked to the open door where she could see the river shining in the morning sunlight, and the willows mistily green along the banks.

"If I were reading my life story in a book," she said, "I would think it a queer plot. But when it comes to living it, it's not so funny."

"At least you have someone to take his place," said Dulcie.

"You have Tom," Stannie reminded her.

"Yes, but he's not Michael."

"Neither is Barry Eric," said Stannie, and turned into the room again.

"Barry loves me with his whole heart; I love him a little. Eric loves me not at all; I love him more than—I can bear at times."

"I think you and Eric were born for each other," said Dulcie. "I'd like to put dynamite in his soup."

Stannie laughed.

"Anything would be better than this tangle," she said. "I might write to them both, and say to Barry that I loved him a little, and to Eric that I was going to marry Barry. And then I'd have a wedding, and as the organ began to play, I'd start down the aisle—wondering which one I was to meet at the end."

"You would be like that!" laughed Dulcie. "A sort of 'The Lady or the Tiger' idea."

"Listen to this," said Stannie, and went to the desk, where she wrote a short note:

"Dear Eric: 'To love is to remember.' As you have forgotten me, I know that your love is a thing of the past. Tonight, I am going to meet my future husband. Just as the moon rises, I shall pass by the crossroads. Will you meet me by the old signpost and say good-by? If you do not come, I shall marry the man who loves me."

Alone in the moonlight, Stannie gazed down the road that led to Barry's house—the road beside the river—and then down the road that Eric would have taken to meet her. It was grass-grown and wooded, and far at the end of the dim arch of trees, a star was shining. This road was like a long, leafy aisle, and a fragrance came to Stannie on the soft evening breeze.

"Flowers like that," she said, "along the aisle—and at the end—"

There was no one near. She stood quite alone, and in a moment she would go down the river road to Barry. He would love her, and they would be happy. Her restless heart would find a journey's end at last with the man who loved her. But before she went, she leaned against the old signpost and wept for Eric, who had not even come to say good-by.

Barry would forgive her this farewell to lost dreams; he had known the same. But now she was going to make his come true, and he was worthy of it. It was good to be loved by a man like him.

And then a hand touched her shoulder. Not a rough hand, but a kind one, firm and gentle. Stannie, her heart beating furiously, knew suddenly that fate had taken matters out of her hands. The man she was to marry was beside her, and would be waiting for her at the end of the aisle. But she had heard no footsteps. By which road had he come? Was it Barry or Eric? And then she turned around.

Impregnable Fortress

The stout stone walls and heavy cannon of the Morro Castle which fascinate visitors at San Juan, Puerto Rico, have a record of impregnability both in old and modern warfare. In Queen Elizabeth's time, Sir Francis Drake attempted to sack the city but was beaten off. In 1898, Admiral William T. Sampson, U. S. N., searching for Cervera's fleet, tried to enter the harbor but failed when his shelling of the fortress had no effect.

Historic Hoaxes

By Elmo Scott Watson

California Earthquake

WHEN an earthquake almost destroyed Long Beach, Calif., in 1933 several incidents of the "believe it or not" type were printed in newspapers all over the country as real occurrences. One of them was the story of the hen that was so frightened by the temblor that she laid seven eggs in quick succession. Another was about the mouse that was disgorged alive by the snake that had swallowed it.

But the prize story was that of the barber who stopped shaving a customer at the first shock of the quake, dashed to the railroad station and took the first train back to his home in Nashville, Tenn. He arrived there safely but had scarcely left the station when a tornado struck the Tennessee capital. Looking at the destruction about him, the barber immediately rushed to the telegraph office and wired to his old boss: "California's safer than this and I'll be back on the first train."

Except for the fact that there wasn't any tornado in Nashville, the story was a good one, although some people suspected that it was the invention of a "native son" still boosting for California. It was. The author of all these yarns was an imaginative reporter who thought it was up to him to throw a little humor into an otherwise desolate situation and there he concocted all these yarns.

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50,000 Illinois Farm Families Now Enjoy Electric Service

The 50,000 Illinois farm families now enjoying electric service are more than twice the number so situated 3 1/2 years ago. According to the Illinois Commerce Commission, electricity is now available to more than half the farm homes in some counties. Rural electrification made rapid strides in the 1937-38 fiscal year. The progress being made in extending country power lines is bringing electricity within the reach of numerous small towns and villages hitherto without such service.

The News is \$1.50 a year.

How did the Smith wedding go off? Fine, until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband. What happened then? She replied, "Do you think I'm crazy?" and the bridegroom, who was in a sort of daze, replied, "I do." Place your news items in our mail box at foot of stairway. The News is \$1.50 a year.

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**WEATHER AND CLOTHES: CHANGEABLE**

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

**WEATHER FORECAST**

Scientist—So you have followed the sea all your life! I presume you can easily foretell a gale, can't you?  
Jack Tar—Easy enough, sir. When you hear the captain yelling out 40 orders at once you can make up your mind that it's going ter blow!—Montreal Star.

**In and Out**

Harper—Green says he is financially all in.  
Harris—Yes, just told me he's every cent out.  
**Understandable**  
Boogy—Do you know it's a comfort to have a head like mine?  
Woogy—Yeah, solid comfort.—Chicago Tribune.

**SEZ SHE**

Professor's Daughter—Circumstances compel me to decline a marital arrangement with a man of no pecuniary resources.  
Student Suitor—Er—I don't get you.  
Professor's Daughter—That's just what I'm telling you.

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