

Other Side of the Story

By MARY B. WOODSON

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"WADE JARRETT, you were asked here to tea for a purpose!"

"Kind lady, have mercy!"

"Yes, you were. I want you. You're here to meet a woman!"

"Kind lady, why?"

"Because—well, I'm sick and tired of seeing such a fine man absolutely wasted—knocking about in single blessedness."

Pain darkened Jarrett's fine eyes. His lips set.

"Oh, I know very well what you're going to say—that there's only one woman in the world for you (rot) and that you're a one-woman man (rot)."

"And so it can't, Margaret, unless—perhaps—you take pity on me—"

He broke off, his hungry, lonely eyes on hers sorrowfully. "By Jove, what a trump you've been to me! I don't suppose you'd think of it, would you?"

Abruptly, Margaret put the width of the room between them. She straightened a rose in a vase with cold fingers. She didn't look at him.

"Don't be silly," she said, decidedly. "You know I wouldn't. But why on earth Polly Wyeth couldn't have been satisfied—"

After an uncomfortable little silence, Jarrett said slowly:

"Well, she is a—very beautiful woman, Margaret. And then—"

The man looked hard at his suddenly whitened knuckles. His breath shook him. "There were other men—"

"Oh, Wade, are you sure?"

"Why—wasn't it, four in the morning that—that last time at the dance when she came back with her silly tale of just meaning 'a run' in the moonlight with Carlton and a motor-car breakdown—the time I—snapped my fingers in her face and just—left her there to get home as best as she might?" His words hurried through his tight lips.

"But couldn't there have been some mistake? Couldn't there really have been a spin just for fun. Couldn't there have been a breakdown—"

"Fahw! Spirit of fun on Monday, with the wedding set for Wednesday? What woman who loved her lover would have gone out at all with another man on the eve of her wedding—"

"Hedn't you been away a good deal, Wade?"

Jarrett's face reddened. He moved uneasily.

"Well, I—yes, I—I guess I had been a bit of a brute. She'd flirt and—things would get so—unhappy I'd—well, want to cool off—Yes, I guess I had been away a good deal—"

"I don't suppose it ever occurred

to you that Women 'go—well, reckless and—defiant when they are lonely and—imagine themselves neglected by the—the men they—care for—"

"Our—our courtship had been so wonderfully happy—at first," hesitated the man, huskily. "It was all a horrible disappointment. I—I dare not let myself think of the—the happier days. I could break my heart just with remembering and with—things I—should have done and times when I was—when I was—wrong. I can—see it all—now, too late. But then—it was all so terrible—"

Suddenly he put his face in his hands and sat very painfully still.

Quickly, with that odd mothering of women, Margaret went to him. Pityingly, she laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Not half so terrible, Wade," she said tenderly, "as if you had been all wrong that—that last time. Just suppose what she told you had been true—There, that's the bell. Cheer up, dear. I shouldn't have let you talk about it. I ought to be hung. And I so want you to forget that other woman just once and be nice to my girl. Please. Somehow, I can't help but feel the—the other affair was just all—a—mistake and you two were just made for each other—I want you to like each other so much—"

Still urging, she left him hastily, for his eyes, tragic, miserably lonely, were on her again dependently, beseechingly. Safely outside, in the hallway, she swayed a moment, dizzily, and closed her eyes. There in that room was the man she loved with all her heart, with all her soul, and heart and soul cried out to him. Suddenly her nails bit her palms and her throat swelled with denied sobs. She opened the front door, briskly, after a moment.

"Oh, my dear, I'm so glad you could come," she cried cordially. "I've caught a be-man to cure your dumps. He's here now and I—want you to know him and—like him—"

In a few moments more, she threw open the door of the room she had just quitted, threw it open and walked blithely in and said in his startled face:

"Polly Wyeth, I—I want you to—meet—Mr. Wade Jarrett—"

Without heeding the man's low cry, or the woman's quick, surprised intake of breath, Margaret quickly shut the door again and left them alone.

Slowly they were walking toward each other, terrible joy and hunger banishing terrible pride in their faces. And as she fled up her stairway, the pent-up sobs came jaggedly through Margaret's throat at last. They tore at her sorrowing, low-spoken words:

"Oh, I love him. I love him. And he could have been mine—Oh, he could, he could—it only I—I hadn't—heard—her side of the—story, too—it only I—I hadn't known—how much they—they needed—each other—"

ON GUARD AGAINST FARM CROOKS

With every constructive movement for the improvement of agriculture, one is likely to find men who will attempt to capitalize it for their own personal benefit. This may take the form of shipping in poor and unprofitable livestock to palm off on unsuspecting farmers, or it may sometimes be selling fair to good livestock at exorbitant prices under promise of taking back some of the offspring at high figures.

There are several instances where the college of agriculture through its county agent system has cooperated in heading off the introduction of undesirable or extravagantly priced livestock. In other instances the state bankers association, through its agricultural committee or the secretary's office, has sent warnings to its member banks relative to individuals or firms operating on an unsound basis.

It is so important to head off undesirable and unprofitable investments as it is to encourage constructive and profitable ones.—*Banker-Farmer.*

BANKERS HELP

The banks of Bedford county, Tennessee, are furnishing pure bred eggs to all who will agree to return one pullet for each fifteen eggs in the fall.

The Missouri Bankers Association issued the first number of the "Agricultural Information Service Quarterly" in April. This publication deals with timely agricultural subjects of interest to bankers. A discussion of the various projects proposed as a basis for the program of banker-farmer co-operation in Missouri appears in the first issue.

Clearing houses in Georgia have approved a proposal for the expenditure of \$30,000 annually for the next three years for the purpose of carrying out a program of farm development and crop diversification in Georgia. The proposal was initiated by the Georgia Bankers Association. The plan calls for the creation of a state-wide development committee of thirty members which will function under the direction of the Agricultural Committee of the Georgia Bankers Association.

Nebraska bankers are going to school. The College of Agriculture is having a short course in agriculture for bankers. Registration is in charge of the Nebraska Bankers Association. The predominant thought is, "Every bank in Nebraska should be represented." Nine out of ten banks in one county have signed attendance cards. Scores of the cards have been received by Dan V. Stephens, chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Bankers Association, and he has received over a hundred letters on the short course.

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