

THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES
© DUNSTON PUBLISHING CO.

THIRD INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Pauline, sentimental, trustful, sincere and loving love, becomes engaged and marries Dennis O'Hara in the belief that their blissful happiness will continue unchanged thru all the years. On her wedding morning she awakens with a strange premonition that maybe love does change, a thought buried in her mind by a letter from her closest friend, Barbara the night before. Pauline adored Barbara, who had been married, was the mother of a child which died, but now divorced and living a life which some of her friends could not understand. Between Dennis and Barbara is a seeming wall of personal dislike by both. Six months after Pauline's wedding, Barbara comes for a short stay. During this visit Barbara confesses to Pauline that there is a man she really loves, but she refuses to tell his name.

Now go on with the story—

"Oh, yes, at the club."
"Because I'd love to get you something to eat if you're hungry." She looked as if she hoped he would say he was.

"No, thank you, dear."
The last little word was spoken unconsciously, but it warmed her heart. She perched herself on his knee and put her arms around his neck.

"Have you missed me?"
"You baby! What do you want me to say?"

"That you love me."
"Is it necessary? Of course I love you!"

He put his arms around her little figure and drew her closer to him. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Talking to Barbara and working."
"Does Barbara ever do anything besides talk?"

Pauline laughed. "Not often. I wish I could talk the way she does she's awfully clever."

"Clever! Rubbish! She talks like a cheap novellette."
"Dennis!"

"So she does. All this stuff about love and marriage and twin souls."
"She doesn't mean half she says," Pauline declared.

"Let's hope she doesn't," Dennis answered drily. He set Pauline on her feet, his arm still around her. "Run up to bed, you'll take cold. I—"

He broke off, as there was a slight sound in the doorway and looking up he saw Barbara there.

"So sorry," said Barbara, looking directly at him. "I came down for a book. I had no idea you were in. So sorry!" she added again, a little smile curving her lips. "Good night," and she went away. Dennis looked angry. "Good night," said Pauline.

"She knew good and well we were here," he said. "Damn that woman!" he added under his breath.

"I told you I knew Barbara wasn't happy," Pauline informed him later on when she was lying cozily in bed. "I wouldn't tell anyone but you, Dennis, darling, but she does love someone—frantically!"

"Half a dozen of 'em, I should think!"

"No, seriously, one!" Pauline insisted. "There was quite a different look about her when she told me."

She lay still, watching him with adoring eyes. Presently she said, shyly, "Dennis?"

"Um!"

"You love me best in all the world, don't you?"

"What would you do if I said the answer was in the negative?" he asked, teasingly.

"Die," Pauline whispered.

"Then you may live," he assured her.

Pauline sighed and closed her eyes.

It was no use; she realized that nothing on earth would ever make Dennis romantic.

It was at breakfast the next morning that Barbara announced she must go home that day, "home" meaning the queerly furnished flat in Greenwich where she kept the clothes she was not wearing, and slept when she was not staying in other people's houses. Barbara did not often come down to breakfast, but this morning she was standing looking out of the window when Dennis came into the room whistling.

When he saw her he broke off in dismay.

"Hullo! Couldn't you sleep?" he asked, with a poor attempt at humor.

Barbara met his eyes calmly.

"I lay awake thinking of you," she said in her charming voice.

Dennis flushed; not because he thought for a moment she meant it, but because everything she said and did for some reason or another irritated him.

"Indignation," he said briefly. Barbara laughed—she was very difficult to offend.

"No, we had a very good dinner," she answered seriously. "Spoiled by your vacant chair, of course, but otherwise perfect."

Dennis scowled and took up the paper. Barbara might be in love, he told himself, remembering Pauline's words last night, but that any man could possibly fall in love with her—

Pauline came into the room at that moment.

"Why—Barbara!" she said, amazed.

"Yes—myself in the flesh," Barbara said calmly. "I had a wire this morning on urgent business. I must go back home."

"Go back! You haven't been here a week!"

"I'll come back—never fear! Your spare-room bed is so comfortable to forget," said Barbara.

Barbara was stirring her coffee with an irritating little tinkle of silver against the china cup. "I wonder if I may ring up for a taxi presently," she said.

"Dennis will drive you down," Pauline said quickly. "He has to go down to Albany on business this morning—you told me so last night," she added faintly, meeting her husband's annoyed eyes.

"I said I might have to," he answered.

"Well—you could take Barbara, couldn't you?" Pauline asked.

"Do you hate many people as much as you hate me?" Barbara asked Dennis later on, when they were driving away in the little two-seater car.

"People who hate well generally love well," Dennis said surlily.

"Yes," Barbara's queer eyes looked straight ahead down the road. "I should think you would make quite a good lover," she agreed.

Dennis jerked the wheel.

"I dare say Pauline could give you any information you require," he said.

"A love and a husband—two different things," Barbara said sweetly.

"Aren't we talking a lot of rubbish?" Dennis said with exasperation.

Barbara folded her hands in her lap with mock resignation.

"Very well—from now until our journey's end I am dumb," she said mockingly.

Dennis quickened speed. The journey could not be at an end too quickly for him. They turned into one of the new broad arterial roads, and he let the engine out to its fullest extent. He never dared do such a thing when Pauline was with him. Presently he stole a sidelong glance at her. She was sitting very still, perfectly controlled and unmoved. She was a strange woman, he thought, and almost angrily he wished he understood her.

Barbara suddenly touched his arm.

"There's a crossroad just ahead," she said in her calm voice. "I am not at all afraid, but you are driving rather recklessly, you know, and there is Pauline to consider, so—"

Afterward he wondered stupidly what she had been going to say, but her words were lost in a chaos of shouting and confusion and the grinding of brakes—and then—struggling back to consciousness he heard her voice still, agonized, broken with tears—unlike the cool, indifferent tones to which he had grown so irritatingly accustomed.

"Oh, my dear—Dennis—Dennis—speak to me—Dennis!"

It was a dream—opening his eyes he was conscious of a confusion of sky and clouds from which Barbara's face, wet with tears and white with dread, bent over him.

So she could feel after all! Pauline had been right, and she had a heart hidden away beneath all her artificialities.

Pauline had said something else about her, too. What was it? Oh, yes, with difficulty he sorted the words from the confusion in his brain—"She does love someone—frantically!"

And then his own question: "Who is the poor devil, then?"

Who was the poor devil? In the midst of all his pain, O'Hara was conscious of a maddening desire to know the name of the man.

Well, he would ask her! Surely to ask a simple question like that would not be wrong?

Barbara, whom he had never liked—whom he pretended to despise—this woman with the tears on her white face, bending over him, bending so low that surely her lips touched his, cool and fragrant!

Dennis O'Hara closed his eyes. He was in pain, in great pain—there was a heavy weight across the lower part of his body, crushing him. He wondered what Pauline would say when she heard—poor little Pauline! He tried to recall her face to his fading consciousness, but somehow he could only see Barbara's eyes and the tears on her white cheeks—only feel the fragrance of her lips on his, only realize thru the

sea of pain in which he was drowning that at last he knew the name of the man she loved.

Pauline was busy arranging fresh flowers in the drawing room when the news was brought to her. She was not feeling very happy. Barbara's sudden departure had hurt her and left her puzzled.

Pauline longed to be a perfect hostess as well as a perfect wife. Her anxious mind explored every nook and cranny of her household to find in what particular detail she had failed in hospitality, and reluctantly she decided it must have been her husband.

Dennis was never nice to Barbara. It was impossible to disguise the fact that he did not like her. This morning at breakfast time, for instance, he had shown only too plainly that he objected to taking Barbara in the car. It was too bad of him.

Pauline carefully arranged the red roses in a silver bowl—a wedding present. Only six months ago since she had unpacked it, together with a host of other lovely things.

Only six months! It seemed a long time, and yet she knew people who had been married for sixteen years—twenty years, thirty years and even longer.

"I expect the time will go more quickly when we're really settled down and used to being married," Pauline told herself with a little feeling of satisfaction. A sharp thorn from one of the roses gave Pauline a nasty prick, and it was while she was busy wiping away the tiny bead of blood from her finger that the door bell rang.

"The postman!" Pauline thought as she went to the front door, but the letter box was empty and thru the glass panels she could see the burly outline of a man's waiting figure.

Pauline opened the door, then she caught her breath sharply, for the man wore an officer's uniform.

He looked at Pauline with kindly eyes.

"Mrs. O'Hara?" he queried doubtfully.

"Yes," Pauline was panicky. Did she owe one of the tradesmen anything? She had always been so careful about not getting into debt. She was a thousand miles from the truth when the man reluctantly broke the news to her. "I am sorry to say there has been a bit of an accident, Gentleman by name O'Hara—"

Pauline thought she would have died on the spot.

Dennis hurt! Killed! "Oh, my God!" she whispered, white-lipped.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Family DOCTOR

DR. JOSEPH C. M. JOSEPH
YOUR PHYSICIAN

"Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Can you cure it?"

These two questions make the "horns" of the dilemma in every case treated or applying for treatment. Both questions are of the highest importance for the doctor and patient.

A doctor may know exactly what the trouble is—he may be the best of diagnosticians—yet he may be sadly deficient in his knowledge of the best remedies for the disease; so broad and deep is the science of medicine!

I believe there are hundreds—thousands of patients treated and cured—when the diagnosis was absolutely a mistaken one. How? Well, the skillful doctor treated the important SYMPTOMS.

The best doctor strives to be equal to the answer to both of the questions at the head of this letter; happy the physician that can, truthfully answer both.

Suppose the doctor cannot accurately diagnose the case—yet believes he has done so; I'd trust that doctor anywhere. Why? Just because he knows what remedy to apply for the symptoms.

I would be perfectly willing for a doctor to treat me who knows well the action of the medicine he uses; he knows the cause that will bring about the effect. A good physiologist is a good doctor; the man who knows healthy life is quick to recognize any departure from it. Physiology is the science of life.

I am not so devilish particular about a technical diagnosis; I do not care how many red cells a man has, just so I know he is anaemic. Now laugh, if you want to!

Shipping and handling charges are still high; which makes it possible to sell at home for less and make more money in the long run. An advertisement in this paper helps find buyers.

TODAY and TOMORROW

FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE

NATIONALISM

a kick-back

A lot of the world's present troubles are due to an excess of Nationalistic pride. Every nation is trying to be self-contained, and then grousing because other nations won't trade with it.

Every dollar we spend for foreign goods helps some other nation to buy our goods. I believe in America first, but I do not believe in the stupid doctrine which would prohibit me from buying something I wanted because it was made abroad.

Nearly a hundred years ago there was an agitation in this country similar to the "Buy American" movement of today. The party which advocated non-intercourse with foreign countries got the nickname of "Know-Nothings." Presently we will wake up again to the truth that every obstacle to international trade hurts everybody concerned.

JEWS

in Germany

Jewish people all over the world are greatly concerned over the policy of the new "Nazi" government of Germany, under the practical dictatorship of Chancellor Hitler, in boycotting Jewish merchants, doctors, teachers and others.

I talked the other day with an intelligent young German Jew who had been getting letters from home about the situation in Germany. He was not at all worried. His people had written him that they were not being annoyed and that the whole anti-Jewish agitation was directed at a Communist element, mainly composed of Jews.

Another German, a non-Jew, said to me: "Here in America the Jews work like other people. In Germany a lot of them don't do anything but try to make trouble for the Government."

But, of course, the German government has handled the situation stupidly, as it always handles any situation. More than 100 years ago the great French historian, Guizot, wrote: "There is something in the German temperament which makes them utterly unable to understand the point of view of other peoples."

MACHINES

can't think

When these hard times are over and that won't be long now—we shall not go backward but forward.

And one thing we may look for is more and more perfection of machines to do our work for us.

When I was a boy I used to admire the muscular development of the men who worked in my uncle's machine shop. Not long ago I visited the same plant, now tremendously changed, and found one of those old-timers still working.

He was sitting in a rocking-chair watching an automatic machine do almost exactly the same sort of work he used to do by hand, only many times as rapidly and accurately.

Every once in a while he would take a finished piece off the machine and put a new block of metal in its place.

"They say the machine will throw everybody out of work," he said, "but I notice it still takes a human brain to tell the machine when to stop and start." That is something people overlook. Nobody has yet

Easter Carnival Sale Continues

Hornell, N. Y., April 12, 1933.—The L. & C. Coat, Suit & Dress Company wish to announce to the readers of this paper the continuation of their Easter Carnival Sale of Coats, Suits, Dresses, Millinery, Children's Apparel, etc.

The L. & C. Sale attracted hundreds of buyers of Ladies' wearing apparel the past few days, and the L. & C. Company have been requested to continue this great value-giving sale.

It is really remarkable the wonderful Coats they are selling at \$4.95, \$5.95, \$7.50, \$9.85 and real hand-tailored fur-trimmed Coats at \$12.50.

You will find hundreds and hundreds of real new Easter styles in Dresses to select from at all prices from \$1.49 to \$14.50.

The \$1.49 Dresses are on sale in the L. & C. Basement and you will find a fine assortment. The \$2.79 and \$3.79 group are of pure silk fabrics in all sizes from 14 to 54.

Suits are in demand this Spring and the L. & C. Company have taken special pains to obtain a fine selection to sell from \$7.50 to \$14.50.

The \$7.50 Suits come in navy, royal blue, tan and dawn, fur cuff trim, and in sizes 14 to 20.

There is great activity in the Millinery Department and great preparations are being made with extra help and new merchandise to render the service you are accustomed to receive at the L. & C. Store. Wonderful Hats can be had at 95c, \$1.79 and \$2.79. A complete assortment of headsizes, so all can be fitted.

Children's Coats and Dresses are plentiful, in all sizes, Coats from \$2.95 to \$4.49. Children's Dresses at 49c to \$1.95, truly pretty dresses.

In the L. & C. Annex they are featuring full-fashioned Silk Hose at 37c, a real bargain, and when you see how fine and sheer these stockings are you will want to buy enough for months to come.

Come and see what real fine Coats, Suits, Dresses, Hats, Children's Apparel you can purchase at the L. & C. Easter Carnival Sale.

made a machine that can think, and nobody ever will.

TELEPHONE

another step

Everybody who has a telephone must have wished for some sort of an attachment which would answer automatically when the subscriber is away.

Word comes from Vienna that just such a device has been invented and is in use there. When one is going to be out of telephone reach he sets the implement at the hour when he expects to be back. Then if a call comes thru in his absence the caller hears a gong ring to indicate the hour when the person called will return. When he returns he finds a record of all calls.

It will be easy to record that idea into a phonograph record which would say "Mr. Smith has gone to Florida but will be back on the fifteenth," or whatever other message it is desired to convey.

Something of that sort will come some day.

TYPEWRITER

has birthday

I have a vivid memory of the day when my mother received a letter from her younger brother in Buffalo with the words printed instead of written with a pen. He said: "This letter is written on a new kind of machine we have got in the office,

called a typewriter."

That was almost 60 years ago; about 1876, I should say. The typewriter was only three or four years old then, for the 60th anniversary of its invention by Christopher Sholes has just been celebrated.

There was quite a celebration organized by the Young Women's Christian Association. The typewriter, they held, had emancipated women by making it possible for them to do work in offices. I don't think that is sound reasoning. Hardly anybody but men used typewriters for at least 20 years after the machine was invented.

The rush of women into business began in the early 1890's, after the telephone people had broken down the barriers that kept women out of offices.

Asparagus develops early in the season when few other crops are available in the home garden. Almost every garden has some space, in a corner or along the side, where asparagus may be planted and not be disturbed. The free Cornell bulletin, E-233, suggests the most suitable varieties and tells how to grow the crop. Ask the New York State college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y., for your copy. It is free.

Some Good Advice

By Albert T. Reid

NOW, LEMME TELL YOU SOMETHIN'—IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL STAY OUT OF BAD COMPANY IN THE FUTURE

OH,—THERE'S TUBBY BEER BACK FROM TH' REFORM SCHOOL! LE'S GIT HOLD OF HIM

