

# THE OTHER MAN

RUBY M. AYRES  
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## TENTH INSTALLMENT

**SYNOPSIS:** Pauline, sentimental, trusting, sincere and loving love, becomes engaged and marries Dennis O'Hara in the belief that their blissful happiness will continue unchanged through 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, 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. Barbara decides suddenly to go home and Pauline insists Dennis drive her to the station. Irritated, Dennis drives recklessly and they are in a crash. Barbara escapes injury, but Dennis' leg is broken. As he returns to consciousness he learns who the man is that Barbara loves. It's himself.

Dennis spends several weeks in the hospital. Barbara returns to stay with Pauline, but on one pretext or another fails to visit Dennis with Pauline at the hospital. Pauline plans highly for Dennis' return home. Barbara stays only one day after Dennis' return from the hospital. Much against his will Dennis finds a new attraction in Barbara, who plays the same cool and detached role as formerly.

A fortnight after Barbara's return to New York, she receives a letter from Pauline that she and Dennis are coming to New York for a little vacation. Upon their arrival a round of gay entertainment gets under way—throwing Dennis and Pauline much into each other's company. Dennis is in love with Barbara. He breaks thru all barriers and tells her of his love. Pauline is called home by the illness of her mother. Dennis stays on. Barbara is happy. Both fight against love—but it's overpowering.

Now go on with the story—

Dennis was silent for a moment, then he said, the blood deepening in his face, "I want to say that, if it would not hurt Pauline terribly, I hope she would—let me go."

"And you have only been married a few months," said Barbara.

"It doesn't take as long as a few months to discover a mistake."

"I think life is horrible," she said fiercely.

"It's horrible because we know we mustn't do the thing we want to do," Dennis agreed hoarsely. "Because there is a so-called code of honor that says a man and a woman shall stick together no matter how much they hate each other."

Barbara cried out: "You couldn't hate her. Nobody could."

"No, no, I didn't mean that. She's one of the best—sweetest—"

There was a long silence; then Barbara said suddenly:

"When we say good-bye after this lunch, Dennis, it is to be good-bye."

His face flushed and his lips sneered.

"For Pauline's sake, or for mine, or for your own?" he asked.

Sudden tears started to her eyes. "The world is upside down," she said desperately. "Only the other night I told Jerry Barnett that it was the end of romance when a man called a woman his dear, but now you've said it, it seems to me like the very beginning."

"The beginning of a love that will never end," Barbara said.

She drew her hand away. "We're talking like a sentimental boy and girl," she said. "Ask for the bill and let us go."

It was going a little when they left.

"I'll take a taxi—don't wait," Barbara said.

"Do you imagine we are going to say good-bye like this?"

"Why not? It's a good way as any."

"Not good enough for me."

The concierge had fetched a taxi, and Dennis and Barbara drove away together.

"I've never seen your home," Dennis said suddenly. "I've often tried to picture where you live."

"It's very nice," she said.

"It wouldn't be to me. Let me come to your home, Barbara, just once."

"You won't be the first," Dennis might have said, for he had often come.

"It makes no difference," she said. "Very well, I'll come. I'll come on my own feet."

But her heart beat with a hammer that was yet half pain. It would be something to know he had been in the room where she had dropped of him so often, something to remember when all this foolishness was over.

"And all this doesn't help us or

"You'll hate it," she told him as they went up in the lift to her flat. "It's like me—as you thought I was when you first knew me." She opened the door with her key.

He followed her into the sitting room, and Barbara stirred the fire into a blaze and looked around her with critical eyes.

Hitherto she had been rather proud of her flat, with its queer coloring and very modern lighting, but today she felt vaguely dissatisfied with it. She knew quite well why she felt dissatisfied. It was the presence of Dennis O'Hara that made her choice of furniture and fittings look tawdry and bizarre.

Dennis himself was so wholesome, so clean. There was nothing artificial or pretentious about him; he had come into her life like a fresh breeze into a stuffy, scented room, with which she knew she would never again be satisfied.

She sighed again and came back to the fire.

"Take off your coat, won't you? There's whiskey on the sideboard, and cigarettes. Mix me a whiskey, please."

She sat down in one of the big velvet chairs and leaned her head back, watching him with grave eyes.

He looked so at home there in her sitting room, in spite of his tweed suit, which was oddly at variance with his surroundings; he looked somehow as if he belonged, she thought, and a little shiver of joy shook her as she realized how wonderful it would be if it was really his home as well as hers, if they had the right to shut the door on the world and be happy.

Unconsciously her eyes misted over as she looked at him. So dear! So beloved, but the husband of another woman.

Dennis came back with two whiskeys.

Barbara rose to her feet.

"I want to talk to you. No—stay there at a nice respectable distance, please."

She moved close to the fire and held her hands to its warmth. Barbara had beautiful hands, slender and white, and suddenly Dennis found himself contrasting them with Pauline's.

Barbara went on after a moment in a brisk, unemotional voice:

"All this—nonsense has to stop, Dennis, you know that." She looked around at him and quickly away again. "We're behaving like—like a couple of rotters. There's Pauline."

She paused, but he did not speak, and she went on: "Are you going to break her heart?"

Dennis said, "If it is a question of her heart or yours—"

She cut in harshly: "Mine isn't the kind that breaks—you've only got to look at me to see that." She dared not look at him as she spoke, but she could have laughed at the contrast between her carelessly spoken words and the stark desolation in her heart. "If he would only speak—only say something," she told herself in despair.

And then she heard him move, and she felt his hands on her shoulders, gently turning her to him, and she raised her eyes slowly, slowly, till they met his. There was a little silence, then Dennis bent and kissed her lips.

"If this is what you call trying to play the game," Barbara, don't try any more. I know you, and I know that you belong to me as much as I belong to you, and that nothing will ever change it—even if—as you say—it's not to end. Well?" he queried, as she did not speak.

Barbara's lips moved, but no words came. Then, quite suddenly she put her head down on his shoulder.

"Love me, love me, love me! Please, love me!" she said wildly.

At that moment he was far more to her than just the man she would have married if he had been free; he was all the different loves of life that had never left her: father, mother, lover, child—everything.

He held her very gently, his face against her hair, speaking words of which he had never believed himself capable. So often had he told Pauline that he could not "talk like a man," and that she must be his love for granted. Poor little Pauline, who, who she was his wife, and never been his love.

And then Barbara gently disengaged herself.

"Dennis, it's your fault. I've never been such a weak idiot before. The tears were streaming down my face, and she tried to brush them away with her hand. "If I don't see you again, Dennis, I might have been quite a nice woman," she said sobbing. "And, oh, look at your coat, it's wet with tears. Let me wipe them away."

But he held her wrists, preventing

her. "No, let them be, they are mine anyway," he said, then he kissed her hands, the palm of each, and let her go.

"And all this doesn't help us or

tell us what to do," he said ruefully.

Barbara laughed shakily. "We don't need to be told—we know already. You're married to one of the sweetest girls in the world, who adores you, and I—the I've got the reputation of being a husband stealer, somehow I can't steal you, Dennis. Perhaps it's the one decent streak in my nature, coming to the top at last, I don't know. I can't understand myself. I'm not given to decent actions. It's not for Pauline, either. I'm fond of her, but not fond enough to wear a martyr's crown for her sake."

She was standing by the fire again now, her arm resting on the mantelshelf, her eyes bent on the leaping flames. "It must be because I love you so much," she said after a moment. "You know, the sort of thing you read about in books. She loved him too well to spoil his life sort of thing," she said cynically; then suddenly her head went down on her arm. "Why need this have happened to me? Why need it have happened to me? I've never been given any happiness; all my life—everything's gone wrong."

Dennis watched her silently; his arms ached with their longing to hold her, but he was afraid.

Barbara spoke suddenly: "You'd better go, Dennis. There's nothing more to say, and it's getting late. You've got to dine with Dr. Stornaway, you know."

"I can put him off."

"Nonsense." She turned and faced him bravely. "I look a sight, don't I? Women always do when they've been crying and that's why they cry when there's nobody to see—I cry torrential tears at night."

He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Some day—" he said hoarsely, but she would not let him finish, she laid a hand on his lips, silencing him, and at that moment there was a sudden knock on the front door. Barbara gently disengaged herself.

"I expect it's Mellish. I'll let her in." She gave a hurried glance in

the mirror. "I look a sight, but she won't notice."

She turned to go, then came back and put her arms around his neck and kissed him, but then, when she would have gone, he held her and kissed her many times, and Barbara said breathlessly: "Do you remember the story of the plain princess who only looked beautiful when the man she loved kissed her, and so she always looked beautiful to him? Well, I think that must be me," and then, as the knock was repeated, she went swiftly away, and Dennis mechanically lighted a cigarette and walked over to the window.

As he stood there looking out into the gray afternoon his only emotion was one of passionate gladness that his great love for this other woman had been given to him. He had not lived until he kissed her; she only had brought rapture into the calm serenity of his life.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

## ROCK GARDENS

Lucile Grant Smith

A rock garden is informal and it must be placed in an informal setting where it can blend into the more natural or semiwild part of the garden. Such a garden is not just a collection of stones with "stuff" growing over them, but is a place in which to grow many of those beautiful small plants that would be lost in the herbaceous border or in any other part of the garden.

Many situations are suitable for rock gardens. Any slope, or bank, a natural stone outcrop, or a small stream bed makes a satisfactory natural setting. Many gardeners have to be content with a flat surface, and though this is the commonest, it tests the skill and ingenuity of the builder to secure really natural effects. A small mound in the middle of the front lawn is altogether out of place unless it can be used as a setting for a natural-looking lily pond or something of the sort.

The real pleasure in rock gardening lies in growing the plants in the rock ledges, crevices, and in other odd places. The gardener must first know the plants and their needs; some gardens need acid soil, or alkaline soil, and different soil types for the variety of plants he desires, but first he must know the plants. This best textbook is nature herself. See how the plants grow naturally and then imitate the bits of nature, even to the stone outcrops and the placing. If the natural setting is followed, the artificiality of rock gardens, which is their worst criticism, may be avoided.

## GREENWOOD

(Miss Rexy Thompson, Reporter)

### Former Resident Dies in Iowa

Word has been received by friends here of the death of B. B. Freeman at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lee Dunlap in Fontanelle, Iowa on May 14, 1933. Mr. Freeman was born March 9, 1853 and was married to Hattie E. Reimann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Reimann. Mrs. Freeman died Nov. 24, 1910.

B. B. Freeman was a former resident of Greenwood, making cheese in the old cheese factory near the Reimann home on Church Hill. The cheese factory was moved several years ago and is now the Krusen garage.

Mr. Freeman is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Dunlap and Mrs. Harold Neville of Toledo, Ohio and two sons, Edward of Fontanelle and Ray of Kansas City. Burial was made at Fontanelle, Iowa.

Several from this place attended "Queen Esther," a sacred cantata, given by the choir of the Park M. E. church in Hornell, Sunday evening.

Regis McCormick has returned from spending a few days at Camp Dix in New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers and daughter, Gertrude, were shopping in Hornell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Quinlivan, daughter Leona and son Billy, of Syracuse were guests over Decoration Day of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Updyke. Billy remained to spend a month with his grandparents.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Chaffee and two children and Mrs. Ruth Sweet spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Russell of Hunts.

Dwight Young spent Friday evening with friends in Alfred.

Elmore Blair of Scio spent a few days this week with his grandmother Mrs. F. E. Carney.

Mrs. Monroe Tyler and Miss Ruby Tyler returned Monday to their home here after spending the winter in Hornell. Miss Tyler commutes to her school duties the balance of the year.

Mrs. M. L. Brundage, Mrs. Howard Graves, Misses Norma and Carolyn Brundage were shopping in Hornell, Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. Shirley Travis, Mrs. J. H. Goodno, Mrs. E. M. Scribner, Mrs. L. E. Dennis and Miss Grace Young attended a Missionary meeting in Whitesville Thursday afternoon.

Miss Grace Young, Miss Olive Clarke, Easter Clark, Marion Chaf-

fee, Rev. Shirley Travis, Dwight Young, Orlo Freeland, Maurice Freeland and Lloyd Chaffee attended an Epworth League party in Almond Wednesday evening of last week.

Miss Loretta Casey spent the week-end with her parents in Geneva.

Mrs. F. D. Young, Miss Grace Young and Mrs. L. F. Thompson were shopping in Hornell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Buck and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Fish spent the week-end with Hornell friends at Indian Lake in the Adirondacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ory Freeland and son Maurice and Mrs. Meade motored to Brookville, Pa., Sunday.

Mrs. Meade remained to spend some time with relatives there.

Mrs. D. D. Baker, Miss Roberta Baker and Thomas McEnroe motored to Alexander, Saturday. Mrs. Baker remained for a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fish and two children attended the school exhibit in Canastota Wednesday evening.

Mrs. L. F. Thompson and H. C. McCaffery were in Independence Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Scribner, Miss Marion Scribner and Miss Wheaton were week-end guests of Rev. and Mrs. Frank Poland in Bardsall.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodno and son Redmond were business callers in Hornell Saturday.

The Misses Bernice Rogers, Sadie Bly and Virginia McCormick and James Turner and Dwight Young enjoyed a picnic in Rochester Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miner and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Scribner attended the funeral of Alex King in Jasper Friday.

Clarence Webster has been passing several days in North Bingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Dennis spent the week-end with friends in Havenholt.

Mr. and Mrs. John Horton and two sons of Elmira are passing some time at the home of Mrs. Horton's mother, Mrs. Gaylord Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown of Kenmore were visiting relatives here over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Fulkert returned to Trenton, N. J., Tuesday after a visit with relatives here.

The main advantage in cutting seed potatoes is to make the seed go farther. Cutting also stimulates sprout growth from eyes which otherwise might remain dormant.

Henry Ford  
Dearborn, Mich.

May 22, 1933

I suppose that I may claim to be the first Ford Dealer. I not only made cars, but sold them and frequently delivered them myself.

The "drive away" is not new; often I have driven cars from Detroit to towns in Ohio or Indiana or Michigan to make delivery.

There were no good roads in those days, and the people where I drove had never seen a motor car before.

My first really enthusiastic customers were Country Doctors. They were the first to realize the value of dependable transportation to a widely scattered practice.

Even today I occasionally hear from some of those first Ford users. We had to teach local mechanics how to care for the cars. That is how Ford Service began, which is now found everywhere in the world.

We believed from the beginning that a sale does not complete our transaction with our customer—it creates upon us an obligation to see that our customer's car gives him service. Ford Dealers know their duty to the public in this respect.

I can say of Ford Dealers generally that they have been and are men of character and standing in their communities. Most of them have been with us many years, which indicates that we agree on basic business principles. The Company provides that the methods used to sell the Ford car are consistent with the self-respect of the Dealers who handle it.

The present Ford V-8 is the peak of our 30 years experience. We have never made a better car. Its eight-cylinder engine is powerful and smooth running. The car is admittedly very good looking and has comfortable riding qualities. It is economical in operation because of advanced engine design and low car weight. It is the fastest, roomiest and most powerful car we have ever built.

Henry Ford