

Beware of Bachelors

by Arline de Haas

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 "BEWARE OF BACHELORS," with an All-Star Cast, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS
 The waiting room of Dr. Edward Davis, a nerve specialist, is filled with patients, mostly women, whose sole concern is not nerve. For Dr. Davis is both young and handsome. But he is interested in one person only, his wife, to whom he has been married for almost three months. And as far as he is concerned, patients are merely patients to be treated. But he is having a hard time trying to make them realize this fact. Dr. Davis is conducting an extremely busy morning session in his office.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Dr. Davis drew out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "Why I ever wanted to be a nerve specialist is more than I can understand," he told himself fiercely. "It's enough to drive anyone mad." He sat down at his desk for a moment, and once more he blew a kiss towards the silver frame. Then he picked it up and gazed at the photograph. "To Ed—the dearest husband in the world—from May," he read. Finally he rose and once more opened the door.

For the next two hours Dr. Davis went through repetition after repetition of the preceding scenes. And it was without the slightest regret that he heard Miss Calahan reminding him that he had made an engagement to have lunch at the Ritz Hotel with Joe Babbitt and it was already one o'clock.

"Thanks, Miss Calahan," he nodded briefly to his secretary. "Say that I can't see anyone else today. I'll be back at three, if it's important." He snatched his hat from the rack, jammed it on his head, and hurried out.

Once on the street he signalled a passing cab and jumped in, giving

"Oh, a doctor!" Miss Pfeffer was exclaiming. "I just love doctors." She edged her chair a little closer. "What do you do?" Cut people up, and all that sort of thing? It must be perfectly thrilling.

"Cut people up? Not Ed," Babbitt interrupted. "Ed's one of the most famous nerve specialists in town."

"A nerve specialist! Oh, then maybe you can tell me what's the matter with me. You know, Doctor," Miss Pfeffer drew her chair just a little closer, and began a series of complaints.

Dr. Davis sighed. Between paragraphs of symptoms he ordered his lunch, and tried not to look into deep, dark eyes fringed with long, curling lashes. He didn't like brunettes, anyhow, he reminded himself.

"—why, I was simply gaga after that party," Miss Pfeffer was still continuing. "And if I had known about you I would have—" Her remarks were cut short by the appearance of the waiter with a portable telephone.

"You're wanted on the phone, Mr. Babbitt," the man explained, deftly fitting the instrument into the plugs on the table.

Babbitt took up the phone. "Yes," he began. "Yes... Of course I'm not... No, I'll explain... Now, just a..." A long period of silence. "No, I'm..." At last he put the instrument down with a bang.

"Sorry," Babbitt rose abruptly. "Got to—er—ah—get right back to the office—important—see you later, Ed. Good bye, Myra. I'll call you this afternoon." He hurried out of the grill, leaving a staring Miss Pfeffer and a disgruntled Dr. Davis.

"Well, what's the matter with him?" Miss Pfeffer turned to her companion.

William Oberst is seriously ill at his home on Davis Street.

Mrs. A. E. Maguire has been ill at her home on Harris Hill the last week.

Mrs. Walter Harris is improving after a serious illness.

A St. Patrick's Party will be held at Swallow Inn Monday evening, March 18.

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It's All Wrong to Him
 A modern intellectual is somebody who agrees with nobody on anything even if he can't explain why.—New Castle News

Trucksville

The W. F. C. Class of the M. E. Church held their monthly meeting Wednesday evening at the home of Ruby Gordon. The following attended: Mildred Loveland, Ruth Bennett, Anne Stencil, Dorothy Goodwin, Charlotte Lewis, Mary Jackson, Florence Richards, Arline Hoover, Ruby Gordon, Leatha Gordon and Mrs. A. C. Kelly.

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church held their monthly meeting Tuesday evening. Pictures of Sidney was shown.

We are very sorry to hear of the death of our friend and neighbor, Miss Ruth Dean, who passed away to a better home on March 2, 1929.

Mr. Brobes, an old resident of Kingston Township, passed away on February 26, 1929 at his home on Carverton Road. He is sadly missed by his family and friends.

Mr. Daniel Richards is improving after an illness at his home on Rice Avenue.

Mrs. E. J. Hessler is improving after an illness at her home on Rice Avenue.

Miss Nancy Regan, of Pittston, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. F. L. McGarry.

Marvin Sweezy has returned home after having been a patient in a hospital at Washington, D. C.

Miss Margaret Sutliff, a student nurse at the General Hospital, has been ill for the last week.

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Carverton

Mr. Wesley Vosburg is spending some time in Florida.

The Epworth League was held in Carverton Church on Sunday night instead of Wednesday night. Robert Prynn was leader.

Mrs. Bertha Anderson is ill at her home.

Mrs. Clifford Gay, Mrs. Giles Lewis and son Bobby called on Mrs. George Knorr recently.

Sunday services, March 24—Sunday School 10 o'clock. Church services, 7:30.

Miss Madge Anderson, a student at Ithaca Conservatory is ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Anderson.

The Epworth League and Queen Esthers will give a play at the Grange Hall Thursday evening, Mar. 14 entitled: "Eyes of Love." Ice cream, cake and candy will be served after the play.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Knorr and children, Diantha, Priscilla, Donald, Emily and Marian, of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. George Knorr and children, Margaret, Etta, Sarah and Charles called on Mrs. Mary Knorr recently.

Mr. Lee Hefft, of Kingston, spent the week-end at the home of his father, Mr. James Hefft.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Coursen visited the latter's mother, Mrs. Kate Rozelle, of Mt. Zion, who has been ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gensel and children, Billy, Eddie, Betty and Ronald, Miss Gertrude Engle, Mrs. I. L. Coursen and Miss Iva Conklin called on Mrs. Bertha Anderson recently.

Miss Mildred Jones, a student at Bloomsburg State Teachers College, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O. Jones.

The Women's Home Missionary Society will meet at the parsonage on Thursday afternoon, March 14th.

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TODAY—Tom Mix and Tony in "Son of the Golden West."

MONDAY and TUESDAY—Vitaphone—Carle Laemmle presents "The Melody of Love." First All-Talking picture. Very good.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—Vitaphone—Dolores Costello in "Tenderloin" with Conrad Nagle.

FRIDAY—"Prep and Pep" with David Rollins and Nancy Drexell.

SATURDAY—Tim McCoy in "Beyond the Sierras."

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She married the ONE man.

the driver the name of the hotel. He leaned back and lit a cigarette. It was good to get away from the office—good to get away from neurotic women who seemed to see in him everything from a father confessor to a possible lover or husband. It would be a relief to see and talk to a man. Other men seemed to think his was a life of constant entertainment, flirtations, amusement. If they only knew. He groaned.

But at the sight of the lobby of the Ritz Hotel his spirits rose. People were swarming in and out among the great marble pillars—beautifully gowned women, well dressed men. Carpets were soft beneath the feet, muffling and drowning the sounds of movement. The odor of fresh cut flowers hung trembling on the air. Music from a string orchestra floated above laughing, talking voices. Several women turned to stare after the good looking young doctor, but he hastened on towards the Grill, oblivious to their attentions.

He stood in the archway of the Grill Room for a moment, scanning the crowd for a sight of his friend. A figure came hurrying towards him.

"Hello, Ed!" The man caught his arm. "Over here."

"Oh, hello, Joe; I didn't see you." Dr. Davis followed his pilot across the floor.

They came to a stop before one of the tables, and then the doctor noticed that it was occupied by a female of the species. He frowned irresolutely, but his friend was already making the introductions.

"Miss Pfeffer, I'd like to present my old stablemate, Dr. Davis. Dr. Davis, Miss Pfeffer. Ed and I bunked together at the old Alma Mater. Right, Ed?" Joe Babbitt turned to the physician.

"We certainly did," Davis returned moodily. He was just a bit put out that Joe had dragged in a third member to their little luncheon party. She was pretty enough—a little too made up, perhaps. But he had wanted to be rid of feminine wiles for at least a few moments.

INSTALLMENT TWO

"I don't know—I—I suppose something at the office," Davis answered. But he had an idea that Mrs. Babbitt had been on the other end of that wire. He squirmed uneasily and glanced about him. Suppose May should suddenly turn up here. He knew that she sometimes lunched at the Ritz when she came in town to do her shopping. Suppose she saw him at the table with this girl. He cast a few mental invectives after Joe Babbitt.

He had married May only three months ago, and they had yet to have their first quarrel. And he didn't intend to hurry that quarrel by being seen with a flighty looking creature in a tete-a-tete luncheon. The best thing he could do would be to get away as quickly as possible. He fidgeted nervously and answered Miss Pfeffer in monosyllables. Why couldn't she hurry so that they could get out of there. But Miss Pfeffer seemed bent on taking her time, and not only that, she was also bent on interesting Dr. Davis, and to that end she was bringing into play all her charms.

CHAPTER II

Life in a big city may be amazingly simple, or it may suddenly become filled with strange happenings. Thus far Mrs. Edward Davis, nee May Volland, had found it amazingly simple—that is, with the exception of a few childish disappointments, a few adolescent heart-breaks. And now that she had married the one man she really loved, and who in turn adored her, it looked as though life would go on in its amazingly simple manner. And so, because of this, and because it was too beautiful a morning to stay indoors, and—well, just because—Mrs. Davis decided to run in town and do some fall shopping.

(To be continued.)

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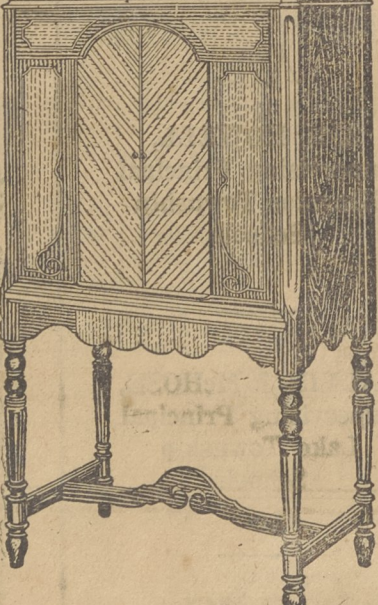
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