

# Beware of Bachelor

by  
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## SYNOPSIS

Dr. Davis, a young physician who has recently married May Davis, is darning at the Ritze Hotel with Joe Babbitt and his friend, Myra Pfeffer, when Babbitt is called away. May, on her way to lunch, loses her gloves. They are returned by Claude Beranger-de Brie, a perfume manufacturer, who follows May to the Ritze. There May sees her husband having, as she supposes, a tete-a-tete luncheon. Davis, trying to extricate himself, invites the first man he sees, Beranger, to join Myra. He turns the tables by having a flirtation with de Brie, who, he tells her, is Myra's husband.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

"It so happened that that gentleman picked up my glove when I dropped it in the lobby. I thanked him, and he handed me his card. That's all," May explained haughtily.

"Um-m-m, I see. Of course I have heard of women dropping a glove—or a handkerchief—but I didn't know that it had become customary for a man to present his card because he happened to pick up the said glove or handkerchief. Although I presume it has been done—"

"I beg your pardon!" May jumped to her feet, her eyes flashing. "I won't be insulted—not by you, or anyone else. I'm going right home to Mother, and you can do just as you please." She snatched her belongings from the table, switched the furpiece about her neck, and started for the door.

"Oh, look here, May, I wasn't—" Davis' voice fell on the empty air.



Getting the dinner check.

He jumped up and hurried after his wife, thrusting a bill into the waiter's hand as he speed past.

Myra watched the unceremonious departure of the pair, smiling to herself. She looked at the man opposite her, and shrugged her shoulders.

"If you'll pardon me," she murmured, and picked up her bag and fled.

Beranger stared after his erstwhile companion, and then looked behind him where he expected to find this strange person who had invited him to lunch. His glance met nothing but the empty places. He sat up with a start and knew that his worst fears were realized. The waiter was hovering about him, a bill on a silver salver. In the doorway stood the house detective, more alert, more apoplectic than ever. Beranger groaned. The waiter placed the salver on the table.

Faebly the creator of perfumes turned up the bill. The appalling total of twelve dollars and ninety cents stared him in the face. Hopelessly he began to remove the contents of his pockets. The shadow of the waiter hung over him. He produced two battered cigarette coupons, a key, a handful of crushed roseleaves and three five cent pieces. The waiter frowned, teetered from one foot to the other, and at last departed.

Beranger watched the man go and then started to pick up his hat. He glanced cautiously about. There was only one entrance and exit to the room. He sighed gloomily. Already he could see the house detective and the headwaiter bearing down upon him. He drooped like a wilting flower. A heavy hand seized him by the collar.

"If you must throw me out," he gasped as the hand propelled him towards the archway, "please throw me out the back door. It's so crowded at the front someone'd be sure to see me."

## CHAPTER IV

"But, May, if you'd only listen—" "I'm not interested in anything you have to say." May stopped long enough in her fight to stamp her foot. Then she hurried on.

Through the crowded city streets

INSTALLMENT SIX

she went, her cheeks burning with anger and excitement. The very idea of accusing her of holding a cheap flirtation with a strange man. Wasn't it quite enough that she had caught her own husband in the company of another woman. He had no right to humiliate her like that. She didn't intend to start married life that way. He'd soon learn that she meant what she said. She'd leave him that very day. She'd never go back to their apartment—never, never! She might have known it. All men were alike. There wasn't one you could trust. And she had always believed in Ed. Well, her eyes had been opened all right.

"Listen, May, I can explain—"

"I've already told you I don't care to hear any of your explanations. I'm through." She flung the words over her shoulder, not even glancing in her husband's direction.

Davis shrugged his shoulders and kept pace with the hurrying May. What an idiot he'd been, he told himself scathingly. He might have known he'd get caught in a lie—never could lie anyhow. Next time he'd go in for the truth if it killed him. If he'd only have let well enough alone—hadn't called that man over to the table, he might have got Joe Babbitt to help him square himself. As it was now, he'd got caught for fair, and the more he talked the worse off he'd be. May wouldn't believe a word he said, now, and he didn't blame her. But he must do something—explain somehow. He couldn't let May leave him all because of a silly quarrel.

"May, darling, I don't blame you for being angry, but if you'd only—"

"If you don't stop following me, I—I'll call the police," was May's only answer.

But she was becoming tired. This racing through the streets at break-neck speed might show one's displeasure, but it was a little hard on the lungs. She tried to think of some refuge—some place where she could stop. Her hairdressers! It was only a little distance. She'd turn in there. She hastened towards the tall building ahead of her and stepped into the revolving doors. She glanced quickly behind her. In the next door was Ed. With a toss of her head she raced down the marble hallway towards the elevator.

The lift-boy was on the verge of clanging the doors shut, but he held them back as he noticed a woman approaching. May stepped quickly into the car and the doors started to close. But with one leap Dr. Davis had swung himself inside just as the final bang resounded.

"There's no use trying to run away from me, May," he panted, as the elevator sped swiftly upward. "I'm going to explain it—"

"I've already told you I don't care to listen to anything you have to say. So far as I'm concerned, the incident is closed. We're finished." May turned her back and proceeded to powder her nose with the aid of the elevator mirror. "Tenth floor, please," she called to the lift-boy.

"You're just being unreasonable." Davis caught his wife's arm and tried to turn her about.

"Please take your hands off me!" She shook herself free. "And furthermore, will you please stop following me?"

"Tenth floor, lady," the lift-boy announced, grinning, and flung open the doors.

Haughtily May swept past her husband and into the hallway.

"I'm going to follow you until you're reasonable and you'll listen to me," Davis announced firmly.

May stamped her foot and pushed the elevator bell viciously. Nervously she paced up and down the floor until the car returned, and then she stepped into it, followed by her husband. The lift swept down with sickening rapidity.

"Street floor!" the boy called.

May stepped out and looked about for some means of escape. An open door off the hallway invited her. She swept past Davis and into a large room. She looked around. Long mirrors, before which reclining chairs were placed. Men, minus collars and ties, shirts turned down at the throat. Some, seated in chairs, seemed to have white cotton over their faces. White coated attendants hurried about. May gasped. Good heavens! She was in a man's barber shop. She turned and fled, her face crimson with embarrassment and rage.

Dr. Davis couldn't help smiling at his wife's confusion, but he hurried after her. Once more she took refuge in the elevator, her face still pink. But a slight twitch that was almost a laugh showed about the corners of her mouth. She was getting a little tired of this game. Still, she couldn't—she wouldn't—give in. She closed her lips firmly and stood with her back to her husband.

(To be continued)

## NOXEN

And the prodigal returned. To my Lane who left home a few weeks ago with another Noxenite and with his parents consent returned last week, Friday evening, having walked from Dallas. During his absence Tommy learned a mouthful of experience. He hums now that old folksong, "Home Sweet Home."

It seems home-like to hear the Lutheran bell ringing once more. Many like the tone of this bell better than the old one, that became cracked. Of course our ears are not chorded alike. We have a few Noxenites in this old burg who think the tone sounds like a wedding bell ringing. Should you doubt this, kindly get Doris, Ethel, Marguerite, or any others advice who have ears tuned to this pitch.

Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Miss Marguerite Harmon, Mr. and Mrs. John Malane and Mrs. Frank Laux, of Johnson City, N. Y., are visiting friends and relatives here. Mrs. John Malane was formerly Miss Rebecca Harmon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon. Mrs. Harmon reports that she and her husband have erected two large hot houses and are kept busy supplying regular customers. They make a specialty of raising flower plants.

Miss Letha Jones visited her friend Miss Place at Meshoppen last weekend. Miss Place is a teacher in the Meshoppen high school having charge of the language department, English, French and Latin.

Mrs. Bert Scouten, hearing that her mother who resides at Overton, Pa. was quite ill, motored there with her son Clyde last Saturday.

We were pleased to see the familiar face of Prof. Buck of Bethlehem who has been visiting Mr. Emer Kocker. Prof. Buck used to be a teacher of music and a fine tenor voice. His voice was again heard at the M. E. Sunday School the past Sunday.

State surveyors have been busy the past week laying out the road near Crosby Corners and should they do the road as they have it staked it will do away with many of the sharp corners.

Mrs. Lydia Spencer, of Colliersville, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Jones. She intends to remain a week.

Mrs. Bertha Piatt was a called town last week, Sunday.

On Friday evening, May the 1st at the M. E. Social Hall there will be an entertainment given by a troupe of fifty persons from different parts of Wyoming Valley. A good percentage of them are Welsh. There will be old-time songs, solos, duets, quartets and readings in old-time costumes. Jack Millard, who entertained at the last banquet, is one of the fifty. Everyone of the fifty is an artist in his or her line. Many of the best Welsh singers of the valley will be among them. A. J. Davis who is responsible for securing the troupe under a guarantee is doing his best to give Noxen a treat. Price of admission will be 50 cents.

Mrs. Frank Ettinger and daughter, Arlene, spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Beulah Van Camper. John Hacklin spent a few days with his father at Williamsport, Pa.

Bert Scouten has purchased a Ford with a body adapted for handling meats.

Jefferson Frantz, of Centremore was badly injured last Wednesday when a caterpillar State High grader he was driving broke through a bridge located near the home of Harry Shippy in Northmore Township. The bridge is about 100 feet wide with a 5-foot drop. Frantz suffers with injuries to head and legs. The driver of the grader escaped without injuries. Frantz was attended to by Dr. D. Boston, of Noxen, Pa.

The Ladies' Society of the Lutheran Church will entertain the women of the Dallas Rotary Club on Thursday at a dinner in the parish house.

Harry May, of Wilkes-Barre, is visiting at the home of his brother, Bert May.

Ora Miller spent the week-end in Binghamton, N. Y.

Marvin L. Ingram, teacher in the local high school and Mrs. Charles Thomas spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Durland, of Saker Street, Wyoming.

Cecil Schenk has moved his household goods and has returned to Michigan, where he is employed in a large automobile manufacturing plant.

Sergeant and Mrs. Bernard Merrick, of Fort DePont, Delaware, announce the birth of a son on April 1st. Mrs. Merrick before marriage was Evelyn May, of this place.

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