

# Beware of Bachelors

by Arline de Haas



**SYNOPSIS**  
Dr. Davis, recently married to May Davis, is having lunch with Joe Babbitt and his friend, Myra, when Babbitt is called away. May happens into the same hotel and is furious at seeing her husband with a girl. After explanations, Davis and May make up. Myra, just naturally flirtatious, decides to further her acquaintance with Davis and goes to his office, where she is discovered by May and Beranger-de Brie, a perfumer, who is returning some gloves May left in his shop. Another quarrel; another reconciliation. Davis receives a supposedly professional call and finds Myra and Babbitt with friends. As he telephones May a piano begins to play.

**CHAPTER IX—Continued**

"Ed Davis, you're not at my patient's house, I know that. I can hear that music just as plain—they're playing 'Darktown Strutters' Ball,' and I know it. Where are you?"

"At the patient's house, darling." He was in for it now, he reflected. And just after they had got everything patched up. "I can hear the music, too. I think it's a parade going on outside—yes, that's it, it's a parade passing, dear."

"Ed Davis, you're the world's biggest liar!" With a bang she hung the receiver on the hook. A parade passing! Did he take her for an absolute idiot? Goodness only knew where he was. She tapped



She hung up on him.

her foot angrily. Trying to make her believe that silly rot. She hadn't been born yesterday. He was probably out—with that girl, that was it. She spat the words out vehemently to herself. And after all that he had promised. And she had forgiven him. Probably thought he could put anything over on her, now. She'd been too easy.

But where had he gone? She tried to remember the telephone conversation—tried to recall the number he had repeated. That might give her some idea as to his whereabouts. Sundon street, that was it—Sundon street, but what number? She wrinkled her forehead, thinking. She glanced down at the telephone pad. There it was, 523 Sundon street. Just where Ed had written it. Well, she'd soon make him smart. Sundon street—the other side of town. She got up and started into the hall in search of her hat and coat.

She stopped. Suppose the call had been a ruse—as she believed, now, it was. Had Ed been in on the secret—had he known that someone was going to call him that evening so that he could get out of the house—to meet that—that woman? If she had known any other words to call her, May told herself, she'd apply them with great satisfaction. Pity she didn't know any others. It would certainly relieve her feelings. But if the call had been what she believed it was and Ed had known about it, would he have taken down the correct number of his destination? Wouldn't he have faked it? She pondered the possibilities.

The clock in the living room struck ten-thirty. She was wasting time standing here. She was going to find out a few things for herself and pay Mr. Davis back in his own coin. But suppose there was no such place as 523 Sundon street. Well, that was the only clue she had to go on and she might just as well use it. If there were no such place, she'd have something on him, anyhow. She rushed out into the hall and caught the elevator down.

As Davis stood there, the music sounding in one ear and May's angry voice in the other, he was debating as to what to do next. "Now, listen, May," he was stalling for time. "If you'll only wait a minute—Then he heard the sharp click of the receiver. "May—May," he called. Only the vacant buzzing of a disconnected line met his ears.

INSTALLMENT FIFTEEN

"Wow! She's cut off. Now I'm in for it."

Miserably Davis walked across the room to the table he had left. He'd collect his hat and bag and leave, that was all there was to that. But clutching arms caught at him; laughing voices drowned out his protests. He was pushed back into his chair.

"Well, is the worst over, Papa?" Myra chirped. "Tell Mamma all about." She patted his hand, laughing.

"All set, Ed?" Joe Babbitt put in. "Here's your drink—ready and waiting." He pushed a glass across the table.

"Oh, let me alone," Davis muttered. "I'm going home. I've got to."

"Won't your wife let you stay out?" Vivienne asked, sticky-sweet, the cat's claws gleaming.

"My wife has nothing to do with it," Davis returned sharply. "Maybe you all think this was a sweet joke—calling me down here like this, but it's no joke to me. I've got work to do."

"Bunkum, Ed, can't you have a little fun?" Babbitt interrupted.

"We only wanted to have a little fun."

"I'm sorry, Joe," Davis apologized, slightly ashamed of his outburst. He liked Joe—they had had lots of good times together as bachelors, and even after Joe had married they had gone on, having their good times. It would have meant nothing in the old days for Joe to play this kind of a trick. But somehow, now, it was different. He wasn't a bachelor any more, and he wasn't interested in anyone but May. Other women bored him.

"Now you let the poor dear alone," Myra turned on Babbitt. "If he has to go home, he has to go home, and that's all there is to it. I won't have you pestering him to death. He's a model for all of you, if you'd like to know it."

"Well, since when have you been championing model husbands?" Vivienne looked across the table, smiling.

Babbitt stared in amazement. That didn't sound like Myra—not by a long shot.

But Myra was paying no attention to the others at the table. Like the goat who ate the red saffron off the line, she had a scheme back in her brain. In fact, she cooing a good-bye to the doctor, and telling him how sorry she was that they had bothered him, and how she hoped everything would be all right.

Now that he was slipping away with so little fuss, Davis was regretting his seeming bad manners and his outburst of the moment.

"Please don't think I'm a wet blanket," he smiled. "I've had a pretty rotten day, and I didn't want to go out this evening."

"Sall right, Ed," Babbitt grinned. "I should have known better, anyhow."

"Well, good bye, everybody. Have a good time for me," Davis started towards the door.

Suddenly Myra clutched at the edge of the table. "Oh-h-h!" she moaned. "My vaccination—I-I think I'm going to be sick!" She bit her lower lip as though to stifle her cry.

"Here, what's the matter?" Babbitt jumped up and caught hold of Myra's shoulder. "What's happened?"

"I—Oh, it's that vaccination—it's making me terribly sick—I—I, Oh, I think I'm going to faint—Oh-h-h!"

"Here, wait!" Babbitt, white-faced, looked around. "Ed!" she called. "Ed, wait a minute!" He rushed to the top of the stairs and shouted after the descending figure of the doctor. "Ed, come back here a minute. Myra's beastly sick—vaccination or something—hurry up!"

Davis turned around at the sound of Babbitt's voice and then ascended the stairs.

"What is it, Joe? What's the matter?" he asked.

"Myra's sick," Babbitt pulled his friend back into the room. "Says it's a vaccination or something."

"Sick?" Davis frowned, but he went quickly to Myra. "What's the matter, Miss Pfeffer?" he demanded.

"I—Oh, I don't know. It's my vaccination—it hurts terribly. Oh, I want to go home. Please do something for it, doctor." She looked up, her eyes filled with tears.

"How long's it been hurting," Davis questioned.

"All afternoon," Myra answered miserably. "But I thought if I came out on a party I might forget about it. It got better for a while, but now—Oh-h-h! It hurts. I want to go home."

"All vaccinations, if they're going to take, are liable to hurt?" Davis told her coldly. "You ought to have stayed in bed if it felt that bad."

"I suppose so—but I didn't, and it's terrible." Myra was almost crying.

"Well, you'd better get on home," "Oh, doctor, take me home—please!" she begged.

(To be continued.)

**-Beaumont-**

The following items mailed from Alderson on July 2 reached Dallas three days later July 5, too late for publication in last week's Post—Editor Rev. and Mrs. Miller and children of Noxen, were guests if Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Johnson recently.

Mildred MacDougall, Marion Hadsall and Hattie Hess have enrolled as students at Bloomsburg State Normal School for the summer session.

Herbert Husband had the misfortune to smash his thumb while sawing wood one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Pierson of Grand Rapids, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Owens of Comstock Park, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Elsing and children of Clark's Summit and Mrs. Charles Avery of Lake Winola, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson.

Mrs. Lillie Coolbaugh is suffering with blood poisoning in her foot.

Henry Shupp and William Derhamer motored to New Jersey Saturday and returned Sunday.

Mrs. Minnie Meeker, Mrs. Stanley Mosier, Mrs. Elsie Hilbert and daughter, Jean visited Mrs. Charles Goodwin recently.

A number of relatives and friends gathered at the home of Daniel Denman on a Saturday evening, recently to celebrate Mr. Denman's forty-fifth birthday anniversary. Music and games were indulged in. At a late hour a delicious lunch was served to the following: Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Denman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Elston and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilsey and family, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Branner and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Sickler and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Denman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wilsey, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wilsey, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Shotwell and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Dress and son, Lanning, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Eustice, Mrs. John Denman, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hoyt and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Blossom, Julia Moury, Ross Garringer, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Denman and family.

Miss Marion Wall is working in Dallas.

Miss Julia Moury spent the week-end at Kingston.

Rev. and Mrs. Barto Stone have returned to their home at Lake Ariel, after spending several days calling on old friends. Rev. Stone was pastor of this charge at one time.

Mrs. Amanda Johnson visited Mrs. John Gordon at Hayes Corners recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Belles of Noxen visited the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Williams Belles on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Meeker, Mr. and Mrs. Alpha Frear, Mr. and Mrs. George Sayre and Florence Sherman attended the Seven Day Adventist Camp Meeting near Allentown during the week.

The Monroe Township School Board, Auditors and tax collectors met at the school house on Monday, July 1st, for the annual settlement.

Miss Myrtle Martin has been appointed school census enumerator.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bigelow of Binghamton visited the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bigelow Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Stanley Mosier, who has been spending some time with her father, M. P. Goodwin, has returned to her home near Berwick.

A. W. Cooke, candidate for associate judge of Wyoming county, was circulating his petition here recently. Mr. Cooke is a native of this town, having conducted a general store here for a number of years. He has always been remembered as the congenial and obliging merchant. He is a man of good judgement and well qualified for the office to which he aspires. His many friends in this part of the county are planning to cast their ballot for him at the primaries.

**Frear-Parrish Reunion**  
The twenty-third reunion of the Frear-Parrish families was held at Montross's Grove, near Centremoreland, on Wednesday, June 26. After lunch was served, a business meeting was called to order by Phillip Cameron E. R. Parrish was elected first vice president, Archie Parrish second vice president and Florence Frear, Secretary-treasurer. It was decided to hold the next reunion at Orcutt's Grove, the last Wednesday in June, 1930. The following were present: Mrs. Calla Parrish, Mrs. Almira Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Frear, A. W. Cooke, Irwin Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Reilly, Doris Reilly Mr. and Mrs. Harry Randall, Floyd, Marian and Harry Randall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Parrish, Elizabeth Cooke, Charlotte Parrish, Edward and Paul Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. David Ide, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Pettibone, Carol Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tyrrell, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wright, Rebecca and Robert Wright, Mrs. Frank Wright, Ruth Kocher, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hadsall, Alfred and Ben Richards, Myrtle Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Frear, Ernest Weber, Rev. and Mrs. Stang, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Frear, Roy and Carl Frear, Elsie Sturn, Mrs. Hope Kitzer, Miss Alice Taylor, Miss Marion Turnbach, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Altimus and Elwood, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sipler Kenneth, Lillian and Edith Sipler, Mrs. George Best, Mrs. Clemmie Best, Allen Best, A. J. Frear, Mrs. H. J. Frear, Florence Frear, Mr. and Mrs. Alpha Frear, Marjorie Frear, Norma May, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Waite, A. L. Parrish, Frank Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Shaver, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Reilly, Elizabeth Reilly, Charles Parrish and family, L. H. Orcutt and daughter, Jennie, Mary Parrish, Nelson Parrish, Donald Parrish, Jr., Mrs. James Moss, Naomi Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roberts, Jack VanLoon, Mrs. Rachel Ross, Beatrice Belles, Florence Belles, Mrs. Alice Evans, Roxie Evans, Edward Evans, Ruth Evans, Jean Millington, Mr. and Mrs. John Evans.

**-Idetown-**

An enjoyable day was spent last week by a group of Idetown people, members and friends of the Home Missionary Society made a trip to Benton and ate lunch at Benton Park. Those who attended the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Neely, Mrs. Ralph Welsh and daughter Helen, Mrs. Jennie Nevel, Miss Alice Brace, Mrs. William Gregory, Mrs. Russell Engel and Irene Engel, Mrs. Howard Reilly and Doris Reilly, Mrs. E. R. Parrish, Mrs. Howard Crosby and Coral Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wright and daughters Ethel and Rebecca, Mrs. Bruce Shaver, Mrs. Leo Spencer and Master Richard Spencer.

Mrs. George Jones, a former resident of Idetown, who now lives at Cambra, spent the day at the park and escorted the party through the new Benton high school building.

Russell Cooke of Ardmore spent the Fourth visiting his mother, Mrs. E. R. Parrish.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hadsal and daughters Jean and Martha, of Ardmore visited relatives in Idetown this week.

The ball game played on the Idetown diamond on Thursday, July 4, was one of the most interesting of the season. A tie of 12 each was broken in the eighth inning when the Idetown team brought in three runs. Hunklocks Creek brought its final score up one run in the last inning, making the game 15-13 in Idetown's favor.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reilly motored to Connecticut Thursday and are visiting relatives there.

The Idetown Ladies' Aid Society held a covered dish luncheon at the Methodist parsonage on Lehman on Wednesday. A large number of members and friends spent the day there.

Misses Elinor Morgan and Charlotte Parrish are attending the Queen Esther camp at Lake Ariel this week.

Miss Charlotte Hobbs of Stroudsburg is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Bruce Shaver.

**BANK STATEMENT**

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
AT DALLAS, IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON JUNE 29, 1929

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$276,041.69
Overdrafts	4.20
United States Government securities owned	77,800.00
Other bonds, stocks and securities owned	248,809.19
Banking house, \$8,000; furniture and fixtures, \$3,500	11,500.00
Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	20,836.30
Cash and due from banks	30,080.68
Outside checks and other cash items	302.08
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	312.50
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$665,686.64</b>
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus	40,000.00
Undivided profits—net	8,191.77
Reserves for dividends, contingencies, etc.	6,250.00
Circulating notes outstanding	9,957.45
Due to banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding	133,864.44
Time deposits	375,172.98
Bills payable and rediscounts	40,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$665,686.64</b>

State of Pennsylvania, County of Luzerne, ss:  
I, W. B. Jeter, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
W. B. JETER, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day July, 1929.  
ETHEL OLIVER, Notary Public.  
My commission expires January 20, 1930.  
Correct—Attest:  
C. A. FRANTZ,

Smoke  
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The QUALITY IS THE SAME

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The American Creditors Association aims to safeguard its clients against persons who refuse to pay accounts justly contracted and due. We have no desire to work hardships upon worthy persons overtaken temporarily by misfortune. WE WILL NOT DO SO.

But we will use every means at our command to protect our clients from that class of debtors who will make no effort to meet their just obligations.

**Pennsylvania Division ACCOUNTS FOR SALE**

NAME	ADDRESS	ACCOUNT	AMOUNT
Glenn Robbins	Formerly Beaumont	Mds.	\$34.43
Glenn Robbins	Formerly Lehman	Mds.	46.72
E. A. Landon	Formerly Dallas-Luzerne	Mds.	48.00
E. A. Landon	Formerly Lehman-Luzerne	Mds.	31.00
Leslie Sutton	Formerly Lehman-Dallas	Mds.	44.24
Doran English	Formerly Lehman-Towanda	Mds.	9.00
Floyd Randall	Formerly Lehman	Mds.	25.34
F. A. Rose	Formerly Lehman-Wilkes-Barre	Mds.	2.31

These accounts are guaranteed by the creditors to be undisputed, correct and just. All of the above accounts are legally negotiable and we will not advertise further upon settlement or sale of same. Bids will be received for the above named accounts in writing with the right to reject any or all bids.

**Loan Department**

Our Loan Department is for the purpose of loaning money to worthy debtors. In our many years of experience in adjusting claims, we have found that most debtors are honest and will pay their just debts if given the proper opportunity. This department is available only to debtors trading with our members or clients and who have on display the above emblem.

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**Advance Information**  
Executive—"Smith, you know I'm rather forgetful?" Clerk—"Yes, sir." Executive—"Then remind me to give you notice at the end of the month." —Passing Show.