

# Beware of Bachelors

by Arline de Haas



### SYNOPSIS

Dr. Davis and his wife, May, have been quarrelling. Davis is jealous of Beranger de Brie, a perfume manufacturer, and May is jealous of Myra Pfeiffer, an artist. They have just made up when Davis receives a supposedly professional call. He finds Myra in a restaurant, pretending illness. He believes her story and takes her home. On opening the door for her he thoughtlessly pockets the key. May, becoming suspicious, follows him and sees him with Myra. She gets Beranger and they go to a cabaret, from where she telephones Myra's apartment and tells her husband her whereabouts and says that she is with a man.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued

The music started again at a signal from the violinist.

"Do you think we'd better dance this?" Beranger questioned timidly. "It sounds frightfully rough to me."

"Oh, yes, lets," May decided. "I love it."

Beranger sighed, and started out with May onto the floor.

Once more the crowd pushed and jostled, swayed spun around. Then a dim darkness, concealing faces and forms. A rushing, pushing, laughing throng. People snatching at other people, unseeing. Good natured raillery, silly jokes. The lights came up.

May found herself in the arms of a husky looking youth with a red

erstwhile partner again. But his eyes met a sight that spread terror through his very soul. His key dropped; his eyes stared. "Oh, little-of-the-valley," he breathed, and with one startled cry he slid off his chair and went under the table.

"Well—what—" May gazed at the disappearing figure of her escort, and frowned in bewilderment. "What's the matter," she demanded, trying to peer beneath the cloth.

Beranger's gestures frightened her. He looked as though he had gone insane. She half rose, as though to signal for help. Then she, too, stared, and sank back into her seat. There in the doorway, his eyes searching the room, stood Ed.

For the moment May was startled into quiet. She had thought— even hoped, that Ed would follow her here. That was the reason for giving him the name of the cafe. He would see that she, too, was having a good time, and just as good a time as he could have. But as he stood there, it was borne in upon her that perhaps she had gone a little too far—perhaps she had got her perfumed acquaintance into a hole.

But she had little time to think, for Davis had already spotted her, and with a grim, set face and determined stride he was crossing the room.

"Where's the man with you?" he demanded, without so much as a nod or a "how-do-you-do."

May met his gaze, astonished. He was in a mood that boded no good to anyone. And now she was thoroughly frightened at what she had done.

"There's—there's no man with me, darling," she faltered. "I came here alone—really, I did."

"Where's the man?" Davis sternly waited, his arms folded.

"But Ed, dear, I tell you there's no one with me."

Beneath the table May could feel Beranger trembling. Oh, she had made a mess of it.

"You tell me where he is!" Davis insisted. "I'm going to break every bone in his body."

"Now, Ed, dear, please!" May began. "Don't talk so loud. Everybody'll hear you."

"I don't care if the whole world hears me," Davis retorted. "I want to know where that man is, and if you don't tell me I'll—"

He raised his head, sniffing. The odour of a familiar perfume assailed his nostrils. "It's that—that perfume," he sputtered. "Wait until I catch him!"

With a quick gesture he sent the table over sideways. The crouching figure of Beranger was exposed to view. May jumped up, shrieking.

The entire cafe seemed to come to life. People got up, stood on chairs to see over others' shoulders. Some made for the door, terrified at the row. The manager came hurrying over. But not before Davis had picked up the terrified man and with a tremendous shove sent him sprawling across the room and into the midst of the orchestra. With a loud cry Beranger leapt to his feet and ran.

May looked at her husband, anger and embarrassment written all over her face. She picked up her hat and without a word, started away from the scene of action.

"Oh, no you don't, my lady," Davis caught hold of her arm and spun her about.

"Look here, what's all this fuss?" The manager of the place took hold of Davis.

"Nothing at all," Davis returned sharply. "My wife and I are just having a friendly quarrel. He smiled a lingering smile and winked at the man. "Suppose you just have the table set up again, and we'll continue the party." A five dollar bill exchanged hands.

"Yes indeed, sir." Briskly the manager motioned to a waiter and gave orders. The orchestra broke into a loud, jazzy tune. The people at the other tables started to dance, seeing that the fight was finished.

"Well, if you think you can humiliate me this way," May began, trying to pull away from her husband's restraining hand.

"Now you sit down and we'll argue this out," Davis interrupted, thrusting May into a chair and seating himself beside her.

"There's nothing to argue about," May retorted.

"Oh, yes there is. You can start."

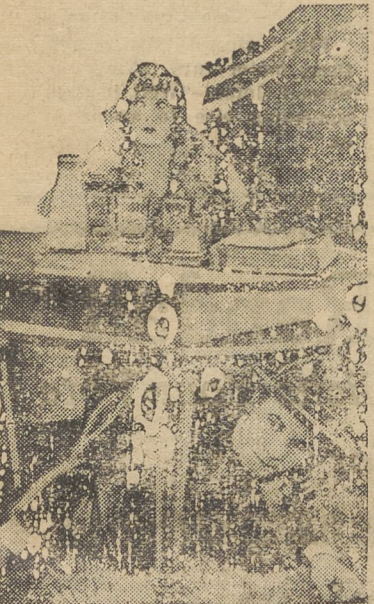
### CHAPTER XII

"Go ahead," Davis reiterated. "I'm willing to listen to any explanation you may have to offer." He settled himself, took a package of cigarettes from his pocket, and started to light one.

"I'm not interested," May turned her back, at least as much as she could under the circumstances, what with the crowded tables and the narrow spaces between them.

"All right," Davis signaled a waiter. "Bottle of White Rock and some cracked ice," he ordered curtly.

The waiter scurried off. (To be continued.)



He went under the table.

and purple necktie who handled his feet as though he had double-jointed ankles. May tried to keep pace with his short, jumpy steps. It was like being in a race, the way they ran around the outskirts of the dancers. May told herself breathlessly. She looked about to see what had happened to one, Claude de Brie.

Beranger was dancing with a girl who towered above him, and whose broad back completely shut him out of sight. He looked uncomfortable, but his looks could never do justice to the way he felt.

"Oh, baby!" the girl murmured. "That's certainly one grand perfume."

"Uh—uh—thank you," Beranger returned, not quite certain whether the remark was meant to be a compliment or otherwise.

But the girl seemed to be clinging to him as though she enjoyed it. Beranger looked about for some means of escape. He felt extremely silly, and he was sure that he looked it. But he was caught in a press of people, and as securely enclosed as though iron bars fronted and backed him. Then the music stopped, and with one burst of strength, Beranger ducked and elbowed his way towards his table, without one backward glance.

May's partner brought her over to the table, and left her, bowing his thanks for the dance. May sat down, panting from her exertions.

"Well, that's the nearest I ever want to come to being in a race," she laughed.

"I told you it would be rough," Beranger reminded her.

"Tough! I think it's marvelous." She opened her vanity case and began repairing the damage done by her unusual activities.

"But it's not really a very nice place," Beranger objected. "Personally, I can't say I like it. Really, my dear, don't you think we'd better go?"

"Go—of course not." May added a touch of lipstick to her crimson lips. "I'm having a perfect time. It's frightfully early—only twelve. The night's still young."

"All right," Beranger agreed miserably. He looked around, as though fearing he might see his

### -Alderson-

Old Man Weather kind of pulled one over on us the first part of the week. The change was so quick and lasted such a little while that we hardly had time to dig our red flannels out of the moth balls before it was warm again. The cold weather sure put the lid on activities here at the lake for a day or so. Hardly any people came out and those who were out shut themselves up in their cottages and bungalows and "stayed put" until the weather grew warmer. Oh, but Harvey's Lake is a wonderful place on a cold day!

Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood and daughter, Melba, and son, George, and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Haskins of Sugar Notch spent Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Altemus.

Mrs. Muriel Jones and children of New York City are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Higgins.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Allen motored to Harrisburg on a business trip Monday of this week.

Miss Phyllis Enders is spending two weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Albert Haskins, of Sugar Notch.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fraley are spending the week with the latter's sister, Mrs. Harriet Rauch.

The fish in Harvey's Lake are on a hunger strike. They seem to be out for the endurance record, for they haven't been biting for some time and from all reports they bite no better daily. We've heard all sort of reasons offered for the hunger strike. Perhaps its for bigger and better bait or for longer or shorter seasons, or then, too, they may be objecting to the up-to-date costumes of the flapper fishermen. Anyway, they're on strike and there doesn't seem to be many strike-breakers in the whole darn lake. If you don't believe this, come up and try your luck.

Jacob Condon, who underwent an operation for appendicitis last week, is doing very nicely and we hope to see him home again in the very near future.

Charles Hallock and daughter, Estelle, of Tunkhannock, spent Friday, with Mrs. L. T. Avery.

Mrs. Rilla Kollmar and daughter of New Jersey are spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Otis Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Chilson Angst, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans and children, Stephen and Henry, of Lehigh; Dr. and Mrs. G. F. MacKinder and children, John and Edna, Mr. and Mrs. C. MacKinder, Mrs. Ellen Thomas, Mrs. Mildred Rehill and sons, Dick and Billie, and Adolf Widman of Nanticoke, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Millo and son James of Wilkes-Barre were entertained by Fred Odenkirchen and his daughter, Emma, on Sunday, July 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Calkins, Jr., and family of Shavertown and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Calkins and daughter of Luzerne visited Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Smith on Sunday last.

Doris and Gladys Cole and Almeda Calkins spent Tuesday with Ruth Honeywell.

Mr. and Mrs. Corey Allen entertained over Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wolfe and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Wolfe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Eggleston spent Tuesday with their son, Clyde, at Vernon.

Carl Weidner of Luzerne and Miss Mildred Higgins of Dallas spent Monday evening with Miss Mary Kuehler.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Richards of Noxen and Mrs. Laura Stiles of Wilkes-Barre were calling on friends here on Sunday.

George Smith, Jr., spent the weekend with his aunt at Wilkes-Barre.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Patterman and family of Nuanogla visited the latter's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Altemus on Sunday.

Hernan Garinger has just purchased a new Chevrolet truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Crispell and family and Corey Crispell, all of Wilkes-Barre, spent Saturday with Mrs. L. T. Avery.

William J. Kern and family of Newark, N. J. visited relatives here on Sunday.

Thursday, August 1, seemed just a bit like old times here at the lake. The Coxton Welfare Association held its annual picnic at the Lehigh Valley Park and four excursion trains of nine cars each rolled in the course of the morning. The enormous crowd and the excursions reminded one of the summers when there used to be excursions every week-day and, we might say, "twice on Sundays."

Mrs. Sarah Jane Lamereaux spent a few days this week visiting friends at Shavertown.

Fred Baker, who was operated on for appendicitis about two weeks ago, has returned home and is improving rapidly.

The Ladies' Aid Society was entertained by Mrs. Corey Allen and Mrs. Otis Allen Thursday afternoon.

Rev. E. B. Singer and family are occupying one of Grover Alderson's cottages at Point Breeze. Rev. Singer, as many will remember, was pastor of the Alderson M. E. Church a number of years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Allen and family, Mr. and Mrs. Corey Allen and Mr. and Mrs. Otis Allen and family attended the Allen reunion at Chautau Grove on August 3.

Among the slipshod children of his family Elwood alone had managed to acquire ambition. He had latterly supported his mother and a pack of brothers and sisters. He had even been able to afford to go to the war and win the gaudium of a wound that made him glorious in Remember Steddon's eyes and a little more lovable than ever.

Her father, however, had been unable to tolerate the thought of his daughter's marrying the son of the town sot. Doctor Steddon felt that he was proving his love, his loving wisdom toward his daughter, by forbidding her even to meet young Farnaby outside the choir loft. He was sure that her love would wear out.

He did not know his daughter. Who ever did?

# SOULS FOR SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES  
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

### FIRST INSTALLMENT

"Los Angeles!" the sneering preacher cried, as Jonah might have whinned, "Nineveh!" and with equal scorn. "The Spanish missionaries may have called it the City of Angels; but the moving pictures have changed its name to Los Diablos! For it is the central factory of Satan and his minions, the enemy of our homes, the corrupter of our young men and women—the school of crime. Unless it reforms—and soon—surely, in God's good time, the ocean will rise and swallow it!"

Though he was two thousand miles or more away—the Reverend Doctor Steddon was so convinced by his own prophetic ire that he would hardly have been surprised to read in the

Elwood had expected that the bad news would shock her. But he could not understand the look of ghastly terror she gave him. He forgot it in his own bitter brooding and did not observe the deathly white that blanched her pallor.

Yet he had noted that she was paler of late and had added that worry to She coughed incessantly, too, and Mem caught eagerly at grief.

"Tell me! What's happened? What's happened to Elwood? He's hurt. He's killed."

"Yes!"

It was Dr. Bretherick who afterwards found a solution.

"Your cough will take a long time to cure or kill," he said. "But it may



Monday morning's paper that a benevolent earthquake had taken his hint and shrugged the new Babylon off into the Pacific ocean.

But Doctor Steddon, if he could have seen the realm he outjuggled, would have confessed that the devil had a certain grace as a gardener and that his minions were a handsome, happy throng. As it was, Doctor Steddon had never seen Los Angeles and had never seen a moving picture. He knew that the world was going to wrack and ruin—as usual—and he laid the blame on the nearest novelty—as usual.

His daughter had heard him lay the blame in previous years on other activities. She wished he wouldn't.

But then she had not escaped blame herself, and she was in a mortal dread now of a cast cloud of obloquy lowering above her and ominous with lightning.

Her father and mother had named her Remember—after one of the Mayflower girls—nearly three hundred years after. Her father often wished that she had been like to those Puritan maidens. But that was because he did not know how like she was to them; how much they, too, had terrified their parents with their love of finery and romantic experiment.

For it is only the styles, and not the souls that change. There are chronicles enough to prove that the same quota of the Rememberers and the Praisegods of Plymouth and the other colonies suffered the same bitter beauties and frantic bewilderments as Remember Steddon and Elwood Farnaby endured when their elbows touched in the choir loft of this mid-western village.

Miss Steddon felt a sudden tremor in Farnaby's elbow; then it was gone from hers; she saw his thumb nail bitten as it gripped the hymn book hard.

"Somehow in the words he chanted seemed to stab him with a sense of guilt. He felt it a terrible thing for her to stand before that congregation and cry aloud words of ecstasy over her redemption from sin."

Their secret, unknown and unconfessed, was concealed by the very clamor of its publication. And it troubled Farnaby mightily to be gaining all the advantage of a lie by singing the truth.

When the choir was not singing openly and aboveboard it was usually busily whispering. Even Elwood Farnaby had to lean over tonight and whisper important news to Remember.

He was not permitted to call at her house or to beau her home after the service. Singing beside her in the house of God—that was different. He told her now what he had just learned, that the factory where he was employed would close down the following week because of hard times. Elwood was to have been promoted to superintendent soon.

To Remember Steddon the news that Elwood would have no job in a week and would know no place to look for one had more than a commercial interest. It was the alarm of fate.

She had loved Elwood since they were children—had loved him all the more for the squalor of his home. He was the son of the town's most eminent drunkard, old "Falldown Farnaby."

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did not walk as usual between her father and mother with a hand on the arm of each. Tonight she kept at her mother's left elbow and clung so tight to the fat, warm arm that her mother whispered:

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Nothing, mamma," she faltered. "I'm just a little tired, I guess."

Mem again was coughing violently and the rest of the way home Doctor Steddon was not a preacher anxious about his daughter's soul, but a father afraid of her life. The cough to her parents was an ominous problem. To her it might promise a solution.

Next morning at her father's command Mem went to see Doctor Bretherick. She told him that her parents were afraid her cough was more than a cold and she coughed for him. He asked her many questions, and she grew so confused and apt in blushes that he asked her more. Suddenly he flung her a startled look, gasped, and stared into her eyes as if he would ransack her mind. In the more shifting of his eyelid muscles she could read amazement, incredulity, conviction, anger and finally pity.

"All he said was, 'My child!'"

There could no solemn conference than theirs. Dr. Bretherick had attended Mem's mother when the girl was born. He thought of her still as his child, and now she dazed him and frightened him by her mystic knowledge and her fierce demands that he should help her out of her plight or help her out of the world.

He refused to do either and demanded that she meet her fate with heroism.

In the talk that followed, Dr. Bretherick drew out the fact Elwood Farnaby was "the man" and suggested a plan for their marriage when the telephone rang.

The doctor's welcoming "Hello!" broke through a many-wrinkled smile. It froze to a grimace. As Mem watched he kept saying: "Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes!" and finally, "That's right—bring him here."

He sat down the telephone as if it were a drained cup of hemlock.

"It wasn't Elwood?" Mem said.

"No . . . Yes. Well—Oh, God! what a bitter world this is!"

thing was solemn, where jokes were never heard, except pathetic old witticisms more important in intention than in amusement.

And at last, one day, quite unexpectedly, when she was under no apparent tension at all, the girl went into Mrs. Steddon's room and said, in a quiet tone:

"Mamma, I want to tell you something. I'd rather break your heart than deceive you any longer."

"Why, honey! Why, Mem, dear, what on earth is it? You can't break. She whispered it so softly that her

this tough old heart of mine. What is breath was hardly syllabled.

"Mamma, I—I'm going to have—to have a baby."

The shock of the news was its own ether. Mrs. Steddon whispered back, covering:

"You? You! My baby! You? A baby?"

Mem nodded and nodded until her knees were on the floor and her brow in her mother's lap. Old hands came groping about her cheeks. She felt the drip, drip of tears falling into her hair, each tear a separate pearl from a crown of pride.

Then her mother fumbled at the dreadful question:

"But who—who—"

"Elwood!"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### All Bunk

No doubt there are lingo lexicographers who know the exact shades of difference between hooey, hokum, blah, baloney, applesauce and banana oil.

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