

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 Pfeffer, 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 he thoughtlessly pockets her key. May, becoming suspicious, follows him and sees him with Myra. She gets Beranger and they go to a cabaret, from where she telephones her husband. Davis rushes to the cabaret and fights with de Brie, throwing him out.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

Davis leaned back in his chair and surveyed the people about him. At least outwardly he seemed to be surveying them, but inside he was thinking without seeing. He had calmed down after his outburst over the telephone, and the satisfaction of having ejected his would-be rival with such celerity raised his spirits. But he realized that he would have to do some pretty diplomatic talking if he wanted to bring May around to his point of view. He wasn't really



He put his arms around her.

jealous of the perfume manufacturer he knew, or, at least, was fairly certain that May had arranged this stunt to even up accounts.

May, however, took no such view of her husband's side of the matter. On the face of things she could only feel that all his story that she had listened to with believing ears was one long fabrication from beginning to end. He had made her credit his story, as much because she wanted to as anything else. But he wouldn't catch her in such a lenient mood for a long time to come, she vowed.

The waiter with his tray of water and ice interrupted her thoughts. "Want a scotch and soda?" Davis asked May's back, pulling out a long, silver flask from his hip pocket.

"No, thank you," came the frigid refusal.

Carefully Davis measured out two equal portions of whisky in the two glasses before him; added some cracked ice and the soda. He pushed one glass towards his wife.

"Well, here's how," he announced cheerfully, picking up his glass and taking a deep gulp.

"Ed Davis! How you can sit there and act as unconcerned as though nothing had happened is more than I can understand." May half turned about and regarded her husband with hostile eyes. She couldn't stand that calm assurance, when inwardly she was seething with what she considered righteous indignation.

"Well, I offered you a chance to explain," Davis returned with perfect equanimity.

"A chance to explain! Well I—well!" May drew herself up and turned around to face her husband, scorn and anger battling for first place on her face.

"Explain. That's just what I said," Davis persisted, still maintaining his calm exterior.

"I? Explain? I suppose you think you have nothing to explain." May slowly revolved her glass of scotch and soda with nervous fingers.

"Over the phone you said you didn't care to listen to my explanations," Davis reminded her.

"Well, I don't." May retorted, waiting, nevertheless for Ed to begin. She was curious for all her pretended indifference—more than anxious to know what Ed would have to say regarding his meeting with that woman.

"Then what's the use of trying to begin?"

"At least you might have the de-

agency to try to make some excuse for your conduct." May picked up her highball and began sipping it slowly, forgetful of the fact that she had once definitely refused it.

"What about your own conduct? I know the truth concerning mine, and I feel that I have nothing to explain. But about yours—I don't know."

"Ed Davis! If you're accusing me—"

"I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm only asking you, that's all."

"Well, you needn't act like a little tin god on wooden wheels. I dare say you have quite as much to explain as you seem to think I have. I know the truth of my story, and I don't think I have anything to explain. I have enough justification for what I've done."

"Where'd you pick up that fellow, anyhow?" Davis was leading up to his interrogations with all the acumen of a Philadelphia lawyer.

"I didn't pick him up," as you so nicely put it," May snapped. "I—"

She hesitated. She had almost admitted that she had gone to Beranger's shop and asked him to go with her to some place—any place, so that she could take her revenge. And that admission would have ruined the whole thing.

"I—" she began again, "well, if you want to know, Mr. de Brie telephoned me and asked me to go out with him, and I accepted."

"Oh, so as soon as I was out of the house you went off with another man," Davis said sarcastically. He didn't believe May's story, but he was going to allow her to convict herself on her own evidence. "If I remember correctly, the last thing you told me when I left the house tonight was that you'd be waiting for me when I got back."

May gasped. She had entangled herself properly and no mistake. She must get out of it somehow.

"Well, you see it was this way." She started again. "Mr. de Brie called right after you had gone, and I told him I didn't care to see him. But after I found out that you were out with that woman—"

"Oh, yes, and how did you find out that I was out with that woman and you so nicely put it?"

"Ed Davis, if you don't stop questioning me that way I—I'll—"

She burst into tears, regardless of the people about her.

"Don't cry, May." Davis drew his chair closer and put his arm about his wife. "I didn't want to be nasty, honestly I didn't. But I've had a terrible evening, taking it by and large, and it made me feel pretty rotten when you wouldn't believe what I told you over the phone. Now don't cry. Come on there's a good girl." He tried to dry her eyes with his handkerchief.

"I—I don't want to talk to you," May sobbed.

"There, now, it's all right," Davis comforted. "I can imagine what happened. You followed me to that address—"

"I didn't follow you any place," May interrupted with some asperity, more chagrined to find herself caught in a lie than angry at her husband. "When I heard that jazz music coming over the phone I knew that you weren't at any patient's house, and I was furious. So I started down there, and then I saw you come out with that Pfeffer girl."

"It was all a silly joke of Joe Babbitt's, darling," Davis started to explain. "He had a party going, and they were all a little stewed, and they thought it would be a lot of fun to drag me down there with them, and it was Joe who called me at the house. I didn't know what had happened until I got to that restaurant and found Joe there. And then I knew that he had been playing a stupid joke."

"Well, that wasn't any reason for you to go home with that woman," May reminded him.

"Look here, May, didn't we promise each other just tonight that we'd listen to each other's explanations before we did anything rash?" Davis hurried into his story. "Now I'm going to tell you the truth, and you'll have to take my word for it. Joe Babbitt will tell you the same thing if you ask him."

"I wouldn't believe him—not after what he's done," May interrupted scathingly.

"Well, that's neither here nor there. I said I'd tell you exactly what happened, and I'm going to."

Whereupon Davis launched into a detailed account of his movements from the time he had left the house until the time he had met May at The Dead Rat.

"And that's the whole story," he completed his tale. "I can't say anything more than that. Tell me you believe me, darling." His head was bent close to hers and his arm was about her waist.

Somehow it all sounded true to May. She wanted it to be true, and Ed's frankness was quite evidently sincere. She felt ashamed of her part in the affair now.

(To be continued.)

SOULS FOR SALE

by RUPERT HUGHES
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

(What's Gone Before)

Remember Steddon, a pretty unsophisticated girl, is the daughter of a kindly but narrow-minded minister in a small mid-western town. Her father,

Dr. Steddon, violently opposed to what he considers "wordly" things, accepts motion pictures as the cause for much of the evil of the present day. Troubled with a cough, Remember goes to see

Dr. Bretherick, an elderly physician, who is astonished at the plight in which he finds her. Pressed by the doctor, Remember admits her unfortunate affair with

Elwood Farnaby, a poor son of the town. As Remember and Dr. Bretherick discuss the problem a telephone message brings the news that Elwood has been killed in an accident. Dr. Bretherick accordingly persuades Remember to go West, her cough serving as a plausible excuse; to write home of meeting and marrying a pretended suitor—"Mr. Woodville"—and later write her parents announcing her "husband's" death before the birth of her expected child. Unable alone to bear her secret, Remember goes to her mother with it.

(Continued From Last Week)

She said little, she caressed much. She confirmed Doctor Bretherick's prescription and joined the conspiracy, administering secret comfort to the girl and to the father.

And at last Mem was standing on the back platform of a train bound for the vast Southwest, throwing kisses to her father and mother as they watched the train dwindling like a telescope mown into itself.

They turned back to their lives as if they had closed a door upon themselves.

But Mem, as she returned to her place in the car, felt as if a portcullis had lifted. Before her was All-Outdoors.

The wheels ran with a rollicking lilt beneath the girl's body, throbbing likewise with a zest of velocity. Through her heart an old tune ran: "I saw the boat go round the bend,"

Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! The deck was filled with traveling men.

Good-bye, my lover, good-bye! She was on a train going round bend after bend, and the train was filled with traveling men. Some of them, as they zig-zagged along the aisles, swept her face and her form with glances like swift, lingering hands that hated to let her go. This was a startling sensation, a new kind of

nakedness for her inexperienced soul.

The eyes of the women flung along the aisle also widened and tarried as they recognized in her a something she had not yet found out—that she was very, very pretty, attractive, compulsive.

She was plainly dressed and had never been adorned. Only her neatness kept her from shabbiness. But she had beauty and appeal. On the train Mem had expected to find on the journey leisure for contrition and the remoulding of her soul. But the world would not let her alone. Everything was new to her. Everything was a crowded film of novelty.

She knew the minimum of the outside sphere possible to a girl who had any education at all. She had never been on a sleeping car before.

She had read no novels except such sweetened matter as the Sunday school library afforded. She had seen no magazine at home except church publications. She had never been to a theatre or a moving picture. She had never danced even a square dance.

She had never ridden a bicycle or a horse, and had never been in any automobile except some old bone-sacker that drowned conversation in its own rattle.

She had never gambled or been profane or even slangy or disrespectful to her parents. She had never seen a cocktail.

She had never worn a low-necked, high-skirted dress. She had never seen a bathing suit or had one on. Girls did not swim in the river at Calverly. In fact, she had escaped all the things that moralists point to as the reasons why girls go wrong.

Yet she had, as the saying is, gone wrong—utterly, indubitably.

Yet no fast young men had led her astray, or so much as tried to lead her astray. She had never made the acquaintance of a fast young man. Her betrothed lover was slow and honorable and religious, everything a young man ought to be.

But, unfortunately, there seemed to be volition in neither of them; they had just floated together with a mysterious bewilderment.

The clanking of the entrance into Kansas City filled her ears. Mem had never seen a great city, and this metropolis had a tremendous majesty in her eyes.

Remember, thinking to stretch her legs on the station platform, joined the passengers who choked the straight corridor along the row of compartments. One of the doors opened and framed a tall and powerful young man with a peculiarly wistful face. His

eyes brushed Mem and he lifted his hat as he asked her pardon for squeezing past her.

He knocked at another steel door and called through, "Oh, Robina, better come out for a bit of exercise."

While he waited, some of the passengers were twisting their necks to watch him, and nudging and whispering to one another. When the door opened, and Robina stepped out there was such a sensation, and such a lookish staring that Mem turned to look.

A young woman of an almost dazzling beauty came out, smiling and bareheaded. She noted the yokelery in the corridor, and her smile died. She stepped back into her stateroom, and when she reappeared she wore a large drooping hat and a thick veil.

"I envy you the privilege of the veil," the young woman said. Mem walked up and down the platform as if her feet were winged. She felt a longing to buy something for the sheer sport of buying and went so far as to buy two magazines devoted to the moving pictures.

One of the magazines slipped from under her elbow and fell to the ground and as she stooped to recover it her hand touched a hand that had just anticipated hers. She looked up quickly and her head knocked off the hat of the man who had tried to save her the trouble of picking up her magazine. She saw the gallant was the tall youth who had crushed past her in the corridor. His face came up again like a sun dawning across her horizon; his eyes beat upon her like long beams. There was a kind of pathos in them, out also a great brightness, which like the sun he poured upon millions alike. But Mem did not know this. She felt warmed and healed, and she bloomed a trifle as a rose does when the sun gilds it.

With great calm and as much of a bow as he could make without a sense of intrusion, the young man solemnly offered Mem his own hat and laid her magazines on his head.

Then both of them laughed as he corrected the automatic mistake of his muscles. He blushed hotly, for he was not used to such blunders.

Mem found an amazing magnetism in his smile and in his eyes. She did not know that that sad smile of his was making a millionaire of him. He was selling it by the foot—thousands of feet of it. His smile was broad enough to circumscribe the world and his eyes had enough sorrow for all the audiences.

(Continued Next Week)

Family Reunions

KUNKEL

The fifteenth annual reunion of the Kunkel family was held August 14 at Victory Park, Slatington, Pa. The morning or business session was opened at 10 o'clock daylight saving time. The afternoon program began at 1:30 and consisted of vocal and instrumental music and a number of addresses. Rev. H. A. Kunkel, of St. Louis, a former president of the association, was one of the speakers.

CRISPELL

The Crispell reunion will be held August 29, in Kitchen's Grove, Idetown near trolley station. All relatives and friends are invited.

MONTROSS-KITCHEN REUNION

The twenty-third annual reunion of the Montross-Kitchen family will be held at Montross Grove, near Centerville on Saturday, August 17. All friends and relatives are cordially invited to attend.

A GOOD MAN FOR THE JOB

Frank G. Mathers, after completing the legal filing of his petition for the tax collectorship of Kingston Township, said: "I have been a resident of this township for nineteen years. During that time I have never been a candidate for any public office nor would I now be a candidate except for the urgent request of many of the leading citizens of the township."

Mr. Mathers further stated: "If I am elected I shall diligently attend to the prompt collection of these public funds in the same business-like manner with which I have conducted my own business."

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Important Notice to Water Consumers

THE SUMMER OF 1929 has been the driest season since 1911. During the month of July there was one and four-tenths inches of rainfall.

Contrary to reports circulated, no intestinal influenza germs have been found in the water. Recent water analysis has shown the presence of surface drainage contamination in the Shavertown area. In the meantime, while methods are being taken to prevent such occurrence in the future, it is advised by Dr. G. K. Swartz that all water used for cooking and drinking purposes be boiled for at least twenty minutes.

Frequent analysis will be made regularly to determine if surface drainage contamination continues or reoccurs, so that when such has been definitely determined absent notice will be given that further boiling of water can be discontinued.

During the period of low water, when the supply in the wells is only sufficient to supply water for bodily needs, the company respectfully asks that all consumers refrain from using garden hose or in wasting water in any manner whatsoever.

Your cooperation in this matter will greatly assist the water company in meeting the demand put upon it during an unusual period when all of the facilities of the company are being taxed to furnish a sufficient amount of water for household uses.

Respectfully yours,

H. L. FORTNER,

General Superintendent.

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GROBLEWSKI & CO., Plymouth, Pa., founded 1892

Mrs. Mary Knorr, son Dewey, Mrs. Bertha Anderson and daughter, Ida, spent a Sunday recently at the home of the former's brother, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Schooley of Trucksville.

Mrs. Harry Brown and Miss Marie Walsh of Old Forge visited the former's sister recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eveland and daughter Ruth and sons, and Miss Anna Frantz of Shavertown were Carverton callers recently.

The Anderson reunion will be held at Fernbrook Park, August 14. A cordial invitation is extended to friends and relatives.