

Beware Of Bachelors

SYNOPSIS
 Dr. Davis and his wife, May, have been quarreling. May is jealous of Beranger, a perfume manufacturer, and May is jealous of Myra Pfeffer, an actress. They have just made up. Davis receives a supposedly professional call and bids himself obligated to take Myra home from a party because she pretends illness. On opening her apartment door he thoughtlessly pockets the key. May, becoming suspicious, follows him. Angry, she gets Beranger and they go to a cabaret. Davis finally locates May and once more they are reconciled. They start for home only to find Myra demanding the key. May goes to a hotel, leaving Davis.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued
 Davis was undressing. His mind still full of the events of the day—events now distorted by the Scotch and soda he had been drinking. He was more than sorry for himself. He had just got into bed, lit a cigarette, and begun sipping his highball when there came another knock on his door. He pulled a dressing gown around him and called out. The chambermaid entered.

"I just stopped to see if you were comfortable," she smiled.
 "Oh, quite comfortable, thank you—yes, very comfortable—this—er—this bed is quite comfortable." Davis was not quite certain how to answer—he couldn't figure this out. Attention to duty was one thing, but this was carrying matters a little too far. It certainly looked as though the girl was trying to flirt with him. He smiled.

"Do you think it would be big enough for two?" she asked quickly.
 "For two?" Davis stammered. "Why—why, yes, I suppose so," he answered.

"Well, for the love of—" Davis's eyes popped. "May! What's the matter?" She turned stony eyes on her husband. "Well, aren't you going to do anything about it?" She looked at the detective with a pity & respectable air.
 "What's the big deal, puzzle the truth? Is it your wife?" He turned away.

"Yes, we've just three months, and—" May's shriek rent the air.
 "Don't wake up everyone in the hotel," the detective said. "Is this your husband's room?"
 "It is not." "You two take this room to-night!" How awful! May shrieked.

"Who's this man, anyhow?" The detective looked at Beranger. "Allow me, sir!" With his usual astuteness Beranger presented his card.

The detective studied the pasteboard. "Hum! Perfume manufacturer," he muttered. "What're you doing here?"

SYNOPSIS
 Through a series of complications Dr. Davis and his young wife, May, begin to quarrel. Davis is jealous of Beranger, a perfume manufacturer, and May is jealous of Myra Pfeffer. Not believing her husband's innocence, May decides on a divorce and goes to a hotel. Davis follows her. De Brie, fearing that the doctor intends some harm, follows, too, and is put in the same room with Davis. Davis and de Brie quarrel and Davis pursues de Brie into May's room. She calls the house detective and, to punish Davis, denies that he is her husband. The detective threatens Davis with imprisonment for disturbing the peace.

CHAPTER XV—Continued
 "Oh-h-h!" May shrieked. "Jail! You're not going to take him to jail!" She jumped out of bed and flung her arms about Davis' neck. "I won't let you take my husband to jail, so there!"
 "Your husband?" The detective sighed and shook his head. "Just two minutes ago you're tellin' me it ain't your husband, and now you're tellin' me 'tis. Say, if you're tryin' to make a monkey outta me—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, officer," May reached for her negligee and threw it around her and then went over to the detective. "I didn't mean to do anything—really I didn't. But you see it was this way. My husband and I had a little quarrel."
 The detective began to grin. "Thought you'd come around, lady, when I began talkin' about jail."

"Well, it really is my husband," May protested. "Aren't you, Ed?"
 "I thought I was," Davis grinned. "But you never can tell, nowadays."
 "Oh, it was all my fault, officer," May explained. "You see, we'd quarreled—you know how it is."

"Well, I hope you're going to stick to your husband after this and stop breaking poor lonely bachelor hearts," Davis laughed. "Look what you did to me—I was a bachelor once. It's dangerous!"
 May laughed delightedly. "Oh, but he was so sweet to think of me that way. I'll have to go right down and buy another bottle of perfume."
 "You will not!" Davis retorted quickly.

"Naughty—naughty! Who poured all my perfume down the sink?" she teased.
 "All right, go down and buy the whole shop if you want to," Davis agreed. "Anything so long as you tell me you love me."
 "Of course I do, you old darling—and nobody else."
 "Can I depend on that?" Davis laughed. "You've got to remember you've had me pretty worried for a while. You didn't really care anything about that man in there, did you?" He nodded towards the room where Beranger now lay quietly sleeping after his strenuous day.

"Oh, darling, how can you be so silly," May reproved, squeezing Davis' hand. "Of course, I didn't care anything about him. Couldn't you see I was just doing all the things I did so that'd you'd be jealous. After all, it's one test of love—jealousy. If you hadn't been cross when you found that I was in the Dead End with Mr. de Brie I'd have thought you didn't care very much about me."
 "Well, that sounds like a woman's logic," Davis laughed.

"Woman's logic, nothing!" May countered. "Suppose, when I had seen you with that girl I had simply paid no attention to the matter. Suppose I had felt that it didn't matter where you went or with whom. Wouldn't you have been just a little upset? You know you would."
 "Well, in a way I suppose that's true," Davis admitted. "I guess you're kind of right. But, anyhow, I didn't go out with her just because I wanted to make you jealous."
 "Yes, but I've heard of lots of men who had sense enough to do that sort of thing," May returned.

-Shavertown-

A number of boys spent the week-end in New York City as guests of Halsey Thofas, formerly of this place. George Shaver is the proud possessor of a new Ford roadster.
 Herman VanCampan and Henry Sipple spent Thursday afternoon on the golf course at Stroudsburg. They, with Dev. Elsto Ruff, motored to Stroudsburg Thursday morning to attend the Rotary meeting there. Rev. Ruc was the speaker of the day.
 Miss Jane Courtright is home after a two weeks' visit with friends in Berwick.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Geyer of Hazleton were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herman VanCampan on Tuesday.



Vote for Frank Mathers for Tax Collector of Kingston Township.

Miss Marion Schlacher spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aayers.
 Woodie Travis, John Jones, Lloyd Cease and Robert Laux took advantage of the excursion to New York last week-end.
 Ted Woolbert has been discharged from General Hospital after an operation for appendicitis.

The Search Light Foreign Missionary Society held a corn and wiener roast back of the home of A. W. Jackson on Monday evening.
 Mrs. S. J. Woolbert, Miss Mildred Woolbert and Fred Malkemes of this place and Mrs. John Isaacs of Kunkle are motoring through parts of Canada and the Thousand Islands. They will return the latter part of this week.

Miss Winifred Lewis of Kingston spent a few days this week with Miss Allee Hill.
 Rev. Clinton E. Henry of Peotone, Ill., came Thursday night to spend a week with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. C. B. Henry.

The Shavertown fire company will hold its next meeting on Monday evening, September 9, in the school house. Members are expecting another fine meeting, with speakers and music as special entertainment. Every one is invited to be present as a guest or a new member.

Support Our Local Candidate For Prothonotary
G. Harold Wagner of Dallas

Plenty of Eggs!

Your hens will give you more eggs, better eggs, and produce them at a profit if you feed

Quaker FUL-O-PEP EGG MASH

This egg-making feed contains just the things that a hen needs—fresh oatmeal, other grain products, minerals, cod liver meal and molasses in dry form. Start using it now—we have it for you.

Keystone Flour & Feed Co.
 Main St., Luzerne

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Only Plymouth builds a Full-Size Car at a Small-Car Price

\$655 and upwards
 F. O. B. DETROIT

Ride in a Plymouth. Drive it. Then you will understand why 127,768 Plymouths were produced and sold in the past year

CHRYSLER-BUILT — FULL-SIZE
 HYDRAULIC SELF-EQUALIZING BRAKES
 SMARTEST STYLE — LOWEST UPKEEP
 BEST PERFORMANCE

PLYMOUTH
 AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

JAMES R. OLIVER
 Direct Dealer
 Main Street Dallas, Pa.

draws BOILS to a natural head
BEAR BRAND SALVE
 50¢ package includes spatula, bandage and tape also for cuts and wounds
 GROBLEWSKI & CO., Plymouth, Pa., founded 1892

Smoke **John Ruskin**
 BEST AND BIGGEST CIGAR
 FOIL WRAPPED OR PLAIN
 The QUALITY IS THE SAME
5¢



"We'll never quarrel again."

"And I was terribly angry, and I came here to spend the night."
 "She told me where she was going," Davis interrupted. "And I just couldn't stand that empty apartment, so I came here myself. I thought I'd try to patch things up the first thing in the morning."
 "Well, I guess it's all right."
 "We don't have to carry a marriage license around all the time, do we?" May exclaimed.

"I believe you, lady," Cassidy assured her. "But where does this bird come in?" He pointed to Beranger.
 "Officer, I think I've been grossly insulted," Beranger began.
 "I'm not talkin' to you," the detective snapped. "I'm askin' the lady."
 "Well, you see, Officer, it was this way. I was started again. When I was having that quarrel with my husband I got Mr. de Brie to take me out, just to make Ed jealous. But how he got here, I don't know."
 "I rode uptown with Mrs. Davis," Beranger stated. "She told he she was going to leave her husband, and said that if I wanted to wait until she packed she'd drop me at the Ritze. So I waited. She told me she was going to leave her husband, and I said I thought she was doing the right thing, because he's a big brute, and—"

"Oh, I am, am I?" Davis started towards the perfume manufacturer, his fists clenched.
 "Just a minute, now," Cassidy intervened. "Go ahead with your story, Mr. de Brie."
 "Well, anyhow, I felt sorry for Mrs. Davis, and I was afraid her husband might get nasty, and so I waited around out in front of the hotel, and then I saw him drive up in a taxi and come in here. I followed him, and saw that he got a room and then I decided to stay here, too, just in case Mrs. Davis might need me for protection. I was going to telephone her as soon as I got to my room to see that she was all right, and inform her that I would be on hand in case of trouble."

INSTALLMENT TWENTY-SIX

INSTALLMENT TWENTY-FIVE