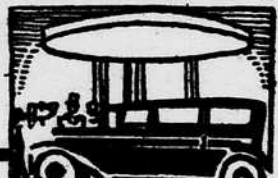


# MAN MADE THE TOWN

by RUBY M. AYRES



## THIRTEENTH INSTALMENT

She could not quite fathom the relationship between Diana and the good-looking man whose voice made her own lonely heart turn over with such wistful memories. She had once thought . . . but, of course, that was too absurd; Rathbone would never seriously consider a child like Diana, though it was quite possible that she might have taken a wilful fancy to him. The Creature had known other cases where patients had temporarily fallen in love with the doctor who looked after them, but it seldom came to anything.

Diana went out into the garden. She was full of curiosity to know what Dennis would say to her; she supposed cynically that there would be more lies and pretense.

He came quite early. The smart two-seater raced up the road and came to a standstill at the gate where last night . . . Diana could not pursue that memory. Last night was like some live creature waiting to pounce upon her directly she was off her guard and tear her in pieces.

She opened the gate and greeted Waterman with a smile.

"You're an early bird," she said calmly.

She led the way and as soon as they were in the sitting room Waterman broke out:

"What became of you last night, Diana? I was worried to death. I thought something dreadful had happened. They told me at Palmeiro's that you had been and had left suddenly."

Diana met his eyes serenely.

"Yes, I ran away," she said.

"Ran away? . . ."

"Yes, I found out that I didn't want to see you after all."

"What do you mean?"

"While I was waiting, Linda came in. It was quite an accident—she was not spying on us."

"Linda? She went to Paris yesterday morning?"

"She didn't; she was at Palmeiro's last night, and we had quite a little talk together."

She was quick to see the sudden suspicion in his eyes.

"It was Linda who made you change your mind," he said savagely.

Diana nodded.

He stared at her for a moment; then he broke out:

"I've told you again and again that you cannot pay any attention to what Linda says. She is a jealous woman."

"Oh, no; she is not in the least jealous of you or of me, if that is what you mean," Diana said calmly. "I am not at all sure, Dennis, that you don't really like her a great deal better than she likes you."

"I don't understand what you mean. Whatever Linda told you, you can take it from me it is not the truth."

"Isn't it? Not when she said that she had offered to divorce you and that you had refused? I think it is the truth, Dennis."

He took a step towards her.

"It's a damned lie, Diana. You know I've told you scores of times that I would give anything I possess if only she would give me my freedom."

Diana smiled faintly.

"I know you have," she agreed.

"But that is the damned lie—not what Linda said."

She saw the dull colour rise slowly to his face, and she turned her eyes away.

She felt sick and ashamed; not for her own sake, but for his. She had once thought this man so splendid; there had been a time when she would have given him everything she possessed—body and soul—and it hurt her unspeakably to know that he was so unworthy—even of her! She told herself whimsically.

After a moment she looked at him again; in the last few minutes he seemed in some unaccountable way to have lost stature—to have grown ordinary.

"So I ran away," she said again. "And I shall never run back any more, Dennis."

She saw his lips move as he tried to speak, but he could find no words. Then suddenly he went down on his knees, encircling her with his arms, hiding his face against her.

"Don't send me away, Diana . . . I love you so . . . I'll do anything you want—anything in the wide world—if only you won't send me away."

Diana tore his hands from about her.

"It's too late," she said again, and then, breathlessly, "Don't make me hate you, Dennis."

He stood up, his face convulsed with agitation, but now she no longer pitied him: she was only conscious

of that sick, ashamed feeling that was almost physical.

He went on pleading, imploring, reminding her of all they had been to one another—all they would yet be.

Diana put her hands over her ears. She felt that it was more than she could bear; she felt as if he were trying to strip her naked instead of trying to cover and protect her, as Rathbone would have done.

She said at last, brokenly: "If you only knew how you're hurting me."

He misunderstood that, eagerly grasping it as a sign that he was to be forgiven; he made the fatal mistake of trying to take her in his arms.

Diana fled away from him, putting the width of the little room between them, staring at him with wild eyes.

"Don't touch me—don't ever dare to touch me again!" she stammered. They stood looking at one another as if they had been mortal enemies; then Waterman said thickly:

"If I go away now, Diana . . . I shall never come back."

Diana felt her lips twitching into a smile, but she repressed it and answered gently:

"I'm sorry, Dennis—good-bye."

Waterman left the cottage with as much dignity as he could command.

His conceit refused to allow him to admit defeat; he and Diana had quarrelled so often before, and she had always been sorry. Soon—to-morrow or the next day—there would come a letter from her. He knew so well what its contents would be.

Her last night there, she received a letter from Dr. Rathbone.

"My dear Miss Gladwyn:

"I saw Shurey this evening, and he tells me you are returning to London on Wednesday, so in case we do not meet again before then, and it is unlikely, seeing that during the next few days I shall be very busy, I want to impress upon you to take great care of yourself and not to overtax your strength. I am afraid this will read rather like a homily, but you must put it down to my poor powers of expression rather than to any other cause. I want you always to look on the bright side and believe that life is very largely what we choose to make it, in spite of disappointments and sacrifices. I am preaching to myself as much as to you, seeing that we both have to learn our lessons in the same hard school.

"If I were an eloquent man there is so much I could say, but I know you will understand. Keep a brave heart, and keep well. Good-night once again, Diana.

"Yours ever,

"DONALD RATHBONE."

"P. S. I have added the postscript you spoke about on the other side."

Diana turned the page with a hand that trembled; her heart seemed to be turned to water, and there was a mist before her eyes so that for a little while she could hardly make out the last words he had written.

They were:

"I love once as I live once.

What case is this to think or talk about?"

I love you."

CHAPTER XX

Diana's maid Anna drew the curtains back with a sharp little rattle, letting in the morning light.

She was still in London with Mrs. Gladwyn, as that lady had developed a sciatic pain and at the same moment had discovered a wonderful German masseuse who, she declared, alone could cure it; so after all they had not gone to Scotland.

Six weeks . . .

Diana lay back on her pillows, letting the tea grow cold.

Six weeks—six months—six years—it was all the same.

Already she felt as if London separated her so completely from Miss Starling and the cottage that it seemed as if she could never really have been there, and at other times it seemed as if she were just in London marking time for some miracle to happen that would give her back the happiness for which she longed.

She had heard nothing of Rathbone since his letter: the letter to which she had written a dozen—twenty replies and destroyed them all.

What was the use of writing to him. He would not answer.

Miss Starling had departed for her pilgrimage to Normandy with fifty pounds in her pocket. She had written a pathetic note of gratitude to Diana and had sent her a picture postcard after her arrival, of the sea beating against a gigantic rock.

The Creature had shed a few tears

when she said good-bye to Diana, and Jenny had wept copiously.

Diana had felt like weeping herself when she looked from the window of Mrs. Gladwyn's big Rolls to wave good-bye to her little group of friends: Mr. Shurey, Jonas, Miss Starling, Jenny, and one or two women from the neighbouring cottages.

Since then life had gone on very much the same as before.

She had not seen Dennis Waterman again, but she had been told that he had followed his wife to Paris. Poor Linda!

Diana had heard who the gray-haired man was for whom she had been waiting that night at Palmeiro's: Mrs. Gladwyn had got the whole story complete before she had been back in London a couple of days.

"His name is Anthony Jevons," she informed Diana. "Apparently he and Linda Waterman have known one another for years."

"A married man?" Diana asked without much interest.

"His wife has been in a lunatic asylum for fifteen years," Mrs. Gladwyn said with relish. "I always think it is iniquitous, tying a man to a lunatic. That is a case where divorce is really justified—if it ever is," she added righteously.

"Perhaps he didn't want to divorce her," Diana said.

"Well, he is free at last, poor man," her aunt went on. "She died about two months ago, when the Watermans were in America, so I suppose the next thing we shall hear will be that there is a divorce there."

She looked at her niece sharply as she spoke, but Diana's face was indifferent.

Diana and Mrs. Gladwyn were dining at the Fosters' that night.

Diana had only consented to go under extreme pressure. She disliked Mrs. Foster: she was a "climber" of the most flagrant type who shamelessly "collected celebrities," and who scandalized them as soon as they had left her house.

Jonas had written her that Rathbone's house was up for sale, and Donald was going to live in America.

Diana permitted herself one moment of anguish.

"Oh, God, I can't bear it any longer," she said aloud.

She greeted her hostess with a vague smile and discovered her aunt comfortably seated in a big chair with a large cocktail and a plate of caviare at her elbow.

Diana looked around the room without interest. The same old crowd one always met everywhere. Diana spoke to one or two of them and refused a cocktail. People were still arriving, a starchy footman announcing their names at the door in stentorian tones.

"Sir William and Lady Marley."

Lady Marley had been a chorus girl, and there had been a violent love affair with a minor prince to her credit before she caught old Sir William on the brink of the grave and suddenly became respectable.

"Dr. Donald Rathbone—"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

RESTFUL SLEEP

for FRETFUL,

FEVERISH CHILD

—With Castoria's regulation

When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that poisonous waste matter is not being carried off as it should be. Bowels need help—mild, gentle help—but effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made especially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relaxed comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name:

Wm. W. Fletcher

CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

It might be that genealogy is worth more to prove what one is good for than astrology.

Most people haven't any enemies. It is hard work "being enemy."

VOTE FOR  
**BRUMMITT**  
AND  
"A Record of Service"  
FOR  
**AT'ORN'Y GENERAL**

Let us inspect and clean your Radiator. If necessary we will repair or re-core it. You wouldn't let a blacksmith fix your teeth, then why not call us when your radiator heats or leaks? We are Radiator Specialists. Prepare for spring driving. We sell and trade new and second-hand radiators.

**East Spencer Motor Co.**  
THE CHRYSLER DEALERS  
Phone 1198-J East Spencer, N. C.

**FREE!**  
Check your Tubes on the VIS-AMETER. This service is absolutely FREE to all. Just bring them in—we do the rest.

**DUCTION'S RADIO SERVICE**  
PHONE 2006  
We repair any make radio.  
126 1/2 N. Main Salisbury, N. C.

**BATTERY O K?**  
PERIODICAL checking of batteries will preserve their life many months. Let us check your batteries—free of charge.

**SALISBURY Ignition & Battery Co.**  
"Exclusive dealers for Willard Batteries"  
PHONE 299  
122 West Fisher Street

**PAINS QUIT COMING**  
"When I was a girl, I suffered periodically with terrible pains in my back and sides. Often I would bend almost double with the intense pain. This would last for hours and I could get no relief. I tried almost everything that was recommended to me, but found nothing that would help until I began taking Cardui. My mother thought it would be good for me, so she got a bottle of Cardui and started me taking it. I soon improved. The bad spells quit coming. I was soon in normal health."  
—Mrs. Jewel Harris, Willsboro, Texas.  
Sold At All Drug Stores. 2-175

**CARDUI**  
Helps Women to Health  
Take Theford's Black-Draught for Constipation, Indigestion, and Bloatingness.

**POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS**  
(Political announcements under this caption until the primary at \$5 each, cash with order).

**FOR MEMBERSHIP COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION**  
I am a candidate for Membership of County Board of Education subject to the Democratic Primary June 4, 1932. Your support will be appreciated.  
**MRS. T. EDGAR JOHNSTON.**

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER**  
I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election as commissioner of Rowan county, subject to the will and action of the Democratic primary, June 4th. I am from Cleveland Township and am now serving my first term in this office. Your support will be greatly appreciated.  
**J. T. GRAHAM.**

**FOR REPRESENTATIVE**  
I announce myself a candidate for the Lower House of Representatives, subject to the will and action of the Democratic voters in the June 4th primary. Your vote and support will be sincerely appreciated.  
**KENT UMBERGER.**

**FOR CORONER**  
I hereby announce my candidacy for Coroner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held June 4th. Your support will be appreciated.  
**DR. J. V. MADURAS.**

**FOR SENATE**  
To the Democratic Voters of Rowan County.  
I take this method of announcing my candidacy for the State Senate from Rowan county, and solicit your support, and vote in the forthcoming primary to be held Saturday, June 4th, 1932.  
I will not be in a position to make a personal campaign, or to call on my friends throughout the county in my behalf, but want to assure everyone who may vote for me, or support me in any way, same will be highly appreciated by me. If nominated and elected, I shall endeavor to represent what I believe to be to the best interest of the entire citizenship.  
Respectfully,  
**T. D. BROWN.**

**FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS**  
I am a candidate to succeed myself as Register of Deeds for Rowan County, subject to the will of the Democratic voters in the June Primary. I am serving my first term in this office.  
**Wm. D. KIZZIAH.**

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election for county commissioner, subject to the action and will of the voters in the Democratic primary.  
Your vote and support is earnestly solicited.  
**T. M. BYRD.**

**WITHDRAWS**  
To the Voters of Rowan County:  
After having announced myself a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds, subject to the action of the Democratic primary of June 4th, I find it necessary to withdraw my candidacy owing to my present position. I have obligated myself to act as principal of a good graded school for the ensuing year.  
I wish to thank the people for their support up to this time, and assure them it has been highly appreciated.  
**CARRIE D. ROTHROCK.**

**FOR TRIAL JUSTICE**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Trial Justice of the Rowan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held on Saturday, June 4, 1932.  
**J. ALLAN DUNN.**

**FOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Representative (Lower House) from Rowan County subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held June 4, 1932. Your support will be greatly appreciated.  
**J. W. BEAN,**  
Spencer, N. C.

**CANDIDATE FOR SHERIFF**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Rowan county, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held June 4, 1932. Present incumbent.  
**CAL L. MILLER.**

**FOR HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the house of representatives of the N. C. General Assembly from Rowan county, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries June 4, 1932. Your support will be appreciated.  
**J. W. RIDEOUTTE.**

**FOR STATE LEGISLATURE**  
I hereby announce my candidacy for reelection to the State Legislature (Lower House) from Rowan County, subject to the Democratic Primary to be held on Saturday, June 4th, 1932. Your vote and support will be greatly appreciated.  
**GEORGE R. UZZELL.**

**COUNTY COMMISSIONER**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Commissioner from Chin# Grove Township subject to the action of the Democratic primary. I am serving my first term as commissioner.  
**OGATHA L. LINN.**

**AUDITOR**  
I am a candidate to succeed myself as Auditor of Rowan County subject to the will of the Democratic voters in the June primary. I am serving my first term in office.  
**J. E. (PAT) HAYNES.**

**FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY ROWAN COUNTY COURT**  
I announce myself a candidate for the office of Prosecuting Attorney of Rowan County Court, subject to the Democratic Primary, June 4, 1932. I have been affiliated with the Democratic party and worked for its success and ideals all my life. I have practiced law for eight years and never held a political office. If elected I pledge myself to upholding the law with justice and fairness to everyone. Your support and vote will be very much appreciated.  
**W. V. (Bill) HARRIS.**

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for county commissioner of Rowan County from Salisbury Township, subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held on Saturday, June 4th, 1932.  
**R. L. BERNHARDT.**

**FOR STATE SENATOR**  
I am a candidate for reelection to the office of State Senator from Rowan County subject to the action of the Democratic Primary. Your support will be greatly appreciated.  
**HAYDEN CLEMENT.**

**FOR COUNTY AUDITOR**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Auditor for Rowan County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held on Saturday, June 4, 1932. Your vote will be greatly appreciated.  
**S. A. (DICK) RUSSELL.**

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Commissioner of Rowan county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary to be held on Saturday, June 4, 1932.  
**C. M. HENDERITE.**

**FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY ROWAN COUNTY COURT**  
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Prosecuting Attorney of the Rowan County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary to be held on Saturday, June 4th, 1932. Your vote and support will be appreciated.  
**CHARLES PRICE.**

**FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER**  
I hereby announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner from Salisbury Township, subject to the Democratic Primary June Fourth.  
**HARRY E. ISENHOUR.**