

# THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES  
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First Installment  
Love doesn't last. . . .  
was with those words ringing in her ears that Pauline woke up her wedding morning to find her sunshine pouring in at her door.

Love doesn't last. . . . It had seemed strange that the one thought in her mind on this day of all days should be of those words in Barbara Stark's letter which had arrived late last night. Barbara was Pauline's best friend, for reasons that both of them would have found difficult to explain. The two girls were as close as it is possible to be, for Pauline was young, unspoiled and full of the joy of life, with a touching belief in happiness and a theory that love never dies. Barbara, at seven-and-twenty, needed to have run through more experiences and emotions than any woman double her age. She had been married, had had a baby, which mercifully, so people said, had died soon after birth; she had been divorced, and at the moment was getting herself talked out everywhere by her wild extravagance and because of a new and violent friendship with a married man.

But in spite of all these things Pauline adored her.  
The chief trouble was that Dennis did not approve of Barbara and many times, during her engagement Pauline's heart had been torn because of her love for her friend, and her love for the man she was to marry, and her desire to do as she wished.

Many times she had tried to explain to Dennis her friendship for Barbara, and had always been conscious of failure.

"I know people don't like her,"

she defended Barbara loyally, "but that's only because they don't know her and understand her as I do."

"Her own fault," Dennis broke in gruffly, but this Pauline would not allow.

Pauline never really knew whether Barbara liked Dennis or disliked him. She was always charming to him when he would allow her to be, and yet last night, in the letter that accompanied a most beautiful gift, she had said things about marriage which had so impressed Pauline that she woke on her wedding morning with some of the words ringing in her ears.

... don't expect too much from your husband as I did. Any woman of experience will tell you that love doesn't last. Romance will wear thin. It's traditional that men get tired of the same woman. When you've been married a few years you'll be lucky if you're still good friends. Don't think I am saying these things to hurt you. I'm saying them because I want you to be happy, and you can only be happy after you're married by not expecting too much. Let him be quite free, and don't try to chain him to you all the time—that's a sure way to kill love. . . .

"Love doesn't last. . . ."  
Those were the words that haunted her as she sat up in bed, her hair fair hair rumpled childishly, her blue eyes blinking in the sunshine. The present Barbara had sent her was standing on a small table by itself.

It was a small carved statuette in ivory and silver, of a small Cupid beating his hand in vain against a barred door, and underneath was the one word "Denied." It seemed a funny sort of wedding present to send anyone, Pauline thought, even while she realized its beauty. When she had shown it to Dennis he had laughed.

"She's a miserable cynic," he said. "We'll put it in the spare room, so that she'll be able to look at it as much as she likes when she comes to stay—I suppose she will come."

"Of course she will," Pauline answered quickly, but she had not told him about Barbara's letter; she had burned it.

"Love doesn't last. . . ."  
Of course, that had been Barbara's own experience. Pauline was not clear as to the facts of her friend's marriage—she had never asked about it—and Barbara never spoke of her husband. That he had made good provision for her was common knowledge, that he was somewhere abroad was a vaguely accepted fact, and that the divorce had actually been nobody's fault but one of those "arranged" affairs was agreed by the charitable Pauline thought it was all very pathetic. Sometimes the far-away lonely look in Barbara's eyes made her heart ache, and yet Barbara always seemed happy enough. She laughed a great deal, she went everywhere, she dressed beautifully, and yet the strange quality of mother love in Pauline's affection for her told Pauline that in reality she was not a happy woman.

"No heart!" So Dennis summed her up. "Selfish as the devil. I know the type well."

Sometimes Pauline was tempted to think he was right. Dear Dennis, who was so good to everyone. Dennis had fallen in love with Pauline at first sight, so he said, and she—well, there had never been another man in the world for her.

"Much better for you if there had been," so Barbara declared. "First love generally comes a cropper for want of experience."

Pauline had laughed at the time, but now the words returned to her with a little sting. She dismissed them determinedly—what did it matter what one embittered outlook prophesied? She knew she would be perfectly happy.

Dennis was quite well off, and he had prospects. He was thirty-two, and he had a motor car in which they were going away for a honeymoon trip; he had bought a house—quite a small one, but a "darling," so Pauline told everyone, and she had been quite sure that they would live happily ever after, until Barbara's letter came last night.

Not that she was really seriously influenced by it—all Barbara's ideas about life were totally different from her own—but it was the

first small shadow cast over the sunshine of her happiness.

It was her wedding day! In the next room a white frock and veil lay on the bed, downstairs all the wedding presents were set out on long tables.

She took up Dennis O'Hara's photograph and kissed it. In a few hours now she would be his wife—she would be Mrs. O'Hara. Dennis said he was not Irish, in spite of his name. Only yesterday she had almost covered a sheet of notepaper with his name and her own joined together—Pauline O'Hara.

There was a tap at the door, and her mother came in.

"I've brought your tea myself this morning, darling. It's a lovely day—so warm and sunny. Did you sleep well?"

"Beautifully." But Pauline's heart gave a little throb of pain as she remembered it was the last time she would sleep here quite as herself.

"I hope the sun will shine for you all your life," her mother said as she kissed her. "There is an old saying: 'Keep your face to the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.' Now drink your tea and get dressed."

Then, being a sensible mother, she went quickly away, before Pauline saw the tears in her eyes.

Pauline drank her tea, bathed, and dressed. There were a lot of people staying in the house—cousins, aunts, and a bachelor uncle and two children who were to be bridesmaids—the morning seemed to fly till suddenly Pauline's mother said: "It's time you dressed, darling."

Pauline was conscious of a little shudder, and for a moment a wild sense of panic took possession of her. It was as if someone had said: "This is the beginning of the end. After today life will be quite different. You will never really belong to yourself any more or be free to do as you like."

With an effort she pulled herself together. What nonsense. When she was marrying a man she loved with her whole heart and was going to a happiness far greater than she had ever known.

She hummed a snatch of a song as she ran upstairs to her room. She was at the door when someone came up the stairs behind her two at a time, and Peter Johnson—a very favorite cousin, who would have liked to be something nearer and dearer—called her name.

"Pauline!"  
"Hullo, Peterkin."

He joined her rather breathlessly.  
"This has just come. I thought you'd like to open it." He gave her a small parcel.

"Thank you," Pauline was turning away when he caught her hand.  
"I just want to wish you the best of luck always—and happiness—heaps of it." She tried gently to release her hand, but he held it fast.

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"I'll always be the same, Pauline—always there if you want me. If ever there should be any trouble. . . ."

Again Pauline was conscious of that little shadow premonition. What trouble could there be? Why did everyone insist that her sunshine was bound to be clouded? She laughed in nervous exasperation.

"I suppose you are one of those people who believe that love never lasts," she said definitely.

"My love for you will last," Peter answered, and then before she could stop him he had taken her by the shoulders and kissed her on the lips.

"All the best," he said, not very steadily, and before she could move he had gone, and she heard him clattering away down the stairs again.

Pauline went into her room and shut the door. She felt a little shaken and almost as if she wanted to cry. She and Peterkin had been brought up together, but never before had he kissed her like that or looked at her with such an expression in his eyes. Pauline was fond of Peterkin, but something in her heart resented that sudden display of affection. Her lips belonged to Dennis—no other man had a right to them. She tried to feel angry with him, but it was a short-lived anger. Poor Peterkin! It was not such a happy day for him as it was going to be for her. She pulled off the fastening of the little parcel he had brought her. It was from Barbara Stark—a slender blue garter fastened with a tiny arrow.

"Just for luck"—so a little written message read—"and in case nobody has remembered to give you the 'something blue' which is supposed to insure happiness."

Pauline let the little gift fall to the floor. She did not want to take her luck from Barbara—for a moment she felt as if the bad fairy of the old nursery story had arrived and cast a spell over her. Then she valiantly pulled herself together. Such nonsense! Barbara was her best friend, and it was charming of her to remember the old superstition—of course, she would wear it.

Then the bridesmaids came clamouring at the door, and there was the all important function of fixing the veil, and an excitement because the bouquets had not arrived.

She was getting a little nervous and overdone, and her mother promptly cleared everyone out of the room and, shutting the door, took Pauline in her arms.

"I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said, and now she could not hide the tears in her eyes. "Dennis is a good boy, and he loves you, but if ever you are in trouble, don't forget that you have a mother, Pauline."

Pauline gently disengaged herself from her mother's arms.

"Do you think love lasts?" she asked in a tense little voice.

There was a short silence, then her mother laughed. "It all depends on what you mean by love." Pauline's mother stooped to pick up a fallen flower, perhaps because for a moment she was not quite sure of the expression in her eyes.

"Love changes, of course, but nearly always for the better. You can't keep up the excitement of being engaged. When you're living together—it's different."

"You mean—they get used to you?" Pauline said. "You mean, there isn't the same sort of longing to be with you—is that what you mean?" she asked.

"My dear little girl—"  
Pauline broke in ruthlessly. "Did you love Daddy very much when you married him?"

"Very much indeed."

"And were you disappointed afterwards?"

"Things are always different from what one expects."  
"And do you love him still?" Pauline's mother looked away. "Yes—but it's different," she said, and then, as if regretting the admission, she hastened to add: "But no two marriages are alike. We must all shape our own destinies. You will find out for yourself."

There was a little silence, then Pauline drew a hard breath like a sigh, and for a moment her pretty face looked sad.

"I wonder why," she said slowly.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## "I Am A Fugitive" Opens Today At The Capitol

One of the most heralded motion pictures to be presented in Salisbury, in many a moon, opens today at the Capitol Theatre. It is "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," starring Paul Muni, with Helen Vinson, Glenda Farrell, Preston Foster, David Landau, Sally Blone, Noel Francis, 37 other important roles, 53 "bit" players and more than 2,000 extras.

Not only is "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," said to carry more thrilling and sensational episodes than any other picture made this year but it presents a triple romance of strange and glamorous loves, against a background of incredible prison chain gang brutalities.

The story, which was authorized by Robert E. Burns, who is still in hiding from chain gang police, shows men driven to desperation by the tortures of the whipping post, poor food, excessive labors in broiling heat and other cruelties. Paul Muni, as the fugitive, makes a sensational escape and crosses into another state. After years of struggle, he makes good under an assumed name, but a woman who discovers his past, betrays him. He is returned to the chain gang only to escape again in one of the most breath-taking episodes of the current season.

There is no more touching figure than this fugitive, a man yearning for love and home, an ex-service man skulking from place to place, not daring to show his face, unable to marry the girl he loves devotedly. Truly, a man without a country. He is vividly and dramatically portrayed by Paul Muni, who left the New York stage success "Councillor At Law" to make "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" for Warner Bros.

### PATTERSON ITEMS

Patterson Grange No. 616 held its regular meeting November 19. New officers were elected as follows:

Master, R. L. Patterson; Lecturer, Ethel Suther; Steward, Marvin Sloop; Asst. Steward, R. F. Allbright; Lady Asst. Steward, Mrs. R. F. Allbright; Chaplain, H. C. Deaton; Treas., W. J. McCorkle; Gate Keeper, James Moose; Ceres, Edith Shue; Flora, Edna Overcash; Pomora, Geneva Sloop; Overseer, Otha Shue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Patterson visited Mr. and Mrs. Kress Cauble in Salisbury Sunday afternoon.

A large crowd from this community motored over to Winston-Salem Friday to attend the grange convention, and to take the seventh degree.

The Woman's Missionary Society and Light Brigade of Mt. Moriah church rendered an enjoyable Thanksgiving program last Sunday evening.

Communion services were held at Thyatira church Sunday morning.

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### BULL HEADS CIVITANS

Irving S. Bull, of Winston-Salem, was elected governor of the Carolinas district association of Civitan clubs at the closing session of the organization's 11th annual convention.

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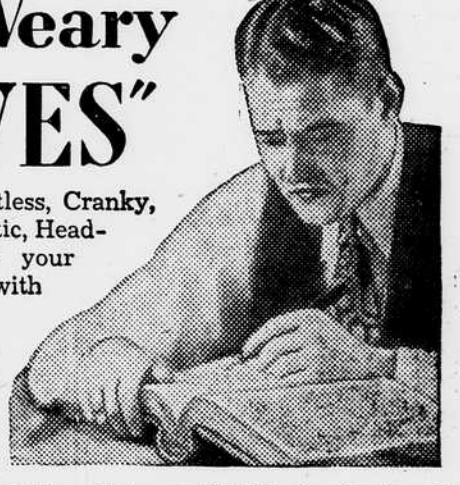
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