

# The Other Man

By Ruby M. Ayers

Seventh Installment

Then she laughed at herself. There was nothing in the world to prevent Barbara from going off at any moment if she so wished. She was free, and she had plenty of money, but there was nobody with whom she wished to take such a journey.

But if she had been married to Dennis O'Hara—she brushed that thought quickly aside, and went hurriedly to her bath.

Jerry Barnett rang up while she was dressing. "Should have rung before," he explained, "only I thought you'd be asleep. Tired myself this morning. Awful!"

"I'm as fresh as a daisy," Barbara told him cuttingly. "And I will have to tell you it's all off for Wednesday."

"Oh, I say!"

"Yes; I've got some people coming up from the country," Barbara explained coolly. "And I've got to show them around. Awful bore!"

"Who are they? Didn't know you had any country relations."

"I haven't. It's Pauline and Dennis O'Hara. They're tired of rust-icating and want a change."

"Well, you'll want a fourth, so what about me?"

Barbara hesitated, then she laughed. "Oh, very well. You'll like Pauline, she's pretty and—in- nocent."

"You think so? Well, you must judge for yourself. They're going to stay at the Albion—dearly re- spectable, isn't it? I thought a lit- tle supper after a show on Wed- nesday night. Reserve a table somewhere, will you?"

"All right, but I shall see you tonight? We're going to the Ven- ners." It seems ages since last night.

"All right."

She rang off, frowning. If only Jerry wouldn't be so slavish. No doubt some women would love such devotion, but she found it irritating. He ought to have married a woman like Pauline.

Barbara spent the morning at

her dressmaker's. Madame Celeste had some new creations freshly ar- rived from Paris that morning, so she untruthfully said. She showed Barbara all her most expensive and exotic models, but Barbara would have none of them.

"I'm going to change my style," she said coolly. "Show me some- thing simple—black or white— nothing Oriental."

But, madame—Celeste was the picture of grief-stricken amazement. Barbara cut her short.

"You heard what I said—some- thing simple in black or white. If you haven't got anything I can go elsewhere."

"I suppose I'm mad—utterly mad she told herself as she drove away. "But it's nice to be differ- ent sometimes—it's as good as a holiday," and she thought again of Dennis.

If they could have spent a holi- day together! For a moment she let her imagination have full play. She and Dennis down by the sea, walking hand in hand along golden sands with the fresh breeze blow- ing in their faces. They would be young together, with everything else in the world forgotten. She wrenched her wandering thoughts back to sanity. Dennis did not love her and, even if he did, how soon would they grow weary of each other? No, no, it was far bet- ter as it was. Pauline was the wife for him.

Pauline was the kind of woman to make a home for such a man as Dennis. And yet it was by his choice that they were coming to town.

Why had he done it? Barbara told herself she did not know, could not guess, and yet—deep down in her heart there was a little buttering hope that it was because he wanted to see her.

"You're a fool!" she told herself pitifully again and again, and could only remember that it is bet- ter far to be a fool in Paradise than to be wise and have no Para- dise at all.

Barbara made Jerry Barnett go with her to meet the O'Hara's. It was a pouring wet evening, and New York looked at its worse. Barbara slipped a hand through Jerry's arm as they walked up and down the platform.

"You look very young tonight," he said. He pressed her hand close to his side. "I like you in that get- up. New isn't it?"

"Oh, I've had it some time!" Barbara said carelessly, but she blushed and wondered what he would say if she told him it was all new and expressly bought for Dennis O'Hara.

She had not slept a wink all night; she had lain awake like an excited girl waiting for the man she loved.

"So absurd!" she scolded herself. "After all the experience I've had of men. Of course, it won't last—it's just another of my fancies." She tried to believe in her own words, but it was difficult. She had loved Dennis for so long—more than a year—and a year was a great time to Barbara. And now Dennis was coming to New York. In another moment she would see him and read the usual almost an- gry disapproval in his eyes. She gave a little stifled laugh, and Jerry looked down at her.

"What's the joke? Let's share it!"

"I am wondering how you will like my friends."

"Oh, all right, I expect! Storm- away likes O'Hara. I told you."

"Yes—did he say anything about Pauline?"

"Only that she was young—just a kid."

"Yes," Barbara's heart contract- ed. She was so much older than Pauline, in experience if not in ac- tual years. She wondered if she would have stood a better chance with Dennis if she had met him

## A Roosevelt Aide



Stephen T. Early, former Wash- ington newspaper correspondent, has been named as White House secre- tary to President-elect Roosevelt. He will be associated with Louis Howe and Marvin H. McIntyre on the "in- ner circle" of the Roosevelt staff.

sooner—before her marriage, be- fore she had cultivated this hard, cynical attitude toward life, to hide from the world her bitter hurt and disillusionment. She had done it so well that everybody ac- cepted it now as her real self—all except Pauline, that is—simple lit- tle Pauline who loved her and be- lieved in her in spite of what other people said.

"Here comes the train," Jerry broke in upon her thoughts, and she drew her hand from his arm and hurried forward. Pauline was at the window, smiling and eager. Barbara saw, Dennis lay a hand on her shoulder and heard him say: "Wait till the train stops; there is plenty of time."

Then is stopped, and Pauline opened the door and almost fell into her friend's unresponsive arms.

"How lovely to see you again. It seems years. We've brought an awful lot of luggage. I don't be- lieve it will all go on one taxi!"

"I made Jerry bring his car," Barbara said coolly, though her pulses were racing. She introduced them. "Mr. Barnett—Mrs. O'-Hara, Mr. O'Hara."

Dennis and Jerry shook hands. "It's very kind of you to have met us," said Dennis, looking at Barbara.

"Not at all. Get a porter, Jer- ry. I don't call this much luggage my child," she told Pauline when it was collected.

They got into the car—Dennis in front with Jerry, and the two girls behind.

"We've got tickets for a show tonight," Barbara said; "and we've booked a table for supper after- ward."

"Oh, but Dennis ought to rest," Pauline broke out agitatedly.

"Nonsense." There was a sharp note in her husband's voice. "It's not nearly so tiring sitting in a train as it is trying to drag my- self about the house."

Pauline's face quivered. "Of course, if you're not tired—" she faltered. They reached the hotel.

"We'll call for you at half-past seven," Barbara said. "No, we won't come in now—you'll want to unpack. So glad you've come."

She blew Pauline a kiss and leant- ed back with a sigh. "Take me home, Jerry. I feel exhausted."

"You go and dress and come back for me, and don't be late," said Barbara at her door.

He was amazed, when on arriv- ing again at the flat he found her dressed and waiting.

"Great Scott!" he whistled look- ing her over from head to foot. Barbara laughed. "Do you like me? No lipstick—no earrings—no noth- ing you've always been used to."

He drew a quick breath.

"Jove it's not you! But all the same—you're divine."

She swept him a mock curtsy, her eyes bright with excitement.

Jerry took her hand and, bend- ing kissed it.

"I'm almost afraid of you, and yet—" Suddenly he caught her to him. "Barbara—darling—"

She wrenched herself free from his passionate arms.

"Let me go—beast! Beast!"

Jerry Barnett was crimson with anger.

"Anyone would think you'd never been kissed before—what the deuce is the matter? Other times you've never objected. Oh, I say, chuck it, Barbara!" for she had begun to sob, tearlessly, but with infinite pathos.

He had never seen her give way to emotion before, and he was an- gry and distressed. It was almost as if with her new mode of dress- ing she had changed her nature too. "Chuck it!" he said again, with a choke in his voice. "I didn't know. I'm awfully sorry. It's not as if I've never kissed you

before, or any other man."

"I know!" She struggled in vain for composure. "I know—I'm cheap—second hand!" She laugh- ed valiantly. "Don't take any no- tice. Get me a drink."

Jerry brought her the drink. His hand shook a little, and his eyes were ashamed, though he could not have explained why.

"Sorry!" he said hoarsely. "Beas- tly sorry! I'd rather have died than upset you. Awful!"

"Idiot!" She forced a smile, and drained the glass he gave her. "For- get it. It's too many late nights—my nerves are upset. I'll have to put some colour on after all, I look a sight."

She kept him waiting ten min- utes, and he avoided looking at her as they left the flat together. He was a bungler, but somewhere at the back of his slow mind he re- alized that he had hurt her intoler- ably, misunderstood her.

In the car he said: "Would you rather not go? I'll explain to O'Hara."

"My God," Barbara said violent- ly. "What do you take me for? If you ever breathe a word I'll never speak to you again."

They drove to the Albion in silence.

"You wait. I'll fetch them," Barbara said. She was out of the car before he could stop her. In the lounge she met Dennis.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## President Maker



Louis McHenry Howe, secretary and political adviser to President- elect Roosevelt, now dons the title of "President Maker," as it was his work which was all-powerful in bring- ing the nomination and election to Mr. Roosevelt. . . . Howe, a former newspaper man, will have a room in the White House offices in March.

## CORRIHER ITEMS

Mrs. C. A. Thompson and small daughters, Frances and Callie were Christmas week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Corriher and fam- ily.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McLaughlin, D. L. and T. M. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. and E. A. Karkiker, and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Corriher were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Karkiker Tuesday, Dec. 27th.

Misses Louise and Ruby Howell of Todd, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Graham and family during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Corriher and D. W. McLaughlin attended the Pomona Grange meeting held in the gymnasium of Farm Life school at China Grove, Wednesday, Dec. 28th.

Among those having the "flu" in our neighborhood during the holi- days are Mrs. Jim McNeely, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Bostain. We are glad they are improving and well on the way to recovery.

Due to the weather, bad roads and "flu" the annual New Year's feed of oysters and fish of Corriher Grange has been postponed.

Corriher Grange will hold their regular meeting Saturday night, January 7th, at 7:30. We are ex- pecting a program by our new lec- turer, Mrs. C. C. Corriher and hope to have all members present.

Mr. D. L. McLaughlin killed a hog Monday, January 2, weighing 626 pounds. That's a real hog we think.

"Mother, may I go out to play?"

"Yes, my darling daughter, but remember the things you want to do are the things you hadn't ough- ter!"

"Dance of the Virgins," a Thrill- ing Story of a Girl's Fight Against Almost Impossible Odds, Begins in The American Weekly, the Maga- zine Distributed with Next Sun- day's Baltimore American.

Love, Fortune and Life, or Mis- ery, Torture and Death, for the Girl, Her Lover and Her Enemy. Read "Dance of the Virgins" in The American Weekly, the Maga- zine Distributed with next Sunday's Baltimore American.

You Work Two Days—Every Week Just to Pay Taxes. What Becomes of the Money? Read the Answer to This Important Question in The American Weekly, the Magazine Distributed with Next Sunday's Baltimore American.

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# Hookworm Expert To Fight Pest

Washington.—A man who has grown old and infirm in the service of science set out single-hand- ed today to do battle with the ar- ray of research experts assembled by the powerful Rockefeller Foundation.

Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles be- lieves that on the outcome of his lonely crusade depends the lives of thousands of Southern children. That is why he will penetrate into the deep South, amassing data in an attempt to prove that America cannot afford to relax its vigilance against the hookworm.

**Challenge To Experts**  
Years ago Stiles retired from the United States public health service because of physical disability. He comes back to the scientific wars now only because he believes the Rockefeller Foundation misstated the case when it announced "the hookworm disease has been con- quered."

Twenty-five years ago Stiles was in the thick of the campaign to exterminate the hookworm, work- ing side by side with the Rocke- feller Foundation scientists. He was among the van of those who found a method of combating the malady that was sapping the vital- ity and the brain power of thousands of children.

Then he passed the work along to younger hands, hoping to spend the closing years of his life in the quiet of his own laboratory.

**Wants To Prove Experts Wrong**  
But, he believes, the Rockefeller statement lulled scientific workers into a sense of false security. He wrote to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and received a reply, stating the matter had been referred to techni- cal advisers.

"Now," Stiles said, "I start on an uncompromising campaign to prove the Rockefeller Foundation wrong. I tried hard to settle the matter without openly challenging the Rockefeller scientists. But there seems no other way than to come out in the open with it. I am a free agent, and I have decid- ed to devote a part of my remain- ing years to doing something for the hookworm victims. It is purely my personal affair."

He believes 30 per cent of the children in some localities still are victims of hookworm disease. Failure to press the advantage which science already has gained will, in Stiles' opinion, blight the lives of thousands yet unborn.

**"Lawd" Wants Shylock Role**  
New Haven, Conn.—When Richard B. Harrison has completed his role of the "lawd" in "Green Pastures," he wants to play Shy- lock.

"The role is one, I think, that only a colored man can play," said the 68-year-old actor. He was in New Haven for an appearance with his company.

## Shoot If You Must, Grocer Tells Bandit

Pittsburgh.—Evil glinted in the eyes of a gunman as he strode into a grocery and whipped out an automatic.

"Stiek 'em up, fast," he snarled at the manager, John W. Guiser.

"All right, go ahead and shoot," replied Guiser, "things couldn't be much worse."

The hold-up man paused, stam- mered, flushed and, with hanging head, wheeled about and walked out of the store.

## How Modern Women Lose Pounds of Fat Swiftly—Safely

Gain Physical Vigor—Youthful- ness With Clear Skin and Viva- cious Eyes That Sparkle With Glorious Health

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

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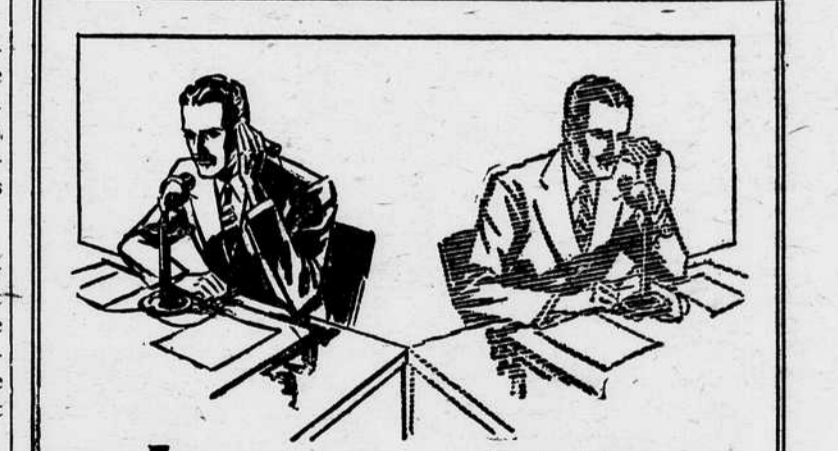
## Have to Get Up at Night?

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