

THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES
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First Installment

"Love doesn't last. . . ."
It was with those words ringing in her ears that Pauline woke on her wedding morning to find the sunshine pouring in at her window.

"Love doesn't last. . . ." It 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 unlike as it is possible to be, for while Pauline was young, unspoiled, and full of the joy of life, with a touching belief in happiness and the theory that love never dies, Barbara, at seven-and-twenty, seemed to have run through more experiences and emotions than many a 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 about 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."

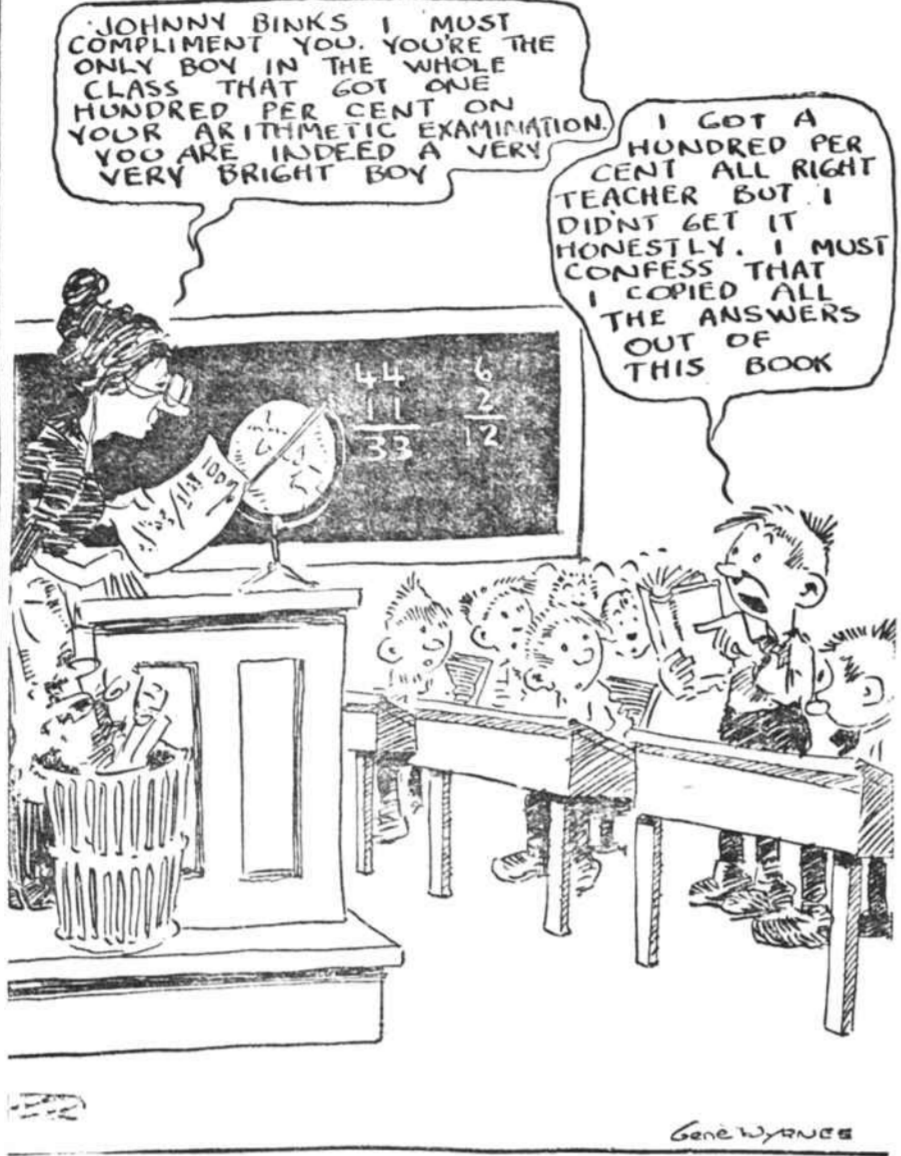
"Her own fault," Dennis broke in gruffly, but this Pauline would not allow.

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, too—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 fair hair rumpled childishly, her blue eyes blinking in the sunshine.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



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

DISTRESS AFTER MEALS 'Relieved By Black-Draught'

"I had sour stomach and gas," writes Mr. Jess Higgins, of Dawsonville, Ga., "and often I would have bilious spells. I read about Theodor's Black-Draught and began to take it. It relieved me of this trouble. I keep it all the time now. I consider it a fine medicine. I take a pinch of Black-Draught after meals when I need it. It helps to prevent sick headaches and to keep the system in good order." Get a package at the store. Try it! Now you can get Black-Draught in the form of a SYRUP, for CHILDREN.

with a little sting. She dismissed them determinedly—what did it matter what one embittered out-loo: 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 shock, 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 to-day 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 any she had ever known.

She hummed a snatch of a song as she ran upstairs to her room.

How Doctors Treat Colds and Coughs

To break up a cold overnight and relieve the congestion that makes you cough, thousands of physicians are now recommending Calotabs, the nausealess calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts without the unpleasant effects of either.

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Calotabs are sold in 10c and 35c packages at drug stores. (Adv)

Champ Corn Husker



Carl Seiler, Knox County Ill., is the new national corn husking champion, setting a world record of 36:39 bushels in 80 minutes. The former record was 35:08 bushels. The national meet was held at Calva, Ill.

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." Pau-

line'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 afterward?"

"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)

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