

# THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES  
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## NINTH INSTALLMENT

"I dare say your idea of a perfect dancer and Barbara's are very different," Dennis broke in calmly. And hadn't you better sit down, my dear? You're in the way there."

Pauline moved hurriedly, her pretty face flushing with pleasure at the casual word of endearment.

Barbara noted it pityingly. Later, when she was dancing with Jerry Barnett, she said suddenly:

"Have you ever noticed, Jerry, that when a man begins to call his wife 'my dear' it's the end of romance?"

Jerry guffawed. "Can't say I have, but I dare say you're right. Romance is the shortest lived thing I know of, anyway. Awful!"

Barbara glanced across the room to where Dennis and his wife sat together at the supper table. Pauline was watching the dancers eagerly, her face flushed and her eyes very bright. Dennis was watching them too—moodyly, his hand idly playing with a wineglass.

When she and Barnett went back to the table, Dennis rose.

"Am I to be honored?" he asked stiffly.

Pauline broke in. "Do dance with him, Barbie—I should love you to, and it is a waltz they are playing now."

Barbara laughed. "Well, to please you."

She moved away onto the crowded floor with Dennis.

They danced for some time in silence; then Dennis asked abruptly: "Do you really like this sort of thing?"

"What sort of thing?"

"This noise and glare—and artificiality."

"I adore it," Barbara said. It was not the truth, but tonight she was afraid of the truth.

"I loathe it."

"Why are you here, then?"

"Because you are."

Suddenly he swept her away from the crowded floor and through an arched alcove into a small unoccupied room.

"We're not allowed here," Barbara said calmly.

"In a moment, I want to speak to you."

"Pauline will miss us."

"She is dancing with Barnett—I saw her."

"Let me go."

"In a moment," he was between her and the ballroom. "Look, Barbara—answer me one question and I swear I'll never mention it again. I don't know what you've done to me. It's—it's like being possessed—I've fought against it ever since you left us. It's no use. I've tried to despise you. I pretended I didn't like you—but that makes no difference. When I was smashed up—you kissed me, Barbara."

There was a tragic silence, and the scornful smile died slowly from Barbara's face, and she just looked at him, her lips quivering, her eyes suddenly very young. Then she moved her hand slowly and touched Dennis—Pauline is very fond of me."

"I know."

"Well, then—she took her hand away—let us go back, shall we?"

Dennis went on quickly. "I don't know what you've done to me. But if you'll just tell me—I'll never ask you again. If I'd been free—"

Her trembling lips smiled.

"Such a big 'if,' Dennis."

At that moment he seemed to her almost a boy—no longer the disapproving, almost brusque man she had known, and at that moment she felt also as if all her bitter experience had been swept away from her and she was a girl again, in love for the first time.

She closed her eyes, and as almost unconsciously she swayed toward him, Dennis caught her in his arms.

On the way home Jerry Barnett was silent and sulky. It was three o'clock in the morning, gray and chilly with a fine drizzle of rain.

Wrapped in her fur cloak Barbara sat with closed eyes and tried not to think. It was only when they stopped outside her flat that she roused suddenly with a start. She flung the rugs aside. "I'm tired. Why do we do these mad things, Jerry? It's a loathsome life."

"You seemed to be enjoying yourself," he paused. "At any rate, with O'Hara. I thought you didn't like him."

"I don't remember discussing the subject with you."

"You did. You said it was a bore when you heard they were coming to town."

The street looked dreary and deserted, there was not a light in any window of the tall block of flats. Barbara shivered. "Well—good-night," she said.

Barnett tried to put his arms round her. "Are you going to have an af-

fair with that fellow?" he demanded jealously. "I saw him take you into Ritz's room—or did you take him?"

He broke off sharply, for instead of the burst of anger he had expected, Barbara began to cry—softly, almost like a child.

She slipped away from him, and he let her go. Barbara in a rage he could understand and cope with, but Barbara in tears—sobbing like a girl—left him helpless and ashamed.

It was a strange thing that, once safely in her room, Barbara's chief feeling should be one of guilt. It was not that she had any great affection for Pauline. She felt that somehow she was wronging Dennis.

He was, as he had said, so unlike other men. Dennis was different and she knew that he despised himself for the thing he could not control. Yet the strange inexplicable attraction which she had felt for him for so long had now communicated itself to him and was proving stronger than his own inherent loyalty.

Barbara was essentially honest with herself. No matter how much she posed and dissembled before her world she never for one moment

tried to pretend to herself that she was any better than she was. And now at four o'clock in this gray morning she sat down by the fire before she went to bed and looked into her heart with cool deliberation.

She loved Dennis O'Hara as she had never loved any man—that was a truth that she had never questioned. She was sufficiently a woman of the world to recognize that her attraction for him was probably largely physical. She knew that she angered and exasperated him even while she drew him, and that the obstinate, intensely masculine trait in his character longed to overcome her and prove himself master.

She had controlled her love for him bravely enough until tonight, until that moment in Ritz's little room when he had taken her in his arms and kissed her.

Dennis was married, but lots of other men with whom she had had affairs had also been married, and it had not seemed an insuperable barrier, but here again Dennis was different.

Suppose he had been free. For a moment Barbara gave herself up to the wonderful happiness of that thought. Free! So that she could have married him!

She felt, for the first time, as if she had lost her way on the road of life; as if she had turned aside and so missed the greatest treasure of all. Without her Dennis would have been quite happy with Pauline, quite satisfied with her—but would he? Wasn't he already tired of Pauline's insistent affection, her childishness, and her demands upon him?

"If I hadn't come there would have been somebody else some day," Barbara told herself. That was life as she knew it.

She tried to feel brave and determined, but when at last she got into bed sleep was impossible. She kept living over and over again those few moments with Dennis O'Hara. His kiss had been the real thing—a seal set upon her heart and soul forever.

The O'Haras had been in New York three days when a letter came from Pauline's mother. Pauline was breakfasting in bed. She had had three late nights and was tired. She also had a very new and becoming negligee, and she wanted to see whether Dennis noticed it. Apparently he had not. He got up at the usual time, bathed, and went downstairs to breakfast.

"You ought to rest," Pauline scolded. "I'm sure you must be dead tired."

But Dennis hated breakfast in

bed and said so. "I'll have mine downstairs and come up again," he said. So Pauline had hers alone. There was a long mirror in a wardrobe door opposite, and in it she could see her reflection—a very charming reflection. The new negligee suited her, she decided, and she wondered wistfully why Dennis had not told her so.

She sighed and took up the letter. My Darling Child (her mother wrote):

I am sitting up in bed writing this, as I have not been very well. It seems such a long time since I saw you, Pauline, and as Daddy has to go to Los Angeles on business for a few days I am wondering if Dennis will spare you to me? I have not been very well—it's my silly old heart again, so Dr. Panthan says, but I feel sure a rest and a sight of you will put me right. How are you, sweetheart? Your letters tell me so little, and I long to see you and know that you are happy. Of course, if Dennis will come too, we shall be only too pleased to have him, but I am sure he must be anxious not to leave business after such a long absence. . . .

There was a good deal more, little

because he is so bossy. And a rough and tough old guy. He is working, always planning, with himself to gratify.

And he is traveling always looking. With his eyes that are so sharp. Old depression is a fellow in himself is mighty smart.

He is hunting, always rambling. Just as busy as can be; He is awful aggravating. And a tough old guy is he.

And we who once shook hands with Are sometimes sick and blue; (him, And if you haven't met him yet, You're somewhat lucky too.

J. R. S., Mebane, N. C.

Organ Music After Quizzes at University

Greensboro, Jan. 26.—Organ music, used to soothe nerves of students after the worry of examinations, has been available at the Woman's college of the University of North Carolina during the last three afternoons under the direction of the local collegiate Student Government association. The idea, it is said, has been successfully used in many institutions in the north.

An hour has been devoted each day at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon to a program at the recital hall of the music building. Geo. T. Thompson, of the school of music, has been giving students and others who wanted to attend the recitals such well known selections as "Morning, Grieg; "The Mummung Chorus," Puccini; "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Dvorak; "Elegy," Massenet; and "Ave Maria," Schubert.

Monday and Tuesday of next week will be used by students and members of the faculty for registration of all classes, in order that work may be started on the program for next semester promptly Wednesday morning at 8:15 o'clock.

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Legal Notices

Notice Sale Of Land

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon us by a certain deed of trust executed by Matthew Wright and wife, Nannie Wright, on the 8th day of February, 1926, and duly recorded in the of-

Where Roosevelts Will Likely Worship

St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Washington, D. C. which Franklin D. Roosevelt and family will most likely attend while occupying the White House. The insert is of Dr. C. Ernest Smith, pastor of the church.

cup. The door opened, and Dennis came in. "Mother's ill," Pauline said in a quivering voice.

"Ill? Let me see." He took the two letters from her and read them. "It's not as bad as that, is it?" he asked chidingly.

Pauline's eyes filled with tears. "I shall have to go, Dennis." CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## The Unwelcome Guest

In these days that are distressing With the times which are so blue Old depression he is following All around with I and you.

He is on our trail a-winding Every way we turn our course, With his great-destructive weapon Which is awful, 'tis no joke.

He has signed up on his duty. Planned and schemed along the line Old depression, he is sassy, In his travels of the time.

He has cut off our earnings Which we very much desire, He has stopped some of our labor Here and almost everywhere.

He has taken away our money And has made the times so tight, This old guest we call depression He is working day and night.

And has got us all now guessing, Wondering what will be at last, We are looking for the future When this gentleman will pass.

Because he is so bossy. And a rough and tough old guy. He is working, always planning, With himself to gratify.

And he is traveling always looking. With his eyes that are so sharp. Old depression is a fellow In himself is mighty smart.

He is hunting, always rambling. Just as busy as can be; He is awful aggravating. And a tough old guy is he.

And we who once shook hands with Are sometimes sick and blue; (him, And if you haven't met him yet, You're somewhat lucky too.

J. R. S., Mebane, N. C.

## Executors' Notice

Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of L. A. Evans, deceased, late of Person County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the first day of February, 1934, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 28th day of January, 1933. Sam Evans, Executor.

## Notice Sale Of Land

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon us by a certain deed of trust executed by M. T. Winstead (single) on the 25th day of February, 1926, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Person County in Book No. 5, at page 476, default having been made in the payment of the note secured by said deed of trust

Professional Cards

Dr. ROBT. E. LONG Dentist

Wilburn & Satterfield Building Main Street - Roxboro, N. C.

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N. LUNSFORD Attorney-at-Law

Office over Thomas & Carver Bldg Roxboro, N. C.

DR. J. H. HUGHES Dentist

Office in Hotel Jones, next door to Dr. Tucker's Office

Dr. J. D. BRADSHER Dentist

Office over Wilburn & Satterfield's Store Building

## Sun-Back Gingham



Here is a summer sun style, as worn by Helen Kraker of New York in a pre-season view at Palm Beach. It is a blue gingham sun back beach dress with knitted white hat.

Person County in deed of trust Book No. 3, at page 478, default having been made in the payment of the note secured by said deed of trust and as in said deed of trust provided, the undersigned administrators of T. C. Brooks, trustee, will on Monday, February 27, 1933, at twelve o'clock M., in front of the courthouse door in Roxboro, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the land conveyed in said deed of trust, to-wit:

Lying and being in Person County, near the corporate limits of the town of Roxboro, beginning at a stone on Blackwell Street, H. Lunsford corner; thence with his line N. 84 1/2 degrees W. 92 feet to a stake in J. M. Blalock's line; thence with his line S. 7 1/2 degrees W. 121 feet to Alex Hester's corner; thence with Hester's line S. 84 1/2 degrees E. 92 feet to a stone on Blackwell Street; thence with said street N. 7 1/2 degrees E. 121 feet to the beginning, containing one-fourth of one acre, more or less.

This January 26, 1933. Mrs. D. L. Brooks, T. Carlyle Brooks, Adms.

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Having qualified as executor of the last will and testament of L. A. Evans, deceased, late of Person County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the first day of February, 1934, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 28th day of January, 1933. Sam Evans, Executor.

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and at the request of the holder of said note and according to trust, I will on Monday, February 27, 1933, at twelve o'clock M., in front of the courthouse door, in Roxboro, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the land conveyed in said deed of trust, to-wit:

Lying and being in Olive Hill Township, Person County, North Carolina, bounded on the North, East and South by the lands of T. T. Hester; on the West by the lands of C. E. Winstead, containing one acre, more or less, and known as the Will Richmond place.

This January 26, 1933. Nathan Lunsford, Trustee.

## Executors' Notice

Having qualified as executors of the last will and testament of J. Logan Garrett, deceased, late of Person County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of January, 1934, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 23rd day of January, 1933. J. R. Garrett and E. L. Wilkerson, Executors.

## SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust dated March 6, 1930, executed by Lonie H. Day and husband Chuck Day, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Person County in Book 6, at page 322, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured and at the request of the holder of said note, I, the undersigned trustee, will on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY FOURTH, 1933, at twelve O'CLOCK NOON, offer for sale for cash at public auction to the highest bidder at the Courthouse door in Roxboro, North Carolina the following described parcel or lot of land lying and be-

ing in Person County, Roxboro Township, bounded and described as follows:

Bounded on the North by the lands of Mrs. Hattie Ellington; on the East by the lands of W. J. O'Brian; on the South by the lands of M. O. Yarboro, and on the West by the lands of W. J. O'Brian and the lands of P. H. Yarboro, containing seventeen (17) acres more or less and being that portion of the lands inherited by the said Lonie H. Day from the estate of her father, the late R. T. Yarboro.

The purchaser will be required to make a deposit on day of sale in the sum of 10 per cent of the bid as evidence of good faith. Sale will remain open ten days from date of sale for an increased bid.

This January Second, 1933. N. Lunsford, Trustee. By J. Grover Lee, Attorney.

## Notice Sale Of Land

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon me by a certain deed of trust executed by G. W. Ashley and wife on the 9th day of February, 1931, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Person County in Book 6, at page 379, default having been made in the payment of the note secured by said deed of trust, I will on Tuesday, January 31, 1933, at 12 o'clock M., in front of the courthouse door in Roxboro, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the land conveyed in said deed of trust, to-wit:

That certain tract of land lying and being in Roxboro Township, Person County, North Carolina, bounded on the North by the lands of L. G. Stanfield and E. L. Wilkerson; on the East by the lands of Dudley Swanson; on the South by the lands of C. G. and G. A. Daniel and on the West by the lands belonging to the estate of W. L. Thomas, containing seventy-six (76) acres, more or less, and known as the Jim Ashley home place.

This December 30, 1932. N. Lunsford, Trustee.

## Administrator's Notice

The undersigned having this day qualified as Administrator, C. T. A., of the estate of E. V. Riggs, deceased, late of Person County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to present the same to the undersigned on or before December 21, 1933, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 21st day of Dec., 1932. A. A. Riggs, Administrator. C. T. A.

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