

# THE OTHER MAN

by RUBY M. AYRES  
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## THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

But in the morning she laughed at her fears, for there was a letter from Dennis, in which for the first time he said that he missed her—and only God knew what an effort it had cost him to write those words—and asking how much longer she meant to be a deserter.

"Dreams don't mean anything," Pauline told herself happily. "It must have been because we had cucumber with the salmon for dinner." She spent a happy day. The doctor said her mother was better, and there was a wire from her father to say he was returning, and Pauline wrote a long letter to Dennis. "It will be too wonderful, won't it?" she wrote with trembling eagerness. "I think I love you better than ever I did—if it's at all possible, darling. I often wonder how I managed ever to be happy before you married me, and if anything happened that we were separated, Dennis, I should die."

O'Hara's face twitched as he read her loving words, and for a moment he looked away from what he was reading, wondering why it was he could not rid himself of the feeling that this letter was not really written to him at all.

He had seen Barbara every day, but she had never again allowed him to go to her flat, and that morning, looking at himself in the glass while he shaved, it seemed to Dennis that he had aged years in these few days.

Pauline's letter had come by the evening post, and Dennis was dressed to go out—he was taking Barbara and Stornaway to dinner.

Barbara had refused to come alone—"Bring Dr. Stornaway," she had said.

"Are you never coming alone with me again?" Dennis had asked, but she had not replied.

He stood staring down into the fire, smoking cigarette after cigarette and trying to see beyond the immediate present. Was there to be any beyond? Barbara would not tell him, and he himself could not think.

When Pauline came back—perhaps they would find it, or she would find it for them. The telephone rang. Was it Barbara, to say she could not dine with him? His heart almost seemed to stop beating as he waited, and then he caught his breath in a great sigh of relief as he knew it was not she. It was Stornaway:

"That you, O'Hara? I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come along tonight, after all. I've been sent for to go home. Old Thompson is ill. Hope it's not leaving you in the cart."

"No, not at all—I've not booked anything. I'm sorry, though."

"Liar!" he told himself cheerily as he rang off and went to get his overcoat.

Dinner alone with Barbara—he felt like a happy schoolboy as he went downstairs and out into the street. A whole evening alone with her! Would she come now that Stornaway would not be there? Well, he would not tell her until she asked. It seemed a long time before his knock on Barbara's door was answered, and then it was Mrs. Mellish who admitted him.

She said, "Good-evening, sir," in her quiet voice and led the way into the sitting room.

"Mrs. Stark will not keep you long, sir." She hesitated, looking at him with those quiet eyes that saw so much and betrayed so little.

"Mrs. Stark has been a little upset," she added.

"Upset!"

"I expect Mrs. Stark will explain to you, sir."

She went away, leaving Dennis to wait impatiently.

When she came he saw that she was ready, dressed and wearing a gown he had once admired. He went quickly to her and took her hands.

"What is it, my dear?"

She smiled. "Did Mellish tell you? Bless her heart! She knows there is nobody else I should ever tell my troubles to, Dennis." She bent and dropped a kiss on his coat sleeve. "Mix some cocktails, please, and I'll tell you."

She sat down by the fire and watched him; then suddenly she spoke.

"I had an unexpected visitor today, Dennis."

"Oh!" He was not greatly interested. "Who was it?"

"My husband."

The fragile stem of the glass he was holding snapped suddenly between Dennis O'Hara's fingers. He had forgotten that Barbara had a husband living.

"I thought you never saw him," he said with an effort.

"I haven't—for years. He came this afternoon. I had no idea he was in New York."

There was a little silence. "What did he want?" Dennis asked sharply.

ly. She lifted her beautiful eyes. "He asked me to go back to him." Dennis stood very still for a moment; then he turned mechanically again to his job.

"You like French Vermouth?" he said.

"Please." Then she laughed, a wild little laugh that sounded infinitely sad. "Make it strong, Dennis, so strong that I shan't care what happens or what becomes of me."

She flung out her hands with a pathetic gesture of emptiness, but Dennis took no notice. He finished his mixing and brought a glass to her. As she took it he asked, "And what did you say?"

"I told him I would think about it." There was a long silence. "You know he divorced me," she said presently.

Dennis did not answer.

Her face whitened, and she said almost in a whisper: "It wasn't true, Dennis, not—not what you

Dennis was white to the lips. She shook her head. "No—I promised to write to him."

She stood up suddenly beside him, tall and beautiful and so utterly desirable, that for a moment Dennis O'Hara closed his eyes. Then she said, "What's the use of hoping for anything—for us, I mean? You know it's no use; you know you can't do—what you think you can."

"You mean—tell Pauline,"

"Yes."

He clenched his hands into fists. "Barbara—there must be some other way."

"Yes." She smiled tremulously. "You might come here secretly—as my lover—and we should be happy for the little time we could be together and unhappy for the great while when we had to be apart. And some day it would be found out, and then—"

"I should only mind for your

sake."

"It wouldn't hurt me—it wouldn't be anything worse than these things people say about me already. But you, Dennis—it would break your heart."

"Am I such a weakling?"

"No, if you were it would not matter."

He paced up and down the room restlessly.

"If I were an honest man I should go to Pauline and tell her the truth. It would not hurt her as much as it will if some day she finds out that I love you and that I think of you every moment and want you—"

"It's because you are an honest man that you can't tell her," Barbara said, and then, as he did not answer, she took up her cloak and held it to him.

"Let us go, Dennis—Dr. Stornaway will be waiting."

He took the cloak from her, but as he laid it over her shoulders he



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think. But I was as tired of him as he was of me, so I let him think what he liked. I swear it's the truth."

"There is no need. I always believe you."

"Foolish Dennis!" But there were tears in her eyes—so often now there seemed to be tears in her eyes.

"Well—go on," Dennis said after a moment.

She sighed and leaned her chin in her hand.

"I've never seen him since—well, since then, until today. He was generous—I've always had plenty of money. And now he wants me to go back to him." Her eyes never left his face. "He says he has never cared for any woman but me, Dennis."

"And you told him you would think about it—about going back to him?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you a time limit?"

suddenly enfolded her with his arms, pressing her head back against his breast. "Barbara—kiss me—"

Her lips moved to say no, but Dennis silenced the word with his own, and so for a long time they stood while Barbara gave herself up wholly to the intoxication of the moment.

"Just this once—for the last time," she told herself. "Just this once—for the very last time."

And when at last he released her she was white and shaken and could not meet his eyes, though she tried to laugh.

"Nobody has ever kissed me like that, Dennis," she said faintly.

"And was it—happiness?" he asked.

"It was—heaven," she whispered.

He told her about Stornaway as they drove away together, her cheek against his shoulder, her hand in his.

"I didn't tell you before. I thought you would refuse to come."

"I ought to refuse now," she sighed. She raised her head and looked at him. "Dennis, this isn't really me at all. I used to be so unhappy—and now, I feel, young and warm and without a care in the world." But Dennis O'Hara's eyes were sad as he looked away from her, and the words of Pauline's letter came back to him like a sad reproach—"If anything happened that we were separated, I should die."

They spent a happy evening. "We'll forget everything but that we are together," Barbara said. So they dined and danced and talked of things that were farthest from their hearts. It was as they were leaving that they came face to face with Jerry Barnet.

He had obviously been drinking, and Barbara shivered and drew closer to Dennis. "He pretended not to see us," she whispered. "I think he is a little jealous of you."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

### Patience

By A. B. O'Brian

Alas, that youth's fond hopes should fade,  
The youth whose book is guided o'er  
And its lip may speak its holiest vow,  
With idle words that delight to pore.

The youth that spent its wealth and bought  
The knowledge I would gain,  
I'll hoard its lesson in my heart,  
The good which bloodshed could not gain.

My feet were vexed with puny scores  
To knock the fairy customs down,  
With cold words that hide the envious thought,  
All steeped in dew-drops of renown.

In earlier days and calmer hours  
Too early fitted for a calmer state,  
Who this observes may in his body find,  
More moderate gifts prolonged to wait.

### Seek Out The Facts

(Industrial News Review)

The war debt problem, in the long run, will not be solved either by supporters of cancellation or by advocates of dollar-for-dollar collection. It will be settled by enlightened and unbiased consideration of all the diverse factors involved.

As The Nation recently observed, refusal to consider would imperil the few foreign trade outlets still

use best judgment accordingly. open to us, and by provoking the erection of high retaliatory tariff walls would cost us vast sums of money. It is an interesting fact that the decline since 1929 in our annual exports to Europe amounts to four times the 1932 installment on the total war debt.

It avails us nothing if we lose several dollars in order to get one. The problem of war debts is inextricably linked with the problem of depression, of unemployment, of industrial stagnation and disturbed monetary systems. To reconsider them is simply to admit that the way to solve a major economic problem is not to argue blindly, but to seek and discover the facts, and

More books have been written on Abraham Lincoln than any other man. Napoleon held the record prior to 1870.

in which defendants have an interest; and said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before the undersigned Clerk of the Superior Court of Person County at the Court-house of said County in Roxboro, N. C., on March 4th, 1933, and within ten days thereafter answer or demur to the petition in said action, copies of which have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County, and let them take notice that if they fail to answer said petition within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the petition.

This February 3rd., 1933.  
C. L. Brooks,  
Clerk of Superior Court.

### In The Superior Court

NORTH CAROLINA, PERSON COUNTY.

Nettie Tingin vs. Jacob Tingin. NOTICE OF SUMMONS.

The defendant above named will take notice that summons in the above entitled action was issued against the defendant on the 6th day of February, 1933, said action being for an absolute divorce, which summons is returnable before the undersigned Clerk of the Court at his office in Roxboro, North Carolina, on March 10th, 1933, and the defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint, which has been filed in said cause, or the relief demanded will be granted.

This the 6th day of February, 1933.  
C. L. BROOKS,  
Clerk of the Superior Court.

### Legal Notices

#### Notice Sale Of Land

Under and by virtue of the authority conferred upon me by a judgment of the Superior Court of Person County, North Carolina, made in that special proceeding entitled T. O. Pass vs Brant Bowles and wife, Pattie Sue Bowles, Lucy Bowles Carver and husband, Sim Carver, I will on Monday, March 27, 1933, at twelve o'clock noon, in front of the courthouse door, in Roxboro, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the land described in this petition in said action, to-wit:

Lying and being in the County of Person, Roxboro Township, bounded on the North by the lands of Jasper Clayton; on the East by the estate of J. A. Long; on the South by the lands of Charlie W. Carver and on the West by the lands belonging to the estate of J. A. Long, containing fifty (50) acres, more or less, and known as the Alex Owen place.

This February 25, 1933.  
3-22 N. Lunsford, Commissioner.

### Certificate Of Dissolution

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA DEPARTMENT OF STATE

CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION

To All To Whom These Presents sents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the G. & G. Corporation, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the town of Roxboro, County of Person, State of North Carolina (Moe Goodman, being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of B. F. McKinney, deceased, late of Person County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before February 22nd, 1934, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 16th day of February, 1933.  
J. L. McKinney, Administrator.  
3-29

### Administrators Notice

In The Superior Court

NORTH CAROLINA, PERSON COUNTY.

S. W. Melton, Admr. of W. T. Humphries, vs. Henry Humphries and others and Madeline Yancey, George Yancey, Rusaw Yancey and Louise West, heirs at law of W. T. Humphries deceased.

Summons

The defendants above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Person County to sell land for assets to pay debts of W. T. Humphries, deceased.

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### Professional Cards

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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

### Why Silas Isn't Getting Home

By Albert T. Reid



Why Silas Isn't Getting Home

the requirements of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

Now therefore, I, Stacey W. Wade, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 19th day of January, 1933, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 19th day of January, 1933.

Stacey W. Wade,  
Secretary of State.

### 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.

### 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.

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