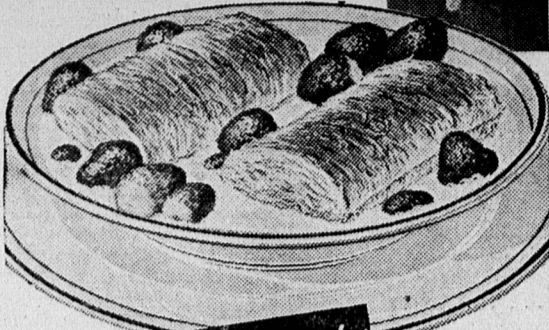


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The Other Man

by RUBY M. AYRES

"Ever since I was engaged," Pauline spread the cloth across her knees and regarded it critically. "Time flies, doesn't it? You've been married—how long?—Six months?" asked Barbara, musingly. "Nearly." Pauline's blue eyes sought her friend's face rather sombrely. "It seems longer—sometimes," she admitted. Barbara laughed. "Not very complimentary to Dennis."

"Dennis is a darling," Pauline gathered up the elaborate cloth. "He's a perfect darling," she said, with enthusiasm. Barbara stifled another yawn and turned another page of the magazine. "And they lived happily ever after," she quoted rather cynically. Pauline leaned forward, her chin resting in the cup of her hand. "I want to ask you something," she said, suddenly. "May I?"

"My lamb, why not?" Barbara's dark brows lifted in mild amazement. "What is it? I promise to answer to the best of my limited eloquence." Pauline slipped to her knees beside her friend. "I think I'm just beginning to understand that life isn't the simple thing I thought it was," she said slowly. "If it were we should find it dull and uninteresting," Barbara declared. "It's the uncertainty that keeps us going at all. What is the important question?"

Pauline looked down at her new wedding ring and twisted it thoughtfully; then suddenly she raised her eyes. "Why don't you like Dennis?" she asked. Barbara was lighting yet another cigarette—her white slender fingers paused in their task; then she answered evenly: "But I do like him. I like him immensely." Pauline shook her fair head. "It's nice of you to say so, but somehow I don't quite believe you. There's a sort of feeling of antagonism whenever you and he are in the same room."

Barbara interrupted calmly: "Isn't it rather he who doesn't like me, don't you think? And isn't it perhaps because I am here that he has suddenly decided not to come in to dinner to-night?" Pauline sat back on her heels and looked up at her friend. She admired Barbara immensely, and yet nobody had ever called Barbara beautiful. "Striking looking," had been Dennis O'Hara's reluctant admission. "The sort of woman a man looks at because he's not quite sure what she is."

It was a true if not very lucid description. Barbara was tall and slim, but she rather affected a droop, and she had queer nondescript eyes that were sometimes dark and sometimes pale, and a beautiful mouth, and hair of a real leaf brown. She wore clothes that were like nobody else's. "Goodness knows where she gets 'em," Dennis grumbled. She seemed to be a perpetual source of grievance to him.

"She gets them at quite ordinary shops," Pauline said, ever on the defensive for her friend. "But you see she designs them herself, and she's so original." Barbara certainly looked "original" enough now, as she stood with one hand on her hip looking down at Pauline with an indulgent smile. She wore a frock of the brightest jade green girdled with a band of dull orange, and her long drooping earrings were jade, and her cigarette holder was jade also.

"Why should he disapprove of you?" Pauline asked, realizing why, even as she asked the question. Dennis liked "womanly women"—the description was his own. "Barbara looks like a cross between an Egyptian queen and a film vamp," he had protested only last night. "Why on earth can't she wear frocks like this?" and he had pinched a soft fold of his wife's between a

finger and thumb. Pauline had flushed with pleasure. "Now if Barbara wore what I call 'fluffy' clothes," he went on, frowning amidst explanations, "something blue—with some lace—" "She'd look frightful!" Pauline told him. "Why should he disapprove of it sounded profound, and then she asked the question which for months she had longed to ask. "Barbara, did you love your husband when you were engaged?" she urged, as her friend did not reply. "Men," said Barbara, "always disapprove of things they don't understand." "Oh," said Pauline. She was not quite sure what Barbara meant, but married him?" The answer came without hesitation. "I thought I did, but we had been married exactly— I think one hour—when I knew I did not."

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When she was upstairs in her room Pauline made no attempt to dress. She sat down on the side of the bed and stared at the rose-patterned carpet with eyes that suddenly seemed to see a great deal. She had been married six months—happy months, yes, decidedly happy months and yet... "Temperamentally Dennis is your exact opposite." Barbara's words came back to her with insistent truth. Dennis was not in the least sentimental—he hated what he called "aloha." Now Pauline came to think of it, he hardly ever used any terms of endearment when he spoke to her. Pauline sighed. It was the little things of life that were so disappointing, she decided. Only last night, for instance, he had come home earlier than usual from the City and had gone straight down to the garage and had tinkered about with the car. When they were first married his first thought would have been for her—or wouldn't it? Pauline submitted herself to a stiff cross-examination. Perhaps she had been unwise. It was a mistake to show you were too fond of a man—Barbara had always said that—Barbara who was so cynically worldly wise. But even Barbara admitted to being in love! Pauline wondered who the man could be, and decided that it was probably the married man with whom she had lately been going about.

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