"THE MAN HATER"

By LORNA LIBBY

Too busy to see you now, Spike told her.

JACK HEMINGWAY, a Louisville ne'er do well, is shot in a night club and seen by witnesses to be dead. With him at the time is

JEAN HARPER, lively and lovely, but with a dangerous zest for excitement. A second after the shooting the lights go out; five minutes later when they are lit, Hemingway's remains have disappeared. Realizing that Jean, the daughter of a politically prominent man, will be embarrassingly compromised as the last companion of a murdered man—

SPIKE ANDRUS, a young newspaperman, cleverly helps her to escape. They fall in love with each other. Soon after,

LOLA MONTEZ, a woman of the world and old friend of Jean's arrives in town, and wanting to induce Jean to return to New York with her, tries to break up the romance by insinuating that Spike is only interested in gaining her father as an ally for Andrus' paper. She hates Spike, knowing that he knows she has some connection with the shooting. When Spike inadvertently asks her father's aid in a small matter Jean breaks off their engagement and goes to New York with Lola, in quest of excitement, and claiming that she hates all men. There she meets

LOUIS BARTELS, a suave man of mystery who fascinates Jean. One day,

BABETTE GORDON, an adventuress in love with Louis and jealous of his interest in Jean warns the girl that unless she stays away from Bartels she, Babette, will squeal to the police that Jean is the missing witness in the Louisville murder mystery. Jean disregards the threat and a few nights later at the Follies is amazed to see Babette and Spike Andrus together in a box. Jean, unknown to Louis, manages to send Spike a message asking him to telephone her the next morning. To relieve her mind from worrying about Spike, Jean lets Louis make ardent love to her.

CHAPTER 27.

On waking the next morning, Jean's first thoughts were of Spike. The last night's love making, her fainting, and Louis' rather attractive and certainly distracting ardor were forgotten as she threw back the covers, blinked at the morning sun streaming in the window and wondered whether it was time yet for Spike to call.

As she dressed she knew she was more nervous than ever. If he didn't call she realized it meant that he had read her note but yet had either been so indifferent to her or so subservient to the influence of Babette that he had elected to flaunt her. If he did call it meant that even if he didn't love her he was interested enough to find out what she wanted.

She wondered if she still loved him or whether she still wanted him to love her. Staring in the pier glass at her attractive petite figure, clad only in sheerest silk stockings and pink chemise, she rather wished he could see her right at that moment. Then he would love her! Well, she reflected, almost any man would. Reasoning that way she half knew that she did want him to love her, [illegible] only for her pride's sake and to make him realize what he had lost.

Suddenly she remembered Louis [illegible] what had happened last night. In her mind she contrasted him with Spike and knew that in spite of her jilting of her old sweetheart she really did love him more than Louis. But was that only because now she felt uneasy about Spike and the power he might wield over her and, after the previous evening, she felt reasonably sure of Louis and his affection?

Jean was afraid that if Spike telephoned it would be when Lola was in the house, but finally she left and Jean was alone—fidgetting by the telephone wondering what she would say if Spike did call and worrying what she would do if he didn't.

Twice the phone rang and twice her heart bounced up to her mouth and back again. The first call was from Lefty, being painfully polite in enquiring for Lola, while the second call was a wrong number. After half an hour's lapse the bell rang again. Jean all but threw herself on the phone and quickly recognized Spike's voice. He hadn't changed—at least his voice hadn't. He was directly insistent on getting to the point and had little time for romance, although he was curious as to her appearance in New York—almost as much so as she was about him.

Both asked the same question at once. "What are you doing in New York?"

While he answered "business" she rather hesitantly replied, "oh just for fun—just for something to do."

"Didn't you have enough to do back home?" he asked, "it seems to me you were pretty busy—what with one thing and another. How long have you been here and are [illegible]

you staying with relatives or friends?"

"Just a few weeks," she answered. "I'm staying with—well friends." His voice sounded good to her and she had forgotten to be as insistent as she had wanted to be. "Spike," she added, rather plaintively, "You know I saw you in the theater the other night and I just must see you about something—really it's terribly important, to me anyway. It's kind of about that night back home—you know, the shooting and well, it concerns me and I'm liable to get into trouble." She thought she would feel sorry for herself and be sure of appealing. "When can I see you Spike—it's really terribly important!"

"What makes you think you have to cook up a reason to see me," he shot back, "I want to see you too, but I don't have to phoney it up with an excuse. Now here's my situation. I can't see you before next Wednesday night—let's see—today is Saturday—I have to leave town tonight and go to Trenton and I don't see how I can get out of it.

I won't be back for four or five days so to play safe let's make an engagement for next Wednesday at let's see—my apartment—that would be the easiest place to meet and the best to talk."

As he gave the address on West End Avenue and 75th Street within a mile of Lola's, Jean jotted it down with a sinking heart. She couldn't help but feel that if he really wanted to see her and still loved her even a little bit he would have taken the trouble to do it right away—in answer to her urgent request. He asked her to come around at half past eight. At last. Jean thought she would make one more effort to see him right away.

"Spike," she urged forlornly, "can't you see me for a few minutes before you go? Honestly, I'm worried stiff about something and you are the only person who can help me out. I won't take more than five minutes."

"I know you won't kid," he answered affably, but firmly, "but I've got a million and one things to do before I leave town and I just can't make it."

A few minutes later they hung up, the understanding being that Jean would come around to see him the following Wednesday night. She couldn't help feeling that if he even had once loved her as much as he said he did he might have spared a few minutes to heed her whim. It was beginning to look very much as if he and Babette Gordon were in complete cahoots with each other and that even if she hadn't absolutely forbidden him to see Jean right away, he was so completely under her spell that he was proffering a flimsy business excuse about some new vocation that he hadn't even taken the time or the trouble to tell Jean about.

The more she thought about it, the more it appeared that it was from Spike that Babette had gleaned her information of the killing and that it was due to her, and her desire for revenge upon Jean, that Spike was skittishly refusing to see his former sweetheart. Somehow or other it looked as though Babette had ensnared Spike in her toils and was playing him off against Jean as part of an ingenious scheme of retaliation for the quite salian fact that Louis Bartels had transferred his allegiance to Jean Harper.

At first Jean wanted to cry and then she wanted to laugh. Although she would not admit it to herself she knew her inner pride had been jolted when Spike had pleaded more urgent business. On the other hand she could feel like laughing because she had an emotional reserve—Louis Bartels.

Whenever she began thinking about herself, and perhaps Spike, she knew that Louis suavity, coupled with his undoubted and always intriguing ardor could interest her in another direction. This time she was resolved to be interested to the utmost. She would see Spike on Wednesday, if he remembered their engagement, and if she didn't become so absorbed in Louis, as to forget. She hoped, when Spike rang off, that she could forget—that she would never remember Spike.

Ten minutes later the phone rang again. It was Louis—he wanted to call for Jean and bring her down to his apartment that evening. There wouldn't be any one on hand but just themselves and he had instructed Coco, his combination valet, cook and butler to excel himself. Would she come?

Although he didn't know it and he had been slightly fearful that the invitation to his apartment would be too obvious, his call could not have been more opportune. With just the proper amount of diffidence Jean dallied with the invitation, and finally after supreme urging on Louis's part, she accepted. She would be expected at 7 o'clock.

During the afternoon Jean wrote a letter home to her father and also kept telling herself that although her affection for Spike had all but smoldered out, Louis Bartels provided a lively foil and weary mind diverter. Not that she couldn't be fond of him either—she already was.

At a quarter of seven Jean took her car from the garage turned West towards the Drive and hummed down towards Washington Square—boyed and elated by her expectation of the unexpected. When one saw Louis one never knew how the evening would end.

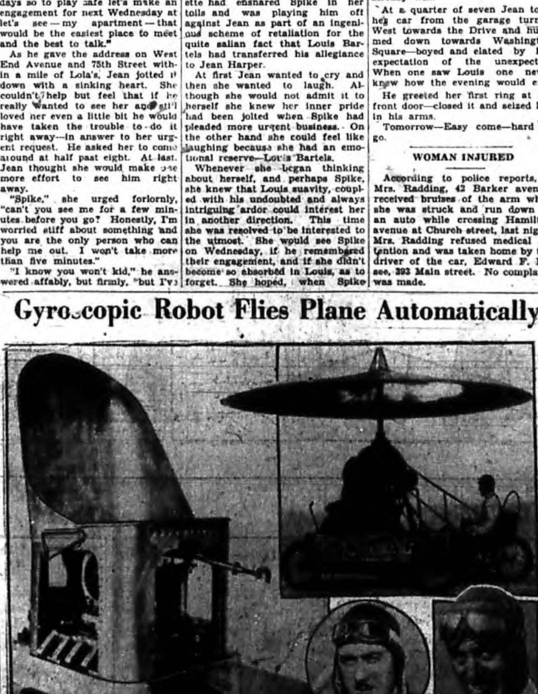
He greeted her first ring at his front door—closed it and seized her in his arms.

Tomorrow—Easy come—hard to go.

WOMAN INJURED

According to police reports, a Mrs. Radding, 42 Barker avenue, received bruises of the arm when she was struck and run down by an auto while crossing Hamilton avenue at Church street, last night. Mrs. Radding refused medical attention and was taken home by the driver of the car, Edward F. Losee, 393 Main street. No complaint was made.

Gyroscopic Robot Flies Plane Automatically



One of the most complicated performances ever achieved by man, flying an airplane under all conditions of weather and darkness, has been accomplished by the use of this Sperry gyroscopic robot, at the extreme left. This, however, is not the only achievement made in conquering the air. At the upper right is shown the "Umbrella Plane," which it was assumed would be useful in case of forced landings. In a test at Royal Oak, Michigan, it performed a new innovation in aeronautics, instead of flying it danced around the field. The perfection of airplanes has brought forth many instances of heroism. In the lower right is shown Thomas Carroll, who has tested all makes of freak planes for more than twelve years, with Douglas Davis, winner of the Cleveland Air Derby, who broke the record for flying between New York and Atlanta.

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