

NO MORE LADIES

From the stage play by A. E. THOMAS
Adapted by BEATRICE FABER
From the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

SYNOPSIS—Marcia Townsend, living with her modern, sprightly grandmother, Fanny Townsend, has married Sherry Warren, New York's handsomest heartbreaker. But after a year and a half of happiness Sherry succumbs to the lure of Terese, night club banjoist. Marcia is heartbroken but apparently recovers for she arranges a large dinner party. Then Sherry discovers that among her guests are Jim Salston, a husband he had once wronged, Jim's ex-wife, Diana, now married to Lord Moulton. Now the last straw is Terese, who has just been announced.

CHAPTER X.

"IT'S A WIFE WIFE . . ."

"YOU'RE Miss Germain, aren't you?" Marcia said to Terese with a pleasant smile.
"Yes, Mrs. Townsend?"
"No, I'm her granddaughter." They smiled at each other politely. "Mrs. Townsend had planned a much larger party but if you don't mind playing for just a few of us—we tried to get word to you."

"Well now that I'm here—" Marcia beamed on her. "That's awfully nice of you. If you don't mind being a guest—instead of an entertainer—"

Terese caressed her hair with a grand gesture. "I'm always treated as a guest."
"I'm sure you are," Marcia said agreeably. "Would you like to meet our other guests?" She went about the business of making introductions. Then she turned to Sherry. "And my husband, Mr. Warren."

This was not a new situation to Terese. She inclined her head in a non-committal bow.

Sherry, however, grasped the bull by the horns. "Miss Germain and I are old friends."

"Isn't that lucky," Marcia said sweetly, "the house is just full of old friends."

Later that evening Fanny was in her bedroom, her shoes exchanged for comfortable slippers. She watched Marcia and Jim as they strolled in the garden, their heads intimately close. "The blithering idiots!" Fanny stormed. "Why should I bother about them?" But in another moment she had changed back to her shoes and was determinedly descending the stairs. A deliriously happy drunk reeled past her as she reached the hall.

"Where's Mr. Warren?" she asked Stafford.
"I think he's out that way, Madam."

She pushed her way, with some difficulty, past a crowd of people all of whom were concentrating their attention upon something that eventually turned out to be Edgar wearing a silk hat and a coonskin coat. He was exchanging passionate kisses with a young girl.

"Ah, there Mrs. Townsend," Edgar hailed her, "you're just in time."

"Just in time for what? The police? What are you doing—and stop it."

"This is a charade."
"Looks more like the last quarter between Yale and Vassar."

She proceeded on her way. Then she was brought up short at the spectacle of Terese seated in Moulton's lap while they played a banjo together.

"I suppose this is another charade," Fanny said disgustedly. "Well, it's the first time I ever saw a four-legged banjo."

"I'm awfully glad I came, Mrs. Townsend," Terese said. "You have such interesting guests."

Fanny was about to reply when Sherry walked by accompanied by Diana.

"I want to talk to you," Fanny said to him, noting his morose face.

"But, Mrs. Townsend," Diana twittered, "he's simply impossible. But I know why," she babbled, "do you, Mrs. Townsend? It's Marcia and Jim. Isn't it exciting. They've been out in the garden now for an hour."

Sherry looked at her sternly. "My grandfather always used to say—'It's a wise wife that knows when to stop.'"

He was tapped lightly on the shoulder. It was Jim, cutting in. "If you don't mind—"

Sherry faced him in impotent rage, helplessly bound to relinquish Marcia.

She waved to him over Jim's shoulder as they danced away. "And my grandmother always used to say—'Pfooeey to you.'"

Moulton, beaming affably, turned to him for an explanation. "Pfooeey? Pfooeey? What's that mean?"

"It's an American expression," Sherry snarled. "It means, Thank you for the dance."

Fanny was now at his elbow again. "Now see here young fellow, before you make a complete ass of yourself—"



Sherry consulted his watch. "An hour and fifteen minutes," he corrected her. "Ain't love grand?"

Fanny took his arm. "Petty Wetty, you come with me. And Diana, you'd better get your husband away from that banjo player before he breaks a string."

But Diana was pointing at the door from the garden and nudging Sherry. "Do you see what I see, Petty Wetty?"

Marcia and Jim had just come in, engaged in a whispered conversation. They drifted on to the dance floor.

"Hmm." Sherry's mouth twisted into an imitation of a smile. "Well, it's good to see them back again. I hope they had a nice trip."

Abruptly, he started off in their direction, roughly throwing off Granny's restraining hand. As he reached them he tapped Marcia on the shoulder. "If you don't mind dancing with your husband—"

he said in a strained voice.

"Not at all, old man," Jim spoke up with over-cordiality. Ignoring him completely, Sherry swept Marcia off in his arms. "Making quite a fool out of me, aren't you?" he said through a set smile.

Marcia's mouth curved provocatively. "I hadn't noticed it. Am I?"

Sherry immediately signalled to Lord Moulton. "Your dance, I believe."

Moulton was delighted. "Why yes—why not old dear." He grasped Fanny firmly about the middle. "One, two, three, and away we go—what?"

"Sherry—" Fanny cried desperately as she was whirled giddily about the room.

Sherry made his way to the front hall, nearly colliding with Jim as he passed through the door. "Lost something, old man?"

"Why, no, old man," Jim replied with an amused smile. "Have you?"

"No, and I'm not looking for anything."

"I am." Jim peered around. "I'm looking for Marcia's bag. We're going to take a little drive."

Sherry continued to smile though the muscle in his jaw jumped and twitched. "Not with Marcia you aren't."

Jim took his arm in friendly fashion. "She thought she'd left it in this room." They walked slowly around as if in earnest search. "So the drive with Marcia is out?" Jim asked with complete lack of emphasis.

"The drive with Marcia is out," Sherry returned forcibly. A rising tension was making itself felt between the two men. Faintly

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Is City Planning To Permit Use Of Gambling Devices?

(Continued from Page 3)

in license fees may prove poor consolation to those who lose their wages playing the machines. If the machines in question are mere vending machines it is hard to see how the owners can afford to pay \$2,500 for the privilege of operating them and how the individual machines can pay an additional \$10. If the machines operating in Saint John do not contain an element of chance, then those placing coins in them are getting full value for the money expended—but are they?

There is a difference between a vending machine and the so-called slot machine. A vending machine delivers goods while the slot machine is generally considered a gambling device.

The penny gum machine in which one puts a cent and gets a stick of gum or some candy would be just as much entitled to pay a license as the slug shot machine, but if the licensing of a slot machine is to merely make it legal to operate a gambling device, it is wrong in principle. It does not look reasonable to expect the owners and operators to be willing to pay Mr. Walsh's proposed license fee merely to operate a vending machine.

LIFE'S SCRAPBOOK

"The happiness of the tender heart is increased by what it can take away from the wretchedness of others."—Petit-Senn.

"Happiness is at our own firesides and is not to be picked up in strangers' gardens."—Douglas Jerrold.

"Experience should be the school of virtue, and human happiness should proceed from man's highest nature." — Mary Baker Eddy.

MICKEY MOUSE

MICKEY HAD ANOTHER REASON

By WALT DISNEY

