

# WEAKNESS TIRED FEELING

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**CARDUI**  
FOR WEAK, RUN-DOWN WOMEN

# Many Women

Continued from Page 2

wait . . . that no one else would ever matter . . . that perhaps in a few months they would both be ready. He hated the delay but secretly admired her the more for her intelligence in the matter. The next morning found him all the more eager and determined to gain her consent—and at once.

But the next day, with all its promise of happiness, brought only rude awakening.

Ronnie called for Jeanie in the early afternoon and they went for a short drive before reporting to the theatre. When they arrived at the stage door it was late, and they both had to hurry into makeup and costume. Things moved swiftly, and Ronnie didn't even have a chance to see Jeanie between the acts. He looked about backstage for her, but evidently she wasn't there.

Then he had to go on with his specialty. When that was over he sat down, slightly tired after the strenuous routine, on a property box in the wings. He took things easy for a while, resting his head against a tall panel of canvas scenery. Suddenly, above the subdued murmur of the backstage workers he became aware of Jeanie's voice behind him, talking fast and in an earnest whisper.

"Let me work the thing my own way," was the sentence which first caught his attention. "I know what I'm doing. You'll get your share of the dough after I marry him. There's no sense in rushing Ronnie. I've got to make him think I'm on the square haven't I? I've got to use tact. Let the poor sap think it's love. He's young enough and dumb enough for that. And it won't be but a couple of years before I can get a divorce and come back to you

with enough to support us for life, see?"

"O.K.," grumbled a masculine voice. "But still I don't like it. What am I supposed to do while you're married to him, huh?"

"It won't make any difference, Jimmie. We won't let it . . ."

Ronnie didn't wait to hear any more. He strode to the door of his dressing room and stood there for a moment, looking back. He was mad all through. And when he saw a figure emerge from behind the painted scenery from whence had come the voice—when he recognized that figure definitely as Jeanie, he fairly boiled with rage. So that was her attitude toward him! Love! What a fool he had been! Jeanie didn't love him—all she wanted was the money which he was making.

Somehow, for a moment he couldn't bring himself to believe it. Yet the unmistakable facts stared him in the face.

Jeanie—his Jeanie. He couldn't bear even to see her again. He hated her!

Two minutes after the final curtain went down, Ronnie left the theatre and drove away in his high-powered car, alone into the night. Now that he knew definitely what sort of girl Jeanie was, he was through. Through with her forever. Through, he told himself, with all girls.

When morning came, he was still driving. He didn't know where he was and didn't care. He didn't care about anything any more.

### CHAPTER II.

Of course Ronnie got over the heartbreak in time. He was young, and he had sense enough to know that the wound would soon heal. That wasn't what hurt him so badly. The whole trouble was that he had, in a way, idolized a girl, had given her his whole heart—only to find that she had been playing with him. He had thought that she was so very different from the other girls of the chorus—so much finer than they. It was the disillusionment which hurt him more than anything else.

Ronnie went back to work after a layoff of a couple of weeks. He signed a contract to appear in a new show which was scheduled to open in Atlantic City about a month after his sudden disappearance from Broadway. And before he signed, he made sure that there wasn't a girl named Jeanie Temple in the chorus book.

There was a certain change, after that incident, in Ronnie's whole nature. Even at his age—he was hardly more than nineteen at the time—he became unconsciously perhaps, hard and cynical and calloused and without faith in any woman. The whole trouble was that he began to judge all women by the few he had known—by Jeanie Temple, for instance. She had deceived him; had played him false. How lucky he had been to find her out in time! All women, he decided bitterly, were false. They were deceitful; they were hard and cold and calculating.

Well, he told himself, two could play at that game. Henceforth he would make use of the women who were his friends just as Jeanie had planned so adroitly to make use of him. He would love them a while, leave them, and then forget them. They would furnish him with temporary amusement, with a thrill. But, he decided bitterly, not one of them would ever come to mean anything to him; not one would ever steal his heart as Jeanie had done. And so, when Ronnie breezed into Atlantic City, he set out with a brand new idea. He was out to get all the thrills possible out of life.

That is why his story became the story of many women. For he did not stop in Atlantic City, nor even

in New York, nor in Chicago, nor the far west. Ronnie toured every city on the continent with one show or another, and he boasted a different girl for every town.

He met dozens of girls in Atlantic City. He went to all of the gayest parties and dances, and flirted with all of the prettiest women. But he never became serious with any of them. Not one, it seemed, was ever able to make the slightest headway with him. When he returned to New York with his show, he carried with him a notebook full of telephone numbers and penciled notations. When he glimpsed Broadway, he promptly threw the book away.

Only one girl in New York ever made a lasting impression upon Ronnie. That girl was Martha Hunter, raven-haired, black-eyed, utterly beautiful in a superficial sort of way—a sleek siren.

He met her in the Jungle Club in Harlem. It all started with a dance and after that for the duration of his stay in the Big City, he followed her around like a meek puppy when he was not in the theatre.

Martha took him around and showed him places. She introduced him to a crowd of young men and women who knew how to do things, who had thrown themselves into a life of midnight revelry with all the wild abandon of reckless youth. It wasn't long before he had learned how to stay up until five in the morning and still report for work on time the following afternoon; it wasn't long before he had learned to

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