

# Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



SYNOPSIS

When Polly Long, a little mannequin falls in love with Ralph Halliday, a married man, things begin to happen. Ralph is in love with his own wife Lola, but they have drifted apart. John Blake is also in love with Lola, but Ralph's father and mother have prevented the marriage, John and Polly become friends, and Polly is happy until her mother dies with a heart attack. The girl is forced to go on the stage and to move into a cheap apartment uptown.

INSTALLMENT TWENTY-NINE  
DARK DAYS FOR LOLA

"Say, how'd you like to have me come and live with you? We could split on the apartment fifty-fifty." Annette had run into Polly by chance and the two girls were lunching together.

"We're too crowded up at our place. I wouldn't know what it was to sleep alone, always one of my sisters, with me. How about it, Polly, will you?"

Polly hesitated. The little mother had not liked Annette, but then Annette had never made any trouble for them. And the extra money, too, was an important factor.

"All right, Annette, we'll go shares." "Fine! I'll leave you alone if you'll do the same."

"Of course."

"Our friends are different now, anyway. Royal Hamilton forsook me for you. Now he's playing around with Ralph's wife, and the time I've wasted on him! I want a quiet life with a couple of kids out where the grass is green. And he could have married me, too."

"I wonder if he thinks Lola will marry him," mused Polly.

"Well, she won't for a time," returned Annette. "Mercy, child, don't you read the papers? Lola and Royal had a bad smash-up in an airplane down on Long Island somewhere. Lola had both legs broken, and something is the matter with her spine."

Polly turned white. "How ghastly!" "Royal was just badly bruised."

"I'm glad of that."

"But now Lola is back with Ralph's people and Royal is seeing her there. I don't think they like it a bit, to say nothing of poor Ralph."

Darling Ralph—Sir Lancelot, whose shield she was still tending. If Lola didn't want him and some one else wanted Lola, then Ralph might turn to Polly. Only that would mean that poor John would never find happiness with any one.

Time passed and Annette moved into Polly's flat. She complained of its shabbiness, but it was a regular castle in comparison with her own. Her own bed delighted her, and Polly was so sweet about everything. They split on the rent and on the meals, and paid for their own clothes.

Annette would mourn sometimes. "Two lovely girls like we are ought

to be married. We have to work too hard for what we get."

"It does seem so," said Polly. She was looking very sweet in a ruffled pink apron and was creaming carrots on the gas range. The chops were sizzling in the roaster. John was coming up for dinner and some friend of Annette's was going to make the fourth. It would be fun.

"I hope you like Bobby," said Annette, testing the soup. "Gee, that's good, if I do say so. Real cream of tomato."

"O, I know I'll like him, Ann!" Polly said as she put the carrots back on the stove. "As for cooking, you know twice as much as I do."

Annette had just carried the melons to the table when first John arrived and then Annette's friend, Bobby Marsh. He was a nice boy, quiet and obviously dazzled by the beauty of the two girls. His father had failed in business and he had gone to work. They talked business until Polly had to fly off to the theatre. Then John said good night to the others and took Polly to the stage door.

He had seen the play before, but he never tired of Polly's winsomeness, her shy, dusk beauty. He wanted to marry her, even if he didn't love her as he did Lola. But he didn't blame her for not wanting second best.

Polly was getting seventy-five dollars a week now, which was as much as John made. Together they could swing it. But then, of course, he wouldn't permit her to go on with stage work. Not only was it too tiresome but he wanted children. But Polly wouldn't marry him—at least she had told him so.

In the big house on Madison avenue Lola fretted. Everything was being done for her, but although her bones were nearly set and had already been removed from their plaster casts, her spine continued to give her trouble.

"You're keeping something from me," she said to the doctor. "I think I have a right to know the truth. I won't whine about it. It was my own fault."

But the doctor still held out hope and decided to try some new method of treatment.

Lola saw Ralph one evening. She had to see him through loyalty to his mother and father if nothing else. He had kept her room sweet with flowers, but she had dreaded his presence, dreaded the thought that he might want to kiss her. Now she was flat on her back and helpless. He probably would turn to some other woman.

Ralph bent over the bed and Lola flushed as her lips met his. It was an honest kiss, the first they had exchanged in a long time, and a quick smile lighted Ralph's face.

"You're better."

"A little. I get gloomy, though. I won't hold you if I have to lie like this always. But you're quite free. I'll give you a divorce any time you want one."

Divorce—as if Lola would ever be

anything but a part of his life!

He told her so, and she wept a little into a soft scented handkerchief. "If you'll just be patient with me."

"Patient, haven't I been patient?" "Yes, you have. I wish things had been different with us. You know about John and me, didn't you?"

"Yes, he loved me and he may care for me still, but it isn't the love that lasts, Ralph. You wait and see."

"I'm sorry for Polly Long now, because I think she and John would be very happy together. Things may come out all right for us, after all. But they certainly do look dark enough now. I never gave John more than the hero worship that Polly gave you. I wish your father and mother hadn't interfered."

"They had something to do with it?" "Yes, dear, but don't say anything about it. They want to see us happy together and you can't blame them."

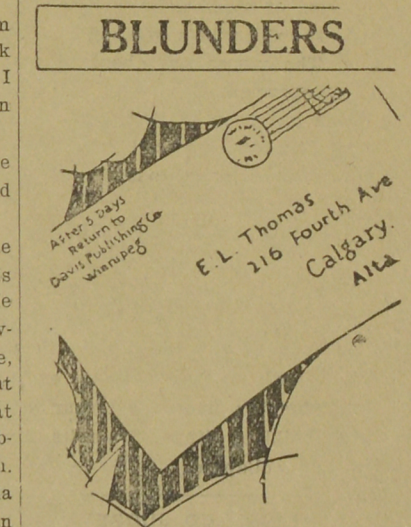
Tomorrow—Dark Days for Polly

## DIVORCES IN SCOTLAND SHOW AN INCREASE

Edinburgh, Feb. 16—Considerable increase in the number of divorce cases in Scotland is recorded in the statistics published last year. There were 493 actions during 1927, or 57 more than in the preceding year.

The increase is probably due to the judicial proceedings act, which prohibits the publication of evidence. In Scotland the act embraces divorce cases on the ground of desertions, as well as on the ground of infidelity, and, obviously, there can be no indecent matter to publish in cases of desertion.

Of the 493 actions, proceedings were taken by husbands in 241 and by wives in 352 cases. Desertion was the ground of action in 244 cases.



**BLUNDERS**

**WHY IS THIS WRONG?**

Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed to memory. Consequently its mail surely be delayed if persons must reply to its letters and no street address

## MANY CELEBRITIES AT THE ABBEY FOR THE FUNERAL OF THOMAS HARDY, NOVELIST

(Hannen Swaffer in London Daily Express)

The interment of Thomas Hardy's ashes in Westminster Abbey was a funeral with out a tear. The widow was very bowed but in the congregation—scores of people had been sitting, waiting for the funeral for four hours—no eye was damp.

There was nothing to regret, nothing over which to sorrow. A great man had passed on at the age of 87. We were laying him to rest his work done, the immortality of his name assured.

When the committal service was over Sir James Barrie stepped apart from the little group of pallbearers gathered round the grave and placed by the urn, which, although buried was visible only a few inches below the ground, a modest wreath of lilies which he had been carrying half hiding it under his arm.

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It was the widow's last tribute of affection brought from Max Gate and left over Sunday with the ashes at Working.

Then Ramsay MacDonald spoke to the little group of mourners and the illustrious statesman and men of letters who had been the pallbearers followed the clergy back to their seats to hear Handel's Dead March in "Saul" played by the organ bringing the ceremony to an end.

Poet's Corner is an ugly place in which to bury a man who loved the open moorland and waving trees.

Nowhere in the country not even at Kensal Green is there such a collection of brutal looking monuments as those which record lives which without them would be remembered through the ages.

You feel so annoyed too in Poet's Corner at the presence of stone memorials to nonentities—for instance, Sir John Pringle "who was at an early period of life professor of moral philosophy at the University of Edinburgh."

Still, Oliver Goldsmith's head is carved immediately over Thomas Hardy's resting-place. Campbell the poet, stands in stone close by Sir Walter Scott's bust is near at hand. There are statues too, of Addison and Thackeray and James Thompson while William Shakespeare learns his right arm on a pile of his works and looks right over the place where Hardy's ashes have been laid.

I almost thought that Shakespeare's graven visage was regarding with curiosity the whiskered features of Bernard Shaw, who stood immediately in front by the graveside with Kipling, seeming quite short beside him and Ramsay MacDonald on the other side of the empire poet.

Galsworthy's solemn face looked very earnest beside that of the Prime Minister.

It was a small but noteworthy group. Indeed no country in the world could have provided for such a funeral four men of the literary standard of Barrie and Kipling, Galsworthy and Shaw. Their greatest works—Barrie's speech on Courage. Kipling's "Recessional", "The Forgytte Saga" of Galsworthy and Shaws "Saint Joan"—will rank beside Hardy's poem "The Dynasts" as part of the heritage of our race.

I saw Arnold Bennett next to Sir Owen Seaman with Newman Flower, Handel's biographer and Hardy's great friends close beside and I noticed too, John Masfield come in, scarcely recognized in his simple quietness. T. P. O'Connor too, was there.

Otherwise apart from the beautiful music—even when they were singing far away from you, you could hear every word which the

choir intoned—I noticed chiefly that it was a funeral in which there was no note of modernity. Indeed it was the first gathering I have seen for years where there was nothing to remind me of anything except the greatness of the Victorian age which has gone from us.

There were few young people present. The women looked like Mrs. Henry Fawcett or Dame Henrietta Barnett. They were gray most of them people who would have been as much at home at Queen Victoria's funeral as they were at the simple obsequies.

The flowers around the grave were all placed under the monuments of the immortals and the nonentities, who looked down from above. The floor of the Poet's Corner was covered with a purple carpet edged with white and nearly a foot long and six inches across was the oblong hole intended for the urn. This was also edged in white.

## WHERE FIELD MARSHAL HAIG LIES BURIED

Nothing more becoming nor more beautiful in funeral ceremonies has the world witnessed since the body of the great Rumanian statesman, John Bratiano, was borne to rest in a pine coffin by slow-moving oxen, twisting than must have been journey over the twisting lanes of southern Scotland on a plain farm cart drawn by a single horse of the body of Field Marshal Earl Haig.

And how beautiful is the place of his final rest! Dryburgh Abbey in ruins and open to the sky, is one of the prized possessions of Scotland. Surrounded by charming scenery, and with every scene there is a tradition or some historical incident associated, the views from the abbey are charming. And this was the Scott country. Sir Walter lies at Dryburgh, and there lies his faithful Lockart. How he loved that border, those hills, and lakes and lanes. When the funera procession of the great novelist was wending its way slowly to the burial place, the horses drawing the hearse stopped of their own accord atop a certain hill. Many times they had stopped there, for that was the site of the favorite view of their master; and this time they stopped again.

There is something pathetically agreeable in the arrangements for the funeral of the British soldier. After the pomp in the Abbey, the nation having rendered it homage, the far more simple yet dignified and adequate ceremonies at Dryburgh.

Do statesmen and soldiers often reflect on such matters, we wonder. Many have left their wishes in their wills, many have talked freely about them with their intimates. We recall the incident about Lloyd George. Just when he was at the top of his wartime career, he had his part in a funeral in Westminster Abbey. A friend said: "We shall be leaving you here someday." Like a flash came the reply: "No, you'll not. You'll bury me under the shadow of my mountains." We hope the story is true, whatever assignment may be made from his burying when he shall have passed from the scene of his remarkable career. We like Lincoln better amidst the prairies whence he came, then ever he might be in some great fane at the capital.

## BOOZE SELLER AT MINTO FINED

Minto, N. B., Feb. 15—Pleading guilty to a charge of manufacturing over-strength liquor on his premises, contrary to Intoxicating Liquor Act of Alexander Mazerolle, of North Minto, was fined \$50 and costs by Magistrate Daniel Palmer in the Minto court. The charge was laid by Provincial Police-man Richards.

Ted—How long did it take to learn to skate?

Fred—Oh about seven meals standing up.

## Here and There

Winnipeg.—The British boy immigration scheme has been adopted by the Manitoba Provincial Government, and about fifty lads will be brought here this year for placement on farms in the province. Hon. A. Prefontaine, Minister of Immigration, announced. First, the boys will be placed at the Manitoba Agriculture College for preliminary training in farm work.

Calgary.—Two commercial airplane transport projects are being developed in Calgary. One calls for the use of airplanes carrying twelve persons each, to be used principally for passenger, freight and mail traffic between Calgary and Edmonton; the other calls for lighter machines, two or three passengers, for Calgary-Edmonton and mountain flight purposes.

All the way from Camrose, Alta., to Glasgow, Scotland, unaccompanied, a distance of approximately 5,000 miles is the record of Donald James Campbell, nine years of age. He took the All-Red route of the C.P.R. across the Dominion to Saint John, where he embarked on the liner Montclare bound for Glasgow. He is visiting his aunt, who lives in Busby, Glasgow.

All previous records in connection with the westbound movement of grain to Vancouver over Canadian Pacific Railway lines were broken during the first two weeks in January, according to E. Cotterell, superintendent of transportation, western lines of the company. Deliveries at Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific during the fortnight in question totalled approximately 22,500,000 bushels of grain.

Calgary.—Farm land values in Southern Alberta are tending to become firm as the result of the series of good crops, and more inquiries for farm acreage have been received in the last few months, according to real estate men, than in any similar period in the past five or six years. Farms offered for sale last spring at \$15 per acre and bringing no offers are selling now for from \$20 to \$25 per acre. The demand for farms both for purchase and rental is decidedly strong.

In recognition of the fine work by officers of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National during the last summer tour of the second triennial Empire Mining and Metallurgical Congress, presentations of gold and enamel cuff links were made recently, to fifteen employees of both companies, at a dinner held in Montreal. E. W. Beatty, president of the C.P.R. and Sir Henry Thornton of the C.N.R., were both present.

Snowshoe week in Quebec got away to a good start when several thousand members of the Raquette Clubs paraded the streets of the old city and later some 1,300 snowshoers in full winter festival costume made an attack on the walls defended by the garrison and illuminated by a brilliant fireworks display. The chief center of interest there is the International Dog Derby, which is to be staged shortly and for this, visitors from the entire Dominion and the United States are flocking to Quebec, taxing the Chateau Frontenac to its full capacity. (8)

## Here and There

The late John Oliver, who came from England and commenced his Canadian career as a farm worker and later rose to be premier of British Columbia, left an estate valued at \$75,913.

The idea that the Scot will not spend money was dispelled this month so far as travel is concerned by the thousands of clansmen who came a hundred miles or more by train or motor to attend the Highland Gathering at Banff, Alberta, held in September.

A shipment of antelope from Canada to the United States is shortly to be made. Charles Blazer, rancher, at Lake Newell, who has for years interested himself in the preservation of these animals, has contracted to deliver twenty-two head to a Texas banker.

It has been announced that the representatives of the Cuban potato buyers have agreed to take nine hundred thousand bushels of New Brunswick potatoes this season. Negotiations are at present under way with the Cuban buyers for the sale of the Nova Scotia potato crop.

Increasing interest has been shown in the organization of boys' and girls' swine clubs throughout the province of Alberta and new clubs have been formed, among other places, at Pincher Creek, Macleod and Raymond. To the winning team in Alberta the Canadian Pacific Railway awards a trip to the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto.

The 4,000 sportsmen who made returns to the Saskatchewan provincial gamekeepers department last year secured a total bag of 100,000 duck, 26,000 prairie chickens, 6,000 ruffed grouse, and 3,200 geese. In order to obtain some idea of the approximate bag of all hunters it is to be assumed that 12,000 who did not make returns secured the same average bags.

Mistress—Don't forget. Norah, we dine at seven sharp.

Norah (the maid)—Will, mum if I'm late ye needn't wait for me.