

Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



SYNOPSIS

When Polly Long, a little mannequin, falls in love with Ralph Halliday, a married man, tragedy stalks into her life. 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. He and Polly become friends. Then Mrs. Long dies and Polly is heartbroken. Complications continue in this installment.

THE ACCIDENT

Royal Hamilton was growing impatient with Polly. He didn't believe the girl was as innocent as she behaved. She never allowed him to kiss her, and she had no petty vices like drinking and smoking. He began to turn his eyes elsewhere. They happened to fall on Lola Halliday.

Lola's lovely blonde type drew him and her remoteness was a lure. Then, too, she had birth and family, and position and money, although Royal had plenty of that himself.

And so he began to take her out, leaving Ralph helpless to do anything about it. Lola was rebellious. She was bored with him and liked to be with other men. How she could turn seen everywhere with Annette he did to Royal Hamilton after he had been not know. But then Royal had been to see Polly and certainly Polly was not painted and rouged like Annette. Sweet Polly of the dancing feet and singing voice! She was on the stage now in a new show, "The More the Merrier." Ralph had seen it and she had been sweet. He was sorry for small Polly and he missed the little mother. But he could not love some one just because he felt he should.

He longed for Lola, so much so that it was torture for him when she was in the apartment sleeping near him. He wanted the sweetness of her, he wanted to brush her lashes with his lips and then kiss her lips into warmth. Somewhere smoldered fire that could be kindled, fire as great as his own. If only Lola loved him! If only he could make her love him!

Royal took to driving Lola out to Long Island or up Westchester way. They would have dinner, several drinks, and perhaps, some dances, and then they would drive home very late.

The moonlight streamed down on the open car, the engine purred! But Lola gave him little encouragement. He had not attempted to touch her, and the thought of a proposal was out of the question for present. But he could wait.

Sometimes the thought of Polly stole into his thoughts on these moonlit drives. He had loved her for her girlish innocence, he loved Lola for her weariness.

He wondered if anything could thrill Lola again. It would take more than the love of a man to take the bored look from her face. She was so restless—plunging into some new excitement every minute. And she was reckless, too! She liked fast driving, dancing half the night and sleeping half the day. All that would suit him well enough if he could make her care.

The older Hamiltons saw Polly's show and admired their child. They missed her sadly these days, but Lola was coming to them for visit. Old Mrs. Halliday felt that if she saw Ralph less frequently she would fall in love with her all over again. And Polly musn't be hurt again.

One night, while Polly was dancing, a dare-devil party decided to go up in an airplane from one of the fields. They had motored out to Long Island, a crowd of them, and several trick aviators took them up.

This was a new thrill for Lola, who had never flown before. Thrilling to see the world far below like a toy village, thrilling to feel the wind in her face and try to shout above the roar of the engine.

Other couples came with them to the field on such occasions and awaited their turn. Lola liked it better when there were four of them because she was beginning to suspect Royal of serious intentions. She did not care for him that way, she never would.

One night something went wrong with the engine. The roar stopped suddenly and then headfirst the plane began to plow toward the earth.

The aviator tried to circle around and start his engine again, but it was impossible. The crash was inevitable.

As the land came up to meet them Lola closed her eyes. It was as good a way to die as any. There didn't seem to be much happiness in the world for any one. Love was all that mattered.

There was a horrible crashing of wood and splintering of glass and a grinding concussion as the plane buried itself into the field. Its nose was completely demolished, so thoroughly had it been embedded in the earth.

The aviator was hurled from his seat and killed instantly. His night of thrills was over. Royal was shaken, but no more than that. He turned his attention to Lola, who had been sitting in the front. Both legs were broken.

He carried to her to the nearest hotel where there was a doctor who set the broken bones. Lola suffered heroically through the pain, but when the doctor began to examine her more thoroughly and prodded the bones of her spine for further injury she winced.

He nodded gravely.

"I'm afraid there's trouble there."

"You don't mean I'll be an invalid. I couldn't bear that!" cried Lola.

"You won't necessarily be an invalid, but you'll be on your back for a good while. It will take some time for your broken bones to mend, and in the meantime we'll see what treatment will do for your spine. The crash must have jarred you pretty thoroughly."

Lola wanted anything but the life of an invalid. She wanted more and more excitement. She would be bored to death waiting for her health to return to her. Better for Royal to suffer the accident. He was more in need of rest.

But if her accident accomplished one thing, it kept Ralph out of her sight. She had been moved to his mother's home and put to bed where she lay white and frail on her pillow. Shooting pains darted up and down her spine. Suppose Lola never walked again!

Ralph was in agony because Lola did not seem to want to see him. She allowed Royal Hamilton to come and see her as much as the older Hallidays disapproved. But what could they do? Young people of the generation were dissatisfied with life. Even their own daughters Marian and Dorothy, had driven fast cars and taken too much liquor out of flasks. Now the young people went in airplanes for their thrills.

Mrs. Halliday sighed and wondered that her daughter could turn to a theatrical man and receive his attentions. They could not bear the thought of her divorcing Ralph. The peacock dress had something to do with it, thought Mrs. Halliday. It had brought Lola bad luck!

How wickedly those eyes had winked from the dress which was literally covered with them. Not even to give Polly happiness could they bear to separate Ralph from Lola!

To Be Continued.

BABY CHICKS LURE MANY A MAN TO DOOM; OLD LAW OF AVERAGES DOES NOT WORK OUT

(New York Sun)

"Well" remarked the commuter "I see the annual chicken slaughter is on. I got the first catalog of day old chicks this morning. Fortunately I am immune. Every man who buys a place in the country is impressed with the belief that all he has to do is to start with three hens and a rooster and his fortune is made.

"A hen lays on an average of 150 eggs a year. These average 30 cents a dozen, making a total of \$3.75. On an average a hen costs a dollar a year to keep. The profit must be on average, \$2.75 a year a hen.

"You will notice that it is the average that counts. That average has ruined more men than the stock market. Now with a thousand hens the profit must be \$2,750 a year. On an average of course. Then the poor man wanders into the realm of millions and he wonders why this simple and sure method of making untold wealth without work hasn't occurred to any one else.

He Stops Too Soon.

"But he doesn't pursue that thought too far. If he did he might arrive at the unpleasant truth.

"I was lucky enough to receive a series of disappointments before the family plate was involved in the wreck.

"Not wanting any of the neighbors to steal my idea and flood the market with eggs before my flock was laying, I purchased a setting of eggs and a brood hen from a farmer. After deserting the nest four times I finally succeeded in inducing her to stay on the job by tying her on the nest and putting sacks over the coop.

"She brought off twelve chicks out of thirteen eggs and I bought a

piano player on the strength of the future profits. I should have saved my money. Eleven of the chicks were roosters and had to be eaten. The hen was too old to lay and not young enough to cook so we buried her under a young apple tree as fertilizer and the lonely pullet was swiped by a cat.

The New Racket.

"The following spring I fell for the day old chick racket. I bought fifty of them. Two weeks later forty-nine had died from some mysterious disease and the same cat got her annual ration again leaving me with a perfectly good chicken house unoccupied.

"The third year I took no chances. I bought 100 chicks from a city store picked them right out of the window and got a written guaranty that any that died would be replaced.

"Those chickens went 'peek, peek, peek,' all the way over on the ferry and all the way home on the train. The old timers smiled and the girls made silly remarks.

"When I got to my station the weather had changed the balmy spring had turned to winter again. The road was frozen in ruts and the wind was blowing light snow around into every one's eyes.

"Half way up the hill I slipped and fell sprawling. The cardboard box that the chickens were in burst open and the hundred chicks disappeared before I could pick myself up. I looked around but there wasn't a chicken in sight. That night I called up the local mason and ordered a cement floor for the chicken house. We call it the garage now. No, I didn't go back to the store for my guaranty. I couldn't prove the chickens were dead."

THE MODISTE'S MEGRIM.

(From The New Yorker)

A milliner had
Less to do
When every one wore
Alice blue,
Not midsummer, sapphire
Periwinkle—
Now electric's the
New wrinkle—
Once we said just
"Pink" or "red"
But now one's clientele
Is led
Through nude, down, salmon
Bois de rose,
Cerise, Chanel,
And so it goes
The once fashionable
Taupe
Goes mauve, mole, mouse;
And heliotrope
Turns orchid, heather
Violet
(The nuances are so
Hard to get).
Your jungle green
Is all the rage
Nile, too and jade,
French, turquoise, sage
Sage
And brown, as such
Is strictly banned
It's nigger, beige
Bistre, henna
Sand.
While saffron shades
To apricot,
Peach, tangerine
Limon, kumquat
But patience will
The gods requite;
The bill goes down
In black and white.
—MARGARETA MANNING.

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