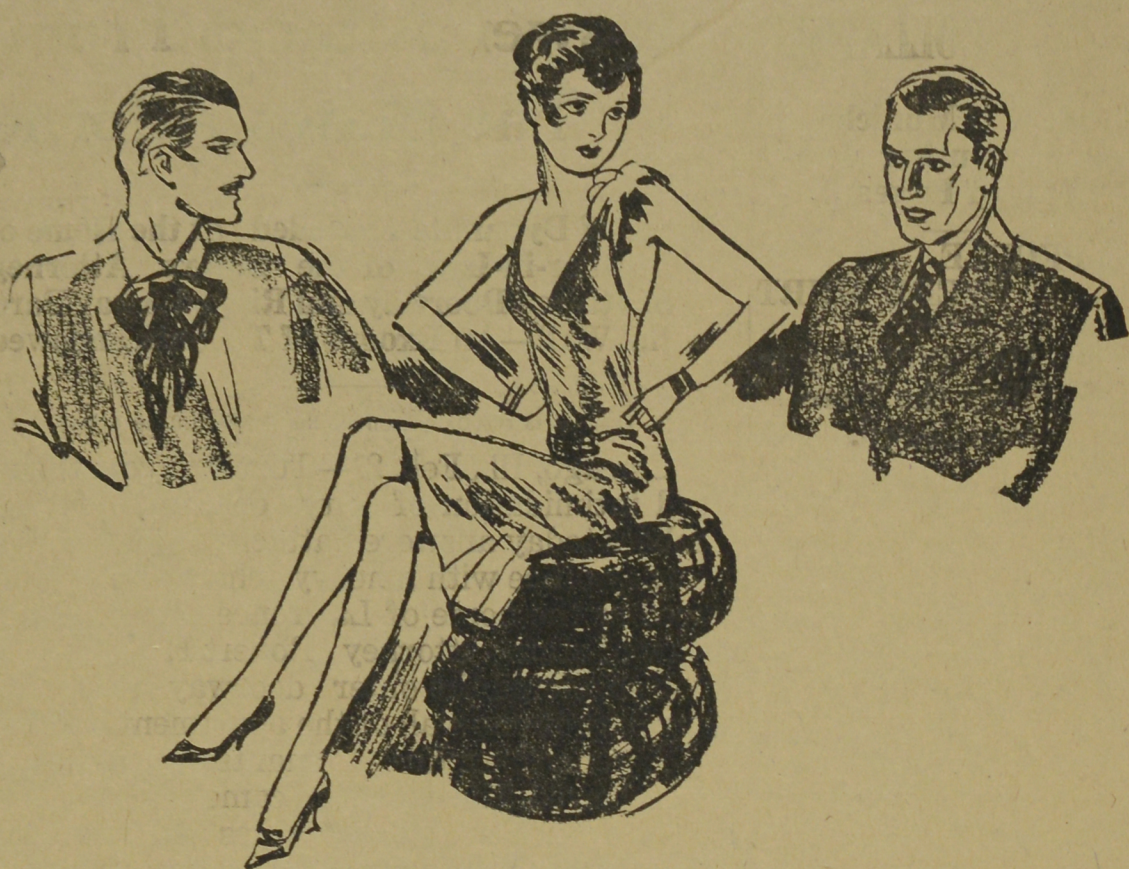


Two Husbands Wanted *by Hazel Deyo Batchelor*



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 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 enough until her mother dies. She is on the stage at the time and she moves into a little flat uptown, which she shares with Annette. Lola is thrown from an aeroplane and has both legs broken; there also is something the matter with her spine. Ralph is half crazy and Polly does not see him at all. Royal Hamilton has been paying Annette some attention, takes Polly around, but she doesn't love him. She loves no one but Ralph.

INSTALLMENT TWENTY-TWO POLLY AND LOLA

It was late afternoon.

Lola was lying with a slim hand tucked under her cheek. She was tired and she wasn't tired, at least she couldn't sleep. The late afternoon sun came through the window. Half a dozen new magazines and books lay beside her, but she did not feel like reading. She did not feel like talking, either. And then, just as her lids were drooping, some one tapped at the door.

It was Anna.

"Miss Lola."

"Yes, Anna, what is it?"

"A lady to see you."

"What kind of a lady?"

"Sort of pretty."

Who was this lady "sorta pretty?"

Lola was stirred to curiosity.

It might be fun to talk to her.

"Tell her to come up," she answered.

Annette halted at the door. Annette, who wanted more of luxury than she wanted of love or anything else.

She saw the frail bed painted in green with scrolls of roses. There were comfortable and blankets to match. And there was Lola, smiling encouragingly at her. Lola—in a frail nightgown and with no color at all in her cheeks.

"Who is it?"

"It's"—but Lola knew who Annette was.

"Oh, yes, Annette."

"How humble she made you feel," thought Annette.

"Was there anything you wanted?"

Annette stood at the foot of the bed staring down at the lovely face on the pillow.

"Not unless you're interested," she flared sullenly.

"Interested—" Lola was suddenly tense. That a girl of this type should be talking to Ralph was unthinkable. It was unthinkable that she should be standing at the foot of the bed with his name on her lips.

"Well!"

"I just thought you'd like to know."

"Know what?"

"That your husband is seeing Polly."

Lola smiled into Annette's eyes.

"You're a model, aren't you? Do you see much of Polly?"

"I live with her. And I saw her when she was living with her mother and Mr. Halliday came there so much, and Mr. Blake came on Christmas—"

"And what about that?"

"Don't you care?"

"Of course not, you little fool. Go home and mind your own business. And Annette slunk away while Lola lay and laughed.

So John still fancied himself in love with her a silly boy and girl affection. Oh, it was all so muddled and she was so tired. She wanted to be well and active again, to get her mind off the things that troubled her.

Yet here she lay laughing. Ralph was ready enough to see her, but she didn't want Ralph's love-making or any man's just now.

She thought of Royal Hamilton, stopped to remember he had been taking out that awful girl who had just been here. And she—Lola had seen him—encouraged him. Polly has seen him too and she oughtn't to be going about with him. Was money all that counted?

She and Ralph had started on less. Lola had always resented interference of all kind, and the first days of her marriage she had fiercely furnished her own house, engaged a little maid and decided to live simply.

Her own and Ralph's disagreement had arisen over her invitation to John to come to dinner one evening. Then John hadn't forgotten her after all, and he used to call on her and Ralph knew. And then, just to be devilish, she had seen him on occasions. Nothing serious. An old college beau. Why not? Anything wicked about that?

Poor Ralph—and poor John!

Why didn't John marry Polly. That would be a good way out. It might be interesting to have a good talk with Polly just to see how the girl's mind worked on the matters concerning them. Wearily she lifted the telephone. Wearily she spoke the number.

But small Polly of the dancing feet and eager eyes so wide and deep and brown, was singing her solo on a darkened stage at that moment. Lola suddenly imperious, wanted her called to the telephone.

A suave manager said, "That's impossible, madame."

"I'll cancel my charge account."

"That will hurt no one but yourself."

And he was right. Lola had nothing to do but return to her bed and sulk.

But at 5:30 Polly rushed in, dark eyes wide.

"I'm so sorry, dear." Then she flushed. She didn't know Lola well

enough for that. But apparently Lola hadn't heard that last little word. "Your friend, Annette, has been here."

"Annette—about what?"

"About several things."

Little Polly sat there. Here was the lucky woman, the wife Ralph loved more than anything else in the world. A tear welled up into her eyes. If only Ralph loved her only half so much.

Sir Lancelot, riding on his white charger and she tending the shield! But the shield didn't seem to be white and pure, now that Annette was drawn into it, and Royal Hamilton.

Tomorrow—Everything Wrong.

POEMS

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin)
Poems are fade of the tides of the sea,

Tints of the sunsets—the breath of a flower;

Song of a skylark or drone of a bee
Dreams of the night in a moon

lighted bower

Poems are made of the breaking of reeds,

Cruel things, lovely things, laughter and tears;

Fair, priceless jewels, and tawdry strung beads,

Shining with hope or storm darkened with fears

Poems—what are they? The stories of hearts,

Singing the songs of the highways of life,

Comedy, tragedy joy—broken parts

Calm songs of peace or the wild strains of strife.

—CORA S. DAY

Motorist—Boy what do you mean by sprinkling that glass in the road.

Boy Scout—I haven't done my good turn for today and I want some one to have a puncture so I can help fix it.

Short of Breath Dizzy, Sinking Spells COULDN'T WALK FAR

Mrs. L. A. Oliver, Granville Ferry, N.B., writes:—"A few years ago I had dizzy, sinking spells so bad I could hardly stand up without taking hold of something to support me, and I could not walk any distance on account of being so short of breath."

"I had taken a lot of doctor's medicine, but it did me no good, only for the time being, so reading in the B.B.B. almanac about

I decided to try them and found them to be just what they are recommended to be, and I feel that I owe my life to them."

Price 50c. a box at all druggists and dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



MR. A. G. TURNEY, PROVINCIAL HORTICULTURIST, GIVES GOOD ADVICE TO FRUIT GROWERS

The address of Mr. A. G. Turney, provincial horticulturist and secretary-treasurer of the New Brunswick Fruit Grower's Association delivered at the annual meeting of the organization today was as follows:

Secretary-Treasurer's Address

Mr. President and Members:—

I am in the fortunate position of being able to report another successful year for your Association, in fact pre-eminently the most successful of its existence.

In the number of members, amount of supplies, orders handled, and financial position, the year of 1927 was the best since the Association was organized in 1905. The membership was 271 members compared with 230 in 1926 and 252 in 1925. The number of orders handled was 1,725 as compared with 1,250 in 1926, 1,130 in 1925 and 964 in 1924.

The receipts during 1927, exclusive of the bank balance, were \$24,271.46, as compared with \$14,864.79 in 1926. The total net assets of the Association on December 31st, 1927 were \$11,486.87, compared with \$8,284.55 on December 31st, 1926. The Auditor's report on the financial statement is as follows:—

I feel that it is my duty on this occasion to couple this report on the business operations of your Association with some comments and criticisms resulting from observations made during the past three years while serving in the double capacity of Provincial Horticulturist and Secretary-Treasurer of your Association. In offering these comments, I wish to say that they are put before you with the intention of being helpful and not merely form a desire to criticize.

There is great need for us to offer to the trade and to the consumer "Better Apples," and to do that we must start, first of all, with better growing methods. We must prune, fertilize and spray our orchards more intelligently and thoroughly than we have done. If we do that we will have ready for harvesting better crops—more ones and twos or extra fancy and fancy, whatever you choose to call them, and less domestics and threes. That means crops that will bring more money, and apart from this increased value, it means crops that can be picked, graded and packed more economically.

The Weak Spot.

If I were asked to name the weakest spot in our apple growing operations, I would have to say that it was perhaps a close decision as between indifferent growing of the fruit and poor to very poor handling of it. My final decision would be to emphasize the last named factor, for no matter whether the crop on the trees is poor, fair, or good, indifferent and careless handling makes it worse and immediately depreciates its value.

Our growing conditions for the most part produce soft fleshed and tender skinned apples, which are very susceptible to bruising and deterioration from the slightest mishandling. Notwithstanding this, our procedure, for want of a better word, or lack of it, in detaching the apples from the trees—in placing them in whatever we are picking into—and in taking them from orchard to cellar, apple-house, shed or barn is altogether too careless and rough. This same neglect or want of proper provision is too often apparent in the lack of anything approaching suitable storage and temperature conditions for the fruit until packed and shipped. Again it is sometimes in evidence and rough and tumble grading and packing, some of which might be more becoming in a potato warehouse.

Is it any wonder that our apples sometimes do not bring the prices we expected or that complaints are received that they are slack, showing waste and not standing up? The wonder to me is that our apples as a whole have done as well as they have—and for this a large amount of the credit must go to their natural high color and quality.

Perhaps some of you are thinking that these comments are altogether too harsh, but if you will give the matter a little honest consideration, you may change your opinion. What do you know about your apples after you have headed up the barrels? How

many packed apples have you opened up to see if the pressing is right or faulty? As a matter of fact how can you know what they look like to the wholesaler, the retailer and the consumer, two, three or four weeks or even two months later? Remember the apples must have reasonable time to go into consumption after they leave the growers' hands. There is no need of showing the people who buy and use your apples what your pack is like—they know—but if we could show the New Brunswick grower what his pack is like sometimes he might be willing to believe that what I have said is not so exaggerated after all—and better still—he would realize more than he ever did before just what a perishable product the apple is.

An Experience.

Messrs A. G. Dunphy, W. B. Gilman, W. P. Fox, R. D. W. and W. W. Hubbard have had the privilege of examining our own and other apples in Montreal, and I am sure that their experience was somewhat of an eye opener and education to them.

If more of our growers could have the same privilege I feel sure they would realize the necessity of more careful handling and grading. In making the foregoing criticisms, I am not unmindful of the many difficulties confronting our growers. Perhaps the greatest of these is the large amount of work which their mixed farming operations require to be done in what is relatively such a short and fast growing season. Under such conditions and more particularly in a wet season, it is very often the case that some piece of work or other on the farm is or has to be neglected or is not done at the right time, and in that case the orchard is too often the victim.

Care Is Needed.

While we must admit the prevalence of such conditions, I cannot see that there is either good judgment or sense in neglecting the orchard for half a day, a day or a day and a half at a critical time to do some other work which in most cases cannot possibly yield returns anywhere near as large as the same work devoted to the orchard. The missing of an application of spray at a particular time in favor of some other work may easily lessen the value of the apple crop from one to several hundreds of dollars, depending on the size of the orchard, etc., and so I would urge growers to to keep this well in mind and determine to give their orchards the full attention that their revenue producing possibilities demand. If you will do this I feel sure that the returns will amply prove the sound judgment of such action.

Advertising.

Last year the Department was asked by the Canadian Horticultural Council for a contribution to the national campaign for advertising the apple of \$500 to which a further \$200 was to be added by this Association—altogether making a contribution of \$700.00 from this Province. On being asked my opinion on this request, I stated that I was not very hopeful of very beneficial results from advertising at large, by which I meant advertising paid for from a central fund without any direct connection with selling organizations. I pointed out that the great success that had come to nationally and internationally advertised articles in the fruit trade, as for example, Sunkist oranges, had been largely due to the advertising having been done by selling organizations. To get the most effect result for Canadian apples it should also be done by selling organizations, but under the existing condition and with the industry scattered over such a wide territory, that would be very hard to accomplish.

Under the circumstances I felt, therefore, that if any money were available from Provincial funds for advertising that it could be spent to better advantage within the Province under Provincial administration—and only when the conditions for such advertising were right. They were not right in 1927 and they will not be right for some time, at least, not for such advertising as makes up National Apple Week, which as you know consists largely of poster, trade and newspaper advertising.

There is no question about the power of advertising—but what a lot of people don't seem to realize is that it is capable of working both ways. You can advertise an article into prosperity and world wide use or failure and oblivion. Advertising of the first kind is what might be termed positive advertising while advertising of the second kind is negative. Advertising is such a common thing today that when something is wrong with an industry, or with the consumption of a food product, such as the apple—advertising is promptly suggested as a cure all. In the case of apples, advocating a larger consumption by advertising may actually lead to an ultimate decrease in consumption, for although sales may be made from such advertising, it must be admitted that no permanent benefit can result if the buyers are disappointed with the article so purchased and advertised. Furthermore, to be candid, it must be admitted that the condition and appearance of our Eastern Canadian apples on the market is disappointing to the trade and the consumer and the advertising of such products tends only to increased resentment or dissatisfaction on the part of the buyer and decreased purchasing of such mediocre produce. This is the crux of the whole matter and brings us to the conclusion that the first essential to advertising and the best advertising in itself is to have an article that is as nearly right as it is possible to have it, first, last, and all the time while it is being offered to the public.

Good Article Needed.

First of all, then, we must produce a high quality article, and, second, we must get it to the consumer in perfect condition. When we do that we shall be doing some really effective advertising and we shall be in a position to use the other kinds of advertising to sell larger quantities of our apples. Until that time money spent in such advertising would be largely wasted if not actually a disadvantage. For the present, then, the best form of advertising for us is better fruit—better packed.

To turn from the past and the present to the future—what is the general outlook for apple growing in New Brunswick today?

During the past twenty years or so the pendulum of interest in apple growing in the United States has centered upon Washington, and Oregon, but it is apparent that the height of production of the young orchards of those States has been reached, that before long the production there will probably show a decrease, and that the pendulum of interest is already swinging back East. If the East makes good use of its opportunities the next twenty years should show the Eastern portions of the United States and Canada supreme in the quality of pack as well as in quality of production of apples in North America.

For a time real estate, land boom developing of apple growing in the Pacific Coast regions of the country served to direct interest away from the East but as was almost inevitable the evils attending such boom development have worked against its permanent success. The comparatively enormous cost of land, the expense of irrigation, the greater cost of insect and fungus protection, and the higher land taxes combine to give an overhead that make profitable apple growing in those sections exceedingly difficult to obtain and in many cases impossible. The handicap of such a large overhead has been added to in part by the failure to realize the superior growing conditions which were claimed alas by the long distance from the large markets of the East, attendant with its higher freight cost, a difference in itself of 40c to 60c per box.

Summarized, these conditions mean that dominance in apple production will come to the better growing conditions, the superior geographical positions and the uninflated values of the best of our Eastern apple growing lands.

Warning Note.

In this development New Brunswick has excellent opportunities, but it is necessary to sound the warning that the good reputation which we built up for our apples on the Montreal market is in danger of being lost unless the growers improve their production, packing and marketing methods all along the line.

I cannot agree with the feeling of some growers and others that it is impossible to equal the Western (Continued on Page Three.)