

Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



SYNOPSIS

Lola Halliday and her husband, Ralph, have drifted apart. Lola has her clothes made in the establishment of a fashionable modiste where Polly Long is a mannequin. Lola suspects that there is something between Polly and Ralph, but Madame assures Lola that she is wrong and warns the girls against talking. Ralph persuades Polly and her mother to move to New York. There is a maid to do the work. All is well until one of the mannequins follows Polly home and shows a threatening attitude. Polly's mother takes a dislike to the girl. Christmas night John Blake enters the story. John is shocked because Ralph has not told Polly he is married and because he is allowing her to go on the stage. There is a tragedy in John's life and he can go only so far. Lola arrives from Florida. Polly and John see her one day in the lobby of a hotel, John has an attack in the taxi going home. Lola gets seats for the show in which Polly is appearing and there is mutual recognition. Polly sprains an ankle. Lola tries to see her, but the girl has been taken home. Lola demands that Ralph give up his friendship with Polly and he pleads for her love. She responds by flying off to the Bradley camp in Maine. Ralph is supposed to join her there later. In the meantime, it is hot in the city and Ralph is not sleeping. Old Richard finally persuades him to leave his desk. His plan, however, is to take Polly and Mrs. Long to the shore. Then he can motor up for Lola later. Mrs. Long has several heart attacks brought on by overwork and heat. Dr. Waite tells Polly that the attacks are only bronchial and that the sea air will help her mother to get well. But the doctor knows that the attacks are from the heart. Polly and Mrs. Long and Ralph drive to the shore. Annette turns up again. They run into her everywhere. Lola writes to Ralph not to come up until later. She is afraid he will spoil her good time. Other men are taking her about and she knows that Louise is interested in Ralph. But when she receives his letter marked Short Beach she is suspicious once more. Lola believes that he is with Polly. She writes her father. Old Mr. and Mrs. Halliday arrive at Bar Harbor and are ensconced at the big hotel. They cannot understand why Ralph has lied to them and is at Short Beach instead of Maine. In the meantime they see Lola play around with Ted Bradley and other men. Mrs. Long is drowned and Polly is grief-stricken. By the time Ralph motors up to Maine she is seeing something of Royal Hamilton, Annette's friend, also of

John, who came to the funeral. The Hallidays return from Maine and Polly at Lola's suggestion is settled at the Halliday mansion. Mrs. Halliday tells Polly Ralph is married. The girl is shocked and flies off to take an apartment by herself. Lola sees little of Ralph, and Royal Hamilton sees more of Polly, who is back in the chorus.

INSTALLMENT TWENTY-SIX
DRIFTING WATERS.

A telephone call in the middle of the night is always a terrifying thing. Polly awoke one night at 2 to hear the bell ringing at shrill intervals. It was John.

"Polly, I must see you."

"Not tonight, John, it's too late."

"When?"

"Tomorrow, not too early."

But the call worried her. Was anything wrong? John had never seemed so insistent about seeing her before. He never called up late at night. She lay awake a long time and was having breakfast when John arrived.

He was haggard looking.

"You haven't been taking care of yourself," Polly said briskly, pouring a cup of coffee for him and going on with her own breakfast. "What have you been doing?"

"Polly, I have news for you. Not happy news. I hate to tell you. If you weren't such a baby, you would have heard from some one else. But Ralph is married to Lola. She isn't his sister."

"I know," Polly returned wearily.

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Halliday."

"That's why you are living alone?"

"Yes, I didn't want any of the girls with me. Of course, it means longer hours, but I have a maid for part-time work. It might be worse."

"You're not seeing Ralph at all then?"

"No. And oh, John, I do want to see him. I still love him. It takes a lot of will power to keep away from the telephone at times."

"I know dear, but he deceived you."

"He deceived me, but it was because he loved me."

A queer way of showing one's love, thought John. Love meant sacrifice, self-denial. He had loved Lola and Ralph had won her because John was too poor. But John made enough to take Polly out of the Follies if she would let him take care of her. Not that he loved her. But that might come later.

Polly had finished her second cup of coffee when John spoke.

"Will you marry me, dear?"

"Marry you?"

"Is that so strange?"

"Why, yes, when you're in love with Lola."

"And I can't have Ralph?"

"Don't you think we might take second best?"

Second best! She who had loved Sir Lancelot with all her heart was now

to take second best. She didn't love John and he didn't love her. Marriage was out of the question.

"You will marry me, dear?"

"I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I want love," burst out Polly rebellously.

"Love will come, dear, and I'll be so good to you."

"But I couldn't let you marry me out of pity, John, I couldn't!"

"It wouldn't be pity."

"Yes, it would."

John denied it, but as yet he did not love Polly as she loved him. He loved her more like a sister. But, with Lola lost to him, and Ralph madly in love with his own wife, things might be patched up between Polly and himself. He didn't see why she refused.

"Are you seeking any one else these days?"

She nodded.

"Who?"

"Oh, John, I have to have some recreation."

"But it makes you so tired, dear."

"It makes me more tired to sit at home and stare at the walls. I'm seeing Royal Hamilton."

"Is that safe?"

"Well, why not? Besides, he wants me to marry him."

"You wouldn't!"

"I might."

"But he has a terrible reputation, Polly."

"I don't care."

"You do, dear."

"I don't. Everything in love is spoiled. Mother had nothing and I won't have anything either. Only a dream of love; that's all."

"I wish I could help."

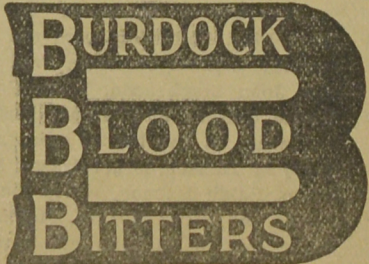
"But you can't. No one can help."

And, although Polly continued to see John, she saw other men as well, while Lola dashed about town having the time of her life on wild automobile drives and midnight parties.

Tomorrow—Illness Brings Expense.

INDIGESTION
Troubled Him
For Two Years

Mr. H. C. Harvey, Novar, Ont., writes:—"I have been troubled with indigestion for the last two years. I have taken everything I have seen advertised, but have never had any of them do me so much good as



"I have taken six bottles and haven't had an attack since. It is the finest medicine you can take for the blood."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FIFTEEN LEAP YEAR ELIGIBLES INCLUDING MISS MACPHAIL, HAVE SEATS IN PARLIAMENT

Mr. H. F. Gadsby of Ottawa in an article contributed to the Montreal Standard, says there are fifteen "eligibles" among the members of the present Parliament. Here is the list:

Auger, Louis Mathias, age 26, a Bachelor of Arts who could be a Master of Hearts if so disposed. Dark hair, eyes to match, tall enough to look up to. Full of fresh enthusiasms and happy illusions. A bright young life to be moulded by a good woman somewhere about his own age. No cold storage eggs need apply. Home address, Hawkesbury, Ont., but the House of Commons will find him.

MacDougall, Issac Duncan, age 31, Master of Arts, St. Francois Xavier University. Combines the best qualities of the Scotch and French races. Can talk in three languages but would be satisfied with a wife that can be reasonably silent in one. Has a fine Nordic appearance that any woman would be proud of. This "fine sample of Nova Scotia steel should be struck while it is hot. Home address, Inverness, N. S., but would not advise you to wait. Write or call personally, Parliament Hill.

Lacombe, Liguori, age 32. Has a number of college degrees but his education has not gone to his head. Modest, unassuming, gentle but firm. A good chance for an Ontario candidate to help the Bonne Entente along. Home address, St. Scholastique, Quebec, but better call House of Commons Phone 6400 and ask the operator for the gentleman's room.

Buckovitch, Michael, age 36, University education, but has survived it. School teacher, but will not try it on in the house. A United Farmer of Alberta and believes in a wife having her own opinions if they are not too violent. A Greek. Fine chance to get a Greek polish at your own fireside instead of at the shoe shine stand. Lives at Vegreville, Alberta, but if you want to Luckovitch before you leapovitch can be seen at the House of Commons between hours of 3 and 6 in the afternoon, Saturday and Sundays excepted.

MacPhail, Agnes Campbell, age 38. Having all the rights of man, including a seat in Parliament, is classed here as a bachelor. Wastes a great deal of fragrance on the hot air of the House of Commons which might be more profitably employed making some man happy. Although a school teacher she has lenient views of marriage and will not insist on a husband toeing the chalk mark to a painful extent. Will not discuss politics at the family fireside, hearing plenty of that stuff elsewhere. A happy home for some lucky man. Home address, Cel, yon, Ont., where, as the old hymn says, every prospect pleases including the comely features of Canada's first woman member of Parliament. Letters addressed to A. MacPhail, M. P., House of Commons, Ottawa, are postage free.

Bradette, Joseph Arthur, age 42. Not listed as married and presumably fancy free. This case should be investigated at once. Write House of Commons or Cochrane, Ont. If Bradette is a married man he should let the whole world know it. Safety first.

McLean, Malcolm, age 42. Pure Scotch from the Orkney Isles, and has remained a Presbyterian in spite of all temptation to swing in with the United Church. Dark, handsome, and possibly ardent. Has a lively disposition. Has Mark Anthony beaten for physical pulchritude. A rare prize. Lives at Eldersley, Sask., but complains of loneliness. Would like some soft warm little hand in his as they listen to the song the telegraph wire sings across the open spaces. Write early if you want a look in. If McLean isn't picked off before Parliament rises we miss our guess.

Langlois, J. V. Aime, age 48. Does not appear in the Parliamentary Guide as a married man. Coming from Quebec, where they marry early and have large families ever afterwards. Mr. Langlois would appear to have an unusual experience in escaping the common lot. Inquiries many be pursued either at the House of Commons or

at his home address in Varennes, Que.

Another Leader.

Gardiner, Robert, age 49, head of the Progressive party. Will probably survive what is left of it, being hale and hearty and a careful liver. Slender frame but all wire—barbed wire when he wants to speak that way. Has an affectionate disposition and loves children when they do not make a noise. Home address, Excel, Alberta. Excel consists largely of the Oriental Hotel with a galvanized iron front and an agricultural implement agency but Mr. Gardiner lives four miles away from the mad whirl on a farm. He has a five tube radio set and is in touch with the latest fox trots, sermons, campaign speeches, adenoid quartets, jazz bands and other forms of intellectual refreshment. Seems a miracle that Gardiner has not been snapped up long before this. A rare opportunity for anybody who may be in love with farm life and Mr. Gardiner.

Tommy Church.

Church, Thomas Langton, age 51, but does not mention it in public. The immortal boy, never grew up which accounts for his success as a statesman. Has been Mayor of Toronto seven times which shows that he must be an easy driver. A glad hand, always full of cigars, good cigars that do not sting you in the wrist. Has a heart as warm as his neckties. Makes a point of remembering names and little things like that. Would never forget his wife's birthday or the anniversary of their wedding. It counts. Would make any woman happy if he would give her the chance. Goes home to Toronto every Sunday—thus making six hundred and one churches in that city—but can be found at the House of Commons or the Chateau Laurier the rest of the week.

Gott, Eccles James, fair, fat and fifty-three. Not to be confused with the Kaiser's friends Gott und Himmel. Amherstburg, Ont., where he lives, is a lovely border town but it is not exactly Himmel, if you can believe what the Detroit road houses say about it. It is not far from Walkerville which has a certain fame of its own. Mr. Gott has a solemn face which acts as a sort of mask to a tender heart. He would be very kind to a wife and give her free tickets to the races. Gott is worth looking up.

King, Lyon William Mackenzie, age 54. M. A., C. M. G., LL. D., D. C. L., Ph. D., P. C., P. D. Q., and so forth and so on. Sports as many labels as a steamer trunk. Has the head to carry all he knows without spilling. Also has blue eyes of surpassing innocence and enough hair to get by. Is inclined to portliness. Would make a comfortable husband for the woman who lands him. As the old proverb says a thin man to take out but a fat man for home.

Premier King is a Home Ruler but he would not quarrel about it if his wife were tactful. He is easy to get along with if he has his own way. He is known to be beyond the reach of want and would have more than enough to support a wife even if politics did leave him in the lurch. As has been said elsewhere he prefers duchesses but others will do. The Prime Minister is said to be looking for his Ideal. He has her picture in his heart where inquisitive people cannot get a look at it. When he sees his Ideal he will recognize her at once. He has always said that, but so far he has not had any success, although his researches have been extensive. As he cannot find his Ideal it is clearly up to his Ideal to find him. If he isn't at Laurier House, he is most likely at his office, or in the Green Chamber. If his Ideal is really dead-set on tracking him down it shouldn't be too hard a job with these clues.

A Cabinet Minister.

Elliott, John Campbell, age 56, B. C. L., D. C. L., K. C. As Minister of Public Works he agrees that faith without public works is of no avail. If a woman proposed marriage to him and he accepted he would keep his word, if that is any comfort to Diana the Huntress. So far he has not been pounced upon although he has had to pave them back pretty often. He has

paler eyes than the Premier and less hair but he makes up for it with larger, better ears. These ears are a great temptation. The women are wild to bite them but he does not give them a chance. But his bachelor days are numbered. He is number thirteen on this list and the omens are against him. If you want somebody who will be a kind husband and a loving father write Hon. John Campbell Elliott, House of Commons, Ottawa, and do not enclose stamp for reply. He is a Cabinet Minister and has a frank.

Bennett, Richard Redford, age 58, leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition has, as the world knows, more than enough money to live on. But he must be loved for himself alone. He must be married for his beaux yeux and not for riches. The woman who touches his heart must be able to forget that he has money, which should not be too hard to do if she makes up her mind to it. Mr. Bennett would be very kind to a wife. He gives a great deal of money away to charity. If the lady were clever she could soon teach him that charity begins at home. He makes long speeches, it is true, but only in public. He would never address his wife as a public meeting or tell her that he was wedded to Canada or say anything to make her jealous. He would coo if he knows his book.

Mr. Bennett is also in pursuit of an Ideal. He has been chasing it for 58 years and hasn't caught up with it yet. It is time for the Ideal to meet him half way. When he is not hopping about the world like a giant in seven-league boots he may be discovered at the Palliser Hotel Calgary, or the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa.

A Veteran Doctor.

Preston, Richard Franklin, M. D., age 60 and up. The doctor has the makings of a wonderful husband. Sixty years looks like a long time—it would almost appear that celibacy was a habit—but the women of Canada are agreed that it is never too late to mend and if they can lay hands on the doctor they will snatch him bald headed. The difficulty is that the doctor is looking for the Perfect Woman. It is particularly hard for a medical man to find the Perfect Woman. Close inspection makes him critical, not to say anatomical. If the Perfect Woman is anywhere in the neighborhood she should write to the doctor and tell her she is IT. Carleton place, Ont., or the House of Commons, Ottawa, will be sure to find him.

PUBLIC OPINION

OPEN AIR RINKS ETC.

To the Editor of The Daily Mail,

Dear Sir,—Yesterday, which was Sunday at about 3 o'clock an alarm of five was sounded and it turned out that Alderman Goodspeed's bus took fire out at the Queen's Park free rink. This rink is the rendezvous for the grown ups instead of for the children of the city at it was formerly stated by its promoters, it was to be and has been about continuously occupied since it opened by crowds of grown-ups, playing hockey and skating on Sunday and kept open until eleven or twelve o'clock at nights.

The Mayor, certainly must be aware of this and also the city authorities. And I now again request the Mayor and aldermen of the city council to prohibit any more free rinks and not allow the same institution to be made a public skating ground for Marysville, Devon and city grown-ups.

Yours truly,

A. E. HANSON.

COMPANIONATE VALENTINE

Will you be my valentine
At least while I still feel this way?
That would be extremely fine
Will you be my valentine?
I'll be yours and you'll be mine
Until we change our minds some day
Will you be my valentine
At least while I still feel this way?

Condition Still Serious.

There is not much change to report today in the condition of Mr. Frank C. Murchie of the staff of the Liquor Control Board. He had a serious attack during the week-end but rallied from it.