

Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



SYNOPSIS

Polly Long, a little mannequin, falls in love with Ralph Halliday, a married man. 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 family have prevented the marriage. John and Polly become friends and Polly is happy enough until her mother dies. She moves into a cheap apartment with Annette, and in the meantime Polly has gone on the stage, making good in a small way. Lola falls from an airplane and injures her spine, and Ralph turns all his attentions to his wife. Annette is scarcely the right companion for Polly and John suggests that they marry and try to make each other happy. He rushes her into it. In the meantime Ralph and Lola come closer together.

INSTALLMENT FORTY-THREE THE BIG STEP

Two weeks had passed since Polly's wedding—two weeks! It seemed incredible! Sometimes she tried not to think, because her brain buzzed constantly anyway. And the thinking that Polly didn't want to was about her marriage. Everything was so different from the marriage of her dreams. She had expected to step into a land of magic and fairy tales. Sir Lancelot—Sir Lancelot—and instead she was married to John Blake. He was her HUSBAND! Polly—sweet little Polly, who had really never had a husband.

There should be smaller steps leading up to such a great big step, and of course, there should be that mutual urge that helps each one to be tolerant with the other. If she had loved John, and he had loved her, little things might have been adjusted. But it all seemed so strange and so new.

Having played the subway route, "Brighter and Brighter" returned to New York for a short engagement. The producers still felt that there was still money to be wrung from it, and the costumes and accessories were in fairly good condition, too.

Polly, who had been expecting to start rehearsals for a new play, was somehow glad to go on with the old. It postponed a decision.

She didn't know exactly what that decision was, and yet she would have known if she hadn't kept postponing facing it.

It was the question of her giving up the stage and staying home, and if she began rehearsals for a new play there would be no chance of that.

Polly and John had taken a tiny apartment furnished. There hadn't been time to look around for a place, and besides there had been her own apartment which she had shared with Annette to sublet. Two days of Polly's early marriage were colored by Annette's attitude when she learned the truth.

"Married," she gasped, "you two are married!"

"Why not?" asked John rather curiously.

Polly said nothing.

Annette said nothing.

Annette's face flushed in angry red streaks. Her rather lovely, but weak, mouth fell into a sneer.

"I suppose you think you have a fine chance of happiness," she said cruelly.

These words fell on Polly's heart like so many small stones, but John met the situation humorously.

"Every one has a chance," he said, laughing, and when she heard his laugh, Polly felt somehow protected, safe.

She could speak at last, and she tried to deal with Annette fairly and kindly. The apartment had been paid for up until the end of the month, and they had it on a month-to-month lease. Annette could either get another girl to share expenses with her or keep on there alone.

But the point of it was, Annette was satisfied with Polly. Polly put up with her moods and her untidiness. Polly was always sweet-tempered. Faced suddenly with Polly as a married woman, appearing with her husband, she was terrified. She thought of going back home and shivered. The situation to her was really pitiful.

"I'm so sorry, Annette," Polly said softly, and then something impelled her to draw Annette into the other room. They sat on the bed and talked for a time, girl-talk, woman-talk that no man can ever share.

Annette cried and told Polly she was sorry for having made that remark.

"That's all right, dear; I know you didn't mean it," Polly said, generously.

"Because," went on Annette, "you've been so sweet to me always. I can't believe, Polly, that I could try to hurt you so much. I don't understand why I went to Ralph's wife; but I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter," Polly said again; and it didn't. The fact that Annette had told Lola that Ralph was seeing her hadn't made the difference. The change had taken place in Polly's own heart when she had found out the truth. At first it had almost killed her; and yet, somehow, she had made a brave endeavor to hide her hurt from every one.

The discovery that Lola was Ralph's wife, and not his sister, had cast a shadow over her. It looked out of her brave brown eyes when she smiled. She loved Ralph and she had expected to marry him. She had believed him the knight in shining armor—Sir Lancelot—and yet, for his own selfish pleasure, Ralph had let her believe that he was not married. Polly couldn't get away from that thought.

All of his sweetness and all of the dreams she had built up about him went crashing to the ground when she

faced at last a thing so sordid and deceitful.

"Don't cry, Annette," she said pityingly. "It had to happen."

Annette wiped her eyes. She was no beauty now, with her swollen lids and tear-glistening face; but there was something sweeter in it than Polly had ever seen before. She had never liked her so much.

Annette's eyes narrowed again suddenly. She would get in one last dig against Ralph, who had always disliked her.

"That day he saw you," she pursued; "remember?" "When Lola came to buy gowns. He told Madame not to dare to tell you he was married. So, you see, he was only playing from the first."

Annette did not mean this as cruelly as it sounded; but to Polly it was as if a grave had suddenly yawned before her, a grave into which she must hastily shovel all her dreams forever. But she said nothing; and, after a time, Annette stopped crying and went to the dressing-table and powdered her nose. She opened a drawer and drew out a little box, which she handed to Polly.

"Wedding present," she said, smiling bravely.

"Annette—for me?"

"Who else—silly?"

And when Polly opened the box and saw Annette's precious carnelian earrings, she almost burst into tears herself. She hated to take them, and yet she knew Annette would be hurt if she didn't. It was a generous offering—too generous, for Annette would miss the earrings, and Polly never wore them. But Annette still wore that look of sweetness, shining out of her eyes as she saw Polly stowing the precious earrings in her purse. Then they kissed and went out into the front room where John was waiting.

Monday—Commencement.

She Coughed Night and Day Could Not Sleep

Mrs. Leonard Haywood, Victoria Corner, N.B., writes:—"Last fall I took an awful cold which I caught while driving in an open car on a cold day."

"I coughed night and day, could not sleep at night, and my eyes ran water so that I could hardly see a thing."

"My husband got me a bottle of

**Dr. Wood's
Norway
Pine
Syrup**



and before I had taken the whole of it my cold had disappeared."

"Dr. Wood's" has been on the market for the past 39 years; price 35c. a bottle, large family size 60c.; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DUSKY ORACLES TELL BY BUMPO WHAT'S IN THE HEAD; CAN FIT MOST ANY CASE

(New York Herald Tribune)

The setting is a musty cubicle, wall-ed with Oriental rugs which inclose the inner sanctum, a backless kitchen chair and a great chart of the human head painted in gaudy colors on the kind of canvas used outside of circus side shows.

The characters are "the lady student from the Orient," a rather dusky oracle, who guarantees "to read your head like an open book," and that lady's three or four incredibly dirty children who brawl and paw outside the sanctum behind the rugs.

The show is open every day from November, when the actors begin drifting to New York from the road, until spring, when they put up their charts of the human head, throw over the role of phrenologist and go to the open spaces where plain fortune telling is easier and legal.

Many Phrenologists Here

In Manhattan, where it is illegal to "tell fortunes," there are according to estimates, at least seventy-five dusky women, who under the title of phrenologists play from time to time that same old army game between Third and Eighth avenues.

There are others on the lower East Side and in Little Italy.

These sibyls of Harlem, Little Italy or Hell's Kitchen play the same old game with the same old tricks. The dusky damsel (she may or may not be a gypsy) still moans about the blond woman from a far country, that trip abroad her customer will surely take in the near future and the letter that will bring good news. Her dusky palm is still crossed with negotiable legal tender.

A typical sibyl can be found in her cubicle on Lenox Avenue reading lumps within competing distance of three other phrenologists between 110th and 125th Streets. The seeress in an empty store uses the same formula as her rivals.

Signs Announce Business

In her windows hang gaudily painted signs announcing "Phrenology." "Lady Student from the Orient Reads Your Head Like an Open Book." "Speaks Seven Languages. Brains is Money."

On the chart of the human head, depicted in profile, the various faculties of man are presented, each in its allotted place, "Color, order, veneration, locality, and many others. Each graphically in its own little section.

A putty-like cupid sprawls over the back of the neck, seeming to be taking a pot shot at the sky with its little bow and arrow. The cupid rules in the section dedicated to "amative-ness." The section of "tune," just above the ear, depicts a squash-headed man in a brown overcoat playing a fiddle.

Inside it is dark and dank, Oriental rugs, an akon on the wall. A three-year-old child dressed mostly in a bib bobbles out from behind a hanging. The Lady from the Orient who knows brains is money appears and glares suspiciously.

Question of Finances Raised

"You speak German? Yeah?"

"One dollar."

Inside the secret grotto is the old kitchen chair with the back off. The sibyl delays to smack the heads of five or six offsprings. She speaks seven different languages. Here she comes. Now for it. She peers at the reporter's brow and takes his right hand. Does he look like a policeman? She'll take a chance.

"You good man," she begins crooning, ending each sentence with a snap on the last word. "You make lots of money. I bring you good luck. You got friends what talk behind you back. You no talk behind back. What business are you in?"

"Asbestos manufacturer."

"You have good luck inbestos. Now make two wishes about business."

Brief silence.

"Now I'm gonna bring you luck. You give me money 'an you have good luck."

Fortune Telling Unlawful

The phrenological examination ends with a slight chirruping noise from the sibyl. One dollar. Brains is money. The other phrenologists in the vicinity are the same in practically every detail of technique.

Fortune telling is against the law under Section 1 of the disorderly per-

sons act of 1898. The American Institute of Phrenology was founded in 1866 by Horace Greeley, A. Oakley Hall, Dr. Amos Dean, Dr. Samuel Osgood, Samuel R. Wells, the publisher; Professor Nelson Sizer, E. P. Fowler, Dr. Russel T. Trall and Lester Roberts. The institute holds a charter from the State Board of Regents.

The headquarters of the institute is a two-story building located at 343 West Sixteenth Street. Ernest Loos, Ph. D., president of the institute, formerly a well known real estate man in Peekskill, spoke of the true and the false in phrenology. The walls of the main lecture hall, where he sat, were lined with plaster cast busts and skulls of famous and notorious men—geniuses, murderers, poets, statesmen, and idiots.

"Phrenology is a deductive science founded on observation and localization of brain centers," he said. "Our conclusions have been verified by those who have investigated them from the phrenological standpoint." Phrenology is a serious study, and these poor quacks who call themselves 'phrenologists' are nothing but miserable fortune tellers, who keep from being arrested by the policeman on the beat by adopting the title.

"There are about seventy-five of these so-called 'phrenologists' operating in Manhattan between Third and Eighth Avenues. They begin drifting into town from the road during the early part of winter and stay until spring. Shyster lawyers have told them that a phrenologist cannot be arrested any more than a psychologist can, so they call themselves 'phrenologists'. Of course, they are nothing but fakes.

"The alumni of this institute number 750. There are a number of serious-minded people who have devoted their lives to our study, and it is an insult to us to allow these people to exist."

EMPTY GAS TIN IS NEW SYMBOL OF CIVILIZATION

The most widespread sign is present-day civilization is not the railway or the steamship or the telegraph; it is the empty gasoline tin.

J. Spedan Lewis has just presented to the London Zoo a collection of rare birds caught in Eastern Africa by a young professional collector, Mr. Webb. In order to get these birds back to civilization from the wild bush which is their native home, Mr. Webb required proper cages. It was necessary also that each bird or pair of birds have its own cage, so that the precious and temperamental animals could receive the daily individual care necessary to bring them safely through the long journey to London.

Mr. Wemm did not trouble to take special cages out from Europe for his collection. What he did was to pick up empty gasoline tins in Africa and make cages out of them. In these comfortable, if plebeian, homes the delicate birds made the voyage to England quite safely and are now at home in the heated bird houses of the zoo. Travelers, in virtually any part of the world, including the most inhospitable of North American deserts, agree with Mr. Webb that there is now virtually no place in the world where an empty gasoline tin cannot be found.

A young man at Knobknoster, Mo., calls his sweetheart "Grape Fruit". He tried to squeeze her one night as they sat on the sofa he explains, and she hit him in the eye.

"Did Noah have a wife, Pop?"

"Yes, and please don't bother me any more."

"What was her name, Pop?"

"Joan of Arc, of course. Mother isn't it time for this young 'up to be in bed?"

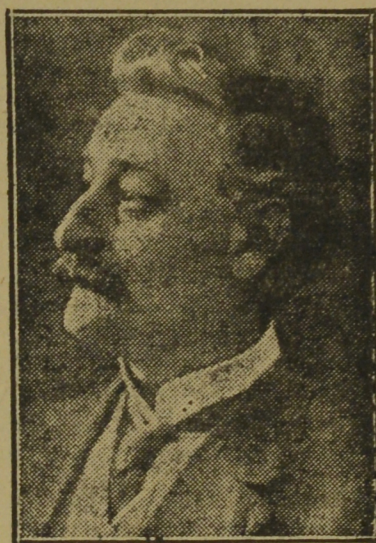
Ann—Eddie proposed yet, Polly?

Polly—No dear; but I think he will tonight. He spent most of last evening wondering if rents are likely to come down soon.

MAYOR MARTIN EAGER FOR AN ACCLAMATION

Says He Will Retire in 1930 From Civic Poli- tics if There is no Con- test.

Montreal, Mar. 3.—Mayor Martin wants an election by acclamation this year and if he gets it he promises, "on his word of honor as mayor of Montreal" to drop out of municipal politics. He said so this morning, and made a plea that after 30 years of public life in Ottawa, Quebec and at



MAYOR MEDERIC MARTIN

the city hall, he be allowed to "crown his career of public service" by getting his mayoralty handed to him with the unanimous voice of the people.

Fought Every Election

"I have been in the service of the public for over 30 years," the Mayor stated today commenting on election possibilities "and in that time I have had to fight for every election I went into. I am reaching the age when I would like to retire and take things more easily. Up to the present I do not know anyone who is coming out against me and it may be that no one will.

"Nevertheless I think the public of Montreal owe it to me to give me one more term and this time by acclamation. It would be a fitting crown to the career which I promise would terminate if I am returned without a contest. On my word of honor and as mayor I promise that if returned by acclamation this time I will definitely withdraw from the municipal mayoralty field in 1930.

"I do not think this is too much to ask. I have been a member of parliament, member of the legislature, alderman, mayor for several terms, and member of the legislative council. In all that time I have tried to serve the interests of the city and its citizens. I have never harmed anyone and have always made it my duty to improve the condition of the workingman and the unfortunate ones.

"Still every man must quit sometime. I am ready to quit voluntarily if elected this last time by acclamation. Otherwise I will continue to strive for representation against all comers."

Commenting on the recent utterances of Ald. Pinsonnault, Ville Marie, who called the mayor a "bluffer," the mayor said, "All I have to say is, to quote the old proverb, 'When you do good to others, you receive evil in return.'"

DAWN.

(From the Arkansas Gazette)

My window faces East. I watch to see

Which of three lovely ladies comes to me—

A white bride moving, tremulous and pale,

Through flowered arches to the chancel rail;

A golden princess, proudly insolent, Trooping the colors of her regiment; Or with gray hood and praying lips of pain,

Sister of Sorrows telling beads of rain—

I wait, and know that dawn will come to me

With wreath with regence—or with rosary.

—C. T. DAVIS