

Two Husbands Wanted *by Hazel Deyo Batchelor*



SYNOPSIS

Polly Long, a mannequin in the establishment of Madame Therese, a fashionable modiste, falls in love with Ralph Halliday. He is in love with his wife, Lola, and he keeps his friendship from Polly and her mother. He persuades the two to move from Jersey City's dingy flat to New York, where he can be near them. Polly and Mrs. Long both consider that an engagement exists between the two young people. The Longs are comfortably settled when Annette, one of the models, follows Polly home. Mrs. Long takes a dislike to her and there is something threatening in the girl's attitude. 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. But because there is a tragedy in his life, he dare not push Ralph too far. Polly goes on the stage in "Brighter and Brighter", and makes a hit. Plenty of gay young college boys are ready to squire her around during vacation periods, but when they return to their universities Polly is lonely. The winter passes and Lola returns from Florida. At a dinner party one night some one mentions the end girl in the chorus as being particularly delectable. Lola is resolved to see the play, because of the expression on Ralph's face while the talk is going on. But the capacity of the house is limited. In the meantime, Polly and John are lunching one day when as they are leaving they pass Lola in the lobby of the hotel. John has an attack in the taxi going home and Polly is not only terrified but she wonders what can have made John so upset over Ralph's sister. After first-aid she carries him home to rest, but while she is out he disappears. Polly is determined to clear up the mystery. Lola obtains a chair in a lower box and recognizes Polly at once. She tries to see Polly, but in the excitement of recognition Polly sprains her ankle. Lola stays in town the night after the show and goes to dinner with Ralph. She tells him of having seen Polly, and demands that he give up his friendship with her. A week later the play closes, perhaps to reopen in September. Old Mr. Halliday tries to get Ralph to join Lola. The boy is looking tired. But Ralph refuses to go and leave his father alone in the hot city. Polly's ankle reaches a stage where she insists upon hobbling about it, but she can do very little but keep her ankle up on a chair. Footsteps are many for Mrs. Long to take in and out of the apartment, for Polly reads as many as three novels a week, and yet she insists

upon helping Nollie, the maid, with the housework. Polly wonders why Ralph doesn't bring her books, and the one day when her mother is out Ralph calls her up. He tells her he is going to take her to the country. Polly is jubilant. She makes out a list of questions to ask him when a thunderstorm comes up, with a terrific thunder and lightning. Mrs. Long is out, and Polly has been warned not to move, the rain beats in on her.

INSTALLMENT EIGHTEEN A NIGHT ATTACK

The clang of ambulances in the street was equalled only by the eerie wail of the fire engines. Each moment she felt that the tall apartment building would be struck. And she cowered in her chair, crying like a frightened child, wet to the skin and helpless.

She was worried about the little mother, too. Where was she in this storm? She had been looking so tired lately. She tried to do too much. But everything would be all right once the three of them were in the country, and that would be soon. Surely the little mother would take a taxi, or wait at the library until the storm was over. She was safe and there were people all about her, but Polly was alone.

A splintering crash brought her to an upright position and she got to her feet. Hobbly, she got to the window and closed it. Then she sighed. The chaise longue was soaked right through the cushions. It would have to be taken up to the roof tomorrow and dried. But the damage to the polished floor was worse still. The water should be wiped up at once or it would stain.

Dripping wet as she was, Polly was hobbling weakly toward the kitchen when she heard her mother's key in the lock. She halted, and then gasped.

"Oh—mother!"

Mrs. Long was wet to the skin. She had evidently walked the long distance between the library and the apartment. The worst had happened. But she carried Polly's three books in her hand, and the books were stoutly wrapped in paper for protection. They were dry, thought Polly bitterly. The little mother wasn't. They made a joke of it, after all. Mrs. Long rolled up the rug in the bathroom and both of them undressed on the tiled floor. Then they rubbed some circulation into their veins with big towels, and then Mrs. Long went into the studio to see how much damage had been done.

She brought the mop from the kitchen and took up the water. Then she turned over the soaking cushions of the chaise longue. Polly's list of questions dropped to the floor and Mrs. Long lifted it up. She gave it to Polly

who, fresh and rosy now, trailed into the studio.

"I think I saved the floor."

"Oh, but mother, you should have left it for Nollie."

"Water makes white spots, dear, and they never come out. The cushions can go up on the roof tomorrow when Nollie comes."

"I'm sorry you had to go to the library for me."

Mrs. Long laughed softly. Her darling—her baby! As if there were anything in the world too much to do for her.

"And now about some dinner?" she asked stoutly. "We'll have it on the tea wagon, just a little supper, so that there won't be much for Nollie to do."

Polly said nothing, and after a time, with Polly's assistance, although her mother would allow very little moving about, the supper was spread on the tea-wagon. Polly sliced the bread and cut the radishes. Mrs. Long made creamed chicken on delicious buttered toast, and there were some strawberry tarts for dessert. Afterward she would not allow Polly to help carry the dishes into the kitchen. She made the girl go directly to her room with one of the new books. And, although Polly chafed, she could not help but be interested in the new jackets with their alluring illustrations.

She began to read. It was late when Mrs. Long appeared in the doorway, and the rain had died away to a drizzle. Polly looked up smilingly, and then her brow wrinkled as her mother held out a list.

"Is this yours?"

Polly nodded and held out her hand for the paper. Mrs. Long sat down on the bed and they went over the questions together.

"You see, I thought I'd forget to ask Ralph when I saw him. Aren't you glad we're going away? Aren't you, darling?"

It was then that Polly noticed something. The little mother had turned her face away and was wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. She was crying.

"Mother, what is it?"

"Ralph may not intend to take me with you. He may decide that this is a good chance to have you meet his father and mother and his sister and her fiancé."

Polly drew her mother close, and the two clung together.

"Why, dearest, the trip is for both of us. I couldn't go away and leave you. What do you think I'm made of, anyway?"

Mrs. Long's tears had ceased, but their ravages and furrowed hollows under the faded eyes. Polly insisted upon bathing them tenderly with witch-hazel, although Mrs. Long had to go to the bathroom for the bottle, but then at last they were in bed, doors of both rooms open so that they could call back and forth, each with a book, and a sensation of drowsiness already creeping over them.

Polly put out her light first, and,

WHAT MAKES LONDON GREAT; THE MELODY OF BOW BELLS; INTERESTING NEIGHBORHOOD

(Edward Price Bell in Chicago News.)

It stands in an extremely interesting neighborhood—the church of Bow Bells, or Bow Church, of St. Mary-le-Bow—between St. Paul's and the Mansion House on the right hand of one going down Cheapside from the cathedral to the city.

Cheapside is supposed to have got its name from the cheapness (of price, not of quality) of the merchandise displayed in traders' booths from end to end of it. All the district, Cheapside itself and the side streets, were loud with selling, and the hundreds of apprentices were wont on occasion to burst into riotous disorder.

It was their substitute for the modern movie.

In Foster lane is the church of St. Vedast, with an oaken altar by Grinling Gibbons, where Robert Herring was christened.

Goldsmiths' hall, containing portraits and plate, raises its fine renaissance proportions at the corner of Foster lane and Gresham street; it is the Goldsmiths' company, you may remember, which assays gold and silver plate and hallmarks it with the leopard's head.

Old Change, off Cheapside opposite Foster lane, passes the church of St. Augustine, where Richard Harris Barham, author of, "Ingoldsby Legends," used to deliver his earnest sermons, his crippled right arm hanging useless at his side.

Further along Cheapside is Saddlers' hall, home of the Saddlers' guild, dating from Anglo-Saxon times, and near it the noted plane tree so often associated with Wordsworth's "Poor Susan." In Silver street Shakespeare lived with his Huguenot friend, Christopher Montjoy, the tiremaker, whom he had known "for the space of tenne yeres or thereabouts."

In Bread street Milton was born. Between Bread and Friday streets Ben Jonson's Mermaid tavern gave good food and other requisites of restoration.

pulling out of her negligee, nestled against her pillows.

Mrs. Long yawned wearily—put her own book aside, and went out like a light.

There was silence in the apartment. One could have heard a pin drop. Outside, however, there were the rars of the city. Passing motorcars, the distant rumble of the L, the return of expensive cars from famous night clubs where gay people had been dancing. New York—the dream city, mused Polly. Camelot—Camelot!

Then she was asleep.

Some time around dawn something awakened her. It was a movement in the small hallway that connected the two rooms. The movement was accompanied by a queer sound, a rasping, gurgling gasping for breath, and then footsteps dragging to the bathroom. Polly was terrified.

"Mother, you're ill."

Mrs. Long could not answer. She could only point to the white medicine chest and ask Polly to hand her the bottle of pills on the lower shelf. Polly didn't know what they were, but after she had helped her mother back to bed, Mrs. Long was able to speak. She even managed a quavering smile.

"I'm all right now."

"Sure? What was it?"

"A nightmare, I guess."

"I thought at first that burglars had broken into the place. But mother, you're sure you're telling me the truth. Why are you taking those pills?"

"The pills are nothing, Polly; a mild sedative to keep me from dreaming. Run along to bed now, and get some rest. I'll be all right."

And Polly kissed her mother and went to her room to fall asleep again. But it wasn't easy to sink into slumber. Who had given her mother those pills, and when? She had seen a doctor's name in a window of the apartment house, but the name eluded her. Could Mrs. Long have obtained a prescription from him?

Polly dropped at last into troubled slumber, but if she had known that the pills were nitroglycerin for stimulating the heart action she wouldn't have slept at all. Dr. Waite had prescribed them for Mrs. Long and she always kept a supply on hand.

Silence fell on the city!

To Be Continued.

tive pleasure to Shakespeare, Raleigh, Donne, Beaumont, Fletcher and numberless others who have augmented the luster of English letters. In Milk street Sir Thomas More was born—a man who finally paid for his opinions with his head, as did Raleigh.

And now we are at Bow church, one of Wren's masterpieces, its steeple (222 feet high) shooting up in amazing beauty beyond memory of the brawling street.

Bow church and its bells—two of the sweetest things, not only in all London, but in all the world. The church is renaissance. It rests on arches or bows older than anything else of the sort in the old metropolis.

The Norman crypt, a gloomy vault of massive columns and tiers of coffins, was built in the eleventh century in the reign of William the Conqueror. The steeple of the first church on this spot fell in 1271, killing many persons and lying in ruins for a century, and the church itself was destroyed in the great fire.

One will not forget one's introduction to the campanile of Bow church, nor one's first hearing of those unmatched sounds from its belfry. To see the spire against a blue sky piled with massive white clouds is to stand still in compulsory homage to magnificent art. To hear that full peal of the twelve most melodious bells in London—to hear it for the first time and unexpectedly—is to revise all one's conceptions of the sweetness and the magic of belfry music.

Born within sound of Bow bells, one is a Simon pure cockney—a Londoner of Londoners. For generations even the newer bells have rung out their enchanting melodies. Long before, the 9 o'clock curfew was tolled from this steeple, and afterward no armed person must be seen in the streets and no brewer must keep open his doors.

Cheapside's fermentative youth, noting that the bells were ringing somewhat late, set up this couplet against the clerk:

Clerke of the Bow Bell, with the yellow locks,

For thy late ringing thy head shall have knocks.

Replying, the clerk rhymed thus:

Children of Cheape, hold all still,

For you shall have the Bow Bell rung at your will.

The clerk knew the boys!

Here and There

Another barometer of the state of Western Canada's agricultural progress is the sale of school lands in the Prairie Provinces which in 1927 were the best on record. In all 480,408 acres were disposed of for a total of \$3,983,967, representing an average of \$18.70 per acre. The lowest price obtained was \$7 per acre and the highest \$79.

Appointment was announced recently of R. F. Angus to be assistant superintendent of the C.P.R. Montreal Terminals. Mr. Angus, who joined the Canadian Pacific Railway as a clerk in 1919, is the grandson of R. B. Angus, one of the creators of the system, and nephew of Sir Vincent Meredith, chairman of the Bank of Montreal.

Ten-year-old John Wyllie Barbour travelled recently alone from his aunt in Los Angeles to his father in Glasgow, a distance of about seven thousand miles, in care of C.P.R. train and boat officials from Chicago on. John thought the climate here was little different to California and wore no overcoat or had left it packed in his trunk, but he changed his mind at Montreal where he struck sub-zero weather. He arrived safe and sound, and will come back in the spring.

A paradise for the outside camper will be ready next summer when the government finishes the new camp ground in the Rocky Mountains Park within half a mile of Banff, on its old site last July accommodated 11,553 persons, is specially popular among prairie farmers between seeding time and harvest. Charge is only a dollar for a party for three weeks, and running water, garbage removal, dinner shelters, electric light and even pay telephones are provided for campers.

Around ten thousand snowshoers and their friends will visit Montreal on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Canadian Snowshoers' Association to be held in Montreal February 3-6. The convention is international in scope since it takes in the American Snowshoers' Association with over 1,500 members in the states of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, while there are also representatives from the Manitoba Snowshoers' Association and local bodies from all over the province of Quebec.

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

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

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- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.