

Two Husbands Wanted *by Hazel Deyo Batchelor*



SYNOPSIS

When Polly Lane, a little mannequin, falls in love with Ralph Halliday, a married man, tragedy stalks into her life. Ralph is in love with his wife, Lola, but 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. Then Mrs. Long dies and Polly is grief-stricken. Friends and enemies of all these characters appear in this story, which is continued in this installment.

INSTALLMENT TWENTY-SEVEN ILLNESS BRINGS EXPENSE.

Polly was getting thin—woefully thin! As John said, she didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

But she was always too tired and would rather sleep. Rehearsals has begun for a new show and Polly was to have a song in it. At first she had been ecstatic, but then she had remembered the little mother. Mrs. Long would never hear Polly sing now. She would never sit at the piano in the beautiful apartment downtown and play "The Maiden's Prayer." That was all over!

Of course, Ralph would see Polly and hear her sing, unless Lola kept him away from the theatre. But she had other friends. Not only John Blake, but college boys. Many of them wanted to marry her, too, but she loved no one. Perhaps she might have slept better if she hadn't dreamed of Ralph every night. That made her sleep restless and broken. She tossed from side to side and in the late winter caught a bad cold that kept her home from the theatre.

Of course, she worried! People were kind and brought her flowers and candy. But she wanted to be back in the dream world of the stage where she could forget the twentieth century. She wanted Sir Lancelet—oh, how she wanted him!

Instead she hadn't even the cool loveliness of the apartment, but the little place uptown where she cooked her own meals.

One day Annette came to see her. She looked around the place and raised her brows.

"What's the matter with the place, Polly?"

"Why?"

"It's so small, and your furniture is so shabby."

"It's all I can afford."

"Not much like the place downtown where you and your mother each had your own bed."

Polly cried a little and even the hard-boiled Annette managed to squeeze out a tear. But Polly couldn't hear the little mother's name mentioned without crying. They were all here flying around, having a good time or trying to and the next day they were gone. There was little enough happiness.

"I guess you miss Ralph Halliday, don't you?"

"Why, no," said Polly, coloring hotly.

"Some one else, I suppose. A rich college boy."

"No, Annette. Friends, that's all."

"I know you miss Ralph's money. It's always a nice thing to have around."

"Money!"

"Of course! How did you think you managed with all your pretty clothes and the swell studio apartment?"

"My mother had money."

"Not enough for that."

And Polly believed Annette. She had to believe her.

How white and frail the little mother had been under her blanket of red roses. The older people had thought it inappropriate because she was old, but love was for Polly a warm thing and had to be expressed in color. Sometimes she felt that she had killed her mother. A girl of 24 ought to have a mother. Ralph had a mother, also a father. Lola didn't need parents so badly because she had Ralph's love. But she didn't love Ralph. She didn't want him near her. That was the trouble.

One wintry day when the sun poked his fingers through Polly's windows, old Mr. and Mrs. Halliday climbed the four flights of stairs, bringing her flowers and sympathy.

"You poor child."

"Oh, but I'm much better."

"Very thin, though; you'll need fattening in your cheeks."

"Yes, I'm afraid my clothes won't fit me. I'll have to have them altered."

Everything is so expensive to-day."

"Perhaps you'd let Mr. Halliday lend you some money."

"Oh, no! Thank you for offering it, but mother left me a little."

"It seems too bad to have you living in such a tiny place and doing your own work."

"I have a part-time maid."

"I know, dear, but you ought to be taken care of. You aren't strong. That's why you must eat. I wish you had stayed at the other place. It must have been much better than this. Then you could have a maid all the time. You ought to have breakfast in bed."

Polly sighed.

Oh, for the luxury of a breakfast in bed. An egg poached in milk with some honeydew melon first, and then strong coffee with thick cream. Polly always forgot and let her coffee boil, which made it bitter. Sometimes her heart palpitated when she ran up and downstairs too fast, but she kept it to herself.

Annette and Polly lunched together the first day Polly was out of bed. It was good to be out again, and there was a feeling of spring in the air. Annette was her usual envious fault-finding self. She wanted to marry riches. Now Royal Hamilton had fallen in love with Polly. He had asked her to marry him.

"I asked him, that's how I know!"

"Well, I don't believe it."

"Say, a girl can tell whether a man

loves her or not. You said Ralph didn't love you, and I know Royal didn't love me enough for marriage."

"I'll never marry him."

"You're foolish. No more work for you then."

"I know, but I want to love the man I marry."

"That ought to be easy. Royal's good-looking and dashing."

But Polly shook her head. Fancy marrying a man for his money! She didn't see how Annette could talk that way!

"Well, if you want to live in this box of a place you might as well marry this John Blake."

"John isn't in love with me."

"I know—he's in love with Lola, and Ralph's in love with Lola. I wonder if any one is really happy. I'd be willing to marry a poor man if I loved him. I've always had a longing for a baby. It would be something else to love."

"Something else to love." Polly echoed the words. There was too little love in the world. Too few people were happy. Perhaps the little mother was better under her slab of granite where she was resting peacefully. Darling little mother who had worked so hard!

Tomorrow—The Accident.

What is needed is some direct way to take up a church collection by radio.

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BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

One of the many annoyances that the postal service has to contend with is the receipt of bundles of carelessly sealed letters, many of which are stuck together. Since letters can be run through the cancelling machines only one at a time, all those stuck together must first be pulled apart by some postal employee. This may result in mutilation of the addresses or in placing the letters to one side until other mail has been handled.

BILLIARD BALLS ARE REPUTED TO BE SENSITIVE TO THE COLD; WILL LAST ABOUT 8 MONTHS

Contrary to the general idea, the term "tickling the ivories" did not originate as a slang expression to describe contortionistic piano playing. It was appropriated, at some distant time, from the phraseology of the billiardroom. For the substance which is used to make the finest grade billiard balls is decidedly "ticklish"—so much so that every billiard room curator has to exercise the utmost care to protect his "ivory" from quick changes in temperature.

Any billiard expert can draw upon a fund of experiences with the eccentricities of the ivory balls. Though not in the expert class we ourselves recall a match that was played some years ago at Convention Hall between Willie Hoppe and Koji Yamada, the clever Japanese who now owns his own billiard hall in Tokio. Yamada always brilliant was at his best; his touch was zephyr-like in its delicacy. He was nursing the ivory balls so they nudged each other with the gentleness of a baby's smile. Obviously Yamada was about to make a brilliant run. He reached a high count—eighty or so—when some benighted soul with a passion for pure air and not understanding billiards opened some windows on one side of the hall. In a few moments the temperature fell ten or twelve degrees.

The first one to notice it was Yamada. The balls suddenly ceased to obey his touch. They lost life, bumped eccentrically, or rolled weirdly. The Jap's run came to a sudden and inglorious end. He lowered his cue and looked savagely for the fresh-air fiend. The sudden chill had had much the same effect on the balls as a New England blizzard might have had on the spirits of a trio of South Sea Islanders. Hoppe, in the mastery of his experience, sensed the situation and began to "pound" the balls, collecting small runs by sheer muscle power. He finally won instead of going down to almost certain defeat.

Short Lived, Even With Cuddling

In Europe, where the first virtuosos of the game come from, the custom was founded to heat the tables before a contest between masters. This plan has since been brought into use

in this country, George Slosson being the first to adopt it while on a tour with Yamada in 1912.

According to the Boston offices of company who turn out most of the billiard equipment used in this country, one of the best billiard ivory comes from Zanzibar. It is said that the nearness of which an elephant lives to a water hole where he may drink and bathe frequently is one of the big determining factors in the quality of his tusks for billiard usage. The tusks are shipped to London and thence to this country, where they are graded and cut into various lengths. The conic sections of the tusks are then placed in lathes where a specially designed tool shapes a ball from the centre of each.

After being turned on the lathe until the proper dimension is obtained, the ball is sandpapered to a high polish. It is then weighed and matched carefully to obtain a set of three or four that are as nearly alike as may be. For the greatest care must be taken to get the balls of the same weight, since the ivory varies in density.

Composition balls are not subject to atmospheric conditions or careful usage. Yet the composition balls, with all their good qualities, are seldom, if ever used by expert players, because they fail to qualify for delicate work.

No Substitute Equals Ivory

They lack the responsiveness and resilience of the ivories. No substitute has yet been found for ivory in making billiard balls.

An experienced billiard room man will not set out a set of "ivory" for use until he has exposed it to the temperature of the room for ten or fifteen minutes. Sixty degrees is ideal, they say. One curator keeps careful track of his sets of balls and rotates them in order that they all may get the same amount of usage. Another will play certain sets today, others tomorrow and still others day after tomorrow, never allowing a set more than a nominal wear in a single day. Withal, the life of the balls is not long, seldom last more than eight months.

"In educating the boys," Mr. Watson continued, "every age of childhood is distinctly marked. Until they are 12 they play and are free but at that age they undergo their first initiation, and receive a mark that clearly places them a stage above those who are younger. They are then taught to hunt and to make weapons, and given a hint as to the mythology and secrets of the tribe. Periodically after that time the boy takes other degrees until with the final one he is a man."

"We saw no trace of war. There was rather a marked feeling of freindship between the nomadic bands. They are gathered for intertribal games. Their idea of sport is amazing. They have a device whereby they can propel a spear with great accuracy for 200 yards or more. It is a stick approximately five feet long with a pin on the end that fits into a slot on the spear. By jiggling the stick they keep the spear balanced. It is thrown in a sweeping arc, the stick giving the same leverage as though the thrower's arm was five feet longer."

Boomerang Games

"Their favorite game is to hurl a spear at another man's legs, as he stands to protect himself with a narrow hide shield, which does not stop the spear but merely deflects it to one side and into the ground, and they the enormously proficient at it. They also throw the boomerang with great accuracy and have built up games around that."

Mr. Watson describes the wilderness in which the aborigines have retreated as an immense and almost flat table-land, the base of which is granite, covered with a fine red dust that filters everywhere, turning people, bushes and beats a dull red. The only vegetation during the dry season is a short, tough bush, growing rather far apart and from which the country has taken its name.

Fine Climate

"The climate is excellent," he continued. "During the day the temperature often reaches 100 degrees, but at night there is usually a frost. In the short, rainy season the whole area blooms with pink and white flowers, that spring up almost overnight."

"The natives, contrary to a general belief," said Mr. Watson in conclusion, "will get along excellently with white men if they are handled properly. If allowed to play and amuse themselves at their work they will make wonderful workmen, and if given food instead of trinkets or money for their labor they can be induced to stay in the proximity of the whites indefinitely."

A Minister Says "Nerviline" Fine for Rheumatism

North Head, N. B., Dec. 24—Rev. Joseph T. Hutton speaks well of Nerviline. He has used this powerful liniment and knows just how pain-relieving it is. "It gives me much pleasure," writes Mr. Hutton, "to write of the merits of Nerviline for external and internal use. Nerviline never fails, no matter to what purpose I put it. It is try Nerviline yourself?"

AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN ARE FOUND TO BE A MIRTHFUL AND VERY FRIENDLY PEOPLE

Contrary to general belief, the Australian aborigines are a mirthful people, full of friendship, once the barriers are broken down, said E. L. Grant Watson, zoologist, author and explorer, who recently arrived in the United States. In an interview in Boston, Mr. Watson told how he penetrated a territory from which but six known observers have returned, says the Christian Science Monitor.

Mr. Watson spent fifteen months in the land of the boomerang, Australia from the "inside" living under a native name and roaming the farthest reaches of the "bush" as a member of the nomadic tribe, few of whom had ever seen a white man, a race so primitive that many of its manners and customs are said to parallel those of the earliest man.

With Alfred R. Brown, professor at the University of Sydney, and a roving Scandinavian sailor to act as cook, Mr. Watson left civilization at Sandstone, a little mining town, itself in the midst of the wilderness, or an ethnological expedition sponsored by Cambridge University and the Royal Anthropologist turn their back on a native, they ate with them, and slept with them and found them excellent friends.

"The aborigines have retreated into that part of Australia so barren and arid that white men fail to penetrate it," Mr. Watson went on. "There they live in a state of Communism, each tribe with a definite territory of its own, but without a trace of agriculture, and almost without culture. But some of their stone weapons and their customs indicate that valuable information may be found there upon the earlier races that inhabited Europe and England."

Have Education System

"Despite a state so primitive that they have neither house nor tent but sleep under a few bushes that they tear down at night, they have a complicated four-class marriage system, and a clear-cut and definite, though barbarous, system of education that instills in every boy an unimpeachable respect for tribal laws and customs."

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