

Two Husbands Wanted *by Hazel Deyo Batchelor*



SYNOPSIS

When Polly Long a little model falls in love with Ralph Halliday a married man things begin to happen. 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 father and mother prevent the marriage. John and Polly are 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 airplane and has both legs broken; there is also something the matter with her spine. Polly wants Ralph.

INSTALLMENT THIRTY-THREE EVERYTHING WRONG.

Royal Hamilton laughed at lunch. His idea of a meal unless he wanted to be surfeited with it so that he couldn't see the figures before him was a glass of orange juice. It gave him a nice dizzy feeling. In the meantime he checked up on his figures and at 9 o'clock with a few cocktails first, he was ready for dinner.

"Anything" he would say to Polly "anything at all."

And how could she order from a menu filled with food when he was having orange juice?

"Chicken broth" she would stammer.

"Fine good girl, get strong and better at the dancing than ever."

"I'm perfectly strong"

"Not so strong, Polly."

"I am, I tell you."

Inwardly she ticked off the items of food she had eaten that day.

An orange and a cigarette!

Not much, but nearly all the chorus ate a breakfast of the same kind.

Now she was sipping chicken broth and getting very sleepy. She mustn't be sleepy. Royal liked to be entertained.

"And I'll have some chicken supreme" she added.

"Too much chicken" said Royal.

"Why not lobster for that pale little face of yours?"

Polly flushed and Royal ordered the chicken for her. She looked at him as he talked and thought of Ralph—thought of Lola's pale green bed with its scroll of roses. Then she thought of Annette.

Annette was willing to marry a man like Royal for—money.

Well, she wasn't. She wanted Prince Charming—not money. She wanted Ralph so terribly.

She had listened hungrily to what Annette had said even though she had disapproved of her going to the Hallidays.

"And Mrs. Halliday turned me out," Annette said that over and over.

Still Polly remembered the cruel turn of Lola's lips—

"You told her about Ralph? You know he isn't coming here at all now, Annette."

"God knows I wish he would."

"But what did you say? What did happen, anyway?"

She was bending over some trivial thing trying to adjust it and purposely avoiding Annette's eyes.

"I hate these women who want to hold their men even when they don't want them" said Annette. "Here's this Lola with Ralph—"

Polly broke in, "Oh please."

"Well its true Polly. "You're mad about Ralph and he could be crazy about you if Lola would give him a chance."

"I didn't know he was married."

"I know and now because she's flat on her back from all her wild carrying's on she wants him to dance attendance on her. Little else she'd give him."

Polly was willing to give him everything, everything she had to give. It wasn't much but in the old days a woman's arms around a man's neck had counted for something.

But she mustn't be thinking such thoughts now that she knew the truth. It wasn't fair. If the little mother had known Ralph was a married man she wouldn't have approved at all. Poor little mother! She hadn't even approved of a secret engagement. She had wanted everything open and above board. What to do next? That was the problem? Ralph didn't want her and if he did she wouldn't see him now that she knew he was married.

It was lonely through the day. She tired quickly of reading. And she didn't eat enough, either.

When she danced at night she experienced a certain feathery sensation as though she were flying.

This was very effective from the audience. It made Polly soar into the air like a bird. But Polly herself grew giddy immediately afterward although she told no one.

When she sang her high notes were true enough but too strained too high. Afterward she was exhausted and could hardly get home. She would allow no one to see her when she was feeling this way. College boys expected her to be gay and entertaining. John was a good friend but the very fact that he loved Lola put him in a class with Lola and Dalph. Polly seemed to have no adored one no one for whom she could keep the shield safe. She was a one man woman little Polly. And she wanted Sir Lancelot.

But there is another love, a love that grows out of the deeper sufferings of knowledge and maturity and growth. Perhaps little Polly was being tempered to meet that love. Life has a strange way of doing things.

In the meantime Annette was ill-humored half the time. She was used to excitement used to going somewhere every minute. Tired after a day of parading as mannequin at Therese's she wanted a certain healthy diversion. But the men she introduced into the apartment all preferred Polly when they had a chance to see her.

Annette disliked this. Often she would rouse Polly out of a sound sleep, however because some man wanted a twosome. Polly would awaken enchantingly.

"What time is it?"

"Oh what do you care gold locks?"

Annette would say in return.

"What's time to you?"

Time—time—Polly would ponder. So much to do.

What would it be like to lie as long as she wished in a green enamel bed with scrolls of roses painted over it. That would take a great deal of money of course and the little she had inherited from her mother was fast dwindling under Annette's demands for household costs. Mrs. Long had kept a maid and hadn't spent nearly the sum. Polly longed every day for a better head for adding up the innumerable grocer's slips. Nothing was ever right with her. But she went on singing and dancing and living her small life and so did Annette. Something must happen soon.

Tomorrow—In the Night.

TRITE TALE.

He looked upon the maiden
And saw that she was fair
But the glamor of her beauty
Found no one else aware

So he whispered wise enchantments
And he stroked her silken hair
And he gazed into her sea green eyes
And conjured visions there.

And she glowered 'neath his worship
Till her beauty all could share
And he who first had loved her
Knew a joy beyond compare.

But the charms that he uncovered
Serve to make the ad irate
For others now can see her charm—
And he can't get a date.

—JONEL LEWIS in New York Post.

SHOWS.

To music shows I love to go
What's more I think them nifty
But all the girls are sweet sixteen
And all the jokes are fifty.

Bus Driver—Plenty room on the top mister.

Bald Headed Gentleman—Don't get personal, lad.

DECLARES WAR ON THE HOT WATER BOTTLE

Carey D. Ferguson collector of customs, has declared war on the hot water bottle.

To Mr. Ferguson this fountainhead of comfort enshrined in nearly every Detroit household isn't a boon to humanity at all. It isn't a rubberized Florence Nightingale which soothes the bed of pain or keeps that sub zero feeling away from the foot soles—not for a minute.

A hot water bottle is an appendage that causes customs officers at the Detroit-Windsor ferry dock a lot of trouble and bother—this is Mr. Ferguson's definition of the lumbago chaser.

At the dock numerous liquor laden pilgrims from Windsor with a quart on the hip or in the trouser leg or tucked down in the jeans or suspended under the armpit or bundled under the Adam's apple have undergone considerable grief of late. They've doled out thousands of dollars in fines at \$5 a bottle and witnessed the destruction of that wee nip to boot.

Bottles aren't form fitting and the customs officers have become expert students of contour. A bulge a bottle, a bottle a bulge—that's their rule of guidance. And few escape them.

As a result the hot water bottle has been placed to an ignoble use.

They are purchased near the dock in Windsor for a dollar filled with liquor and worn under the shirt and vest like a chest protector. A string holds them in place. To walk through the line unscathed you merely simulate a man who has just finished a boiled dinner.

But here's where the gutta percha brigade makes a mistake in its calculations.

"We've confiscated a lot of liquor laden hot water bottles" explained Mr. Ferguson. "The officers can spot them every time. It's easy Humph. If the wearer's rotundity doesn't give him away we can tell by the gurgle. When a man sounds like a two gallon jug coming back from the well he merits an immediate search."

Other rubber articles are used for liquor smuggling according to P. M. Beach assistant chief customs inspector.

Take inner tubes for example. "Last week a man attempted to walk through the line with an inner tube full of liquor worn like a belt. The week before some one tried it with a half section of whiskey filled garden hose entwined about his person. What is responsible for these inspirations? The hot water bottle."

A SCARECROW LEFT TO WINTER.

The arms that flapped so long in heavy wind

Are caught against the ragged coat that shows

Its wisps of straw all broken now and thinned

Beneath derision of the circling crows.

The rakish angle of the hat belies

The blank stare of the frozen mask below.

And far above it glint the lonely skies

And all around it glints the drifted snow.

The orchard wall that once marked its domain

Is lost in drifts and all the boughs are bare.

There was no further reason to detain

Its rest—Some one forgot or did not care

And so it stays with things the years discard,

A scarecrow that has nothing more to guard.

—GLENN WARD DRESBACH in New York Sun.

"Husbands are better than wives think" observes an apologist for the species. We should hope so. The world would be a pretty bad place if it were full of that sort.

THERE ARE FEW THINGS THAT MACHINES CANNOT DO; CAN NOW SELL POSTAGE STAMPS

(New York Sun)

The fact that the postal authorities have seen fit to install a vending machine in the main office at Thirty third street to sell stamps twenty-four hours a day, serves again to center attention on the fact that New Yorkers of the present generation are living in a machine age. It's getting so that we are doing nearly everything by machinery these days but as the machines are so ingenious that they do everything but actually think there is no need to get worried over the state of affairs.

For instance if we live in the city and use the subway we cannot gain access to the passenger platform unless we drop a nickel in the slot machine and push the familiar arm of the turnstile. This is the usual procedure at nearly every station now although there remains at least one of those old fashioned stations where the green tickets are still in use—at the 125th street station. There may be seen and old time chopping box and that almost extinct species of railroad employee the ticket chopper. When we glimpse him our thoughts immediately turn to the days when women wore long skirts and every man wore a hat.

Food From the Slot.

Having thus reached the platform if we are still hungry after having our morning oats which were paced by machinery we can satisfy the craving somewhat by depositing a penny in the chocolate or gum vending machine. Now it's got so that there are machines in use which are really honest that is, when you fail to receive a piece of chocolate you actually get your penny back. If that isn't a step in the right direction then what is?

When our train arrives the doors open as if by magic or at least we cannot see the hand that guides the door opening machinery. It used to be in the days when men were men and women were girls that there was a guard at every car connection. But soon the machine craze hit the subway management and at the present we are lucky if we even see the guard in our day's travels.

Coming out of the subway after having battled our way through crowded cars with a consequent loss to the luster of our shoes it is natural for us to look about for a place to have them shined. There are no bootblacks along the line of march but over ther against the wall of that building yonder is a machine on which a sign informs us that we can have our shoes brushed by machinery for a cent. So we deposit a penny in the machine and presto the job is done.

Arriving at the office we are re-

minded that the boss hasn't forgotten the fact that machinery is in vogue these days. So to be in keeping he has had a machine installed at which all employees are required to punch the time of their arrival.

Office Machinery.

In the office a machine drops a paper cup on an obliging metal hook when we feel in the need of water and press the trigger for a container. Then we dictate our letters into a machine and if the office boy does not inadvertently shave the records before the letters are taken by the typist we are almost sure to get better service than we could expect from a girl stenographer.

When luncheon time arrives we can eat by machinery if we are that kind of a person. All we need is a pocket full of nickels and the nerve to risk the danger of having a cup of hot coffee poured down our neck while trying to advance with one cup in hand while two or three other persons have the same thought in mind. It's a case of the survival of the fittest. If we are alert we can get our nickel in the machine but we've got to be very skillful to get a full cup of coffee for the person behind is always ready to push our cup out of the way in order to get his under the spigot.

After lunch we go to the cigar store and if we are exclusive we will not ask for free matches. Instead we will walk right up to the machin insert a cent and get a nice card of matches in return.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

When mail is allowed to accumulate in offices until closing time, it not only places an additional burden on the postal service, but is to miss important early after-train dispatches. This often a whole day's delay in delivery. Mail should be posted as it is ready, and at frequent intervals of the day.

Then there is the occasional face that is going to look like static by television.

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