

Marriage Scales

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WHEN BEAUTY IS POWERLESS. When Mariana came into the library shortly before dinner was announced, Charles and Craig Cullam were chatting away animatedly. A friendly wave of smoke enraptured them, and Charles was busily engaged in shaking up a cocktail.

Mariana paused a moment in the doorway, quite conscious of the charming picture she made in her orchid and silver gown against the background of dark draperies.

Craig Cullam perceived her instantly and leaped to his feet. She came forward smilingly and gave him her hand in greeting. Her lovely face was flushed and her dark eyes held a shining light.

Cullam bowed over her hand. He would have been less than a man if he had not appreciated such radiant beauty.

"It was good of you to come, Mr. Cullam," she said graciously. "Charles has been looking forward to this occasion for some time."

In her heart, she added that she knew since that meeting on the shore more than a week ago, had hoped for just such an event.

"Cullam's feeling a bit down tonight, so I promised him we'd do our best to cheer him up," explained Charles heartily.

Mariana glanced at the cocktail shaker in his hand. "You seem to be going about it in the most effective way," she murmured smilingly.

Cullam laughed and shook his head. "My efforts to explain to your husband that I rarely indulge are unavailing, Mrs. Page."

She raised her brows in surprise. "You don't drink? How quaint! It isn't fashionable to be a teetotaler these days."

"Perhaps not," he agreed, "but in everything I do, I'm wholesale. I either drink a lot, or I don't drink at all. Out of respect for my work, I choose the latter."

Weeks later, Mariana was to recall that half-laughing statement.

The evening proved unexpectedly delightful to Cullam. The dinner, served in the stately dining room, whose french windows opened out on the moonlit terrace, was excellent. His hostess was charmingly sympathetic.

She didn't fire questions at him and hang breathlessly on his replies, as Mrs. Amos Hunter Deering did. She refrained from asking him all the obvious things about the stage, popular and ludicrous illusions which it wearied him to crush time after time.

He found himself chatting easily and pleasantly with her, after the fashion of an old and valued friend. Her quality of sympathetic understanding reminded him somehow of Doris. Doris had a knack of drawing from him confidence, little personal confessions, of his hopes and fears and ambitions, which he would not consciously have told to anyone lest he be thought egotistical and boring.

There were other little characteristics about this young wife of Charles which were faintly reminiscent of Doris, he thought—or was it only that Doris was so eternally enshrined in his heart that he saw her everywhere?

Mrs. Page's trick of using her slim hands to emphasize a point, her brilliant, unexpected smile that punctuated a dull sentence, were vaguely familiar.

He admitted to himself that Charles had a beautiful wife, but she might have been a Fiji Islander, or a dusky belle on the coast of Africa for all she meant to him as a woman. There was place in his heart for only one divinity and it was occupied for keeps. Moreover, this was the wife of his good friend and, though her eyes were frequently alluring and she seemed most flatteringly aware of him as an attractive young man, he was completely untouched.

Mariana's admiration from new men she happened to meet, was rather piqued by his polite reserve.

Charles was summoned to the long distance phone just as they were finishing coffee in the library. Mariana offered to show her guest the garden, and together they strolled across the moonlit terrace and descended the

broad marble steps to the little pool where the Japanese fantails swam silently, roamed and round.

She lifted her lovely face to the moonlight and drew in deep breaths of the perfumed air. Her companion was looking up at the silvery plaque, too. His good looks—the dark waving hair, the unfathomable eyes, the clean-cut mouth with its humorous curve, the olive-tinted skin and whole lithe strength of him—entranced her. Here indeed was a worthy prince of dreams, come to life! Romance, starved and weary with waiting, lifted its head in her heart.

"Isn't it curious how the moon fascinates us?" she said softly. "I wonder if it's because we can look at it and know that, somewhere, no matter how far away, someone we love can be seeing it, too, at the same moment."

His eyes dropped to hers. Momentarily, he had forgotten her presence. He had been thinking of Doris, wondering if she, too, had raised her eyes to the moon and if she had been thinking of Jervis—or of him.

Mariana sensed his distraction. "Shall we go in?" she suggested.

A TEA-TIME TETE-A-TETE

On the following Sunday, Craig Cullam dined with Pages again, as had been prearranged. He was still deeply despondent. Doris had gaped him but little of her time during the past week. She had lunched with him once and had tea after a rehearsal at another time, but she seemed a bit abstracted as if she were thinking of something else all the while that she chatted politely with him.

No one is so sensitive as the lover, and Cullam, though he had never before suffered the throes of an absorbing passion, was quite experienced enough to know that a girl who is beginning to care for a man, doesn't give him barely half her attention when she is alone with him.

Jervis seemed to be under foot a great deal, too. He dropped in at rehearsals frequently and looked on with a half-amused, half-cynical smile. His attitude toward Doris was maddeningly proprietary, Cullam thought. Several times he saw them driving down the Avenue just as he was crossing to his theatre, and surmised that they were dining together. He saw Doris frequently with other men, too, but for some reason his jealousy and resentment were directed more toward Jervis than his other rivals—perhaps because the former was so formidably ubiquitous.

One mid-week afternoon he paid his dinner call on the Pages. It was sufficiently late for Charles to be at home, as he thought, but he found only Mariana.

She came down to the drawing room, wearing a delectable tea gown of saffron-shaded chiffon which made a perfect foil for her shining dark hair and creamy flesh. She had never looked lovelier, and she turned upon him the full battery of her arts.

When the tea was brought, she told the butler to excuse her to other callers.

"They are likely to be a lot of silly girls who would gush over you and bore you to death," she explained peevishly to Cullam, "and they'd haunt my drawing room for weeks in the hopes of finding you here again."

He laughed a bit embarrassedly and accepted the cup she handed him.

"It's good of you to put up with me this way. I dare say I should have phoned."

"Oh, but please—no!" she protested. "You are quite privileged to drop in upon us at any time. I have wanted an opportunity to tell you how much Charles and I enjoyed your charming little supper," she leaned back in her chair and smiled at him provocatively.

"Do you know, you are an immense surprise to me."

"Really—why?" he asked with raised brows.

She wrinkled her pretty forehead thoughtfully.

"Well, mainly because you're so simple and unaffected for one who has a right to be mysterious and temperamental. One always expects singers to go into rages and have queer fits and do preposterous things."

"But I'm not a singer," he protested smilingly. "I merely happen to have a voice. Besides, you have the press agent's conception of what makes an artist."

"And girls," Mariana went on, not heeding his correction, "I confidently expect to find your apartment filled with photographs of beautiful girls—so many of them must offer their portraits to you!"

Cullam hung back his head and laughed aloud.

"Really, Mrs. Page, you're tremendously flattering, but away from the truth. It's evident you're a devotee of popular fiction—and the newspapers. As a matter of fact, I possess just one feminine photograph—my mother's."

Mariana was a little dashed.

"Don't you care for women?" Mariana continued the subject despite his evident preference to change it.

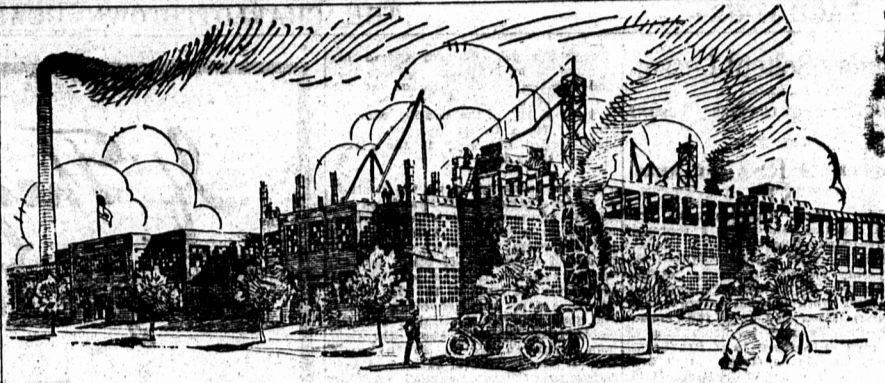
"Very much," he answered promptly. "Can any man be blind to an appreciation of beauty? Especially when you are in the world?"

At any other time Mariana would have accepted this as it was intended—an idle expression of gallantry. But now she wanted to consider it an involuntary tribute to her charm.

"You have never married?" she countered.

"I am beginning to believe what countless before me have believed—that marriage is not for the actor. It's unwise to a woman to drag her through a bohemian existence. If she travels with her husband, she has to put up with acute discomforts. If she doesn't travel with him—" he shrugged significantly—"they drift apart."

The faintest trace of an amused smile



Prest-O-Lite Building Bigger Plant

Hillcrest Park, Toronto, the home of Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries, July, 1920, and is the largest battery plant in the British Empire. The new addition will increase the floor space to 185,000 square feet. The Prest-O-Lite plant is of modern daylight construction. The welfare of employees is amply provided for by a splendid cafeteria, where meals are served at cost; a ball park and tennis courts; and a completely-equipped surgery.

are standard equipment on the majority of Canadian-built automobiles and trucks. There are more than 1100 Service Stations and Dealers in Canada selling Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries to car owners.

FORTUNE LOST IN A NIGHT

PARIS, June 27.—The highest stakes in the world are being lost and won at a modest establishment in a quiet Paris street. The establishment is known by the name of Cercle Hausmann.

It is the millionaires' gambling club. The 20,000 franc limit, which obtains in all casinos has been abolished here. It is possible for a man to find his whole fortune on the table and risk it on the turn of a card. Every night men, many of them famous and most of them fabulously rich, sit round the tables at the Cercle Hausmann with mother-of-pearl counters before them, each counter representing 50,000 francs (10 Canadian money over \$2,000).

The highest value note in France—the 1,000 franc note—is simply a jet in this club.

Not long ago there sat one night round the tables an English knight, a Cuban millionaire, an American millionaire, three French kings of industry, and an Egyptian prince. Fortunes were flung away on the wings of chance.

Night fell over Paris, and the men to whom money means nothing still played wearily on. The fame of the Cercle Hausmann has spread in every casino and gambling place in the world. Every man who has at some time played for high stakes can be found sooner or later within its rather faded cream and gold walls.

One night a young man stood watching the play, and with a laugh asked a friend to lend him a twenty-five franc note, equal to about a dollar.

He played, and in three days' time he was risking \$1,500 at every deal. He decided to wait a little longer, and when he had made \$100,000 to clear out, and never look at a gambling table again. He made his money and risked it in a moment of insane greed. He lost.

No woman is allowed within the doors of the Cercle Hausmann. Women wait near the lift for the men to come down and take them to dinner. Often they wait till midnight—and after.

CLOCKS OF TODAY.

Mantel, wall and floor clocks are the accepted clocks of today. The cheap imitations of ornate French and English clocks, the onyx pillars, the marble cases, the bronze horses and riders, the nymphs and virgins, are seen no more in homes of good taste. The Dresden-china clock cases, the Mission clocks, either for mantel or wall, are no more; and in their place we have come to accept these mahogany clocks of simplicity which have been proven to be adaptable and beautiful.

Of course, not every one will want a mahogany clock, and in this event the case should be lacquered in some color, such as black, Chinese red, old blue or Chinese yellow, and decorated in black and gold. Or the case might be painted and decorated in a manner suited to the room. When a room is furnished in walnut, the mahogany clock case may be done in such a brown mahogany that there will be little difference in the woods. But in a room furnished in the woods, no clock-case finish could be more suitable than lacquer, which was so favored during the Queen Anne walnut period.

Dishwashing Device

A small rubber hose connected with the water faucet over the kitchen sink makes a convenient dishwashing device.

It's plain to be seen that you're not in love," she said—and read a personal meaning into his sudden flush.

(To be Continued)

Rocky Point Ferry Time Table

Commencing June 1st, the Steamer Hillsborough will run between Charlottetown and Rocky Point during the summer months, as follows:

Table with columns for DAILY (Except Sunday) and SUNDAY, listing departure times from L.V. Charlottetown and L.V. Rocky Point.

Bungalow Camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies. Includes an illustration of a bungalow and text describing the location and amenities near Banff-Lake Windermere.

Sore Throat Absorbine J advertisement. Includes an illustration of a woman and a bottle of Absorbine J, with text describing its benefits for throat ailments.

Boston & Yarmouth Steamship Co., Limited. FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE. Leave Yarmouth Tues., Wed. Fri., and Sat. at 6:30 P. M. Atlantic Time.