"THEIR WEDDING WAS LARGELY ATTENDED BY FASHIONABLE SOCIETY."

Modern Society Fables.

THE WIFE WHO ALSO PLAYED, AND THE MORAL THEREOF.

(By DOROTHY DIX.)

"The Society Fables" of Miss Dix are well known in America, and their sheer ludicrousness and fun, will doubtless appeal to many readers here. Their peculiar style is American of the American, but for those who don't despise a little nonsense they are not without merit.

Once upon a time a Nifty Youth wooed a Beauteous Maiden, and won her for his bride, and their Wedding was largely attended by Fashionable Society, although everyone felt that it Lacked interest, because it was a First offence for each of the High Contracting Parties.

"Quite Amateurish, my dear, not a single Divorce in it," whispered the women to each other.

"Not a thing in his Past worth repeating, by Jove!" said the men.

"Of course it isn't smart for a married couple to be so Much in Love with each other as they are," sighed their Friends, "for in our most Exclusive Circles, Husbands and Wives are seldom even on Speaking Terms with each other."

"Shocking bad form," commented others, "but what can you expect of the New Rich who have only had their Money Seven Years. When they have had an Ancestral Fortune that is Still in the Family after Twenty Years, as ours is, they will be Employing Private Detectives and Butlers who keep Diaries."

"A NIFTY YOUTH WOOED A BEAUTEOUS MAIDEN."

"Let us Trust so," exclaimed a pessimist, "but I, for one, consider it

BEASTLY BAD TASTE FOR A MAN TO KISS HIS OWN WIFE."

Notwithstanding these dark prophecies the Young Couple continued to be Gloriously Radiant, for they were Deeply in Love, and resolved to make Matrimony a Glad, Sweet Song. They fitted themselves up a lovely villa in which they gave Living Picture Exhibitions of How to Be Happy Though Married, and as they would sit by the Evening Electrolier the Husband would Read aloud while the Wife did Fancy Work, and they would wonder how they could ever have thought it Fun to Frivol away their Time in going to Parties or hot-footing it up and down town.

"Home, Home, Sweet Home for ours," the Young Husband would say, as he struck a Noble Attitude, in the midst of his Wedding Presents. "There is nothing so Beautiful and Elevating as Home, Sweet Home."

But after a time the Wholesome and Nutritious Roast Beef and Potatoes of the Family table sort of palled on his

"HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME FOR OURS."

Appetite, and he pined for Lobster and Champagne. Also he found himself dropping to sleep over the Thrilling Game of Pinochle that he and Wife played Every Night, the while he wondered if the Boys were still sitting around a darkport at 3 A.M. Conversation likewise began to languish because he and his Wife had told each other everything they Knew, and they got so that they fell with Joy on the neck of any Bore that came to call of an evening.

Under these circumstances, which are not New to the Student of History, it was not long before the man began to make Sneaks of an Evening and to put up to his Wife Plausible Fairy Stories about

HAVING TO MEET A MAN ON BUSINESS,

or sit up with a Sick Friend, but the Wife, who had cut her Wisdom Teeth already, did not fall for these Ancient Gags worth a cent.

"How is it," she said, "that you spend your evenings abroad, for I thought you were strong for the Home Nest Theory?"

"I am," replied the Husband. "I think there is No Place like Home for a Woman, and it is a source of Great Pleasure to me to know that I have placed you Safe in your Nest, where no Harm can befall you. As for me, being a man, things are Different, and it is Necessary that I should Mix with the Crowd and Brighten myself up."

These words greatly grieved the Wife, and she shed many bitter tears during the Long Evenings when she was left alone at home, while her husband was hitting things up. Perceiving at last, however that

DOMESTIC HYDRAULICS HAD NO EFFECTS,

she turned off the tear ducts, and pinning on her Hat she fared forth among the Millinery and Dressmaking shops.

"I have a hunch," she said to herself, "that Home has lost Interest for my Husband because Domestic Life lacks Excitement and Ginger, and so if I want to Hold him, it is up to me to give him a Run for his Money."

So the next evening when her husband telephoned from the office that he had been Unexpectedly Detained by Business, instead of tearing off a Wail and handing him a Bunch of Hot Reproaches, she merely replied in a cheerful voice:

"Very well. It's Really a Lucky Coincidence, because some Friends have just Invited me to go with them to the Theatre and to Supper afterward, and I had accepted, although I hated the idea of leaving you at Home Alone."

"SHE FARED FORTH AMONG THE MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING SHOPS."

Then she hung up the receiver before he could ask her any questions, and, although he Won in the little game that he Sat in that night, somehow he did not Enjoy it.

Yet, he should have been Perfectly Happy, for

THERE WERE NO MORE CURTAIN LECTURES,

No matter how Late he Stayed out. Nor did he have to invent Excuses to get away of an evening. On the contrary, his Wife always approved Anxious to Hustle him off, and when he got home he generally found her just removing her Coronet Braid before the Mirror, and that he was Surely in time to unhook her Latest Paris Creation.

It did not take much of this to get him going, for it is one thing for a man to Enjoy himself in the Gay World, and Another for him to know that his Wife is Enjoying herself thereabouts, and so it was not long before the husband went to his wife and thus addressed her:

"I fear," he said, "that we are Neglecting our Home, and I begin to pine once more for the Quiet and Privacy of our Own little Nest."

"So do I," replied the Wife, "and I will be Glad to fly back to the Domestic Perch if you will bear me company, but I do not propose to Roost there [illegible]

"FOUND HER JUST REMOVING HER CORONET BRAID."

"I was a Selfish Brute to ever Desert you," returned the Husband, "but I only did it to Find out if my Wings were Merely clipped or really Cut off by Matrimony, and now that I know that I can Fly I am content to remain in the Dove Cote."

"My Wings are also in the same Usable Condition," casually remarked the wife.

But thereafter the Husband remained a Pattern of Domesticity, for it takes the Snap out of opening Champagne for Chorus Girls to Wonder if your Wife is Nibbling on a Bird and a Small bottle with a Gay Party at the Pazaza.

MORAL: This Fable teaches that there are More Ways than One to Nail a Man to his own Hearth-tone.

REALLY TERRIBLE SKIN TROUBLES

Girl's Head a Mass of Humour Grew Thin and Weak — Despaired of Ever Curing Her - Baby was Even Worse with Running Eczema — No Signs of Eruption Left Now.

MOTHER TELLS HOW CUTICURA CURED BOTH

"My little girl's head started with a lot of pimples and then they began to fill with matter and discharge. As fast as one broke there was a lot more came out until her head was a complete mass of running sores. For days she would not take any notice of us. She began to get thin and weak and I gave up all hope of ever getting her head well again until I saw about the Cuticura Remedies. But Cuticura made it quite well again (it was bad for about six months). Her hair is getting lovely and thick now.

"Cuticura cured my baby's face at the same time. His dear little nose and chin were raw with this same complaint and used to run and bleed awfully. When I have carried him down from his sleep his pillow would be covered with blood. One day my neighbours carried him down and she screamed to see him covered with blood where the places had been running. But now he is entirely free from anything and is such a lovely fat boy. His nose was really eaten away with it. I was told by people in the village that it was the running eczema. I tried endless ointments but none did any good till I received the Cuticura and I am glad to say that it has cured both of them. Mrs. L. Brown, Manor Cottages, Stanwick, nr. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, Eng., Nov. 12 1909."

References: R. Towns & Co., Sydney.

Cuticura Remedies cleansed, purified, healed and beautified the skin, scalp, and blood of a child with eczema, and of others with pimples, rashes, and itchings, from infancy to age, when all else failed. Cuticura Ointment alone often suffices for the most agonizing skin diseases, when all else failed. Cuticura Soap, 1 tablet, 27, Charterhouse Sq., Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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