

Matrimonial Adventures

The Tenth Mrs. Tulkington

BY Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "The Incubator Baby," "Confessions of a Daddy," "That Pup," "Cheerful Songsters," "Red Road," "Tommye Dean," "Gentle Feathers," "Philo Gubb," "Pigs in Pigs," "In Pawn," etc.

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ELLIS PARKER BUTLER—EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

I do not believe there are many people in this country who need an introduction to Ellis Parker Butler, whose first fame arrived with a little story called "Pigs in Pigs." That fame has been growing steadily ever since with his many books, short stories and moving pictures.

My only excuse for throwing George Tithers into the lily-pool at midnight is this: I thought he was my wife Susan.

As a president of a bank and a highly respected and wealthy citizen I most seriously object to being called "Baldy," and I particularly object to being slapped gaily on the top of my head with an open hand. Or any other kind of hand. And I believed this Tithers person—my wife's brother, I'm ashamed to say—was in Europe. Naturally, then, when I had been dreaming that my wife was standing above me in a divorce court, denouncing me to the judge, and declaring that even the sight of my bald head had come to be nauseating to her, my first thought—when I felt the slap on the head and heard, "What ho, Baldy!"—was that Susan was attacking me. In an instant I had leaped from the marble bench and had grappled with my attacker. George Tithers cried out a moment too late, for I had already given a mighty heave and had thrown him full-length into the lily-pond. As my mistake became apparent to me as I saw George Tithers coming out of the lily-pond on his hands and knees, I apologized frankly.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I thought you were my wife." "Rather! I should think so!" George said as he emerged and shook himself like a dog. "But it's not a nice way to treat a lady, Tully; is it, now? Wife drowning isn't done in the best circles any more, you know. But, I say: Has it come to this, really? The little gray home in the West must be off its feed, what?"

It was a habit of his to bathe in lily-pools at midnight, fully clad—as I have no doubt it is. "Bathing, George?" she said, after she had greeted me—kissed me, muddled me. "Be sure to have a brisk rub before you turn in. And you can come into the house now, Augustus; Susan has explained everything and the chauffeur is sleeping in the kitchen. Susan has taken his room in the garage; temporarily, I hope, but it is a very comfortable room. You do treat your servants well, Augustus. It is a lovely trait."

Tulkington and Mrs. Augustus Tulkington in their disgustingly familiar parts of Honorable Augustus Tulkington and Mrs. Augustus Tulkington, what? It's not a wonder you want a divorce; it's a wonder you don't murder each other." Amelia Tithers was looking at me thoughtfully. "You can't grow new hair," she said, "but you might wear a wig occasionally."

Plutchins of Nome had suggested she was impersonating, and I admit that I was glad I was to give her the fat, so to speak, since my September schedule called for me to be a Winston Bopple, lady killer and flirt. After a few evenings of coaching by George Tithers I was sure I would be able to carry my Bopple role in a manner that would not cause Susan the least monotony. Two or three of the ladies in our summer colony seemed quite willing to assist me in giving the part verisimilitude.

When Susan arrived she gave me one kiss and hurried to her room, but Amelia Tithers paused a moment. "You'll be surprised!" she whispered. "Susan is doing it so wonderfully! And our little practice trip came off splendidly. You'll never again think of Susan as a stodgy, stupid married-oldthing sort of person. You just wait!"

BACK ACHED TERRIBLY Mrs. Robinson Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Amarillo, Texas. "My back was my greatest trouble. It would ache so that it would almost kill me and I would have cramps. I suffered in this way about three years; then a lady friend suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had better health since, keep house and am able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends as it has certainly given me great relief."—Mrs. C. B. Robinson, 608 N. Lincoln St., Amarillo, Tex.



The Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for women. It follows the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful times, irregularity, tired and worn-out feelings and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. Robinson writes as well as by one woman telling another. These women know what it did for them. It is surely worth your trial.

BETTER DEAD Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES. The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

The Startling Fashions of Yore. He went up with his mother to "help" her clean the attic. He was just five years old. In the course of the digging-out process some fashion magazines of 1895 were unearthed. Upon spying them, he immediately began to turn over the pages. "Oh, mamma," he cried, when he saw the wasp waists and flowing trains of a generation ago, "the ladies haven't any legs."—Kansas City Star.

Back Given Out? IT'S hard to do one's work when every day brings morning lameness, throbbing backache, and a dull, tired feeling. If you suffer thus, why not find out the cause? Likely it's your kidneys. Headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities may give further proof that your kidneys need help. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have been helped by Doan's. They should help you. Ask your neighbor! A Nebraska Case. J. A. L. Hilligan, 1420 14th Avenue, Central City, Neb., says: "I had an attack of lumbago and I was in pretty bad shape. I had sharp, shooting pains in my sides and all through the small of my back. The muscles in my sides hurt at every move I made. I took about two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's straightened me up in ten days."

LOOK-OLD? Ugly, thin, straggly hair makes people feel ashamed of their faces as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Slightly get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than a lounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

SMALL FAMILIES THE RULE

Two Wives and Two Children Seem to Be the Limit of the Pygmy's Ambition.

A pygmy family rarely if ever comprises more than four to five persons. A husband usually has only one wife, and never more than two, while two children is the average number, three being considered too big a family to rear. The babies are interesting little creatures, but to me they seemed to compare very favorably with white babies, says a World Wide Magazine writer.

Britain's Debt to "Scalawags."

What chance of success in life had James Cook, who is honored throughout the English-speaking world as explorer navigator? If he were in his native village today we can imagine him being picked out by some earnest reformer as an example of the hopeless state to which boys "on the land" are condemned. Before he was in his teens he was employed in searing crows, and when twelve years of age he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper in a little fishing village near Whitby. He was evidently rather a "scalawag"—the British empire owes much to its scalawags—and his master cancelled his indentures.—London Daily Telegraph.

Most Remarkable Bird.

The hoatzin of British Guiana is one of the most remarkable birds in the world. Almost as soon as it is hatched the young hoatzin crawls out of the nest by using its wings as forefeet. The "thumb" and "forefinger" of the wings have claws with which the young bird climbs about the branches. As soon as the wings grow strong enough to support the bird in the air the claws disappear. The New York Zoological park has just got the first specimens ever to be held in captivity.—Youth's Companion.

Just "Line Upon Line."

It is not the spurt at the start, but the continued, unrelenting, unobstinate advance that wins the day.