The Tenth Mrs. Tulkington **Ellis Parker Butler** nfessions of at Pup," "Ch rs," "Bed Hes

atrimontal Advent

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ELLIS PARKER BUTLER-EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

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hurts-and with such amazing in-sight, too. He is constructively entertaining. "The Tenth Mrs. Tulkington" is a humorous story-yes, but haan't it a serious side? MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

My only excuse for throwing Georg My only excuse for throwing George Tithers into the liv-pool at midnight is that I thought he was my wife Susan. As a president of a bank and a highly respected and weighty citi-zen I most seriously object to being called "Baldy," and I particularly ob-lect to heing shanned raily on the too fect to being slapped gally on the top of my head with an open hand. Or any other kind of hand. And I be top Or lieved 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 de claring that even the sight of my hald head had come to be nausenting to her, my first thought-when I felt the slap on the head and heard, "What ho, Baldy !"—was that Susan was at-tacking 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 n his hands and knees, I apologized frankly.

"I beg your pardon," I said; " thought you were my wife."

"Rather! I should think so! George said as he emerged and shoo himself like a dog. "But it's not a nice way to treat a lady, Tulky; is it, 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?" Now, my home is not gray and it is not in the West: it is white marble and on Long Island; but I let that pass. George Tithers had—in his silly way-put his finger on the exact fact our home was "off its feed," as he chose to say, and entirely off its feed. I made George remain where he was while I explained the matter fully and to its least detail. Toward the end of

ver a failure; married life is. Marriage is the first joining of two people together, and jolly sport it is with the getting acquainted intimately, rubbing sharp points together, and all. Somethin' interestin' all the while, what? thin interestin' all the while, what! And then, in a few years—five, maybe, or ten, or twenty—comes married life; the routine stuff, Awful bore, some-times; same old wife; same old hus-band; same old ways and everything ! Nothing new! They get jolly well sick of each other, and no wonder," "A man—a man with a business to strend to—can't be gunping a sound married He we hated each other. As a matter of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of fact the reason I was on for martice of the martice of

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bath as a matter of course, quite as if it was a habit of his to bathe in illy-pools at midnight, fully clad—as I It was a habit of his to bathe in Hy-pools at midnight, fully clad—as I have no doubt it is. "Bathing, Georger" she said, after whe had greeted me—kissed me, mind you! "Be sure to have a brisk rub before you turn in. And you can come into the house new, 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 trnit." "Susan attends to the servants," I said reluctantly.

said reluctantly. "Does she? She does everything so well, doesn't she?", said George Tithers' wife.

I might have said, in reply to that, Too confounded well!" but I did not. "The trouble," said George, when he

"The trouble," said George, when he had poured himself a chill-preventer, "Is that Susan is a wife in a million, I'll say in eight million. You told her she was a wife in a million, didn't you, old top, when you were a newly-wed?" "None of your business!" I growled. "Ah! He confesses!" said George Tithers. "And now Gussie me lad

Tithers. "And now, Gussie, me lad, because she is just that—a wife in a million wives exactly like her—you are sore. What? Bored! Biting the old fingernais with ennui! Dead sick of dear old Sue, and dear old Sue dead of dear old Sue, and dear-old Sue dead sick of nice old Gustus! The trouble with you and Sue, me lad, is that you need a couple of stage-managers. That's trouble Number One. And trouble Number Two hangs on it— you're both natural bigamists—" "Stop right there!" I cried. "Like all of us! Like all of us!" seld George.

said George. "Not another word!" I exclaimed, exceedingly angry. "Whoa up !" George said then. "Stor

here! The boss says stop. We're through, Amelia. Fonly meant to tell him of Lord Algy and Lady Mercedes, but he says 'stop !' and we stop !"

"Oh, Lord Algy and Lady Mercedes!" exclaimed George's wife. "The hap-plest two people! Such a happy pair!"

"Always marrying! Always marry and gay, what?" The poor wretch laughed heartily at his miserable pun.

"So cheëry and happy! Always di-vorcing each other and marrying some-body else, and marrying each other again so gayly!" exclaimed Amelia.

"Because a man gets tired of the dear old wife after twenty years, even if she is my sister," said George. "And of the dear old reliable hus-

"And of the dear old reliable nus-band, even if he is the most respect-able old baldy," said Amelia, "Especially if he is the same dear old reliable husband," George correct-ed her. "It's the blessed routine that

ed her. "It's the blessed routine that warps'em, don't you think?" "Rather !" said Amelia heartily. "It's like being married to the bally old Weitminster Abbey, what?" said George. "Act of parliament needed to permit even the riotous innovation of a new tombstone. Not a new hair on Old Bald-Top. in thicken vacas.

Old Bald-Top in thirteen years! Not a new-style hic-cough out of dear old Susle since the wedding bells!" "Stop It!" I cried irritably, for he

was patting the top of my head, the silly donkey. "Leave my head alone" What about this Lord Algy and this Lady Mercedes—if you must talk?" "Oh, they're just off-again on-again

gay little marriers, Augustus " George said. "Tired of one wife, get another tired of one husband, get another. It's done in their circle. A man does get tired of the same old wife. Routine stuff, if you get me. Deadly monotony, what? Sick of the sight of her; hat

her-what?" "It's in us," said Amelia placidly "The bigamy thing, I mean. Any man who can afford it and is not restrained by convention or his ethics hops about a bit; has a variety. King Solomon, the suitan, Henry Eighth, Lord Byron, And Tithy, here." "In a way of speaking," said Tither

modestly. "And myself, Tithy," said Amelia "And myself, Tithy," said Amelia, "In a way of speaking, as you remark, darling. And Cleopatra, and the queen of Sheba-by all accounts." "Nows stop, this noasense!" I said, "You know, both of you, that you do not run about after other men and

"Well, rather not!" cried George "He don't get us, Amelia; he's a bli dense. Tell him." "Marriage," said Amelia, "is almost

twenty long years. Twentials year of the appearance of Hon. Augustus Tulkington and Mrs. Augustus Tulking-ton in their disgustingly familiar parts of Honorable Augustus Tulkington, what? It's not: a wonder you want a divorce; it's a wonder you don't murder each a wonder you don't murder other." Amelia Tithers was looking at me "You can't grow new hair," she said,

"but you might sionally." wear a wig occa-"What ho, yes!" cried Tithers, jump

ing from his chair excitedly. "When he stages himself as the Conceited Elderly Ass, what? A toupee, what? And white spats! And a monocle? No, not a monocle. A monocle can't be

But it was done. It was not a com te success, it would not stick in my eye, but I dangled it from a string and learned to swing it around my fore-finger quite well. Exceedingly well, I may say.

*/ HL As anything seemed preferable to divorce, Susan and I, after thorough consideration of the matter in con consideration, of the matter in com-pany with George Tithers and his wife, agreed to appoint George and Amelia stage managers, of our married life and I allowed them a liberal compen-sation. After a long consultation George and Amelia decided that it would be best for George to be my per-stant manager while Amelia managed

would be best for George to be my per-sonal manager while Amelia managed Shaan. I agreed to everything in ad-vance, but 'I' was 'surprised when George presented, me with a sheet of paper at the top of which he had wait-ten "Cast of Characters." On this sheet were written six varieties of hus-bands, all men of my acquisticates, and no two alike. At the head of the lift was written "January-Self, pros-perous banker." And following this whe "February-H.P. Diggieton, club-man, heavy sport," and "March-Win-ston Bopple, flirt, lady-chaser," and so on down to "June-Carey S. Filck, conon down to "June-Carey S. Flick, con ceited elderly fusser, etc." July I was again to be "Self, prosperous banker."

And so or for the second six months. As the month was now August I was to be, not myself, but a person resem-bling as mearly as possible H. P. Dig-gleton. For the month of August Susan was to have as her husband no myself but, to all intents and purposes some one equivalent to H. P. Diggle ton. George Tithers saw that I was

fully equipped with manners and habits; when he could not be sure what H. P. Diggleton would do he invented something new for me to do instead.

I admit that as the day approached when I was to become a practically new and unknown husband to Susan I became keenly excited. This was no because I was to be another man but because I knew I was to have in Susar an entirely new wife. I had never been so interested in anything in my life. When the thirteen trunks, con-taining the thirteen complete sets of costumes Susan was to wear in her life.

thirteen impersonations came into the house and were carried to the store room I actually trembled with excite ment as I saw them and noticed th huge white numerals painted on their sides. I say thirteen trunks because Amelia Tithers had decided that month by month, Susan should be thir-teen women. She felt that Susan, be ing a woman, was equal to the task and by letting Susan be a different woman each month for thirteen months while I ran, so to speak, in a cycle of but six months, it would be many years before the same husband could hav

before the same husband could have the same wife. If, for example, Susan should be Mary P. Miller in August to my H. P. Diggleton, there would be no danger that she would be Mary P. Miller to my H. P. Diggleton the next August, because if Mary P. Miller was wife No. 1, when August came sgals Susan would be wife No. 13, and the Susan would be wife No. 13, and the next August she would be wife No. 12. Thus a continuous novelty was as sured.

On the glorious August mornin when our experiment was to begin 1 opened my eyes and raised myself on my elbow to take a last look-for twelve months-at the old Susan Tulkington. She was not there. leaped from bed, bathed and hurled into the clothes George Tithers had supplied for my Diggleton impersona tion and hastened down stairs

"Your wife?" Amelia Tithers said pleasantly. "Oh, you'll not see your wife this month at all! She is, this month, one of the gaddy ladies who month, one of the gaddy ladies who fly from their husbands in the sum-mer. Susan has gone to Newport, thence she goes to Alaska. You can expect her as the second Mrs. Tulking expect her as the second Mrs. Tulking-ton on or about the first of September." I can assert that Susan and I did not quarrel that August. In fact, I never loved gnd longed for Susan as truly, as I did toward the end of that month. I wasted, so to speak, my H. P. Digricton role on the decort she hus P. Diggleton role on the desert air, but George Tithers kept me spurred to the role and I am sure I did well. I made use of all my clubs and I did enjoy

I was grateful to Amella Tithers for taking Snan for away while all very impersonating such a lively lady as Mr. Hutchins of Nome had suggested she was impersonating, and I admit that I was giad I was to give her uit for tat, to to speak, since my September sched-ule called for me to be a Winston Bop-plé, lady killer and flirt. After a few weenings of coaching by George Tithers I was sure I would be able to carry my Bopple role in a manfler that would not pause Susan the 'least monotony. Two or three of the ladies m our Summer colony seemed quite willing to summer colony seemed quite willing to assist me in giving the part verisimili-

When Susan arrived she gave me one Amelia Tithers paused a moment. "You'll be surprised !" she whispered.

"Susan is doing it so wonderfully! And our little practice trip came off spiendidy. You'll sever again think of Susan as a stodgy, stupid married-old-thing sort of person. You just wait!"

When Susan came down to dinner was indeed surprised. I turned from Amelia Tithers, with whom I had been doing my best to flirt, and gasped. Such-well, such lack of clothes: Such abundance of long earrings! "The vampire-type!" breathed Amelia Tithers. "Doesn't she do it well?"

She did! For a few September days I did try to flirt with some of our female neighbors, but before a week was up I found I had enough to do in making love to Susan and in trying to crowd between her and the men who seemed to take her masquerading in earnest. We had one row, with Susan in slithy colls—so to speak—on the chaise longue, when I told her what I thought of her conduct and she

called attention to mine, but we kissed and made up like young lovers. The next minute she was vamping old Horatio Peabody, the silly old fool And I had to make eyes at his stuffy old wife in self-defense. It was, in-deed, a hasty and hectic month, as George Tithers said. "Thank Heaven," I said to George,

on the last day of September, "this month is over. I hope Susan is to be something respectable in October." "I say, you know !" George exclaimed.

"I say, you know!" George exclaimen. "You don't know that wife of mine Up and doing, what? Always a little bit more, what? Spread a bit more sall-that's her moto, if you get me." "You mean to tell me-" I gasped.

deadly routine. "Well, rather!" exclaimed George Cithers. "Upward and onward, so to

Tithers. speak." He was right; Amella must have told him. "Well educated show-girl who is not just sure she has married the right man," was what Amelia had cast Susan for in October. It was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to maintain my role of a man who re-gretted his past and was seeking his solate in good books. It was indeed

hard for me to slt with the second vol ume of Henry Esmond and see Su making merry with half a dozen brain-less noodles while her clothes were practically an incitement to unseemly

Tevity. "It has been a lovely month," Susa said at its close. "I did feel so free. I hope you're to be something retiring in November. I'm to be-"What ?" I snarled. I do believe

snarled. "Wait and see!" she said.

The next evening when I returned from my bank and met Susan I fell into a chair and stared at her. She, who had never used rouge had used it too, too abandonedly. Her gown-can only describe it by saying that even Mrs. Hinterberry, who goes what is practically the limit, would have

hesitated to wear it. "Like the countess of Duxminster Amelia Tithers breathed in my ear, "Chic, yes?"

I shuddered. I had read of the countess of Duxminster ; it was she who gave the notorious party at which she lost thirty thousand pounds sterling lost thirty thousand pounds sterling and then bet all her garments-and lost! And this was but November, and Amelia Tithers' moto was 'Spread s bit more sall,' and there were nine more impersonations on Susan's list! I closed my eyes and groped for the stair bannisters. When I reached the upper floor I dodged for the stairs that led to the storeroom. There, in a row, were the twelve trunks. Number 4 was not there; was evidently in Su-san's boudoir. For a moment I stood before trunk Number 3. It was un-

san in a hay lamp shade and a wreath of sed petnings! I hardly dared turn my eyes toward trunk Number 11. I dared not raise the lid; I could think of nothing but Eve-Eve in the Garden of Eden. I lifted the trunk by the handle and lifted the trunk by the handle and shook it. Nothing! There was ab-solutely nothing in that trunk! And beyond it stood trunk Number 12. And beyond that stood trunk Num-ber 13!

I went down the stairs slowly. Five times I stopped and stood, trying to overcome the trembling of my limbs; trying to regain my usual composure. trying to regain my usual composure. This unseemly business had gone far enough; trunk Number 10 might do for a Lady Mercedes, but for a re-spectable American wife-no! The tenth Mrs. Tulkington might please Lord Algy but as for pleasing Augus-tus Tulkington-no!. I met Susan in the hall. I grasped her arm firmly. "Susan." I said, "I have had enough of this! I have had plenty of Susans." "Augustus!" she cried, and threw her arms around me. "Augustus, I

her arms around me. "Augustus, I have had more Augustuses than I

have had more Augustuses than I could bear. I want-just my old August tus! I want my plain old Augustus!' "And I," I said briskly, "want noth-ing but my same old Susan. This whole business has been nothing but idiecy. We can vary the monotony of

our married existence without committing imitation bigamy by retail and wholesale." I was tremendously relieved, for I admit now that I had been tremen

dously frightened. The tenth Mrs. Tulkington had upset me. "Susan," I whispered firmly, for I was not going to let her come under the influence of Amelia Tithers anoth-er moment, "go up to your room and prepare for a journey—a journey with your own husband. You are going to Paim Beach with your Augustus, a re-spectable banker and married man. In five minutes the car will be at the door. Hurry-for we have no time to

hand on the rail.

with a deep breath. "Less than nothing, Augustus," said

I shuddered to think of what a wife may be capable when driven to it by

dendly routine.
"And in the thirteenth trunk, Susan?" I asked hoarsely.
"Why, you old silly, my own clothes," said Susan with a laugh;
"the clothes I was wearing when Amelia and George came."
"Oh!" I said shundly. "Oh! Well "Oh!" I said stupidly. "Oh! Well, you've no time to pack anything; you'll take the thirteenth trunk."

From Palm Beach I sent a large check to George Tithers, and he and Amelia were gone when we returned. That was several years ago, but I can-not persuade Susan to allow me to have those twelve trunks thrown ou

of the storeroom in the attic. "No, Augustus dear," she always syas, "I know now that monotony is the one great curse of married life, and I love you so dearly, Augustus, that I want always to have a few of

dear Amelia's trunks to windward.' 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 com-prises 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 bables are interesting little creatures, but to me they seemed to compare very favorably with white bables. says a World Wide Magazine The pygny makes a good husband writer.

and father, though he is not averse to giving his wife a sound beating when her behavior seems to him to merit drastic punishment. Particularly noticeable is the low opinion which most of the tribes outside the forest zone have of these queer little people whose thieving propensities have earned for them classification with pests like the hyena and the jackal. One native hyena and the jackal. One spoke of them in my hearing as rats" and spat contemptuously as he did so.

Britain's Debt to "Scalawags."

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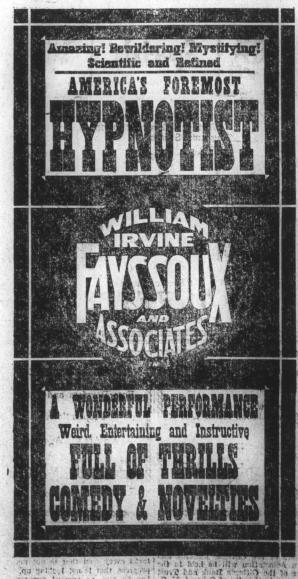
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waste. But Susan!" I added as she san! Will you tell me one thing? What was in the eleventh trunk?" "Nothing, Augustus," she said, her

"And in the twelfth trunk?" I asked

Susan.

to its least detail. Toward the end of the first half hour, as the alpht grew chilly, his teeth began to chatter and a little later he sneezed many times, with gradually increasing violence, but he listened patiently. This deep-ened my thought that George and his preclous wife must be dead broke again, but Twas glad to have even a dead hous to bothwait daw theef the the about Susar and myself. That fruth about Susar and myself. That truth was that after twenty yours of married life we hated each other. As a matter of fact the reason I was on effe marble bench by the life was of dead-broke brother in law thear the

Vincenence?

locked; so were they all. I put my hand on the lid and hesitated. After all I could guess what might be in trunk Number 5. I might as well know the worst. I staggered to trunk Number 13 Now, I trust I am not a coward, but

I did not dare open the lid of that trunk. A dozen times I drew a deep breath and a dozen times I hesitated I turned to trunk Number 12, to Num ber 11.

"Augustus," I said to myself, "be man! Face this thing!" I threw open the lid of the trunk tontaining what was to be, in effect, the tenth Mrs. Tulkington. At first the trunk seemed to hold nothing but a few red artificial flowers and some hay, lumped in one small corner. 1 lifted these. There was nothing else in the trunk! The red flowers, as 1 graph.

looked at them, assumed a meaning-they were a wreath for the head; the hay was sewed to a garrow band. There was extremely short hay. Pic-tures of Hawai and the South Sea tstands finshed on my brain. I saw my Susan on a sandy beach. In my im-agination I could see nearly all of the beach—and nearly all of Susan!

I felt sick: sudiently and extremely sick! So this was to be my wife! This was to be the tenth Mrs. Tulking-ton! I could feel the cold perspira-tion orang put of my ports. My Mr

What chance of success in life had James Cook, who is honored throughout the English-speaking world as ex-plorer navigator? If he were la his native village today, we can imagina him being picked out by some earness him being picked out by some earnest, reformer is an example of the bope-less state to which boys "on the land", are condermed. Before he was in his teens he was employed in scaring crows, and when twelve years of sige he was apprenticed to a shop-keeper in a liftle fishing village near Whitby. He was evidently rather a "scallywag" - the British employee over who he is -the British empire owes much to its scallywags-and his master cancelled his indentures-London Daily Tele-

Most Remarkable Bird.

Most Remarkable Bird. The hoactain of British Guiana is one of the most remarkable birds in the word. Almost is soon as it is hatched the young hoactain crawls or of the nest by using its wings as forefeet. The "thumb" and "forefin-ger" at the wings have claws with which the young hold climbs about the branches. As soon as the wings grow atrong enough its support the bird in the air the chws disappear. The New York Boological park has not got the inst specimens ever, to be held in enouting. A source of the bird in the state of the the fore in the state of the support is being in the state of the support is be held in enouting. A source of the state of the state of the support of the state of the s

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