

# An Episode In the Smart Set

## How a Divorced Couple Met and Mingled.

By F. A. MITCHEL

If there is anything that especially marks the smart set of New York or London it is the mixing of families by divorce. Indeed, within either of these charmed circles to have been divorced is quite a feather in one's social cap.

One day Mr. Richard Pulsifer, a gentleman whose clothes were cut in the latest London fashion, turned off of Fifth avenue, New York, and entered a restaurant frequented by the creme de la creme of society. Handing his hat and cane to the attendant of the coat room, he entered the dining room and was shown a table, at which, having seated himself, he ordered a luncheon.

At a table near him sat a lady the brim of whose hat encircling her head presented a fine representation of the planet Saturn. The rest of her costume was in keeping and especially adapted for the noon hour. She was about to raise a little neck clam to her lips on the prongs of a tiny fork when the motion was arrested by her eyes having lighted on the gentleman at the neighboring table. At the same moment, while dipping a radish in salt, the gentleman espied the lady.

These two had been married five years before, when Mr. Pulsifer was twenty-three and the lady nineteen. Two years later they were divorced. On the day the decree was granted the ex-wife married Everett Quimby. Pulsifer went abroad and spent the most of his time hobnobbing with the smart set of London.

It may seem singular that these two should thus meet on the first day after Pulsifer's return to America, and yet it is not so strange after all. Both needed refreshments, and there was but one place in the city worthy of their patronage. Under the circumstances their meeting was quite natural.

Mrs. Quimby on seeing her former husband changed color, lowered her fork, and to conceal her embarrassment raised a glass of wine to her lips, sipped the wine, set down the glass and drew a napkin across her mouth. Mr. Pulsifer on seeing his former wife left the radish on the table, drew back slightly, then resorted to the same means of relieving his emotions as his former wife, raising his wine glass to his lips.

Mrs. Quimby's embarrassment did not compel her to leave the restaurant. That she should thus be confronted by the man she had divorced was certainly a contretemps. Whether it was painful or pleasing, she alone knew. As for Mr. Pulsifer, his countenance as he continued to cast glances at Mrs. Quimby indicated admiration. Each took care that their eyes should not meet, for they had not made up their minds what course to adopt with reference to a recognition or ignoring each other. Finally Mr. Pulsifer decided the question by directing the waiter to fill a glass from his bottle—the wine was champagne—for Mrs. Quimby.

The lady, though she kept her eyes before her, saw enough of this act to understand it, especially when the waiter set a glass near her on the table and, filling it, said:

"Mr. Pulsifer's compliments." Mrs. Quimby looked at the wine, then turned her head at her former husband, a faint smile stealing over her pretty lips.

These two had both been brought up—as are persons usually in a society where alliances were formed to enhance estates—to consider that they must marry, first in their own set, and in the second, money. The match had been made principally on the latter consideration. Pulsifer's estate was worth three millions, and the lady's more than equaled it. Both were fond of what in America is called flirting—there is no corresponding word in any other language—and since they were marrying merely to unite two fortunes there was no reason why after marriage they should not indulge in such a pastime. At any rate, that is the way they looked at it.

Mrs. Pulsifer had not objected to her husband's attentions to other women, nor had he objected to her receiving the attentions of other men until he took up with a bitter enemy of hers, when there was trouble at once. Mrs. Pulsifer did not act through jealousy, for she was not in love with her husband, and there was no marriage between them except a legal union. But she was scandalized that her enemy should have the name of taking from her the attentions of any man whatever. The consequence was a divorce between Mr. and Mrs. Pulsifer. Not having been really married, they had no children, and there was nothing harrowing to any one in their separation.

Both had improved during the interval that they had been apart and since they had seen each other. Pulsifer had developed both mentally and physically. Though he had been for several years a London swell, he had been interested in intellectual pursuits, and intellect very soon gives cast to one's countenance. His ex-wife's beauty had grown from a maidenly excellence to that of a mature woman.

Such were the conditions between Mr. Pulsifer and Mrs. Quimby when fate brought them together again in the luxurious dining room of the restaurant patronized by the smart set of New York. Mr. Pulsifer wondered why

he had not before been drawn to the woman who had been his wife, and Mrs. Quimby, whose second marriage had been with a social leader possessing a brain incapable of enabling him to get on anywhere except among persons whose intellectual food was small talk, was suddenly brought to the realization that she had given up a man for a nonentity.

All this is preliminary to a statement that an incipient flirtation had begun between two persons who had been united in legal wedlock for reasons of convenience, divorced and met again. Considering the fact that in the set to which they both belonged it was considered more interesting for persons, when one or both were married to some one else, to enter upon an affair of the heart together, there was a zest in this one, and their having once been united in the bonds of indifference made it quite unique.

Mr. Pulsifer, in order to lessen the distance between them, since it rendered low spoken words inaudible, arose from his seat and took one at Mrs. Quimby's table, directing his waiter to serve him there.

"Have you been long in the city?" asked the lady.

"I arrived yesterday from London." "I understand that there has been quite a scandal recently in London society."

"You refer to the separation of the Duke and Duchess of Morningbury?" "Yes."

"The duke was very unwise. Had he confined his attentions to ladies of his own set there would have been no trouble. The duchess could not endure his promiscuous flirtations."

This was treading on dangerous ground. Mrs. Quimby when Mrs. Pulsifer would not have objected to Mr. Pulsifer's attentions to the woman who had occasioned the divorce had there been no enmity between the two women. Mr. Pulsifer saw a slight expression of irritation in Mrs. Quimby's eyes. He turned the subject.

By this time the dining room had filled with luncheon, among whom were a number of friends and acquaintances of Mr. Pulsifer and Mrs. Quimby. Pulsifer being a recent stranger to New York, several persons welcomed him as they passed him. All showed interest in seeing these two persons together, and many were the covert remarks made on the subject.

"Do you expect Quimby?" asked Mr. Pulsifer.

"He said he would be here at 1," was the uninterested reply. "But he has probably been detained at the club. He goes there every morning at 11 and discusses the latest social freak and other similar matters all day. He had just seen this Morningglory scandal when he left the house and has probably been detained discussing it with some of his chums."

"Shall I—take a seat at another table before he comes and rejoin you later?"

"Not at all." Mrs. Quimby was not only pleased at Mr. Pulsifer's company, but this lunching together in public, so many of the society swells being present, was quite to her taste. It would give her more eclat than the taking of a prize recently won by her poodle at a dog show.

Suddenly the gaze of the couple's acquaintances were converged to the bald door. A fat little man with a sweeping head stood at the opening sweeping the room with his eyes. It was Algy Quimby. He was looking for his wife. Great interest was manifested to see what he would do when he discovered her at the same table with her former husband. Finally Quimby spotted the couple. But he was not staggered. Marching up to the table, he saluted Mr. Pulsifer with a show of cordiality, then, bowing ceremoniously to his wife, said:

"Pardon me for being late, dear."

"Don't mention it."

And Mr. Quimby, turning away from the couple for other company, espied a vacant seat at a table at which friends of his were seated and joined them. A few minutes later Mr. Pulsifer and Mrs. Quimby, having finished their luncheon, arose from the table. Mr. Pulsifer handed a ten dollar tip to each of the waiters who had attended them, and the couple left the dining room. Mrs. Quimby looking up adoringly at her companion, observed, and by at her companion, observed, by knowing that she was observed, by numerous interested persons. On reaching the sidewalk they entered Mrs. Quimby's limousine and were driven northward in the direction of the park.

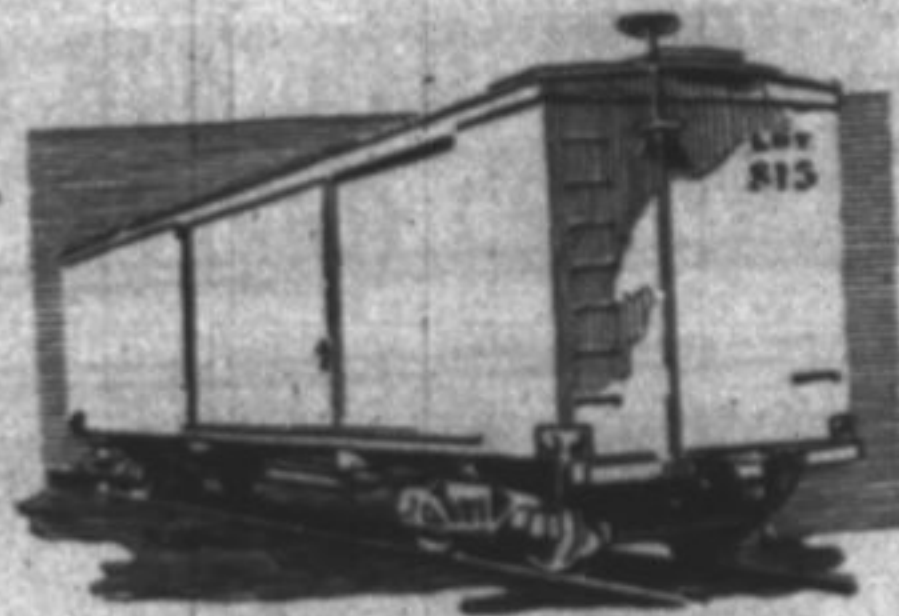
This was Mrs. Quimby's announcement to New York society that in all probability she would throw off the shackles that bound her to her present husband, and after a visit to a retreat where a divorce was easily obtained she would return to her former one.

It is the uncertain that interests people. When a fact is publicly announced it loses all charm. For this reason Mrs. Quimby's acceptance of Mr. Pulsifer's attentions during the following months and her never being seen out with Quimby did not occasion a ripple in the social world, it being understood that it was an accomplished fact. And that it was an accomplished fact Mrs. Quimby got it was. Long before Mrs. Quimby got her decree separating her from Quimby and remarried Pulsifer society had lost all interest in it. Mr. and Mrs. Pulsifer were united in London.

On the whole, the period of separation between Mr. and Mrs. Pulsifer had not been an agreeable one to either. Society was surprised at Mrs. Pulsifer throwing over an attractive man for an inferior one and was not surprised at her turning each to Pulsifer. Some said that she made both breaks to gain that eclat that a divorce brings to a woman in high life. Be this as it may, she seemed well satisfied with the man to whom she had fled with the man to whom she had been twice married, and there is no especial probability of her divorcing him again.

# Overland

Automobiles



## Which Do You Prefer?

### Pullman or Freight?

No one would think of riding in a freight car if he could enjoy the comfort of a big, comfortable easy riding Pullman parlor car.

So with automobiles. Most of the popular priced cars ride like freight cars. This is due to the old fashioned type of spring.

Many manufacturers still continue to use them.

The Overland does not. The 75 B Overland has the latest type of cantilever shock absorbing springs. As a result it is one of the easiest riding cars in the world. One demonstration will prove this. \$635 f. o. b. Toledo.

## Moraine Garage, Koon Bros.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio  
"Made in U. S. A."

### STORY OF AN ORNAMENT.

The Lavallieres and the French Beauty Who First Wore It.

Do you know what a lavalliere is? You have seen many neck ornaments of more or less elaborate design suspended from chains that were thin or massive, which were sold as lavallieres. The traveler who knows his business will tell you that the large and highly ornate ornament made of hand wrought gold and studded with many gems, suspended from a thick chain and resting on the bare skin just above the low cut bodice, is a "stomacher," whereas the "lavalliere" is light and delicate in construction, is set with not more than three stones and is on a slender chain.

The heavy ornament was formerly worn on the front of the dress, the entire front part of a bodice, which extended down over the pit of the stomach, being called the stomacher. It was an English mode, whereas the lavalliere came into existence in France in 1666, having been designed at the suggestion of Louis XIV. as a gift to Francoise Louise de la Baume le Blanc, when she was made Duchesse de la Valliere. Of all the king's favorites she was the most interesting. She became "queen of the petticoat court" when Louis was but twenty-eight years old and when Colbert and Louvois were making the French treasury and the French army the greatest and most formidable powers in Europe. At thirty she retired to a convent, where she spent her declining years writing that mournful essay, "Reflections on the Pity of God."—Exchange.

### DUBLIN IS VERY ANCIENT.

It May Have Been In Existence in the Time of Ptolemy.

Do you know how old Dublin is? Probably not. Few cities tell their correct age, but there is a rumor that the Irish capital, the picturesque city on the banks of the Liffey, at the entrance to Dublin bay, is much older than she pretends to be. In fact, it has been asserted by some ungalant scholars that she was already a duxon girl when Ptolemy sat on the throne of Egypt and that the fair city on the western island was mentioned in the writings of that day. In later times say about 212 A. D. it already had a history. When the Dunes came, some 600 years later, that they fell victims to the invaders, but submission was no part of their program.

The inhabitants of the island are Celtic to the very core, and never have they become reconciled to the idea of sharing their beautiful country with either Saxons, Danes, Teutons or Norse. At one time, when the city of Dublin had become pretty thoroughly English in its feeling, the people of the hill country came down and massacred most of the inhabitants in the year 1170. Richard de Clare, known as Rich and Strongbow, the second earl of Pembroke, crossed the Irish channel with a great host and captured the city. But he became governor of the island only after he married the daughter of one of the Celtic kings.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Consoling. "What did you say your age was?" he remarked, between dances. "Well, I didn't say," smartly returned the girl, "but I've just reached twenty-one." "Is that so?" he returned consolingly. "What detained you?"—Exchange.

"That's just what I've always wished a cigarette would do —satisfy!"



The feature of Chesterfields is that they begin where other cigarettes leave off.

In other words, besides pleasing the taste, Chesterfields go further—they satisfy! Just like a long drink of cold water satisfies when you're thirsty.

And yet, Chesterfields are MILD!

It's Chesterfields or nothing if you want this new cigarette delight, because no cigarette maker can copy the Chesterfield blend—an entirely new combination of tobaccos and the biggest discovery in cigarette blending in 20 years.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

"Give me a package of those cigarettes that SATISFY!"

# Chesterfield CIGARETTES

They SATISFY! —and yet they're MILD



20 for 10¢

Home try  
mery  
Ave.  
Park, Ill.  
D. Fritsch  
S  
Bldg.  
HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.  
TES  
Decorating  
HIGHLAND PARK  
CH  
by day or  
Pharmacies  
Fairfield Ave.  
BAGGAGE  
Service  
DRY  
Highland Park, Ill.  
with  
Cash Prices  
Dealer for  
etc.  
es, Metals  
SPECIALTY  
al card or  
e and  
for  
e 410  
First St.  
Park  
Cups  
the only prin-  
projections  
rest surface—  
one-kind of  
Tons are per-  
greatly guar-  
reasonable trial-  
one point.  
one pointed—per  
each ounce—per  
Miles  
one ounce could be  
light weight handle  
Central Tire Co.  
E. SMITH, Manager  
118 E. Central Ave.  
Highland Park  
Chl. Tel. Bldg.  
Waukegan, Ill.  
M.D., D.D.S.  
diseases of the  
Dentistry