

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

Manuscripts, to receive prompt attention, should be addressed, "Editor of THE SMART SET."

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WHY HE DIVORCED HER

By Paul Hervey Fox

OSCAR WILDE ALLEGES LACK OF APPRECIATION

LORD SHAFTON lay back softly in the crimson pillows of his beautiful lounging room. The scent of early June roses floated in through the Japanese windows, stirring his finely strung senses. The perfume of Oriental incense rose in delicate wisps from a bronze tray near his side. He sipped a long glass of purple wine that stood upon a teakwood tabouret beside him, blew a few puffs of a scented cigarette through his quivering nostrils, and then, raising his head languidly, spoke to the only other occupant of the room—a slender, graceful woman.

"How can you ever hope to understand me?" he remarked wearily. "Art does not affect you, and you believe thoroughly in such antiquated virtues as honesty and truthfulness. After all, what is a virtue? Does it matter? And then you are so dreadfully sincere! No, life any longer with you is intolerable."

The fine lace curtains swayed softly in the evening breeze, as the slender, frail notes of a far-away violin came dimly to their ears. Leaning lightly against the mantel, and gazing rapturously at a great lavender dandelion, the woman did not answer. Night, with her daughter, Twilight, slowly strangled Day. Darkness and the stars looked down contemptuously upon the muttering town.

SCOTT CHARGES NON-SUPPORT—ON THE WOMAN'S SIDE

THE hall in which our characters were seated was a lofty and spacious example of the dwellings of antiquity. Upon

a dais at one end of a long raised table of roughly hewn timbers, Rowena, with her hair arranged in paper billets, was gnawing her breakfast bone. At the opposite end of the structure, the knight, Ivanhoe sat drinking from his bowl a broth made of stale peas.

"Noble lady," said our hero finally, looking up with a frown, "how comes it that this ill fare is all we find with which to break the night's fast?"

"My liege," replied Rowena, throwing her bone upon the floor with a gesture of infinite disgust—"my liege, what more canst thou demand upon the allowance thou awardest me?"

With a cry of rage, the knight leaped to his feet. "Shudder, thou ill-advised woman!" he roared. "Thou shouldst be able to support *me!* Wherefore I leave thee for Rebecca. Fat Isaac, it may be, will unburden his coffers to feed his daughter's spouse, if thy churlish guardian will not."

So saying, he turned upon his heel and swiftly left the apartment.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM WITHHOLDS HIS REASON FOR A LATER INSTALLMENT

SIR HERBERT BRAITHEWAITE came home from the House of Commons at an unusually early hour. As he got out of his limousine, a man in plain attire by the curb stepped up to him and placed a slip of paper in his hand. Instantly he was gone. Sir Herbert looked about him in some perplexity, then unfolded the slip and read. In a moment the ruddy flush of his face had changed into a horrible pallor. With a low cry, he rushed up the steps

and opened the door of his handsome dwelling.

In the hall he paused abruptly, and the paper fluttered from his hand. Lady Braithwaite was descending the stairs, a smile upon her delicate, aristocratic features. She was slim and divinely fair. Even Sir Herbert could not deny that. He stooped and picked up the paper.

"Listen," he said, and in a strange, stern voice he read the following:

(To be continued in our next)

LAURENCE STERNE IS OFFENDED BY
PERSONAL REMARKS

My wife having arisen from her couch and joined me at the table, I thus addressed her:

"Sophia, my dear, you are looking but poorly this morning."

In truth the remark was ill chosen, but I had scarce looked for the rebuke with which she returned her own sentiments.

"God help thee for thy own looks, Sterne," quoth she. "Thy countenance could stand much alteration."

"Woman," says I, feigning a rage, "art thou displeased with my visage?"

"Displeasure is but a small word to put to my feelings upon't," she returned.

"Well, then," says I, "since it displeases you, you shall see it no more."

With this I rose and stalked from the room, marveling a little at my own courage. "But, alas," thinks I, when I was fairly alone, "a sorry rogue art thou, Sterne, to leave thy poor spouse thus!"

But I cannot delay longer on the subject. For I must now treat of a more serious and worthy matter—that

of a young puppy which I saw lamed most sadly in Calais. Which therefore shall be the substance of my next chapter.

ELINOR GLYN ARGUES THAT MARRIAGE
IS TOO RESPECTABLE TO SELL WELL

THE soft, mellow lights of the richly decorated Vienna restaurant played over their faces. The tinkle of glasses, the low and rhythmical sound of the orchestra, the popping of champagne corks, and the perfume of the flower-laden vases gave the place a strange and enchanting atmosphere.

Reginald, six feet two, and with features chiseled like a Greek god's, smiled gently at the princess across the table.

"Alas, dearest, it is not to be," he said, looking in the depths of her dark and wonderful eyes.

Her voice quivered brokenly. "Why not, Reginald, my loved one—why not?" She leaned over to him, adding:

* * * *

Painfully he answered: "Because, oh, flower of the world, a settled marriage is so respectable, and"—here his manly voice broke into sobs of emotion—"and Miss Glyn doesn't believe in 'respectable' books. They—they don't sell as well as the other kind."

She buried her face in her hands, while the orchestra, as if by some strange intuition, changed to a soft and almost wistful air. When she looked up a moment later, he had gone.

She leaped to her feet, rushed over to the orchestra leader, and drawing him to one side, whispered in his ear:

* * * *

