A Society Fable.

In a Burg where everybody knew everybody else from A to Z, and didn’t Care, there lived a Damsel named Demise. The Uncouth had persisted in making the Last Part of her name sound like “ice,” but when Demise thought that she was Good Enough to be classed with the Three-Year-Olds she would have it that her Handle be pronounced the Way it was Spelled.

Demise ran her novice in her Nineteenth Lap and, from then on, she was It. She was a girl who loved to have everything, Especially her mother, in the Right Place, that is in the kitchen from 8 to 11 Every Night. Demise was a Cunning Fox.

Everybody was Next to the fact that Demise was a good Catch not only from an Architectural point of View, but also from a Cash Basis. The cause of her existence was so near to Being a millionaire that you would have to Use a microscope to find the Difference.

There were two of Them, Marmaduke and Charles. They were both stepping All over their Feet. Marmaduke’s heart was lively, like a Ping Pong Ball, and Ran like a Gasoline machine with all its Throbbing and Panting, for he was a Passionate Lover. Charles’ Center of Amorous Gravity ran smoothly like a $1,600 Phaeton.

Their Methods were also different. Marmaduke used to dote on the Hammock. They should have put him with the Silver Spoons. Whenever Demise smiled he would Clinch like Jeffries did in the Eighth. He thought that it was a Signal to get Foolish.

While Marmaduke was starring Himself with the Leading Lady, Charles was behind the scenes Talking It Over with her manager. It did not take him long to Convince mother that he was a real Lollypaloozer as far as Gentleness was concerned. Mother Bit on his Tale-of-Woe Bait.

For a while it looked as if Marmaduke would win the pennant and that Charles was fated to Hie himself Back to the woods and play With the Squirrels. One night Marmaduke sent up his Flowers and Butted In to ask Demise to help him prove that Marriage was not a failure. He hit the Ball all right but it didn’t Land on the Table. He didn’t even get his love. Demise said that he could not Shine because her mother, after having a number of Heart-to-Heart talks with Charles had Decided that Marmaduke was Non-Est. She thought that it would be a Better Deal to have Demise start life with someone whom she knew. It was Marmaduke’s last Play in that Game, and he retired to the Side-Lines to make room for the Better Man.

Moral. First Win the mother, then woo the Daughter.

The Society of Arts.

The 572d regular meeting of the Society will be held at the Institute, Walker Building, Boylston and Clarendon Streets, on Friday, Nov. 28, 1902, at 8 P.M.

Mr. W. Starling Burgess, will address the Society on “The Designing of Small Racing Yachts.” The lecture will be illustrated with lantern slides, and a number of models will be shown.

Members are requested to invite friends interested in the subject.

JAMES F. NORRIS,
Secretary.

We announce with deep regret that the appearance of wood and iron on the historic steps of Rogers, is a formal announcement of the death of autumn and the birth of winter.