

Fallacies of Custom.

Custom commands you to bare your head at a funeral, — and catch your death o' cold.



Custom compels you to send a wedding present, — whether you can afford it or not.

Custom causes you to sign, —
"Yours Respectfully," —
when you don't even know the man.



Custom commends that you take the girl to supper after the theater, — when, maybe, neither of you is hungry.



Custom calls upon your husband to pay a doctor two dollars, — when you can buy a "love of a real Pongee silk waist" almost any time for

ONLY
\$1.98

Custom callouses our minds to the morals of man, — and magnifies the woman's mis-step.

Custom cajoles us into believing her fallacies, sound reasonings, — her lies, unvarnished truths.

DICK WOOD