

are wholly indescribable and excruciatingly funny.

Fun of a different sort is provided by Bert Williams. He hasn't been given very much material to work with in this show, but he makes every minute that he is on the stage count, and count big.

A striking novelty of the show is a scene representing the "1313th

story" of a skyscraper under construction, with a bit of comedy by Williams and Errol on a scaffold. The impression of height is so well presented that the men's antics give one a sick feeling in the pit of the stomach.

The chorus is one of the most overwhelming collections of youth and beauty ever presented on Broadway.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE WHEN WE ARE NEEDED

Confession CLXXIV.

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I am "way down in the "dumps" and horribly disappointed, and, the worst of it is that I know I have no reason for feeling hurt and abused, and that the thing I am feeling so bad about is the best possible thing that can be done for everybody concerned.

Ever since dear Aunt Mary came to board at our hotel I have cherished a fond hope that some day I could have a little house or apartment and have Aunt Mary live with us. I have dreamed many day dreams about it, and yet I have never told either Dick or Aunt Mary about them. I was so afraid that either one or the other would not approve of my plan, and I kept putting off broaching the subject from day to day, and now I am afraid it will never be.

When I went down to Aunt Mary's room this morning I found her deep in making some mysterious lists.

"What in the world are you doing, dear auntie?" I asked.

"I am making up a list of things which I am going to bring down to furnish Mary's apartment," she answered. "Margie, I'm going to help her furnish it, and then I am going to live with her. You have been awfully good to me, my dear, you and Dick, but I have never felt much at home in this big hotel.

"Now it really seems the hand of Providence has sent me Mary, whom I can help.

"I hope, my dear, you will never be left where you will feel that you are a useless old body that is only a burden on others."

"O, Aunt Mary!" I remonstrated.

"Please understand me, Margie," she continued. "You and Dick have been kindness itself, and if I had a daughter I would rather she were like you than Mary. You are so capable, so fair, and so all-around efficient. But, dear, Mary needs me. She needs my advice, she needs my company, she needs my financial aid, and this very need of hers is what is giving me the incentive to live without your dear uncle.

"Margie! Margie! You cannot know the utter loneliness that comes to a woman who loses her husband after she has lived with him for years. It is like tearing the roots of your life right out and throwing them upon some heaped-up stones to die.

"You keep saying to yourself: 'It's all over,' and you try to comfort yourself with affirming that you have had the living and loving, and that that is all that any one can ask. You find yourself thinking of hopes you have always felt would come to fruition that are now absolutely blasted.

"Having no children, as I, Margie, you think why should you buy this or beautiful thing that you have always hoped to have before you die; it will only be mine for a little while, and then perhaps no one else will care for it.

"Your food chokes you because