

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

THERE IS ALWAYS ANOTHER MAN IN THE OFFING

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"Let's go home," said Dick about half-past twelve. "You are dancing your head off and I'm tired of being a wall flower."

I thought, as he said this, of the night at Ellene's when he danced and I looked on, and then I said to myself: "You are a selfish old thing. Perhaps Dick's arm does pain him."

"I'm not dancing my head off, Dick, dear, but I have nearly danced my slippers off. That crazy doctor you introduced me to was trying to show me some new steps he called 'the tango.'"

"Yes, I saw you," said Dick, rather dryly.

"Didn't you think it was a pretty dance?"

"Very; what I object to is that you are dancing and I am looking on."

"Goodness, Dick! You are not jealous, are you?" I asked, secretly pleased that I could give him a little twinge.

"I believe I am," he said a little ruefully, and then I knew that the poor man was really sick. Men are such boys. They never grow up and when anything is the matter with them physically or mentally they want and expect to be petted.

"Well, dear, I'll not give you any more occasion. I'll only dance with you after this."

"I don't mean that, Madge," said Dick, suddenly straightening up in his chair. (I was taking off his shoes. I have had to dress and undress him since he hurt his knuckles.) "Only—well, I guess I thought you were so pretty in that white, lacy frock that I just wanted every one to know you belonged to me. And when the other fellows seemed by their manner not to realize that fact it made me hot."

"Dick, you are in pain," I said.

"Yes, I am," he admitted. "I'll be glad when I can get my hand out of this counfounded cast. When I do,

Margie, I'm going to celebrate good and plenty."

"So will I, Dick," I said softly.

The next day Kitty went home like a new woman; a light in her eye and her lips curling upward.

"I've had a wonderful time, Margie," she said, "and because I know Herbert is one of the best men in the world I'm going to put on that white evening dress and see if I can't charm him away for a little while from thoughts and interests of the hopeless."

Just as Kitty went down the steps Bill Tenney came by. He stopped and grabbed hold of both her hands.

"Is it possible that you have been in the city while I have been out of it? That is the worst luck that could happen to me."

"Not quite the worst, Bill, I am sure," said Kitty.

"Positively the worst. I tell you, dear lady, you look mighty good to me. Marriage must agree with you. I was hoping it wouldn't."

"Hush, you bad man," I interrupted. "Of course Kitty is growing pretty. Why shouldn't she? Not a care in the world. A husband who adores her and a work that is interesting and uplifting. Why shouldn't she grow prettier every day?"

"If by any possibility that preacher man of yours does not appreciate you tell him there is a man over here that will gladly take you off his hands."

"Bill, you must not talk like that, even in jest," I remonstrated. "A woman today is not something to be handed from one man to another as the fancy takes the males of the triangle. She must have some voice in the matter, at least."

"Well, I hope Kitty's voice will be raised for me," said Bill, audaciously.

"If you and Bill stand out here