

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE WIDENS

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"Margie," said Eliene over the telephone this morning, "will you and Dick come over tonight? I'll invite some of our friends and we will have an old time kind of evening."

"I'd love to come, Eliene. You see, it seems to me there has been nothing in our family lately but 'battle, murder and sudden death.' I'll get Dick on the telephone and ask him if he has anything on for tonight."

"If he has, you come anyway," pleaded Eliene, "I'm going to call up Mollie and see if she won't come."

"I know Mollie would like to come, but I am afraid her mother will object. You know what a stickler she is for doing only the conventional thing. She will be sure to think we are heathenish to do anything but stay at home and mope, so soon after Aunt Mary's and Jack's death, but I know that Aunt Mary, if she knows anything about us at all, would be glad to have us have a good time, and why be hypocritical about Jack? The only time that any one of us has been easy about him for years is now that he is dead and buried."

"Then I'll expect you," said Eliene, as she rang off.

I could not get Dick on the wire and I waited until nearly half past 7 for him to come to dinner, and then called a taxi and went over to Eliene's by myself. When I arrived I found all the old crowd there that I had not seen for a long time.

About 10 o'clock Mollie came in with Jim Edie. She was looking brilliantly beautiful. There is no cosmetic in the world as efficacious as a man's declaration of love. That he thinks you the fairest of women spurs you up to meet his standard. Jim is dead in love with Mollie, and he does not seem to care who knows it.

"Where is Dick?" asked Harry Simone, as we were dancing.

"Search me," I answered flippantly.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Harry.

"You need not; you asked the perfectly natural question that comes to every man's lips when he sees a woman having a good time without her husband."

"But your tone, Margie, also intimated that you did not much care where he was."

"I don't believe I do, Harry," I said, somewhat soberly.

"Are you ill, Margie?" was Harry's next question, in an alarmed voice.

I laughed heartily and Harry looked more concerned.

I don't suppose, little book, that you, knowing men only through what I have told you, realize that when a woman, even in the slightest way, intimates something out of the usual is taking place in her mind or heart, a man always asks, solicitously, "Where is the pain?" or repeats "Your poor nerves!" in the same tone he would use to a child who had jammed her finger.

It never seems to enter his mind that once in a while a woman wants to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, "so help me God." Oh, how I just wanted to say to Harry that Dick and I seemed to have lost our emotional interest in each other, and that we evidently had no other interests in common.

Dick and I are no longer pals, little book. I bore him.

We no longer have anything to talk about. We've talked out. He perhaps is finding someone else to whom his stories are new and interesting, but I have not found anyone yet who will discuss my theories with me.

I'm lonely, little book. Oh, so