

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### MOTHER WAVERLY MARRIES

True to his promise or his threat Dick started yesterday morning for a long trip east. He left his itinerary under my hat on the living room table. It provides for a month's absence. On the bottom of the page he has written: "Try and believe I love you and am thinking of you every day."

Right after breakfast I called up Eliene and she asked me if I had seen the morning paper.

"No—why?"

"Well—your mother Waverly was married last night to Morton Trent at \_\_\_\_\_."

"What?"

"Yes, isn't it queer that after all the fuss she has made about private weddings that she slipped away quietly and got married without any fuss or feathers?"

"Do you know anything about him, Eliene?"

"Only that he is a man, I think, of independent income. I believe he was once a banker in the small town in which they were married. I think it is a splendid thing, Margie, for with her peculiar temperament she must have been very lonely. Some way, dear, I like to think of two elderly people like they are spending the remaining few years of their lives together. They will be great company for one another. Mrs. Waverly is a very good-looking woman although she is about 60, isn't she?"

"Yes, Eliene—she is 62, and how old do you think he is?"

"Harry and I were talking about him the other night and Harry said he was a friend of his father's and he thought he was about 65. My won't the boys laugh when they hear it?"

"I wonder if Dick saw it this morning. I think I'll wire him anyway."

"Is Dick away?"

"Yes, he has gone on a long trip east. But really, Eliene, I do not see why anyone should laugh when old

people marry. I think when we get old we need companionship more than we do when we are younger."

Right here, little book, Eliene said a strange thing.

"You are right, Margie, about marriage having a stronger tie than that of love."

"But I never said there was a stronger tie."

"You said it when you spoke of old people needing companionship more than younger ones. Now take Mr. and Mrs. Trent (goodness, little book, how queer that sounded). I expect they have many tastes in common. They both are fond of social functions. You ought to have seen them dancing together the other night."

"Oh, Eliene—please don't joke me like that."

"But it is true, my dear. They were dancing, although they were not proficient as you and Jim. Yet they did not make a bad looking couple I can tell you."

"But, Eliene, Mother Waverly—I beg her pardon, Mother Trent—does not approve of dancing. She was always opposed to the stunts that Jim and I attempted with the new steps."

"Well, she seems to have no objection to the stunts she and Morton pull off in the way of a rather sedate one step."

"Isn't she the sly one, Eliene? I'll bet she has a lot of new clothes and she never let one of us have an inkling as to her intentions. It's a real joke on Chadwick, who gave her all that money."

"Well, possibly she could not have made the match if she had not had it. Old people are not blinded by romantic ideas, you know. They realize that you can not keep two people as cheaply as one."

"I certainly hope they will be happy, Eliene, and I shall watch the affair very closely. I am anxious to