

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### DICK DRINKS TO FORGET AND I AWAKE TO REMEMBER

Isn't the long arm of coincidence strange, little book? I have not seen Pauline Newton, or Paula, as we used to call her, since we were girls, and just now, when I am thinking of writing her story, she pops in here and in her darling way tells me that I may write it all out.

"I want you to write it, Margie," she said, "for I feel so interested in the girl who earns her living. You know some of the awful experiences I had, but you don't know them all. I am sure my troubles, not only in getting a job, but in keeping it, must be the same troubles that every girl undergoes in the course of earning her living. I want you to put down, without fear or favor, all my good times and hard times."

"That is very sweet of you, dear," I said, "but do you know I feel very timid about writing for publication. I am sure you could do better than I."

"No, Margie, I don't believe any one in this whole world with her own pen ever put down all that concerned herself in a story or book."

I thought of you, little book, and wondered if I would ever have had the courage to write to you as I have, had I thought for one moment any one but you and I would see it.

But knowing that no one but you and I will see it, I am going to write you of something terrible that came upon me yesterday.

Dick, you know, had a very wonderful special bed made for me, and although it can be moved most easily anywhere in my apartment, I never thought of having it put outdoors until yesterday.

My dear little nurse, Alice, together with Mrs. Selwin, the gardener and chauffeur, rolled me out to the summer house behind the glorious wistaria blossoms.

The change was so wonderful that

I slept most of the afternoon. I remember thinking that I was surely getting better, and then I must have drowsed off again.

I was awakened by voices which I recognized as those of Dick and Jim Edie, who were smoking just outside the summer house.

I heard Jim say, "Do you think Margie is any better?" and Dick answered with a kind of groan, "I don't know. I don't know."

"So that was the reason you went out last night and got gloriously drunk, and was brought into the station house at three this morning with two disreputable women, charged with disturbing the peace?" observed Jim evenly.

"Oh! let up, Jim," answered Dick wearily. "I think if you were in my position you would perhaps do worse. I've got to have a chance to get it all out of my system occasionally. I tell you I am nearly crazy."

"Yes, but what do these play spells do to Margie?"

"She doesn't know anything about it, thank God! I am living over in the other wing of the house. Yesterday was particularly trying to me at the office and all at once I just gave out, that is all!"

"How long are you going to keep this up, Dick?"

"I don't know, Jim," said Dick in colorless tones, and then he broke out vehemently. "I tell you I can't stand this. I'm a man, Jim, and I want my wife. I want a real home. I want children. I want to be respectable, but fate won't let me."

"Well, you never evinced any great desire for all this when you were having that affair with Eleanor Fairlow," said Jim calmly.

"Take care, Jim, there are some things even you must not say to me."

"I'll say anything I choose to you, Dick Waverly. Why don't you take