

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"I slept well that night, Margie," said Paula, "and by strange chance I dreamed not of my new job or of my life, but of the old home and Jai Perrygreen. Again I was standing by the area gate and Jeff was coming through, his arms full of groceries.

"Good morning, Miss Paula," he said.

"I, little snob that I was, did not deign to answer, but he did not mind, for he said as he dropped some of the packages while he snatched off his torn cap and dug his bare toes into the earth:

"My, but your eyes are bright this morning, Miss Paula. Won't you have an apple?" and he rushed back to the delivery wagon and brought me a big red apple.

"Just then, in my dream, my governess came and called me in, but before I went I graciously accepted the apple.

"My governess was telling the little Paula it was wrong to accept apples from barefoot grocery boys, when I awoke to find myself a big Paula in the hall bedroom of a queer little old boarding house.

"I had slept late and breakfast was nearly over. Emma was gone. She had a morning shift of a few hours and in the evening from 6 to 11. She told her aunt to tell me I must have a black dress and a cap. I was puzzled at that, so Emma's aunt said:

"If you have a lace handkerchief you can make a pretty little cap of it. The idea is more ornamental than anything else."

"I was not thinking, however, so much about the cap as I was about the dress. The only black dress I owned was a decollete evening dress of jet sequins and that was in the storage house. I smiled as I pictured myself in it checking hats at the College Inn.

"I think my sense of humor has been a saving grace to me. I can

truly say that not once in my long climb back to happiness, after the awful change in my life, did I not find something to make me smile—even in the midst of my greatest tragedies, when my house of cards that I had built so laboriously had tumbled down in front of my eyes.

"As soon as I finished my breakfast I went over to the College Inn to ask Emma about my dress. It staggered me to have the head waiter pull out a chair from a nearby table. His deference was disconcerting under the circumstances, especially as I found to my dismay that I could not remember Emma's last name, in fact I did not remember having heard it. Fortunately, she caught sight of me and I walked over to her in a hurry.

"Emma, your aunt said I had to have a black dress. If that is so I am afraid I can't take the place as I have only \$7.34 and my board is due tomorrow."

"Don't you worry, kid. What you want is one of those \$2 maid's costumes of black satin and you'll look like a million dollars masquerading as a poor, but honest girl. Of course every woman who looks at your shoes and clocked silk stockings will sniff and wonder where you got them."

"It was then, Margie," said Paula, "that I got my first taste of the snobbery of people who wait on you. That head waiter's manner was very different as I went off with Emma from what it was when I came in.

"I spoke of this to Emma and she said:

"It is not always money that makes snobs, although the getting of lots of it helps a lot. Jules is the same kind of a snob that Mrs. Chambers is, although both would resent it if you told them so."

"Emma, you are a wonder," I said. "I am going to learn a lot from you."

(To Be Continued.)