

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

PAULA ARRIVES IN NEW YORK WITH \$20 FROM EMMA FOR START

"I wish I could desc.^{be} to you, Margie," said Paula, continuing her story, "the terrible state of my mind as I took that return trip east. A few months before I had come over the same route in a stateroom, chaperoned by a maid and laden with flowers, candy and magazines. Now I climbed into an upper berth on a slow train.

"Emma went with me to the train and pressed into my hand a \$20 bill with the cheery words, 'Pay me when you can, or better still, pass it on to some other girl who needs it.'

"Think of it, Margie! I used to pay \$20 for a bunch of flowers or a box at the theater. Now, Emma's \$20 insured me four weeks' board in New York.

"I had a bag of fruit for dinner and I decided to have a good breakfast in the morning before going to the boarding house where Emma told me a friend of hers lived. I smiled over my position.

"Margie, the women who succeed in life are those who do not take life too seriously. The woman who smiles easily and weeps rarely can beat the game.

"I sometimes wonder, Margie, whether we should dare do anything if we could look into the future. Putting ideas into words is easy, but putting ideas into acts is what makes for success, and that is just why so few succeed. Courage is the great thing needed. With courage comes enthusiasm.

"Laying in my berth that night I decided that whatever came I would not be discouraged. But oh, Margie, when I had a taste of the fray, I did not realize it was to be a continuous affair.

"I did not sleep much that night, Margie. You remember what the wheels said to me all night when I returned from school to the deathbed of my mother; 'Come home, your

mother is ill; come home, your mother is ill.'

"That night on my way to New York they sang: 'Will you be able to live, Paula; will you be able to live?'"

"I must have dropped off to sleep, for I was in the great city when I opened my eyes. After climbing out of bed and making a hurried toilet I found I would have no time for the leisurely breakfast I had planned.

"For the first time in my life I shook my head at the porter who asked: 'Carry your grip, miss?' I passed the taxi man, suitcase in hand, and took a car for uptown, where Emma had directed me to find board. I had begun to play my part of 'alone in a great city.'"

(To Be Continued.)

NEW BLACKMAIL PLOT SPRUNG

Two more arrests were made last night in the dep't of justice's war on alleged blackmailers. Homer T. French, once under arrest in the Klipper case, and Jimmy Christian, caught in the Tyson raid, were arrested in a loop hotel. It is charged that they were members of a gang that shook down a New York man for \$15,000 after he was caught in a hotel with a married woman.

The victims are A. R. Wesley and Mrs. Alice Williams. According to the gov't agents, Homer French, George Irwin and Doc Brady trapped the couple in a hotel, represented themselves as gov't agents and told the couple they were under arrest for violation of the Mann act. Irwin is said to have represented himself as U. S. Com'r Foote. They read a fake warrant and went so far as to bring the couple to Chicago, where the "avoid publicity."

According to Hinton Clabaugh, the conspirators went so far as to "arraign" the "prisoners" before the fake Com'r Foote. It was then the man weakened and paid the money,