

In the black-face circle sit Bruce McRae, Wm. Farnum, Henry Woodruff, Digby Bell, George Nash, Frederick Perry, Wm. Elliott, Brandon Tynan, Malcolm Williams, Joseph Kilgour and many others whose names are accustomed to prominent display.

The "Rainbow Cocktail" number presents Pinto and five other Lambs in fascinating feminine attire. Then the bill forsakes frivolity and presents

"Experience," a morality play by Geo. V. Hobart, which had a production at one of the Lamb's private gambols, and was voted worthy of a public presentation.

There are a lot of other features—monologues, songs, dances, and a movie show by Burton Holmes, showing on the film screen Lambs who are not present in person. Immediately after the local performance, the gambol goes on the road for a brief tour.

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE DICK LIES TO ME

Confession CLXII.

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Human nature is a strange thing. One would naturally think that, after all the illustrations Dick and I have had in the last six weeks of the awful consequences of philandering on the part of the husband and unforgiveness on the part of the wife, that we would each have tried to dodge that rock upon which so many matrimonial barks are wrecked, but this noon Dick telephoned me that he was very busy with some men from out of town and would not be home to dinner and would probably stay and spend the evening downtown.

I made up my mind I would have a little visit with Mary at the hospital and then go downtown and do some shopping.

I was planning a very happy day when the telephone rang and a woman's voice came over the wires:

"I wanted to know, Mrs. Waverly, if I should call and take you down to the—— Hotel in my electric. I can leave it there until we come back in the Morris' motor."

"I thank you very much, but I am not going with the Morrises," I answered.

"I beg your pardon," was the answer that came over the wire, "but I was under the impression that both you and Mr. Waverly were going."

"I think Mr. Waverly is going," I said, "but it is impossible for me to go."

"I'm so sorry," was the response as she rang off.

I was sure that Dick had lied to me and I felt myself grow rigid with anger. You know, little book, that I have not the sweetest temper in the world, and the thought that Dick was so cowardly that he felt he must lie to me was maddening. He knows I don't like the Morrises and he knows I would not go out with that sporty, drinking crowd if I were asked, but what he doesn't seem to understand is that, much as I dislike them, I would not object very strenuously if he felt he would like to go occasionally.

But to be lied to!—that is too much. I forgot all about "the unattached woman" and I simply made up my mind that I would not stand for it.

I was so angry that I could not go over to the hospital, as I knew that Mary would know something was wrong, and as for shopping I was sure I could not tell green from blue.

About twelve o'clock at night Dick came in. I pretended to be asleep and he tried not to wake me up.

This morning I said: "Did you have a good time with your men?" And he answered: "Yes."

"You were not with them!" I blurted out.