

I asked, because I thought perhaps you — the reader — would like to know. I wanted to, anyhow.

"Why, it's a love that combines the fervor of a full-blooded woman with the faith of a little child," Mrs. Wheeler answered. "I had absolute faith in my husband. His father started him in business with six millions. Why shouldn't I believe in him? For 13 years I forgot that such a person as Claudia Carlstedt had ever existed and I threw myself heart and soul into my new role—the most difficult part I ever attempted to play—that of Mrs. Albert Galatin Wheeler, Jr. I never made a hit in that party with anybody—not even with my husband, not even with myself. And today I understand why. It was because I was always artificial — always MRS. WHEELER—never Claudia."

"You know," Mrs. Wheeler confided as she pushed a rakish black velvet toque further back on her red brown curls, "being a wife to a man like Mr. Wheeler, Jr., is like acting one of those small parts that are nothing but 'feeders' to the star—you say stupid, meaningless lines just to enable him to make brilliant replies.

"Well, for 13 years I was such a 'feeder'—then one afternoon, all of a sudden, my blind love left me. He had always neglected me, going away on strange 'business trips,' staying out late at night, not coming home for dinner, or Sunday even. That afternoon I had watched for him at the window of our apartment in 72d st. for two hours. I had seen all the gay young boys and girls going by and I read in their eyes, as they looked at each other, the love that was more than love.

"The throbbing, passionate, sacrificial feeling I had experienced for a man who proved unworthy of it left me. When he finally came home I upbraided him for his neglect. I told him that I was still young and attractive and that he was driving me

to desperation. I refused to keep a dinner engagement we had made and he went out to dine with our friends alone. So far as I know he is eating yet. I have never seen him since.

"When I think of all those noble men in England giving their life blood for the protection of women my faith in mankind revives. You know I appeared on the stage with Lord Kitchener's proclamation in my hands," she added, "and I sang a song written for me called, 'Your King and Country Need You!' I recruited 175,000 men with that song!"

Perhaps my eyebrows lifted a little. They never WILL behave in such cases. Anyway, the fair Claudia added explanatorily, and the faith of a little child, the faith of the love that is more than love descended upon me as she did so.

"You see, I sang that recruiting song IN TIGHTS."

TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY IS HELD FOR MURDER OF PLAYMATE

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 1.—Locked in a cell in the same building with convicted thieves and men guilty of worse offenses, 10-year-old Max Rubnowitz today is confined in the county jail, charged with the murder of Sammy Hochman, 11. Max is held without bail.

Max, Sammy and little Samuel Berberg, 8 years old, went out shooting Sunday afternoon. They had a Flobert rifle belonging to the Rubnowitz boy. The Hochman boy was shot in the temple and died almost instantly.

Frightened to tears when arraigned before Judge Costello, the accused boy told his story of the killing. He declared the shooting "was not done on purpose." Judge Costello was about to release the child in custody of his parents when policemen and the father of the slain boy protested. They said Max is 14 and has teased children in his neighborhood with his rifle. The older Hochman collapsed in court when through testifying.