Wedded, but No Wife

By W. E. Hill

The belle of the sanitarium. Bertha is troubled with intermittent neuralgias and has to rush to a sanitarium and eat carthas of liver every so often. She has very little to do with her dear husband because she seems to aggravate her headaches by refusing to eat beans in large quantities. If all the defunct calves that have supplied liver for Bertha's anemic condition could have been laid out end to end, there's no telling where they would reach to!

The athletic mamma. Mrs. Jennie Bartlett believes that every housewife should come out of the kitchen and stay out. Let the husbands do the work. She believes that every woman should establish a record of some sort or other. Jennie is planning to run across the continent and is training for a record speed ride from Boston, N.J., to Sacramento, Cal. She expects to make the September news reel and maybe a vaudeville contract will follow.

The siren. When Grace promised at the altar to love, honor and obey, there must have been a doubt in her mind as to whom it applied. She is very McKinley to every husband but her own for miles around, and is practically a living example of the old saying that woman's place is in the home—of another woman's husband.

The forsaken. Poor Leah is wife in name only. Her so-called lesser half left home, never to return, but even having the decency to tell Leah about compassionate marriage. Leah was a wonderful little wife while it lasted, and used to sit for hours on his lap, anticipating him in ecstasy. Her husband, however, had remorse and failed to value Leah as he should have. And now the poor girl sits alone every evening after evening reading her "Starting Confessions" magazine, getting more and more inhibited.

The auctioneer. Mrs. Faith Fishbourne is devoted to auction rooms and never misses a sale day. Naturally, she has no time for the little wifey duties that mean so much to a man, such as counting the collarst that came back from the laundry, or divesting the вахтовых front of soup and gravy stains. Even the pen under the box has to await while Mrs. P. bids roylely on a genuine antique black Louis XIV umbrella stand.