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The Promoter's Wife

BY JANE PHELPS

Continued from Page Seventeen

him that she isn't at all calculated to help his business if she acts with others as she did with us to day." I made no reply, hoping aunt would be able to get Neil to discharge the girl, yet knowing all the time that it was due to my own actions the day I had visited the office in Neil's absence, that she had been perty annoying.

Aunt chatted until we reached the theatre. I scarcely heard a word she said so anxious was I to read the letter that I had taken from Neil's desk. We had good seats, and aunt seemed to enjoy the play from the very beginning. I paid scant attention to the stage, so fixed upon the letter was my mind. To my disappointment there were but two acts. I should have to wait some time for the intermission. I spent the time speculating upon the contents of the letter and whether Neil would return to his office and miss it. He had said something about club at luncheon. I wished I had listened more closely. I had not considered what I was to say if he missed the letter and his stenographer told him I had been in his private office. But now I commenced to worry about it, and wondered if there was not some way I could get the letter back on his desk after I had had read it.

The first act ended. I excused myself to aunt and went to the ladies' room. I took the letter from my bag, and finding a chair removed as far as possible from others who had sought the room for the sake of arranging their hair or using a powder puff, I commenced to read. First glancing at the signature. As I had expected Blanche Orton's name stared up at me.

"Dear Neil," it began. "I tried my best to get Frederick to come tonight I got him on the telephone and urged him, telling him anything I could think of that would prove enticing. He was absolutely adamant. He pretended he would have liked to come if only you and Scott or Thompson were to be here. You know how blunt he is, and it was all I could do to keep pleasant when he intimated he thought I was doing wrong to receive T. and C." I knew she must refer to Tearnie and Connor. "However I have asked H— He is very rich, and a bit crazy over me so perhaps I can help you land him. Anyway it was the best I could do. Nancy and Lulu will come, and Scott and Thompson. Try and be early as there are some things I want to tell you that I hate to put on paper. As ever, Blanche."

I sat with the letter clutched in my hand. What was this intimacy between my husband and Mrs. Orton? What did it mean? It was in no sense a love letter, yet really I felt more anxious, more fearful of what it might mean than had it been. I was so ignorant, and so much had been said to worry me about Neil. Not until the orchestra stopped playing did I remember that I had a guest. I crumpled the letter in my bag, and gained my seat just as the curtain rose on the last act.

BARBARA DECIDES TO WITH-
HOLD MRS. ORTON'S LETTER

(CHAPTER XCII)

It was a demeaning act to open a letter addressed to Neil, yet that view of it did not occur to me. I was so worried over the contents, so anxious to know the meaning of my husband's intimacy with Blanche Orton that I had not thought for amenities.

After we reached home however, it came to me that by withholding the letter, Neil would know nothing of



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the party at Mrs. Orton's for last evening. I reread the letter carefully and saw the inference it contained that if Frederick could not come she would write him. Evidently he would not go unless she telephoned him. I decided to say nothing of the letter. If he did not come home I would of course, know he had gone to her, but if he did—why I would at least have kept him with me one evening.

He came in about six o'clock. Aunt and he talked until dinner was ready at seven. He had excused himself from dressing on the plea that he had had a hard day, and was tired.

We were scarcely seated at the table when the telephone rang. My heart almost stopped beating for a moment as I waited until the maid had answered.

"Mr. Forbes is wanted on the telephone," she said, a knowing look on her face. I knew as well as she she had told me that a woman had called him. Her expression proclaimed it. I turned hot then cold. If it were Mrs. Orton would she tell him she had written and would be questioned? Aunt had told him we called at the office and how much she admired the way he had fitted up. She also had told him she thought his stenographer rather impudent, and that she would advise an older woman who would be more attentive to his business.

"But I have found her extremely capable, and alive to the needs of my business. Perhaps you mistook natural curiosity at two handsome women calling for impudence." Neil had returned so pleasantly that nothing more had been said. I had not joined in the discussion at all. If ever Neil found out I had taken that letter!

I waited in tense silence until Neil returned from telephoning.

"You will have to excuse me," he said in a hurried manner. "I am obliged to join some business friends."

"But you will eat your dinner first," I exclaimed, in a measure relieved by his manner.

"No, unfortunately I cannot! they are waiting dinner for me." I shall be late so don't wait up for me," and with a hasty kiss he left us. I supposed he was going out immediately, but he ran up stairs, and I realized that although he had claimed to be too tired to dress to dine with us, he was going to dress before going out. It was one more cause for unhappiness. One more action to arouse jealousy.

He dressed quickly then called "good night" again as he went out. His aunt at once commenced to commiserate him.

"Poor boy! It is a shame to have to go out when he was so tired. I claim it is all wrong to attend to business in the evening after having been working all day. It makes a perfect slave of a man."

"I know, but everyone does it now-a-days," I excused, thinking that if she knew Neil was probably joining a gay party of men and women who drank and gambled she would not be quite so sympathetic.

"Then everyone does wrong. I shall have a good talk with Neil. He will break down. Then what good will all his money do him? He really looked worn out tonight."

I was very poor company for aunt. My thoughts were too busy. I was worried, jealous, and a bit frightened. Of course Blanche Orton would tell Neil she had written him telling him to come early to her because she had something special to say to him. He would be sure to speak of the letter at the office. Whoever laid it on the desk would mention that also. Then my presence in the office. The remembrance that once before I had tried to get hold of his mail would make him at once suspicious. What should I say if he accused me? I never had told him a lie—would I now?

NEIL ACCUSES BARBARA OF TAKING THE LETTER

(CHAPTER XCIII)

At ten aunt excused herself and retired. I sat in the library, pre-

tending to read until half past twelve, and then I too went to my room. It might be three or four o'clock before Neil would be home. I was tired, and in spite of my anxiety I soon fell asleep, and did not waken when Neil came in.

He was up even earlier than usual. I could see that he was not entirely at ease, although he did his best to disguise the fact. In view of what Frederick had said, and the letter Mrs. Orton had written, I imagined it had something to do with the business of the preceding night; that things had not gone to his satisfaction.

The postman came while we were at breakfast, and immediately he left Neil commenced to speak about the slow delivery of city letters. I trembled with apprehension. Was he about to tell of the letter which he should have had the day before? But he said nothing, save in a general way, and once more I breathed freely.

After he left for the office I wandered about the house, too nervous to set myself at anything. All I could think of was the attitude Neil would take when he found no letter from Mrs. Orton was at the office. It was too much to hope that no one had noticed it; it had been too prominently displayed on his desk.

Lorraine Norton came over about eleven, and never was I more delighted to see her. She was full of news, and we gossiped until luncheon which I had persuaded her to take with us. She and aunt got along famously together, and made it quite unnecessary for me to exert myself.

"Shall I tell Neil the truth, that I took the letter, or shall I deny all knowledge of it?" This question was in my mind all day. I hated to tell an untruth, especially to Neil. He might never trust me again should he discover it. The blonde girl at his office—had she noticed the letter particularly? If so she would be sure to tell him; sure to put the blame of its loss upon me. Someway I did not even respect me because of my actions at the office when Neil was West. Intuitively I felt she would be glad to humiliate me.

"I will tell the truth if he asks me," I said aloud. I was alone in the library. Lorraine had gone, and aunt was dressing for dinner. I had dressed early and hurried down. If Neil came in I preferred to see him alone, always supposing he had missed the letter.

It was only a little after five when I heard his key in the door. I picked up a magazine and tried to act indifferent. Little Robert was sitting on the floor with a picture book. "Send him away," Neil said sternly. "I wish to talk to you."

I called the nurse and gave Robert to her. Then as innocently as I could I asked:

"What is it, Neil? Anything happened?"

"Yes, something has happened. Why did you take a letter from my desk yesterday?" I was not to have the chance to deny taking it. He knew I had.

"Because I recognized the writing," I spoke in a low voice which I vainly tried to keep steady.

"That is no reason. What did you do with the letter?"

"Here it is." I had kept it about me, not quite daring to destroy it. Neil took the letter from me, looked

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at it, then said in a rage: "So you opened and read it, did you? You pretend to be so punctilious about what I do, and you stoop to do a thing a servant would not do! I am glad I have found out the sort of a wife I have. Talking to me about what I should not do, what is honorable or dishonorable, and you doing something that the lowest kind of a crook looks down upon. Opening and reading a letter not intended for you. No—don't speak! But from this time I absolutely forbid you in my office. I have told the bookkeeper and stenographer that you are never to go inside of my private office again. And!"

"You told them that?" scarcely believing.

"I certainly did and emphasized the fact. Another thing! don't you ever dare find fault with anything I choose to do. I never want to hear you preach to me about business methods, or anything else," as he finished he turned and before I could answer went up to his room.

I had made him despise me, and had learned nothing. It would be a lesson to me. Little did I know what anguish my foolish act was to cause me.

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