

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### A LEAF FROM AUNT MARY'S BOOK

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Do you know, little book, that there must be great compensations in age, especially to a woman. Yes, I know that women are expected to lose all when they get old, but that is what man thinks about it. Aunt Mary and Mrs. Selwin have taught me that when a woman has reached the point where she can look back on all her life and understand it was good she has reached a point of her existence where she can rest a while and give herself the wonderful pleasure of being "a looker on."

When Mrs. Selwin told me the other day that nothing in this world was worth a tear I looked at her serene face, and, oh, how I pitied her. I thought of the terrible experiences a woman must pass through to reach that conclusion. I thought of the bitter tears she must have shed before she came to understand that they were useless either as a method of reaching her desires or as a manner of working off surplus emotional stress.

Mrs. Selwin has certainly had some history that she does not tell to the world for no woman could be as absolutely a law unto herself and a column of strength to those about her as she is, without passing through more than the joys and rose-lined paths of life. These experiences have left her cold. Her sympathy is of that aloof kind which tells you "never mind, you'll feel better by and by—or rather you will cease to feel."

I think when I grow old I'd rather be like Aunt Mary, who can still feel either joy or sorrow for herself or others.

I had a great illustration of this when we arrived at her old home. I could see she wanted to be alone and I went up to my room with the conventional lie of a headache. It was my heart that was aching as I thought of Dick coming home and not

finding me. I wondered what he would think. My loving heart kept saying let's go back, but my pride whispered you are only treating him as he treated you.

I looked out my window and saw Aunt Mary going over to the cemetery, her arms full of old-fashioned flowers. Her face was as radiant as though she was keeping a tryst. Her husband, though dead, was nearer to her than mine was to me this minute.

I slipped down to meet her as she came back and said, impulsively: "Aunt Mary, I have come to the conclusion that, instead of multiplying happiness into ecstasy and dividing unhappiness into infinitesimal factions, marriage is a sort of compulsory education for ripening character and inculcating wisdom."

She looked at me uncomprehendingly and said: "Margie, look what I found this afternoon in an unused drawer in John's desk."

It was a picture postcard and bore this inscription:

"All to myself, I think of you;  
Think of the things we used to do;  
Think of the things we used to say;  
Think of each happy yesterday;  
Sometimes I sigh, sometimes I smile,  
But I keep each olden golden while  
All to myself."

As I finished I looked up at Aunt Mary through a mist of tears, but she was smiling.

Do you suppose, little book, that Dick will come after me tomorrow?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

#### ALL TO HIS CREDIT

"My dear," he said, "you are superb! To any man a credit. You'll be the reigning belle tonight." And kissed her as he said it.

"My love, I'm glad you like my clothes," with beating heart she said it. "Because this party gown and wrap are also to your credit!"