

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

## A QUESTION OF PIE

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"Miss Margaret, how is it you do be makin' punkin pie?" asked Annie as she was picking up the clothes yesterday morning.

"I have to confess I do not know how to make one, but I am sure Aunt Mary knows how to make them and I'll ask her to write it all down for you," I said. "Are you going to try and make one? You know it is a New England and not an Irish dish."

"I know it, Miss Margaret, and that's just why I want to make it. Yuh see since Tim got on the police force he has been havin' a beat over on the boulevard and he has made the acquaintance of all the children, cooks and nursemaids on the strate.

"It's himself that has been telling me of the fine things they do be givin' him to ate and I guess punkin pie is about the tastiest of them all.

"Yesterday I got through me work early and I sed to meself: 'I'll walk up and see how Tim looks a marchin' up and down.' Ye see, he is not yet one of the traffic squad. Well, when I got up to a corner where there was a fine house whad did I see but Mr. Tim a leanin'-over a back gate stalkin' to a woman. I couldn't see her face at first but he seemed much interested like. Finally she passed him out a big piece of punkin pie and he chucked her under the chin.

"I started to get the pie and throw it in her face when I caught a glimpse of it and honestly, Miss Margaret, she would stop a clock—one of those sour lookin' females that are built like a shalallah wid a nutmeg on top. Then I knew it was the pie that got him.

"Her face was all crinkled up wid a smile and Tim was goin for the pie somethin' awful. Neither of 'em saw me so I quickly changed me moind and hid behind the fence at the corner and what do ye suppose I heard that spalpeen of a Tim say?

"Shure, Miss Brown, it's the best pie I ever put in me mouth and I tell ye what a man wants in a wife is a good cook. When I get married it's not for looks but cookin' I'll be lookin' for." Master Tim made a mistake there fer I know that the uglier a woman is the more she wants someone to tell her she is good lookin' and when she's good lookin' it's her cookin' she wants praised.

"He seemed to sence that he was in bad—or perhaps he knew he was not going to get any more pie for he said: 'Well, s'long, I'll have to be on me way. See ye again tomorrer.'

"I decided then and there, Miss Margaret, that I'd learn to make punkin pie and I'd niver tell him what I'd seen. But I'll get Mr. Sullivan to transfer him to some other beat mighty sudden."

As Dick would say: "Annie has got the right dope." Every woman, high or low, must be ready to battle for her own, for that craving for roving about in flirtatious pastures is as much a part of a man as are his eyes and his hands.

He can no more resist the invitation, whether it comes through a laughing mouth, the glance of a humid eye or a piece of pie handed to him by its maker, than he can stop breathing.

This longing is as overwhelming and as natural as his desire for work or the peace that comes after. I have been curious to know if it was a masculine attribute or an educated taste.

He sees no harm in the words of the song, "Is 'eart is true to Poll." From moon to sun man feels:

"When far away from the lips that you love

You've but to make love to the lips that are near."

A woman wants always to be loved exclusively and a man thinks he has done his duty if he loves her best.