

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME FOR MARY?

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As Kitty was making observations on love and applying them to Mary's case I could not help but think, little book, that we certainly had made a mess of it for Mrs. Jack Waverly.

Dick, with the best intentions in the world and with the fear that Jack would do just what he had done, had persuaded his father into making a will which would only give Jack his share of his mother's estate if, at the time, he was "still married to his wife, Mary."

There is the "rub." If that will had been worded, "still living with his wife, Mary," it is probable that Jack would have stayed with her and tried to be nice to her so that she would not leave him. Instead he can go his own sweet way and still be "married," while Mary, with her great sense of honor and duty, will not try to get a divorce from Jack. In fact, little book, she said to be the other day: "Margie, no matter what happens, I can't divorce Jack, for it would look as though I were trying to retaliate and keep him out of his share of his father's estate."

"I am happier here than I was in the chorus. I have something to do that I like very much, and, Margie, I am now going to confess to you that I am also happier when Jack is away. I wish he would never come back."

"I sometimes think it is just as easy to fall out of love as to fall in. One day you are hurt and sick because the person you love is unkind to you, and the next day you wake up with a feeling of joyousness and light heartedness that you haven't had for a long time."

"You may not realize what has happened. When I first felt it I thought it was because I had congenial work. Then all at once I realized it was because what Jack did or what he did not do did not concern me in the least any more. He only

worried me because he was determined to get money from the shop either honestly or dishonestly. Now that he has gone his way I feel perfectly comfortable and happy. The only hurt that I have, Margie, is that I no longer love him."

I must have smiled at the inconsistency of her last remark, for she spoke very seriously. "Margie, I hope you will never realize the feeling that comes to a woman when she finds that her love is dead. I believe the pain is as poignant as when the loved one himself dies. Sometimes I almost feel like a wicked woman when I realize that I am really and truly more content than I have even been in my life. Of course, I haven't that ecstatic joy and bliss I had with Jack in the first weeks of our marriage, but I know, Margie, that no one can have that more than once or twice in one's earthly existence. Each one's life only holds one real dramatic moment — mine has come and gone, but the sun still shines and my heart is still warm."

After what Kitty told me this conversation came back to me and it seemed to me that Mary's trouble had only made her more lovable, but I could not help thinking that, having known the bliss of love, it would be very natural for her to want to experience it again.

I am somewhat worried, little book, about this new friendship with Max Pendleton. He is charming and I can see where she would be the ideal of a boy with his tastes and mode of thought.

Well, we all tried to fix things for her and made the mistake of our lives, so I guess we'll just have to let her work it out for herself this time.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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California in 1914 produced 39,000,000 gallons of wine.