

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

LIFE AND DEATH, JOY AND GRIEF.

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Harry Symone has told Dick that he would pay all hospital bills for Tim, but neither he nor Mr. Hatton want anything said about what they are doing for him.

Like all very rich men they are deluged with begging letters daily—letters from those who will not work and who seem to think that because these men have money they should divide it with them.

"There is nothing so easy to give in this world as money, Miss Margaret," said Annie, when I told her about what these men had done for her. "Don't think, dearie, that I am unappreciative of their kindness, for I am not. You, dear, that's coming down here day after day when I'm sure you are hardly able, are giving yourself."

Annie is so jealous for me that she will have it that no one can give as much to her as I do.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, I do be envying you your first sight of your very own baby," she said to me the other night. "It's something ye can't explain, but I'm glad ye're going to have it, Miss Margaret. I could not wish ye more if I'd wish ye the greatest gift in the world when I wish ye that first look av ye're baby."

I wonder, little book, if it be nature or eons of evolution and education that makes a baby seem so different to a man than it does to a woman. There is something in a new-born baby's very helplessness that makes every woman want to care for it—to keep it in her arms and out of harm's way.

You never hear of a woman wantonly hurting a baby. Sometimes alas they take their lives but then you find they usually kill themselves as well. Seeing Annie's little girl baby makes me anxious for mine. Every day I go down and take little Margaret Ann

in to her father for a visit and it is a great joy to see the pride that Tim takes in her but it is easy to see that she does not fill his life as she does Annie's.

Already Annie has planned her baby's whole life "until she marries."

And I have learned another strange thing, little book. We women still cling to the old fairy tale ending "Then they were married and lived happy ever after." We seldom plan for our daughters after they are married and yet I feel I have only lived since I was married. Before that I had no problems to solve, no corroding cares to hurt, no different paths of conduct to choose. Life held no great heights nor depths for me. I just drifted on the even level of my days.

Marriage is like waking from vague though pleasant dreams to work-a-day life.

You can't learn from books what you must know to make a successful marriage for the success of a marriage does not depend on anything but the happiness of not only yourself but the entire family born of that marriage.

Query: "Are there any successful marriages?"

Since Donna Tenny's party Dick has been home every night, although the political cauldron has been seething. I have been so busy with Annie I have not had time to even hear about Mollie or Mary or even Mother Waverly who Dick says is worrying a good deal about Jack.

I must go over and see her tomorrow although when I go I am depressed for a week. I have no sympathy or use for a woman, little book, who because she has been bereft of a husband thinks that her sorrow is unique in this world of tragic happenings.

Grief is to me the most sacred thing on this earth. I could not share