

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

SHOPPING WITH MOLLIE

"Would you like to go shopping with the happiest girl in all the world, Margie dear?"

"I certainly would, my dear Mollie, and I'm going to meet you at ——— in the car."

"Gracious, what a wonderful lady you are getting to be with your electric car and all those luxuries."

"Well, you must remember that I am only a poor worm that has not even reached the chrysalis stage in comparison with the wonderful butterfly that you are going to be."

I hurried down to meet Mollie and found her just revelling in beautiful silks and velvets and furs and laces.

"So you are going to have a church wedding," I said.

"Yes," she answered, "and Margie, I wish you could have seen mother's face when I told her it was Mary who persuaded me to have one."

"Does Mary think she will also be a center of attraction?" said mother in her icest tones. "I should think that in less than a year after her husband's death she would stay away from a gay wedding."

"If you feel like that about it, mother, I cannot understand why you don't veto 'a gay church wedding' for Jack's sister."

"You see, Margie, I simply cannot let Mother be so mean and small to Mary when Mary has always been so lovely to her. Do you know, she seems to blame Mary for all Jack's sins as well as his shocking death."

"I wonder if we will get these queer twists in our minds, Mollie, as we get older? If so, the thought of growing old is worse than death. I remember my mother, who you know died when I was fifteen years old. She was much older than I, for I came to her late in life. She was a saint, Mollie, and one of the best Bible students I have ever known."

"But she had the old orthodox belief—that except ye believe on me ye

cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. (That is not the quotation, but it is the meaning). Now my father was an agnostic—one of those brave souls which says, 'I don't know.' Measured by the standards of my mother's belief he would miss eternal life. My mother knew the goodness of my father and notwithstanding the fact that she believed that everyone else would be judged but the orthodox standard, down deep in her heart was a well defined belief that some other judgment would be made to fit the case of the man she loved so devotedly."

"Here Mollie," I interrupted myself, "we did not come here to discuss religion, but to buy those things that some frivolous person insists give one the sense of well being that even religion cannot give."

"Are you going to buy any of the new washable satin lingerie?"

"I have bought some. Isn't it lovely," she exclaimed, holding up a pale pink gown that was beautiful enough for a queen."

"I don't believe a woman is ever so happy as when she is buying things to make herself beautiful in the eyes of the man she loves," she whispered. "Yes, dear, there is one time she is happier."

Mollie looked her question. "That is when she is buying the darling little garments for her coming child."

My eyes filled with tears as I thought of sonny and Mollie's hand clasped mine in warm sympathy.

Little book, do you think that Fate is going to be so cruel to me as not to let me have another child?

(To Be Continued)

PRICKING THE CONSCIENCE?

Golf Player (on Sunday morning)
—Something has put me off my game today, caddie.

Caddie—It's them church bells, sir. They ought to be stopped.