

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE THE OPERATION IS ONLY A WEEK OFF

A person's mind is a queer thing. It did not seem possible to me that I could write any more of the story that Paula told me after the doctor told me that I was to have that operation in a week, and yet I know that I had to prepare some of the story ahead so that Pat would not lose any of his daily contributions.

Doggedly I set myself to work; absolutely I put everything out of my brain except the story that Paula told me and today I was made happy with a phone from Pat saying that he thought the batch of pieces I had just sent in were the best I had written.

"You are writing with a surer pen," he said, "with more distinction. Your stuff is losing any hint of amateurishness."

Now, isn't that nice, little book? And as I remarked at the beginning it shows that a person's mind is a queer thing. I had first to weed out of mine the jumble of fears about my operation; but, to tell the truth, that was not so awfully hard. It has always seemed to me that most of us were very childish about taking the advice of our doctors. We will take any kind of poison into our stomach that is ordered, because we cannot really tell the effect it has on us, but let one of them mention the knife and we turn sick and cold, and yet we do know or should know that surgery is an exact science and medicine is not.

Here I go wandering off into the realm of my beliefs and theories, little book, when I started out to tell you about the things I had to weed out of my brain before I could get back to a working basis for my writing of Paula's story.

All the while the word "tubercular" haunted me, and I think I almost prayed—"If it is tuberculosis of the spine, please—please let me die. I

cannot stand a lingering death in life."

But these thoughts, too, had to go into the discard. At last my vagrant mind turned to Malcolm Stuart and all at once I became somewhat surprised, not because I was thinking of him, but because I was in this crisis thinking of someone else besides Dick.

Little book, I am not at all in love with Malcolm Stuart. I know it is just the feminine in me that rises to the call of man.

I expect, little book, if I were to let Pat publish you, that some very conventionally virtuous woman as she read this would simply rise on her pedestal and shout, "Avaunt! horrible woman." And yet why should she? Is it not true that from the time a girl begins to go to school she dimples and preens herself at the call of the boy across the aisle—the boy across the street and all the others? Why should we women go through life denying natural laws? It is only when they are broken that we poor mortals suffer.

When the sexes cease to be interested in each other then the whole race is dooged.

(To Be Continued)

BETTER CAR SERVICE PLANNED TO MUNICIPAL PIER

Responding to the demand for better service to the municipal pier, the Chicago Surface Lines is contemplating a rerouting of car lines so that cars from all sections of the city will run to the foot of the pier.

The suggested plan is to have cars of such lines as 12th st., Blue Island av., Division st., Clark st., North Halsted st., North and Cottage Grove avs. rerouted so as to run by or have their terminals at the foot of the pier, especially on Sundays and holidays.