

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

MARGIE, IN MISERY OVER HER HUSBAND'S INFEDILITY,
CONTEMPLATES DEATH

Little book, I have come to you in these early morning hours—only you can walk with me through my Gethsemane.

Since I heard that conversation between Chad and Pat I have not been able to think until now. All through the night I have been conscious only that my body was but a receptacle for one wild wail of agony.

For the last half hour I have been slowly coming back to something even more horrible than I have yet gone through. Until then I was not aware that I was living, but now—oh, God, I know that I am coming back to life!

Life! My heart grows faint and I can almost feel my breath grow cold as it passes sobbingly out between my pain-drawn lips as I think of it.

"What is that they said?" I asked myself over and over, and the one great fact always comes uppermost. Neither of these men—neither Chad nor Pat—who are both good men, who call themselves honorable men, are concerned with Dick's betraying my love and trust. They accept that as a matter of fact and dismiss it with the remark "Dick is human." Their only concern was that Dick had made his liaison public.

Sometimes I think, little book, I too might have accepted this fact, but it hurts me that I cannot distinguish the false from the real. Even the gold of my memories must ever more be tarnished with doubt. I can never be sure I have ever been the woman for whom Dick hungered—never be sure that the hours that I have treasured were not just bridges over which he passed from the monotony of every day to the primrose paths of joy and variety.

Little book, I have no more courage. I cannot look the future in the face. This last frost of deceit and hypocrisy has laid the flaming salvia

low. I am no longer a brilliant bit of color with my head up to the sun. I am lying prone, a putiful mass in the squalor and dirt of hurt and doubt.

I know now that through all my unhappiness until now I had hope. Even when I was a log I had a feeling that sometime, somewhere, somehow everything would be well. But now I cannot stay here, while my heart bleeds and my pride withers, and wait—for what?

I am not strong enough to go on loving and losing and still keep giving and giving.

I'm through.

Little book, life is not worth the struggle and I am going to end it all as soon as possible—as soon as I can find a way by which I can do it decently and in order.

I expect many of my friends, if they knew this, would say: "Why do you give up; why don't you divorce Dick?"

That would not help matters at all for me. I have been too unhappy for the last few years to try to piece even contentment out of my shattered hopes.

Surely there will be some way to die—for die I must—without bringing the disgrace of suicide home to my friends.

And besides, little book, I'd hate to make all those friends, especially Malcolm Stuart, who believes in me and my courage, feel they were mistaken, but henceforth, little book, Margie Waverly who has made such a mess of living and loving is going to try and find at least eternal quiet, eternal peace.

MARGIE HEARS THE CALL OF
THE SEA TO FIND ETERNAL
PEACE THERE

For once, little book, nature is in accord with my mood. All night long