

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

MODESTY BEGETS ADMIRATION.

I wonder, little book, if we do not show more of our real selves to some people in our letters than we do when we are with them.

I like Malcolm Stuart more when he writes to me than when I am with him, and that is saying a good deal—something I would not say to any one but you, for fear one would not understand.

This came to me this morning when I picked up my mail and found a letter with the insignia of the Lady Salvia on it.

I have not seen Malcolm Stuart since he came back and I have missed him and I have missed his constant understanding of my moods.

Like all women, little book, I am always heart-broken when one does not play up to the mood I happen to be in at the time. Sometimes I think that must have been the fascination of all great lovers of history. It is so heart-breaking to quote—yes, and to write—a bit of poetry, as I have done to Dick, and find he has not been able to understand that I was talking to him only—to have him say, "That is rattling good stuff, Margie, I'd send it to the Century if I were you."

Malcolm Stuart never makes that terrible mistake whatever I write—of course, I never write him a love poem. He pays me the compliment of accepting as though written to and for himself alone.

Yesterday I wrote him a little note saying Dick had found it impossible to come to his sailing party, consequently I did not think I would be among those present.

This morning brought me the following protest:

"Is it possible, dear little Lady Salvia, you are not going to honor the party that was made just for you? Surely you must know it will be no

party for me if you are not here.

"I do not think I can sail if I cannot take with me the memories of your presence in the Lady Salvia. I want to be able to sit out on some of those long tropical moonlight nights and say, 'Margie sat just over there by the rail,' and then by a little stretch of imagination I hope I can see you sitting there again, your clear-cut profile half in shadow and your lovely white hands loosely clasped in your lap.

"My good friend, Dr. Virot, said to me he had never known any one, man or woman, that faced everything, including living death, with the fortitude that you displayed. I did not tell him, dear little Lady Salvia, that only once did you lose your courage—the greatest of all courage—the courage to live—and even then you looked death in the face without a tremor.

"It is good of you, dear Margie, to let me talk to you on paper this way. I hope I shall never abuse the privilege—I wonder if in your heart you think I have never done this. Just say to yourself, 'He is such a lonely man that if it does him any good to pour out his thought and emotions in ink I, for one, am not going to deny him.'"

"All this, my dear Margie, because I am so disappointed that you will not be with us on Sunday, and right here I warn you I am not to sail away until you have visited the Lady Salvia.

"I am not going to see you until after the week-end party as I am slipping over to New York today on some business about the hospital.

"I have only to sign the last papers now to know that for all time some little backs will be made better able to bear life's burden because I have lived.

"Do you think when I present myself before the last judge the angel