

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"VALETING" FOR DICK

Chapter LIX.

I remember once my mother telling me (she used to love to talk to me about the father who died before I old enough to really know him) that, although my father was a very orderly man, yet he never seemed to know where his clean clothes were kept.

"I placed your father's shirts for fifteen years in the same drawer of the bureau, and I know that he never put on a clean shirt in all that time that he did not call out, 'Margaret, where did you say you put my shirts when they came from the laundry?' I think he did this simply because he liked me to wait on him.

"Men, my dear, love to have their wives fuss over them. They are like children in their anxiety to be petted and have the attention of those they love focused upon them. And we are all born with that maternal instinct which makes us pet and care for anything we love."

I, of course, did not think much about this little lecture on conjugal amenities at the time, but since I have been married I have found that nothing pleases Dick more than for me to put the buttons in his shirt, to lay out his sox, collars, ties and handkerchiefs and to look him over when he has finished dressing to see that he is all correct.

The first morning after we had moved into our new rooms I thought I would see if he really liked me to do these things for him, and as I had shown him the night before where all his clothes were kept I did not get them ready while he was taking his bath.

When he came out he looked on the bed in a surprised sort of way and said: "Where is my shirt, Madge?"

"In the drawer," I answered, and I had to turn my face away to keep him from seeing that I was smiling.

"Well, aren't you going to put the

buttons in?" he asked in a most injured tone.

"Of course, dear, if you want me to," and I proceeded to get out his clothes as usual while he shaved and brushed his hair.

A man with his face covered partly with lather is not a beautiful object, and I could not help thinking of all that silly advice that is given to women about always looking their best when they are where their husbands can see them. A woman in curl-papers is not a circumstance to a man with a lather-covered chin. And yet reams of paper and gallons of ink have not been wasted in giving advice to husbands on its direful effect in diminishing a wife's admiration and consequent love. I don't believe that either a lathered face or curl-paper hair will make any difference in the amount of love that exists between husband and wife. I was thinking this as Dick started to put on his spic and span collar and tie.

"Don't you think a dark blue tie with this blue shirt a little bit sedate for a happy young married man?" he inquired.

"No, dear, I think it is the only thing to wear with it, especially as I have laid out your dark blue silk hose."

"Mercy! I've been wearing the wrong things all my life," he said in mock despair.

"I tell you when a man marries he learns a lot of things and he has a lot of comfort if his wife thinks enough of him to help him doll himself up."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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First Hen—What a ridiculously giddy creature that young Miss Dorking is! Second Hen—Oh, she's young yet. Wait till she has known the sorrow of sitting for three weeks on a china egg and two door knobs; she'll sober down then.