

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### WOMEN ARE GROWING LESS FORGIVING

(Copyright, 1915, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

The specialist pronounced Aunt Mary's case serious and she is going to the hospital next Monday.

When Dick got home to dinner tonight, I told him all about her, also about the scene his mother made.

"Why did you not tell me about Aunt Mary last night?" he asked "I would have gone with you this morning."

"Because it was so late when you came in and knowing that I would have a hard day today I did not want to go over the awful thing again and perhaps keep myself from sleeping at all."

Dick looked rather surprised at my explanation. Of course, little book, I did just what a man would have done under the circumstances, but men never expect women to save themselves any emotional stress—unless it interferes with their plans.

"I don't know you since you have been ill, Margie. You seem to have changed so much."

"Isn't it enough to change anyone to have her entire plan of life destroyed?"

"Oh, but Margie, surely not your entire plan. We are still together—we are young — there will be other children."

"There might be a dozen children, but the plans that I had made for sonny can never be used for him."

"Did it mean so much to you, dear?"

"Just now it seems to have meant everything to me."

Dick sighed and then he looked up hopefully.

"Aren't you going to try and get over it?"

"I don't know. I don't seem to be able to do anything but just exist."

"Your whole mind will be taken up with Aunt Mary, but after her operation we will go away a little while. Think, dear, that will be the

first time we have been away together since our honeymoon."

I tried to think, but I could not get up any enthusiasm. And, oh, little book, how I wanted again the old time thrill. I looked up at Dick, put my arms about his neck, but when he kissed me I knew there was no response in my cool lips just as there was no response in my cold heart.

"In the meantime what are we going to do with your mother?"

"Is she on the rampage over Jack again?"

"Yes, and because I would insist upon going with Aunt Mary to the doctor's while she was here she insists she was 'sent home' and tells me to tell you that you can find her at the hotel—she will not come here again."

"Well, she'll wait a long time for me to go there and abet her in her foolishness," said Dick, calmly.

There, little book, isn't that just like a man? He can sit back and just let things boil or simmer without even raising the cover of the pot.

A woman would feel that she had to immediately go over and explain to her mother and she would not make matters any better, but a man, by always taking the line of least resistance in all matters of this kind, not only save himself a lot of trouble but saves trouble for the others.

"Where do you suppose Jack is now?" I asked.

"I don't know and I don't care," he answered. "Since we shut off mother's money and he is not getting it, of course he is making a great plea about getting home. Do you think Mary will ever take him back?"

"Would you, Dick, if you were Mary?"

"I would not, but you women are queer creatures and you are apt to forgive as many times as we are asked to forgive in the bible. I guess