

to lovable, gentle Mary Thorpe, and be glad that things had come around

just right, and that to Wylle Morton he had been a true and loyal friend.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### THE AWFUL VICE OF THE UNTHINKING

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Nothing more was said at the breakfast table after Mollie's out-break.

Dear old Dad opened his mouth once or twice and then shut it with a sigh. He did not even speak when Mother Waverly left the table with tearful plea that he should not let her children talk to her as they had been doing.

He hastily drank his coffee and, calling "good-bye" to his wife, hurried to the car. Poor old chap! I'm going to have Dick fetch Master Jack up pretty short. He is killing his father with his foolishness.

Mother Waverly doesn't mean to be a trouble maker. Indeed, she would think I or anyone else was crazy to suggest such a thing.

The whole trouble with her is that in her scheme of life there has been no time nor place to carry out ideas, theories or plans to their logical conclusion.

She has petted and punished her children according to her moods rather than according to their deserts. Her housekeeping has been on the same hit-or-miss plan. She has never known what her household expenses were. She bought food, clothes and everything else not because of her, or her family's needs, but because of her inclination.

The word "consequences" has had no place in her mind's vocabulary, and then when she has had to face it she has always given the blame for its appearance to some one else.

Is it any wonder that her children have many of the faults of the unthinking?

Mollie, dear girl, has begun to see the folly of "going it blind," as she would say in her slangy way.

Dick, although he laughs at me for

insisting that we shall try and follow each plan to its logical conclusion, is always seeing the wisdom of doing so. He does not act and think afterward as often as he used to do.

Perhaps Jack will see his folly soon—I hope so.

Of course, little book, you understand that I do not say my way is always right because I think much about it.

When I realize the many mistakes I have made since I was married I am very humble, but it stands to reason that when one thinks about an act from every possible angle one is not as apt to make mistakes about it as if one did it without thought.

I don't want to be a perfectly cool and calculating human machine, either, without any of the impulses, good and bad, that make life worth living, but I want to try and educate my brain so that intuitively I will choose to do the right thing.

One of the most eminent jurists in this country told me once that he thought the most just decisions that he handed down were those that he decided intuitively and then maraballed his logic and fact to confirm.

Life today is very complex and living is much more than just drawing your breath.

Just when to stop being guided by impulse and start being reasonable is a hard question to settle. Usually if we act by either impulse or reason we wish we had acted differently.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### HIS CHOICE

Cholly—Shall we go to the East-end Theater and take a look at the "Great Unwashed"?

Algy—No; let us go to the opera and see the "Great Undressed."