

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK FEARS FOR HATTON WITH THE GANG

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"I like that Chadwick Hatton," said Dick as we walked home.

We had declined Mr. Hatton's offer to drive us home in his car, as I had a slight headache and Dick thought the walk would do us good.

"He is the man Mollie is working for?"

Dick said nothing for a few minutes and then—"I wish she wasn't."

"Why?"

"Don't you see, Margie, that we can't mix business with pleasure? I'd like to be friends with Hatton but I am afraid of Mrs. Grundy if he pays any particular attention to my sister."

"We're friends with the Selwins, Dick."

"That's different. A man can be friends with anybody. It's going to be awkward to meet him at the Symones and not invite him to our house and yet I don't want him to think I am flinging Mollie at his head. I wish she would stay at home like a good girl and take care of the house for mother."

"It's hard work, isn't it, Dick, for a man to get out of the notion that the women of his family are still his to dispose of as he thinks best. Mollie was running wild before she was able to work off some of her surplus energy in this occupation. She is much happier and safer than she was in the place which you call 'at home.' Which in her case was doing as she pleased with a lot of idle time. I don't see any reason why we should deprive ourselves of Mr. Hatton's society on her account. She can take care of herself, I am sure."

I said this very bravely but all the same I have been worried about Mollie and this man who has the saddest eyes and the most determined mouth I have ever seen. I had quite a long talk with him while Dick and Harry were playing pool.

"I have heard much about you, Mrs. Waverly, from your young sister-in-law, who is my private secretary, as I suppose you know."

"Yes, Mollie and I are great chums. I consider her one of the cleverest girls I have ever met."

"She is more than clever, Mrs. Waverly, she is that very rare thing—a young woman of common sense," he answered. "By the way, I told her the other day that we wanted some children's stories for the paper and she said she knew you could write them provided I could persuade you to do it."

"Why, Mr. Hatton, I never wrote anything for publication in my life, I wish you would try."

Dick and Harry finished their game then and we said no more.

I like that man Hatton and yet I feel as though there was some mystery about him. His eyes are too sad and his mouth too stern for one so young. Dick says he is going to make things hum in this city politically.

"He's got it in good and plenty for the old graft gang," was the way he put it.

"He'll have to walk the straight and narrow path then," was my observation, "for as soon as these politicians know that he is after them they will search his life from the beginning to see if he is above reproach."

"That is the reason why I am sorry that Mollie is in his office," said Dick. "Those devils have no fear of God nor reverence for women, when either comes between them and the graft they are after. Hatton is piling up a lot of trouble for himself but I hope he will win out. Don't you think we had better tell Mollie about this and ask her to get another place?"

"Now, my dear husband, you know