

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I AM GETTING BACK TO HEALTH

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I am feeling better. Have been out with Eliene for a ride today and did a little shopping. We met Jim Edie and he bought us both a gorgeous bunch of flowers. While we were in the florist shop Eleanor Fairlow came up and he gave her a bunch, too, although I always have a feeling that Jim does not especially care for her.

"You see, Miss Fairlow, I'm celebrating because I did not kill Margie with the tango the other night. She don't look now as though a little tangoing would kill her, does she? I think I'm blessed above my fellows to have as friends only the best looking women in town."

"You must be rather catholic in your taste, Mr. Edie, for I do not know of three women in town who are more dissimilar in type than we three are."

"Well, I guess I like all types. Whenever I am with anyone of you I feast my eyes and say 'Gee, Jim, you're in luck.' And I am determined never to marry, for where would I be with one pretty woman if another should throw me a glance from her eye?"

"You are all right now, Margie," said Jim to me softly as we walked out of the flower shop a little behind the others.

"Perfectly all right," I answered, glad to know that Dick had not told him about me.

"I felt dreadfully about you, for some way I could not help but think I was to blame."

"No, you were not, Jim, I love to dance."

"Invite us over to your house tonight, Eliene," asked Jim eagerly, "and I'll teach Margie those new steps."

"I don't think I can come tonight, Jim. Dick is coming home early and I have hardly had a visit with him since I was ill, besides I want to be

real strong again before I try to dance."

"All right, you have got something coming to you, Margie. The new steps are the dandiest I've ever tried."

When I got home I found a message from Dick saying he would not be home to dinner. And a little later he called me up, asked me how I was feeling and said that Mr. Selwin had asked him to stay down town and talk over the book situation.

"I haven't seen you very much for over a month," I said rather pitiously.

"But you have been ill, dear," Dick answered as though no one could be called upon to see much of a sick woman.

"Yes, I know I have been ill, dear heart, but I am well now. Am feeling fine. I think I'll go over and see Mother Waverly and Molly tonight."

"Take Aunt Mary with you and wait for me. I'll come up early and bring you home."

"That will be fine, Dick."

"Sounds like your old-time voice, old girl. I've been feeling rather lonesome with you ill, lately."

And you see, little book, I had been thinking that Dick did not know—did not care, while all the time he had been worrying about me. How silly a woman I am when she is sick. I've felt hurt at Dick because he did not leave his daily affairs and baby me. I've even been pettish over the fact that so many of my friends had given me beautiful things for my baby that I wanted to make and buy myself, and I expect I'd have cried my eyes out if no one had sent me anything.

Like Toddy, I'm going to be good. I've been looking over those beautiful clothes that Eliene has sent me and the wonderful things that Aunt Mary has made, but most of all I love that little dress that once was