

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### A HAPPY EVENING AT HOME

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"What did Dick find out about Jack?" asked Mary as soon as we were seated in my bedroom and she had duly admired the latest additions to my baby's wardrobe.

"He found Jack delirious from drink and dissipation and made him promise to come home the next day. Instead of doing this, Jack disappeared from the hospital and no one knows what has become of him."

"Yes, Mother Waverly had a letter from him this morning in which he told her that the reason he did not come was because he felt so terribly because I would not forgive and live with him again. She immediately called me up and told me that I was to write to him and tell him he must come home to me at once; that I was unhappy without him and impatiently awaiting his return.

"But I am not impatiently awaiting his return," I had the courage to tell her.

"You should be," she answered angrily. "I cannot understand your attitude in this matter, Mary. When you know what all this family has done for you and what you would have been if Jack had not married you, I cannot conceive any excuse for your conduct."

"I am not going to discuss these matters over the telephone," I said, "but I will say that I had kept myself pretty well physically and morally before I met Jack and was capable of doing so now without him," and then, Margie, I hung up the phone. Did I do wrong?"

"I don't think so, dear," I answered. "It is astonishing to what extent many mothers will go in trying to make others do things for their children. Mother Waverly never really did anything for Jack except to bear him. She never thinks of him except to say to herself: 'I am his mother.' She tells him how much

she loves him, but never puts herself out in the slightest for him. Her attitude is always: 'Why should I? I am his mother.' I have often thought it was a great wonder that Mollie grew up with the common sense she has acquired.

"Certainly her mother has never showed the faintest glimmering of desire to build up the character of her children. When she has said: 'My blessed boy,' 'My darling daughter,' she thinks she has done all that is required. I feel if I shall be like this that it would be better that my baby did not live."

Mary looked at me in surprise and asked: "Why do you feel so bitter, Margie? The only time when you lose your temper is when you speak of Dick's mother."

I laughed, for she had spoken the truth, little book. "Mothers of the Waverly type always affect me as a red rag does a bull," I explained.

Just then there was a burst of laughter from the room beyond and Dick called: "Come on, Margie, and make us a rarebit. Aunt Mary and Jim have had exceptional luck and beaten us to a frazzle."

"All right, while you are playing the rubber, Mary and I will concoct the rarebit."

"Almost thou persuadest me," said Jim, as he surveyed my pretty table that Mary and I had decked out with my laciest doilies and brightest silver.

"Wait until you taste Margie's rarebit and you will be entirely persuaded," boasted Dick proudly.

"And yet, you say," said Kitty, shyly, "that it is not true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"No man can tell the way to even his own heart," remarked Dick sentimentally, "for he does not know the way himself—he can only tell that it has been found when someone, like