

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

WORRYING JUST A LITTLE ABOUT THE OUTCOME

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After Kitty went home I went into the room I had planned for the nursery and sat down a few moments.

All the baby clothes and little bits of frills and furniture had been taken away by the express man and I almost had a feeling of relief when I knew that every vestige of material things which would remind me of sonny had gone.

Sometimes I think that is one of the saddest attributes of femininity. We are never able to see the end of things. We cling to the ghosts of yesterdays and keep our heart bleeding and our hands empty because we keep lying to ourselves — trying to make ourselves think that it is not over.

If I should say this to any one of my friends she or even he would say that I was not only hard-hearted, but very selfish and very materialistic.

"Am I, little book?"

Is it hard-hearted to wish for happiness instead of sorrow for the capabilities and emotions that make life worth living as long as we must live? Is it selfish to say: "No one can take away from me the joy of having had those moments of ecstasy that must come to most of us. My thoughts go back to that night before my marriage and I know that as one of the most blissful hours of my existence. It could not last, but other blissful hours have come—and gone."

Tonight, as I sit here and talk to you, little book, I am in a most pessimistic mood. When Dick came home (he did not arrive until dinner time) the first words he said were:

"Has Kitty gone?"

"Yes, she went this morning."

"I hope she will never come again, because if she does I shall not be in this house while she is here."

Even dear Aunt Mary could not keep still at this.

"Why, Dick," she expostulated,

"Don't you think you are a little unreasonable? Kitty only comes once or twice a year and stays so short a time. Margie likes her."

"That doesn't make me change my mind," answered Dick in the curtest tones he had ever used to Aunt Mary.

"No," I put in bitterly, "the mere fact that you might please me would never make you change your mind or exercise the slightest self-denial." I left the table. I felt that my food would choke me.

Aunt Mary and Dick finished their dinners in silence and Dick went out, closing the door with an ostentatious bang. He has not returned yet.

By what alchemy does marriage change a man into a selfish, unreasoning tyrant, little book?

Dick is just fine if I do everything he wants me to do and don't question anything he does.

Is there a woman who is this sort of self-effacing wife and are there any men who do not expect their wives to be such passive pieces of house furniture. Even Harry Symone, who has had his lesson with Ellene and the twins, sometimes shows the same arrogant disposition he exhibited before he shattered the eleventh commandment in getting found out.

I wonder what Dick would do if every time I did not just like his manner I would flounce out of the house with an air that home was so unpleasant that I could not stay in it.

I sometimes think Dick wishes he were not married. I think he has grown tired of the responsibility.

The last year with my sickness has been very expensive. I had saved a little money from my allowance, but most of it has gone in the last two months, as Dick told me that our dividends would not pay the interest and make our usual payment on stock this year, so I let him have \$1,000. Next year I hope he will have the