

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

IS ELIENE'S CARE OF RIVAL'S CHILDREN MARTYRDOM—OR PRIDE?

I did not think, little book. I would open you again before I had my operation. I had determined that I would not think about myself and that I would write my "Paula story" ahead, so that Pat would not have any worry if anything should happen to me.

Today, however, Eliene came over to see me and she said so many things that interested me that I am going to tell them to you, dear little confidant.

Suddenly it was born upon me that Eliene was not looking as well as usual. Something had gone out of her eyes. They did not light up even when she spoke of the children. At last I could stand it no longer and I said:

"What is the matter, Eliene? You look as though you had found life that you have thought to be a wonderfully juicy red apple just a mass of mushy, flavorless pulp."

"I wish I had your facility of description, Margie," she said with a smile. "Mushy and flavorless pulp is what my life has seemed to me lately."

"Why, dear, is this so? It seems to me that you have everything to make you content. You have the twins and your little daughter. You are alive, Eliene. At least you are not a log like I am."

"But, Margie, is that all you want, physical comfort? What of the high ideals, the romance, that meant so much to us both when we first started out on our married lives? I don't want to confess defeat in my wedded life, but I wonder if it were the better part that I chose that time back in the past when the twins were born?"

"Surely, Eliene, you don't regret?"

"No, my dear, I don't think I do, but I sometimes question if I were actuated by the great, unselfish idea that I thought I was at the time. I gave you to understand, indeed I

gave myself to understand, that I was taking those children because of a high moral purpose. That I had a certain sense of responsibility."

"Why, of course you did, Eliene. It was one of the most wonderful examples of self-immolation I have ever known!"

"Yes, I think I looked upon myself at the time as a splendid martyr, but was I sincere, Margie? Did I not accept what must always be the shell of marriage, because I did not want the world to know that I had made a mistake?"

"I expect I ought to be content, but, Margie, I am selfish enough to want Harry to feel as I do. I honestly believe he has forgotten the mother of the twins. To all intents and purposes I am their mother."

"Would you wish him to remember her?"

Eliene thought a few minutes and then turned a pair of tear-filled eyes to me.

"I don't know what I want, Margie. I guess I am 'doing the baby act' because the romance of my life has resolved itself into three meals a day. And Harry is fitting out a hunting expedition to South Africa!"

"Which skows he is quite as tired of his everyday life as you are, Eliene. Men never forget, any more than we do. Harry misses romance quite as much as you and he is seeking it in South Africa."

To Be Continued.)

In Western Georgia a jury recently met to inquire into a case of suicide. After sitting through the evidence the 12 men retired, and, after deliberating, returned with the following verdict: "The jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

It's awfully hard for the average man to look in a mirror and believe that he was once a cute baby.