

**THE CONFESSION
OF
A REBELLIOUS WIFE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649327737

The Confession of a Rebellious Wife by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**THE CONFESSION
OF
A REBELLIOUS WIFE**

**THE CONFESSION OF
A REBELLIOUS WIFE**

THE CONFESSION OF A REBELLIOUS WIFE



NEW YORK
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
[c 1902]

11.000

**THE CONFESSION OF
A REBELLIOUS WIFE**

36X 723

THE CONFESSION OF A REBELLIOUS WIFE

When I first met Frank I thought he was conceited and I disliked him. However, like most girls, I suspected nearly every young man I knew of being conceited. I used to snub Frank until I discovered that he liked me. Naturally I began to like him. It was several months before I saw that he was in love with me. Shortly afterward he showed that he was determined to marry me. Then I grew frightened. For several weeks I did not know what to do. To a girl there is something terrible in the approach of love. It seems opposed to all the reserve bred into her from birth. With me the realization that I loved Frank came perhaps all the

THE CONFESSION OF

more slowly because he was so persistent. I had always thought of myself as happy; but I saw that I had been merely patient and that way down deep, I had been lonely. I was young enough not to have thought seriously about love or about marrying; yet I discovered that, unconsciously, I had been waiting. When I told Frank that I loved him, it seemed as if my life had become complete and rich and wonderful. Strangest of all, everything assumed a new relation to me. I felt that I was a part of the life of the world. I suddenly became a successful woman. I justified my existence.

It is, I suppose, the sense of importance that makes so many lovers odious. Perhaps Frank and I appeared so. If we did, we were punished, that is, I was punished. Among all the wonderful memories of that happy time, there is one that even

A REBELLIOUS WIFE

now gives me a chill. *Some of our friends were not glad because we were happy.* They openly showed they were not glad! The realization shocked me. When I spoke to Frank about the way one of my oldest friends, a beautiful and sympathetic girl, had been acting toward me, he merely laughed as if he knew exactly what her behavior meant. Since that time I have never referred to the matter or to anything like it, with Frank or with anyone else. But I have thought of it many times. And it has made me ask myself this question: "Is happiness such a rare thing that people begrudge it to one another?"

To me, leading a rather isolated and colorless life, to know that someone lived for me and responded to all my feelings and thoughts, was perfectly thrilling. From the moment of our engagement

THE CONFESSION OF

Frank apparently had only one wish, to do whatever I believed to be right, to follow me in everything, to be my echo. I wonder if, during the engagement time, many women have the same experience. In some cases, it is plainly the woman who echoes the man. From the moment that Frank showed he loved me, he deferred to me in everything. It was not that I assumed the advantage. It was he that insisted on giving it. And, as soon as we became engaged, he acted as if it were only right and natural that I should be the leader.

Of course, the slang of the day, which tells so much of what people are thinking, recognizes that during courtship a man regards the woman as an angel or a queen. And what happens after the engagement leads to marriage has been made familiar enough in songs and jokes. But the steps