

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

The Question Vital to Her Happiness With Dicky, and to All Who Are Married, Which Madge Had to Ask Herself. Is there some mysterious, magical thing which lies at the heart of every marriage that is completely happy? This is the question which tugs at my heart strings as I look back to the long ago perfect wedding day and honeymoon which were Dicky's and mine.

batting with self—to find the never-abiding but always-to-be-trasped happiness for which our hearts yearn? Or— My mind wanders over the lives of my own little mother, now dead and gone, and my father still haunted by the memory of moments which he will always regret.

effort to try to keep my wife's, my husband's love? An Unexpected Call. With the fierceness I would thrust away a dagger aimed at the heart of the son both Dicky and I adore, I thrust this thought from me when first it rose into my mind. Yet it returns again and again—but I push it from me with the cry I gave upon our marriage day and set down in my little book.

as sharp as one who holds the wisdom, all the goodness and the wickedness of the world compressed within their compelling, lovely depths. "Say! Pardon me, for running in so unexpected neighborlike—I live in the back apartment—my kitchen's right next to yours. The smell of the dinners you cook that nice looking husband of yours just wafted through the wall and in-m—they told me you were the kind of woman who would like doing a neighbor's favor. I always said that one wife can tell how good another wife is just by smelling her cooking, and this minute my eyes tell me I'm right."

umph. Bowser couldn't get him, and he knew it. He could afford to grin down at Bowser. He tingled all over with the joy of having actually climbed a tree. More than once he had thought he could climb if he really tried, but until now he had never known positively that he could. But after a while the persistent barking of Bowser got on Johnny's nerves. Then when Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow discovered him and added their voices to the racket that Bowser was making Johnny began to grow anxious.

he was, and he knew that he would be at the mercy of Farmer Brown's Boy. Farmer Brown's Boy could climb. Johnny Chuck had seen him do it more than once. Nearer and nearer Farmer Brown's Boy, and Johnny shook more and more with fright. The worst of it was there wasn't a thing he could do about it. He must stay right where he was. Perhaps you can guess how he hoped that Farmer Brown's Boy wouldn't look up in that tree. That was a foolish hope. Of course, Farmer Brown's Boy was bound to look up in that tree because Bowser himself was looking up in that tree all the time and making it perfectly plain that there was some one up there.

brother. Generally mother stays to the caller, sits and talks for 15 or 20 minutes and then smilingly says that she knows the young folks will excuse her if she goes to do some writing or reading, or something. So far so good. But the minute mother gets out of the room, things drag. I don't know what to talk about. I'd feel silly starting the photograph and acting as if I couldn't do a thing but dance. The evening is years long. The young man endures it until 11. Sometimes my brother comes in and things pick up again for a little while. Almost never does a young man come a second time. They may take me out a couple of times to theater or movies. But even there I can't hold the men I seem to attract. I don't put it down to my being unwilling to indulge in "petting parties." I don't think that has much to do with it as that I just don't know how to hold the men I seem to attract. I don't put it down to my being unwilling to indulge in "petting parties."

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