

Adele Garrison
"My Husband's Love"

The Emergency That Everyone Rose to Meet.

Katherine came running back with some tiny pellets and a glass of water. In her other hand she gingerly bore a metal tray holding a tiny electric grill still hot.

Mother Graham's eyes followed mine to it, and realization came to us both of the means by which Katherine had been able to produce boiling water at the very instant of Junior's imperative need of it.

"You must have kept that going all night!" Mother Graham exclaimed.

"Only since I went to bed," Katherine answered, "and it was turned to lowest heat."

"D'ye think I meant to consider the cost?" Mother Graham snapped, and I knew she was sincere, although her voice had sounded exactly as if she had meant that very thing.

"Of course not," Katherine returned soothingly. "Will you please attach it in here somewhere? I must have hot water constantly from now on."

Mother Graham took the grill from her and Katherine and I together succeeded in getting a pellet down Junior just as Katie, wide-eyed and skittishly attired appeared in the doorway.

"Vot matter?" she asked, and then seeing Junior on my lap dived for him. "Oh-h, my ba-bee," she called. "You seek! Speak to Katie!"

Mother Graham turned on her indignantly, but I put up a protesting hand, and for a wonder she subsided. Junior had raised a weak little hand and patted the girl's cheek as she bent over him.

Mother Graham Makes a Fire.

"Nice Katie," he croaked hoarsely, and she caught the hand and kissed it in impulsive fashion, choking a sob back as she fondled the little fingers.

"We must have a fire at once, in here, Katie," Katherine said quietly.

"Then I will built it," Mother Graham interrupted imperiously.

"Everything is all ready except another log," Katie, wakened right away and have him bring some more wood up here and then start a fire in the kitchen stove. There must be water that's nearly hot down there, if you've kept it going.

"Stove, she going all right," Katie answered, "and dot Jeem he getting oop ven I coom. I tell heem now." She flew out of the door, and Mother Graham knuck down by the fireplace, crumpling paper into rough wads, and placing them at carefully spaced intervals along the brick floor. Then she arranged small sticks in geometric pattern with plenty of air space between, topped them by a number of larger fagots and on the top laid two small logs. Then with the aid of an ancient priestess performing a rite, she applied the match to the paper and looked around in satisfaction as the flame began to crackle.

"There!" she said, "that's something like a fire. You wouldn't have had it for an hour if you had let that girl monkey with it."

Prudently Katherine and I held our tongues, although both of us knew that Katie would have had equally as good a fire in as short a time, and with much less fussing. I paid tribute to my mother-in-law's efficiency, nevertheless.

The fire, a roaring, thoroughly effective blaze, was built, and Katie had been released for necessary service elsewhere. And Mother Graham had no sooner raised herself from her knees and dusted her hands off, than she began making plans like a strategic general.

"Don't Be Frightened."

"Don't you want the crib in here?" she asked as she sat down in a low chair and drew on her thick woolen stockings and comfortable leather slippers—with the martyre-like insistence of the older generation in being uncomfortable in any emergency, she had remained in her night dress and with bare feet while the excitement was on.

"Yes," Katherine answered, "but for that we can wait until John arrives."

"Don't you want to fix up a croup tent?"

"Surely, but this other process will do very nicely until we get the other done, and a few minutes won't matter, Junior, don't be frightened! I'll leave one way or the other. There, Aunt Katie'll take the old choke away."

Her quick eyes had detected the beginning of another spasm, and with deft hands she again put the bowl of steaming fluid beneath the blanket which Mother Graham held, and soothed the child's tortured throat.

For the next hour and a half the room was a battle ground. Jim, quiet, effective, brought wood for the fire, and set up Junior's crib, which I noted could not have been used since I left home. The child evidently had been sleeping in his grandmother's bed during my entire absence, a proceeding directly contrary to my ideas of hygiene, but which there was no slightest use trying to combat.

But although I did not give assent to some of my mother-in-law's ideas, I admired her crisp efficiency as she aided Katherine in preparing the croup tent—an ingenious arrangement of sheets over the crib—and stood by, a tower of strength, while we fought the horrible choking spasms which were wearing Junior's down.

Farm Problems Studied
in Richmond County Tour
Humboldt, Neb., Aug. 23.—The Richardson county farm bureau, under the direction of County Agent Warrell, made the annual tour of the county on Tuesday and Wednesday, studying agricultural problems from various angles. Mr. Stewart and Dr. Francis, representing the state extension department, were with the company.

Christmas Tree Program
to Be held September 2

Cowles, Neb., Aug. 23.—A Christmas tree program is to be held at the Congregational church on Sunday, September 2. The gifts will not be for Cowles boys and girls, however, but for little folks in China, and will be shipped in time to reach them by December 25. The gifts are to be dolls, toys, handkerchiefs, pictures, balls of twine and like articles.

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