

MY THREE HUSBANDS

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My three husbands by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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**NEW YORK
BRENTANO'S**

1921

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TO
MY DEAR HUSBANDS
(THREE)

I DEDICATE this little volume. It is dictated from a bed of solitary and acute suffering (mental) in the hope that if there is really any truth in the Revelations now appearing in the Sunday Press it may meet my dear departed's eyes—or whatever they see with over there, and that they may come to understand some little something more about their loving wife, to whom they were all equally devoted.

PREFACE

HAVING recently cremated and buried my darling George, last of my three husbands—all splendid specimens of manhood, in their own peculiar way, I am resting, bowed down by this triple crown of grief. To bury a husband is no light task—especially when one was devoted to him, but to bury *three* is almost more than a poor frail woman's strength can stand.

And then the loneliness! Ah me! is there anything worse than the tragedy of a lonely woman's life I wonder? The thought brings some small measure of relief, for when all is said and done I have not been so very lonely after all; perhaps I may not be lonely for long. As I think of my poor million sisters doomed to a man-less existence pity surges up from my bosom and almost chokes me. Poor, poor sisters! Never to feel the touch of a loving husband's lips. Never to hold a husband's heart in your hands and squeeze it gently—oh so gently. Never to know your power. How sad it all is!

It is to these less fortunate sisters that I address

these words, in the hope that from them they will learn something of the art of Husbandry—the getting, managing, and keeping of a husband. As a thrice-blessèd bride I feel that I am fully qualified for my self-appointed task. At all events it will occupy the time until Number Four comes along.

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MY THREE HUSBANDS

NUMBER ONE

POOR DEAR EDWARD

I

THE great trouble with the majority of women to-day is that they fail to recognise a good thing when they see it. We are so very liable to take a heart-flutter for a brain-wave—a fatal mistake, and often tragic in its results to our happiness.

There are many feelings that cause a woman's heart to flutter, which the inexperienced will put down to Love. But they may not be Love. A woman's heart is so much bigger than a man's, and consequently capable of far greater flutters. In a woman's heart lie Mother-love, Mate-love, Friendship, Passion, and Pity, and the most subtle of these is Mother-love and Pity. These two occupy a great portion of a woman's heart, and are apt to swell up to such an extent as to usurp the whole. These heart-flutters are the greatest assets that a woman possesses, and at