

# OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

## THE STRUGGLES OF A WIFE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

### CHAPTER IX.

(Copyright, 1916, Star Co.)

The story was returned almost as promptly as the article had been. The article was sent out three times in a month, always with the same result. What was the matter Myra wondered. Didn't she know how to write? Surely what she produced was quite as good as lots of the stuff that she saw in the various magazines which she read with the hope of discovering just where the secret of success lay.

She could not hide from Grace the knowledge of her defeat, but to Horace she said nothing of it. She had resolved not to let him know of her efforts until they met with success.

Meanwhile, the end of the month drew near, the date on which Lizzie's wages would fall due, and there was not money with which to pay her. From her meager house-keeping allowance Myra had saved a small sum each week. But it was not nearly enough. She must ask Horace to lend her some money. Yet she had told him that she would not expect him to pay for the maid's services. "I have arranged to meet that expense myself," she had said.

So it was with trepidation that she spoke to her husband of the matter that was uppermost in her mind. "Horace," she ventured one evening, "could you let me have ten dollars? I mean—as he glanced up from his book in surprise—"could you lend me ten dollars for a few weeks?"

Her husband looked doubtful. "Well, you know, Myra," he demurred, "that I am not by way of lending any money to anybody just now. For how long a time will you want it?"

"For only a few weeks," she stammered.

"I have set aside a part of the money for my next payment on my insurance," he said slowly. "If you are sure you can return it by the last of next month, I can spare it."

"Promises to Return It."

"Thank you," she said. "I will surely return it."

"How?" she asked herself. But she was certain that she could earn it. There still lacked five dollars of Lizzie's wages. She mentioned this fact to Grace—not as if she were worried about it, but just as a bit of information.

"You'd best let me lend it to you," Grace offered, "and pay me back when you can."

"Thank you, dear!" Myra exclaimed impulsively. She wanted to put her arms about her child and tell her of the anxiety at her heart and of the love she bore her, and of what a comfort she, in her young strength, was to her mother.

"Oh, that's all right," said Grace practically.

Her tone did not encourage further speech on the subject, and the older woman knew that the girl did not wish to hear any more about it. Grace had done what she could. Then why not let the matter drop? That was Grace's way. She was just like Horace.

Another story was written and sent out, and it, too, came back. Perhaps the writer's anxiety gave a tone of depression to her work, for with this manuscript came a note from the editor himself.

"We do not like stories that end unhappily," he wrote. "Life has enough dark spots in it without reading about them. If you have kept in touch with our magazine, you must have observed that it aims always to have a happy, optimistic outlook."

Myra smiled ironically as she read this comment. No matter how one felt, or must write cheerfully for this particular publication, probably other publications had the same policy as this one had. Just now it was hard for her would-be author to look at the bright and sunny side of life.

She laid aside her story with a sigh. She felt almost discouraged. It was well on toward the middle of the month when he made a resolution that seemed to her desperate. She would take her material to some editor, calling upon him in person instead of sending her copy by mail. Since Gerry's friend had said this was the correct thing to do, she must do it.

The wife dared not speak to Horace about her project. She knew he would disapprove of it. She had always felt that a woman's place was in the house. He hated the thought of a refined wife and mother hearing business men in their den. But it was no time to consider such prejudices now that she must earn money. She must either dispose of her manuscript, or sell some of her jewelry.

"Dear God!" she said. "I would rather ask an editor to buy her manuscript than let a second-hand jeweler purchase her rings."

Yet when, after making an appointment over the telephone with an editor whose name she knew, she entered his outer office and sat in her card her heart beat so fast that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe.

She glanced at herself in a mirror hanging on the wall, and was shocked to see how pale she was. She had worn her best tailored suit—one that had been new and fashionable a year ago. She had done this at her daughter's suggestion.

"Dear God!" she said. "If you look wealthy and independent, and as if you had no need to work, they will be more likely to think they want your stories. Grace had declared that. 'Nothing succeeds like success.'"

How worldly-wise this young creature was becoming, the mother mused now. And how hard she was working! For her sake and for Horace's sake she, the wife and mother, must succeed.

As this thought came to her, she felt a new courage and lifted her head defiantly.

And when she followed the stenographer's bidding and went into the editor's inner office she went with a firm tread, steady eyes and a pink glow on her cheeks.

## BOUFFANT EFFECT IN FANCY LAWNS

Prettiest of Summer Frocks Will Suggest Shepherdess or Watteau Styles

By MAY MANTON



8882 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Tucked Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

8867 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Poul Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.

8851 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Two-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

Here is a costume that shows very many new and interesting features. The gown is a pretty one for simple afternoon occasions and includes all the newest features, consequently is especially desirable for the many women who are thinking ahead of the coming season or planning a trip to the south. The blouse is closed at the back, as are many of the newest, and is finished with the flaring collar that is so much liked. The skirt is a simple two-piece one and over it is draped a tunic that is exceedingly graceful and attractive. The pattern for the tunic is an especially valuable one since it can be made either a tunic or an entire skirt as liked. Here the material is one of the new, simple taffetas that we put to so many uses with lace banding and collar of organdie but the design can be copied in various ways. If liked, the blouse and tunic can be one material and the skirt of another, as figured silk over plain or any similar combination.

For the medium size the blouse will require, 2 1/2 yards of material 36 or 2 yards 44, with 3 1/4 yards of assorting and 1/2 yard 36 for the collar. For the under skirt will be needed, 3 1/2 yards of material 36 or 2 1/2 yards 44 and for the tunic 4 1/2 36 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse 8882 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure, of the tunic 8867 in sizes from 24 to 30 waist and of the plain skirt 8851 in sizes from 24 to 34 waist. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents, for each.

### Redistrict City to Better Distribute Work of County Poor Doctors

Beginning April 1 the redistricting of the city of Harrisburg of the county poor physicians will become effective. Following are the new districts and the doctors in charge:

First Ward, Dr. H. R. Welner; Second, Dr. G. G. Snyder; Third and Fourth, Dr. E. P. Dickinson; Fifth, Dr. H. P. Eisenhart; district extending from Forster to Verbeke and from Pennsylvania Railroad to Sixth street, Dr. C. H. Crampton; district extending from Boyd to Kelker streets and from the Pennsylvania Railroad to Front street, Dr. C. W. Batdorf; Kelker to Maclay, Pennsylvania Railroad to Front street, Dr. E. P. Perkins; Verbeke to Boyd, Pennsylvania Railroad to Front street, Dr. J. H. Rabter; Eighth Ward, Dr. C. L. Carter; Ninth, Dr. J. L. Arnold; Tenth, Dr. W. T. James; Thirteenth, Dr. C. E. L. Keene; Forster to Maclay, and from Pennsylvania Railroad east to the city limits, Dr. A. L. Pace.

The redistricting, it was explained at the Poor Board office, was decided upon in order to distribute more evenly the work of medical attendance and treatment by the county's poor staff.

## COMFORT BABY'S ITCHING SKIN



Alan had sprung out. He caught her hands and kissed her. Her fresh mouth brushed his cheek.

"Yes, I like it better," he said. "It's some fun kissing a cousin."

Nance, junior, snatched away her hands and dashed into the house.

"Mother, Clem, he's here. Unc—Cousin Alan's come."

## WITH CUTICURA SOAP BATHINGS

They are so cleansing and soothing. If his skin is irritated or rashy, anoint gently with a little Cuticura Ointment.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. Skin Book on request. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. 169, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

# HOME

## A NOVEL

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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### SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem runs after him in a tangle of short skirts to bid him good-by.

CHAPTER II—Captain Wayne tells Alan of the falling of the Wayne. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Altx Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

CHAPTER IV—Alan and Altx meet at sea, homeward bound, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious.

CHAPTER V—At home, Nance Sterling tells Alan to go away from Altx. Altx is taken to task by Gerry, her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him.

CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Altx and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

CHAPTER VII—Alan leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and during the night, a baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.

CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Altx.

CHAPTER X—Altx leaves Africa. Gerry to her home and shows him the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple house Collingford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Altx and Gerry and gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XIII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes Gerry call in the city.

CHAPTER XIV—Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch.

CHAPTER XV—In Africa Alan reads Clem's letters and dreams of home.

CHAPTER XVI—Gerry pastures Lieber's cattle during the drought. A baby comes to Gerry and Margarita.

CHAPTER XVII—Collingford meets Altx in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Altx, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a temporary gain.

CHAPTER XIX—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

CHAPTER XX—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the sales are drawn together by a common tie.

CHAPTER XXI—Lieber tells his story. "Home is the anchor of a man's soul. I want to go home."

CHAPTER XXII—In South America Alan gets fever and his foreman prepares to send him to the coast.

CHAPTER XXIII—Alan is carried to Lieber's fazenda, almost dead, and Gerry sees him.

CHAPTER XXIV—Alan tells Gerry the truth about Altx and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disgusted.

CHAPTER XXV—A flood carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue.

CHAPTER XXVI—Fever follows Gerry. Alan when Alan and Kemp go home. He tells Lieber he can't go home.

CHAPTER XXVII—Alan gets back to the city and sends Gerry's note to Red Hill. Altx calls on Alan, but he refuses to tell her Gerry's story. Alan goes home to Red Hill.

Long lane was as cool as memory and as balmy with the twining odors of birch and sassafras and laurel as childhood's recollection. Alan drew a long, full breath and then the car ran out on to the top of Red Hill, swerved to the right and turned in under the low-hanging limbs of the maples.

It was early afternoon. The old homestead was very still. As the car drew up at the curb a girl rose from a deep chair on the veranda and stepped forward. Alan caught his breath and stared. He felt himself a little boy. Nance, a mere rosend of a girl, stood before him and smiled at his bewildered face. "You're Uncle Alan, aren't you?" The soft voice sustained illusion, but the words brought him to himself—made him feel suddenly older by a generation. Then he smiled back at her and chafed. "You have been busy since I saw you last. Have I the honor of presenting myself to Miss Sterling?"

"The same," replied the girl, laughing, "and your niece."

"Come. That's enough. Don't rub it in. Besides, you're only niece by courtesy. By the family tree we're cousins."

"All right. I'll be a cousin to you if you like it better," remarked Nance, junior, demurely.

Alan had sprung out. He caught her hands and kissed her. Her fresh mouth brushed his cheek.

"Yes, I like it better," he said. "It's some fun kissing a cousin."

Nance, junior, snatched away her hands and dashed into the house.

"Mother, Clem, he's here. Unc—Cousin Alan's come."

From upstairs came a sullen but feeble roar, as though a bull had belted and only echo had come forth. From a hammock under the trees J. Y. tumbled his stiffening limbs and with a quick shake of his broad shoulders strode across the lawn. There was a patter of women's feet. Clem burst out of the house, caught both of Alan's hands and shook them. Her lips opened but she said nothing. Her eyes and her heart were full of welcome. Alan felt them speaking for her. Then came Mrs. J. Y. and J. Y. and Nance, the mother of four. There arose a babel of hearty greetings, but through them all could be heard the rumble of the eolohke following.

"Sah!" said Alan, holding up his hand. "What's that noise?"

Clem laughed. "It's the captain," she said. "Listen."

In the silence the rumbling became vociferation. "Bring him up here, bring him up here, dammit."

"You'd better go quickly," remarked Nance, junior. "He's begun to swear and mother doesn't like us to hear it."

Alan hurried into the house and up to the captain's room. The grown-ups followed but stopped below and waited. Nance, junior, remained to direct the chauffeur to the barn.

"Excuse me, miss," said that worthy, "but Mr. Wayne hasn't had a bite to eat since seven this morning. You might not think to ask him, you see, so I thought I'd tell you."

"I see," replied the young lady, and added with ready wit and a smile, "just find the kitchen and tell the cook."

Alan found the captain propped on many pillows. His bulging eyes had the same old glare, his close-cropped hair still made an effort, though feeble, to insurgency, but his corpulence was gone. He had collapsed at last and was bedridden after a severe stroke. "Huh!" was his greeting.

Alan sat down beside the bed. "How do you do, sir?"

"Do? I do all right. It's the liquor in this country that's gone off, sir. Corked whisky. That's all that's left. I'll show you, Alan." And he roared, after a preliminary puff, "Two whiskies."

Mrs. Wayne appeared. "Now captain," she said softly. "What's this? Two at a time? You're getting better."

The captain subsided. "One for Alan," he grunted.

The drinks came. Alan welcomed his. He was tired and faint after the long journey. The captain gazed on his own glass defiantly but ordered the maid to set it on the table at his side. Alan waited long for him to take it up, and then he saw that the captain had fallen asleep. Alan slipped his drink. The captain was right, it was flavorless. But Alan remembered that he had thrown away his last cigarette for the same reason. He sighed.

In spite of the judge, Altx was feeling very lonely, abandoned, unloved. She sat on the little veranda at the back of the town house and day-dreamed. Across her knee lay the morning paper. A word caught her eye. Elenic. Half unconsciously she read: "Among the arrivals by the Elenic . . . Hon. Percy Collingford."

Collingford! She started to her feet and then with what seemed a perceptible click her mind repeated, "Elenic." She sat down again. The hand that held the paper was trembling. She sat for a long time looking at her hand. The telephone bell rang, but she did not hear it. Old John came and stood beside her.

"Mr. Collingford telephones to know if you are in town."

A frightened gleam showed in Altx's eyes. It passed and a flame of color came into her pale cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I am at home. Tell him I will see him at any time today."

Collingford lost no time. When he arrived Altx was still sitting on the veranda. She received him there. He came upon her with a rush—like a fresh breeze. "What luck?" he cried. "Really in town on a hot summer's day?"

Which is it? Frocks or the dentist?"

Altx rose and held out her hand. A faint smile came to her face, lingered a moment and passed. "I am glad you have come," she said, and then paused. Her eyes wavered. Was she glad he had come?

Collingford caught her mood. "Just what do you mean by that?" he asked gravely.

Altx's eyes came back to his face. "I—I don't know," she stammered.

They sat down. Collingford dropped his hat and stuck and leaned forward. A dull color burned in his cheeks. "Altx," he said, "has—has anything happened?"

"No," said Altx, "not what you mean. Gerry is alive. He has written. He says he is coming back—some time."

Collingford sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"Some time! Did he really write that? Some time?"

There was a petulant look about Altx's mouth that belonged to an Altx of long ago. She tried to shake it off with her mood. "No," she said idly, after a pause. "He didn't write just that but it amounts to the same thing. He wrote but he has not come."

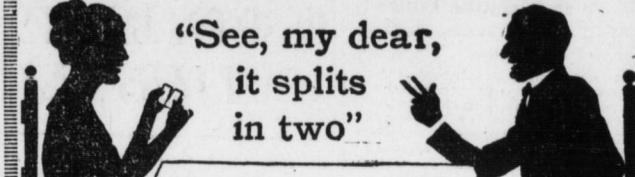
Collingford paced up and down the little veranda, his arms crossed and one hand pulling nervously at his mustache. He came to a stop before Altx and stood looking down at her, his eyes eager but questioning. "Well?" he said.

Altx made a little gesture of despair with her two hands. "I—I don't know," she repeated. Then, quite quietly, she began to cry.

Collingford caught her hands and drew her to her feet. He put his arms around her. She laid her head against his shoulder and sobbed. Collingford's heart was beating furiously. His arms trembled. He longed to strain her to him, but he only held her firmly and patted her back. Some instinct told him that this was not the moment of passion.

(To Be Continued.)

## Takhoma Biscuit—5¢



"See, my dear, it splits in two"

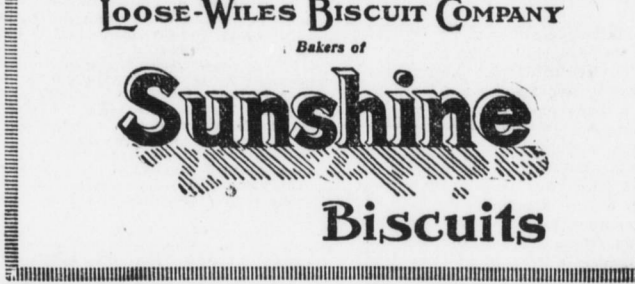
Takhoma Biscuit is the only soda cracker that splits in two. You'll like Takhoma Biscuit for their freedom from crumbs and waste, and for their crisp, flaky goodness.

In each package of Takhoma Biscuit is a paper doll in colors. Other packages of Sunshine Biscuits contain pretty dresses for her. See list in Takhoma package.

Sunshine Biscuits are made in almost countless varieties. A flavor for every purpose, every taste. At your dealer's.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

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### Evangelistic Service at Market Square Church

The evangelistic service at Market Square Presbyterian Church Monday was another manifestation of the deep spiritual interest which has characterized these meetings. The Rev. Dr. George Edward Hawes presented with persuasive persistence the great spiritual fact of the presence of God.

After the regular service a prayer meeting was held in the church parlors. While the prayer meeting was in progress, the session met in an adjoining room to receive those who presented themselves for church membership.

Among those who appeared was a young man from China who was brought to confess Christ under the personal instruction of the Rev. Edwin P. Robinson, of Dauphin. Few people in Harrisburg, probably only a few in Market Square church are aware of the great service the Rev. Mr. Robinson is doing among foreign young men of this city. Many Chinese, Italian and Greeks and other foreigners find in him a helpful friend who patiently instructs them in the English language; interests himself in their material and spiritual condition, and counsels with them amid the circumstances of this new land.

MISS PARTHMORE ENTERTAINS

New Cumberland, Pa., March 29.—Miss Esther Parthmore entertained the Noble Daughters Sunday school class at her home in Reno street Friday night.

# PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN FOR INDIGESTION OR AN UPSET STOMACH

Instant Relief from Pain, Sourness, Gases, Acidity, Heartburn and Dyspepsia—No Waiting!

Wonder what upset your stomach— which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt, if you're gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath out, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in a few moments you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress. Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a

bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, and most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Try it!

Gee, but Susie Smart wuz mad when she heard that Sam Short had told the Missionary Lady all about SAVE-A-CENT. "Next thing you know they'll be askin us to give the pennies we save on it to the missionary box. See if they don't."

Sure enough, when I got home from school, maw sez, "Stephen, how much money did you make this past week buying SAVE-A-CENT for people instead of wasteful scouring powders?"

"Thirty-six cents," I sez, proud as a peacock.

"Sam Short made only thirty cents," sez maw, "and he has promised to give half of it to the Missionary Box. I would be proud to have you do the same thing, Stephen, she sez.

I haven't promised yet, I simply told her I'd think it over. I'd ask Susie Smart about it, ef I wasn't afraid she'd make fun of me."

Yours respectfully, SLIM STEVE.



SAVE-A-CENT Soft Scouring Compound

does everything any scouring powder does, does it more easily and lasts as long as any three 10c cans, because it does not waste. Yet it costs only 4c, at any grocer's, while cans of scouring powder cost 5c and 10c.

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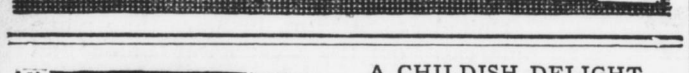
## Gums shrinking? Danger ahead!

Go now to a mirror and examine your mouth? Do your gums look "rinsed out," shrunken? Do you see a jagged appearance in the gum-line?

If so, see your dentist. He will tell you that you have pyorrhea, and that to save your teeth you will have to fight this dread disease at once.

From pyorrhea come by far the greater part of all tooth troubles. Unless treated and checked, it will result not only in the shrinking and malformation of your gums and of the bony structure into which your teeth are set, but in the loss of the teeth themselves.

A specific for pyorrhea has been discovered recently by dental science, and is now offered for daily treatment in Senreco Tooth Paste. Senreco combats the germ of the disease. Its regular use insures your teeth against the attack or further progress of pyorrhea.



But Senreco does more. It cleanses the teeth delightfully. It gives them a whiteness distinctive of Senreco alone. Its flavor is entirely pleasing, and it leaves in the mouth a wonderful sense of coolness and wholesomeness.

Start the Senreco treatment before pyorrhea, grips you for good. Details in folder with every tube. A two-ounce tube for 25c is sufficient for 6 weeks' daily treatment. Get Senreco of your druggist today; or send 4c in stamps or coin for sample tube and folder. Address The Senreco Remedy Company 303 Union Central Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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