

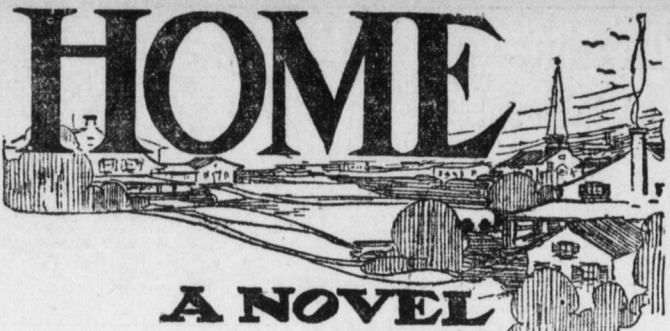
WOMEN'S INTERESTS

THE STRUGGLES OF A WIFE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER X (Copyright, 1916, Star Company) Editors of respectable periodicals are, as a rule, gentlemen. Unfortunately, the one to whom Myra Webb offered her work was not a gentleman. Mr. Lawlor did not glance up as she took the chair assigned her by his stenographer. "I'll talk to you in a minute," he said gruffly. Then he signed his name to a letter he had been reading and handed it to his clerk, who stood waiting. "Call it at once," he ordered. Wheeling about suddenly, he faced his caller. "Well," he remarked, "you're Mrs. Webb, I believe. What do you want?" Had Myra Webb been a younger woman, or less of a lady, the man's manner would have made her summer or show some timidity. As it was, her breeding stood her in good stead. "Yes," she replied, gravely and simply. "I am Mrs. Webb. I came to see you about a story I think you may care for my magazine. "What's it about?" he demanded. She gave him a brief outline of her first short story. Before she had finished, he interrupted her. "None of that in ours!" he exclaimed. "We don't care for that kind of thing. Sub-stuff's not in our line." "Even so," she ventured, "perhaps I can write something that you may like. I have several stories and articles in mind. "What are the subjects?" Her outward composure did not waver, although her spirits were at ebb-tide, and she felt a well-nigh uncontrollable impulse to jump up and hurry out of the office. He makes a suggestion. "I have one article here with me," she remarked. "Perhaps you may care to read it. If so, I will leave it with you. He took the paper she handed him, unfolded it and ran his eyes down the first page. "It doesn't look particularly good," he criticised. "I don't care for the subject at all. It's hackneyed and done to death already." She held out her hand for it. "I thought you were going to leave it for me to read," Mr. Lawlor objected. "Not if you know already that you don't care for the subject," Myra rejoined with dignity. "Well, it's just as well for me not to spend time on it, I guess," Mr. Lawlor admitted, handing the manuscript back to her. She did not reply, and he looked at her keenly for a minute. "I've been thinking of a certain article I want written," he said at length. "I wonder if you could do it?" "Perhaps I could," she answered. Inwardly she was hoping that he would suggest something she was equal to writing. It would mean so much to her! "Well," he went on, "I'll give you

a trial. Now I'll tell you what I want. He threw himself back in his revolving desk chair, so that his feet did not touch the floor, and, swinging from side to side, as a child does on a piano stool, went on to give his ideas on the projected essay. Myra listened intently, drinking in every word. She would ignore his rough manner, his disagreeable presence, and listen only to what he had to say. And as he talked she appreciated that this man understood his business. His ideas were clear-cut; he knew just what he wanted, and how to tell others what he wanted. When he had finished, he looked at her inquiringly. "Well?" he demanded. "I will write the article," she responded. "You know you are to do it on approval only," he reminded her. "We're not bound to take it if we don't like it. And we want thirty-five hundred words—no more." The Subject of Price. "I understand," she agreed. She tried to behave as if she were in the habit of writing to order, or, as if she had always considered the number of words in each article she wrote. The idea was a new one to her. She had never before thought of counting words in this way. "As to payment," Mr. Lawlor went on, "what do you expect?" She moistened her lips with her tongue before speaking. "That do you usually pay?" she parried. He laughed roughly. "That depends! There are some writers to whom we give whopping big prices. To others whose names don't amount to a hill of beans, we pay very little. If you can do that story as I want it done, I'll give you a cent a word. That's good pay under the circumstances, for your name doesn't mean a thing. "I never heard of you before, and Myra Webb" in the table of contents of the magazine I'm giving you very little, only because you seem to understand yourself pretty well—and I like to find new writers." She bowed and rose. "Thank you," she said. "When do you want the article?" "In a week. Can you do it by then?" "Yes." "You must have it here by that time," he explained, "because if it's not what I want I must get somebody else to do it better." It was dusk when she reached the street again, for the short days of early winter were here. She paused a moment in the door of the office building and a sense of desolation swept over her. "Oh, I can't go through this kind of thing another time!" she murmured. "Good Lord—I can't!" remembering that it was for her husband and her daughter that she did this thing, she set her teeth and turned her steps toward the uptown subway. (To Be Continued.)



HOME A NOVEL BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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CHAPTER XXVII

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 Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. CHAPTER III—Judge Healey buys a picture for Alan in his business with his employers. CHAPTER IV—Alan and Alix meet at sea, board a band, and start a flirtation, which becomes serious. CHAPTER V—At home, Nance Sterling asks Alan to go away from her. All is taken in a moment by her husband, for her conduct with Alan and defies him. CHAPTER VI—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix toward Alan, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco. CHAPTER VII—Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home to find that Gerry has disappeared. CHAPTER VIII—Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl. CHAPTER IX—The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix. CHAPTER X—The native girl takes 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 Alix and her baby and he gives her encouragement about Gerry. CHAPTER XIII—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls 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 Alix in the city and finds her changed. CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Alix, J. Y., and Clem, and he realizes that womanhood in the city and boyhood that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. CHAPTER XIX—Kemp and Gerry become friends. CHAPTER XX—Kemp and Gerry visit Lieber and the three exiles 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 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 Alix and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disgusted. CHAPTER XXV—A food carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue. CHAPTER XXVI—Fever follows Gerry's exposure. He sends a note to Alix by 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 a note to Red Hill. Alix calls on Alan, but he refuses to tell her Gerry's story. Alan goes home to Red Hill. CHAPTER XXVIII—As Alan returns to health he builds a barrier between himself and Clem, who does not understand. When Alix could talk he knew that his instinct was true. "Oh," she said, "what a little beast I am! Unfair to you, unfair to myself." She disengaged herself and sat down. With a tiny square of cambric she dabbed at her eyes. "Here," said Collingford, and held out a big, fresh handkerchief. Alix took it and used it solemnly. Then its bulk struck a sudden note of humor. She laughed and Collingford smiled. As he gave back the handkerchief she pressed Collingford's hand. "I have been a little beast." "No," said Collingford gravely, "you have been unspeakably lovable." "It would have been that if I loved you. But I don't. That's why I've been a beast. To make you think—" Collingford interrupted her. "You made me think nothing. Somehow I knew. I knew it was just loneliness running over from a full heart." Alix nodded. "How wonderful of you to understand," she said. "Lonely. Yes. I've been terribly lonely. Never before so lonely." "You shall not be lonely any more," said Collingford. "Every day I'll come and talk to you, take you out—anything. I'm yours." Alix shook her head from side to side. Her eyes refused him. "Alix," cried Collingford, hurt, "don't you want me even for a friend?" "Don't mistake what I'm going to say, will you?" said Alix. Collingford shook his head. "Gerry is coming back," went on Alix, "but—I don't know what he is bringing back. Perhaps it is something he can't share with me; perhaps it is something I do not want. When you went away I had only faith; now I have only doubt. Such a big doubt. That's why I said to you, 'I don't know.' And while I don't know I will not have you even for a friend." Alix flushed and fixed her eyes on Collingford's face. "Do you understand?" Collingford's eyes were glowing. "Yes," he said, "I think I do. You mean that perhaps—later on—you will send for me." "Perhaps—only perhaps," whispered Alix. Collingford picked up his hat and stick. He took Alix' hand and held it long. She would not look up. He stooped and kissed her fingers. "I shall be waiting," he said.

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A WELL KNOWN WOMAN SPEAKS. In Every Town in Pennsylvania Neighbors Say the Same. Bodines, Pa.—"I will drop you a few lines to let you know that your 'Favorite Prescription' has done me a wonderful lot of good. "Seven years ago when our first child was born I was left miserable. I doctored with two physicians without any relief. I then went to see one of the head doctors in Williamsport; he said I must have an operation at once and that I should not work, but that was something I could not do. I then began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' and it helped me so much. I always suffered so until our last child was born when I got along nicely. I shall never go through it again without your medicine."—Mrs. F. W. MYERS. The mighty restorative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription speedily causes all womanly troubles to disappear—compels the organs to properly perform their natural functions, corrects displacements, overcomes irregularities, removes pain and misery at certain times and brings back health and strength to nervous, irritable and exhausted women. It is a wonderful prescription, prepared only from nature's roots and herbs, with no alcohol to falsely stimulate and no narcotics to wreck the nerves. It banishes pain, headache, backache, low spirits, hot flashes, dragging-down sensation, worry and sleeplessness surely. Write Doctor Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for free and confidential medical advice, also for free medical book on Diseases of Women.

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My Boy, You Have Been Far Away." A slight indisposition to a knockout blow delivered below the belt. It is the sole phrase of confession recognized by the malarial cut. Happily for Alan, the expression on this occasion was no euphemism. He was suffering from a touch of fever, and nothing more, brought on by too continued exertion. He was shown to his room, his old room with its old-fashioned, many-paned windows, its enormous closet and, under recent coatings of white enamel paint, the many marks with which in boyhood he and his forebears had branded the ancient woodwork. A flutter and then a sigh of disappointment went through Maple House at Alan's immediate eclipse. The children foresaw an order for silence or a veto on the afternoon's excursion to the lake. J. Y. became restless and wandered noiselessly about from room to room. Clem sat in the great window and dreamed and listened for Alan's bell. She would not go to the lake. The children were solemnly grave and then giggling by fits and starts. The Eltons had come back from abroad. From Elm House Cousin Frances Elton, commonly known as Tom, short for tomboy, came racing across the lawn waving towel and bathing clothes and in a high treble giving a creditable imitation of an Indian warwhoop. At Tom's cry the children stampeded on to the veranda with sibilant cries of, "Shsh!" Mrs. J. Y. looked at Nance and Nance smiled resignedly. They put away their work, ordered the wagonette and the coats—coats no longer, alas, save in name—and departed with a wagon-load of suppressed youth. From Long lane floated back peals of young laughter, breaking bounds as the overhanging trees hid the hill from view. Clem sat on the vast window seat and toyed with a book. J. Y. came and dropped down beside her. "Well, Clem, he's come back." Clem nodded. "Are you sure he doesn't want anything, Uncle John? He hasn't had a thing to eat since seven o'clock this morning." Alan's bell tinkled. Clem started to her feet and then sat down again. "You'd better go." But when J. Y. strode off she followed. "Why is the house so quiet? Is it on account of the captain?" asked Alan. "Bliss you, no. The captain sleeps for a week at a time. The children have gone over to the lake." "I just wanted to tell you that I like their noises—they're new. There's nothing really the matter with me except that I've got to take things in turn, and lying still and sweating comes first. After that, perhaps tomorrow, I'm going to eat. The penultimate act on my list is a cigarette and the ultimate is to get up in the old bed and yell." He turned over and sank his head into the pillows.

Whiskey? No. Not For Rheumatics Don't drink whiskey if you have rheumatism, and be sure and keep your feet warm and dry, and drink plenty of lemonade. This advice, says an authority, is helping, but as all know who have suffered, rheumatism is a stubborn disease and yields only to a remedy mighty enough to conquer it. Many doctors have prescribed and hundreds of helpful druggists have advised a half teaspoonful of Rheuma once a day, because they know that powerful Rheuma, harmless as it is, acts with speed and overcomes in a few days the most torturing case of rheumatism or sciatica. Try Rheuma; H. C. Kennedy and all druggists sell lots of it and will return your money if two 50-cent bottles do not stop all rheumatic misery.—Advertisement.

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