

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

THE STRUGGLES OF A WIFE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XIV

(Copyright, 1916, The Star Co.) Notwithstanding the expressed doubts as to the wisdom of the scheme Myra Webb had a telephone installed in her apartment.

Her check from Mr. Lawlor came promptly. In acknowledging it she gave the editor her new telephone number.

Meanwhile the conviction that Grace needed the society of young people grew steadily in the mother's mind. It met with small encouragement from the girl herself.

"I don't care to meet my old friends," she would protest. Myra could not force company upon her child, and all at once she thought of the happy expedient of inviting several of her own friends to her home.

At first it was only for a cup of tea in the afternoon that she asked them. She found it somewhat of a trial to do this, for she was painfully conscious of the change in her style of living.

Grace, coming in late one afternoon, paused, amazed, in the door of the living room. There she appreciated that her mother was actually entertaining callers, she entered and took her part in the conversation.

Thus the ice was broken, and people began once more to visit the Webbs. While the wife and mother rejoiced in having succeeded in drawing her daughter out of her self-imposed seclusion, she spent some anxious hours wondering how all these additional trifles were to be paid for.

At one time she would not have been conscious of the increased expense caused by the presence of several extra persons to afternoon tea. Now she found herself counting the cost apprehensively.

It was at this juncture that she heard of a literary agent who might, she thought, sell some articles for her. So she mailed to him a story she had laid aside in her desk weeks ago.

In a few days the agent sent her a check, naming the periodical to which he had sold her manuscript. The check was for only eighteen dollars.

"I have deducted my usual ten per cent commission," the literary agent wrote.

Myra Webb was new in the business world, but a sharp suspicion came to her mind. Was it possible that this man had received only twenty dollars for her story?

Still, she had the check cashed. She needed the money too much to pause just now to investigate. But later she called up the magazine named and asked how much had been paid for her story.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired. "Oh, no, never mind," she replied weakly, hanging up the receiver.

So she had been cheated—out-

rageously cheated! Yet this man who had cheated her must be considered fairly honest, or he would not have a clientele among reputable editors. Of course, he would not cheat them nor well-known authors. She, a nobody, was fair game for dishonest persons.

The next morning while dressing she told Horace of her experience. He showed sympathy, but few, but his disapproval was evident.

"You ought not to undertake that kind of thing without consulting me," he said. "A woman is always at the mercy of any charlatan."

"I did not like to bother you about it," she explained. "And if I had failed in selling my story I had not been so glad you knew nothing of it."

"Well, you might better not have sold the story than to have been cheated," he rejoined. "Of course, my dear, you meant well, but I wish you would not do injudicious things. We have troubles enough already without adding to them."

"What was she to do?" she asked herself later. If she talked of her affairs to Horace, he was annoyed. If she kept them to herself he was displeased.

Grace Is Encouraged. But of one thing she was certain, and that was that she regretted having taken him into her confidence as to her last experience. Why could he not have been a little more sympathetic, a little more appreciative of what she was trying to accomplish? No—she ought not to have told him.

Many good men drive their wives to the conclusion reached by Myra Webb and then they wonder at woman's "secretiveness."

"What's the matter?" Grace asked her mother as they sat at luncheon together that noon. It was Saturday, so she was at home.

"I was just thinking," the woman replied. "So was I," Grace admitted. "I was wondering if we might not have some people in next Sunday night to supper. Or, with a searching look at her mother's face, "would you like to go?"

"Why, of course, it won't!" Myra Webb exclaimed. "Ask whom you like."

"I only want a couple of the teachers from school," Grace said. "Certainly, dear, have them," the mother agreed. "But why not ask some of your old friends, too?"

"Not yet," Grace said. "Later, if you keep on making money, we may be able to entertain more elaborately than we can now. For you are making more money than at first aren't you?"

The eager look in the young eyes made the mother's heart ache.

"Indeed, yes," she responded. "I just received a check for a story."

"Fine!" ejaculated the girl. The thought of an improvement in their style of living had suddenly changed her outlook. "Story writing pays awfully well, doesn't it?"

"Fiction brings good prices," Myra exclaimed.

She was trying not to remember that she had received only \$18 for a story that had sold for \$40. She had made the mistake of telling Horace of this, but thank goodness! Grace did not know!

(To Be Continued)



A NOVEL BY GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

COPYRIGHT BY THE CENTURY CO.

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 Lansing. The judge defends Alan in his business with his employers.

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII—Alex 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 Alex and Gerry.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple House Collingford tells her that Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Alex and her baby and 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 Alex in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Alex, J. Y., and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes 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 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 Lieber and Gerry tells 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.

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 Waynes. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII—Alex 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 Alex and Gerry.

CHAPTER X—The native girl takes the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her.

CHAPTER XI—At Maple House Collingford tells her that Alan—"Ten Per Cent. Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XII—Collingford meets Alex and her baby and 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 Alex in the city and finds her changed.

CHAPTER XVIII—Alan meets Alex, J. Y., and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes 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 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 Lieber and Gerry tells 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 XXXII

Alan did not draw rein until he reached the top of the bluff dividing the valley from West lake. Then for a moment he sat and stared down the long slope. There was a smell of moisture in the air. The valley, the whole world, was expecting, waiting for rain, and even as he stared the rain came in a fine, veil-like mist that steeled the tones of earth and sky to one even shade of endless gray.

Out of the gray came the click of iron on pebble. Alan recognized the click, spring tread of a climbing horse. He turned and faced Clem. He felt the slow color rising in his cheeks and his hands trembled.

They did not smile at each other; they even forgot to say good morning. Alan licked his thin lips. They were as dry as ever they had been with fever. "Where's your hat?" he asked.

A flicker of amusement showed in Clem's eyes. She was quite calm and she could see that Alan was not, that he was biting his tongue at the feeble words he had saddled on a heavy moment. "Hats are for sunny days," she said. "I like rain on my head. Have you anything special to do? Don't let me bother you."

"No," stammered Alan, "nothing that can't be put off."

"Do you remember," Clem went on, "years ago I asked you to take me for a ride, and you said not then but sometime? I've never had my ride with you. I want it now."

Her eyes were fixed on his and held him. "I am ready," he said through dry lips.

She turned her horse and he followed. They rode in silence at a walk and then at a trot. Clem turned into

They walked back in silence. Nance went into the house, but Alan said good night and stared thoughtfully down the road. His step quickened, and, walking rapidly, he passed over the moonlit brow of the hill and down, down into the shadows of the valley. Hard is the battle that has to be won twice, but when in the small hours of the morning Alan returned and crept noiselessly to his room, he felt that he had won, that he had put the final seal on the renunciation Nance's words had well-nigh recalled. Still wakeful, Alan started packing. He left out his riding kit.

That day awoke to clouds that lowered and hung about waiting for the fateful hour of seven when they might with all due respect to atmospheric tradition start in with an all-day rain, but long before the hour struck Alan had foraged for a biscuit and a glass of milk and was mounted and away for a last ride.

Alan rode with the ease of one born to the saddle. There was nothing of the cowboy in his get-up. He used a mere patch of a hunting saddle, fitted like a glove to his horse's back, and rode on the snaffle with a light hand. The curb rein, that last refuge of a poor horseman, hung loose and forgotten. Alan himself was dressed in well-worn whipcord breeches, short coat, soft hat, and close-fitting boots adorned with rowelless spurs. For his health Red Hill had done wonders. His body was trim, supple and as vibrant as the young horse under it.

But Alan's thoughts were far from saddles and saddle gear as he walked the restive animal down the dipping slope of Long Lane and with his riding crop steadily discouraged the early morning flies, intent on settling down to the business of life on his mount's arched neck and quivering quarters. He was thinking of Clem. Where could he go to get away from Clem? Not tomorrow, not sometime, but today. Where could he go today? Once the world had seemed to him a featureless pasture where it was good to wander, where every undiscovered glade promised fresh morsels to an unwearied palate, but now in his mind the whole

"Clem," He Cried, "Stop!"

a wood-road. Her horse broke into a gallop. She flicked him with her whip and his gathered limbs suddenly stretched out for a free run. The going was soft. Alan had fallen behind. Clots of mossy loam struck him in the face. Swaying branches showered drops of water on him. He lost his hat. Then his lips tightened, his eyes flashed and he began to ride. He was himself.

(To Be Continued.)

Try Telegraph Want Ads

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL - in the wash boiler - and the clothes are really WHITE. It burns without smoke or smell, but with a clear, mellow, white light; burns slowly, too. It never varies in quality and so always produces identical results. ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL - Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.

SPORT SKIRTS IN GENERAL WEAR - Made in Four Gores With the Ubiquitous Pockets Will Be a Favorite. By MAY MANTON. 9002 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Four Gored Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

Eyesight Blurred? What Are You Going to Do About It? Do you ever pick up your newspaper for the day's news, or try to look at an object at a distance and a blurred film seems to come in front of your eyes? This is a symptom of eye disorders. It is an appeal of your most faithful servants, your eyes, for relief. Nature uses this method to warn you just as your stomach warns you that you need food when you become hungry.

Maternity! The Word of Words. It is written into life's expectations that motherhood is the one sublime accomplishment. And if there is anything, no matter how simple, how apparently trivial it may seem, if it can aid, help, assist or in any way comfort the expectant mother, it is a blessing. And such is a remedy called "Mother's Friend."

Stock Transfer Ledger. The Pennsylvania Stock Transfer Tax Law (Act of June 4, 1915) which is now in effect requires all corporations in the State, no matter how large they may be to keep a Stock Transfer Ledger. We are prepared to supply these Ledgers promptly at a very nominal price.

The Telegraph Printing Co. Printing—Binding—Designing—Photo Engraving. HARRISBURG, PA.

Try Telegraph Want Ads

All Women Need a corrective, occasionally, to right a disordered stomach, which is the cause of so much sick headache, nervousness and sleepless nights. Quick relief from stomach troubles is assured by promptly taking a dose or two of Beecham's Pills. They act gently on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, assisting and regulating these organs, and keeping them in a healthy condition. These famous pills are vegetable in composition—therefore, harmless, leave no disagreeable after-effects and are not habit-forming. A box of Beecham's Pills in the house is a protection against the many annoying troubles caused by stomach ills, and lays the foundation For Better Health.

DRINK HOT WATER AND RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATIC RUST. Why rheumatism and lumbago sufferers should drink phosphated hot water each morning before breakfast. RUST OF IRON. RUST OF RHEUMATISM.

Just as coal, when it burns, leaves behind a certain amount of incandescent material in the form of ashes, so the food and drink taken day after day leaves in the alimentary canal a certain amount of indigestible material, which if not completely eliminated each day, becomes food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels. From this mass of left-over waste material, toxins and ptomaine-like poisons, called uric acid, is formed and then sucked into the blood where it continues to circulate, collecting grain by grain in the joints of the body much like rust collects on the hinge as shown above. Men and women who suffer from lumbago, rheumatism or sore, stiff, aching joints should begin drinking phosphated hot water, not as a means to magic relief from pain, but to prevent more uric acid forming in the system. Before eating breakfast each morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will first neutralize and then wash out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's accumulation of toxins and poisons; thus, cleansing, sweetening, and freshening the entire alimentary canal, each morning, before putting more food into the stomach. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make any rheumatic or lumbago sufferer an enthusiast on the morning inside bath. Millions of people keep their joints free from these rheumatic acids by practicing this daily internal sanitation. A glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate, drunk before breakfast, is a wonderfully invigorating; besides, it is an excellent health measure because it cleanses the alimentary organs of all the waste, gases and sour fermentations, making one look and feel clean, sweet and fresh all day. Those who try this for one week may find themselves free from sick headaches, constipation, bilious attacks, nervousness, nasty breath and stomach acidity.