

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 and wisdom of the husband,
Myra Webb had a telephone installed
in her apartment. Whenever she
looked at it, she felt a slight shiver
of fear as to whether she had done
right in undertaking this added expense.

Her check from Mr. Lawton 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 encourage-
ment from the girl herself.

"I don't care if I have 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 un-
usually conscious of the change in her
style of living. But she made no
attempt to the alteration in her
circumstances.

Grace, coming in late one after-
noon, paused amazed, in the door of the
living room. Then as she ap-
preciated 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 without wife and mother
relocated 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 ex-
pense in the presence of several
extra persons to afternoon tea.
Now she found herself counting the
cost apprehensively. But she must
keep up the custom she had at last
established.

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

She Has a Suspicion

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 busi-
ness 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 much enough
to pause just now to investigate. But
later she called up the magazine
named and asked how much had
been paid for her story. The as-
sistant editor she questioned in-
formed her that forty dollars had
been paid for it.

"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 con-
sidered fairly honest, or he would
not have a clientele among reputa-
ble editors. Of course, he did
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.
His words of sympathy were 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
would have been 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 injurious
things. We have troubles enough
already without adding to them."

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Grace needed the society of young
people grew steadily in the mother's
mind. It met with small encourage-
ment from the girl herself.

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her desk weeks ago.

"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
will be able to entertain more elaborate-
ly 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 change of an environment in their
style of living had suddenly changed
her outlook. "Story writing pays
awfully well, doesn't it?"

"Fiction brings good prices,"
Myra evaded.

She was trying not to remember
that she had received only \$18 for a
story that had sold for \$40.

"It was a mistake of telling
Horace of this, but thank goodness!
Grace did not know!"

(To Be Continued)

All Women Need

Beecham's Pills

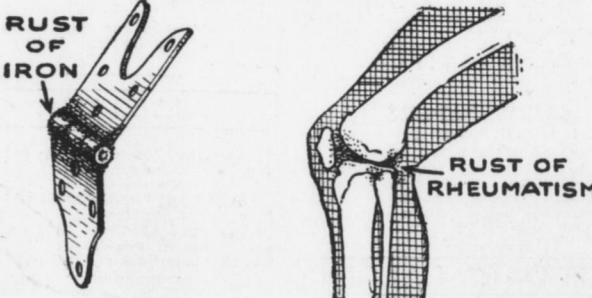
They act gently on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, assisting and regulating these organs, and keeping them in a healthy condition. These famous pills are vegetable in composition—therefore, harmless, leave no disagreeable after-effects and are not habit-forming.

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.

Directions of Special Value to Women are with Every Box.
Sold by Druggists Throughout the World. In boxes, 10c, 25c.

DRINK HOT WATER AND RID JOINTS OF RHEUMATIC RUST

Why rheumatism and lumbago sufferers should drink phosphated hot water each morning before breakfast



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 body. This is the cause of "over waste material, toxins and poisons" by poisons, called uric acid, is formed and then sucked into the blood where it continues to circulate, collecting grime by grain in the joints of the body much like rust collects on the wings 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 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 and stomach acidity.

HOME
A NOVEL
BY
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 stories to bid him good-by.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VI.—Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Clem sloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Gerry uses her to Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas.

CHAPTER IX.—Alan and Alix meet again, homeward bound, and start a flirtation which becomes serious.

CHAPTER X.—Alice leaves Alan to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix.

CHAPTER XI.—Alice leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas.

CHAPTER XII.—Collingford tells her he met Alan—a Per Cent. Wayne—building a bridge in Africa.

CHAPTER XIII.—Collingford meets Alix and her baby and gives her encouragement about Gerry.

CHAPTER XIV.—Alan comes back to town but does not go home. He makes several calls in the city.

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII.—Alan meets Alix, J. Y. and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a little of pottage.

CHAPTER XIX.—Kemp and Gerry become friends.

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

CHAPTER XXI.—Lieber tells his story. "I am the anchor of a man's soul." Gerry is the anchor of a man's soul.

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 Alix 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's exposure. He sends a note to Red Hill, but 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, but Alan and Kemp go home 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.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Alan and Clem play "hide and seek" with the children.

CHAPTER XXX.—Alan meets Kemp in the city and takes him to Red Hill. Kemp tells Alix that Gerry will "hog-tie himself" and come home.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Alan meditates leaving because he is not fit to love Clem. He goes for a ride.

CHAPTER XXXII.—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.

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