

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

THE STRUGGLES OF A WIFE

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XXVIII (Copyright, 1916, Star Company) Myra Webb thought of her new story with a nervousness that was almost feverish.

At first, after her talk with her husband, she wondered if she could undertake the piece of work she had discussed with Perry Martin over their luncheon at Duquesne's. She feared that she could not rid herself of the painful recollection of Horace's disapproval, of his wounded look when she had reminded him that her stories and articles brought money into the family.

She resolved that she would never say such a thing as this to him again. If he did not appreciate the dignity of her work, she must do it without his knowledge—that was all.

"If the iron be blunt one must put to it the more strength," she whispered as she mused on this subject. If her husband was out of sympathy with her efforts she could nevertheless put so much thought and endeavor into each task that she would triumph in spite of circumstances. Surely to make good in the face of intangible discouragements was nobler and finer than to succeed when everything helped one on to success.

Was it not for Horace and Grace that she was doing all these things—because she loved them and yearned to make life easier for them? She was not laboring for thanks, but for the good of those she loved. It would be a poor kind of affection that could not serve the beloved objects without continual expressions of their approval.

Grace returned from the dinner at the Dakines happy and enthusiastic. Myra was in bed reading, while Horace was writing in the livingroom, and Grace came to her mother to tell her about her pleasant evening.

A Delightful Company "There were several delightful people at the dinner," she said, "so delightful that I actually forgot that I was a poor school teacher. They talked about the kind of things that interest me most. I want to have them here before long, mother. I am sure we could manage a pretty dinner of eight persons, even in our tiny diningroom, couldn't we?"

"I am sure we could, dear," Myra agreed. She did not add "but what about the expense?"

Yet Grace seemed to read her unspoken thought. "I am supposing, of course, that you made some plans to-day which will pay you enough to allow us to splurge a little. You did—didn't you?"

"I hope so, dear," the mother told her. "I am going to try to start on a new piece of work tomorrow."

"Will it take long to do it?" "I hope not. You see I have not yet learned to compose on the typewriter, and I am only learning slowly to copy my manuscripts."

"But you are glad you took my advice and hired a machine, aren't you?" the girl queried.

"Yes, I am," Myra acknowledged. "It will save me money eventually, I am sure."

Grace started to speak, hesitated, then went on. "Mother, I did not tell you, but I have learned to use a typewriter. Yes, I have," in reply to her mother's astonished exclamation. "I was afraid that teaching might fail, so I took lessons in stenography and typewriting."

"If you like, I might copy some of your stories for you if I can make time. Of course," she added, "that is a big 'if,' for I am about as busy as any girl ought to be. Still, if you cannot learn to operate your own machine I can help you out in tight places."

"Thank you, dear. You are a wonder, Grace—the mother meant the admiring speech—and I am very grateful to you for offering to help me. If I need your assistance I will let you know."

Grace is Obliging "While I am perfectly willing to do what I can," Grace remarked, "I really think you should practice on your machine until you can master it. Even though your work is not as important as mine, still I am sure that you feel you can do it better than anyone else could—just as I feel about my own classes."

"Well, good-night," Myra replied. "I must get to bed, and you should be asleep."

The mother lay there thinking after her daughter had left her. It was kind of Grace to offer to help her, but the parent knew that she could not accept the offer.

In the first place, she would not be able to put her best thoughts on paper if she was conscious that Grace's eyes were to read them before they were in cold type. She dreaded her daughter's criticism.

Besides that—and here she set her teeth and tried not to mind too much—Grace, like Horace, seemed to see that the work that the wife and mother was doing was trivial compared with their own money-making occupations. Would these two never see that writing was not a pastime, but serious labor?

Yet how fine it was of Grace to have studied stenography on her own initiative in case she should fall in her teaching! She should not fail. She was not the kind to do this. She was like her father in her dogged determination to accomplish that which she attempted.

Even now, at his age, Horace was working as hard as if he were a young man. He who had been at the top of the ladder, had picked himself up after the fall, and was silently, though slowly and painfully, beginning to climb.

If these two could do this, the wife and mother could. They, however, were aware of her love and sympathy, while she, who wanted to do her part, knew that they were only tolerant, never sanguine, of her success. Well, she would show them that she could succeed. If it took all her will power, her strength, even her health itself, she would prove what was in her!

(To Be Continued.)

The Social Pirates

Story No. 4 A WAR OF WITS

Plot by George Bronson Howard. Novelization by Hugh C. Weir. Copyright Kalem Company.

"I'm tired of the city!" said Mona Hartley. She was looking from the window of the little apartment she shared with her mother and sister, and, in a sense, her partner. "Did you ever see such a day?"

A high wind drove a mixture of rain and hail and snow against the window. The streets were covered with a treacherous, half frozen slush, that sent pedestrians and horses down constantly, slipping, sliding, falling as often as they kept their feet. It was an ugly day, dangerous to health, trying to the temper.

"It's awful!" said Mary, coming to the window and looking out with a shiver of disgust. "We ought to get away," said Mona. "Can't we go South, Mary—or North, for that matter? I wouldn't care which—either sunshine, or a steady cold would be better than this."

"You can't have either," said Mary firmly. "We can't afford a vacation."

"Our money is running pretty low, Mona. We can't afford to waste any."

"I suppose not," said Mona regretfully. "Anyone who was sufficiently interested in the two girls to speculate about them at all must have supposed that they enjoyed a comfortable income. They were not who is known as working women. They seemed always to have enough for their needs. And they had the natural presumption that they possessed, if not fortune, comfortable and independent means, at least."

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Both had, in the beginning, seemed to be assured of just such a comfortable, protected life as such conditions insure. Both had been thrown upon their own resources. And both thanks to their attractiveness had had the same bitter and disillusioning experience. Men had sought to prey upon them, unwilling to allow them to do what they wanted—which was to earn a living by such work as they were fitted to do. They had been ruthless enough to resist every snare, every trap laid out for them. And they had come, in the end, to feel that they were justified in their attitude toward the world, by the exercise of a superior intelligence, that living which they felt, they were not, and they had been unwilling to accept at the price they had been asked to pay. They had for some time levied tribute upon those who would have them, likely to be easy victims. They had played upon the credulity, the desire, the weakness of men, and they had made it a practice, in one way or another, to take advantage of precisely such weakness in others.

Now they were determined to live, so to speak, by their wits, had they despoiled anyone who did not richly deserve it. They were men of meanness of character. More than once, indeed, they had, with only incidental personal motives, knighted wrongs and brought happiness to those who greatly needed it. Their methods had been unconventional, but they had avoided conflict, and they had owned consciences as well as with the law.

"Oh, cheer up," said Mary, after a time. "Something will turn up, Mona. You know—we're pretty lucky, and I believe that we wouldn't be if we were so altogether wrong—even if some people would call us adventuresses if they knew."

"Let them," said Mona. "We've never taken advantage of anyone who didn't deserve it. But—oh, I wish it would clear up."

With a firm gesture Mary drew down the shades and switched on the electric light. "A little mental science is the treatment for you," she said, with determination. "Now—it's cold and clear outside, and it's late, so that it's dark. We're glad to be home, after a brisk walk—and we'll read the evening papers."

Mona laughed, and sank, still smiling, into a chair, while Mary telephoned down for the afternoon papers to be sent up to them. In a few moments they were both settled in easy chairs, reading. And, suddenly, Mona exclaimed:

"Mary—listen!" she cried. "We can't afford a vacation—but there's no reason why we shouldn't go South on business, is there?"

"What now?" asked Mary, dropping her own paper. "Well—there's a story here from Yellow Springs—one of those 'society' page stories that the hotel correspondents send out. Mary—Lettie McLean is there!"

"Lettie—spending the money rooms cost at Yellow Springs prices! You're seeing things, Mona!"

"I'm not! It's true! She's scared—rheumatism! Gout! Sciatica! Just the sort of things you'd expect her to have!"

"Lettie McLean?" said Mary, thoughtfully. "Oh, but I'd like to get even with her!"

"Do you know her?" asked Mona. "Yes—but not the way you mean. She doesn't know me, or any rate. Once when I was working at Stacy's glove counter, another girl and I had a prettified little flat in tenement house she owned. One of us got sick—and she had us put out because we were a week late with the rent! The collector almost cried—but said he couldn't help himself, that she was so mean she'd fire him in a minute if he let anyone have any time! Oh, she's the meanest old wretch alive—and she's worth millions—simply millions!"

"Well—why shouldn't we see what's to be done?"

"H'm!" said Mary doubtfully. "I believe it would be easier to borrow money from a bank without security than to get anything out of Lettie, but—well, there's nothing in it, in sight, is there? I don't know that would be risking so very much! Let's try it! We can turn around and come back if we see that it's hopeless."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

102 Unions Added to State Federation

Beaver Falls, Pa., May 10.—The strength of organized labor and its steady progress was evidenced at the afternoon session of the State Federation of Labor, which opened its convention here yesterday. The report of Secretary-Treasurer C. F. Quinn, of Harrisburg, showed that the treasury has \$8,712.13 and that there was a gain of 102 unions for the year.

MICHIGAN FOR ROOSEVELT

Jackson, Mich., May 10.—Theodore Roosevelt was endorsed for the presidential nomination at the State convention of the National Progressive party here yesterday.

FOOD THAT BANKRUPTED HEALTH OF GERMAN SAILORS ON WILHELM

By ALFRED W. MCCANN

CHAPTER 56 The food that bankrupted the health of the German sailors aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm consisted of the typical American meal—fresh beef, boiled, mashed and fried potatoes, canned vegetables, white bread, sweet biscuits, butter, lard, coffee, condensed milk and sugar.

Sunday night, April 11, 1915, the converted cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm, after sinking fourteen French and British merchantmen, successfully followed her raiding predecessor, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, by running the guntlet through the cordon of British battleships patrolling the Atlantic at the mouth of the James river and safely reached the harbor of Newport News.

We are not at all concerned with the dare-devil exploits of this swash-buckling raider of the sea, but with the consequences of her marvelous experience we are indeed deeply concerned.

When she flashed into port with all lights out under a full head of steam 110 of her crew of 500 were completely prostrated and the others were on the verge of prostration.

The newspapers of the United States published a report that the sick sailors were "the victims of beri-beri, caused by eating polished rice." The peculiar fact of their experience is that they did not eat polished rice.

Government experts, State specialists in private practice, and great numbers of eminent health officers and physicians went into consultation over the curious disease. All agreed that it was beri-beri, apparently all assumed that polished rice must have caused the trouble.

The medical magazines had been filled with discussions of beri-beri, always associating it with a diet of polished rice. Hence it was quite orthodox to think of beri-beri and polished rice together.

In the mystery, tragedy, contradiction and disease that brooded in the heart of that once palatial ship the doctors were asked these questions: How does beri-beri differ from pellagra? How does it differ from scurvy? Why is the disease not scurvy instead of beri-beri, or why it is not pellagra instead of either?

The bewilderment of the doctors was not wonderful, for the Kronprinz Wilhelm was herself but a symbol of the present bewilderment of the world.

I watched the somber gray bulk lying in the harbor with her gray smokestacks and her four gray funnels. I realized that looked up in her solemn heart was a great truth of unrecognized significance which America must soon learn or for her continued ignorance and indifference pay a dismal price.

After talking with the ship's surgeon, Dr. E. Perronon, and the ship's cook I knew that the Kronprinz Wilhelm was more profuse.

GOOD APPLE PROSPECTS Special to the Telegraph. Waynesboro, Pa., May 10.—The apple bloom is the most redundant seen in this fruit belt in years. This is properly apple year, in the order of rotation, and the blossom showing would seem to indicate that nature is alive to its obligation to make good.

D. M. Wertz, the most extensive grower in the north end of the belt, says he recalls no year when the apple bloom was more profuse.

MINISTERS CHANGE PULPITS Special to the Telegraph. Columbia, Pa., May 10.—Church people of Columbia were given a big surprise on Sunday when ten ministers exchanged pulpits. It was not known by the members who would officiate at their several churches and they found the plan to have been quite successful in uniting church sentiment in the borough.

Five Killed, 20 Hurt in Explosion of Dynamite New York, May 10.—Five workmen were killed and a score injured in the explosion yesterday in the plant of the State Hospital at Hazleton at the southern end of Lake Hopatcong.

LIGHTNING DESTROYS BARN Special to the Telegraph. Sunbury, Pa., May 10.—Fire, due to lightning, destroyed a \$2,000 barn for Oliver Snyder, near Herndon. It was not insured. A mule was suffocated.

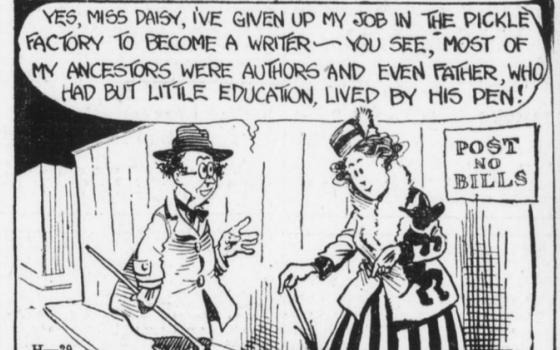
THEFT IN STREET Special to the Telegraph. Waynesboro, Pa., May 10.—The boldest thievery practiced in Waynesboro in a long time took place in the main street of town yesterday when three pairs of shoes were taken from in front of two stores.

GOVERNOR TO VISIT HOSPITAL Special to the Telegraph. Hazleton, Pa., May 10.—Trustees of the State Hospital at Hazleton arranged to-day to take Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh through the institution when he visits this city Friday afternoon.

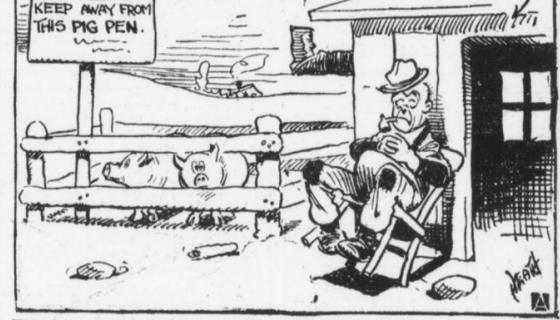
FIRE EXCITEMENT KILLS MAN Special to the Telegraph. Lebanon, Pa., May 10.—Harrison Z. Spotts, a prominent South Lebanon township farmer and former Lebanon county commissioner, expired suddenly from heart disease, due to over-excitement at witnessing the burning of the barn of his neighbor, Harry A. Light.

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BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT



BUT THIS IS HOW HE DID IT



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