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'A WIFE'S STORY'

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER X

How I reached the station I never knew. But somehow I found myself on the train for home. I felt as if everything were slipping from under me, as if there was no longer anything stable in the world.

It may seem strange, considering my doubts of Paul's success, my fears that what had happened should so affect me. But when one considers that from the time I met him, his book, the publishing of it, the glory that would come because of it, had been the big thing in my life, it may not seem so strange. Then, too, our need of money—Paul had made me feel how desperately we needed it—his lack of a profession or business experience by which he might earn it, frightened me.

Little Joan toddled to meet me. I fairly snatched her to my breast, and without taking off my wraps I rocked her in my arms, holding her close, crooning over her. She was my only comfort.

To my surprise Paul came home. Neither of us referred to the incident of the afternoon. He was very quiet, almost surly, and I effaced myself as much as possible.

Evelyn and George Markham came in during the evening.

"You're looking seedy," George said to Paul. "You are working too hard. All work and no play, you know, isn't good for anyone."

"You're a nice one to talk!" Evelyn broke in. "A man who slaves as you do is a nice one to give advice."

"I have to keep at it. My profession demands it. But it's different with Norwood. A writer's time is his own, especially a lucky one like Paul, who has money to live on while his ideas are forming. By the way, Paul, how is the great American novel coming on?"

A dull red flush crept over Paul's face, and I turned hot, then cold, scarcely breathing while waiting for his answer.

"I haven't been working very much lately, had other things that demanded my time and attention," replied Paul, urbanely. "Writing is only a pastime with me."

I saw a quickly repressed look of surprise cross Evelyn's face. When we first became acquainted I had

made a confidant of her, had told her of my hopes and ambitions, my belief that Paul was a genius, that his book would mark him as a great writer.

How easily one can believe—when they want to.

I felt chagrined, even angry, as my husband so easily parried their questions. He knew his years had been wasted, that his book was a failure, that he had not done anything else that prevented working on it. I felt like screaming it all at them; the afternoon's incident, my disillusionment, all that was making me so miserably unhappy.

But instead I tried to smile, to talk, but Evelyn saw the effort it cost me, and soon proposed they leave.

"Ruby looks all in, tonight," she said. "We had better go and let her go to bed."

"She always looks tired when she goes to town to shop," Paul answered. "Tries to spend too much money I guess."

"She's lucky to have it to spend," George said as they rose to go.

"What did you say that for? You know it isn't true!" I exclaimed as the door closed after our guests. "You know it wasn't the little sheen, I did that tired me; and she's much money! The little I have, I spend nowadays. What's the use of pretending any longer? I'm tired, I'm tired to death."

"Yes, I suppose you are, and your small country ideas would lead to publish the fact we are broke, and have my creditors swooping down upon me. You keep still about our affairs. I won't have you talking to the Markhams or anyone. The way you acted tonight they're bound to suspect."

"But they'll have to know soon, everybody. We can't live without money, not with out a good deal, according to the way we have spent it since we married. Oh, I won't you be frank with me, tell me just how we stand, let me help you."

Paul suddenly looked old, tired, "Don't talk to me tonight! I can't stand it!" and taking his hat he rushed from the house.

Tomorrow—A Sympathetic Friend

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

by MRS. ELLSBURY
(Address all communications to Mrs. Ellsbury, care of News-Review.)

Dear Mrs. Ellsbury: I am a married woman with a heart ache and I want you to help me if you can. Three years ago I married a man fifteen years older than I am. I was deeply in love with him, or thought so, but now I have found out my mistake. The first year we were very happy, and I was willing to do anything that would please him, but the last two years have been terrible. We are entirely different in everything. He does not do, or care to do, any of the things that give me pleasure, and does not realize that I miss them. He is satisfied with things as they are, but they are driving me nearly crazy. I am young yet, young enough to do the things I want to do if we were divorced. Would you advise me to get a divorce?

CLARE—It is very hard to advise you. Fifteen years is a great difference in the ages of two people. You should have thought of this, and realized when you married him that there would come a time when the difference in age, with the resulting difference in temperament and taste would be irksome to you. Only a very great love would span that gulf. Try to think of it calmly. Remember that a woman ages sooner than a man. You are comfortable, and would be contented if you divorce, in a very few years, your own first youth would be over, and you might sorrow for just what you have now. It is for you to decide. If you feel that you cannot possibly live the way you are now, divorce is the only thing, but I advise you to face the facts squarely and think over what you will get out of life that is finer than what you have.

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MOVIES

Anders Theatre
For a contrast in feminine pulchritude and temperament, few motion pictures recently produced can be any stretch of the imagination, equal George Melford's latest Paramount picture, "You Can't Foot Your Wife," which comes to the Anders Theatre tonight and in which three principal feminine roles are played by Lorraine Joy, Nina Naldi and Pauline Garon.

Miss Joy, as Edith Melville, is the trusting wife, charming an ingenious, yet intuitive to the last degree. Her particular type of beauty, with her soft brown eyes and dark brown hair, gives just the necessary sympathy to the role of the modern wife, troubled and tormented by a millionaire husband who has reached the so-called dangerous age.

Miss Naldi is the *diva de luxe* in the picture—a polished beauty, wife of an eminent surgeon, who seeks social conquests to further her husband's practice. Her raven black hair and alluring eyes produce the desired effect when she sets out to annex a man to her long list of victims.

Miss Garon, chie, blonde, diminutive, is the flapper of eighteen, but possessing sophistication that would be a credit to a woman of fifty. She holds in and out of the picture on a brogue of spontaneity that is a delightful contrast to the action of the other two characters in the story.

Liberty Theatre
"Desert's Crumb" is the title of the latest Ben Wilson drama, starring Jack Hall, written and directed by Roy Clements, which will be presented at the Liberty Theatre on tomorrow and Saturday.

The first of the desert try men. They go through the fire of suffering, and savage life and are made over.

You have not such chances in big cities, where life is artificial, as you have far from the haunts of men, of proving your manhood. It is trying enough in all conscience to continue to be a man in the stifling rush of the New York subway at the rush hour at Times Square. But take some young fellow with the veneer of civilization upon him, pluck him

from the artificiality of New York, and throw him among the red-blooded men of the wilds or the gold fields of Nevada, and it would be interesting to watch what would happen to him.

Majestic Theatre
For the big barn dance scene for "The Angel of Crooked Street," which will be shown at the Majestic Theatre tonight, many professional dancers appeared.

Alice Calhoun, the star, made real lemonade and cake for the players and proved herself an expert cook. The scene showing the guests eating cake is included in the film.

"Angel of Crooked Street" is a story of unusual interest because of action and intensely dramatic.

It deals with the adventures of a young girl who is falsely accused of theft and sent to the reformatory. When she comes out to seek revenge, but finds that justice is not hers to take.

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Your lumber of Alton S. Frey and Sons, Salesman at North Side Grocery.

IN BANKRUPTCY.
In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon, in the matter of H. Hogell, Bankrupt.

The creditors of H. Hogell, of Roseburg, in the county of Douglas and district aforesaid, a bankrupt, notice is hereby given that on the 11th day of November, 1923, the said H. Hogell was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned referee in Roseburg, Oregon on the 21st day of November, 1923, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and conduct such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated November 7th, 1923.
C. L. HAMILTON,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

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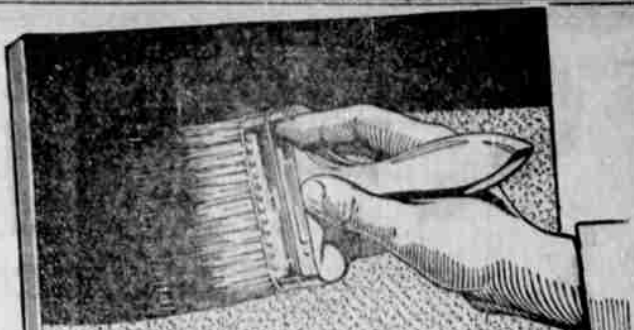
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