
* A PLAIN MAN'S WIFE *
* By Frank Filson *

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"Listen, George! What do you think of this? If the sale of the book is any fair criterion of its merit, then Mrs. Latham's last production, 'The Sentinel of Lone Peak,' of which we understand 20,000 copies have been sold as a first edition, must be of a high order. Isn't that flattering, George?"

George Latham nodded. He looked admiringly at his pretty wife, whose brows were now contracted with a spasm of indignation.

"Oh, wake up, George!" she exclaimed. "Don't be so dreadfully slow, George. Is it impossible for you ever to get the most rudimentary instinct for literature?"

"I like your books, my dear," answered her husband.

"Oh, yes, because I've pointed out their qualities to you," said Nita Latham. "But if I hadn't, would you have known that they were any better than the common books one reads?"

"Yes, dear."

"You wouldn't, George. And that's what humiliates me so. People speak of you now as Mrs. Latham's husband. Why can't you do something, George?"

"I made \$90,000 last year, my dear," said George Latham.

"Any fool can make money!" sniffed his wife, leaving the room.

George Latham knew that to be true. He had married Nita ten years before, when she was a poor girl, without any literary ideas, although she always had good taste in reading. He had made money all his life and he had come to realize with bitterness how it inevitably ate into their happiness.

Three years before Nita, tired of their friends, had surrounded herself with literary hangers-on, including a few embittered women who wrote

upon their wrongs and their sex's wrong for the press. Now all their guests discussed things which he had a vague idea even a married woman should know nothing about. And they talked of literature until his head ached.

They despised him, the pack of them, especially since Nita had attained fame with her first novel, "Woman or Man?" Ten thousand copies had been sold and the press



Surrounded Herself With Literary Hangers-On.

had published extensive criticisms about it.

"The Sentinel of Lone Peak," his wife's latest, was not a romance, as the name might imply. The sentinel was woman and Lone Peak was the position of the lonely woman (Nita), too advanced for her age, and misunderstood; also bound down by domestic ties.

George was spoken of as "Mrs. Latham's husband." He was an out-cast in their own home. Long-