

#### ROSE STANTON ALDRICH MEETS A FAMOUS ACTRESS AND HEARS SOME PUZZLING STATEMENTS ABOUT THE RELATIONS OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES

SYNOPSIS-Rose Stanton, student at the University of Chicago, is put off a street car in the rain after an argument with the conductor. She is accorded by a young man who offers help and escorts her home. An hour later, this man, Rodney Aldrich, well-to-do lawyer, appears at the home of his sister, the wealthy Mrs. Whitney, to attend a birthday dinner in his honor. Mrs. Whitney suggests that it's about time Rodney looked around for a wife. He laughs at her, but two months later he marries Rose Stanton.

CHAPTER IV-Continued. \*

She refused to hear a word more in those circumstances. "I'm coming home, afterward, straight down," she said, "and we'll go somewhere for lunch. Don't you realize that we can't talk about it like he'd either go out and buy a plush this? Of course you wouldn't, but it's Morris-chair from feather-your-nest

Over the lunch-table she got as detailed an account of the affair as Rodney, in his somnambulistic condition, drove across to the North side for

you'll like the girl !"

"That isn't what I hope," said Fredher like me. Roddy's the only brother ing to lose him if I can help it. That's tell me what you think." what will happen if she doesn't like

her first look at Rose. Rodney's at- 'knock-out.' She's so perfectly simple. tempts at description of her had been | She's never-don't you know-being well-meaning; but what he had prepared his sister for, unconsciously thinks we're all so wonderful that she'll of course, in his emphasis on one or make everybody feel warm and nice two phases of their first acquaintance, inside, and they'll be sure to like her." had been a sort of slatternly Amazon. But the effect of this was, really, very too," said Frederica. happy; because when a perfectly pregiri came into the room and greeted her neither shyly nor eagerly, nor with any affectation of out any evidences of panic-when Rose whom Rodney had been telling her about, she fell in love with her on the spot.

and heard her talk, she found she was the fact have had any value for her considering, not Rose's availability as as an illuminant, because she would a wife for Rodney, but Rodney's as a have had no idea whether six thouhusband for her. It was this, perhaps, sand dollars was a half or a hunthat led her to say, at the end of her | dredth of her future husband's income. leave-taking: "Roddy has been such a wonderful brother, always, to me, that I suspect you'll find him, sometimes, being a brother to you. Don't Rodney had sent her flowers and taken let it hurt you if that happens!"

### CHAPTER V.

The Princess Cinderella.

When the society editor of "America's foremost newspaper," as in its the event, and it is probable that trade-mark it proclaims itself to be, announced that the Rodney Aldriches had taken the Allison McCraes' house, furnished, for a year, beginning in October, she spoke of it as an ideal the more respectable charities, the arrangement. As everybody knew, it was an ideal house for a young was the smallest and smartest organimarried couple, and it was equally zation of the lot), fifteen or twenty evident that the Rodney Aldriches were an ideal couple for it.

further realization, it was an ideal this, her days were quite as full as house; an old house in the Chicago the evenings were, when she and Rodsense, built over tuto something very ney dined and went to the opera and much older still -- Tudor, perhaps --Jacobean, anyway. In the supplemen- sionals, to keep themselves abreast tary matters of furniture, hangings, of the minute in all the new dances. rugs and pictures, the establishment presented the last politely spoken word | ing that she never had to do anything; in things as they ought to be. If you the rallying of all her forces under happened to like that sort of thing, the spur of necessity was an experi-It was precisely the sort of thing you'd

quired perfection characterized the spoiled her a lot-had run about do-McCrae's domestic arrangements. ing little things for her, come in Every other year they went off around and shut down her windows in the the world in one direction or another, morning, and opened the register, and, mitted as existing-marriage was a and rented their bouse, furnished, for on any sort of excuse, on a Saturday exactly enough to pay all their ex- morning, for example, had brought her penses. On the elternate years they her breakfast on a tray. came back and spent two years' income living in their house.

me Redney's and it was her notion that a little apologetically. She had never be would be just the thing he'd want. before known what it was really to be Modney knew for himself what the served. house was-complete down to the corkscrews. And six thousand dollars morning, "a single, blessed mortal

w year was simply dirt cheap. meeting of the Thursday club (all this | and matinee party.

| happened in June, just before the wedding )and talked the matter over with Violet Williamson on the way

"John said once," observed Violet. "that if we had to live in that house, Saltzman's, and a golden-oak sideboard, or else run amuck."

Frederica grinned, but was sure it wouldn't affect Rodney that way. was able to give her, and she passed As for Rose, she thought Rose would at on to Martin that evening as they like it-for a while, anyway. But this wasn't the point. "I'm so-foolish about old Rodney, that I can't be sure Rodney," he commented. "I hope about Rose from him. It all depends, be a hit this winter or not. If she erica. "At least it isn't what I'm most | doesn't-go (and it all depends on her; concerned about. I hope I can make Rodney won't be much help), why, having a house like that might be pretty I've got in the world, and I'm not go- sad. So, if you're a true friend, you'll

"What I really think," said Violet-"of course I suppose I'd say this any-As it happened, though, she forgot | way, but I do honestly mean it-is all about her resolution almost with that she'll be what John calls a anything. She just is. And she

"She's got a real eye for clothes, "We've been shopping. Well, then, I'm going to tell other as she and Rodney did-were sentably clad, well-bred, admirably Rodney to go ahead and take the held together by the same irresistible, house.

Rose was consulted about it, of course, though consulted is perhaps case, a girl who didn't try to pretend not the right word to use. She was it wasn't a critical moment for her, taken to see it, anyway, and asked if but was game enough to meet it with- she liked it—a question in the nature of the superfluous. One might as well Frederica realized that this was the have asked Cinderella if she liked the gown the fairy godmother had provided her with for the prince's ball.

It didn't occur to her to ask how Amazingly, as she watched the girl much the rent would be, nor would

> The new house was just a part, as so many of the other things that had happened to her since that night when her to the theater and two restaurants in Martin's biggest limousine had been parts, of a breath-arresting fairy story.

The conclusion Frederica and Violet had come to about her chance for social success, was amply justified by Violet had put her finger upon the main-spring of it. So it fell out that what with the Junior league, the women's auxiliary boards of one or two of Thursday club and the Whifflers (this young women supposed to combine and reconcile social and intellectual bril-In the sense that it left nothing to liancy on even terms. What with all paid fabulous prices to queer profes-

Portia had been quite right in sayence she had never undergone. And it was also true that her mother, and The same soft of neat, fully ac- for that matter, Portia herself, had

But these things had been favors, not services-never to be asked for, Florence McCrue was an old friend of course, and always to be accepted

"I haven't," Rose told Rodney one thing to do all day." Some fixture Franco-Austrian actress. She had To clinch the thing, Florence went scheduled for that morning had been around and saw Frederica about it. moved, she went on to explain, and And Frederics, after listening, non- Eleanor Randolph was feeling seedy that couldn't be dressed to look more "At least we used to have. There committally, dashed off to the last and had called off a little lupcheon

concern. "Can't you manage some-

thing . . . ?" "Too bad!" said Rose in lively dissent. "It's too heavenly! I've got a whole day just to enjoy being myself; being-" she reached for his hand, and, getting it, stroked her cheek with it "-being my new self. Portia used So, you see, it's a real adventure just to say-well, that I want the car at a quarter to eleven and to tell Otto to. I niwnys feel as if I ought to sny that if he'll just stop the car at the corner of Diversey street, I can walk."

He laughed out at that and asked her how long she thought this blissful state of things would last, "Forever," she said.

But presently she looked at him rather thoughtfully. "Of course it's none of it new to you," she said, -not the silly little things, nor the things we do together-oh, the dinners, and the dances, and the operas. Do you sort of-wish I'd get tired of it? Is it a dreadful bore to you?"

"So long as it doesn't bore you," he said; "so long as you go on-shining the way you do over it, and I am where I can see you shine"-he took hold of both her hands, "so long as It's like that, you wonder," he said, "well, the dinners and the operas and all that may be piffle, but I shall be blind to the fact."

She kissed both his hands and told him contentedly that he was a darling. But, after a moment's silence, a little frown puckered her eyebrows and she asked him what he was so solemn about.

Well, he had told her the truth. But precisely as he said it, he felt that he was not the same man he had been six months ago. Not the man who had tramped impatiently back and forth across Frederica's drawing-room, expounding his ideals of space and leisure. Not the man who despised the clutter of expensive junk. That man would have derided the possibility that he could ever say this thing that he, still Rodney Aldrich, had just said to Rose-and meant. And the terrify-"Well, that all sounds exactly like I haven't-well, caught being mad ing thing was that he hadn't resisted the change-hadn't wanted to resistyou see, on whether Rose is going to didn't want to now, as he sat there looking at the slumbrous glory of her

> So, when she asked him what he was looking so solemn about, he said with more truth than he pretended to himself, that it was enough to make anybody solemn to look at her.

#### CHAPTER VI.

The First Question and Its Answer. Rose's instinctive attitude toward the group of young to middle-aged married people into which her own marriage had introduced her was founded on the assumption that, allowing for occasional exceptions, the husbands and wives felt toward each unanalyzable attraction.

Oh, there were bumps and bruises. of course! She had seen Rodney drop off now and again into a scowling abstraction, during which it was so evident he didn't want to talk to her, or even be reminded that she was about that she had gone away flushed and wondering, and needing an effort to hold back the tears.

These weren't frequent occurrences, though, and did not weaken her idea that, barring tragic and disastrous types-unfaithful husbands, cold, mer-



"I've Got a Whole Day Just to Enjoy Being Myself."

cenary wives-which had to be adstate whose happy satisfactoriness He has other lawyers, mostly, for his could, more or less, be taken for granted.

It was something that Simone Greville said which gave rise to her first misgiving that marriage was not, perhaps—even between people who loved each other - quite as simple as it it." seemed. No one has studied our leisured and cultivated classes with more candor and penetration than this great ample opportunities for observation, because, while she played to houses than a third full, she was enormously hasn't seemed to be much - time, in demand for luncheons, teas, dinners, lately. I suppose that's it."

"Oh, that's too bad," he said with suppers, Christmas bazaars, charity dances, and so on.

> Rose had met her a number of times before the incident referred to happened, but had always surveyed the lioness from afar.

She hung about, within earshot when It was possible, and watched, leaving the active duties of entertainto think I faked pretty well. But I ment to heavily cultured illuminati never was-don't you know?-right. like the Howard Wests, or to elever creatures like Hermione Woodruff and Frederica, and Constance Crawford, whose French was good enough to fill exactly where I want him to drive me in the interstices in Madame Greville's English.

She was standing about like that at tea one afternoon, when she heard the actress make the remark that American women seemed to her to be an exception to what she had always supposed to be the general law of sex attraction.

It was taken, by the rather tense little circle gathered around her, as a compliment; exactly as, no doubt, Greville intended it to be taken. But her look flashed out beyond the confines of the circle and encountered a pair of big, luminous eyes, under brows that had a perplexed pucker in them. Whereupon she laughed straight into Rose's face and said, lifting her head a little, but not her voice:

"Come here, my child, and tell me who you are and why you were looking at me like that."

Rose flushed, smiled that irresistible wide smile of hers, and came, not frightened a bit, nor, exactly, embarrassed; certainly not into pretending she was not surprised, and a little breathlessly at a loss what to say.

"I'm Rose Aldrich." She didn't, in words, say, "I'm just Rose Aldrich." It was the little bend in her voice that carried that impression. "And I suppose I was-looking that way, because I was wishing I knew exactly what you meant by what you said." Greville's eyes, somehow, concentrated and intensified their gaze upon the flushed young face-took a sort of plunge, so it seemed to Rose, to the very depths of her own. It was an electrifying thing to have happen

"Mon Dieu!" she said. "J'ai grande envie de vous le dire." She hesitated the fraction of a moment, glanced at a tiny watch set in a ring upon the middle finger of her right hand, took Rose by the arm as if to keep her from getting away, and turned to her hostess.

"You must forgive me," she said, "if I make my farewells a little soon. I am under orders to have some air each day before I go to the theater and if it is to be done at all today, it must be now. I am sorry. I have had a very pleasant afternoon.

"Make your farewells also, my child," she concluded, turning to her prisoner, "because you are going with

No sooner were they seated in the actress' car and headed north along the drive, than, instead of answering Rose's question, the actress repeated one of her own.

your name-Rose something. But that tells me nothing. Who are youone of them?" "No, not exactly," said Rose. "Only

by accident. The man I married is -one of them, in a way. I mean, because of his family and all that. And so they take me in." "So you are married," said the

Frenchwoman. "But not since long?" "Six months," said Rose. She said it so with the air of regard-

ing it as a very considerable period of time, that Greville laughed. "But tell me about him, then, this husband of yours. I saw him perhaps at the tea this afternoon?"

Rose laughed. "No, he draws the line at teas," she said. "He says that from seven o'clock on, until as late as I like, he's-game, you know-willing to do whatever I like. But until seven, there are no-well, he says, siren songs for him."

"Tell me-you will forgive the indiscretion of a stranger?-how has it arrived that you married him? Was it one of your American romances?" "It didn't seem very romantic," said Rose. "We just happened to get acquainted, and we knew almost straight off that we wanted to marry each other, so we did, and-it came out

very well," "It 'came out'?" questioned the actress.

"Yes," said Rose, "Ended happily, you know." "Ended!" Madame Greville echoed.

Then she laughed. Rose flushed and smiled at herself. "Of course, I don't mean that," she admitted, "and I suppose six months isn't so very long. Still you could find out quite a good deal-?"

"What is his affair?" The actress preferred asking another question, it seemed, to committing herself to an business men?"

"He's never tired," said Rose, "and he isn't a business man. He's a lawyer-a rather special kind of lawyer. clients. He's awfully enthusiastic about it. He says it's the finest profession in the world, if you don't let yourself get dragged down into the stupid routine of it. 'It certainly sounds thrilling when he tells about

The actress looked round at her. "So," she said, "you follow his work as he follows your play? He talks seriously to you about his affairs?" "Why, yes," said Rose, "we have

wonderful talks." Then she hesitated.

"One question more," said the Frenchwoman, "and not an idle oneyou will believe that? Alors! You love your husband. No need to ask that. But what do you mean by love? Something vital and strong and essential-the meeting of thought with thought, need with need, desire with desire?"

"Yes," said Rose after a little silence, "that's what I mean." There was another silence, while the

Frenchwoman gazed contemplatively out of the open window of the limousine.

Then Rose said: "But you are going to tell me what you meant about -American women."

Madame Greville took her time about answering. "They are an enigma to me," she said. "I confess it, I haven't ever seen such women anywhere as these upper-class Americans. They are beautiful, clever; they know



"Make Your Farewells Also. Child."

how to dress. For the first hour, or day, or week, of an acquaintance, they have a charm quite incomparable. And, up to a certain point, they ex- dollars. ercise it. Your jeunes filles are amazing. All over the world, men go mad about them. But when they marry . ." She finished the sentence with a ghost of a shrug, and turned to Rose. "Can you account for them? Were you wondering at them, too, with those great eyes of yours? Alors!

What is it, to you, they lack?" Rose stirred a little uneasily. don't know," she said, "except that any portion of this \$5.50 it would be of them seem a little dissatisfied "I ask you who you are, and you say and restless, as if-well, as if they wanted something they haven't got."

"But do they truly want it?" Madame Greville demanded. "I am willing to be convinced; but myself, I find, of your women of the aristocrat class, the type most characteristic is" -she paused and said the thing first to herself in French, then translated-"is a passive epicure in sensationssensations mostly mental, irritating or soothing-a pleasant variety. She waits to be made to feel; she perpetually-tastes. They give a stranger like me the impression of being perfectly frigid, perfectly passionless, And so, as you say, of missing the great thing altogether. A few of your women are great, but not as women, and of second-rate men in petticoats you have a vast number. But a woman, great by the qualities of her sex. an artist in womanhood, I have not

"Oh, I wish," cried Rose, "that I knew what you meant by that!"

"Why, regard now," said the actress, 'In every capital of Europe (and I know them all), wherever you find great affairs-matters of state, diplomacy, politics-you find the influence of women in them - women of the great world sometimes, sometimes of the half-world. They may not be beautiful—I have seen a faded woman of fifty, of no family or wealth, whose saion attracted ministers of state; they haven't the education nor the liberties that your women enjoy, and, in the mass, they are not regarded-how do you say?-chivalrously. Yet there they are! "And why? Because they are capa-

ble of great passions, great desires. They are willing to take the art of womanhood seriously, make innumerable sacrifices for it, as one must for any art, in order to triumph in it." Rose thought this over rather dubiously. It was a new notion to heranswer to Rose's unspoken one. "Is or almost new. "But suppose," she he one of your-what you call, tired objected, "one doesn't want to triumph at it? Suppose one wants to be a-person, rather than just a woman?"

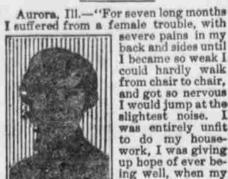
"There are other careers indeed," Madame Greville admitted, "and one can follow them in the same spiritmake the sacrifices - pay the brice they demand. Mon Dieu! How I have preached. Now you shall talk to me. It was for that I took you captive and ran away with you."

After her talk with the actress, Rose begins to understand more why it is that married folks don't always get along very well together. An interesting problem is unfolded in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MRS. KIESO SICK SEVEN MONTHS

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severe pains in my back and sides until I became so weak I could hardly walk from chair to chair. and got so nervous I would jump at the slightest noise. I was entirely unfit to do my housework, I was giving

up hope of ever be-ing well, when my sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-I took six bottles and today I pound. I took six bottles and today I am a healthy woman able to do my own housework. I wish every suffering woman would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and find out for themselves how good it is."—Mrs. CARLA. Kieso, 596 North Ave., Aurora, Ill.

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treatment of female ills. Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for special advice. It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

SHORT ON HIS "PER CAPITA"

Boston Man Needs Only \$37.50 to Make Up the \$43 Which Everyone is Supposed to Possess.

According to the latest population figures with reference to the money in circulation in this country, every man, woman and child in the United States should have \$43 in his, hers or its

Have you got yours? I haven't got mine, Newton Newkirk writes in the Boston Post.

It occurs to me that when the fact becomes generally known that I haven't got mine some "per capita" who discovers that he has considerably more ready cash in his pockets than he ought to have according to this division of funds, will split with me, so that I will have my normal quota of

All I need in order to have my \$43 s \$37.50.

No hurry about it, of course, but the sooner somebody remits me this \$37.50 the more grateful I will be. There is really no necessity that I can see of delaying or postponing such a little matter as this. By a rapid mental Are we puzzled by the same thing? arithmetical calculation it will readily be seen that I now have \$5.50 of the \$43 needed and before I have spent well for somebody to make up the defi cit of \$37.50-otherwise the deficit is liable to be more.

A Little Game.

"Come ou," said the first flea, as he hopped from the brown bear's left foreleg; "come over and join me at a short game of golf."

"Golf," exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena; "where in the realm of Barnum are we going to play golf?"

"Why," said the first flea, "over on the lynx, of course."

She Knew.

Reggie-There's been something trembling on my lips for months and months, Margie, and-Margie-Yes, so I see. Why don't

you shave it off?-Puck. International Accomplishments. "Can the new recruit talk French?"

Spanish."

"No, but he knows how to walk

# Instant Postum

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