

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

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OVER ROSE STANTON THERE COMES A CHANGE WHICH PUZZLES HER HUSBAND—AT FIRST HE THINKS SHE'S PEEVISH, BUT SHE IS NOT.

SYNOPSIS—Rose Stanton marries Rodney Aldrich, a rich young lawyer, after a brief courtship, and instantly is taken up by Chicago's exclusive social set and made a part of the gay whirl of the rich folks. It is all new to the girl, and for the first few months she is charmed with the life. And then she comes to feel that she is living a useless existence, that she is a social butterfly, a mere ornament in her husband's home. Rose longs to do something useful and to have the opportunity to employ her mind and utilize her talent and education. Rodney feels much the same way about himself. He thinks he ought to potter around in society just to please his wife, when in reality he'd rather be giving his nights to study or social service of some sort. They try to reach an understanding, following the visit of two New York friends, who have worked out satisfactorily this same problem.

CHAPTER X.

A Birthday.

Rodney heard young Craig, who deviled up law for him, saying good night to the stenographer. He waited till he heard them go, then went out and disconnected his own desk telephone, which the office boy, on going home, always left plugged through; went back to his inner office again, and shut the door after him.

There was more than enough pressing work on his desk to fill the clear hour that remained to him before he had to start for home. But he didn't mean to do it. He didn't mean to do anything except to drink down thirstily the sixty minutes of pure solitude that were before him. That hour had become a habit with him lately, like—like he smiled at the comparison—like taking a drug. He was furtive about it, too. He never corrected Rose's assumption that the thing which kept him late at the office so much of the time nowadays was a press of work.

It was not that she had faded for him—become less the poignant, vivid, irresistible thing he had first fallen in love with. Rather the contrary. She hadn't seemed quite well, lately, nor altogether happy, and he had not been able to find out why. He had attributed it at first to the shock occasioned by her mother's illness and her departure with Portia to California; but this explanation seemed not to cover the ground. She was all right, she always said. He couldn't force confidence from her, of course. But her pale face and eyes wide with a trouble in them he could not fathom, stirred something deeper in him than the former glow and glory had ever reached.

And there was a new thing that gripped him in a positively terrifying way—a realization of his importance to her. He had discovered one day—a fortnight or so ago, in the course of a rummage after some article he had mislaid, a heap of law books that weren't his. He had guessed the explanation of them, but had said nothing to Rose about it—had found it curiously impossible to say anything. If only she had taken up something of her own! It seemed as essentially a law of her being to attempt to absorb herself in him, as it was a law of his to resist that absorption of himself in her.

But resistance was difficult. The tendency was, after his perfectly solid, recognizable duties had been given their place in the cubic content of his day, that Rose should fill up the rest. And yet there was a man in him who was neither the hard-working, successful advocate, nor Rose's husband—a man whose existence Rose didn't seem to suspect. (Was there, then, in her no woman that corresponded to him?) That man had to fight now for a chance to breathe.

He got a pipe out of a drawer in his desk, loaded and lighted it, stretched his arms, and sat down in his desk chair. The thing exactly in front of his eyes was his desk calendar. There was something familiar about the date—some subconscious association that couldn't quite rise to the surface. Was there something he had to do today, that he'd forgotten? . . . Then, with a grunt of relief and amusement, he got it. It was his birthday! Another milestone.

A year ago! That was the day it had all begun. How did he compare—the man who sat there now—with the man who had unhesitatingly jumped off the car to follow a new adventure—the man who had turned up waterlogged at Frederica's dinner and made hay of her plan to marry him off to Merrilone Woodruff!

He was increasing his practice now, making money, getting cautious—prudent; he didn't bolt the track any more. And the quality of his work was good; he couldn't quarrel with that. Only, the old, big free dreams that had glorified it were gone. He was in harness, drawing a cart; following a bundle of hay.

The building was pretty well deserted by now, and against the silence he heard the buzzer in his telephone switchboard proclaiming insistently that someone was trying to get him on the phone. He thought at first he

wouldn't answer. He didn't want to talk to anybody. But no one can resist the mechanical bell ringers they use in exchanges nowadays—the even-spaced ring and wait, ring and wait, so manifestly incapable of discouragement. The end of forty-five seconds, he snatched open his door, punched the jack into its socket, caught up the head piece, and belatedly "Hello!" into the dangling transmitter.

And five minutes later he was calling Rose on the wire. "Rose, listen to this! Barry Lake and his wife are here. He just called up. They got in from New York at five o'clock, and I've asked them out to dinner—Barry Lake and Jane! What's the matter? Can't you hear me? . . . Why, they're about the best friends I've got. The magazine writer, you know, and his wife. And they're coming out to dinner—coming right out. I told them not to dress. I'll come straight home myself—get there before they do, I guess. . . . All right! Good-by!"

But he sat there frowning in a puzzled sort of way for half a minute. Rose's voice had certainly sounded queer. He was sure she hadn't planned anything else for tonight. He distinctly remembered her saying just before he left for the office, that they'd have the evening to themselves. And it was incredible that she minded his bringing home two old friends like the Lakes on the spur of the moment, to take pot-luck. Oh, well, you couldn't tell about people's voices over the phone. There must have been something funny about the connection.

An opportune taxi just passing the entrance to his office building as he came out, enabled Rodney to better the fifteen minutes he'd allowed for getting home. But in spite of that fact, he found Rose rather splendidly gowned for her expected guests.

"Good gracious!" he cried excitedly. "What did you do that for? I thought



Trying to Help Both of Them Out of Their Wraps at Once.

I told you over the phone the Lakes weren't going to dress."

"I was dressed like this when you telephoned," Rose said. "And I was afraid there wouldn't be time to change into anything else."

"We weren't going anywhere, were we?" he asked. "There's nothing I've forgotten?"

"No," she said, "we weren't going anywhere."

"And you dressed like that just for a—treat for me!"

She nodded. "Just for you," she said. "Roddy, who are the Lakes?—Oh, I know his articles, I think. But where were they friends of yours, and when?"

"Why, for years, until they moved to New York. They used to live here. I know I must have told you about

them. I was always having dinner with them—either out in Rogers Park, where they lived, or at queer, terrible little restaurants downtown. They were always game to try anything, once. He's the longest, leanest, angriest, absent-mindedest chap in the world. And just about the best. And his wife fits all his angles. She writes, too. Oh, you're sure to like them! They're going to be out here for months, he says. He's going to specialize in women and he's come back here where they get the vote, to make headquarters. It's great! I haven't had a real talk with anybody since he went away, over a year ago."

Then, at the sound of the bell, he cried out: "There they are!" and dashed down into the hall ahead of a schoolboy anticipating a birthday present.

Rose followed more slowly, and by the time she had reached the landing, she found him slapping Barry on the back and shaking both hands with Jane, and trying to help both of them out of their wraps at once.

When the greetings were over and they were on the way upstairs again, he said: "I told Rose we weren't going to dress, but she explained she didn't put on this coronation robe for you, but for a treat for me before I telephoned, and hadn't time to change back."

And when Jane cried out, as they entered the drawing room: "Good heavens, Rodney, what a house!" he answered: "It isn't ours. We rented it for a year in some sort of honeymoon delirium, I guess. We don't live up to it, of course. Nobody could but the woman who built it."

The gaiety in his voice clouded a little as he said it, and his grin, for a moment, had a rueful twist. But for a moment only. Then his untempered delight in the possession of his old friends took him again.

They talked—heavens, how they talked! It was like the breaking up of a log jam. The two men would rush along, side by side, in perfect agreement for a while, catching each other's half-expressed ideas, and hurrying them forward, and then suddenly they'd meet, head on, in collision over some fundamental difference of opinion, amid a prismatic spray of epigram. Jane kept up a sort of obligation to the show, inserting provocative witticisms here and there, sometimes as Rodney's ally, sometimes as her husband's, and luring them, when she could, into the quiet backwater of metaphysics, where she was more than a match for the two of them.

But the main topic of the evening got launched when Rodney seized the advantage of a pause to say:

"A series of articles on women, eh! What are you going to do to them?"

With that the topic of feminism was on the carpet and it was never thereafter abandoned. After half an hour of it Jane turned to Rodney. "But what do you think about it?" she demanded. "You've been grinning away there all this time without saying a word. Are you for it?"

"For what?" Rodney wanted to know.

"For what women want," said Jane. "Economic independence—equality, easy divorce—all the new stuff."

"I'm not against it," Rodney said. "Any more than I'm against tomorrow being Tuesday. It's going to be Tuesday whether I like it or not. But that conviction keeps me from crusading for it very hard. What I'm curious about is how it's going to work. When they get what they want, do you suppose they're going to want what they get?"

"I knew there was something deadly about your grin," said Jane. "What are you so cantankerous about?"

"Why, the thing," said Rodney. "That sours my naturally sweet disposition is this economic independence. I've been hearing it at dinner tables all winter. When I hear a woman with five hundred dollars' worth of clothes on—well, so, not on her back—and anything you like in jewelry, talking about economic independence as if it were something nice—jam on the pantry shelf that we men were too greedy to let them have a share of—I have to put on the brakes in order to stay on the rails."

"We men have to fight for economic independence from the time we're twenty, more or less, till the time we die. It's a sentence to hard labor for life; that's what economic independence is. How does that woman think she'd set about it, to make her professional services worth a hundred dollars a day—or fifty, or ten? What's she got that has a market value? What is there that she can capitalize? She's got her physical charm, of course, and there are various professions where she can make it pay. Well, and what else?"

"She can bear children," said Jane. "She ought to be paid well for that." "You're only paid well," Rodney replied. "For something you can do exceptionally well, or for something that few people can do at all. As long as

the vast majority of women can bear children, the only women who could get well paid for it, would be those exceptionally qualified, or exceptionally proficient. This is economics, now, we're talking. Other considerations are left out. No, I tell you, economic independence, if she really got it—the kind of woman I've been talking about—would make her very sick."

"She'd get over being sick, though, wouldn't she," said Rose, "after awhile? And then don't you think she'd be glad?"

Rodney laughed. "The sort of woman I've been talking about," he said, "would feel, when all is said, that she'd got a gold brick."

Rose poured his coffee with a steady hand. They were in the library now.

"If that's so," she said, "then the kind of woman you've been talking about has already got a profession. As Doctor Randolph says, she's cashed in on her ankles. But maybe you're mistaken in thinking she wouldn't choose something else if she had a chance. Maybe she wouldn't have done it, except because her husband wanted her to and she was in love with him and tried to please. You can't always tell."

It was almost her first contribution to the talk that evening. She had asked a few questions and said the things a hostess has to say. The other three were manifestly taken by surprise.

But surprise was not the only effect she produced. Her husband had never seen her look just like that before. The flash in her eyes, the splash of bright color in her cheeks, the exciting timbre of her voice, was new to him and very alluring.

Barry saved him the necessity of trying to answer, by taking up the cudgels himself. Rodney didn't feel like answering, nor, for the moment, like listening to Barry. His interest in the discussion was eclipsed, for the moment, by the thrill and wonder of his wife's beauty. For the next half hour she matched wits with Barry Lake very prettily.

When Jane declared that they must go, her husband protested.

"I haven't managed yet to get a word out of Rodney about any of his things. I want to know how far you've come along with your book on 'Actual Government.' I want the whole thing. Now."

"I've had my fling," said Rodney, with a sort of embarrassed good humor. "There are no more intellectual wild oats for me. Have you forgotten you're talking to a married man?"

On learning their determination to walk down-town, he said he'd go with them part of the way. Would Rose go, too? But she thought not.

CHAPTER XI.

A Defeat.

The gown which Rodney had spoken of apologetically as a coronation robe, was put away; the maid sent to bed. Rose, huddled into a big, quilted bathrobe, and in spite of the comfortable warmth of the room, feeling cold clear into the bones—cold and tremulous, and sure that when she tried to talk her teeth would chatter—sat waiting for Rodney to come back from seeing the Lakes part way home.

She gave a last patnick shiver when she heard his latchkey, then pulled herself together.

"Come in here, Roddy," she called as he reached the head of the stairs. "I want to talk about something."

He had hoped, evidently, to find her abed and fast asleep. His cautious footfalls on the stairs made clear his intention not to waken her. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said, pausing at the door to her dressing-room, but not coming in. "I didn't know you meant to sit up for me. If I'd known you were waiting, I'd have come back sooner."

"I haven't minded," she told him. "I've been glad of a chance to think. But now . . . Oh, please come in and shut the door!"

He did come in, but with manifest reluctance, and he stayed near the door in an attitude of arrested departure. "It's pretty late," he protested with a nonchalance that rang a little flat. "You must be awfully tired. Hadn't we better put off our pow-wow?"

She understood well enough. The look in her face, some uncontrolled infection in her voice she had meant to keep so even, had given her away. He suspected she was going to be "tragic." If he didn't look out, there'd be a "scene."

"We can't put it off," she said. "I let you have your talk out with the Lakes, but you'll have to talk with me now."

"We spent most of the time talking about you anyway," he said pleasantly. "They're both mad about you. You were a perfect miracle tonight, darling, when they were here. But now, like this . . . He came over to her with his arms out.

But she cried out "Don't!" and sprang away from him. "Please don't,

Roddy—not tonight! I can't stand it to have you touch me tonight!"

He stared at her, gave a shrug of exasperation, and then turned away. "You are angry about something then," he said. "I thought so when I first came in. But, honestly, I don't know what it's about."

"I'm not angry," she said, as steadily as she could. She mustn't let it go on like this. They were getting started all wrong somehow. "You didn't want me to touch you the night when I came to your office, when you were working on that case. But it wasn't because you were angry with me. Well, I'm like that tonight. There's something that's got to be thought out. Only I'm not like you. I can't do it alone. I've got to have help. I don't want to be soothed, and comforted like a child, and I don't want to be made love to. I just want to be treated like a human being."

"I see," he said. Very deliberately, he lighted a cigarette, found himself an ash tray, and settled down astride a spinning little chair. "All right," he said.



"I'm Not Angry," She Said.

said. "Now, come on with your troubles." He didn't say "little troubles," but his voice did and his smile.

Rose steeled herself as well as she could. "We've made a horrible mistake," she began. "I don't suppose it's either of our faults exactly. It's been mine in a way, of course, because it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been—thoughtless and ignorant. I might have seen it if I'd thought to look. But I didn't—not really, until tonight."

He wanted to know what the mistake was. He was still smiling in good-humored amusement over her seriousness.

"It's pretty near everything," she said. "You've hated the way we've lived—the way this house has made us live. I haven't liked it, really. But I never stopped to think what it meant." "What it does mean," he said, with a good deal of attention to his cigarette, "is that things are desirable to me now, because I am in love with you, that weren't desirable before. I don't see anything terrible about that."

"There isn't," she said, "when you're in love with me. But you aren't in love with me all the time. And when you aren't, you must hate me for what I've done to you."

His face flushed deep. He sprang to his feet and threw his cigarette into the fire. "That's perfectly outrageous nonsense," he said. "I won't listen to it."

"If it weren't true," she persisted, "you wouldn't be excited like that. If I hadn't known it before, I'd have known it when I saw you with the Lakes. You can give them something you can't give me, not with all the love in the world. I never heard about them till tonight—not in a way I'd remember. And there are other people—you spoke of some of them at dinner—who are living here, that you've never mentioned to me before. You've tried to sweep them all out of your life; to go to dances and the opera and things with me. You did it because you loved me, but it wasn't fair to either of us, Roddy. Because you can't love me all the time. I don't believe a man—a real man—can love a woman all the time. And if she makes him hate her when he doesn't love her, he'll get so he hates loving her."

"You're talking nonsense!" he said again roughly. He was pacing the room by now. "Stark, staring nonsense! I've never stopped loving you since the first day we walked together. And I should think I'd done enough to prove it."

"That's it," she said. "You've done too much. And you're so sorry for me when you don't love me, that it makes you do all the more."

She had found another joint in his armor. She was absolutely clairvoyant tonight, and this time he fairly cried out: "Stop it!"

Do you believe that marriage should be a business partnership as well as one of sentiment—that if the wife is capable of doing so, she should earn a part of the living outside the home?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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HOW TO CONQUER THE CRAMP

Worst Effect is Panic, Which Causes the Swimmer to Let All the Air Out of His Lungs.

A cramp is merely a contraction of the muscles caused by the penetration of the cold. Obviously, it could not of itself cause drowning. Its effect, according to Popular Science Monthly, is to cause a panic which throws the swimmer off his guard, causing him to let the air out of his lungs and thus allow the air passages to become filled with water. The safeguard against such a panic is absolute confidence in the floating power of the body and a demonstrable knowledge of the proper way to quickly fill the lungs to utmost capacity with air.

The moment a cramp is felt, the swimmer should turn on his back and begin to gulp the air, making no effort to keep himself from sinking. As he sinks he slowly exhales under water, through the mouth, with the lips puckered as for whistling. If it is a stomach cramp the knees will be drawn up against the abdomen, but the swimmer should force them out, pushing on them with both hands and using all his strength until they are fully extended. This will no doubt cause great pain for a few seconds, but as soon as the legs are straightened out the cramp will vanish, and the body, buoyed up by the air in the lungs, will shoot up to the surface. There still inhaling in great gulps and exhaling through puckered lips, the swimmer may float until he regains his strength or is picked up.

In case of cramp in the leg or arm the same system of breathing is followed and the affected part is straightened out by sheer strength.

Presumption Resented.
"Be good," said the philosopher, "and you will be happy."
"Not necessarily," replied the man of sensitive conscience. "If you undertake to be good some envious people are likely to think you are trying to put on airs."

How They Love Each Other.
He—You should have seen her face light up.
She—Did some one touch off the powder?



A Perfect Day

should end—as well as begin—with a perfect food, say—

Grape-Nuts
with cream.

A crisp, delicious food, containing the entire nutriment of whole wheat and barley, including the vital mineral elements, so richly provided by Nature in these grains.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

