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CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued. ---16---

There was something peculiarly horrifying to him in the exhibition Ranlittle as would pass muster. Going off alone and deliberately fuddling onereflections. Only . . . asked him to drop in on the doctor for to try to help?

He tried, though not very successthe task, when he said: "Look here, had encountered before. Jim! What is the matter with you? Are you sober enough to tell me?"

Randolph put down his glass, "I tifully kept. I'm nothing but a pos-I have a big practice. I'm the most come here, the women, in shoals. give them what they want. And that's her doing. They go silly about me; fancy they're in love with me.

"I haven't done a lick of honest work won't let me work. She-smothers me. Wherever I turn, there she is, smoothing things out, trying to make it easy. trying to anticipate my wants. I've only one want. That's to be let alone. She can't do that. She's insatiable. There's always something more she's trying to get, and I'm always trying to adequate. keep something away from her, and failing."

"And why? Do you want to know why, Aldrich? That's the cream of the each other. She wants me to live on her love. To have nothing else to live

"Do you want to know what my nocould start a general practice; where the things I'd get would be accident cases, confinement cases: real things, urgent things, that night and day are all alike to. I'd like to start again and be poor; get this stink of easy money out of my nostrils. I'd like to see if I could make good on my own.

"I came back from New York, after that look at Rose, meaning to do it: meaning to talk it out with Eleanor and tell her why, and then go. Well, I talked. Talk's cheap. But I didn't go. I'll never go. I'll go on getting softer and more of a fake; more dependent. And Eleanor will go on eating me up until the last thing in me that's me myself is gone. And then, some day, she'll look at me and see that I'm noth-

Then, with suddenly thickened speech (an affectation, perhaps), he looked up at Rodney and demanded: "What are you looking so s-solemn

about? Can't you take a joke? Come along and have another drink."

"No," Rodney said, "I'm going. And you'd better get to bed."

Rodney walked home that night like a man dazed. The vividness of one blazing idea blinded him. The thing that Randolph had seen and lacked the courage to do; the thing Rodney despised him for a coward for having failed to do-that thing Rose had done.

Without knowing it, yielding to a ed Rose to live on his love. He'd tried and not despise me for. It's months to smooth things out for her, unticipate her wants. He'd wanted her soft, helpless, dependent. She'd seen, even then, something he'd been blind to-somelove, by itself, was not enough. That it could poison, as well as feed.

But she had won, among the rest of her spoils of victory, the thing she had I'd never have seen it if you hadn't originally set out to get. "His friend- told me in so many words, like this. Do ship and respect. Friendship, he re- you see now?" membered her saying, was a thing you had to earn. When you'd earned it, it and put his hands up to his face. She couldn't be withheld from you. Well, it was right she should be told that; made to understand it to the full. He of waiting for his dismissal was too couldn't ask her to come back to him. strong to be broken even for a situa-But she must know that her respect was as necessary now to him as she'd hadn't, she got up and walked out of once said his was to her. He must see

her and tell her that. He stopped abruptly in his walk, His bones, as the Psalmist said, turned to water. How should be confront that game of hers, which knew so much and understood so deeply-he with the memory of his two last ignominious encounters with her behind him?

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friends. per plants life is New York during other man fou in love with her;

the year that put her on the aighroad o success as a designer of costumes relation between them, after that, when you're fifty-one you can." for the theater was a good life, broad- should not prove quite so simple and ening, stimulating, seasoning. It rest- manageable. There were breathless unwonted physical privations of the six | conscious moments of rigidly enforced months that preceded it made seem like positive luxury.

New York to work for Gaibreith she vals of these failures there emerged found him a martinet. She never once caught that twinkling gleam of under- partnership. standing in his eye which had meant so much to her during the rehearsals of "The Girl Up-Stairs." His manner and put her to work exclusively on seldom praised her work, and never pess; the new partnership, with the ungrudgingly. His censure was rare, details of which, through Jimmy Waltoo, to be sure, but this obviously was lace, you are already sufficiently acbecause Rose almost never gave him quainted. an excuse for it. Working for him in this mood gave her the uneasy sensadolph was making of himself. He'd tion one experiences when walking never in his life taken a drink ex- abroad under a sultry, overcast sky, person to look at, but a little unaccept convivially, and then he took as with mutterings and flashes in it. And then one night the storm broke.

They had lingered in the theater self, as a means of escaping unpleas- after the dismissal of a rehearsal, to had become a part. Rose took her time ant realities, struck him as an act of talk over a change in one of the numthe basest cowardice. But for that bers Rose had been working on. It repicture of Rose be'd have gone long fused to come out satisfactorily. Rose ago and left Randolph to his bemused | thought she saw a way of doing it that | partners served, somehow, to divert a Rose had would work better, and she had been relation between them which might a visit. Did she mean she wanted him and with a limpld directness which, when she felt he wasn't paying attenfully, to conceal his violent disrelish of tion. It was a difficulty with him she

But tonight, after an angry turn cried out: "I don't know, I don't have told you," he said. "I'm Eleanor's know what you've been talking about. kept man. Well kept, oh, yes! Beau- I don't know, and I don't care." And of course, when they saw nothing of then, confronting her, their faces not a session of hers! A trophy of sorts, an foot apart, for by now she had got to had plenty to do, was never conscious ornament. I'm something she's made, her feet, his hands gripped together of missing him. But the prospect of and shaking, his teeth clenched, his fashfonable doctor in Chicago. They eyes glowing there in the half-light of stance, was always enormously brightthe auditorium almost like an ani-That's Eleanor's doing. I'm a faker, mal's, he demanded: "Can you see a fraud. I pose for them. I play up. what's the matter with me? Haven't go for a walk or a ferry-ride someyou seen it yet?"

Of course she saw it now, plainly enough. She sat down again, managing an air of deliberation about it, chair in front of her. He remained standing over her there in the aisle,

When the heightening tension of the silence that followed this outburst had grown absolutely unendurable, she spoke. But the only thing she could find to say was almost ludicrously in-

"No, I didn't see it until now. I'm sorry."

"You didn't see it," he echoed. "I know you didn't. You've never seen thing. Because we're in love with me at all, from the beginning, as anything but a machine. But why haven't you? You're a woman. If I ever saw a woman in my life, you're one all the way through. Why couldn't you see that name in Rodney. But when she tion of heaven is? It would be to go that I was a man? It isn't because I've off alone, with one suit of clothes in got gray hair, nor because I'm fifty a limit I was a limit I dollars in rey pocket-I wouldn't mind that. But even back there in Chicago, body in the role of-mother? The that; I don't want to be a tramp-to the night we walked down the avenue thought all but suffocated her. from that store-or the night we had supper together after the show

> "I suppose I ought to have seen," she said dully. "Ought to have known that that was all there was to it. But I didn't."

"Well, you see it now," he said savagely fairly, and strode away up the aisle and then back to her. He sat down in the seat in front of her and turned around. "I want to see your face," he said. "There's something I've got to know. Something you've got to tell me. You said once, back there in Chicago, that there was only one person who really mattered to you. I want to know who that person is. What he is. Whether he's still the one person who really matters. If he isn't, I'll take my chance."

Remembering the scene afterward, Rose was a little surprised that she'd been able to answer him as she did, without a hesitation or a stammer, and with a straight gaze that held his until she had finished.

"The only person in the world," she said, "who ever has mattered to me, or ever will matter, is my husband. I fell in love with him the day I met him. I was in love with him when I left him. I'm in love with him now. Everything I do that's any good is just something he might be proud of if he knew it. And every failure is just something blind, unscrutinized instinct, he'd want- I hope I would make him understand since I've seen him, but there isn't a day, there isn't an hour in a day, when I don't think about him and-want him. I don't know whether I'll ever see thing he'd blinded himself to: that him again, but if I don't, it won't make any difference with that. That's why I didn't see what I might have seen about you. It wasn't possible for me to see.

He turned away from her with a nod, waited a moment to see whether he had anything else to say, for the habit tion like this. But finding that he I'm a friend, and I am, but if there is

the theater. There was an hour after she had gained the haven of her apartment when she pretty well went to pieces. So this was all, was it, that she owed her illusory appearance of success to? The amorous selfishness of a man old enough to be her father! Once more, she blissfully and ignorantly unsuspecting all the while, it was love that had I wanted and what you've given me made her world go round. The same attraction that James Randolph long for all the love in the world." ago had told her about. All she'd ac-Excell for the vacuum where the complished in that bitter year since sere and heart of it all ought to have she left Rodney had been to make an- can't."

resolute repression that had, as reso-For several months after she came to lutely, to be ignored. But in the inter- partner all at the same time?" a new thing-genuine friendliness,

It was just after Christmas that Abe Shuman took her away from Galbraith etter she'd got from him in Chi- events within a month thereafter engo. It was stiff, formal, severe. He | launched her in an independent busi-

Her partner was Alice Perosini. She was the daughter of a rich Italian Jew, a beautiful-really a wonderfulcountable, especially with the gorgeous clothes she wore, in the circle of women who "did things," of which Rose about deciding that she liked her, but ended by preferring her to all the rest. But the fact that they had become telling him about it. Engerly, at first. etherwise have developed into a firstclass friendship. Not that they quarhowever, became clouded and troubled reled, or even disappointed each other in the close contacts of the day's work. But at the end of the day's work they tended to fly apart rather than to stick together. More and more Rose turned down the nisle and back, he suddenly to Galbraith for a friendship that really understood; gripped deep.

There were long stretches of days, each other, and Rose, as long as she an empty Sunday morning, for inened if he called up to say that it was empty for him, too, and shouldn't they where

All told, she learned more about men, as such, from him than ever she had learned, consciously at least, from in the last year. I can't work. She and gripped the back of the orchestra Rodney. She'd never been able to regard her husband as a specimen. He was Rodney, sui generis, and it had never occurred to her either to generalize from him to other men or to explain anything about him on the mere ground of his masculinity. She began doing that now a fittle, and the exercise opened her eyes.

In a good many ways Galbraith and her husband were a good deal alike. Both were rough, direct, a little remorseless, and there was in both of them, right alongside the best and finest and clearest things they had, an unaccountable vein of childishness. She'd never been willing to call it by saw it in Galbraith too, she wondered.

One Saturday morning, toward the end of May, Galbraith called up and wanted to know if she wouldn't come over to his Long Island farm the following morning and spend the day. She had visited the place two or three times, and had always enjoyed it immensely there. It wasn't much of a farm, but there was a delightful old Revolutionary farmhouse on it, with ceilings seven feet high, and casement windows, and the floors of all the rooms on different levels; and Galbraith, there, was always quite at his best. His sister and her husband, whom he had brought over from England when he bought the place, ran it for him. Rose accepted eagerly.

Galbraith met her with a dogcart and a fat pony, and when they had jogged their way to their destination. they spent what was left of the morning looking over the farm. Then there was a midday farm dinner, which Rose astonished herself by dealing with as it deserved, and by feeling sleepy at the conclusion of.

Coming into the veranda about four o'clock, and finding her, Galbraith suggested that they go for a walk. Two hours later, having swung her legs over a stone wall which had a comfortably inviting flat top, she remained sitting there and let her gaze rest, unfocused, on the pleasant farm land below them.

After a glance at her he leaned back against the wall at her side and began filling his pipe. She dropped her hand on his nearer shoulder. After all these months of friendship it was the first approach to a caress that had passed between them. "You're a good friend," she said; and then the hand that had rested on him so lightly suddealy gripped hard. "And I guess 1 need one.

He went on filling his pipe. "Anything special you need one for?" he

She gave a ragged little laugh. guess not. Just somebody strong and steady to hold on to like this."

"Well," he said, very deliberately, "you want to realize this: You say is it?" everything there is in it. Because you made it."

"One person can't make a friendship," she said. "But you are content with it, aren't you? Like this?" He smoked in silence for a minute;

then: "Why, 'content' is hardly the word for it. When I think what it was instead-something I wouldn't trade

"I'd like to believe it was a better

It was natural, of course, that the old are you?-twenty-four. Perhaps ing hand could hardly hold the re-

"I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of ed, to begin with, on a foundation of days when the storm visibly hung in choosing between a love that hadn't and . . . adequate material comfort which the the sky; there were strained, stiff, self- any friendship in it and a friendship But it can't be like that! Can politeness. Things got said despite his it? Can't one have both? Can't a man any later." -love a woman and be her friend and

"I can't answer for every man." he said reflectively. "But I've a notion that nine out of a dozen, if you could get down to the actual bedrock facts about them, would own up that if they were in love with a womantoward her carried out the tone of the costumes. And the swift sequence of really, you know-they wouldn't want her for a partner, and wouldn't be guess, of course. But there's one thing I know, and that is that I

mess it is!" she said. "What a perfectly hopeless blunder it is!" She slid the wildest cast of her imagination down from the wall. "Come, let's

walk. He fell in beside her, and they tramped sturdily along for a while in silence. At last he said: "I don't know that I can explain it, but I don't think I'd call it a blunder that a strip of spring steel can't bend in your fingers like copper, and still go on being a spring. You see, a man wants his work, and then he wants something that's altogether apart from his work. Love's about as far away as anything he can get. So that the notion of our working ourselves half to death over the same job, and then going home together-"

"Yes," she admitted. "I can see that. But that doesn't cover friendship."

He owned that it didn't. "But when 'm in love with a woman-this isn't fact I'm proud of, but it's true-I'm ealous of her. I want to be everything to her. I want her to think nobody else could be right and I be wrong. And I want to be able to think the same of her." He thought it over a bit longer, and then went on: "No, I've been in love with women I thought were lying to me, cheating me; women I've hated; women I've known hated me. But I've never been in love with a woman who was my friend." He had been tramping along, communing with his pipe, thinking aloud. If he'd been watching Rose's face he wouldn't have gone so

"Well, if it's like that-" she said, and the quality of her voice drew his full attention instantly-"if love has to be like that, then the game doesn't seem worth going on with. You can't live with it, and you can't live-without it." Her voice dropped a little, but gained in intensity. "At least I can't. I don't believe I can." She stopped and faced him. "What can one do?" she demanded. She turned away with a despairing gesture and stood gazing out, tear-blinded, over the little valley the hilltop they had reached commanded.

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an althank God, a fair sample."

"My love affair brought me a home and-kids," she said. "There are two of them-twins-a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn'tsurround, as you say, I could win his friendship. And have his love besides. I don't suppose you would have believed there could be such a fool in the world as I was to do that."

He took a while digesting this truly amazing statement of hers. But at last he said: "No, I wouldn't call you a fool. I call a fool a person who thinks he can get something for nothing. You didn't think that. You were willing to pay-a heavy price it must have been, too-for what you wanted. And I've an idea, you know, that you never really pay without getting something."

"I don't know," she said raggedly. "Perhaps . . ."

There was a seven-thirty train to town, and they finished their walk at the station. She got back to her apartment about nine. Two corners of white projected from under her door, a visiting card and a folded bit of paper. It was Rodney's card, and on it he'd written: "Sorry to have missed you. I'll come back at eight."

Her shaking fingers fumbled pitifully over the folds of the note, but she got it open at last. It was from him, too. It read:

Dear Rose: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end somewhere. I want very much to see you When you come back and have lessure for me will you call me up? I know how busy you are, so I'll wait until I hear from you. RODNEY.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the information clerk said, "Mr. Rodney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then 'Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen naught five,' the dry contraction in her throat made it impossible for her to speak. She couldn't answer his first "Hello," and he said it again, sharply, "Hello, what

And then guddenly her voice came anything in this friendship which can back. A voice that startled her with be of use to you, you're entitled to its distinctness. "Hello, Rodney," she said, "this is Rose."

There was a perfectly blank silence after that, and then the crisp voice of an operator somewhere-"Walting?"

"Yes," she heard Rodney say, "get off the line." And then to her: "I came to see you this afternoon, and again tonight." "Yes, I know," she said. "I just an important picture as the centerthis minute got in. Can't you come piece, either square or oblong. At all

ceiver. She heard him say:

"It's pretty late, isn't it? I don't want to . . . You'll be tired

"It's not too late for me," she said, 'only you might come before it gets

She managed to wait until she heard him say "All right" before she hung up the receiver. Then a big, racking sob, not to be denied any longer, pounced upon her and shook her.

CHAPTER XXV.

Couleur-de-Rose.

It was altogether fortunate for Rose able to see her as a friend. That's just that she had attempted no preparation, because the situation she found herself in when she'd opened the door for her husband, shaken hands with She gave a little shiver. "Oh, what a him, led him into her sitting room and asked him to sit down, was one which would never have suggested as a possible one for her and Rodney.

It was his manner, she felt sure, that had created it; his cather formal attitude; the way he held his hat. It was the slightly anxious, very determined attitude of an estimable and rather shy young man making his first call on a young lady upon whom he is desperately desirous of making a favorable impression. And he was Rodney, and she was

Rose. It was like an absurd dream. "Won't you smoke?" she asked suddenly, and hurried on when he hesitated. "I don't do it myself, but most of my friends do, and I keep the

things." From a drawer in her writing desk she produced a tin box of ciga-"They're your kind-unless rettes. you've changed," she commented, and went over to the mantel-shelf for an ash tray and a match safe. The match safe was empty and she left the room to get a fresh supply from her kitchen.

On the inner face of her front door was a big mirror, and in it, as she came back through the unlighted passage, she saw her husband. He was sitting just as she'd left him, and as his face was partly turned away from her, it could not have been from the expression of it that she got her revelation. But she stopped there in the dark and caught her breath and leaned back against the wall and squeezed the tears out of her eyes.

He stayed that first evening a little less than an hour, and when he got up to go she made no effort to detain him. The thing had been, as its unbroken surface could satisfy, a highly successful first call. Before she let him go, though, she asked him how long he was going to be in New York, and on getting a very indeterminate answer which offered a minimum of "two or three days" and a maximum that could not even be guessed at, she

"I hope you're not going to be too dreadfully busy for us to see a lot of each other. I wish we might manage it once every day."

That shook him; for a moment, together different thing. And I'm not, she thought the lightning was golfg to strike, and stood very still holding her breath, waiting for it.

But he steadled himself, said be could certainly manage that if she could, and, as the elevator came up in response to her ring, said that he would call her up in the morning at her office. As she cuddled her cheek into the plalow that night, Rose smiled her old, wide smile. She was the happiest person in the world.

That manner of Rodney's lasted-recurred, at least, whenever Rose and he were together-almost unaltered, for two whole days. There was a visit of his to her workshop, where he listened intently to her explanations of her tools and her working methods. There was a luncheon, at which, wawincing, he made her tell him the whole story of her success: and a dinner and theater, after which he brought her home in a taxi, and, having told the chauffeur to wait, formally escorted her to the elevator. But with the last of the next day's light, the ice broke up and the floods came.

She had taken him to a studio ten in the upper sixtles just off West End avenue, the proprietors of the studio being a tousled, bearded, blond saarchist of a painter and his exceedingly pretty, smart, frivolous-looki⊋g

The two men had instinctively drawn controversial swords almost at sight of each other, and for the hour and a half that they were together the combut raged mightily, to the unmixed satisfaction of both participants. The feelings of the bystanders were perhaps more diverse, but Rose, at least, enjoyed herself thoroughly, over seeing her husband's big, formidable, finely poised mind in action again. The talk, of course, ranged everywhere: socialism, feminism, law and its crimes, art, and the social mind.

It was half-past six or thereabouts when they left the studio, and the lafe May afternoon was at its loveliest, "I want to walk," said Rose, "after that tea, if I'm ever to want any dinner." He nodded a little absently, she thought, and fell in step beside her. There was no mention at any time of their destination.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art of Hanging Pictures. Pictures should have a strong base

below, a large centerplece above, and a higher point above this, thereby meeting architectural demands. A sofa against the wall, or a bookcase, or a large table may form the base, with back again now?" How in the world, events the base should be wider than she wondered, could she manage her the structure above, and there should thing." she said, "but I'm afraid I voice like that! From the way it be a higher point of apex. The best quaded she might have been speaking of one's pictures should be gar-"Mother sould I woom I was how to Alles Peresini; and yet her that over the fireplace.

BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio. - "I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my



lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months

was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them." -Mrs.JENNIE MOYER, 342 E.North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, ner-vousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 41-1917.

BOYS MAKE BEST AIR PILOTS

More Likely to Possess Dashing and Intrepid Qualities That Make Ideal Aviators.

War aviation, with its exceptional dangers and its demands for supreme courage, is peculiarly a service for volunteers. But it has been demonstrated, says St. Nicholas Magazine, that the younger the war pilot the more likely is he to possess those dashing and intrepld qualities that make the ideal air fighter. Consequently, the government is opening wide the door of the aviation service for volunteers under twenty-one, the conscription age. The army is already giving officers' commissions to young men nineteen years of age, while the navy has reduced its limit to eighteen years. Only commissioned officers are permitted to operate American military airplanes, so all our fliers will get

commissions. Boys considerably younger than eighteen can be thinking now of becoming war pilots, with reasonable expectations of seeing actual service. As long as the war goes on, the aircraft program will keep growing, since only the declaration of peace will jus-

tify a lessening of our effort. First, let us see the qualifications of those suited to war aviation. The athletic type of boy is preferred. To have been a member of a team is usually a good indication of pluck and persistence. A sound physique, and good vision and hearing, are absolutely necessary. The ideal airman has a cool head; he is able to act quickly in emergencies. It is important, too, that the war pilot be an accurate observer and equally important that he possess the ability to form correct judgments.

When Man Is Caught.

Many a man has been caught at his own foolish game by people who let him think he was fooling them.

Taking Long Chance, Captain Boden, of Panama, recently bought salvage rights to a boat sunk 22 years ago.

People eat Grape Nuts because they like it and they know it's good for them

