



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 accosted 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 straight down," she said, "and we'll go somewhere for lunch. Don't you realize that we can't talk about it like this? Of course you wouldn't, but it's so."

Over the lunch-table she got as detailed an account of the affair as Rodney, in his somnambulistic condition, was able to give her, and she passed it on to Martin that evening as they drove across to the North side for dinner.

"Well, that all sounds exactly like Rodney," he commented. "I hope you'll like the girl!"

"That isn't what I hope," said Frederica. "At least it isn't what I'm most concerned about. I hope I can make her like me. Roddy's the only brother I've got in the world, and I'm not going to lose him if I can help it. That's what will happen if she doesn't like me."

As it happened, though, she forgot all about her resolution almost with her first look at Rose. Rodney's attempts at description of her had been well-meaning; but what he had prepared his sister for, unconsciously of course, in his emphasis on one or two phases of their first acquaintance, had been a sort of stately Amazon. But the effect of this was, really, very happy; because when a perfectly presentably clad, well-bred, admirably poised young girl came into the room and greeted her neither shyly nor eagerly, nor with any affectation of ease, a girl who didn't try to pretend it wasn't a critical moment for her, but was game enough to meet it without any evidences of panic—when Frederica realized that this was the Rose whom Rodney had been telling her about, she fell in love with her on the spot.

Amazingly, as she watched the girl and heard her talk, she found she was considering, not Rose's availability as a wife for Rodney, but Rodney's as a husband for her. It was this, perhaps, that led her to say, at the end of her 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 let it hurt you if that happens!"

CHAPTER V. The Princess Cinderella. When the society editor of "America's foremost newspaper," as in its trade-mark it proclaims itself to be, announced that the Rodney Aldriches had taken the Allison McCrae's house, furnished, for a year, beginning in October, she spoke of it as an ideal arrangement. As everybody knew, it was an ideal house for a young married couple, and it was equally evident that the Rodney Aldriches were an ideal couple for it.

I haven't—well, caught being mad about Rose from him. It all depends, you see, on whether Rose is going to be a bit this winter or not. If she doesn't—go (and it all depends on her; Rodney won't be much help), why, having a house like that might be pretty good. So, if you're a true friend, you'll tell me what you think."

"What I really think," said Violet—"of course I suppose I'd say this anyway, but I do honestly mean it—is that she'll be what John calls a 'knock-out.' She's so perfectly simple. She's never—don't you know—being anything. She just is. And she thinks we're all so wonderful that she'll make everybody feel warm and nice inside, and they'll be sure to like her."

"She's got a real eye for clothes, too," said Frederica. "We've been shopping. Well, then, I'm going to tell Rodney to go ahead and take the house."

Rose was consulted about it, of course, though consulted in perhaps not the right word to use. She was taken to see it, anyway, and asked if she liked it—a question in the nature of the superfluous. One might as well 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 much the rent would be, nor would the fact have had any value for her as an illuminant, because she would have had no idea whether six thousand dollars was a half or a hundredth of her future husband's income.

The new house was just a part, as so many of the other things that had happened to her since that night when Rodney had sent her flowers and taken 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 the event, and it is probable that 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 the more respectable charities, the Thursday club and the Whiffers (this was the smallest and smartest organization of the lot), fifteen or twenty young women supposed to combine and reconcile social and intellectual brilliancy on even terms. What with all this, her days were quite as full as the evenings were, when she and Rodney dined and went to the opera and paid fabulous prices to queer professionals, to keep themselves abreast of the minute in all the new dances.

Portia had been quite right in saying that she never had to do anything; the rallying of all her forces under the spur of necessity was an experience she had never undergone. And it was also true that her mother, and for that matter, Portia herself, had spoiled her a lot—had run about doing little things for her, come in and shut down her windows in the morning, and opened the register, and, on any sort of excuse, on a Saturday morning, for example, had brought her her breakfast on a tray.

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 terrifying thing was that he hadn't resisted the change—hadn't wanted to resist—didn't want to now, as he sat there looking at the slumberous glory of her eyes.

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 other as she and Rodney did—were held together by the same irresistible, 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, mercenary wives—which had to be admitted as existing—marriage was a state whose happy satisfactoriness 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 seemed. No one has studied our leisure and cultivated classes with more candor and penetration than this great Franco-Austrian actress. She had ample opportunities for observation, because, while she played to houses that couldn't be dressed to look more than a third full, she was enormously in demand for luncheons, teas, dinners, 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 entertainment to heavily cultured illuminati like the Howard Wests, or to clever creatures like Hermione Woodruff and Frederica, and Constance Crawford, whose French was good enough to fill in the interstices in Madame Greville's English.

She was standing about like that at a 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,

cause 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 to you.

"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 me."

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.

"I ask you who you are, and you say your name—Rose something. But that tells me nothing. Who are you—one 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 regarding 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 seven," 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, strenuous 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?"

"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 salon 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 capable 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 her—

or almost new. "But suppose," she 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 spirit—make the sacrifices—pay the price 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.) WORLD OWES MUCH TO WATT. Scotsman the First to Realize and Make Practical the Wonderful Power of Steam.

"Science took a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam and created a giant which turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toll."

Thus Ingersoll's poetic explanation of the origin of the transformation of pent-up steam into controlled and industrially valuable mechanical action. Elaborated in a more prosaic manner, James Watt, a young Scotchman of Glasgow, and an instrument maker by trade, once had an idea. It was a most revolutionary idea. Men had been working on steam engines for many centuries, but they had produced nothing of any practical value. In the engines of that period steam was admitted into only one end of the cylinder, and about the only use such an engine had was to pump water. And it wasn't very good at that. As for using an engine to turn a wheel—why, nobody had thought of that. It simply wasn't being done. But James did it. He let steam into both ends of the cylinder instead of only one, put a fly-wheel on the end of a shaft and a crank on the other, and there was the steam engine, all ready for its real business.

Watt was born in Greenock, Scotland, on January 19, 1736, his father being a builder, contractor and merchant.

FARMING NOW A BUSINESS. The Modern Day Farmer Applies Business Methods and Seeks More Than a Living on the Farm.

A nation-wide cry is being made for more economy and greater production, and probably never was the need of foodstuffs equal to that of the present. Grain prices are the highest in the nation's history and today the agricultural fields of America offer inducements that are unequalled in any other line of commerce or business. The ideal life is that close to nature, enjoying the freedom of God's great outdoors and fulfilling a duty to humanity by producing from a fertile soil that which is essential to the very existence of a less fortunate people who are actually starving to death for foodstuffs that can be produced so economically in the United States and Canada.

High prices for all grains, undoubtedly, will be maintained for a number of years, and it appears a certainty that the agriculturist will reap a bounteous return for his labor and at the same time carry out the demands of patriotic citizenship. A wrong conception has been generally noticed as to "Life on the Farm." It has been, to a large extent, considered as only a place to live peacefully and afford a living for those who are satisfied with merely a comfortable existence. Such a wrong impression has been created, in a measure, by the lack of systematic business principles to farming in general. But today farming and agriculture have been given a supremacy in the business world and require the same advanced methods as any other line of commerce. In no other business does a system adoption pay better than on the farm, and it is certain that there is no other line of work, that, generally speaking, needs it as much. The old idea of getting a living off the farm and not knowing how it was made and following up the details of each branch of farming to get the maximum of profit, at the least expense, is fast being done away with.

Farming is now being considered as a business and a living is not sufficient for the modern agriculturist; a small per cent on the investment is not enough, the present-day farmer must have a percentage return equal to that of other lines of business. The prices for produce are high enough, but the cost of producing has been the factor, in many places, that has reduced the profit. It is the application of a system to the cost of various work on the farm that it is possible to give figures on profits made in grain-growing in Western Canada.

Mr. C. A. Wright of Milo, Iowa, bought a hundred and sixty acres of land in Western Canada for \$3,300 in December, 1915, and took his first crop from it in 1916. After paying for the land in full and the cost of cultivating it and marketing the grain, he sold his grain at \$1.55 a bushel (a low price compared with the present market), had a surplus of \$2,472.67. His figures are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. 4,487 bushels worth \$1.55 at Champron = \$6,954.85. Threshing bill 11c per bushel = 493.57. Seed at 95c = 144.00. Drilling = 100.00. Cutting = 100.00. Twine = 50.00. Shocking = 40.00. Hauling to town 3c = 134.61. Total cost = 1,182.18. Cost of land = 3,300.00. Net profit after paying for farm and all cost = \$2,472.67.

S. Joseph and Sons of Des Moines, Ia., are looked upon as being shrewd, careful business men. Having some spare money on hand, and looking for a suitable investment, they decided to purchase Canadian lands, and farm them.

With the assistance of the Canadian Government Agent, at Des Moines, Ia., they made selection near Champron, Alberta. They put 240 acres of land in wheat, and in writing to Mr. Hewitt, The Canadian Government Agent at Des Moines, one of the members of the firm says: "I have much pleasure in advising you that on our farm five miles east of Champron, in the Province of Alberta, Canada, this year (1916) we harvested and threshed 10,600 bushels of wheat from 240 acres, this being an average of 44 bushels and 10 pounds to the acre. A considerable portion of the wheat was No. 1 Northern, worth at Champron, approximately \$1.85 per bushel, making a total return of \$19,610, or an average of \$81.70 per acre gross yields. And by aid of a thorough system were able to keep the cost of growing wheat at about 25 cents a bushel."

Messrs. Smith & Sons of Vulcan, Alberta, are growers of wheat on a large scale and have demonstrated that there is greater profit in Western Canada wheat-raising than probably in any other business anywhere. Speaking of their experience Mr. Smith says: "I have three sections of land at the present time and am farming yearly 1,200 to 1,400 acres of land. My returns from the farm for the past two years have been around 200%, that is for every dollar I have spent I have received three, now I do not know where you can do that well."

"This is surely the country for the man with the small capital as the land is still reasonable in price, payments in long term and work of all kinds for every man to do. I feel that if I was turned out here without a dollar that

Warranted Nonshrinkable. A workman came home in triumph one evening with a red flannel shirt, which he had bought at a bargain, and moreover, it was guaranteed not to shrink. In due course the shirt was sent and returned from the wash, and the following morning the workman put it on. Just as he had done so his wife entered the room. "Uilo, 'Arry," she exclaimed, "where did you get that new tee?"

In less than ten years I could see a section of land and have it equipped."

Western Canada's soil and climate is suitable to growing large quantities of wheat, many of the facts hesitate to believe that the sent out by the farmers in the territory. As an evidence of their ability in reporting correct yields of a couple of grain growers we reduced.

"I Newell J. Noble, of the Nobleford, Province of Alberta, solemnly declares that from 1914 to 1916, he raised 10,000 bushels of wheat on the said farm in the season of 1916, threshed 54 bushels and 23 pounds per acre. And that from 394.09 acres of the said farm, there was raised the said season of 1916, 45,700 bushels and 30 pounds per acre of oats, being at the average 115 bushels and 27 pounds per acre. And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing it to be true and knowing that it is the same force and effect as if sworn to and by virtue of the Evidence Act." NEWELL J. NOBLE.

A Woman Takes Affidavit Yields.—On January 4, 1917, Mrs. C. O. Nobleford made the following statement: "In the matter of yield of wheat and flax on my farm for the season of 1916, I, Nancy Coe, of the Nobleford, Province of Alberta, solemnly declare that I raised 115 acres on my farm 6,110 bushels of wheat (machine measure) and 30 pounds per acre, which I believe will hold out in weight about three-fourths of the year ready having been weighed, the average of 53 bushels and 30 pounds per acre, and that I threshed 963 bushels of flax, an average of 29 bushels and 30 pounds per acre, and that I raised 115 bushels and 27 pounds per acre of oats."

FARMERS ARE WORKING. And using their feet more than their hands. For all these workers the Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic foot-bath, increases their efficiency, seeps physical comfort, friction from the shoe, and prevents tired, aching feet. Women everywhere are using Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't get it elsewhere, 25c.—Adv.

Too Deep for Pa. Little Willie—Say, par, amateur concert called in a moment? Paw—My son, I cannot do not know.

Why buy many bottles of Friction when one single bottle of Vermorel "Dead Chair" will do promptly? Adv.

About the best that can be selfishness is that selfishness rich.

NERVOUSNESS AND SICKNESS. Symptoms of Nervousness and Sickness. Washington Park, Ill.—mother of four children and a nervous, tired, and aching back and legs. I could not get any sleep and I was everlastingly covered with perspiration. I tried everything but I could not get any relief. I bought a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I stored me to health and I am now for the good they have done. I have had quite a bit of worry but it does not worry me any more. My friends all look so young and well. I am now for the good they have done. I am now for the good they have done. I am now for the good they have done.

WHO IS TO BLAME. Women are made of flesh and blood. They are liable to get nervous, tired, and aching back and legs. I could not get any sleep and I was everlastingly covered with perspiration. I tried everything but I could not get any relief. I bought a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I stored me to health and I am now for the good they have done. I have had quite a bit of worry but it does not worry me any more. My friends all look so young and well. I am now for the good they have done. I am now for the good they have done. I am now for the good they have done.

FERTILIZERS. Municipal. Ladies! Send Me. PATENTS. W. N. U., BALTIMORE.