THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.

********************* The Real Adventure A NOVEL Henry Kitchell Webster]-----(Convright 1916, The Bobbs-Merrill Company)

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

For the next half-hour, until the car stopped in front of her house, Rose acted on this request-told about her life before and since her marriage to Rodney, about her friends, her amusements-anything that came into her mind. But she lingered before getting out of the car, to say:

"I hope I haven't forgotten a single word of your -preaching. You said so many things I want to think about."

"Don't trouble your soul with that, child," said the actress. "All the sermon you need can be boiled down into a sentence, and until you have found it out yourself, you won't belleve it."

"Try me," said Rose.

"Then attend. How shall I say it? Nothing worth having comes as a gift, nor even can be bought-cheap. Everything of value in your life will cost you dear, and sometime or other you'll have to pay the price of it."

It was with a very thoughtful, perplexed face that Rose watched the car drive away, and then walked slowly into the house-the ideal house-and allowed herself to be relieved of her wraps by the perfect maid.

There was still an hour before she need begin dressing for the Randolph dinner; when Rodney came home this vague, scary, nightmarish sort of feeling which for no reasonable reason seemed to be clutching at her, would be forgotten. She wished he would come-hoped he wouldn't be late, and finally sat down before the telephone with a half-formed idea of calling him

Just as she laid her hand upon the receiver, the telephone bell rang. It was Rodney calling her.

"Oh, that you, Rose?" he said. "I sha'n't be out till late tonight. I've got to work." "But Roddy, dearest," she protested,

"you have to come home. You've got the Randolphs' dinner." "Oh !" he said. "I forgot all about

It. But it doesn't make a bit of difference, anyway. I wouldn't leave the office before I have finished this job for anybody short of the Angel Gabriel."

"But"-it was absurd that her eyes should be filling up and her throat getting lumpy over a thing like this-"But what shall I do? Shall I tell Eleanor we can't come, or shall I offer to come without you?"

"I don't care! Do whichever you in her eyes concentrated itself into flashes, and the flush that so often,

CONDITIONS FOR ROSE'S HAPPINESS ARE JUST TOO PER-FECT IN HER NEW HOME AND SOCIAL SET-SO NATURALLY SHE BECOMES DISSATIS-FIED WITH THE EASY LIFE

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 Frederica (the wealthy Mrs. Whitney), and she, telling him he ought to marry, tries to interest him in a young widow. He laughs at "Freddy," but two months later he marries Rose Stanton. Rose moves from modest circumstances into a magnificent home and begins to associate with the exclusive social circle. She meets a French actress who tells her that nothing worth while is given us-for success, or happiness, or case, or love, we must pay in some manner. These two are talking when the installment opens.

heavens!" he said. "There's nothing | word-thinks we don't know our own to tell! I've got an argument before game. Do you agree with her?" the court of appeals tomorrow and there's a ruling decision against me. It is against me, and it's bad law. attraction?"

But that isn't what I want to tell them. I want some way of making a distinction so that I can hold that the decision doesn't rule."

"And it wouldn't help," she ventured, 'if you told me all about it? I don't care about the dinner."

"I couldn't explain in a month," he said. "Oh, I wish I were some good !" she

said forlornly. He pulled out his watch again and

began pacing up and down the room. "I just can't stand it to see you like that," she broke out again. "If you'll only sit down for five minutes and let me try to get that strained

look out of your eyes. . . ." "Can't you take my word for it and let it alone?" he shouted. "I don't

need to be comforted nor encouraged. I'm in an intellectual quandary. For the next three hours, or six, or however long it takes, I want my mind to run cold and smooth. I've got to be tight and strained. That's the way the job's done. You can't solve an intellectual problem by having your hand held, or your eyes kissed, or anything like that. Now, for the love of heaven. child, run along and let me forget you ever existed, for a while !"

CHAPTER VII.

A Freudian Physician.

Rose's arrival at the dinner-a little late, to be sure, but not scandalously -created a mild sensation. None of the other guests were strangers, either, on whom she could have the effect of novelty. But when she came into the drawing room-in such a wonderful gown-put on tonight because she felt somehow like especially pleasing Rodney-when she came in, she reoxygenated the social atmosphere.

She was, in fact, a stranger. Her voice had a bead on it which roused a perfectly unreasoning physical excitement-the kind of bend which, in singing, makes all the difference between a church choir and grand opera. The glow they were accustomed to in her eyes concentrated itself into

each. "I'll tell you that," he said, "after you answer my question. What's the "Don't you think it would be a miseyed like little Cinderella, at a pagtake," said Rose, "for me to try to eant some fairy godmother's whim had

analyze it? Suppose I did and found there wasn't any." "Is that what's the matter with Rodney?" he asked. "Is this sort of"-a gesture with his head took in the table "caramel diet beginning to go against his teeth?"

"He had to work tonight," Rose said. "He was awfully sorry he could-

n't come." She smiled just a little ironically as she said it, and exaggerated by a hair's breath, perhaps, the purely conventional nature of the reply.

"Yes," he observed, "that's what we say. Sometimes it gets us off and sometimes it doesn't."

"Well, it got him off tonight," she said. "He was pretty impressive. He said there was a ruling decision against him and he had to make some sort of distinction so that the decision wouldn't rule. Do you know what that means? I don't."

"Why didn't you ask him?" Randolph wanted to know.

"I did, and he said he couldn't explain it, but that it would take a month. So of course there wasn't time."

"I thought," said Randolph, "that he used to talk law to you by the hour." The button wasn't on the foil that time, because the thrust brought blood -a bright flush into her cheeks and a sudden brightness into her eyes that would have induced him to relent if she hadn't followed the thing up of her own accord.

"I wish you'd tell me something," she said. "I expect you know better than anyone else I could ask. Why it is that husbands and wives can't talk to each other? Imagine what this table would be if the husbands and

wives sat side by side !" The cigarettes came around just then, and he lighted one rather deliberately, at one of the candles, before he answered.

"I am under the impression," he said, "that husbands and wives can talk exactly as well as any other two ple. Exactly as well, and no bet-

those terms, they can talk. But the

joker is, as our legislative friend over

there would say"-he nodded down the

altruistic principles, who had got

elected to the state assembly - "the

joker is that a man and a woman who

aren't married, and who are moderate-

"Seem to talk?" she questioned.

"Seem to exchange ideas mutually.

They think they do, but they don't.

It's pure illusion, that's the answer."

we're not married, you know?"

"I'm not clever, really," said Rose,

conditions."

gether.

Whereupon he shot a look at her tragic. I might have known I could and observed that evidently he wasn't count on you. Is there anywhere as much of a pioneer as he thought. we have got to go? Or can we just She did not rise to this cast, howstay home?"

ever. "All right," she said : "admitting He didn't want to flounder through that her ankles are serious and her an emotional morass. And the asmind isn't, what is Joan going to do sumption that she couldn't walk beside him on the main path of his life was about It?" "It's easier to say what she's not to just and sensible. But it wasn't good

do," he decided, after hesitating a moenough for Rose. ment. "Her fatal mistake will be to So the very next morning she stripdespise her ankles without disciplining ped the cover off the first of the lawbooks she had bought, and really went her mind. If she will take either one of them seriously, or both for to work. She bit down, angrily, the that matter -- it's possible -- she'll do yawns that blinded her eyes with tears; she made desperate efforts to flog her very well."

He could, no doubt, have continued mind into grappling with the endless succession of meaningless pages upon the theme indefinitely, but the spread out before her, to find a germ table turned the other way just then of meaning somewhere in it that would and Rose took up an alleged converbring the dead verbiage to life. She sation with the man at her right which was very secretive about it; developed lasted until they left the table, and included such topics as indoor golf, an almost morbid fear that Rodney would discover what she was doing woman's suffrage, the new dances, Bernard Shaw, Campanini, and the and laugh his big laugh at her. She resisted innumerable questions she political parties; with a perfectly wanted to propound to him, from a appropriate and final comment upon fear that they'd betray her secret.

Rose didn't care. She was having a She even forbore to ask him about the case; it was The Case in her mind wonderful time-a new kind of wonderful time. No longer gazing, big--the one she knew about.

She discovered in the newspaper, one day, a column summary of court admitted her to, but consciously gazed decisions that had been handed down; and though The Case wasn't in it, she upon; she was the show, tonight, and she knew it. Her low, finely modu- kept, from that day forward, a careful lated voice, so rich in humor, so varied watch, discovered where the legal news in color, had tonight an edge upon it was printed, and never overlooked a that carried it beyond those she was paragraph. And at last she found immediately speaking to, and drew it-just the bare statement: "Judglooks that found it hard to get away ment affirmed." Rodney, she knew, had represented the appellant. He

was beaten.

For a moment the thing had bruised her like a blow. And then, all at once, In the indrawing of a single breath, she saw it differently. She saw she couldn't help him out of his intellectunl quandarles-yet. But under the discouragement and lassitude of defeat, couldn't she help him? She remembered how many times she had gone to him for help like that, and, most notably, during the three or four days of an acute illness of her mother's, when she had been brought face to face with the monstrous, incredible possibility of losing her, how she had clung to him, how his tenderness had soothed and guieted her.

He had never come to her like that. She knew now it was a thing she had unconsciously longed for. And tonight she'd have a chance! There was a mounting excitement in her, as the hours passed-a thrilling suspense.

For two hours that afternoon, she listened for his latchkey, and when at last she heard it, she stole down the stairs. He didn't shout her name from the hall, as he often did. He didn't hear her coming, and she got a look at his face as he stood at the table absently turning over some mail that lay there. He looked tired, she thought.

Rose tries hard to keep track of her husband's professional labors and to be mentally interesting to him, but she doesn't make much headway. Unusual developments in their relations are pictured in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





New Ideas in Graduation Frocks

If it were not for net, crepe georgette might be said to hold first place in the esteem of fashion for mid- simple enough with a plaint summer dressy frocks, and if it were by full skirt and wide be not for crepe georgette, we would certainly concede that distinction to net. As it is they flourish with equal success and appear side by side in the most enchanting dresses.

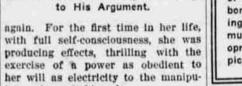
But when it comes to choosing materials for graduation frocks there is nothing quite so well liked as net. It placed over the should Is sprightly and youthful looking and pass under the guille at the dresses made of it are planned to visualize the young summer. Plain, finemeshed nets are exactly suited to the youth of those who are just about to buds near the ends. Also bid farewell to schooldays. In spite of the lovely, interminable procession of white-clad maids that have passed along this same path, some new touches have been found to distinguish the dresses of this year's graduates. Little, inconspicuous accessories | Lace and crochet balls a and novel decorations make them interesting and the daintiness and re- ration and the fushio

gandle ruching is set on t medallions and about the sleeves. The bodies is with square neck and a simulates a fichu at the fa under a girdle of taffeta narrow ribbon. Narrow back, and fall below the about half the length of They are finished with litt tiny pink roses at the next The ribbons and the girl in white, but in the dress, a they are in blue. These simple net dres

The net frock shown in h

will set off a youthful fra

over slips of white or cold and embroidery appear is



washing .

without deciding that. Now do hang sp and run along."

"But Rodney, what's happened? Has something gone wrong?"

"Heavens, no!" he said. "What is there to go wrong? I've got a big day in court to-morrow and I've struck a snag, and I've got to wriggle out of It somehow, before I quit, It's nothing for you to worry about. Go to your dinner and have a good time. Good-by." The click in the receiver told her he had hung up.

The difficulty about the Randolphs was managed easily enough. Eleanor was perfectly gracious about it and insisted that Rose should come by herself.

She was completely dressed a good three-quarters of an hour before It was time to start, and if she drove straight downtown she would have a ten-minute visit with Rodney and still not be late for the dinner.

She found a single elevator in commission in the great, gloomy rotunda of the office building, and the watchman who ran her up made a terrible noise shutting the gate after he had let her out on the fifteenth floor. The dim marble corridor echoed her footfalls ominously, and when she reached the door of his outer office and tried It, she found it locked. The next door down the corridor was the one that led directly into his private office, and here the light shone through the ground glass.

She stole up to it as softly as she rould, tried it and found it locked, too, so she knocked. Through the open transom above it, she heard him softly swear in a heartfelt sort of way. and heard his chair thrust back. The next moment he opened the door with jerk.

His glare of annoyance changed to bewilderment at the sight of her, and he said: "Rose! . Has maything happened? What's the matter?" And, tatching her by the arm, he led her Into the office. "Here, sit down and get your breath and tell me about it !" She smilled and took his face in both

her hunds. "But it's the other way." she snid. "There's nothing the matter with me. I came down, you poor old boy, to see what was the matter with JOIL.

He frowned and took her hands away and stepped back out of her reach. Had it not been for the sheer incredibility of it, she'd have thought that her touch was actually distasteful to him.

"Oh," he said. "I thought I told you over the phone there was nothing late to the Randolphs'?"

"I had ten minutes," she said, "and I thought . . . She broke off the sentence when she saw him snap first gambit in the game. out his watch and look at it. "I know there's something." she said. "I can sort of thing." he said. "I would like strained. If you'd just tell me about attraction?" it, and then sit down and let me-

and so adorably, suffused her face, burned brighter now in her cheeks and left the rest pale.

And these were true indices of the changes that had taken place within her. From sheer numb incredulity, she had reacted to a fine glow of indignation. She had found herself suddenly feeling lighter, older, indescribably more confident. They shouldn't table toward a young millionaire of suspect her humiliation or her hurt. Her husband, James Randolph reflected, had evidently either been making love to her, or indulging in the civilized equivalent of beating her; he was ly attracted to each other, can talk, curious to find out which. And, having or seem to talk, without meeting those learned from his wife that Rose was to sit beside him at the table, he made up his mind that he would. A physician of the Freudian school, trained to analyze people's souls, he was well equipped to find out, without Rose's knowledge.

He didn't attempt it, though, during his first talk with her-confined himself rigorously to the carefully sifted chaff which does duty for polite con-



PARKER. "I Came Down to See What

Was the Matter With You."

versation over the same hors d'oenvres the matter! -- Won't you be awfully and entrees, from one dinner to the next, the season round. It wasn't until Eleanor had turned the table the second time, that he made his

"No need asking you if you like this and the way you're so tight and - any of it get anywhere. What's the

"You can't get a rise out of me toed dismissal of her fears didn't sound thinks American women are dreadful "by having your hand held, or your after last night-the way I threw you at all as it was intended to. "Good dubs-or she would if she knew the eves kissed?"

lator of a switchboard. She was like a person driving an ter. The necessary conditions for real conversation are a real interest in and dimensions. Pretty soon, of course, knowledge of a common subject;

she'd have to come back to earth. ability on the part of both to contribute something toward that subject. where certain monstrously terrifying Well, if a husband and wife can meet questions were waiting for her.

She Listened With Mingled Feelings

CHAPTER VIII.

Rodney Smiled. The next day, Rose took two steps toward making herself her husband's intellectual companion.

From a university catalog she picked out the names of half a dozen elementary textbooks on law, and then went to a bookstore and bought them. She had taken her determination during the endless waking hours of

the night: she was going to study law -study it with all her might! The other step was to go and hear

and I don't know much, and I simply Rodney's argument in court that day. don't understand. Will you explain it, She was successful in slipping into the in short words"-she smiled-"since rear of the courtroom-up on the eighth floor of the Federal buildingwithout attracting her husband's at-

ing and began stacking up his notes.

And, not having been rubbed the

door. It was all over.

But nothing had happened!

He grinned back at her. "All right," he said, "since we're not married, I tention; and for two hours and a half will. We'll take a hypothetical case. she listened, with mingled feelings, to We'll take Darby and Joan. They enhis argument. There was no use pre counter each other somewhere, and tending that she could follow her hussomething about them that men have band's reasoning. Listening to it had written volumes about and never exsomething the same effect upon her plained yet, sets up. They arrest each as watching some enormous, comother's attention-get to thinking about plicated, smooth-running mass of maeach other, are strongly drawn tochinery. She was conscious of the power of it, though ignorant of what

"It's not quite the oldest and most made it go, and of what it was acprimitive thing in the world, but nearcomplishing. ly. Only, Darby and Joan aren't prim-The three stolid figures behind the

itive people. Each of them is carrying a perfectly enormous superstructure of ideas and inhibitions, emotional refinements, and capacities, and the attraction is so disguised that they don't recognize it.

"Absence of common knowledge and ommon interests only makes Darby and Joan fall victims to the very dangerous illusion that they're intellectual companions. They think they're having wonderful talks, when all they are doing is making love."

"And poor Joan," said Rose, after a palpable silence, but evenly enough, "who has thought all along that she was attracting a man by her intelligence and her understanding, and all that, wakes up to find that she's been married for her long eyelashes, and her nice voice-and her pretty ankles. That's a little hard on her, don't you think, if she's been taking herself seriously?"

"Nine times in ten." he said, "she's fooling herself. She's taken her own ankles much more seriously than she has her mind. She's capable of real Roddy? Did you win?" sacrifices for them. Intelligence she regards as a gift. She thinks witty conversation, or bright letters to a friend, are real exercises of her mind stead of that, she said : "You dear old -real work. But work isn't done like boy, how dog-tired you must be! How that. Work's overcoming something do you think it went? Do you think tell just by the way your eyes look to know how you keep it up. It can't that resists; and there's strain in it, you impressed them? I bet you did !"

and pain and discouragement." In her cheeks the red flared up brighter. She smiled again-not her my to take the strain away. . . ." night," said Rose. "Not after what own smile-one, at any rate, that was Beyond a doubt the strain was there. I've been through today. Madame new to her. "You don't 'solve an in-The laugh he meant for a good-humor- Greville's been talking to me. She tellectual problem,' then," she quoted, of uneasy feeling," he confessed, "that

airplane, able to move in all three WOMEN NOT MOST GARRULOUS them beautiful.

Writer Calls Attention to Truth Which is an Indictment of the Sterner Sex.

We men are accustomed to deride the garrulity of women; yet I doubt if any women under the sun could compete in loguacity with a pair or trio or quartet of young men engaged in the exchange of views on metaphysics, literature or art. We two or three or four spent ambrosial nights, Robert M. Gray writes in the Atlantic. There were no problems too knotty, no reaches of hypothesis too vast for us to attempt.

That was a time of life to remember, when the mind was growing like corn in hot weather. It is a pleasant thought that all over the land there are little bands of youths doing as we did. I get wind of one now and then-some boy with all the fire and foolishness, some girl with all the sensibility and sentimentalities, by a chance look or word carries me back, as a whiff of lllacs or mignonette can transport us into our childhood.

He is a poor man who never was foolish. It is appalling to think over what he has missed. I am glad that there was a time when 1 was omniscient; that there was a time when in opinion was attractive because it was radical, and the "miserable little virtue of prudence" was not a part of

my moral code. I think it makes me more charitable toward youth. high mahogany bench seemed to be Whether it does or not, there can be following it attentively, though they no doubt that the surest corrective irritated her bitterly, sometimes, by inand sweetener of life is a vivid dulging in whispered conversations. memory. And, presently, he just stopped talk-

Cured of Borrowing.

The oldest judge mumbled something, "Well, I've found a way to stop my everybody stood up, and the three stiff, neighbors from borrowing," said a formidable figures filed out by a side young suburban matron gleefully. "You see," she explained, "we are not near any store, and, of course, some-Rose had expected to leave the times one has to depend on a neighbor courtroom in the blissful knowledge in an emergency. But my particular of Rodney's victory or the acceptance neighbor seemed to have such emergof his defeat. In her surprise over the encies nearly every day. And it was failure of this climax to materialize, usually vinegar that she wanted. Now she almost neglected to make her eswe are particular about our vinegar. cape before he discovered her there. and get the best variety, and of course One practical advantage she had when Mrs. Neighbor asked for vinegar gained out of what was, on the whole, we gave her our best. But when she a rather unsatisfactory afternoon. When returned it she sent a very cheap grade, which we were unable to use, she had gone home and changed into the sort of frock she thought he'd like

and were obliged to throw out. and come down-stairs in answer to his "This was repeated so often that we began to weary of it, and suddenly a shouted greeting from the lower hall, she didn't say, as otherwise she would bright idea struck me. I carefully poured her cheap vinegar into a bottle have done, "How did it come out and saved it. Next time she asked me

In the light of her newly acquired to lend her vinegar I sent her own to her. The cure worked. She has never knowledge she could see how a question asked for another drop, and I supof that sort would irritate him. Inpose she thinks I am a mean sort of neighbor. But I don't care."-Exchange.

Important

Would-Be Writer-What do you conwrong way by a foolish question, he sider the most important for a beginheld her off with both hands for a moment, then hugged her up and told ner in literature? Old Hand-A small appetite. her she was a trump. "I had a sort

Four-fifths of the world's coffee is out of my office, fairly, I'd find youraised in Brazil,

finement of net and organdle make favors light pink and bla girdles and ribbons worn



Gifts Made of Ribbons

No matter what dull or matter-of- | hand crochet or fine fact business may lead unwilling feet laces combined with the negligees and even petter along the ways of department stores, ed to the long list of this something interesting is going to hapgifts for the bride or be pen once they are inside. For all for girl graduates. paths lead past the ribbon counter-Two girdles are shown

those who know women and ribbon ture. One of them is plan it that way. Ribbons are the satin ribbon, with bans one luxury that all women afford, and in turquolse blue and she is a cold-hearted creature who the ends and a finish d can pass them without lingering awhile balls. The other is a had to look at the most beautiful and the stripe in a long sash with most splendid products of the looms. with black silk tassels They refresh the soul like flowers, slips through two black

In June and in December ribbons are at their best, for in these months peoribbon and plain sating ple make many gifts. Just now there with needlework stitched are displays that merit the name of moire with satin striper gorgeous, in which the richest ribbons lace. In the latter, d are shown made up into bags or used tiniest roses, made of bal to ornament plainer ribbons in girdles. set across the front. Plain satin and flowered ribbons are

chosen for exquisite corset-covers to be worn under blouses of georgette crepe or net. Breakfast and boudoir capes are made of satin ribbon with

Pique Waistcoats.

When milady purchases a plain tai- esting of the golf shorts lored suit she would be wise to lay in brogue" with a life a supply of waistcoats in plain pique adaptation of a model or linen, striped in color. Sometimes been worn by English these waistcoats carry collars and cuffs that are all their own, and now and then they are set above contrasting stocks and cuffs.

New Bonts for Sport.

For walking boots plaid effects are Female nurses in shown, and with the golf shoes go knitted socks which turn back just un- navy receive \$50 per

der the knee. One of the The tongue, which is shoe on either side and a

top in a fringe, pret etc., from getting inside of rawhide between the er soles, makes the

The corset covers and

utre .