

# The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

## CONDITIONS FOR ROSE'S HAPPINESS ARE JUST TOO PERFECT IN HER NEW HOME AND SOCIAL SET—SO NATURALLY SHE BECOMES DISSATISFIED 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 "Freddie," 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 ease, or love, we must pay in some manner. These two are talking when the installment opens.

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 believe 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 up.

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 shouldn't be out till late tonight. I've got to work." "But Rodney, 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."

"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!"

"I thought," said Rodney, "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!"

word—thinks we don't know our own game. Do you agree with her? "I'll tell you that," he said, "after you answer my question. What's the attraction?" "Don't you think it would be a mistake," said Rose, "for me to try to 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?'"

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Whereupon he shot a look at her and observed that evidently he wasn't as much of a pioneer as he thought. She did not rise to this cast, however. "All right," she said; "admitting that her ankles are serious and her mind isn't, what is Joan going to do about it?" "It's easier to say what she's not to do," he decided, after hesitating a moment. "Her fatal mistake will be to despise her ankles without disciplining her mind. If she will take either one of them seriously, or both for that matter—it's possible—she'll do very well."



She Listened With Mingled Feelings to His Argument.

again. For the first time in her life, with full self-consciousness, she was producing effects, thrilling with the exercise of a power as obedient to her will as electricity to the manipulator of a switchboard. She was like a person driving an airplane, able to move in all three dimensions. Pretty soon, of course, she'd have to come back to earth, where certain monstrously terrifying questions were waiting for her.

### 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 three stolid figures behind the high mahogany bench seemed to be following it attentively, though they irritated her bitterly, sometimes, by indulging in whispered conversations. And, presently, he just stopped talking and began stacking up his notes. The oldest judge mumbled something, everybody stood up, and the three stiff, formidable figures filed out by a side door. It was all over.

But nothing had happened! Rose had expected to leave the courtroom in the blissful knowledge of Rodney's victory or the acceptance of his defeat. In her surprise over the failure of this climax to materialize, she almost neglected to make her escape before he discovered her there. One practical advantage she had gained out of what was, on the whole, a rather un satisfactory afternoon. When she had gone home and changed into the sort of frock she thought he'd like and come down-stairs in answer to his shouted greeting from the lower hall, she didn't say, as otherwise she would have done, "How did it come out Rodney? Did you win?"

tragic. I might have known I could count on you. Is there anywhere we have got to go? Or can we just stay home?" He didn't want to flounder through an emotional morass. And the assumption that she couldn't walk beside him on the main path of his life was just and sensible. But it wasn't good enough for Rose. So the very next morning she stripped the cover off the first of the law-books she had bought, and really went to work. She bit down, angrily, the yawns that blinded her eyes with tears; she made desperate efforts to flog her mind into grappling with the endless succession of meaningless pages spread out before her, to find a germ of meaning somewhere in it that would bring the dead verbiage to life. She was very secretive about it; developed an almost morbid fear that Rodney would discover what she was doing and laugh his big laugh at her. She resisted innumerable questions she wanted to propound to him, from a fear that they'd betray her secret.

She even forbore to ask him about the case; it was The Case in her mind—the one she knew about. She discovered in the newspaper, one day, a column summary of court decisions that had been handed down; and though The Case wasn't in it, she kept, from that day forward, a careful watch, discovered where the legal news was printed, and never overlooked a paragraph. And at last she found it—just the bare statement: "Judgment 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 intellectual quandaries—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 quieted her.

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.

### WOMEN NOT MOST GARRULOUS

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

We men are accustomed to deride the garrularity of women; yet I doubt if any woman under the sun could compete in loquacity 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.

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 I 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. Whether it does or not, there can be no doubt that the surest corrective and sweetener of life is a vivid memory.

Cured of Borrowing. "Well, I've found a way to stop my neighbors from borrowing," said a young suburban matron gleefully. "You see," she explained, "we are not near any store, and, of course, sometimes one has to depend on a neighbor in an emergency. But my particular neighbor seemed to have such emergencies nearly every day. And it was usually vinegar that she wanted. Now we are particular about our vinegar, and get the best variety, and of course when Mrs. Neighbor asked for vinegar we gave her our best. But when she returned it she sent a very cheap grade, which we were unable to use, and were obliged to throw out." "This was repeated so often that we began to weary of it, and suddenly a bright idea struck me. I carefully poured her cheap vinegar into a bottle and saved it. Next time she asked me to lend her vinegar I sent her own to her. The cure worked. She has never asked for another drop, and I suppose she thinks I am a mean sort of neighbor. But I don't care."—Exchange.

## Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



### 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-summer dressy frocks, and if it were 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 is brightly and youthful looking and dresses made of it are planned to visualize the young summer. Plain, fine-meshed nets are exactly suited to the youth of those who are just about to bid farewell to school days. In spite of the lovely, interminable procession of white-cloth 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 and novel decorations make them interesting and the daintiness and refinement of net and organdie make them beautiful.



### Gifts Made of Ribbons

No matter what dull or matter-of-fact business may lead unwilling feet along the ways of department stores, something interesting is going to happen once they are inside. For all paths lead past the ribbon counter—those who know women and ribbon plan it that way. Ribbons are one she luxury that all women afford, and she is a cold-hearted creature who can pass them without lingering awhile to look at the most beautiful and the most splendid products of the looms. They refresh the soul like flowers. In June and in December ribbons are at their best, for in these months people make many gifts. Just now there are displays that merit the name of gorgeous, in which the richest ribbons are shown made up into bags or used to ornament plainer ribbons in girdles. 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 hand crochet or fine lace combined with negligees and even peignoirs led to the long list of bag gifts for the bride or for girl graduates. Two girdles are shown. One of them is of satin ribbon, with bands in turquoise blue and the ends and a flash of black. The other is a striped in a long sash with black silk tassels. The corset covers are of ribbon and plain satin with needletwork stitching and lace. In the latter, the thinnest roses, made of ribbon set across the front. Female nurses in the navy receive \$50 per year.

"I Came Down . . . to See What Was the Matter With You." "Oh," he said, "I thought I told you over the phone there was nothing the matter!—Won't you be awfully late to the Randolphs?" "I had ten minutes," she said, "and I thought . . . She broke off the sentence when she saw him snap out his watch and look at it. "I know there's something," she said. "I can tell just by the way your eyes look and the way you're so tight and—strained. If you'd just tell me about it, and then sit down and let me—try to take the strain away. . . ."

"No need asking you if you like this sort of thing," he said. "I would like to know how you keep it up. It can't any of it get anywhere. What's the attraction?" "You can't get a rise out of me tonight," said Rose. "Not after what I've been through today. Madame Greville's been talking to me. She thinks American women are dreadful dubs—or she would if she knew the