

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

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

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

CHAPTER X.

—7— A Birthday.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The building was pretty well deserted by now, and against the silence he heard the buzzer in his telephone switchboard proclaiming insistently that someone was trying to get him on the phone. He thought at first he wouldn't answer. He didn't want to talk to anybody. But no one can resist the mechanical bell ringers they use in exchanges nowadays—the even-spaced ring and wait, ring and wait, so manifestly incapable of discouragement. At the end of forty-five seconds, he snatched open his door, punched the jack into its socket, caught up the head piece, and belatedly "Hello!" into the dangling transmitter.

And five minutes later he was calling Rose on the wire. "Rose, listen to this! Barry Lake and his wife are here. He just called up. They got in

from New York at five o'clock, and I've asked them out to dinner.—Barry Lake and Jane! What's the matter? Can't you hear me? . . . Why, they're about the best friends I've got. The magazine writer, you know, and his wife. And they're coming out to dinner—coming right out. I told them not to dress, I'll come straight home myself—get there before they do, I guess. . . . All right! Good-by!"

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

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

"Good gracious!" he cried excitedly. "What did you do that for? I thought I told you over the phone the Lakes weren't going to dress."

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

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

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

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

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

"Why, for years, until they moved to New York. They used to live here. I know I must have told you about them. I was always having dinner with them—either out in Rogers Park, where they lived, or at queer, terrible little restaurants downtown. They were always game to try anything, once. He's the longest, leanest, angriest, absent-mindedest chap in the world. And just about the best. And his wife fits all his angles. She writes, too. Oh, you're sure to like them! They're going to be out here for months, he says. He's going to specialize in women and he's come back here where

they get the vote, to make headquarters. It's great! I haven't had a real talk with anybody since he went away, over a year ago."

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

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

ing to dress, but she explained she didn't put on this coronation robe for you, but for a treat for me before I telephoned, and hadn't time to change back."

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

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

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

But the main topic of the evening got launched when Rodney seized the advantage of a pause to say: "A series of articles on women, eh? What are you going to do to them?"

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

"For what?" Rodney wanted to know.

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

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

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

"Why, the thing," said Rodney, "that sours my naturally sweet disposition is this economic independence. I've been hearing it at dinner tables all winter. When I hear a woman with five hundred dollars' worth of clothes on—well, no, not on her back—and anything you like in jewelry, talking about economic independence as if it were something nice—jam on the pantry shelf that we men were too greedy to let them have a share of—I have to put on the brakes in order to stay on the rails."

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

"She can bear children," said Jane. "She ought to be paid well for that."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Barry saved him the necessity of trying to answer, by taking up the

nonsense," he said. "I won't listen to it."

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

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

"That's it," she said. "You've done too much. And you're so sorry for

me when you don't love me, that it makes you do all the more."

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNS AND WORLDS IN MAKING

Astronomers Admitted to "Workshop of the Universe" to View Wonders Therein.

We look today on the things of a century, a millennium ago. Light traveling at the rate of 183,000 miles a second requires more than four years to come from the nearest star, perhaps thousands and tens of thousands of years from the farthest. Hence in every case we see not what is, but what was.

Thousands of nebulae have been discovered in the heavens. The spiral pattern of some few nebulae has long been confirmation of the theory that they are the real beginnings of a solar system. But there has recently come in much evidence of the spiral character of other nebulae, that the conclusion seems forced upon us that practically all are in a state of rotation, and are hence supplying the centrifugal force to throw off the rings which roll themselves up into planets revolving about central suns.

When opportunity is given to look directly down upon a nebulae there results startling evidence of its being in rotation. There is no other way of explaining its remarkable details of structure. Some look like the propeller blades of a motorboat; some are actually caught in the act of throwing off rings, which are seen condensing at certain centers, rolling themselves into planets, henceforth to travel around their suns. The great nebulae in Andromeda gives striking evidence that it is working out another and a greater solar system than our own.

In short, it seems that in studying the nebulae we are being admitted to the very workshop of the universe, and are permitted to watch the actual process of turning out worlds. Nothing in the heavens is better fitted to fill the very soul with awe. As in the case of the "fixed stars," our lives are too brief, too feeble our eyes, to detect the actual motion.—Frederick Campbell's "Suns and Worlds in the Making."

Unrelaxed Potatoes. Sweet potatoes have not much in common botanically with their more familiar namesakes. They have long been cultivated as food in tropical and subtropical countries, and were actually introduced into England at an earlier date than the common potato. The sweet tubers were often confounded by writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but the sweet potato won more popularity than its rival. Steeped in wine or made into a sweetmeat, it was regarded as an excellent invigorator. Sweetish and agreeable to the taste, its flesh-forming qualities are considered equal at least to those of the common potato.

A Wise Teller. It is a wise paying teller who checks a fellow's cash before he cashes his check.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JULY 1

ISAIAH'S CALL TO HEROIC SERVICE.

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 6
GOLDEN TEXT—Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8.

The lesson committee now turn for a third quarter's lesson to a series of studies in the Old Testament as found in II Kings, Ezra and Nehemiah. As an introduction, they have chosen this chapter in the book of Isaiah.

Isaiah prophesied in the latter half of Uzziah's reign, B. C. 760 and down to the early years of the reign of Manasseh about B. C. 694 (ch. 1:1). This event took place probably B. C. 755. The place was Jerusalem; the kingdom of Israel was still in existence (for 33 years longer) being utterly destroyed in B. C. 721. The name Isaiah means "the salvation of Jehovah"; his wife is called "the prophetess"; two of his sons are named and his social position was high, as shown by his intimacy with kings. Isaiah lived in troublous times. He was a reformer seeking to rescue his nation from the sins growing out of their disobedience to God. He was the leading statesman of his time, the greatest of the prophets, an author, a heroic, single-minded, patriotic, fearless, undaunted man of great personal power and influence. He was a prophet of hope; he wrote out of his long life of faithfulness and fellowship with God.

The book of Isaiah falls into two chief divisions; chapters 1-39 being chiefly historical, interspersed with songs and poems; chapters 40-66 are a collection of prophecies that have to do chiefly with the return from the Babylonian exile and the days of future glory for the kingdom of God. To assume that another prophet of greater brilliancy and genius than Isaiah wrote a part of this book should be forgotten; it is not worthy of thought. That book was inspired of God and that its truth and its prophecies, included those about Christ who is mentioned by name, is also beyond doubt or question.

1. Visions (vv. 1-4). As we have said, Isaiah prophesied in a time of great need. The prophet was very much discouraged. In this passage he locates his vision at a special time and place (ch. 1:1). Every man's great need today is a real vision of God. We are not so much in need of theories about God, as a vision of God himself. Uzziah's long reign of 52 years, in which the kingdom prospered and the king's name was spread abroad, stopped as suddenly as an earthquake, and his glory was eclipsed (see II Chron. 26:19-19). The place in which Isaiah saw his vision was the house of God. Perhaps not in the temple, but seeing the vision from the temple the prophet looks to a house not built with hands, Jehovah's own heavenly palace. Therein he saw "the Lord sitting on a throne. . . and his train filled the temple." Above it, or around it, were arranged hovering courtiers and the seraphic choir. The majesty of this vision is indicated in verse two, its glory in verse three, and its power is indicated in verse four. The whole earth was filled with God's wondrous wisdom, love and power. Literally "the whole earth is full of his glory." The Hebrew word for holiness comes from a word meaning "to set apart—set a distance from." The holy Lord is not only sinless but he is sublime and absolute also. It may seem difficult to harmonize Isaiah's vision with John 1:18, yet these manifestations were one and the same, for all that saw Jesus saw God (John 14:9). King Uzziah was dead but the real king was living still, high and lifted up. The attempt to reason about him, what he must be and what he must not be, as if he were one of ourselves (Eph. 1:20, 21) is absurd. It is such a vision of God as this that will change our modern pulpits and laymen and send them out to be flaming evangelists. A vision of God as the Holy One affected Isaiah's preaching ever afterwards. Such a vision is a cleansing vision, inspiring, enthusing, enabling us to render effective service.

2. Divisions (vv. 5-13). (1) The vision of the prophet (vv. 5-7). This vision brought conviction because it showed how far separated from God the prophet was. It also brought conversion in that he acknowledged himself to be unclean, himself and his surroundings to be vile. It also led to cleansing, for the king heard the voice of the prophet, removed his guilt and purged his sin. (2) The voice and proclamation from the king (vv. 8-13). The king called for a messenger (v. 8) and at once the prophet is found. Someone has said that "a task without a vision is drudgery; a vision without a task is a dream; while a task linked to a vision will move the world." Not only did the king ask for a messenger, but he gave the message which the messenger was to utter (vv. 9-12). The message was to be to his own people; it was not to be a pleasant one. Verse 13 shows us this message in prophecy. Isaiah ought to fully proclaim the truth, but the people would not understand it, and the whole effect of his proclamation would be to harden them.

What is your application of this vision for Isaiah? We are a Christian nation, but there are many degrees and kinds of Christians; those who sincerely try to follow Jesus; those who live under a Christian government, and are unaffected by Christian influences. There is only one way to save this nation from going the way of Nineveh and Tyre; that is, that justice and righteousness shall govern, and that justice and righteousness shall be the fruit of regenerated lives. The cry is for a better social environment and a more just social position.

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