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COMES THE GREAT EVENT IN ROSE ALDRICH'S LIFE. THE PROSPECT OF A BABY, AND SHE REALIZES THAT WOMAN'S FINEST PROFESSION IS MOTHERHOOD-BUT PLANS GO SADLY AWRY

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 folk. 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 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 XI-Continued.

But she went steadily on. "You were always so dear about it. But tonight-oh, Rodney . . . !" Her silly, ragged voice choked there and stopped, and the tears brimmed up and spilled down her cheeks. But she kept her face steadfastly turned to his.

"That's what I said about being married and not sowing wild oats, I suppose," he said glumly. "It was a joke. Do you suppose I'd have said it If I meant it?"

"It wasn't only that," she managed to go on. "It was the way they looked at the house; the way you apologized for my dress; the way you looked when you tried to get out of answering Barry Lake's questions about what you were doing. Oh, how I despised myself! And how I knew and a nurse at first, of course, but you and they must be despising me!"

"The one thing I felt about you ali the evening," he said, with the patience that marks the last stage of exasperation, "was pride. I was rather crazily proud of you."

"As my lover you were proud of me," she said. "But the other manthe man that's more truly you-was ashamed, as I was ashamed. Oh, it doesn't matter! Being ashamed won't accomplish anything. But what we'll do is going to accomplish something."

"What do you mean to do?" he asked. "I want you to tell me first," she

said, "how much money we have, and how much we've been spending." "I don't know," he said stubbornly. "I don't know exactly."

"You've got enough, haven't you, of your own . . . I mean, there's will be free; and I can work-be some what you ought to do-he waited to

gin now.' The deep, tense seriousness of her voice and her look arrested his full table. attention.

what do you mean?" "We're going to have a baby in

October," she said.

CHAPTER XII.

The Door That Was to Open.

What a silly little idiot she'd been not to have seen the thing for herself! She'd been, all the while, beatthere was a door there waiting to open of itself when the time came. Motherhood! There'd be a doctor presently they'd go away and she'd be left with a baby. Her own baby! She could care for him with her own hands, feed him-her joy reached an ecstasy at this-from her own breast.

That life which Rodney led apart from her, the life into which she had tried with such ludicrous unsuccess to effect an entrance, was nothing to this new life which was to open before her in a few short months now. Meanwhile, she not only must waitshe could well afford to.

That was why she could listen with that untroubled smile of hers to the terrible things that Rodney and James Randolph and Barry Lake and across her dinner table, and to the more mildly expressed but equally alkaline cynicisms of Jimmy Wallace. Jimmy was dramatic critic on one enough that comes in every year, to of the evening papers as well as a bit live on, if you didn't earn a cent by of a playwright. He was a slim, cool, practicing law? Well, what I want smiling, highly sophisticated young to do, is to live on that. I want to man, who renounced all privileges as live, however and wherever we have an interpreter of life in favor of reto-to live on that-out in the suburbs maining an unbiased observer of it. somewhere, or in a flat, so that you He never bothered to speculate about the dam rose higher.

begin right away." Then she looked the road, so he could speak with auup into his face. "It will be too late in thority. It was a wonderful Odyssey October," she repeated, "unless we be- when you could get him to tell it, and as Rose made a good audience, she got the whole thing at her dinner

The thing got a sociological twist "Why?" he asked. And then, "Rose, eventually, of course, when Jane wanted to know if it were true that the chorus girls received inadequate pay. Jimmy demolished this with more wrath than he often showed. He didn't know any other sort of job that paid a totally untrained girl as well. It took a really accomplished stenographer, for instance, to earn as much a week as was paid the average chorus girl. The trouble was that the indising her head against blind walls when pensable assets in the business were not character and intelligence and ambition, but just personal charms.

"But a girl who's serious about it, who doesn't have to be told the same thing more than once, and catches on, sometimes, without being told at all, why, she can always have a job and she can be as independent as any? body. She can get twenty-five dollars week or even as high as thirty."

The latter part of this conversation was what she was to remember afterward, but the thing that impressed Rose at the time, and that held her for hours looking on at the League show rehearsals, was what Jimmy had told her about the technical side of the work of production, the labors of

the director, and so on. As the weeks and months wore away, and as the season of violent alter-Jane got into the way of hurling nations between summer and winter, which the Chicagoan calls spring, gave place to summer itself, Rose was driven to intrench herself more and more deeply behind this great expectation. It was like a dam holding back waters that otherwise would have rushed down upon her and swept her away.

And then came Harriet, Rodney's

other sister, and the pressure behind Rose had tried, rather unsuccess-

Something queerly like a langh his pipe was properly lighted, whethbroke his voice when he answered. er he altogether liked this method of "Oh, you darling! Yes. It's all right. approach or not. That isn't why I'm crying. It's just "Common sense always was a sort

of specialty of yours, sis," he said at because I'm so happy." ins, "and straightening out. You were always pretty good at it." Then out of a cloud of his own smoke, 'Fire away." "Well, in the first place," she said,

'if you had your house today you'd be lucky if the paint was dry and the thing was fit to move into by the first of September." "But we've got to get out of here,

anyway, in October. And that means we've got to have some sort of place o get into. It is an awkward time, I'll admit."

"No, you haven't," she said. "You can stay right here another six months, if you like. I've heard from Florence. When I found how things stood here, I wrote and asked her if see. she'd lease for six months more if

she got the chance, and she wrote back and simply grabbed at it." Rodney smoked half way through his pipe before he made any comment on this suggestion. "This house isn't just what we want," he said. "In the first place, it's expensive."

Harriet shrugged her shoulders, picked up one of Florence's poetry books and eyed the heavily tooled bind- perfectly splendid. One weighs seven ing with a satirical smile before she replied. "I'd an idea there was that in it,"

she said at last. "Freddy said something. . . Rose had been talking him. Then, after another little to her." silence and with a sudden access of vehemence: "You don't want to go

and do a regular fool thing, Roddy.



ly. But if you pull up and go to live in a barn somewhere and stop seeing anybody-people that count, I mean-" Rodney grunted. "You're beyond

your depth, sis," he said. "Come back where you don't have to swim. The expense isn't a capital consideration, EASY TO TELL REAL DIAMOND

"But the baby!" she persisted. "Why isn't it here?" Rodney turned and spoke to some-

one else. "She wants to see," he said. "May she?"

And then a woman's voice (why, it was the nurse, of course! Miss Harris, who had come last night) said in an indulgent, soothing tone: "Why, surely she may. Walt just a minute."

But the walt seemed hours. Why didn't they bring the baby-her baby? There! Miss Harris was coming at last, with a queer, bulky, shapeless bundle. Rodney stepped in between

and cut off the view, but only to slide an arm under mattress and pillow and raise her a little so that she could

And then, under her eyes, dark red and hairy against the whiteness of the pillow, were two small heads-two small, shapeless masses leading away from them, twitching, squirming. She stared, bewildered.

"There were twins, Rose," she heard Rodney explaining triumphantly, but still with something that wasn't quite a laugh, "a boy and a girl. They're pounds and the other six."

Her eyes widened and she looked up into his face so that the pitiful bewilderment in hers was revealed to

"But the baby," she said. Her wide eyes filled with tears and her voice broke weakly. "I wanted a baby." "You've got a baby," he insisted, and now laughed outright. "There are

two of them. Don't you understand, dear?"

Her eyes drooped shut, but the tears came welling out along her ashes. "Please take them away," she begged. And then, with a little sob, she whispered: "I wanted a baby, not those."

Rodney started to speak, but some sort of admonitory signal from the nurse silenced him.

The nurse went away with her bundle, and Rodney stayed stroking Rose's limp hand.

In the dark, ever so much later, she awoke, stirred a little restlessly, and the nurse, from her cot, came quickly and stood beside her bed. She had something in her hands for Rose to drink and Rose drank it dutifully. "Is there anything else?" the nurse isked.

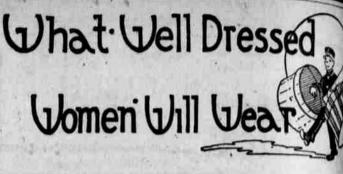
"I just want to know," Rose said; have I been dreaming, or is it true? is there a baby, or are there twins?" "Twins, to be sure," said the nurse cheerfully. "The loveliest, liveliest little pair you ever saw." "Thank you," said Rose. "I just

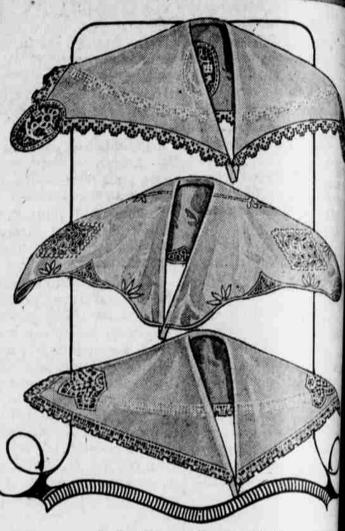
vanted to know."

.She shut her eyes and pretended to go to sleep. But she didn't. It was true then. Her miracle, it seemed somehow, had gone ludicrously awry.

Knowing that they have plenty of money to raise twins properly, why should Rose resent the fact that she has been presented with two bables instead of one?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)





In the Play of Summer Styles,

Organdle is the gay and spirited soubrette in the play of summer styles. It bobs up everywhere, with all sorts collars made of volle or arms of summer frocks, as a part of their cannot forget the war and in make-up or in accessories worn with them. In the weave called swiss organdle it is more sheer than ever and are the last presented splan disports itself in all the new and love- lengthened at the shoulder at ly shades of colors that grace the joys of midsummer. It is used in bands | fringe on an officer's epailet. and borders on frocks made of other sheer fabrics, in petticoats and in collars and cuffs, in frills and in vestees.

It is of much service in separate collars, like those illustrated here. Along foliage. None of them prewith jabots, collars of this kind amplify the summer wardrobe, saving the an, and lace, voile and en day, with their crisp daintiness, for the overworked wool or slik frock that stores. When made by hands serves many purposes. Pretty accessories of this kind help out the tourist them are made in this way. immensely and are the easiest of all made collars are plentific belongings to carry along on a journey. and inexpensive.

The collars shown in the pin selections from a display de to, and therefore, even the part of our belongings reflect the thoughts that are in the at ! fall over the top of the am the models are edged with \$ and ornamented with seting of lace. The third collar he ered with eyelet work and m difficulties to the average as scattered abroad in all de stiff prices in the shops, ht

sort of help."

"You can wash the dishes and scrub the floors," he supplemented, "and I bed. It's getting along toward two o'clock.'

"You don't have to get to the office till nine tomorrow morning," said Rose. "And I want to talk it out now. And I don't think I said anything that was absurd."

"I shouldn't have called it absurd," he admitted after a rather long silence. "But it's exaggerated and unnecessary. Next October, when the



Why I Wanted to Decide "That's Things Tonight."

a little.

staring at the dying fire, her hands and performers have an equally good lying slack in her lap, all as if she time, and Charity, as residuary legahadn't heard. The long silence irked tee, profits by thousands. him. He pulled out his watch, looked been a picture, not a woman.

At last he said again, "Come along, Rose dear."

"It'll be too late in October," she "That's why I wanted to desaid.

ee what you did.

Well, in the light of the miraculous transformation that lay before her, can carry my lunch to the office with Rose could listen undaunted to the me in a little tin box." He looked at tough philosophizings her husband and his watch. "And now that the thing's Barry Lake delighted in as well as to reduced to an absurdity, let's go to the mordant merciless realities with which Doctor Randolph and Jimmy Wallace confirmed them. She wasn't indifferent to it all.

"Jim's pretty weird when he gets going," Eleanor Randolph said to Frederica, on the next day after they had been dining at the Aldriches', "but that Barry Lake has a sort of surgical way of discussing just anything, and his wife's as bad.

"We never got off women all the tory down from the early Egyptians, and Jim got off a string of patholog-Ical freaks. And then Rodney came out strong for economic independence, girl wasn't regarded as marriageable must try to cheer her up."

unless she had been trained to a trade or a profession, then things would begin to happen. I think he meant it, first met. All that showed on the contoo.

eyes of hers, smiling to herself now and then; saying things, too, sometimes, that were pretty good, though nobody but Jimmy seemed to understand, always, just what she meant. They've talked before, those two. But she was no more embarrassed than tionate. She avoided being either disas if we'd been talking embroidery agreeable or patronizing. Rose could stitches."

So far as externals went, her life. that spring, was immensely simplified. had been so insistent all winter,

exception was the Junior League show lease expired, and it wasn't far from like that." danced in it.

by which Chicago sets great store. All possible places. the amartest and best-looking of the

lease on this house runs out, we can is willing and able to pay five dollars a glance, made up her mind in three worrying about it and let's go to bed." are spent in rehearsal, under a first-But she sat there just as she was, class professional director; audience

Rose dropped in at a rehearsal one at it, and began winding it. He mend- day at the end of a solid two hours ed the fire so that it would be safe of committee work, found it unexpectfor the night; bolted a window. Ev- edly amusing, and made a point, thereminute or two he stole a look at after, of attending when she could. her, but she was always just the Her interest was heightened, if not Except for the faint rise and wholly actuated, by some things Jimfall of her bosom, she might have my Wallace had been telling her lateily about how such things were done

on the real stage. He had written a musical comedy with a little common sense straightince, lived through the production of ened you out about this."

ende things touight. Because we must weeks' vacation trouping with it on length of time he took seeing that ing to be a-baby. Isn't there?"

to realize that there was actually in existence another woman who

occupied, by blood anyway, the same position toward Rodney and herself that Frederica did. She felt almost ace. like a real sister toward Frederica. like that. Oh, I know the house is But without quite putting the notion into words, she had always felt it was just as well that Harriet was an Italian contessa, four thousand miles six months more?"

away. Rodney and Frederica spoke of her affectionately, to be sure, but their references made a picture of a rather formidably correct, seriously aristocratic sort of person.

She'd discovered, along in the winter sometime, that Harriet's affairs

were going rather badly. It was along evening. Barry Lake had their his- in May that the cable came to Frederica announcing that Harriet was coming back for a long visit. "That's all she said," Rodney explained to Rose. "But I suppose it means the finish only with his own queer angle on it. She said she didn't want any fuss of course. He thought it would be a made, but she hinted she'd like to have fine thing, but it wouldn't happen un- Freddy meet her in New York, and forted her, assured her that this notil the men insisted on it. When a Freddy's going. Poor old Harriet! We

> She didn't seem much in need of cheering up, Rose thought, when they tessa's highly pollshed surface was a

"Well, and all the while there sat disposition to talk humorously over Rose, taking it all in with those big old times with her old friends, including her brother and sister, and a sort of dismayed acquiescence in the smoky seriousness, the inadequate civilization, of the city of her birth. Toward Rose herself, the contessa was, one might say, studiously_affec-

see, indeed, how she avoided it. About this time the question where

Rose and Rodney were going to live The social demands upon her, which after their lease on the McCrea house ended, had begun to press for an anstopped almost automatically. The swer. October first was when the

in Easter week, for which she put in the date at which they expected the guite a lot of work. She was to have baby. They spent some lovely after- like Rodney's and yet unmistakably noons during the days of the emerg-

This is an annual entertainment ing spring, cruising about looking at in a whisper but couldn't manage it

This was the situation when Haryounger set take part in it, in cos- riet took a hand in it. It was a situatumes that would do credit to a chorus tion made to order for Harriet to

There you are! Now do stop to come and look. Delirious weeks for them to do, written a note to Florence McCrea in Paris, and then bided her opportunity to put her idea into effect. To her Rose was simply a well-meaning, somewhat inadequately

civilized young person, the beneficiary, a plece of unmerited good fortune. When she got Florence McCren's She tried to hold her arms up to him,

first occasion to get Rodney off by himself and talk a little common sense into him.

"What about where to live, Rodmind about it yet? It is time someone

t, and had spent a hard-earned two Harriet couldn't be sure from the

I'll admit that. Now go on from there."

"That's like old times," she ob served with a not ill-humored grim-"I wonder if you talk to Rose The experienced eye does not find it

rather solemn and absurd. It's Florence herself all over, that's the size of it. But what does that matter for He pocketed his pipe and got up out of his chair.

"There's something in it," he mitted. "I'll think it over." "Better cable Florence as soon at

you can," she advised. Rose protested when the plan for McCrea's house was broached to her. She made the best fight she could. But Harriet's arguments, re-stated now by Rodney with full conviction, were too much for her. When she

broke down and cried, as she couldn't help doing, Rodney soothed and comtion of hers about the expensiveness of it all, was just a notion, which she must struggle against as best she could. She'd see things in a truer

proportion afterward. Very fine and small and weak, Rose

Stanton, lying in a bed with people about her, let her eyes fall heavily shut lest they should want her to speak or think. . . . Then, for a long time, nothing. Then presently, a hand, a firm, powerful hand, that picked up her heavy, limp wrist and two sensitive finger-tips that rested lightly on the upper surface of it. After that,

an even, measured voice-a voice of authority, whose words no doubt made sense, only Rose was too tired to think what the sense was:

"That's a splendid pulse. She's doing the best thing she can, sleeping

And then another voice, utterly unhis -a ragged voice that tried to talk

-broke queerly. "That's all right," it said, "But I'll

find it easier to believe when-

She must see him-must know dresser, and as much of Chicago as take a hand in. She'd sized it up at what it meant that he should talk like that. With a strong physical efmanage, perhaps, to change the scale a seat for the privilege is welcome minutes what was the sensible thing fort, she opened her eyes and tried to speak his name. She couldn't; but someone must have been watching and have seen, because a woman's voice said quickly and quietly "Mr. Aldrich." And the next moment, vast and towering and very blurred in outline, but, through her marriage with Rodney, of like his volce, unmistakably, was Rodney-her own big, strong Rodney,

answer to her letter, she took the but of course she couldn't. And then he shortened suddenly He had knelt down beside her bed that was it. And she felt upon her palm the pressure of his lips, and his

ney?" she asked. "Made up your unshaven cheek, and on her wrist a warm wetness that must be-tears. And then she knew. The urgency of a sudden terror gave her her voice.

There Are Many Ways in Which the Finest Imitations May Be Detected, Even by the inexperienced.

difficult to decide whether a diamond is genuine, for the facets of real ones are seldom so regular as those of fine imitations. With the latter the greatest care is taken in grinding to polish and smooth the whole stone so that there will be irregularity in the reflection or refraction of the light. A necessary tool for testing is the file, which cannot scratch a real diamond, although it quickly leaves its mark on

living six months more in Florence an imitation. Better than the file is the sapphire, for the sapphire is the next hardest stone to the diamond. Any stone that a sapphire can scratch is assuredly not a diamond.

If you put a small drop of water on the upper facet of a brilliant and touch it with the point of a pencil the drop will keep its rounded form, but the stone will remain clean and dry. In case of an imitation the drop immediately spreads out. Plunge a diamond into water and it will be plainly visible

and will glitter through the liquid, but an imitation stone is almost invisible. If you look through a diamond, as through a bit of glass, at a black dot on a sheet of white paper you will see one single point clearly. If you see several points or a blur of black it is an imitation. The white sapphire, the white topaz and rock crystal are frequently sold as diamonds, but imitations are more commonly made of glass.

Bound to Fight, Anyhow.

to an English weekly, a grocer in a Scottish village decided that either he or his assistant must enlist. As he was single and his mother and sisters were well provided for from their interest in the shop, he thought it was

Mackay, the assistant, agreed promptly, and presently found himself

But a few months later the master was dumfounded to meet his late assistant, attired in khakl, "somewhere in France.'

"Hi, mon," he said angrily, "what are ye doin' here? Did I no tell ye tae stay at hame in chairge o' ma shop?"

"So I thocht at the time, maister, replied Mackay, "bit I sune fun' oot it wisna only the shop I was in chairge o', but a' yer womanfolk. 'Man,' says I the maself, 'gin ye've got to fecht, gang and fecht someone ye can hit!" So I jined."-Youth's Companion.

Rains Uncover Gold Nuggets.

The days of '49 have been revived here to a certain extent, says the Sacramento (Cal.) Bee, neveral Auburn men having brought nuggets worth from \$1 to \$20 which were found in the ravines and streams since heavy rains have washed the dirt from the gravel. One nugget, which, it is said, is worth \$20, was found.



Auxiliaries of the Red Cross.

The American Red Cross is engaged | next enroll with the autility doing the sort of work the in so many humanitarian and philan-In the present emergence thropic activities that its work must of can Red Cross faces a FP necessity be departmentized and each for the benefit of our own so department thoroughly organized for sailors, in addition to the the sake of efficiency. A chapter of the Red Cross, in any locality, reprework it has already done ing, for the countries at a sents all of the Red Cross activities. rope. It must provide a gas Under its supervision different committees are organized for the different pitals, equipped with medi pital supplies, surgeona kinds of work to be done, each commitnurses and nurses' assista tee devoted to one particular object or field and base hospitals 12 class of work. In communities where some provision for depend no chapter exists Red Cross commitdiers and sailors, and for a tees may be formed, by special authorafter they are dismissed in ity of the director general of civilian als. It must gather and relief, for special Red Cross activities. volunteer work throughout These committees are called auxiliartry, and is doing so at this les. as to be thoroughly prepare

Several auxiliaries may be formed in the same community, to take care of the several different classes of work to be done. Where a chapter exists auxiliaries must be formed with the consent of the chapter and then with consent of the chapter, and they will be a part of the chapter and subordinate to it.

The Red Cross is the only society authorized by the government of the United States to render aid to its land and naval forces in time of war. Therefore women who wish to help should first join the American Red Cross and

It is no longer thought extravagant main feature of its fast Silk Skirts for Cotton Now. to substitute silk for pique, linen or the soft shirt of music cotton duck skirts. Its price is within frills bound with ceris the limits of the majority of purses, it the skirt coloringwashes better and more easily than the ordinary white fabrics, and it is cool. Good reasons, all, for its preference. With fashion demanding a silhouette that is slim without severity, the best medium of obtaining it is with a fabric that does not ask for introduction?" starch. On a separate skirt with white wash silk with a diamond of cerise | know her?"

"Will you introd

Flubdub? "I hardly think you go with her, my deat. "I can't soub het, can

them will be found through activities and will be disco ture articles.

printed on it, the

demands of war.

Thousands of women

country and their wish tak

work of the war. The aver

Her Motive

"Roddy," she snid, "there was go-

Early last year, says a contributor

his duty to go.

in command of the business.