

# The Real Adventure

By Henry Kitchell Webster

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## AFTER THE SUGGESTION OF MARRIAGE HAD BEEN MADE TO RODNEY ALDRICH, HE DIDN'T WASTE TIME IN FOLLOWING IT UP—ROSE SURPRISES HER MOTHER

**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 to another car line. An hour later this man, Rodney Aldrich, a well-to-do lawyer, appears soaked with rain at the home of his wealthy married sister, Mrs. Martin Whitney, to attend a birthday dinner in his honor. Mrs. Whitney suggests that it's about time Rodney looked around for a wife. He calls on Miss Stanton, and what occurs at the meeting is described in this installment.

### CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Oh," she said, "mother's written two or three books, and lots of magazine articles, about women—women's rights and suffrage, and all that. She's been—well, sort of a leader ever since she graduated from college, back in—just think!—1870, when most girls used to have—accomplishments—French, music, and washing extra—you know."

She said it all with a quite adorable seriousness, and his gravity watched hers when he replied: "I would like to meet her very much. Feminism's a subject I'm blankly ignorant about."

"I don't believe," she said thoughtfully, "that I'd call it feminism in talking to mother about it, if I were you. Mother's a suffragist, but—there came another wave of faint color along with her smile—but—well, she's awfully respectable, you know."

She didn't seem to mind his laughing out at that, though she didn't join him.

"What about the other interesting member of the family," he asked presently, "your sister? Which is she, a suffragist or a feminist?"

"I suppose," she said, "you'd call Portia a feminist. She hasn't time to talk about it much. You see, she's a business woman. She's a house decorator. She tells you what kind of furniture to buy, and then she sells it to you. Portia's terribly clever and awfully independent."

"All right," he said. "That brings us down to you. What are you?"

She sighed. "I'm sort of a black sheep, I guess. I'm just in the university. But I'm to be a lawyer."

Whereupon he cried out so explosively that she fairly jumped. Then he apologized and said the notion of her in court trying a case—was a lawyer himself—seemed rather startling.

She sighed again. "And now I suppose," she said, "you'll advise me not to be."

"Not a bit," he said. "It's the finest profession in the world."

But he said it off the top of his mind. Down below, it was still engaged with the picture of her in a dismal courtroom, blazing up at a jury the way she had blazed up at that conductor.

"I suppose," she hazarded, "that it's awfully dull and tiresome, though, until you get 'way up to the top."

That roused him. "It's awfully dull when you go to the top, or what's called the top—being a client caretaker with the routine law business of a few big corporations and rich estates going through your office like grist through a mill. That's supposed to be the big reward, of course."

He was out of his chair now, tramping up and down the room. "The thing to bear in mind, if you're going to travel that road, is that a case is worth while in a precise and unalterable ratio to the amount of money involved in it. If you question that axiom at all seriously, you're lost. That's what happened to me."

He pulled up with a jerk, looked at her and laughed. "If my sister Frederica were here," he explained, "she would warn you that now was the time for you to ask me if I'd been to see Maude Adams or something like that."

She smiled in a sort of contented amusement. Then the smile transmuted itself into a look of thoughtful gravity, and there was a long silence which, though it puzzled him, he made no move to break.

At last she pulled in a long breath, turned straight to him, and said: "I wish you'd tell me what happened to you."

And, under the compelling sincerity of her, for the next two hours and a half, or thereabouts, he did—told it as he had never told it before.

He told her how he had started at the foot of the ladder in one of the big successful firms of what he called "client caretakers." He told of his discovery of a real legal problem and of the passionate enthusiasm with which he had attacked it, the thrilling weeks of labor he had put upon it.

And then he told her how the head of the firm, an old friend of his father's, had called him in and said the work he had done was very remarkable, but, unfortunately, not profitable to the firm, the whole amount invested in the case having been some twenty dollars. In other words, he was fired.

He told her how he'd got in with an altruistic bunch—the City Homes association. And from the way he told of his labors in drafting a new city ordinance, she felt that it must have been one of the most fascinating occupations in the world, until he told her how it had drawn him into politics, and then how after an election a new state's attorney had offered him a position on his staff of assistants.

In a sense, of course, it was true that he had, as Frederica would have put it, forgotten she was there.

The girl knew he had forgotten, and her only discomfort came from the fear that the spell might be broken

and he might remember suddenly and stop.

In the deeper sense—and she was breathlessly conscious of this, too—he hadn't forgotten her to them, he was telling it all because she was there—because she was herself and there—because she knew—though how, nobody else. She knew—though how, she couldn't have explained—with that intuitive certainty which is the only real certainty there is, that the story couldn't have been evoked from him in just that way by anyone else in the world.

At the end of two years in the state's attorney's office, he told her, he figured he had his training and was ready to begin.

"I made just one resolution when I hung out my shingle," he said, "and that was that no matter how few cases I got, I wouldn't take any that weren't interesting—that didn't give me something to bite on. I wasn't willing to be bored for any reward they had to offer me. It's cynical to be bored. It's the worst immorality there is. Well, and I never have been."

It wasn't all autobiographical and narrative. There was a lot of his deep-breathing, spacious philosophy of life mixed up in it. And this the girl, consciously and deliberately, provoked. It didn't need much. She said something about discipline and he snatched the word away from her.

"What is discipline? Why, it's standing the gaff—standing it, not submitting to it. It's accepting the facts of life—of your own life, as they happen to be. It isn't being conquered by them. It's not making masters of them, but servants to the underlying things you want."

She tried to make a reservation there—suppose the things you wanted weren't good things?

But he wouldn't allow it. "Whatever they are," he insisted, "your desires are the only motive forces you've got. No matter how fine your intelligence is, it can't ride anywhere except on the back of your own passions. Learn to ride them—control them—spur them. But don't forget that they're you just as essentially as the rider is."

It was with a curiously relaxed body, her chin cradled in the crook of her arm, which lay along the back of the couch, her eyes unfocused on the window, that the girl listened with more and more poignantly vivid consciousness of the man himself, the driving power of him, of something carelessly exultant in his own strength. She got to thinking of the flight of a great bird wheeling up higher and higher on his powerful wings. Suddenly and to her consternation, she felt her eyes flushing up with tears. She tried to blink them away, but they came too fast.

Presently he dropped short in his walk—stopped talking, with a gasp, in the middle of a sentence, and looked into her face. She couldn't see

him clearly, but she saw his hands clench and heard him draw a long breath. Then he turned abruptly and walked to the window and for a moment, endless minute there was a silence.

Something happened during that moment while he stood looking into her tear-flashed eyes—something momentous—critical—which no previous experience in her life had prepared her for. And it had happened to him, too. His silhouette as he stood there with his hands clenched, between her and the window, showed her that.

What underlay her quiet was wonder and fear, and more deeply still, a sort of cosmic contentment—the acquiescence of a swimmer in the still, irresistible current of a mighty river.

It was distinctly a relief to her when

her mother came in and, presently, Portia. She introduced him to them, and then dropped out of the conversation altogether. As if it were a long way off, she heard him retelling last night's adventure and expressing his regret that he hadn't taken her to his sister to be dried out, before he sent her home.

She was aware that Portia stole a look at her in a puzzled, penetrating sort of way every now and then, but didn't concern herself as to the basis of her curiosity. It wasn't until he rose to go that she aroused herself and went with him into the hall. There, after he'd got into his overcoat and hooked his stick over his arm, he held out his hand to her in formal leave-taking. Only it didn't turn out that way. For the effect of that warm, like grip flew its flag in both their faces.

"You're such a wonder," he said. She smiled. "So are you." It was the first time she had ever stammered in her life.

When she came back into the sitting-room, she found Portia inclined to be severe. "Did you ask him to come again?" she wanted to know. Rose smiled. "I never thought of it," she said.

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Portia. "Did you have anything at all to say to him before we came home, or were you like that all the while? How long ago did he come?"

"I don't know," said Rose behind a very real yawn. "I was asleep on the couch when he came in. That's why I was dressed like this." And then she said she was hungry.

There wasn't, on the whole, a happier person in the world at that moment.

But Rodney Aldrich, pounding along at five miles an hour, in a direction left to chance, was not happy. Or, if he was, he didn't know it. He couldn't yield instantly, and easily, to his intuitions, as Rose had done. He felt that he must think—felt that he had never stood in such need of cool, level consideration as at this moment.

But the process was impossible. Anyway, it was a remark Frederica had made last night that gave him something to hold on by. Marriage, she had said, was an adventure of which no amount of cautious thought level consideration as at this moment.

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CHAPTER IV.

### How It Struck Portia.

It was just a fortnight later that Rose told her mother she was going to marry Rodney Aldrich, thereby giving that lady a greater shock of surprise than, hitherto, she had experienced in the sixty years of a tolerably eventful life.

Rose found her neatly writing a paper at the boudoir desk in the little room she called her den.

Mrs. Stanton said, "What, dear?" indifferently enough, just in mechanical response of the matter-of-fact infection of Rosalind's voice. Then she laid down her pen, smiled in a puzzled way up into her daughter's face, and added: "My ears must have played me a funny trick. What did you say?"

Rose repeated: "Rodney Aldrich and I are going to be married."

But when she saw a look of painful incomprehension in her mother's face, she sat down on the arm of the chair, slid a strong arm around the fragile figure, and hugged it up against herself. "I suppose," she observed contritely, "that I ought to have broken it more gradually. But I never think of things like that."

As well as she could, her mother resisted the embrace. "I can't believe," she said, gripping the edge of her desk with both hands, "that you would just about a solemn subject like that, Rose, and yet it's incredible. . . ."

The mother freed herself from the girl's embrace, rose, and walked away to another chair. "If you'll talk rationally and seriously, my dear," she said, "I can continue the conversation. But this flippant, rather—vulgar tone you're taking, pains me very much."

The girl flushed to the hair. "I didn't know I was being flippant and vulgar," she said. "I didn't mean to be. I was just trying to tell you—all about it."

"You've told me," said her mother, "that Mr. Aldrich has asked you to marry him and that you've consented. It seems to me you have done so quite hastily and thoughtlessly. He's told you he loves you, I've no doubt, but I don't see how it's possible for you to feel sure on such short acquaintance."

"Why, of course he's told me," Rose said a little bewildered. "He can't help telling me all the time, any more than I can help telling him. We're—rather mad about each other, really. I think he's the most wonderful person in the world, and—she smiled a little uncertainly—"he thinks I am, but we've tried to be sensible about it, and think it out reasonably. He

said he couldn't guarantee that we'd never even been frightened. You wouldn't know what they felt like. And the result is . . ."

Portia eyed her thoughtfully. "The result is," she concluded, "that you have grown into a big, splendid, fearless, confident creature, that it's perfectly inevitable some man like Rodney Aldrich would go straight out of his head about. And there you are!"

A troubled, questioning look came into the younger sister's eyes. "I've been lazy and selfish, I know," she said. "Perhaps more than I thought. I haven't meant to be. But . . . do you think I'm any good at all?"

"That's the real injustice to it," said Portia; "that you are. You've stayed big and simple. It couldn't possibly occur to you now to say to yourself: 'Poor old Portia! She's always been jealous because mother liked me best, and now she's just grown with envy because I'm going to marry Rodney Aldrich.'"

She wouldn't stop to hear Rose's protest. "I know it couldn't," she went on. "That's what I say. And yet there's more than a little truth in it, I suppose. Oh, I don't mean I'm sorry you're going to be happy—I believe you are, you know. I'm just a little sorry for myself. Here I stay, grinning along, wondering what it's all about and what after all's the use . . . While you, you baby! are going to find out."

Portia began unpacking her pillows. "Open my window, will you? There! Now, kiss me and run along to by-by! And forget my nonsense."

The wedding was set for the first week in June. And the decision, instantly acquiesced in by everybody, was that it was to be as quiet—as strictly a family affair—as possible. Indeed, the notion of even a simple wedding into the Aldrich family left Portia rather aghast.

But this feeling was largely allayed by Frederica's first call. Being a celebrated beauty and a person of great social consequence, didn't it appear, prevent one from being human and simple-minded and altogether delightful to have about. She was so competent, too, and intelligent (Rose didn't see why Portia should find anything extraordinary in all this. Wasn't she Rodney's sister?) that her conquest of the Stanton family was instantaneous. They didn't suspect that it was deliberate.

Rodney had made his great announcement to her, characteristically, over the telephone, from his office. "Do you remember asking me, Freddy, two or three weeks ago, who Rosalind Stanton was? Well, she's the girl I'm going to marry."

And so, the "real adventure" of marriage begins for Rose Stanton. You'll find the next installment of extraordinary interest.

"I Guess Perhaps I Understand, Mother."

humbly—resignedly, as if admitting that the situation was beyond her powers.

"It's the one need of a woman's life, Rose, dear," she said, "the cornerstone of all her happiness, that her husband, as you say, 'wants' her. Doubt of it is the one thing that will have the power to make her bitterly unhappy. That's why it seems to me so terribly necessary that she be sure about it before it's too late."

"Yes, of course," said Rose. "But that's true of the man, too, isn't it? Otherwise, where's the equality?"

Her mother couldn't answer that except with a long sigh.

Ever since babyhood, Rose had been devoted, by all her mother's plans and hopes, to the furtherance of the cause of women, whose ardent champion she herself had always been. For Rose—Portia, was the devoted one.

The elder daughter had been born at a time when her own activities were at their height. As Portia herself had said, when she and her two brothers were little, their mother had been too busy to—luxuriate in them very much; and, during those early, and possibly suggestive years, Portia had been suffered to grow up, as it were, by herself.

She expected Rose to marry, of course. But in her day-dreams it was to be one of Rose's converts to the cause. Certainly Rodney Aldrich, who, as Rose outrageously had boasted, rolled her in the dust and tramped all over her in the course of their arguments, presented a violent contrast to the ideal husband she had selected. Indeed, it would be hard to think of him as anything but the rock on which her whole ambition for the girl would be shattered.

That night, during the process of getting ready for bed, Rose put on a bathrobe, picked up her hairbrush, and went into Portia's room. Portia, much quicker always about such matters, was already upon the point of turning out the light, but, guessing what her sister wanted, she stacked her pillows, climbed into bed and settled back for a chat.

"I hope," Rose began, "that you're really pleased about it. Because mother isn't. She's terribly unhappy. Do you suppose it's because she thinks I've—well, sort of deserted her, in not going on and being a lawyer—and all that?"

"Oh, perhaps," said Portia, indifferently. "I wouldn't worry about that, though. Because really, child, you had no more chance of growing up to be a lawyer and a leader of the 'cause' than I have of getting to be a brigadier-general."

Rose stopped brushing her hair and demanded to be told why not. She had been getting on all right up to now, hadn't she?

"Why, just think," said Portia, "what mother herself had gone through when she was your age; put herself through college because her father didn't believe in 'higher education'—practically disowned her. She'd taught six months in that awful school—remember? She was used to being abused and ridiculed. And she was working hard enough to have killed a camel. But you!—Why, you lamb, you never really had to do anything in your life. If you felt like it, all right—and equally all right if

you didn't. You've never been hurt—never even been frightened. You wouldn't know what they felt like. And the result is . . ."

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# Temperance Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union)

**THIS FROM "COLLIERS'".**  
In a few years the statisticians ought to have some curves showing what no booze really means to our big cities. Under decent and good government the results are startlingly similar. For example, here are Seattle and Birmingham in opposite corners of the United States, different in almost every detail of racial make-up, business interests, etc., but both telling the same "dry" tale. About one-half as many arrests, fewer murders and suicides, but more bank clearings, less fire and more building, increased trade and emptied jails—such are a few of the items. The drug problem is easier because whisky hasn't done any subsoil poisoning for it. These facts, and more like 'em, are noted by such papers as the Manufacturers' Record and by keen business men who wonder now why on earth they ever thought prohibition would hurt business. (Probably they had read it in the liquor ads!) The same sense is tiresome except to those who like to note social progress, and to the sometimes wonder drearily how long it will be before their homes, too, are in out of the wet.

**WHICH SHALL WE BELIEVE?**  
The liquor interests continue to send broadcast false statements concerning conditions in dry states. This is one of them:  
"In Colorado 55,000 were rendered jobless by prohibition; they gutted the labor market; industrial conditions became chaotic; wages were reduced; thousands were thrown on public charity."

The Colorado state labor commissioner, Mr. Alex Swanson, thus replies:  
"Prohibition did not make 55,000 jobless. When the 2,000 Colorado saloons closed some 10,000 persons were affected. This number included bartenders, porters, waiters, brewery workers, etc. They were quickly assimilated in other lines. There was no glutting of the labor market. Our great trouble has been to get men enough for the jobs. Wages have not been going up. Thousands were not thrown upon public charity. Perhaps a few saloon hangers-on were, who would not work anyway. You will always find such in any town. There are more demands for men to fill the jobs since prohibition than there are men to fill the jobs."

**LADIES! Send Me 10c** and I will send you a box of "IT" white shoe cleaner in stick form. It cleans and shines shoes, rubs out stains, whitens and brightens. Write at once for full information and name of member, National Fertilizer Co., 508 Ross St., Pittsburgh, Penna.

**FERTILIZERS FROM MUNICIPAL WASTE**  
Waste from cities and towns such as Manure, Night Soil, Street Sweepings, and Garbage, which are rich in Nitrogen and Potash will be turned into Fertilizer. Farmers take advantage to obtain your needs in Fertilizer at small cost to you. \$10.00 will get you membership in organization now forming to supply fertilizer to you at cost, delivered to your home station free. Write at once for full information and name of member, National Fertilizer Co., 508 Ross St., Pittsburgh, Penna.

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**There is always room at the top, for fate is continually taking a little bit off the top.**

**SOFT, CLEAR SKINS**  
Made So by Daily Use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment—Trial Free.

The last thing at night and the first in the morning, bathe the face freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water. If there are pimples or dandruff smear them with Cuticura Ointment before bathing. Nothing better than Cuticura for daily toilet preparations.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

It's astonishing how fast a street car goes when you are running to catch it.

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic**  
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

**Quid Pro Quo.**  
"It's a raw deal I got from you."  
"Well, ain't you giving me a roast?"  
—Baltimore American.

**Too Much Noise.**  
"Why did they expel Mr. Crow from the Ariel club?"  
"Oh, for caws!"

**Their Predicament.**  
"It seems that the people in nations on short rations are not following the usual order."  
"What is that?"  
"They are whining but not dining."

**She's Found a Place to Start.**  
"Now that we are at war we shall have to practice rigid economy."  
"All right, my dear, I looked at your last year's hat this morning and I am sure it will do again for this summer."

**A Babylonian Epic.**  
In the midst of it all, a man in Philadelphia, a professor, is calmly translating a Babylonian epic. He has before him certain tablets which were buried in Mesopotamian ground thousands of years ago, upon which, in the time of Abraham, certain queer cone-shaped characters were inscribed. Not many years ago the key to these characters was discovered, in the form of an inscription in two languages, one of which was known, and the meaning of the queer characters slowly emerged. The Philadelphia professor has discovered that the tablets bear an epic poem. He is translating the epic and finds it to be the story of the way in which a half-barbarous chieftain, named Enkidu, was redeemed from a career of tyranny and violence by the love of a woman. And day after day, while the papers are full of woes and wickedness, and the drums of war beat on the streets, indifferent to all the uproar this patient man goes on translating into good English the poem of Enkidu and his love.

**CRIME AND ALCOHOL.**  
In granting probation to offenders, California courts require that the defendant shall, during the probationary period, "absolutely and totally refrain and desist from the use of intoxicating liquors in any form." If this provision could come before the man committed crime, would it not act as a preventive?

**LIQUOR GETS NO JOBS.**  
No man ever held a job because of his capacity to use liquor, and no man was ever given one because he was fond of John Barleycorn. Workers will have to realize this, and their realization of it will be for their betterment. —California Liberator.

**DRINK.**  
No reputable life-insurance company considers the drinking man a good risk. The expectation of life for a young man of twenty addicted to drink is 16 years, while that for an abstainer at the same age is 44 years.—Rev. L. A. Crandall, Baptist, Minneapolis.

**NEW SLOGAN.**  
"Beer and whisky,  
They're a curse;  
We drink water,  
Safety first."

**THE NATION'S GOING DRY.**  
There are now 25 prohibition states. The District of Columbia is dry by act of congress. Alaska is dry by a 2 to 1 vote of the people ratified by congress. Including the dry territory in wet states, more than 87 per cent of the area of the United States and more than 60 per cent of the population are under prohibition.

Eight states are in submission campaigns. At least two of these will vote on the question in November of this year, the others in 1918. Ohio is in a wet and dry fight.

**NO REASONABLE USE.**  
"Because some men use liquors unwisely is no reason all men should be denied their reasonable use," says an anti-prohibition journal.

According to the findings of science there is no reasonable use of alcoholic beverages. The laboratories have settled that question.

**NEW PACKING PLANT.**  
Macon, in prohibition Georgia, has a new million-dollar packing plant. The property of a former brewing company is utilized in the new enterprise.

**For Horses**  
Horsemen agree that Yager's Liniment is the best and most economical lin