

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

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THE BIG STEP

Most romantic fiction ends with the hero and heroine about to marry and "live happy ever after." The author of this unusual serial begins his story with marriage and carries the romance for a period of several years into the realm of "double harness." Taking a couple from the well-to-do scale of the Middle West social scheme, Mr. Webster uses them to bring out some of the important problems confronting a great many young men and women who enter the bonds of matrimony in these days of equal suffrage, of women who'd rather work downtown than stay at home, and of new complications in the business of raising a family. "The Real Adventure" is thoroughly alive with action. You will enjoy the story not only for its romance but for the element in it that will make you think—and ponder the intimate happenings in your own family and in the families of your neighbors.

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Beginning an Adventure.

"Indeed," continued the professor, glancing down at his notes, "if one were the editor of a column of—er—advice to young girls, one might crystallize the remarks I have been making this morning into a warning—never marry a man with a passion for principles."

It got a laugh, of course. Professorial jokes always do. But the girl didn't laugh. She came to with a start—and was staring out the window—and wrote, apparently, the fool thing down in her notebook. It was the only note she had made in thirty-five minutes.

All of this brilliant exposition of the paradox of Rousseau and Robespierre (he was giving a course on the French revolution), the strange and yet inevitable fact that the softest, most sentimental, rose-scented religion ever invented, should have produced, through its most thoroughly infatuated disciple, the ghastliest reign of terror that ever shocked the world; his masterly character study of the "sea-green incurable," too humane to swat a fly, yet capable of sending half of France to the guillotine in order that the half that was left might believe unanimously in the rights of man—all this the girl had let go by unheard, in favor, apparently, of the drone of a street piano, which came in through the open window on the wings of a prematurely warm March wind. Of all his philosophizing, there was not a pen-track to mar the virginity of the page she had opened her notebook to when the lecture began.

And then, with a perfectly serious face, she had written down his silly little joke about advice to young girls.

There was no reason in the world for his paying any special attention to her; it annoyed him frightfully that he did.

She was good-looking, of course—a rather boyish splendid young creature of somewhere about twenty, with a heap of chestnut hair that had a sort of electric vitality about it. She had a strong chin, with a slight forward thrust, good straight-looking, expressive eyes, and a big, wide, really beautiful mouth, with square white teeth in it, which, when she smiled, exerted a sort of hypnotic effect on him. All that, however, left unexplained the quality she had of making you, whatever she did, irresistibly aware of her. And, conversely, unaware of everyone else about her.

Her name was Rosalind Stanton, but his impression was that they called her Rose.

The bell rang out in the corridor. He dismissed the class and began stacking up his notes. Then, "Miss Stanton," he said.

She detached herself from the stream that was moving toward the door and, with a good-humored look of inquiry about her very expressive eyebrows, came toward him.

"This is an idiotic question," he said as she paused before his desk, "but did you get anything at all out of my lecture except my bit of facetious advice to young girls about to marry?"

She flushed a little (a girl like that hadn't any right to blush; it ought to be against the college regulations), drew her brows together in a puzzled sort of way, and then, with her wide, boyish, good-humored mouth, she smiled. "I didn't know it was facetious," she said. "It struck me as pretty good. But—I'm awfully sorry if you thought me inattentive. You see, mother brought us up on the "Social Contract" and the "Age of Reason," such things, and I didn't put it down because..."

"I see," he said. "I beg your pardon."

She smiled, perfectly cheerfully begged his pardon, and assured him she'd try to do better.

Another girl who had been waiting to speak to the professor, perceiving that their conversation was at an end, came and stood beside her at the desk—a scrawny girl with an eager voice, and a question she wanted to ask about Robespierre; and for some reason or other, Rosalind Stanton's valetude smile seemed to include a consciousness of this other girl—a consciousness of a contrast. It might not have been any more than that, but somehow it left the professor feeling that he had given himself away.

There is nothing cloistered about the University of Chicago except its architecture. As she went out Rose felt that the presence of a fat abbot or a lady prioress in the corridor outside the recitation-room would have fitted in admirably with the look of the warm gray walls and the carved pointed arches of the window and door casements, the blackened oak of the doors themselves.

She wasn't fully conscious of it on this March morning, but something had happened that made a difference. If she'd been ascending an imperceptible gradient for the past months, today she had come to a recognizable step up and taken it. Oddly enough, the thing had happened back there in the class-room as she stood before the professor's desk and caught his eye wavering between herself and the scrawny girl who wanted to ask a question about Robespierre. There had been more than blank, helpless exasperation in that look of his, and it had taught her something. She couldn't have explained what.

She went swinging alone, her shoulders back, confronting the warm March wind, drawing long breaths into her good deep chest. She had just had, psychically speaking, a birthday.

She played a wonderful game of basketball that afternoon, and it was after five o'clock when, at the conclusion of the game and a cold shower, a rub, and a somewhat casual resumption of her clothes, she emerged from the gymnasium. High time that she took the quickest way of getting home, unless she wanted to be late for dinner.

But the exhilaration of the day persisted. She felt like doing something out of the regular routine. Even a preliminary walk of a mile or so before she should cross over and take the elevated, would serve to satisfy her mild hunger for adventure.

So, with her notebooks under her arm and her sweater-jacket unfastened, at a good four-mile swing she started north. In the purlieus of the university she was frequently hailed by friends of her own sex or the other. But though she waved cheerful responses to their greetings, she made her stride purposeful enough to discourage offers of company. They all seemed young to her today. All her student activities seemed young. As if, somehow, she had outgrown them. The feeling was none the less real after she had laughed at herself for entertaining it.

She noticed presently that it was a good deal darker than it had any right to be at this hour, and the sudden fall of the breeze and a persistent shimmer of lightning supplied her with the explanation. When she reached Forty-seventh street, the break of the storm was obviously a matter of minutes, so she decided to ride across to the elevated—it was another mile, perhaps—rather than to walk across as she had meant to do.

She found quite a group of people waiting on the corner for a car, and the car itself, when it came along, was crowded. So she handed her nickel to the conductor over somebody's shoulders, and moved back to the corner of the vestibule, which did very well until the next stop, where half a dozen more prospective passengers were waiting. They were in a hurry, too, since it had begun in very downright fashion to rain.

The conductor had been chanting, "Up in the car, please!" in a per-

functory cry all along. But at this crisis his voice got a new urgency. "Come on now," he proclaimed, "you'll have to get inside!"

From the steps the new arrivals pushed, the conductor pushed, and the sheeplike docility of an American crowd helped him. Regretfully, with the rest, Rose made her way to the door.

"Fare, please!" he said sharply as she came along.

She told him she had paid her fare; but for some reason he elected not to believe her.

"When did you pay?" he demanded. "A block back," she said, "when all those other people got on."

"You didn't pay it to me," he said truculently. "Come along! Pay your fare or get off the car!"

"I paid it once," she said quietly, "and I'm not going to pay it again."

With that she started forward toward the door.

He reached out across his little rail and caught her by the arm. It was a natural act enough—not polite, to be sure, by no means chivalrous.

But it had a surprising result. The first thing he knew he found both wrists pinned in the grip of two hands; found himself staring stupidly into a pair of great blazing blue eyes—it's a wrathful color, blue, when you light it up—and listening, uncomprehendingly, to a voice that said, "Don't dare touch me like that!"

The episode might have ended right there, for the conductor's consternation was complete. But her notebooks were scattered everywhere and had to be gathered up, and there were two or three of the passengers who thought the situation was funny, and laughed, which didn't improve the conductor's temper.

Rose was aware, as she gathered up her notebooks, of another hand that was helping her—a gloved masculine hand. She took the books it held out to her as she straightened up, and said, "Thank you," but without looking around for the face that went with it. The conductor had jerked the bell while she was collecting her notebooks, and the car was grinding down to a stop.

"You pay your fare!" he repeated, "or you get off the car right here!"

"Right here!" was in the middle of what looked like a lake, and the rain was pouring down with a roar. Before she could answer a voice spoke—a voice which, with intuitive certainty, she associated with the gloved hand that had helped gather up her notebooks—a very crisp, finely modulated voice.

"That's perfectly outrageous," it said. "The young lady has paid her fare."

"Did you see her pay it?" demanded the conductor.

"Naturally not," said the voice: "I got on at the last corner. She was here then. But if she said she did, she did."

It seemed to relieve the conductor to have someone of his own sex to quarrel with. He delivered a stream of admonition somewhat sulphureously phrased, to the general effect that any one whose concern the present affair was not, could, at his option, close his jaw or have his block knocked off.

Rose became aware that inside a shaggy gray sleeve which hung beside her, there was a sudden tension of big muscles; the gloved hand which had helped gather up her notebooks clenched itself into a formidable fist. She spoke quickly and decisively: "I won't pay another fare; but, of course, you may put me off the car."

"All right," said the conductor.

The girl smiled over the very gingerly way in which he reached out for her elbow to guide her around the rail and toward the step. Technically, the action constituted putting her off the car. She heard the crisp voice once more, this time repeating a number—"twenty-two-ought-five," or something like that—just as she splashed down into the two-inch lake that covered the hollow in the pavement. The bell rang twice, the car started with a jerk, there was another splash, and a big, gray-clad figure alighted in the lake beside her.

"I've got his number," the crisp voice said triumphantly.

"But," gasped the girl, "but what in the world did you get off the car for?"

It wasn't raining. It was doing an imitation of Niagara Falls, and the roar of it almost drowned their voices.

"What did I get off the car for?" he shouted. "Why, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was immense! It's so confounded seldom," he went on, "that you find anybody with backbone enough to stick up for a principle..."

He heard a brief, deep-throated laugh and pulled up short with a "What's the joke?"

"I laughed," she said, "because you have been deceived." And she added quickly, "I don't believe it's quite so deep on the sidewalk, is it?" With that she waded away toward the curb.

He followed, then led the way to a lee wall that offered, comparatively speaking, shelter. Then, "Where's the deception?" he asked.

On any other day, it's probable she'd have acted differently—would have paid some heed, though a bit contemptuously, perhaps, to the precepts of ladylike behavior, in which she'd been admirably grounded. Today being today, she resigned ladylike considerations to the inventor of them, and gave instinct his head.

She laughed again as she answered his question: "The deception was that I pretended to do it from principle. The real reason why I shouldn't pay another fare is that I only had one more nickel. It's only about half a mile to the station, but from there home it's ten. So you see I'd rather walk this than that."

"But that's dreadful!" he cried. "Isn't there... Couldn't you let me..."

"Oh," she said, "it isn't as bad as that. It's just one of the silly things that happen to you sometimes, you know. I paid my subscription to The Maroon..." She didn't laugh audibly, but without seeing her face he knew she smiled, the quality of her voice enriching itself somehow...

"And I ate a bigger lunch than usual, and that brought me down to ten cents."

"You will make a complaint about that, won't you?" he urged. "Even if it wasn't on principle that you refused to pay another fare? And let me back you up in it, I've his number, you know."

"I paid it once," she said quietly, "and I'm not going to pay it again."

door opened—a voice with a crisp ring to it that sounded always younger than his years. What they heard the butler say to him was disconcerting.

"You're terribly wet, sir!"

Frederica turned on her husband a look of despair. "He's walked through that rain! Do run down and send him up to me. I can imagine how he'll look!"

She was mistaken about that, though. For once Frederica had over-estimated her powers, stimulated though they were by the way she heard her husband say:

"Praise heaven you can wear my clothes. Run along upstairs and break yourself gently to Fredly."

She heard him come squinting up the stairs and along the hall, and then in her doorway she saw him. His baggy gray tweed suit was dark with water and toned down by a liberal stipple of mud spatters. Both his side pockets had been, apparently, strained to the utmost to accommodate what looked like a bunch of pasteboard-bound notebooks, now far on the way to their original pulp, and lopped dependently outward. A melancholy pool had already begun forming about his feet. His face, above the dismal wreck, beamed good-humored, innocent affection at her. It was a big-featured, strong, rosy face, and the unmistakable intellectual power of it, which became apparent the moment he got his faculties into action, had a trick of hiding, at other times, behind a mere robust simplicity.

"Good gracious!" he said. "I didn't know you were going to have a party. I thought it would just be the family. So instead of dressing, I thought I'd walk. And then it came on to rain, so I took a street car—and got put off. And here I am."

"Yes, here you are," said Frederica. "Don't be impossible, Rod. Don't you even know whose birthday party this is?"

He looked at her, frowned, then laughed. He had a great, big laugh. "I thought it was one of the kids," he said.

"Well, it isn't," she told him. "It's yours. And the people we're having were asked to meet you. And you've got just about seven minutes to get into Martin's other dress suit. I'll send Walters to lay it out."

Then in the Doorway She Saw Him.

I haven't the least doubt you could have thrown him off the car. But I'd—really like it very much if you would let me walk along with you."

"Why," she said, "of course. I'd like it, too. Come along!"



Then in the Doorway She Saw Him. I haven't the least doubt you could have thrown him off the car. But I'd—really like it very much if you would let me walk along with you."

CHAPTER II.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MOLDS THAT FIT THE FEET

Invention of Shoemaker Expert Enables Even the Badly Afflicted to Walk With Ease.

Work of truly remarkable character is being done by a shoemaker—an orthopedic expert—of New York, in the fitting of shoes to those who find difficulty in walking in ordinary footwear, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. For ordinary cases a series of "inner foot molds" has been prepared, in sizes to fit various feet. These resemble ordinary insoles in general appearance, but the upper surfaces are uneven, having indentations and projections that insure a contact anatomically perfect for the soles of the feet. The edges are curved slightly upward. When molds are found in which the feet rest in comfort, supporting the weight of the body in perfect balance, these molds are worn inside shoes of a suitable size. The feet then rest on a sort of cup-shaped cushion and are kept from pressing unevenly against hard, flat surfaces such as are found in ordinary shoes: In footwear thus fitted, the weight of the body is equally distributed to the parts of the feet best able to sustain it, all of the foot surface being used. A normal condition for the feet is thus made possible, and the bones, muscles and ligaments are permitted to move naturally. Some extraordinary cases have also been successfully fitted with footwear after walking had become a burden or a seeming impossibility.

Glass and Razor as Diet.

Were it not for the fact that glass and hardware have taken such leaps in prices Charles Cooper, a big colored fellow of Spokane, Wash., would have the high cost of living eliminated from life's worries, says the Spokane Chronicle.

Cooper was arrested for larceny and while confined in jail heard that his sweetheart had gone back on him. He thereupon smashed up a jelly glass and ate it. The county doctor set the date for his death as the glass slowly ground into him. But Charles only had a bad stomachache. Later he ate a hatpin, some safety pins and other pieces of metal, according to the disclosures of the X-ray.

Now he is out of jail and on his honeymoon trip.

After it seemed that Cooper had become reconciled to a diet of bread and potatoes he suddenly became ravenous one day and ate a safety razor blade, broken in small pieces. The doctor told the coroner to be ready, but Cooper fooled him again and was reduced once more to meat and spuds and hardtack.

Multiplicity of Roles.

"There goes a broken-down actor." "Has he played many parts?" "Oh, yes. In his barnstorming days he was the mob in 'Julius Caesar.'

The Message from Golgotha

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE
Of the Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

Some time ago there was exhibited in the city of Chicago a large picture called "Golgotha." It was a representation of the scene when Jesus and the two thieves were crucified, in the midst of "the crowd and rising from the brow of the hill there were to be seen the three crosses upon which were the forms of those crucified. The wooden crosses have long since fallen into decay, but the messages given from them are still to be heard.

The Center Cross.

From the center cross there comes the message that provision has been made for the taking away of man's sin. This provision has been made by God alone. He needed no assistance from man. The prophet has said that it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he has put him to grief (Isaiah 53:10). Peter has declared that our Lord was delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God (Acts 2:23). And Paul has declared "God commended his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Romans 5:8). It will be seen that this provision has been made by God through sacrifice, for Jesus was the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world (John 1:29). He was the fulfillment of the types of the Old Testament. The coat of skins wherewith Adam was clothed, the blood of the lamb which protected the people in Egypt on the Passover night, the offerings of blood of Leviticus, and all the slain beasts offered in sacrifice, point to the fundamental truth that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission" (Hebrews 9:22). Not only is this provision made by God alone and by sacrifice, but it is made by the sacrifice of a substitute. Long before Christ came, the prophet had declared that "he was to be wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. All we like sheep have gone astray and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53:5, 6). And when at last that substitute came, Peter declared that "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (I Peter 2:24). This one upon the center cross is there in man's place, standing in man's stead, the substitute to whom is charged all of man's sin; the sacrifice, blotting out by his own blood, the iniquity of man. This one is God's provision for the taking away of man's transgression.

The Second Cross.

The second cross brings us a message of salvation received. It speaks to us first of all of a realization of the need for a substitute, and also conviction of sin. When the thief cried, "Lord remember me," he was voicing the plea of the publican, "God be merciful to the sinner." This is followed by faith in him. It is one thing to have faith, it is another to have faith in the proper object. Faith indeed saves us, but it is faith in Christ alone. One may have good faith in a bank, and yet lose his money, not because there was anything wrong with the faith, but because there was something wrong with the object of the faith. One may have good faith in many things and lose his soul, not because there is anything wrong with the faith, but because that faith has not been centered in the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone is God's provision for man's sin. This dying thief could not come down from the cross and go back over his record and undo the things which he had done. He could not make restitution; he could not blot out his record, nor was he given time to come from the cross and live a good and upright life, but if he were saved at all, he had to be saved by what Christ did and not by anything which he could do added to what Christ had done.

The Third Cross.

The message from the third cross speaks of the insanity of sin. There is a story told of a young man who had committed a crime for which he was tried and found guilty and sentenced to a penitentiary. After he had been placed in the prison, his mother, at the expense of a great deal of time and care, and with many tears, finally succeeded in securing for him pardon from the governor of the state. With joyous heart, feeling well repaid for the long weeks of ceaseless effort, he went to the penitentiary bearing the precious pardon which would liberate her boy. When at last she stood in his presence with tears of joy in her eyes, she handed to her boy his pardon. Instead of being grateful, and instead of accepting and making use of the pardon, the boy deliberately tore it into pieces, throwing it upon the floor, and stamped upon it with disdain. It is thus that the sinner who rejects God's proffered salvation, treats what God has to offer. It is the insanity of sin leading on to suicide of the soul. All one has to do to commit soul suicide is to reject the provision made by God upon the middle cross.

Most Famous Nicknames.

Of all American nicknames the most famous is "Stonewall." Not more than one person in ten knows what Jackson's real name was. The general did just the reverse of Stephen Grover Cleveland, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Isaac Wayne MacVeagh and others who cut off one of their names. Jackson added one to his when he grew to manhood; but nobody calls him by either of them. It is always "Stonewall."

BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

WOMAN TELLS HOW \$5 WORTH of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.

Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends saw me and she advised me to take Pinkham's Compound. E. Pinkham's Compound is the only reliable Compound and to use Pinkham's Compound, Wash. I began using your Compound and took \$5 worth and in two weeks was a well woman."

after three doctors said I never stand up straight again. I was a wife for seven years and I recommend the Vegetable Compound to every man to take before birth and onwards, and they all got along well. That it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write me I will be delighted to answer them. —Mrs. JENNIE MEYER, 342 E. North Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from faintness, weakness, irregular menstruation, nervousness, headache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of roots and herbs contained in Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kill All Flies!

They are the most annoying and dangerous insects. They breed and breed and breed. Kill them with the best of them. **Daily Fly Killer.** It kills all flies, gnats, mosquitoes, and other pests. **Harold Bomers, 150 De Kald Ave., Birmingham, Ala.**



She Went Swinging Along, Alone.

Takes a Back Seat Then. "They say he is an authority subject."

"He is until he talks to his wife."

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed, relieved over night by Roman Eye Liner. One trial proves its merit. Ad.

Almost the Same. "You're crazy about George, aren't you, sis?" "Huh! Mother says I'm crazy. I've never had him about."

CUTICURA STOPS ITCHING

Instantly in Most Cases—Write for Free Sample.

Cuticura is wonderfully effective. The Soap to cleanse and purify. Ointment to soothe and heal. Lotion to relieve itching, burning skin and rashes. Besides these special emollients if used daily prevent skin troubles becoming serious. Free sample each by mail with directions. Address: Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston. Sold everywhere.

In No Position to Learn

"What is the latest news?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Boston. "The newspapers are all sore, and Henrietta has quit tea."

The Winner.

"You seem to be pretty well with Jinks, the broker. Does he give you any tips on the market?" "Oh, yes; lots of them." "Have you made any money out of tips?" "No, not exactly; but I've lost my lot by not playing them."

Arras Before the War.

Tapestries are no longer woven in Arras, but the city was a thriving industrial community at the outbreak of the war, its chief articles of manufacture being hosiery, ironware, and carpets, beet sugar and agricultural implements.

In the Petite place and the Grande place Arras boasts some curious architectural relics of the period of its occupation in the seventeenth century—houses of heavy stone whose stories project beyond the walls and are supported by iron beams, which form arcades over the walks. Beneath the streets are cellars or magazines which were originally quarries. The Hotel de la Ville is an interesting sixteenth century building with a bell tower 245 feet high in which hangs a great clock called "Joyeuse."

Economy Flavor Nutrition

Grape-Nuts FOOD

FOR Breakfast Lunch or Supper

Grape-Nuts is a cereal made from raisins. It is a good source of nutrition and is easy to digest. It is available in various flavors and is suitable for breakfast, lunch, or supper.