

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"You won't even give me the poor satisfaction of knowing what you're doing," he said. "I'd love to," she said, "to be able to write to you, hear from you every day. But I don't believe you want to know. I think it would be too hard for you. Because you'd have to promise not to try to get me back—not to come and rescue me if I got into trouble and things went badly and I didn't know where to turn. Could you promise that, Roddy?"

ROSE ALDRICH LEAVES HER HUSBAND AND THE TWINS AND GOES FORTH INTO THE UNKNOWN WORLD TO MAKE A LIVING AND LEARN LIFE'S VALUES

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton, a young woman living in modest circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich and for more than a year lives in luxury and laziness. This life disgusts her. She plans to do something useful, but feels that the profession of motherhood is big enough for any woman, and looks forward eagerly to the birth of her baby. She has twins, however, and their care is taken entirely out of her hands by a professional nurse. Intense dissatisfaction with the useless life of luxury returns to Rose. She determines to go out and earn her living; to make good on her own hook. She and her dotting husband have some bitter scenes over the wife's "whim." What she goes and does is described in this installment.

out upon from her grimy window, the difference between it and that which she had been wont to contemplate through Florence McCrean's exquisitely loaded casements was simply planetary. And yet, queerly enough, in terms of literal lineal measurement, the distance between the windows themselves was less than a thousand yards. And, such is the enormous social and spiritual distance between North Clark street and The Drive, she was as safely hidden here, as completely out of the orbit of any of her friends, or even of her friends' servants, as she could have been in New York or San Francisco.

lived a porter to carry her bag into the waiting room. There she tipped the porter, picked up the bag herself, and walked out the other door; crossed over to Clark street and took a street car. At Chicago avenue she got off, and walked north, keeping her eyes open for placards advertising rooms to let. It was at the end of about half a mile that she found the hatched-faced landlady, paid her three dollars, and locked her door, as a symbol, perhaps, of the bigger, heavier door that she had locked upon her past life.

Strongest among all the welter of emotions boiling up within her, was a perfectly enormous relief. The thing which, when she had first faced it as the only thoroughfare to the real life she so passionately wanted, had seemed such a veritable nightmare, was an accomplished fact. The week of acute agony she had lived through while she was forcing her sudden resolution upon Rodney had been all but unendurable with the enforced contemplation of the moment of parting which they brought so relentlessly nearer. There had been a terror, too, lest when the moment actually came, she couldn't do it. Well, and now it had come and gone! The surgery of the thing was over.

Rose dusted the mirror with a towel—a reckless act, as she saw for herself, when she discovered she was going to have to use that towel for a week—and took an appraising look at herself. Then she nodded confidently—there was nothing the matter with her looks—and resumed her ulster, her rubbers, and her umbrella, for it was the kind of December day which called for all three. Then, glowingly conscious that she was saving a nickel by so doing, she set off downtown afoot to get a job. She meant to get it that very afternoon. And, partly because she meant to so very definitely, she did.

On the last Sunday before Rose went away she had studied the dramatic section of the morning paper with a good deal of care, and was rewarded by finding among the news notes an item referring to a new musical comedy which was to be produced at the Globe theater immediately after the Christmas holidays. "The Girl Up-Stairs" was the title of it. It was spoken of as one of the regular Globe productions, so it was probable Jimmy Wallace's experience with the production of an earlier number in the series would at least give her something to go by.

Granted that she was going to be a chorus girl for a while, she could hardly find a better place than one of the Globe productions to be a chorus girl in. According to Jimmy, it was a decent enough little place, and yet it possessed the advantage of being, spiritually, as well as actually, west of Clark street. Rodney's friends were less likely to go there, and so have a chance of recognizing her, than to any other theater in the city.



He Was Counting Aloud the Bars of the Music.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR JULY 22

SENNACHERIB IN DAYS OF JUDAH.

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 19:20-22, 28-37. GOLDEN TEXT—God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Psa. 46:1.

Last week's lesson was a great picture of the reform of the nation. Today we have another picture which needs to be carefully put before the children. It is a national picture of a ruler and the invasion of his country. In reality it reveals the principles which are the same today, and which affect the lives of boys and girls as well as men; the dangers, temptations, the need of prayer, the need of a life of faith in God, the care of a heavenly father, deliverance and victory. It is a great thing for any nation or any individual to have such a marvelous experience of God's salvation. It occurred probably B. C. 701, the latter part of Hezekiah's reign. Assyria on the north was enlarging its borders and seeking to overcome Judea. Read parallel accounts in II Kings 18; II Chron. 32 and Isa. 36:37. We have on the Taylor cylinder an account by Sennacherib of the victory over Hezekiah, found in Nineveh in 1850 and now in the British Museum.

Rose Aldrich's luck in hunting a job in the chorus of a musical comedy and what happens afterward is described with thrilling emphasis in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SINGING CALLED LOST ART

It Is Now Confined Chiefly to Professionals, Drunks and Phonographs, Says Writer.

Singing, as far as most people are concerned, is a lost art. Thousands attend operas, recitals and musical comedies, tens of thousands wind up phonographs; but as for singing themselves informally at their work or play they have forgotten how. In times past people of all ranks sang together as a matter of course. Sailors sang at their work, peasants, shepherds, cowboys—all had their favorite and appropriate songs. The songs of children are in the collected ballads and folklore of many peoples, says the Indianapolis News.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The First Day.

With her umbrella over her shoulder, Rose set sail northward again through the rain, absurdly cheered. The entrance to the North End hall was a pair of white painted doors

How Germans Affect

It has frequently been stated that the German troops are forming an even in the line of gun and shell fire, a policy of suicidal under conditions of warfare. A Dutch army has been an observer and states that this is not an exaggeration of a mass attack composed of successive waves of infantry. The rear wave closes formation to brighten a mass attack, strictly in the German charge in which the weak spot in the line is

Wright's Indian Vegetable

"cool" product, but a good, old-fashioned remedy for regulating the stomach and the bowels. Get a box and be

Ontario in 1908

"De Sapp has a... It's not surprising... blockhead."

When Your Eyes

Try Murine Eye... No Stinging... MURINE EYE