

THE REAL ADVENTURE

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Copyright 1916, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

ROSE STANTON ALDRICH MAKES AN OPPORTUNITY FOR HERSELF DURING REHEARSALS OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY IN WHICH SHE IS TO BE A CHORUS GIRL AND FINDS HAPPINESS

Synopsis.—Rose Stanton, of moderate circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich, on short acquaintance, and for more than a year lives in idleness and luxury in Chicago. The life falls on her, she longs to do something useful, but decides that motherhood will be a big enough job. She has twins, however, and they are put into the care of a professional nurse. Rose again becomes intensely dissatisfied with idleness, so over the violent protest of her doting husband she disappears into the business world to make good on her own initiative, gets a job in the chorus of a musical comedy in rehearsal and lives under an assumed name in a cheap rooming house. She is well liked by the show producer because of her intelligent efforts and he commissions her to help costume the chorus. Her fashionable friends think she has gone to California on a long visit.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Rose, arriving promptly at the hour agreed upon, had a wait of fifteen minutes before any of her sisters of the sextette or Mrs. Goldsmith arrived. "I don't want anything just now," she told the saleswoman. But she hadn't, in these few weeks of Clark street, lost her air of one who will buy if she sees anything worth buying. In fact, the saleswoman thought, correctly, that she knew her, and showed her the few really smart things they had in the store—a Poirot evening gown, a couple of afternoon frocks from Jennie. There wasn't much, she admitted, it being just between seasons.

The rest of the sextette arrived in a pair and a trio. One of them squealed "Hello, Dane!" The saleswoman was shocked on seeing Rose nod an acknowledgment of this greeting, and just about that time they heard Mrs. Goldsmith explaining who she was and the nature of her errand to the manager.

The sort of gowns she presently began explaining over with delight, and ordering put into the heap of possibilities, were horrible enough to have drawn a protest from the wax figures in the windows. The more completely the fundamental lines of a frock were disguised with sartorial scroll-work, the more successful this lady felt it to be. An ornament, to Mrs. Goldsmith, did not live up to its possibilities, unless it in turn was decorated with ornaments of its own; like the fleas on the fleas of the dog. Rose spent a miserable half-hour worrying over these selections of the wife of the principal owner of the show, feeling she ought to put up some sort of fight and hardly deterred by the patent fatality of such a course. All the while she kept one eye on the door and prayed for the arrival of John Galbraith.

He came in just as Mrs. Goldsmith finished her task—just when, by a process of studious elimination, every possible thing in the store had been discarded and the twelve most utterly hopeless ones—two for each girl—laid aside for purchase. The girls were dispatched to put on the evening frocks first, and were then paraded before the director.

He was a diplomat and he was quick on his feet. Rose, watching his face very closely, thought that for just a split second she caught a gleam of ineffable horror. But it was gone so quickly she could almost have believed that she had been mistaken. He didn't say much about the costumes, but he said it so promptly and adequately that Mrs. Goldsmith beamed with pride. She sent the girls away to put on the other set—the afternoon frocks; and once more the director's approbation, though laconic, was one hundred per cent pure.

"That's all," he said in sudden dismissal of the sextette. "Rehearsal at eight-thirty."

Five of them scurried like children let out of school around behind the set of screens that made an extemporaneous dressing room, and began changing in a mad scramble, hoping to get away and to get their dinners eaten soon enough to enable them to see the whole bill at a movie show before the evening's rehearsal.

But Rose remained hanging about, a couple of paces away from where Galbraith was talking to Mrs. Goldsmith. The only question that remained, he was telling her, was whether her selections were not too—well, too refined, genteel, one might say, for the stage.

He wasn't looking at her as he talked, and presently, as his gaze wandered about the store, it encountered Rose's face. She hadn't prepared it for the encounter, and it wore, hardly veiled, a look of humorous appreciation. His sentence broke, then completed itself. She turned away, but the next moment he called out to her: "Were you waiting to see me, Dane?"

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," she said, "when you have time."

"All right. Go and change your clothes first," he said.

She found the other girls on the point of departure. But Edna offered to wait for her.

"The Poirot model you showed me before the others came in? I'll try it on."

The saleswoman's manner was different now, and she grumbled something about its being closing time. "Then, if you'll bring it at once . . ." said Rose. And the saleswoman went on the errand.

Five minutes later, Galbraith, from staring gloomily at the mournful heap of trouble Mrs. Goldsmith had left on his hands, looked up to confront a vision that made him gasp.

"I wanted you to see if you liked this," said Rose.

"If I like it!" he echoed. "Look here! If you knew enough to pick out things like that, why did you let that woman waste everybody's time with junk like this? Why didn't you help her out?"

"I couldn't have done much," Rose said, "even if my offering to do anything hadn't made her angry—and I think it would have. You see, she's got lots of taste, only it's bad. She wasn't bewildered a bit. She knew just what she wanted, and she got it. It's the badness of these things she likes. And I thought . . ." She hesitated a little over this. "I thought that it would be easier to throw them all out and get a fresh start."

He stared at her with a frown of curiosity. "That's good sense," he said. "But why should you bother to think of it?"

Her color came up perceptibly as she answered. "Why—I want the piece to succeed, of course . . ." Rose turned rather suddenly to the saleswoman. "I wish you'd get that little Empire frock in maize and cornflower," she said. "I'd like Mr. Galbraith to see that, too." And the saleswoman, now placated, hustled away.

"This thing that I've got on," said Rose swiftly, "costs a hundred and fifty dollars, but I know I can copy it for twenty. I can't get the materials exactly, of course, but I can come near enough."

"Will you try this one on, miss?" asked the saleswoman, coming on the scene again with the frock she had been sent for.

"No," said Rose. "Just hold it up." Galbraith admitted it was beautiful, but wasn't overwhelmed at all as he had been by the other.

"It's not quite so much your style, is it? Not divine enough?"

"It isn't for me," said Rose. "It's for Edna Larson to wear in that 'All Alone' number for the sextette."

Galbraith stared at her a moment. Then, "Put on your street things," he said brusquely. "I'll wait."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Business Proposition.

Buzzing around in the back of John Galbraith's mind was an unworded protest against the way Rose had just killed her own beauty, with a thick white veil, so nearly opaque that all it let him see of her face was an intermittent gleam of her eyes. The business between them was over, and all she was waiting for was a word of dismissal, to nod him a farewell and go swinging away down the avenue. Still he didn't speak, and she moved a little restlessly. At last:

"Do you mind crossing the street?" he asked abruptly. "Then we can talk as we walk along." She must have hesitated, because he added, "It's too cold to stand here."

"Of course," she said then. All that had made her hesitate was her surprise over his having made a request instead of giving an order.

"Do you think you'll be able to convince Mrs. Goldsmith," she asked, as they walked down the east side of the avenue together, "that her gowns don't look well on the stage?"

"Probably not," he said. "No, she won't be convinced, and if I know Goldsmith, he'll say his wife's taste is good enough for him. So if we want a change, we've a fight on our hands."

The way he had unconsciously phrased that sentence startled him a little.

"The question is," he went on, "whether they're worth making a fight about. Are they as bad as I think they are?"

"Well, I suppose," he said dubiously, "it's out of the question getting them any other way than ready made; that is, and cheaper, too."

The only sign of excitement there was in the girl's voice when she answered, was a sort of exaggerated matter-of-factness. "I could design the costumes and pick out the materials," she said, "but we'd have to get a good sewing woman—perhaps more than one—to get them done."

He wasn't greatly surprised. Perhaps the notion that she might suggest something of the sort was responsible for the tentative, dubious way in which he had said he supposed it couldn't be done.

"You've had—experience in designing gowns, have you?" Galbraith asked.

"Only for myself," she admitted. "But I know I can do that part of it. I'm not good at sewing, though—she reverted to the other part of the plan. "I'd have to have somebody awfully good, who'd do exactly what I told her."

"Oh, that can be managed," he said a little absently, and at the end of a sentence which lasted while they walked a whole block: "I was just figuring out

how to do it."

She couldn't, of course, have missed a thing as plain as that but for a complete preoccupation of thought and feeling that would have left her oblivious to almost anything that could happen to her.

The flaming vortex of thoughts, hopes, desires which enveloped her, was so intense as almost to evoke a sense of the physical presence of the subject of them—that big, powerful-minded, clean-souled husband of hers, who loved her so rapturously, and who had driven her away from him because that rapture was the only thing he would share with her.

Since she had left his house and begun this new life of hers, she had, as best she could, been fighting him out of her thoughts altogether. She had shrunk from anything that carried association of him with it. That all thoughts and memories of him must necessarily be painful, she had taken for granted.

But with this sudden lighting up of hope, she flung the closed door wide and called her husband back into her thoughts. This hard thing that she was going to do—this thing that meant sleepless nights, and feverishly active days—was an expression simply of her love for him—a sacrificial offering to be laid before the shrine of him in her heart.

Yet, the fact that Rose's heart was racing and her nerves were tingling with a newly welcomed sense of her lover's spiritual presence, did not prevent her flying along west on Randolph street and south again on the west side of State, with a very clear visualized purpose. Half an hour later she halted a passing cab and deposited in it one dressmaking form, a huge bundle of paper cambric—in black, white and washed-out blue, and her own weary but still excited and exultant self.

It was after eight o'clock when she reached her room. Rehearsal was at eight-thirty and she had had nothing to eat since noon. But she stole the time, nevertheless, to tear the wrappings off her "form" and gaze on its respectable nakedness for two or three minutes with a contemplative eye. Then, reluctantly—it was the first time she had left that room with reluctance—she turned out the light and hurried off to the little lunch room that lay on the way to the dance hall.

It was during that first rehearsal, which she so narrowly missed being late for, that she got the general schemes for both sets of costumes. She began studying the girls for their individual peculiarities of style. Each one of the costumes she made was going to be for a particular girl.

At last when a shout from Galbraith aroused her to the fact that she had missed an entrance cue altogether, in her entranced absorption in these visions of hers, and had caused that unpardonable thing, a stage wait, she resolutely clamped down the lid upon her imagination, and until they were dismissed, devoted herself to the rehearsal.

But the pressure kept mounting higher and higher, and she found herself furiously impatient to get away, back to her own private wonderland, the squallid little room down the street, that had three bolts of cam-

bric in it and a dressmaker's mannequin—the raw materials for her magic! Rose couldn't draw a bit. She hadn't the faintest impulse to make a beginning by putting a picture down on paper and making a dress from it afterward. She couldn't have told why she had bought those three shades of paper cambric.

What she had felt, of course, at the very outset, was the need of something to indicate, roughly, the darks and lights in her design. And, short of the wild extravagance of slashing into the fabrics themselves and making her mistakes at their expense, she could think of nothing better than the scheme she chose.

Rehearsal was dismissed a little early that night, and she was back in her room by eleven. Arrived there, she took off her outer clothes, sat down cross-legged on the floor, and went to work.

When at last, with a little sigh, and a tremulously smiling acknowledgment of fatigue, she got up and looked at her watch, it was four o'clock in the morning. She'd had one of those experiences of which every artist can remember a few in his life, when it is impossible for anything to go wrong; when the vision miraculously betters itself in the execution; when the only difficulty is that which the hands have in the purely mechanical operation of keeping up.

There comes into Rose's life a new crisis which means more hard work and much worry. The next installment covers important developments in the story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OFFICE BOY OBEYED ORDERS

Business Man Succeeded in Keeping Out Canvasers But He Also Kept Out His Wife.

"I'll call in a day or two's time, and perhaps you will by then have altered your mind," said the lady as she was being shown out.

Mr. Oldboy was annoyed. He had just been pestered by a canvasser, and resolved it would be the last time. Calling in the office boy, he gave him instructions accordingly. "Look here, my lad!" he said, impressively. "If a lady calls again to see me say I'm out, or, if you like, that I won't see her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"If she refuses to go tell her I'll give her in charge. I won't have anything to do with her!"

"Yes, sir," the lad replied, and withdrew.

The next day, as chance would have it, Mrs. Oldboy, who was on a shopping expedition, found herself in the vicinity of her husband's office, and decided to call in.

"Can I see Mr. Oldboy, please?"

"You can't, ma'am!" defiantly answered the lad, remembering his instructions.

"But I w—"

"He said he didn't want to see you any more." Interrupting her with this sharp retort, the lad folded his arms and stood ready for the next.

"But I can—"

"Look here, ma'am, if you don't go I'll fetch a policeman. He don't want to 'ave anything to do with you. That's what he told me, so I should go if I was you."

Mrs. Oldboy, highly indignant, left without attempting to say another word.

That night it took Mr. Oldboy exactly an hour and forty minutes to explain matters.

To Make Book Plates.

One way to make effective book plates is to have a stencil, through which you can work up the slips in water-colors. Stencils are cut from oiled stencil paper or board, but if you are going to make very many, it might be well to have a metal stencil, as the paper or cardboard will soon wear out. Look through the magazines for some appropriate design or group and trace it to your stencil paper. Cut it up into little portions, as you would a jigsaw puzzle, so that all the design is in parts, all joined by small "bridges" to each other. Cut out the design, leaving the bridges between, with a sharp knife, holding the stencil over glass or marble as you cut. When complete proceed to color through the stencil onto thin cardboard or water-color paper. A dozen or so of these book plates at a time will not be a strenuous task and the result will easily repay labor.

Luminous Eyes.

Cats among mammals, and owls among birds, says W. H. Hudson in his book "Idle Days in Patagonia," are the most highly favored of any creatures in the matter of luminous eyes. "The feline eyes, as of a puma or wildcat, blazing with wrath, sometimes affect one like an electric shock; but for intense brilliance the yellow globes of the owl are unparalleled." Mr. Hudson asserts that nature has done comparatively little for the human eye either in these terrifying splendors or in beauty. He says that in Brazil he was greatly impressed with the magnificent appearance of many of the negro women; but that if they had only possessed the "golden irides" of certain intensely black tropical birds their "unique loveliness" would have been complete.—*Outlook.*

Woman Landscape Gardener Succeeds.

Mrs. Mabel Keyes Babcock, for four years in charge of the department of horticulture and landscape architecture at Wellesley college, has been chosen to design the great formal garden which is to be a feature of the new residence of the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston, and which is to be an impressive detail of the magnificent new installation of that institution. Miss Babcock is one of the most distinguished landscape gardeners of her sex in the country, and she has done notable work in landscape effects for the Wellesley grounds, for several great estates in Chicago and also in greater Boston.

Rand gold production in 1906 was 9,235,533 ounces, against 9,063,371 ounces in 1914.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR AUGUST 5.

MANASSEH'S SIN AND REPENTANCE.

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 33:1-20. GOLDEN TEXT—Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah 55:7.

The reign of Manasseh was the longest of any of the kings of Judah. It is strange that a wicked king should have the distinction of the longest reign. This can be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that the nation was in such a state that their idolatrous corruption needed to go to its fullest development. It seems to be necessary in a world of free beings, that their actions must go to a certain stage of development. It was so with the inhabitants of Canaan before that land was possessed by Israel. Israel was kept in Egypt until the iniquity of that nation was full. In this case doubtless the Lord permitted this to go on until the idolatrous practices would become extremely obnoxious. Another reason why this is done is to show God's long forbearance, and is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance (II Peter 3:9). And finally, we can account for it on the ground that God permits these things to go on long in order to vindicate his justice when he judges. He does not strike in judgment until all hope of repentance is past.

1. Manasseh's Sin (vv. 1-9). Though he had the example of a good father, he with passionate endeavor gave himself up to the imitation of the heathen about him. This shows that grace is not inherited; a good father may have a bad son. It also teaches us that it is absolutely necessary to bring the grace of God into vital touch with our children, for that grace is absolutely essential to their salvation. Only his grace can counteract the downward pull of sin.

1. He restored the high places which had been destroyed by his father (v. 3). It is thus seen that he sought to undo the good work done by his father.

2. He erected altars to Baal (v. 3). The idols worshiped on these altars seem to have been images of licentious appearance, provoking the indulgence of the human passion. Therefore, with this worship was coupled the grossest licentiousness.

3. He introduced the star worship of the Chaldeans and Assyrians (v. 3). He even erected these altars in the house of the Lord, placing them on a level with God himself.

4. He set up Moloch in the Vale of Hinnon (v. 6). He not only encouraged this worship on the part of others, but he even caused his own children to pass through the fire.

5. He practiced magic, witchcraft, and dealt with a familiar spirit (v. 6). So gross were these practices that they did even worse than the heathen whom God had destroyed before the Children of Israel came into the land. It seems to be true always that when those who profess to worship God turn away from him, they indulge in sin in excess of the unbelievers.

6. He rejected the Lord's testimony (v. 10). Doubtless the prophets had again and again admonished him, but he seems to have turned entirely aside from such remonstrances.

7. Manasseh's Chastisement (vv. 11-13). The Lord in grace used the Assyrians to chastise Manasseh, so as to bring him to see his evil ways. He was captured, perhaps while hiding among the thicket of thorns (v. 11), bound in chains and carried to Babylon. This was most humiliating. His hands were manacled, his ankles fastened together with rings and a bar.

8. Manasseh's Repentance (vv. 12, 13). Fortunately, the chastisement had its desired effect. Manasseh was brought to his senses and turned from his evil ways. The steps in his repentance are as follows:

1. Affliction (v. 12). This was most severe. Bound with chains and dragged to Babylon. While this was severe, it was light in comparison with the sins which provoked it. Many today are groaning under the weight of God's chastisement who have not yet come to realize that the weight is light compared with the offense. Affliction is God's love token (Heb. 12:6). Its primary design is to bring men back to God.

2. Supplication (v. 12). Manasseh had the good sense to cry out to God in this condition. It is the unmistakable evidence that God's chastisement is accomplishing its purpose. We are instructed in James 5:13 in time of affliction to pray.

3. Humility (v. 12). This is a common characteristic of penitent souls. Those who come under the hand of God always recognize it in their humble walk.

4. Forgiveness (v. 13). As soon as God sees the signs of penitence, he turns in mercy to the penitent and grants absolution for sin. No one needs to wait long to receive his forgiveness.

5. His kingdom restored (v. 13). Manasseh not only was forgiven, but he was actually restored to his kingdom. Those who truly repent, God will not only forgive, but he will restore (Psa. 82:3-5).

6. Apprehension of God (v. 13). Through this experience Manasseh came to know God. He not only came to know God as the jealous God, the One who will not tolerate a rival, but he came to know him as a God of mercy. He came to know him in a new way. Happy are those who submit to the chastisement of God, who opens their hearts to receive the new revelation of himself, even though it be through the hand of chastisement.

Don't take chances this year! Buy GOOD LUCK RED RUBBER. The Full Standard Pen Company. LUCK rubbers because they won't break during disintegration use barbed, sharp or curved pens or pencils. Send 2c stamp for new book containing 100 in stamps for 1 cent. This book cannot supply you. Address: Good Luck Pen Co., Boston WOVEN ROSE & RUBBER Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Earn \$75 to \$300 a Month. Work at home in your spare time. Investigate today. Self-Denial. "Are you setting an example of idleness and self-denial, such as the 'try now demands'?" "I haven't done anything of the line of heroism," admitted Sorghum. "But I've scored in denial. I haven't made a lick of work in six weeks."

FOR PIMPLY FACES. Cuticura is Best—Samples Free. Mail to Anyone Anywhere.

Many Men Leading Double Lives. Hiding Prison Records Unearthed in New York Canvas.

UNMASKED BY WAR CENSORS. Scores of men who are leading double lives have been tripped up by the police check census, taken some time ago, of all the dwelling places in the city, says the New York Times. These men are appealing to Theodore Goodrich to know whether they were allowed to register twice, once on their "proper" names and again under the assumed names they used at their irregular establishments.

Mathematician Wasted. "I understand some big lot of shoes have spoiled," remarked Cornstossel.

Enough for Him. The Boss—Did you call on man Slocuss today? The Collector—I did. "Get anything?" "A cigar and some advice."

Fishing. "Jibway has been telling me about a famous fishing hole he discovered. All you have to do is to drop in a hook and pull up a fish."

Sartorial Distinction. "You can't judge a man by his clothes."

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

There's a Reason. Grape-Nuts. A most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make Grape-Nuts a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder.