

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

There was something peculiarly horrid...

He tried, though not very successfully...

Randolph put down his glass. "I have told you," he said.

"No, I didn't see it until now. I'm sorry."

"You didn't see it," he echoed. "I know you didn't."

"Well, you see it now," he said savagely.

"Remembering the scene afterward, Rose was a little surprised...

"The only person in the world," she said, "who ever has mattered to me...

Then, with suddenly thickened speech...

Rodney walked home that night like a man dazed.

Without knowing it, yielding to a blind, unscrutinized instinct...

But she had won, among the rest of her spoils of victory...

He stopped abruptly in his walk. His bones, as the Psalmist said...

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friends. Except for the vacuum where the core and heart of it all ought to have been...

For several months after she came to New York to work for Galbraith...

toward her carried out the tone of the letter she'd got from him in Chicago.

They had lingered in the theater after the dismissal of a rehearsal...

But tonight, after an angry turn down the aisle and back, he suddenly cried out: "I don't know, I don't know what you're talking about."

Of course she saw it now, plainly enough. She sat down again...

When the heightening tension of the silence that followed this outburst had grown absolutely unendurable...

"No, I didn't see it until now. I'm sorry."

"You didn't see it," he echoed. "I know you didn't. You've never seen me at all, from the beginning...

"Well, you see it now," he said savagely. "Ought to have known that that was all there was to it."

"Remembering the scene afterward, Rose was a little surprised that she'd been able to answer him as she did...

"The only person in the world," she said, "who ever has mattered to me, or ever will matter, is my husband."

Then, with suddenly thickened speech (an affection, perhaps), he looked up at Rodney and demanded: "What are you looking so sullen about? Can't you take a joke? Come along and have another drink."

"No," Rodney said. "I'm going. And you'd better get to bed."

Rodney walked home that night like a man dazed. The vividness of one amazing idea blinded him.

Without knowing it, yielding to a blind, unscrutinized instinct, he'd wanted Rose to live on his love.

But she had won, among the rest of her spoils of victory, the thing she had originally set out to get.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Friends. Except for the vacuum where the core and heart of it all ought to have been, Rose's life in New York during the year that put her on the highroad to success...

For several months after she came to New York to work for Galbraith she found him a martinet.

ing all the while, it was love that had made her world go round.

It was natural, of course, that the relation between them, after that, should not prove quite so simple and manageable.

Her partner was Alice Perosini. She was the daughter of a rich Italian Jew, a beautiful—really a wonderful—person to look at...

"Yes," she admitted. "I can see that. But that doesn't cover friendship."

All told, she learned more about men, as such, from him than ever she had learned, consciously at least, from Rodney.

In a good many ways Galbraith and her husband were a good deal alike. Both were rough, direct, a little remorseless...

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an altogether different thing."

"My love affair brought me a home and—kids," she said. "There are two of them—twins—a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn't surround, as you say, I could win his friendship."

"Well, if it's like that," she said, and the quality of her voice drew his full attention instantly.

"That shook him; for a moment, she thought the lightning was going to strike, and stood very still holding her breath, waiting for it."

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an altogether different thing."

"My love affair brought me a home and—kids," she said. "There are two of them—twins—a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn't surround, as you say, I could win his friendship."

"I don't know," she said raggadly. "Perhaps . . ."

There was a seven-thirty train to town, and they finished their walk at the station.

Dear Rose: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end somewhere. I want very much to see you.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the information clerk said, "Mr. Rodney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then: "Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen-naught-five," the dry contraction in her throat made it impossible for her to speak.

"I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of choosing between a love that hadn't any friendship in it and a friendship which was in it. Because you made it."

There was an hour after she had gained the haven of her apartment when she pretty well went to pieces.

"I can't answer for every man," he mess it is!" she said. "What a perfectly hopeless blunder it is!"

He fell in beside her, and they tramped sturdily along for a while in silence.

It was altogether fortunate for Rose that she had attempted no preparation, because the situation she found herself in when she'd opened the door for her husband, shaken hands with him, led him into her sitting room and asked him to sit down, was one which the wildest cast of her imagination would never have suggested as a possible one for her and Rodney.

And he was Rodney, and she was Rose. It was like an absurd dream. "Won't you smoke?" she asked suddenly, and hurried on when he hesitated.

On the inner face of her front door was a big mirror, and in it, as she came back through the unlighted passage, she saw her husband.

He stayed that first evening a little less than an hour, and when he got up to go she made no effort to detain him.

"I hope you're not going to be too dreadfully busy for us to see a lot of each other. I wish we might manage it once every day."

"That shook him; for a moment, she thought the lightning was going to strike, and stood very still holding her breath, waiting for it."

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an altogether different thing."

"My love affair brought me a home and—kids," she said. "There are two of them—twins—a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn't surround, as you say, I could win his friendship."

"I don't know," she said raggadly. "Perhaps . . ."

There was a seven-thirty train to town, and they finished their walk at the station.

Dear Rose: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end somewhere. I want very much to see you.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the information clerk said, "Mr. Rodney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then: "Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen-naught-five," the dry contraction in her throat made it impossible for her to speak.

"I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of choosing between a love that hadn't any friendship in it and a friendship which was in it. Because you made it."

There was an hour after she had gained the haven of her apartment when she pretty well went to pieces.

For several months after she came to New York to work for Galbraith she found him a martinet.

There was a perfectly blank silence after that, and then the crisp voice of an operator somewhere—"Waiting?"

after that, and then the crisp voice of an operator somewhere—"Waiting?"

"Yes," she heard Rodney say, "get off the line." And then to her: "I came to see you this afternoon, and again tonight."

She managed to wait until she heard him say "All right" before she hung up the receiver.

It was altogether fortunate for Rose that she had attempted no preparation, because the situation she found herself in when she'd opened the door for her husband, shaken hands with him, led him into her sitting room and asked him to sit down, was one which the wildest cast of her imagination would never have suggested as a possible one for her and Rodney.

And he was Rodney, and she was Rose. It was like an absurd dream. "Won't you smoke?" she asked suddenly, and hurried on when he hesitated.

On the inner face of her front door was a big mirror, and in it, as she came back through the unlighted passage, she saw her husband.

He stayed that first evening a little less than an hour, and when he got up to go she made no effort to detain him.

"I hope you're not going to be too dreadfully busy for us to see a lot of each other. I wish we might manage it once every day."

"That shook him; for a moment, she thought the lightning was going to strike, and stood very still holding her breath, waiting for it."

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an altogether different thing."

"My love affair brought me a home and—kids," she said. "There are two of them—twins—a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn't surround, as you say, I could win his friendship."

"I don't know," she said raggadly. "Perhaps . . ."

There was a seven-thirty train to town, and they finished their walk at the station.

Dear Rose: This is hard luck. I suppose you're off for a week-end somewhere. I want very much to see you.

When the telephone girl switched her to the information desk, and the information clerk said, "Mr. Rodney Aldrich? Just a moment," and then: "Mr. Aldrich is in fifteen-naught-five," the dry contraction in her throat made it impossible for her to speak.

"I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of choosing between a love that hadn't any friendship in it and a friendship which was in it. Because you made it."

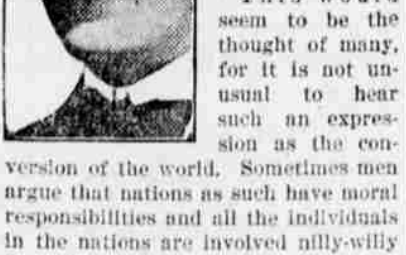
There was an hour after she had gained the haven of her apartment when she pretty well went to pieces.

For several months after she came to New York to work for Galbraith she found him a martinet.

Salvation By Wholesale. By REV. J. H. RALSTON, D. D. Secretary of Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT—Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.—Isa. 45:22.

When goods are sold article by article, we call it retail business, and when they are sold only in large quantities we call it wholesale business.



argue that nations as such have moral responsibilities and all the individuals in the nations are involved nilly-willy in whatever the nation does.

At the present time, when men are being sent into eternity in large numbers, practically every day on the great battlefields, the question arises as to whether each of these is saved because he is personally related to Jesus Christ by faith in him, or whether he is saved because he is found side by side with others who are together fighting for some great principle of national or world policy.

A distinguished writer in a very prominent English periodical recently spoke of some men dying at the battle front who had "a latent faith," a faith that only came out in extremis.

"Freshly born faith." To find this faith, there is certainly some very peculiar exegesis, which results in showing that the generous and chivalrous acts of men and women in times of great physical danger are proper grounds for salvation.

"The same writer again speaks of a 'freshly born faith.' To find this faith, there is certainly some very peculiar exegesis, which results in showing that the generous and chivalrous acts of men and women in times of great physical danger are proper grounds for salvation.

When dealing with such a subject as one's personal salvation, the soul, awakened to the realities of life and the life to come, is not satisfied with such speculations and guesses. Man wants something authoritative. He is concerned about salvation because he has read in a certain book that God is a great moral governor and will some day call him into account.

If it is said that the text makes salvation a matter of wholesale, we must reply that primarily the text did not have the salvation of man, as usually understood, in view; it was simply national salvation of the Jewish people.

Looking into the trouble of sinful man, it is seen that it is individual. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

"There is none that doeth good, no one." We find also that the promise of the blessings in connection with salvation are to the individual.

Looking into the trouble of sinful man, it is seen that it is individual. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

There's a Reason. A Call to Your Grocer will bring a package of Grape-Nuts. A delicious, healthful food and a pleasing lesson in economy.

A GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR HAY FEVER—ASTHMA. DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR.

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR AND ASTHMADOR CIGARETTES. A GOOD TONIC AND APETIZER. RECOGNIZE WOMAN AS EQUAL.

BABEK for Tired Feelings. A GOOD TONIC AND APETIZER. RECOGNIZE WOMAN AS EQUAL.

One bottle of Dr. Perry's "Dial" will save you money, time, and pain. Health. One dose restores vitality. Get it in addition. Adv.

Lots of men who have a skin that lacks ambition. A gauntlet from which the only way to be detached when desired has been invented for motorists.

Baldheaded. "You've got to be pretty soon, get to the top nowadays." "Yes, and you usually get soon after you get there."

His Costly Mistake. "What ruined your business?" "Advertising." "How?" "I let it all be done by my competitors."

On a certain occasion Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University, speaking jokingly of his old days, said that he was an old man the trick he once saw tried by a senior professor in his own days.

A Call to Your Grocer will bring a package of Grape-Nuts. A delicious, healthful food and a pleasing lesson in economy. "There's a Reason."