

"K"

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Le Moyne is Found Out and the Big Part of Our Story Begins to Unfold.

SYNOPSIS.—K. Le Moyne, a young man, becomes a roomer at the Page home, where Sidney, her mother, Anna, and her old maid aunt, Harriet, a dressmaker preside. Through the influence of Dr. Max Wilson, a successful young surgeon, Sidney becomes a probationary nurse at the hospital. Aunt Harriet opens a fashionable shop downtown. Christine Lorenz and Palmer Howe are about to be married and they will take rooms at the Pages'. Sidney is loved by K., by Joe Drummond, a high-school beau, and by Dr. Max, who fascinates her. At the hospital she begins to see the underside of the world. She meets Charlotta Harrison, who has been very "thick" with Dr. Max. K. Le Moyne is a mystery. He works at the gas office as a clerk, but his past is hidden, and he fears to meet strangers—why? As this installment opens, Doctor Max is coming across the street from his home to call on Sidney. K. shrinks from the introduction but sees no way of escape.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Sidney?" "Here! Right back here!" There was vibrant gladness in her tone. He came slowly toward them. "My brother is not at home, so I came over. How select you are, with your balcony!" "Can you see the step?" "Coming, with bells on." K. had risen and pushed back his chair. His mind was working quickly. Here in the darkness he could hold the situation for a moment. If he could get Sidney into the house, the rest would not matter. Luckily, the balcony was very dark. "Is anyone ill?" "Mother is not well. This is Mr. Le Moyne, and he knows who you are very well, indeed." "The two men shook hands. You're the most popular man on the Street."

"I've always heard that about you, Sidney, if Doctor Wilson is here to see your mother—" "Going," said Sidney. "And Dr. Wilson is a very great person, K., so be polite to him."

Max had aroused at the sound of Le Moyne's voice, not to suspicion, of course, but to memory. Without any apparent reason, he was back in Berlin, tramping the country roads, and beside him— "Wonderful night! Will you have a cigarette?" "Thanks; I have my pipe here."

K. struck a match with his steady hands. Now that the thing had come, he was glad to face it. In the bare, his quiet profile glowed against the night. Then he flung the match over the rail. Max stared; then he rose. Blackness had descended on them again, except for the dull glow of K.'s old pipe.

"For God's sake!" "Sh! The neighbors next door have a bad habit of sitting just inside the curtains."

"But—you!" "Sit down. Sidney will be back in a moment. I'll talk to you, if you'll sit still. Can you hear me plainly?" "After a moment—" "Yes."

Page in hand, he stood staring out at the midnight trees with its crown of stars. Instead of the Street with its quiet houses, he saw the men he had known and worked with and taught, his friends who spoke his language, who had loved him, many of them, gathered about a bronze tablet set in a wall of the old college; he saw their earnest faces and grave eyes. He heard—

He heard the soft, stifle of Sidney's dress as she came into the little room behind them.

CHAPTER X.

A few days after Wilson's recognition of K., two most exciting things happened to Sidney. One was that Christine asked her to be maid of honor at her wedding. The other was more wonderful. She was accepted, and given her cap.

Because she could not get home that night, and because the little house had no telephone, she wrote the news to her mother and sent a note to Le Moyne.

K. found the note on the hall table when he got home that night, and carried it upstairs to read. Whatever faint hope he might have had that her youth would prevent her acceptance he knew now was over. With the letter in his hand, he sat by his table and looked ahead into the empty years. Not quite empty, of course. She would be coming home.

But more and more the life of the hospital would engross her. He surmised, too, very shrewdly, that had he ever had a hope that she might come to care for him, his very presence in the little house militated against him. There was none of the illusion of separation; he was always there, like Katie. When she opened the door, she called "Mother" from the hall. If Anna did not answer, she called him, in much the same voice.

Sidney's letter was not the only one he received that day. When, in response to Katie's summons, he rose heavily and prepared for dinner, he found an unopened envelope on the table. It was from Max Wilson:

Dear Le Moyne—I have a feeling of delicacy about trying to see you again so soon. I'm bound to respect your seclusion. But there are some things that have got to be discussed.

It takes courage to step down from the pinnacle you stand on. It's not cowardice that has set you down here. It's wrong conception. And I've thought of two things. The first, and best, is for you to go back. No one has taken your place, because no one could do the work. But if that's out of the question—and only you know that, for only you know the facts—the next best thing is this, and in all humanity I make the suggestion.

Take the State exams under your present name, and when you've got your certificate, come in with me. This isn't magnanimity. I'll be getting much more than I give.

Think it over, old man. M. W.

It is a curious fact that a man who is absolutely untrustworthy about women is often the soul of honor to other men. The younger Wilson, taking his pleasures lightly and not too discriminatingly, was making an offer that meant his ultimate eclipse, and doing it cheerfully, with his eyes open.

K. was moved. It was like Max to make such an offer, like him to do it as if he were asking a favor and not conferring one. But the offer left him uncomfounded. He had weighed himself in the balance, and found himself wanting. No tablet on the college wall

could change that. And when, late that night, Wilson found him on the balcony and added appeal to argument, the situation remained unchanged. He realized his hopelessness when K. lapsed into whimsical humor. "I'm not absolutely useless where I am, you know, Max," he said. "I've raised three tomato plants and a family of kittens this summer, helped to plan a troussseau, assisted in selecting wallpaper for the room just inside—do you notice it?—and developed a pot pitcher with a ball that twists around the bat like a Colles fracture around a splint!"

Wilson rose and flung his cigarette into the grass. "I wish I understood you," he said irritably. K. rose with him, and all the suppressed feeling of the interview was crowded into his last words. "I'm not as ungrateful as you think, Max," he said. "I—you've helped a lot. Don't worry about me. I'm as well off as I deserve to be, and better. Good night."

into her low bed at nine o'clock in the morning, those days, with her splendid hair neatly braided down her back and her prayers said, and immediately her active young mind filled with images—Christine's wedding, Doctor Max passing the door of the old ward and she not there, Joe—and she puzzled over Grace and her kind.

On her first night on duty a girl had been brought in from the Avenue. She had taken poison—nobody knew just what. When the internes had tried to find out, she had only said: "What's the use?" And she had died.

Sidney kept asking herself, "Why?" those mornings when she could not get to sleep. People were kind—men were kind, really—and yet, for some reason or other, those things had to be. Why?

Carliotta Harrison went on night duty at the same time—her last night service, as it was Sidney's first. She accepted it stoically. She had charge of the three wards on the floor just below Sidney, and of the ward into which all emergency cases were taken. It was a difficult service, perhaps the most difficult in the house. Carliotta merely shrugged her shoulders.

"I've always had things pretty hard here," she commented briefly. "When I go out, I'll either be competent enough to run a whole hospital single-handed, or I'll be carried out feet first."

Sidney was glad to have her so near. She knew her better than she knew the other nurses. Small emergencies were constantly arising and finding her at a loss. Once at least every night from the back staircase that connected the two floors, and, going out, would see Sidney's flushed face and slightly crooked cap bending over the stair rail.

"I'm dreadfully sorry to bother you," she would say, "but So-and-so won't have a fever bath," or, "I've a woman here who refuses her medicine." Then would follow rapid questions and equally rapid answers. Much as Carliotta disliked and feared the girl overhead, it never occurred to her to refuse her assistance. Perhaps the angels who keep the great record will put that to her credit.

Sidney saw her first death shortly after she went on night duty. It was the most terrible experience of all her life—it seemed to her that she could not stand it. Added to all her other new problems of living was this one of dying.

She made mistakes, of course, which the kindly nurses forgot to report—basins left about, errors on her records. She rinsed her thermometer in hot water one night, and startled an interne by sending him word that Mary McGuire's temperature was 110 degrees. She let a delicious patient escape from the ward another night and got silently down the fire escape before she discovered what had happened! Then she distinguished herself by flying down the iron staircase and bringing the runaway back single-handed.

For Christine's wedding the Street threw off its drab attire and assumed a wedding garment. In the beginning it was incredulous about some of the details. The wedding was to be at five o'clock. This, in itself, defied all traditions of the Street, which was rarely married in the very early morning at the Catholic church or at eight o'clock in the evening at the Presbyterian. There was something reckless about five o'clock. The Street felt the dash of it. It had a queer feeling that perhaps such a marriage was not quite legal.

The younger Wilson was to be one of the grooms. When the newspapers came out with the published list and this was discovered, as well as that Sidney was the maid of honor, there was a distinct quiver through the hospital training school. A probationer was authorized to find out particulars. It was the day of the wedding then, and Sidney, who had not been to bed at all, was sitting in a sunny window in the dormitory annex, drying her hair.

The probationer was distinctly uneasy. "I—I just wonder," she said, "if you would let some of the girls come in to see you when you're dressed?" "Why, of course I will."

"It's awfully thrilling, isn't it? And— isn't Doctor Wilson going to be an usher?" Sidney colored. "I believe so."

The probationer had been instructed to find out other things; so she set to work with a fan at Sidney's hair. "You've known Doctor Wilson a long time, haven't you?" "Ages."

"He's awfully good-looking, isn't he?" Sidney considered. She was not ignorant of the methods of the school. "If this girl was pumping her—" "I'll have to think that over," she said, with a glint of mischief in her eyes. "When you know a person terribly well, you hardly know whether he's good-looking or not."

"I suppose," said the probationer, running the long strands of Sidney's hair through her fingers, "that when you are at home you see him often."

Sidney got off the window sill, and, taking the probationer smilingly by the shoulders, faced her toward the door. "You go back to the girls," she said, "and tell them to come in and see me when I'm dressed, and tell them this: I don't know whether I am to walk down the aisle with Doctor Wilson, but I hope I am. I see him very often. I like him very much. I hope he likes me. And I think he's handsome."

She shoved the probationer out into the hall and locked the door behind her. That message in its entirety reached Carliotta Harrison. Her smoldering eyes flamed. The audacity of it startled her. Sidney must be very sure of herself. When the probationer who had brought her the report had gone out, she lay in her long, white nightgown, hands clasped under her head, and stared at the vaultlike ceiling of her little room.

would be, not on the bride, but on the girl who stood beside her. The curious thing was that Carliotta felt that she could stop the wedding if she wanted to. She'd happened on a bit of information—many a wedding had been stopped for less. It rather obsessed her to think of stopping the wedding, so that Sidney and Max would not walk down one aisle together.

There came, at last, an hour before the wedding, a lull in the feverish activities of the previous month. Everything was ready. In the attic, in the center of a sheet, before a toilet table which had been carried upstairs for her benefit, sat, on this her day of days, the bride. All the second story had been prepared for guests and presents. Christine sat alone in the center of her sheet. The bridesmaids had been sternly forbidden to come into her room.

"I haven't had a chance to think for a month," she said. "And I've got some things I've got to think out."

But, when Sidney came, she sent for her. Sidney found her sitting on a stiff chair, in her wedding gown, with her veil spread out on a small stand. "Close the door," said Christine. And, after Sidney had kissed her: "I've a good mind not to do it."

"You're tired and nervous, that's all."

"I am, of course. But that isn't what's wrong with me. Throw that veil some place and sit down."

Christine was undoubtedly right, a very delicate touch. Sidney thought brides should be rather pale. But under her eyes were lines that Sidney had never seen there before.

"I'm not going to be foolish, Sidney. I'll go through with it, of course. It would put mamma in her grave if I made a scene now."

She suddenly turned on Sidney. "Palmer gave his bachelor dinner at the Country club last night. They all drank more than they should. Somebody called father up today and said that Palmer had emptied a bottle of wine into the piano. He hasn't been here today."

"He'll be along. And as for the other—perhaps it wasn't Palmer who did it."

"That's not it, Sidney. I'm frightened."

Three months before, perhaps, Sidney could not have comforted her; but three months had—made a change in Sidney. The complacent sophistries of her girlhood no longer answered for truth. She put her arms around Christine's shoulders.

"A man who drinks is a broken reed," said Christine. "That's what I'm going to marry and lean on the rest of my life—a broken reed. And that isn't all!"

Would you permit your daughter or sister to marry a young man who is a rake—a "broken reed"? Would Christine do right to refuse to marry, even at this late hour?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVOKED PRAISE OF SURGEONS

Instruments Used by Romans 1,800 Years Ago Almost Identical With Those Employed Today.

An exhibition of ancient Roman surgical instruments of bronze, so perfect in their mechanics and principle of operation that they might be used in the present day, was the wonder of hundreds of visiting surgeons at the Pathological museum in the Jefferson Medical college at Philadelphia.

Fads and Fancies of Fashion

If you are about to order a new suit for general wear, you will find an unusual state of things in the matter of styles. There is a sort of go-as-you-please situation, and you may have your coat long or short, and your skirt wide or narrow at the bottom. The tailor cannot dictate, because from the

For very little girls plain, white sheer fabrics are made up with fine lingerie laces as usual, in dresses for all their "dress-up" occasions. Plain linen in colors (usually combined with white in the bodice) is a favorite for daily wear, and gingham holds its own as the best of fabrics for play dresses.



PRACTICAL DEMI-SEASON SUITS.

standpoint of fashionableness one thing is not better than another. No one knows just why this state of things has come about, but it may be because no such attention has been given to sports suits and one-piece frocks that the tailor suit has been somewhat neglected by consumers. They refuse to make predictions, and women are left the joyful liberty of choosing whatever style is most becoming.

Nearly all the new styles are rather plain, with plaits featured in skirts and the bodice wholly or in part made of a white cotton material.

For a girl of eleven years or so this combination of materials has been handed with excellent taste in the dress shown in the picture. Cotton poplin or any of the moderately heavy weaves will prove a good selection in the striped material, and the white in the bodice might be of a thinner goods, as India linen or percale or batiste.

The bodice is cut quite plain, of the white fabric, and fastens down the front with pearl buttons. Embellishments of the striped goods are stitched



SPRING STYLES IN CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

will take its place whenever there is the least excuse for doing so, the tailored suit may be quiet as to color and conservative as to style.

In the picture a shepherd's check and a plain cloth are presented as sensible models for the demi-season. And even if a decided style tendency develops later on these suits will hold their own, for they are built to fulfill all that is required in practical street clothes.

Lent is not far away, and that means that time will soon bring leisure to devote to spring sewing. New fabrics and styles for the coming season are already presented. Those for children interest the home dressmaker most; she feels safe in making wash dresses for little girls because they are not subject to last-minute whims of fashion.

on to it, the edges piped with a covered cord made from the dark stripes. The sleeves are three-quarter length and finished with bands of the same material as the skirt.

Then This Happened. He was a bookkeeper in a big manufacturing establishment. He lived in a hall room in a modest boarding house and ate his luncheons in a quick-lunch restaurant.

The cuffs are made in the same fashion and there is plum and gold silk embroidery down each side of the front and below the collar in back.

Beginner's Troubles. Little Harold had just begun the study of music, and a visitor asked how he was getting along. "Oh, all right," he replied, "only sometimes I have trouble with the sharps and flats."

Waists for Spring. The waists for spring are unusually snappy in style and show a wider range of colors than formerly, says the Dry Goods Economist. This is especially true of blouses to be worn with sports suits or with stylish separate-skirt of the better kind.

EXCELLENT RETURNS FROM THE CANADIAN WHEAT CROP

United States Settlers Becoming Rich on Western Canada Lands.

The large number of United States settlers coming to the Western provinces of Canada are easily explained by the case of Mr. C. Lacy, late of Wisconsin and later of Alberta. Mr. Lacy came to Canada from Wisconsin in the summer of 1914 with \$1,500 available cash in his possession. He rented a half-section of partly improved land in Alberta and commenced summer farming. He broke 300 acres with oats, 20 with barley, and 200 with wheat. Also he had two cows and 20 head of young live stock. He was fortunate in buying feed at a bargain and managed to rent the adjoining quarter-section as pasture.

A few weeks ago he decided to realize his profits—and they amounted to \$8,000 absolutely clear from the crop and the stock.

W. J. Winstead, of Brooks, Alberta, says: "I landed in Brooks, March 18th, 1916, with one car of household effects, and nine head of good horses, and less than \$500 in cash. I have put \$1,500 worth of improvements on my farm. I have 31 head of cattle, 16 head of horses, debts all paid, a new automobile, and a good, stiff bank account. At present prices, I can cash in for \$10,000. I am well satisfied, and expect to double this next year."

I have threshed altogether 7,000 bushels of No. 1 Northern wheat from two hundred acres, which went from 24 to 50 bushels per acre.

Seven thousand bushels of wheat, all No. 1 Northern, two thousand bushels of oats, 670 bushels of flax, 700 bushels of barley—all at market prices—well, figure this out for yourself at the market price. I sold 3,100 bushels of wheat at \$1.74 1/2, am holding the remainder for \$2.00. Also all the oats, barley and flax for higher prices."

Intelligent farming pays always according to Alex. Wattie, a prosperous farmer. Some figures to prove his contention that he has "made good."

In 1914 Mr. Wattie threshed 40 bushels to the acre from a 30-acre crop. This sold for \$1.60 1/2 per bushel, while, after deducting seed, labor, twine, threshing and freight, left a clear profit of \$50 per acre, or a total of \$1,500. From last year's crop of 34 acres, just sold, he received after freight had been deducted, \$1,876.04.—Advertisement.

Consumers Take to Hills! Claude Callan writes in the Port Worth Star-Telegram: "If you feed us if you would like to leave the town and move to a little hut far away in the hills, where you seldom see other men and where you could take time to live—if you feel that way, it is a sign you owe just about as much as we do. We haven't any stubborn courage, and when we see that the battle is lost we want to retreat."

"We want to get away from bargain counters, taxes, instalments and meters. Right now we wish our home was a log house, two days from a railroad. We could go out hunting during the day and go home with a little game and a lot of talk. And just think of the cold evenings when we would return after night. Martha would have a skillet of bone bread, plenty of real bacon and some genuine sorghum molasses. After supper we could read stories about frontier days, Indians and bears."

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. Adv.

The miser who has money to burn ought to take it with him when he dies.

CARE FOR YOUR SKIN And Keep It Clear by Daily Use of Cuticura—Trial Free. A hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment clears the skin or scalp in most cases of eczema, rashes and itching of children and adults. Make Cuticura your every-day toilet preparation and prevent such troubles. Free sample sent by mail with Book. Address Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv. Soap is girl's best mate.