

"K"

He was a famous man who had lost himself through fear, but found courage in an inspiring woman's love

Mary Roberts Rinehart tells the story

Sidney comes to know sorrow intimately, and Christine, the bride, is disillusioned about her man.

K. LeMoine, a queer stranger with gentle manners, becomes a roomer at the Page home, presided over by Sidney, her invalid mother, Anna, and her old maid aunt, Harriet, a dressmaker. Sidney becomes a hospital nurse through the influence of Dr. Max Wilson, a brilliant young surgeon, smitten with her charm. K. loves her from a distance, and so does Joe Drummond, an old high-school chum. At the hospital, Sidney learns the world's sorrows. She becomes acquainted with Charlotte Harrison, who has been intimate with Wilson and is jealous of unoffending Sidney. Her chum, Christine Lorenz, marries Palmer Howe, a young society rake, and they take rooms at the Page home. Despite K.'s efforts to avoid strangers, Doctor Max meets him one night and finds he is a famous Doctor Edwards, supposedly dead. Max keeps the secret at his old friend's urgent request.

CHAPTER XII.

When Palmer and Christine returned from their wedding trip Anna Page made much of the arrival, insisted on dinner for them that night at the little house, must help Christine unpack her trunks and arrange her wedding gifts about the apartment. She was brighter than she had been for days, more interested. The wonders of the trousseau filled her with admiration and a sort of jealous envy for Sidney, who could have none of these things. In a pathetic sort of way she mothered Christine in lieu of her own daughter. And it was her quick eye that discerned something wrong. Christine was not happy. Under her excitement was an undercurrent of reserve. Anna, rich in maternity if in nothing else, felt it, and in reply to some speech of Christine's that struck her as hard, not quite fitting, she gave her a gentle admonishing.

fast. One thought obsessed Sidney. She repeated it over and over. It came as a cry from the depths of the girl's new experience. "She has had so little of life," she said, over and over. "So little! Just this Street. She never knew anything else." And finally K. took it up. "After all, Sidney," he said, "the Street is life; the world is only many streets. She had a great deal. She had love and content, and she had joy." Anna died a little after midnight, a quiet passing, so that only Sidney and the two men knew when she went away. It was Harriet who collapsed. During all that long evening she had sat looking back over years of small unkindnesses. The thorn of Anna's inefficiency had always rankled in her flesh. She had been hard, uncompromising, thwarted. And now it was for ever too late.

At three o'clock one morning Sidney roused from a light sleep to hear a rapping on her door. "Is that you, Aunt Harriet?" she called. "It's Christine. May I come in?" Sidney unlocked her door. Christine slipped into the room. She carried a candle, and before she spoke she looked at Sidney's watch on the bedside table. "I hoped my clock was wrong," she said. "I am sorry to waken you, Sidney, but I don't know what to do." "Are you ill?" "No, Palmer has not come home." "What time is it?" "After three o'clock." Sidney had lighted the gas and was throwing on her dressing gown. "When he went out did he say—?" "He said nothing. We had been quarreling. Sidney, I am going home in the morning." "You don't mean that, do you?" "Don't I look as if I mean it? How much of this sort of thing is a woman supposed to endure?" "Perhaps he has been delayed. These things always seem terrible in the middle of the night, but by morning—?" Christine whirled on her. "This isn't the first time. You remember the letter I got on my wedding day?" "Yes." "He's gone back to her." "Christine! Oh, I'm sure you're wrong. He's devoted to you. Oh, I don't believe it!" "Believe it or not," said Christine doggedly, "that's exactly what has happened. I got something out of that little rat of a Rosenfeld boy, and the rest I know because I know Palmer. He's out with her tonight." The hospital had taught Sidney one thing; that it took many people to make a world, and that out of these some were inevitably vicious. But vice had remained for her a clear abstraction. There were such people, and because one was in the world for service one cared for them. Even the Saviour had been kind to the woman of the streets.

Christine smiled—he wanted good cheer; Christine was intolerant—he wanted tolerance; she disapproved of him and showed her disapproval—he wanted approval. He wanted life to be comfortable and cheerful, without recriminations, a little work and much play, a drink when one was thirsty. Distorted though it was, and founded on a wrong basis, perhaps, deep in his heart Palmer's only longing was for happiness; but this happiness must be of an active sort—not content, which is passive, but enjoyment. "Come on out," he said. "I've got a car now. No taxi working its head off for us. Just a little run over the country roads, eh?" It was the afternoon of the day before Christine's night visit to Sidney. The office had been closed, owing to a death, and Palmer was in possession of a holiday. "Come on," he coaxed. "We'll go out to the Climbing Road and have supper." "I don't want to go." "That's not true, Grace, and you know it." "You and I are through." "It's your doing, not mine. The roads are frozen hard; an hour's run into the country will bring your color back." "Much you care about that. Go and ride with your wife," said the girl, and swung away from him. The last few weeks had filled out her thin figure, but she still bore traces of her illness. Her short hair was curled over her head. She looked curiously boyish, almost serious.

Because she saw him wince when she mentioned Christine, her ill temper increased. She showed her teeth. "You get out of here," she said suddenly. "I didn't ask you to come back. I don't want you." "Good heavens, Grace! You always knew I would have to marry some day." "I was sick; I nearly died. I didn't hear any reports of you hanging around the hospital to learn how I was getting along." He laughed rather sheepishly. "I had to be careful. You know that as well as I do. I know half the staff there. Besides, one of—?" He hesitated over his wife's name. "A girl I know very well was in the training school. There would have been the devil to pay if I'd as much as called up." "You never told me you were going to get married." Cornered, he slipped an arm around her. But she shook him off. "I meant to tell you, honey; but you got sick. Anyhow, I-I hated to tell you, honey."

He had furnished the flat for her. There was a comfortable feeling of coming home about going there again. And now that the worst minute of their meeting was over, he was visibly happier. But Grace continued to stand eyeing him somberly. "Do you think that Christine is justified, now that she has learned her husband's true nature, in going back to her folks and in securing a divorce?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUT UNITED STATES FIRST Spanish-Americans in New Mexico Have Nothing in Common With People Across the Border. It is absurd to talk about any community of interest, sympathy or fellow feeling for old Mexico Mexicans among the native people of this state. They have absolutely nothing in common and the average New Mexico Spanish-American doesn't take kindly to being classed in the same category. The New Mexico natives live "close to the soil"; they are intensely local in their affiliations and their loyalty is based simply on the fact that their home is the United States. New Mexico is their home state and they live largely in the same spot where their forefathers have lived for centuries. With Mexico they have no more ties than with any other foreign country, save that they speak the same language. The fact that the native people have furnished three companies of the National Guard at the border and that the Spanish-American company in Santa Fe went off with a larger initial number of recruits than any other company in the state ought to be sufficient answer to these intimations.

A well-known wool grower declared that in the lambing season, when a large extra number of hands is employed, he never uses old Mexico labor for the reason that the Mexicans are lazy and inefficient and never get along with the native New Mexico laborers by reason of the deep-seated antipathy of the latter to the Mexicans.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Picking a "Peach." "Marcella!" "Yes, Waverly!" "Where is the milk?" "Right there in the bottle." "This one?" "No, the next one. That is just like you." "What is it?" "To reach right over the sweet one and pick the sour one. You always do that." "Not always." "I'd like to know when you didn't." "When I got you." "Huh!" "When I got you, Marcella, I reached over a whole bunch of lemons and picked a peach." "Oh, Waverly!" — Chicago Daily News.

Bauxite From Dutch Guiana. Bauxite was discovered about 14 months ago by a mining engineer on private property situated on the Surinam river, four hours' journey from Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. The area over which the bauxite deposits have been found and which discloses various outcrops, is 100 kilometers long and ten kilometers wide (62 by 6.2 miles). It is not yet possible to give any idea of the amount of bauxite within this area. The bauxite company now operating seems interested only in the highlands and hill deposits. It is in possession of the most suitable land.—Commercial Reports.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

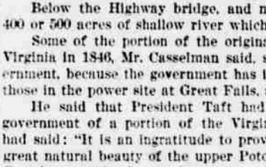
Cabinet Coachmen Fear Intrusion of Automobile

WASHINGTON.—Half a dozen or more veteran coachmen in the cabinet set viewed with no little trepidation Secretary of State Lansing's move to have automobiles substituted in the legislative, executive and judicial horse-drawn carriages used by members of the president's official family. The secretary asked for a \$4,000 machine. The house scaled the allowance to \$4,000. When he gets his motor car the secretary of state's pair of sleek bays will be relegated to the depleted equine market. It may be expected that other cabinet officers will follow the premier's lead. The passing of the cabinet carriages will be regretted by many Washingtonians, who have taken a sort of pride in the prancing steeds which transport the various secretaries on their official errands. President Roosevelt was the first chief executive to discard the White House teams, when he purchased a limousine, now doing taxicab duty here. Subsequently President Taft drove an unusual bargain with an exclusive automobile concern, by which he obtained three big cars at an annual cost of only \$500, with new cars furnished every year. The same agreement is still in force, and the manufacturer, although he is not allowed to advertise the fact that his cars are used at the White House, has shown no inclination to alter the contract.



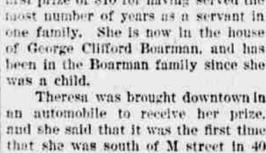
Boulevards Along the Potomac River Are Advocated

A BOULEVARD on both sides of the Potomac river from Washington to Great Falls. A bridge across the Potomac at Great Falls connecting these boulevards. A boulevard from Washington south to Mt. Vernon, connecting with the upper Potomac park development. These, in brief, were the suggestions made to the national park conference by A. B. Casselman, as the next stage in the development of Washington's park system. Mr. Casselman, an employee of the interior department, has made a prolonged study of the scenic beauties of the Potomac, with a view to adapting a park plan to make them accessible. Mr. Casselman pointed out the propriety of connecting the Great Falls boulevard with Mt. Vernon because George Washington was deeply interested in Great Falls and helped dig the canals there, the first in this country. Below the Highway bridge, and north of Alexandria, he said, there lie 400 or 500 acres of shallow river which should be reclaimed. Some of the portion of the original District of Columbia, ceded back to Virginia in 1846, Mr. Casselman said, should be restored to the national government, because the government has interests of great magnitude, especially those in the power site at Great Falls, along both sides of the river. He said that President Taft had recommended the acquisition by the government of a portion of the Virginia tract, and that Ambassador Bryce had said: "It is an ingratitude to providence if the country does not use the great natural beauty of the upper Potomac." "Nowhere in this country," Mr. Casselman said, "does such scenery exist within easy distance of a great city as that side of the falls." He said that if the plan to have a great lake at Little Falls is carried out that makes the development of the land above Little Falls all the more desirable. The beauty of Washington, he continued, is no longer a matter of local, but of national interest. "It will not be many decades," he predicted, "until Washington has a million population, and then it will be too late to acquire the territory needed for the Great Falls park plan."



Aged Servants in Washington Are Awarded Prizes HAVING lived in Washington for 64 years, and not having been downtown in the last 40 years, is the strange record of Theresa Harper, eighty-seven years old, as revealed at a meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs, when the prizes were awarded in the domestic servants' contest. She was awarded a diploma and first prize of \$10 for having served the most number of years as a servant in one family. She is now in the house of George Clifford Borman, and has been in the Borman family since she was a child. Theresa was brought downtown in an automobile to receive her prize, and she said that it was the first time that she was south of M street in 40 years. She is well at her advanced age and said that she could still sew, bake and cook in the same unquipped style that is known only to her kind. The daughter of an African princess and a Nubian nobleman is the regal lineage of which Regina Taylor boasted when she received the prize for having been the longest servant under one mistress. She has been a servant for Mrs. J. H. Macais for 52 years. Regina sang a song in Spanish. Robert Allen received the prize for being the male servant who saw the longest service under one master. He has been in the residence of William M. Galt for 62 years. Miss Flora Briggs led the singing of "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny." As the old servants, many of whom were born slaves, joined in the singing tears streamed from their eyes.

When the Residents of the Capital Go Skating WASHINGTON on ice is a very giddy Washington. It is not the Washington of broad-brimmed senators, frock-coated representatives and tailor-made diplomats, but a grand, whirling, gliding Washington of youngsters from eight years old to eighty. It is a city turned loose on its very small parcel of ice to enjoy in the pleasant, crisp air all the carnival spirit that Jack Frost will allow in this southern latitude. Only a few hours' journey to the north will bring one to a region where ice skating lasts for days at a time—often for weeks. The pretty little lake out a Chevy Chase has the reputation of freezing first, with the water of the peacock pond in the zoo a close second. When Washington goes out to skate the population of the city appears to be made up of a tremendous number of very pretty girls. That is an interesting proposition to start off with. Wherever there is ice there is also Mabel and Clarisse and all the rest, followed persistently by a large mob of very sporty-looking and proficient youths who really think they have gone out to skate—but who are following the eternal feminine as blindly and as slavishly as did their parents long before them. There is always on view the brave young man who seems to be stuck with wall flowers at dances and upper berths on hot nights on trains, and whose skating career seems to be limited to teaching two very heavy ladies how to do the simplest maneuvers on ice. With a heavy beauty on either side of him, his whole afternoon is spent in falling first on one and then on the other, varied only when one or both of them fall on him. The Chevy Chase and zoo ponds have what seems to be the same crowd continuously through the few days of skating in Washington, but whenever the basin freezes over, then, indeed, is the Washington skater in the seventh heaven of delight. And when the river itself offers a safe journey to the skater who would go from the aqueduct to the Long bridge—well, all other skating fades into insignificance.



MUCH IN LITTLE British women are taking up the culture of herbs. A building trades council has been organized at Clarksburg, W. Va. Coal miners in Georgia have received a ten per cent increase in pay. Civic employees at Toronto, Can., have a minimum wage of 30 cents an hour. An oil workers' trade council has been formed in the oil fields of Oklahoma. Mendoza, Argentina, has 75,000 people. All Seattle (Wash.) city employees may get a Saturday half-holiday next summer. Richmond (Va.) labor forward campaign will continue throughout the winter. Recently invented stuffed animals for children have skulls that can be removed and washed. Iron ore is found in almost every Chinese province, but it is mined extensively in only a few.

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

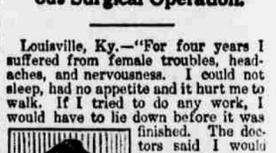
No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning. Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters? Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Costed Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

The Only Way. "What is the best way to make a woman keep a secret." "Give her chloroform." SKIN TORTURES That Itch, Burn and Scald Quickly Relieved by Cuticura—Trial Free. It takes about ten minutes to prove that a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment will afford relief and point to speedy healing of eczemas, itchings and irritations. They are ideal for all toilet purposes. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Very Regular. He—Do you attend church regularly? She—Yes, every Easter.—Boston Transcript.

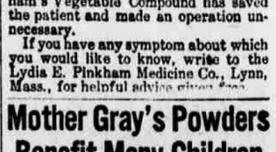
A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation. Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctors said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads." Mrs. NELLIE FISBACK, 1521 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky. Everyone naturally dreads the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary. If you have any symptom about which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice.



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Thousands of Mothers have found MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS an excellent remedy for children complaining of Headaches, Colds, Constipation, Feverishness, Stomach Troubles and Bowel Irregularities from which children suffer at this season. These powders are easy and pleasant to take and excellent results are accomplished by their use. Used by Mothers for 30 years. Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents Trial package FREE. Address: THE MOTHER GRAY CO., Le Roy, N. Y.



When the Residents of the Capital Go Skating

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LISTEN

of children suffering with trachoma, sore eyes, granulated lids or any eye trouble! Within phoning distance of you are prominent people who have cured. People who will gladly give you convincing recommendations of the painless, inexpensive Haley Eye Treatment. Phone them! Surely the benefit they received will give assurance that you or your children should come to Centralville, Ind., for their cure today. Haley Eye Infirmary Centralville, Indiana.



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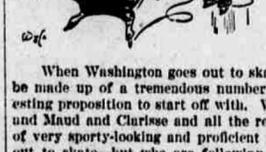
"Take Me Away, K." She Said Pitifully.

rather pale, but entirely sober. She confronted him in her straight white gown and waited for him to speak. "I am sorry to be so late, Chris," he said. "The fact is, I am all in. I was driving the car out Seven Mile run. We blew out a tire and the thing turned over." Christine noticed that his right arm was hanging inert by his side.

CHAPTER XIII.

Young Howe had been firmly resolved to give up all his bachelor habits with his wedding day. In his indolent, rather selfish way, he was much in love with his wife. But with the inevitable misunderstandings of the first months of marriage had come a desire to be appreciated once again at his face value, Grace had taken him, not for what he was, but for what he seemed to be. With Christine the veil was rent. She knew him now—all his small indolences, his affectations, his weaknesses. Later on, like other women since the world began, she would learn to dissemble, to affect to believe him what he was not. Grace had learned this lesson long ago. It was the A B C of her knowledge. And so, back to Grace came Palmer Howe, not with a suggestion to renew the old relationship, but for comradeship.

Outside of her small immediate circle Anna's death was hardly felt. The little house went on much as before. Harriet carried back to her business a heaviness of spirit that made it difficult to bear with the small irritations of her day. On Sidney—and in less measure, of course, on K.—fell the real brunt of the disaster. Sidney kept up well until after the funeral, but went down the next day with a low fever. "Overwork and grief," Doctor Ed said, and sternly forbade the hospital again until Christmas. Morning and evening K. stopped at her door and inquired for her, and morning and evening came Sidney's reply: "Much better. I'll surely be up to-morrow." But the days dragged on and she did not get about. Downstairs, Christine and Palmer had entered on the round of midwinter gayeties. Palmer's "crowd" was a lively one. There were dinners and dances, week-end excursions to country houses. The Street grew accustomed to seeing automobiles stop before the little house at all hours of the night. Johnny Rosenfeld, driving Palmer's car, took to falling asleep at the wheel in broad daylight, and voiced his discontent to his mother. "You never know where you are with them rags," he said briefly. "We start out for half an hour's run in the evening, and get home with the milk wagon. And the more some of them have had to drink, the more they want to drive the machine. If I get a chance, I'm going to beat it while the wind's my way." But, talk as he might, in Johnny Rosenfeld's loyal heart there was no thought of desertion. Palmer had given him a man's job, and he would stick by it, no matter what came. One such night Christine put in, lying wakefully in her bed, while the clock on the mantel tolled four after hour into the night. Palmer did not come home at all. He sent a note from the office in the morning: "I hope you are not worried, darling. The car broke down near the Country club last night, and there was nothing to do but to spend the night there. I would have sent you word, but I did not want to rouse you. What do you say to the taxi tonight and supper afterward?" Christine was learning. She telephoned the Country club that morning, and found that Palmer had not been there. But, although she knew now that he was deceiving her, as he always had deceived her, as probably he always would, she hesitated to confront him with what she knew. She shrank, as many a woman has shrunk before, from confronting him with his lie. But the second time it happened she was roused. It was almost Christmas then, and Sidney was well on the way to recovery, thinner and very white, but going slowly up and down the staircase on K.'s arm, and sitting with Harriet and K. at the dinner table. She was begging to be back on duty for Christmas, and K. felt that he would have to give her up soon.



"Take Me Away, K." She Said Pitifully.

Christine sat on the stairs outside, frightened and helpless. They had sent for Sidney; but the little house had no telephone, and the message was slow in getting off. At six o'clock Doctor Ed came padding up the stairs and into the room. K. stood back. "Well, this is sad, Harriet," said Doctor Ed. "Why in the name of heaven, when I wasn't around, didn't you get another doctor? If she had had some amyli nitrate—"

"I gave her some nitrate of amyli," said K. quietly. "There was really no time to send for anybody. She almost went under at half-past five."

Max had kept his word, and even Doctor Ed did not suspect K.'s secret. He gave a quick glance at this tall young man who spoke so quietly of what he had done for the sick woman, and went on with his work. Sidney arrived a little after six, and from that moment the confusion in the sickroom was at an end. She moved Christine from the stairs, where Katie on her numerous errands must crawl over her; set Harriet to warming her mother's bed and getting it ready; opened windows, brought order and quiet. And then, with death in her eyes, she took up her position beside her mother. This was no time for weeping; that would come later. Once she turned to K., standing watchfully beside her. "I think you have known this for a long time," she said. And, when he did not answer: "Why did you let me know from her? It would have been a little thing!"

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