

"K"

A thrilling mystery story about a man who lost his courage and the girl who helped him to find it again

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Perhaps no other career tests the quality of womanhood so relentlessly as trained nursing. It calls for many qualities, spiritual and physical. The reward is not large, and while many seek them, but few are able to win the big prizes the service offers.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Tired?" He adopted the gentle, almost tender tone that made most women his slaves.

"A little. It is warm."

"What are you going to do this evening? Any lectures?"

"Lectures are over for the summer. I shall go to prayers, and after that to the roof for air."

"Can't you take a little ride tonight and cool off? I'll have the car wherever you say. A ride and some supper—how does it sound? You could get away at seven—"

"Miss Gregg is coming!"

With an impassive face, the girl turned away. The workers of the operating room surged between them. But he was clever with the gulle of the pursuing male. Eyes of all on him, he turned at the door of the wardrobe room and spoke to her over the heads of a dozen nurses.

"That patient's address that I had forgotten, Miss Harrison, is the corner of the Park and Ellington avenue."

"Thank you."

She played the game well, was quite calm. He admired her coolness. Certainly she was pretty, and certainly, too, she was interested in him. He went whistling into the wardrobe room. As he turned he caught the interne's eye, and there passed between them a glance of complete comprehension. The interne grinned.

The room was not empty. His brother was there, listening to the comments of O'Hara, his friendly rival.

"Good work, boy!" said O'Hara, and slapped a hairy hand on his shoulder. "That last case was a wonder. I'm proud of you, and your brother here is indecently excited. It was the Edwards method, wasn't it? I saw it done at his clinic in New York."

"Glad you liked it. Yes, Edwards was a pal of mine in Berlin. A great surgeon, too, poor old chap!"

"There aren't three men in the country with the nerve and the hand for it."

O'Hara went out, glowing with his own magnanimity. Doctor Ed stood by and waited while his brother got into his clothes. He was rather silent. There were many times when he wished that their mother could have lived to see how he had carried out his promise to "make a man of Max."

Sometimes he wondered what she

the expenses of the house on the Street.

"Sorry, old man; I've made another arrangement."

They left the hospital together. Everywhere the younger man received the homage of success. The elevator man bowed and flung the doors open, with a smile; the pharmacy clerk, the doorkeeper, even the convalescent patient who was polishing the great brass doorplate, tendered their tribute. Doctor Ed looked neither to right nor left.

Sidney, after her involuntary bath in the river, had gone into temporary eclipse at the White Springs hotel. In the oven of the kitchen stove sat her two small white shoes, stuffed with paper so that they might dry in shape. Back in a detached laundry, a sympathetic maid was ironing various soft white garments, and singing as she worked.

Sidney sat in a rocking chair in a hot bedroom. She was carefully swathed in a sheet from neck to toes, except for her arms, and she was being as philosophic as possible.

Someone tapped lightly at the door.

"It's Le Moyne. Are you all right?"

"Perfectly. How stupid it must be for you!"

"I'm doing very well. The maid will soon be ready. What shall I order for supper?"

"Anything. I'm starving."

"I think your shoes have shrunk."

"Flatterer!" She laughed. "Go away and order supper. And I can see fresh lettuce. Shall we have a salad?"

K. Le Moyne stood for a moment in front of the closed door, for the mere sound of her moving, beyond it. Things had gone very far with the Pages' roomer that day in the country; not so far as they were to go, but far enough to let him see on the brink of what misery he stood.

He could not go away. He had promised her to stay; he was needed. He thought he could have endured seeing her marry Joe, had she cared for the boy. That way, at least, lay safety for her. The boy had fidelity and devotion written large over him. But this new complication—her romantic interest in Wilson, the surgeon's reciprocal interest in her, with what he knew of the man—made him quail.

From the top of the narrow staircase to the foot, and he had lived a year's torment! At the foot, however, he was startled out of his reverie. Joe Drummond stood there waiting for him, his blue eyes recklessly alight.

"You—on dog?" said Joe.

There were people in the hotel parlor. Le Moyne took the frenzied boy by the elbow and led him past the door to the empty porch.

"Now," he said, "if you will keep your voice down, I'll listen to what you have to say."

"You know what I've got to say."

This falling to draw from K. Le Moyne anything but his steady glance, Joe jerked his arm free and clenched his fist.

"What did you bring her out here for?"

"I do not know that I owe you any explanation, but I am willing to give you one. I brought her out here for a trolley ride and a picnic luncheon."

He was sorry for the boy. Life not having been all beer and skittles to him, he knew that Joe was suffering, and was marvelously patient with him.

"Where is she now?"

"She had the misfortune to fall in the river. She is upstairs." And, seeing the light of unbelief in Joe's eyes: "If you care to make a tour of investigation, you will find that I am entirely truthful. In the laundry a maid—"

"She is engaged to me!"—doggedly. "Everybody in the neighborhood knows it, and yet you bring her out here for a picnic! It's—it's damned rotten treatment."

His fist had unclenched. Before K. Le Moyne's eyes his own fell. He felt suddenly young and futile; his just rage turned to blustering in his ears.

"I don't know where you came from," he said, "but around here decent men cut out when a girl's engaged."

"I see!"

"What's more, what do we know about you? You may be all right, but how do I know it? You get her into trouble and I'll kill you!"

It took courage, that speech, with K. Le Moyne towering five inches above him and growing a little white about the lips.

"Are you going to say all these things to Sidney?"

"I am. And I am going to find out why you were up stairs just now."

Perhaps never in his twenty-two years had young Drummond been so near a thrashing. Fury that he was ashamed of shook Le Moyne. For very fear of himself, he thrust his hands in the pockets of his Norfolk coat.

"Very well," he said. "You go to her with just one of these ugly insinuations, and I'll take mighty good care that you are sorry for it. If you are going to behave like a bad child, you deserve a licking, and I'll give it to you."

An overflow from the parlor poured out on the porch. Le Moyne had got himself in hand somewhat. He was still angry, but the look in Joe's eye startled him. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"You're wrong, old man," he said. "You're insulting the girl you care for by the things you are thinking. And, if it's any comfort to you, I have no intention of interfering in any way. You can count me out. It's between you and her."

Joe picked his straw hat from a chair and stood turning it in his hands.

"Even if you don't care for her, how do I know she isn't crazy about you?"

"My word of honor, she isn't."

"She sends you notes to McKees."

"Just to clear the air, I'll show it to you. It's no breach of confidence. It's about the hospital."

Into the breast pocket of his coat he dove and brought up a wallet. The wallet had had a name on it in gilt letters that had been carefully scraped off. But Joe did not wait to see the note.

"Oh, damn the hospital!" he said—and went swiftly down the steps and into the gathering twilight of the June night.

CHAPTER VII.

Sidney and K. Le Moyne were dining together at the White Springs hotel. The novelty of the experience had made her eyes shine like stars. She saw only the magnolia tree shaped like a heart, the terrace edged with low shrubbery, and beyond the faint gleam that was the river. The unshaded glare of the lights behind her in the house was eclipsed by the crescent edge of the rising moon. Dinner was over. Sidney was experiencing the rare treat of after-dinner coffee.

Le Moyne, grave and contained, sat across from her. To give so much pleasure, and so easily! How young she was, and radiant! No wonder the boy was mad about her. She fairly held out her arms to life.

Ah, that was too bad! Another table was being brought; they were not to be alone. But what roused in him violent resentment only appealed to Sidney's curiosity.

Carlotta Harrison came out alone. Although the tapping of her heels was dulled by the grass, although she had exchanged her cap for the black hat, Sidney knew her at once. A sort of thrill ran over her. It was the pretty nurse from Doctor Wilson's office. Was it possible—but of course not! The book of rules stated explicitly that such things were forbidden.

"Don't turn around," she said swiftly. "It is the Miss Harrison I told you about. She is looking at us."

Carlotta's eyes were blinded for a moment by the glare of the house lights. Then she sat up, her eyes on Le Moyne's grave profile turned toward the valley. Lucky for her that Wilson had stopped in the bar, that Sidney's instinctive good manners forbade her staring, that only the edge of the summer moon shone through the trees. She went white and clutched the edge of the table, with her eyes closed. That gave her quick brain a chance. It was madness, June madness. She was always seeing him, even in her dreams. This man was older, much older. She looked again.

She had not been mistaken. Here, and after all these months! K. Le Moyne, quite unconscious of her presence, looked down into the valley.

Wilson appeared on the wooden porch above the terrace, and stood, his eyes searching the half-light for her. If he came down to her, the man at the next table might turn, would see her—

She rose and went swiftly back toward the hotel. All the gaiety was gone out of the evening for her, but she forced a lightness she did not feel: "It is so dark and depressing out there—it makes me sad."

"Surely, you do not want to dine in the house?"

"Do you mind?"

"Your wish is my law—tonight," he said softly.

After all, the evening was a disappointment to him. The spontaneity had gone out of it, for some reason. The girl who had thrilled to his glance those two mornings in his office, whose somber eyes had met his, fire for fire, across the operating room, was not playing up. She sat back in her chair, eating little, starting at every step. Her eyes, which by every rule of the game should have been gazing into his, were fixed on the oilcloth-covered passage outside the door.

"I think, after all, you are frightened!"

"Terribly."

"A little danger adds to the zest of things. You know what Nietzsche says about that."

"I am not fond of Nietzsche." Then, with an effort: "What does he say?"

"Two things are wanted by the true man—danger and play. Therefore he seeketh woman as the most dangerous of toys."

"Women are dangerous only when you think of them as toys. When a man finds that a woman can reason—do anything but feel—he regards her as a menace. But the reasoning woman is really less dangerous than the other sort."

This was more like the real thing. To talk careful abstractions like this, with beneath each abstraction its concealed personal application, to talk of woman and look in her eyes, to discuss new philosophies with their freedoms,

to discard old creeds and old moralities—that was his game. Wilson became content, interested again. The girl was nimble-minded. She challenged his philosophy and gave him a chance to defend it. With the conviction, as their meal went on, that Le Moyne and his companion must surely have gone, she gained ease.

It was only by wild driving that she got back to the hospital by ten o'clock.

Wilson left her at the corner, well content with himself. As he drove up the Street he glanced across at the Page house. Sidney was there on the doorstep, talking to a tall man who stood below and looked up at her. Wilson settled his tie, in the darkness. Sidney was a mighty pretty girl. The June night was in his blood. He was sorry he had not kissed Carlotta good night. He rather thought, now he looked back, she had expected it.

As he got out of his car at the curb, a young man who had been standing in the shadow of the treebox moved quickly away.

Wilson smiled after him in the darkness.

"That you, Joe?" he called. But the boy went on.

Sidney entered the hospital as a probationer early in August. Christine was to be married in September to Palmer Howe, and, with Harriet and K. in the house, she felt that she could safely leave her mother.

The balcony outside the parlor was already under way. On the night before she went away Sidney took chairs out there and sat with her mother until the dew drove Anna to the lamp in the sewing room and her "Daily Thoughts" reading.

Sidney sat alone and viewed her world from this new and pleasant angle. She could see the garden and the whitewashed fence with its morning glories, and at the same time, by turning her head, view the Wilson house across the Street. She looked mostly at the Wilson house.

K. Le Moyne was upstairs in his room. She could hear him tramping up and down, and catch, occasionally, the bitter-sweet odor of his old briar pipe.

What sort of disgrace is K. Le Moyne trying to live down? A theft? Wife desertion? A betrayal? Or would you say he has been disappointed in love?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A new method of cold storage insulation, invented in England, is to use slabs of cork expanded to over twice their normal size.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for January 21

FIRST DISCIPLE OF THE LORD JESUS.

LESSON TEXT—John 1:35-49. GOLDEN TEXT—Jesus saith unto him, follow me.—John 1:43.

The words "I see" or "behold" occur fifteen times in this first chapter. John was a witness to the Son of Man. This term, "Son of Man," occurs eighty times in the gospel. The words "Come and see," or their equivalents, occur nine times in this lesson. This is a great invitation lesson. It would be interesting if the scholars would tell what the voices are which say, "Come," and those which are urging them to "stay" away from God. Bethabara was probably two miles from the fords of the Jordan, where John baptized. Jesus was thirty years old, just entering upon his ministry. Tiberius Caesar was the emperor and Pontius Pilate the governor of Judea.

I. The Son of Man Attracts Men. (vv. 35-39) not by his ethical teachings nor alone by his works and his character, but what he was and inspired in others attracted men to Jesus (John 10: 41). Crowds still gathered around the baptizer who "changed the hearts of men as by a spell." John, the Baptizer, brought terror to men. He broke through the crust of self-righteousness and indifference, and compelled men to see their need of forgiveness and of a new life, but the time had come when John must step aside, and Jesus "to increase," to begin his ministry. Four successive days are noticed in this chapter. Andrew (v. 40), and doubtless the apostle John, who wrote this account, were the two disciples (v. 35) to whom John, the Baptizer, speaks. It is interesting to note the different kinds of men who were attracted to Jesus: the aggressive Peter, the reflective Thomas, the practical Judas. He had what the souls of men needed, and they followed him. Aware of their questioning, Jesus turns to them with the question: "What think ye?" the first recorded words of his public ministry. This is a great testing question of every man's life. What is the aim and purpose of your life? Jesus, the kingdom of God, goodness, righteousness, usefulness or on the other hand selfishness, worldliness, success, ambition, money, pleasure? These disciples who had listened to this testimony of the baptizer, replied that they wanted to know where he dwelt, implying that they would like to talk with him and discuss the problems which were arising in their minds. Three steps of Christian experience are here suggested. These two disciples heard, they looked and they followed. Other steps must come shortly, but we must first look at Jesus as the Lamb, if we are to follow him as our example. We must believe what he has done (Rom. 3:25) before we can ask what would Jesus do or try to imitate him. It is by following that we demonstrate that we have really looked unto him and been saved.

II. The Son of Man Cares for His Own. (vv. 39-42). The instruction which they received from abiding with him impelled them, as we have already indicated, to go out and spread the good news. The greatest act in the life of Andrew was the bringing of his brother Peter to Jesus. Jesus changed Peter's name, and gave him a prophecy of his future life and career. He saw the possibilities within him, though it took much instruction, bitter experiences, prayer and long abiding with Jesus before he attained to these possibilities. It is this passage which gave rise to the organization of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, which has adopted, first, the "Rule of Prayer," that of daily prayer for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men; second, "The Rule of Service," to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within the hearing of the gospel of Jesus Christ. On the morrow Jesus would go forth to Galilee, that is to the East side, across the Jordan river, and on the way he found Philip. It was Philip who asked the question, "Show us the Father," and of whom the question was asked as to the resources sufficient to feed the hungry multitude (John 6:5). John, the Evangelist, alone tells us about Philip. Philip saw not only the resources of Jesus, but he saw a union of the law of the prophets (v. 45) in this Jesus, and therefore could and did invite his brother to Jesus.

Christianity would soon fill the earth if Christians would put forth the personal effort here suggested. Nathaniel (v. 46) repeated a proverb of the country, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip's reply was: "Come and see," and to his amazement Jesus reveals not only his character but his supernatural power; whereupon Nathaniel's reply was: "Thou art the Son of God, the King of Israel" (v. 49). Jesus, seeing his faith, promised that he should see still greater things (vv. 50, 51).

Everybody in this lesson who found Jesus seemed to go at once for someone else, and though some were sceptical, yet their scepticism ended, even as Nathaniel's, in following him.

When Work Is Hard

That kidney troubles are so common is due to the strain put upon the kidneys in so many occupations, such as: Jarring and jolting on railroads, etc. Cramp and strain as in barbering, moulding, heavy lifting, etc. Exposure to changes of temperature in iron furnaces, refrigerators, etc. Dampness as in tanneries, quarries, mines, etc. Inhaling poisonous fumes in painting, printing and chemical shops. Doan's Kidney Pills are fine for strengthening weak kidneys.

A North Carolina Case

William A. Apple, 730 S. Macon St., Greensboro, N. C., says: "When I was working as a railroad brakeman, I began to suffer from sharp pains in my back. The kidney secretions became unnatural and I felt all worn out. Finally I was obliged to give up railroading altogether. At that critical time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they completely cured me, though everything else had failed."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

COLORED PEOPLE

can have nice, long, straight hair by using Exelento Quinine Pomade, which is a Hair Grower, not a Kinky Hair remover. You can see the results by using several times. Try a package. Price 25c at all drug stores or by mail on receipt of stamps or coin. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for particulars. Exelento Medicine Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FOR QUICK SALE—Fifty Thousand Armored Six Private Hedges, the kind that's Green All Winter. All kinds of Fruit Trees, Shade Trees, Budded Peaches, Roses and shrubbery. Don't Pay High Prices. Write us for Descriptive Catalogue and Prices. Greenville Nursery Company, Greenville, S. C.

Sure Proof. Banks—Is your Penitentiary a responsible sort of person?

Brooks—Yes, he's responsible for most of the mistakes in our department.—Jack o' Lantern.

GOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN

Children love Skinner's Macaroni and Spaghetti because of its delicious taste. It is good for them and you can give them all they want. It is a great builder of bone and muscle, and does not make them nervous and irritable like meat. The most economical and nutritious food known. Made from the finest Durum wheat. Write Skinner Mfg. Co., Omaha, Neb., for beautiful cook book. It is sent free to mothers.—Adv.

Here's a Tip About Hotel Guests. In the American Magazine a writer says:

"Here's a funny thing, by the way, that I've noticed about hotel guests: You have a soiled towel in a room, and the guest will probably complain. But you can leave a bucket of paint and a paperhanger's scaffold in the hallway, and compel the guest to crawl under a stepladder to get to his room, and he will put up with it cheerfully—because he knows you are painting or papering by way of making an improvement, and he is in sympathy with that. It doesn't cost much to make over a carpet so that a bare spot in front of the dresser will be eliminated, but such little details are a vast help in making a hotel prosper."

Applying Physics in a Street Car. One of the fundamental theories you were taught in your high school physics will save you a lot of trouble every day if you apply it.

Straphangers in the street cars lurch forward when the car stops and backward when it starts. It's inconvenient, especially if a 200-pounder hits you.

Remember that place in the physics text—"To every action there is an opposite and equal reaction."

Well, apply it. When the car stops, lean toward the rear. When it starts, lean toward the front.

You lurch because you're the opposite reaction to the car's movement. Simple and practical, isn't it?

Before Drinking Coffee, You Should Consider Whether Or Not It Is Harmful

There's a Reason for POSTUM



"Can't You Take a Little Ride Tonight?"

would think of his own untidy methods compared with Max's extravagant order—of the bag, for instance, with the dog's collar in it, and other things. On these occasions he always determined to clear out the bag.

"I guess I'll be getting along," he said. "Will you be home for dinner?"

"I think not, I'll—I'm going to run out of town, and eat where it's cool."

The Street was notoriously hot in summer.

"There's a roast of beef. It's a pity to cook a roast for one."

Wasteful, too, this cooking of food for two and only one to eat it. A roast of beef meant a visit, in Doctor Ed's modest-paying clientele. He still paid