

## ALL RUN-DOWN AND NERVOUS

Says This Lady Who Had to Support Family of Four. Read Below Her Statement About Cardui.

Tallapoosa, Ga.—Mrs. Sallie Eldson, of this place, writes: "I was in very poor health, all run-down, nervous, had fainting spells, dizziness and heart fluttering. I had these symptoms usually at my . . . times. I had a very hard time, working for seven years in a hotel after my father died. I had to support our family of four. I read the Birthday Almanac and thought I would begin taking Cardui. I received good benefit from it. I am sure it will do all that it claims to do. I took three or four bottles before it began to show effects. After that I improved rapidly and gained in health and strength. I took nine bottles in all. This is the only time I have taken it. I was down to 108 pounds and I gained to 122. I felt like a new woman. I couldn't sleep before and had to be rubbed. I would get so nervous and numb. And all this was stopped by Cardui."

The true value of a medicine can be determined only by the results obtained from its actual use. The thousands of letters we have received every year for many years from grateful users of Cardui, are powerful tributes to its worth and effectiveness. If you suffer from womanly ailments, try Cardui, the woman's tonic.—Adv.

### To Make Dirty Water Clean.

When we started for our trip to Mt. Killmanjaro I had told Jeremiah, one of our African boys, to fix six barrels with water and have it clean. But when I opened the first barrel, it was covered with soap-suds. I asked the boy what was wrong with the water. He said: "Very clean water, master. I put soap in every barrel to make it clean." So we drank soap-suds all the way.—Peter MacQueen in World Outlook.

## FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the food, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

### Proving His Mettle.

"The trouble with you, Gadspar, is that you are too easily discouraged," remarked his friend, Glitthers.

"I don't think so," answered Gadspar. "For instance, yesterday I wanted to borrow the small sum of ten dollars."

"Yes?"

"I delivered a neat little speech to exactly twelve people before I got the money. That strikes me as extraordinary perseverance."

### FOR PIMPLY FACES

Cuticura is Best—Samples Free by Mail to Anyone Anywhere.

An easy, speedy way to remove pimples and blackheads. Smear the affected surfaces with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, bathing some minutes. Repeat night and morning. No better toilet preparations exist.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

### Second Choice.

"The writing a story for one of the leading magazines," remarked Scribson, with a lofty air.

"Indeed," replied his caustic friend. "And which one of the inferior magazines do you think will publish it?"

A bad boy seldom inherits his badness from his father. The old man usually hangs on to all he has.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain. Adv.

Coal miners in Georgia have received 10 per cent increase in pay.

# 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

## DO YOU

believe that a girl of eighteen should be thrust into a position where she immediately has all of her illusions about life smashed like a glass bowl—a place where she sees justice defeated and evil thrive, where the good suffer and the weak are exploited, where little children pay heavily for the sins of their grandparents? Just read this installment of "K." Picking up the threads of the story, you will recall that a strange and charming young man, K. LeMoine, becomes a roomer at the Page home, where Sidney, her mother Anna, and her old maid Aunt Harriet, reside. Through the influence of dashing Dr. Max Wilson, Sidney goes to the hospital as a probationary nurse. Minor characters in the story are Dr. Ed Wilson, family friend; Christine Lorenz, her chum who is to marry Palmer Howe; Joe Drummond, her high school sweetheart; Katie, the cook, and Charlotte Harrison, a nurse in love with Doctor Max, who in turn is playing up to Sidney.

### CHAPTER VII—Continued.

All the small loose ends of her life were gathered up—except Joe. She would have liked to get that clear, too. She wanted him to know how she felt about it all—that she liked him as much as ever, that she did not want to hurt him. But she wanted to make it clear, too, that she knew now that she would never marry him. She thought she would never marry; but, if she did, it would be a man doing a man's work in the world. Her eyes turned wistfully to the house across the Street.

K's lamp still burned overhead, but his restless tramping about had ceased. He must be reading—he read a great deal. She really ought to go to bed. A neighborhood cat came stealthily across the Street, and stared up at the little balcony with green-glowing eyes.

"Come on, Bill Taft," she said. "Come on."

Joe Drummond, passing the house for the fourth time that evening, heard her voice, and hesitated uncertainly on the pavement.

"Joe! Come in."

"It's late; I'd better get home."

The misery in his voice hurt her.

"I'll not keep you long. I want to talk to you."

He came slowly toward her.

"Well?" he said hoarsely.

"Why haven't you been to see me? I have done anything—" Her voice was a tangle with virtue and outraged friendship.

"You haven't done anything but—how me where I get off."

He sat down on the edge of the balcony and stared out blankly.

"If that's the way you feel about it—"

"I'm not blaming you. I was a fool to think you'd ever care about me. I don't know that I feel so bad—about the thing. I've been around seeing some other girls, and I notice they're glad to see me, and treat me right, too."

There was boyish bravado in his voice. "But what makes me sick is to have everyone saying you've jilted me."

"Good gracious! Why, Joe, I never jilted you."

"Well, we look at it in different ways; that's all. I took it for a promise."

Then suddenly all his carefully conceived indifference fled. He bent forward.

"I believe you had forgotten?"

"Certainly not. I started downstairs a while ago, but you had a visitor."

"Only Joe Drummond?"

He gazed down at her quizzically.

"And—is Joe more reasonable?"

He will be. He knows that I—that I shall not marry him."

"Poor chap! He'll buck up, of course. But it's a little hard just now. When do you leave?"

"Just after breakfast."

"I am going very early. Perhaps?"

He hesitated. Then, hurriedly:

"I got a little present for you—nothing much, but your mother was quite willing. In fact, we bought it together."

He went back into his room, and returned with a small box. She opened it with excited fingers. Ticking away on its satin bed was a small gold watch.

"You'll need it, you see," he explained nervously.

"A watch," said Sidney, eyes on it.

"A dear little watch, to pin on and not put in a pocket. Why, you're the best person!"

"I was afraid you might think it presumptuous," he said. "I haven't any right, of course. And then, your mother said you wouldn't be offended."

"Don't apologize for making me so happy," she cried. "It's wonderful, really. And the little hand is for pulses! How many queer things you know!"

After that she must pin it on, and slip it to stand before his mirror and inspect the result. It gave LeMoine a queer thrill to see her there in the room, among his books and his pipes. It made him a little sick, too, in view of tomorrow and the thousand-odd tomorrows when she would not be there.

"I've kept you up shamefully," she said at last, "and you get up so early. I shall write you a note from the hospital, delivering a little lecture on extravagance—because how can I now, with this joy shining on me? And about how to keep Katie in order about your socks, and all sorts of things. And—good night."

She had moved to the door, and he followed her, stooping a little to pass under the low chandelier.

"Good night," said Sidney.

"You don't mean that!"

"I mean it, all right. If it wasn't for the folks, I'd jump in the river. I feel when I said I'd been to see other girls. What do I want with other girls? I want you."

"That's wild, silly talk. You'll be sorry tomorrow."

"I'm not sorry now."

"You're not?"

"No, I'm not."

"You're not?"

"No, I'm not."

"You're not?"

"No, I'm not."

"You're not?"

"No, I'm not."

"It's the truth," doggedly.

But he made a clutch at his self-respect. He was acting like a crazy boy, and he was a man, all of twenty-two!

"When are you going to the hospital?"

"Tomorrow."

"Is that Wilson's hospital?"

"Yes."

Alas for his resolve! The red haze of jealousy came again. "You'll be seeing him every day, I suppose."

"I dare say. I shall also be seeing twenty or thirty other doctors, and a hundred or so men patients, not to mention visitors. Joe, you're not rational."

"No," he said heavily. "I'm not. If it's got to be someone, Sidney, I'd rather have it the roomer upstairs than Wilson. There's a lot of talk about Wilson."

"It isn't necessary to malign my friends."

He rose.

"Wilson had better look out. I'll be watching. If I see him playing any of his tricks around you—well, he'd better look out!"

That, as it turned out, was Joe's farewell. He had reached the breaking-point. He gave her a long look, blinked, and walked rapidly out to the Street.

Some of the dignity of his retreat was lost by the fact that the cat followed him, close at his heels.

Sidney was hurt, greatly troubled. She even shed a tear or two, very surreptitiously; and then, being human and much upset, and the cat startling her by its sudden return, she sneezed off the veranda and set an imaginary dog after it. Whereupon, feeling somewhat better, she went in and looked the balcony window and proceeded upstairs.

LeMoine's light was still going. The rest of the household slept. She paused outside the door.

"Are you sleepy?"—very softly.

There was a movement inside, the sound of a book put down. Then: "No, indeed."

"I may not see you in the morning. I leave tomorrow."

"Just a minute."

From the sounds, she judged that he was putting on his shabby gray coat. The next moment he had opened the door and stepped out into the corridor.

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"Certainly not. I started downstairs a while ago, but you had a visitor."

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"No, I'm not."

"Good-by—and God bless you."

She went out, and he closed the door softly behind her.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Sidney never forgot her early impressions of the hospital, although they were chaotic enough at first.

There were uniformed young women coming and going, efficient, cool-eyed, low of voice. There were long vistas of shining floors and lines of beds.

There were brisk internes with duck clothes and brass buttons, who eyed her with friendly, patronizing glances.

There were bandages and dressings, and great white screens, behind which were played little or big dramas, baths or deaths, as the case might be.

And over all brooded the mysterious authority of the superintendent of the training school, dubbed the Head, for short.

Twelve hours a day, from seven to seven, with the off-duty intermission, Sidney labored at tasks which revolted her soul. She swept and dusted the wards, cleaned closets, folded sheets and towels, rolled bandages—did everything but nurse the sick, which was what she had come to do.

At night she did not go home. She sat on the edge of her narrow, white bed and soaked her aching feet in hot water and witch-hazel, and practiced taking pulses on her own slender wrist, with K's little watch.

Out of all the long, hot days, two periods stood out clearly, to be waited for and cherished. One was when, early in the afternoon, with the ward in spotless order, the shades drawn against the August sun, the tables covered with their red covers and the only sound the drone of the bandage-machine as Sidney steadily turned it.

Doctor Max passed the door on his way to the surgical ward beyond, and gave her a cheery greeting. At these times Sidney's heart beat almost in time with the ticking of the little watch.

The other hour was at twilight, when, work over for the day, the night nurse, with her rubber-soled shoes and tired eyes and jangling keys, having reported and received the night orders, the nurses gathered in their small parlor for prayers. It was months before Sidney got over the exaltation of that twilight hour, and never did it cease to bring her healing and peace. In a way, it crystallized for her what the day's work meant: charity and its sister, service, the promise of rest and peace. Into the little parlor fled the nurses, and knelt, folding their tired hands.

"The Lord is my shepherd," read the Head out of her worn Bible; "I shall not want."

And the nurses: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."

And so on through the psalm to the assurance at the end, "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Now and then there was a death behind one of the white screens. It caused little change in the routine of the ward. A nurse stayed behind the screen, and her work was done by the others. When everything was over, the time was recorded exactly on the record, and the body was taken away.

At first it seemed to Sidney that she could not stand this nearness to death. She thought the nurses hard because they took it quietly. Then she found that it was only stoicism, resignation, that they had learned. These things must be, and the work must go on. Their philosophy made them no less tender. Some such patient detachment must be that of the angels who keep the Great Record.

On her first Sunday half-holiday, she was free in the morning, and went to church with her mother, going back to the hospital after the service. So it was two weeks before she saw LeMoine again. Even then, it was only for a short time. Christine and Palmer Howe came in to see her, and to inspect the balcony, now finished.

But Sidney and LeMoine had a few words together first.

There was a change in Sidney. LeMoine was quick to see it. She was a trifle subdued, with a puzzled look in her blue eyes. Her mouth was tender, as always, but he thought it drooped. There was a new atmosphere of wistfulness about the girl that made his heart ache.

They were alone in the little parlor with its brown lamp and blue silk shade. K. never smoked in the parlor, but by sheer force of habit he held the pipe in his teeth.

"How would you like to have your daughter in Sidney's place? What do you think will be the effect on Sidney of the attentions of Doctor Max, LeMoine and Joe Drummond—will it turn her head?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"And how have things been going?" asked Sidney, practically.

"Your steward has little to report. Aunt Harriet, who left you her love, has had the complete order for the Lorenz trousseau. I thought I'd ask you about the veil. We're rather in a quandary. Do you like this new fashion of draping the veil from behind the coiffure in the back?"

Sidney had been sitting on the edge of her chair, staring.

"There," she said—"I knew it! This house is fatal! They're making an old woman of you already." Her tone was tragic.

He sucked calmly at his dead pipe.

"Katie has a new prescription—recipe—for bread. It has more bread and fewer airholes. One cake of yeast—"

Sidney sprang to her feet.

"It's perfectly terrible!" she cried. "Because you rent a room in this house is no reason why you should give up your personality and your—your intelligence. Mother says you water the flowers every morning, and lock up the house before you go to bed. I—I never meant you to adopt the family!"

K. removed his pipe and gazed earnestly into the bowl.

"Bill Taft has had kittens under the porch," he said. "And the groceryman—"

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