

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Picked the Right Spot.

"I see where a rich man has built a lake and flower garden on top of an apartment house."

"That would be just the place for a truck garden."

"Why?"

"I don't see how the neighbor's chickens could ever get up there."

CUTICURA KILLS DANDRUFF

The Cause of Dry, Thin and Falling Hair and Does It Quickly—Trial Free.

Anoint spots of dandruff, itching and irritation with Cuticura Ointment. Follow at once by a hot shampoo with Cuticura Soap, if a man, and next morning if a woman. When dandruff goes the hair comes. Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address: postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

His Double Duty.

Jones walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hallow, Jones," said Johnson, "you housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with those chocolates and that meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no, the sweets are for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."

BILIOUS, HEADACHY, SICK "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver, delayed fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months.—Adv.

Odd Troubles.

"There is one thing queer about sporting on a limited income."

"What's that?"

"The more you live in a society found the harder you find it to make ends meet."

MOTHER'S JOY SALVE

for Colds, Croup, Pneumonia and Asthma; GOOSE GREASE LINIMENT for Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Sprains. For sale by all Druggists. GOOSE GREASE COMPANY, MFR'S., Greensboro, N. C.—Adv.

Suitable Kinds.

"What measure would you select for a line of light poems?"

"Why not try a gas meter?"

If you suspect that your child has Worms, a single dose of Dr. Perry's "Dead Shot" will settle the question. Its action upon the stomach and bowels is beneficial in either case. No second dose or after purgative necessary. Adv.

Grammatically Sure.

"Can this actor make a situation tense?"

"Certainly, if he's in the mood."

"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

IF A GIRL discovered on the day of her wedding that the young man about to become her husband was a rake and that he had despoiled one girl and broken her heart, would she be wise if she refused to marry him, no matter how deep her love?

The Trend of the Story.

Mr. K. LeMoine becomes a roomer at the Page home, where Sidney, her mother, Anna, and her old maid aunt, Harriet, 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 and prospers. Christine Lorenz and Palmer Howe are about to be married, and they are going to take rooms at the Pages'. Sidney is loved by K., by Joe Drummond, a beau attentive from high school days, and by Doctor Max, who fascinates her. At the hospital she begins to see the underside of the world. She meets Carlotta Harrison, who is very "thick" with Doctor Max. K. LeMoine is a mystery. He works at the gas office as a clerk, but his past is hidden, and Doctor Max knows something about him which he keeps secret. Sidney goes to Christine's home to prepare for the wedding and finds the bride-to-be in a queer mood.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

She got up quickly, and, trailing her long satin train across the floor, bolted the door. Then from inside her courage she brought out and held to Sidney a letter. "Special delivery. Read it."

It was very short; Sidney read it at a glance:

Ask your future husband if he knows a girl at 213 ——— avenue.

Three months before, the Avenue would have meant nothing to Sidney. Now she knew. Christine, more sophisticated, had always known.

"You see," she said, "that's what I'm up against."

Quite suddenly Sidney knew who the girl at 213 ——— Avenue was. The paper she held in her hand was hospital paper with the heading torn off. The whole sordid story lay before her: Grace Irving, with her thin face and cropped hair, and the newspaper on the floor of the ward beside her!

She picked up her veil and set the coronet on her head. Sidney stood with the letter in her hands. One of K.'s answers to her hot question had been this: "There is no sense in looking back unless it helps us to look ahead. What your little girl of the ward has been is not so important as what she is going to be."

"Even granting this to be true," she said to Christine slowly—"and it may only be malicious, after all, Christine—it's surely over and done with. It's not Palmer's past that concerns you now. It's his future with you, isn't it?"

Christine had finally adjusted her veil. She rose and put her hands on Sidney's shoulders.

"The simple truth is," she said quietly,



Sidney Read It at a Glance.

ly, "that I might hold Palmer if I cared terribly, I don't. And I'm afraid he knows it. It's my pride that's hurt, nothing else."

And thus did Christine Lorenz go down to her wedding.

Sidney stood for a moment, her eyes on the letter she held. Already, in her new philosophy, she had learned many strange things. One of them was this—that women like Grace Irving did not betray their lovers; that the code of the underworld was "death to the squealer"; that one played the game, and won or lost, and if he lost, took his medicine. If not Grace, then who? Somebody else in the hospital who knew her story, of course. But who? And again—why?

Before going downstairs, Sidney placed the letter in a saucer and set it to it with a match. Some of the glue had dried out of her eyes.

To K., sitting in the back of the church between Harriet and Anna, the wedding was Sidney—Sidney only. Afterward he could not remember the wedding party at all. The service for him was Sidney, rather awed and very serious, beside the altar. It was Sidney who came down the aisle to the triumphant strains of the wedding march, Sidney with Max beside her.

On his right sat Harriet, having reached the first pinnacle of her new career. The wedding gowns were successful. They were more than that—they were triumphant. Sitting there, she cast comprehensive eyes over the church, filled with potential brides. But to Anna, watching the ceremony with blurred eyes and ineffectual bluish lips, was coming her hour. Sitting back in the pew, with her hands folded over her prayerbook, she said a little prayer for her straight young daughter, facing out from the altar with clear, unafraid eyes.

As Sidney and Max drew near the door, Joe Drummond, who had been standing at the back of the church, turned quickly and went out. He stumbled, rather, as if he could not see.

CHAPTER XI.

The supper at the White Springs hotel had not been the last supper Carlotta Harrison and Max Wilson had taken together. Carlotta had selected for her vacation a small town within easy motoring distance of the city, and two or three times during her two weeks off duty Wilson had gone out to see her. He liked being with her. She stimulated him. For once that he could see Sidney, he saw Carlotta twice.

She had kept the affair well in hand. She was playing for high stakes. She knew quite well the kind of man with whom she was dealing—that he would pay as little as possible. But she knew, too, that let him want a thing enough, he would pay any price for it, even marriage.

She was very skillful. The very ardor in her face was in her favor. Behind her eyes lurked cold calculation. She would put the thing through, and show those pulling nurses, with their pious eyes and evening prayers, a thing or two.

During that entire vacation he never saw her in anything more elaborate than the simplest of white dresses modestly open at the throat, sleeves rolled up to show her sultry arms. There were no other boarders at the little farmhouse. She sat for hours in the summer evenings in the square yard filled with apple trees that bordered the highway, carefully posed over a book, but with her keen eyes always on the road. She read Browning, Emerson, Swinburne. Once he found her with a book that she hastily concealed. He insisted on seeing it, and secured it. It was a book on brain surgery. Confronted with it, she blushed and dropped her eyes. His delighted vanity found in it the most insidious of compliments, as she had intended.

"I feel such an idiot when I am with you," she said. "I wanted to know a little more about the things you do."

That put their relationship on a new and advanced basis. Thereafter he occasionally talked surgery instead of sentiment. He found her responsive, intelligent. His work, a sealed book to his women before, lay open to her. Now and then their professional discussions ended in something different. The two lines of their interest converged.

"Gad!" he said one day. "I look forward to these evenings. I can talk shop with you without either shocking or nauseating you. You are the most intelligent woman I know—and one of the prettiest."

The one element Carlotta had left out of her calculations was herself. She had known the man, had taken the situation at its proper value. But into her calculating ambition had come a new and destroying element. She who, like K. in his little room on the Street, had put aside love and the things thereof, found that it would not put

her aside. By the end of her short vacation Carlotta Harrison was wildly in love with the younger Wilson.

They continued to meet, not as often as before, but once a week, perhaps. The meetings were full of danger now; and if for the girl they lost by this quality, they gained attraction for the man. She was shrewd enough to realize her own situation. The thing had gone wrong. She cared, and he did not. It was his game now, not hers.

All women are intuitive; women in love are dangerously so. As well as she knew that his passion for her was not the real thing, so also she realized that there was growing up in his heart something akin to the real thing for Sidney Page. Suspicion became certainty after a talk they had over the supper table at a country roadhouse the day after Christine's wedding.

"How was the wedding—thresome?"

"Thrilling! There's always something thrilling to me in a man trying himself up for life to one woman. It's—it's so reckless."

Her eyes narrowed. "That's not exactly the Law and the Prophets, is it?"

"It's the truth. To think of selecting out of all the world one woman, and electing to spend the rest of one's days with her! Although—"

His eyes looked past Carlotta into distance.

"Sidney Page was one of the bridesmaids," he said irrelevantly. "She was lovelier than the bride."

"Pretty, but stupid," said Carlotta. "I like her. I've really tried to teach her things, but—you know—"

Doctor Max was learning wisdom. If there was a twinkle in his eye, he veiled it discreetly. But, once again in the machine, he bent over and put his cheek against hers.

"You little cat! You're jealous," he said exultantly.

Nevertheless, although he might smile, the lunge of Sidney lay very close to his heart those autumn days. And Carlotta knew it.

Sidney came off night duty the middle of November. The night duty had been a time of comparative peace to Carlotta. There were no evenings when Doctor Max could bring Sidney back to the hospital in his car.

Sidney's half-days at home were occasions for agonies of jealousy on Carlotta's part. On such an occasion, a month after the wedding, she could not restrain herself. She pleaded her old excuse of headache, and took the trolley to a point near the end of the Street. After twilight fell, she slowly walked the length of the Street. Christine and Palmer had not returned from their wedding journey. The November evening was not cold. Sidney was not in sight, or Wilson. But standing on the wooden doorstep of the house was Le Moine. The all-night trees were bare at that time, throwing quaint arms upward to the November sky. The street lamp, which in the summer left the doorstep in the shadow, now shone through the branches and threw into strong relief Le Moine's tall figure and set face. Carlotta saw him too late to retreat. But he did not see her. She went on, startled, her busy brain scheming anew. Another element had entered into her plotting. It was the first time she had known that K. lived in the Page house. It gave her a sense of uncertainty and deadly fear.

She made her first friendly overture of many days to Sidney the following day. They met in the locker room in the basement where the street clothing for the ward patients was kept. Here, rolled in bundles and ticketed, side by side lay the heterogeneous garments in which the patients had met accident or illness. Rags and tidiness, filth and cleanliness, lay almost touching.

Far away on the other side of the whitewashed basement, men were unloading gleaming cans of milk. Floods of sunlight came down the cellarway, touching their white coats and turning the cans to silver. Everywhere was the religion of the hospital, which is order.

Sidney, harking back from recent slights to the staircase conversations of her night-duty, smiled at Carlotta cheerfully.

"A miracle is happening," she said. "Grace Irving is going out today. When one remembers how ill she was and how we thought she could not live, it's rather a triumph, isn't it?"

"Are those her clothes?"

Sidney examined with some dismay the elaborate negligee garments in her hand.

"She can't go out in those; I shall have to lend her something." A little of the light died out of her face. "She's had a hard fight, and she has won," she said. "But when I think of what she's probably going back to—"

Carlotta shrugged her shoulders.

"It's all in the day's work," she observed indifferently. "You can take them up into the kitchen and give them steady work paring potatoes, or put them in the laundry ironing. In the end it's the same thing. They all go back."

She turned, on her way out of the locker room, and shot a quick glance at Sidney.

"I happened to be on your street the other night," she said. "You live across the street from Wilson's, don't you?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; I had heard you speak of the house. Your—your brother was standing on the steps."

Sidney laughed.

"I have no brother. That's a roomer, a Mr. Le Moine. It isn't really right to call him a roomer; he's one of the family now."

"Le Moine?"

He had even taken another name. It had hit him hard, for sure.

K.'s name had struck an always responsive chord in Sidney. The two girls went toward the elevator to-



"Pretty, but Stupid," Said Carlotta.

gether. With a very little encouragement, Sidney talked of K. She was pleased at Miss Harrison's friendly tone, glad that things were all right between them again. At her floor she put a timid hand on the girl's arm.

"I was afraid I had offended you or displeased you," she said. "I'm so glad it isn't so."

Carlotta shivered under her hand.

Things were not going any too well with K. True, he had received his promotion at the office, and with this present affluence of \$22 a week he was able to do several things. Mrs. Rosenfeld now washed and ironed one day a week at the little house, so that Katie might have more time to look after Anna. He had increased also the amount of money that he periodically sent east.

So far, well enough. The thing that rankled and filled him with a sense of failure was Max Wilson's attitude. It was not unfriendly; it was, indeed, consistently respectful, almost reverential. But he clearly considered Le Moine's position absurd.

There was no true comradeship between the two men; but there was beginning to be constant association, and lately a certain amount of friction. They thought differently about almost everything.

Wilson began to bring all his problems to Le Moine. There were long consultations in that small upper room. Perhaps more than one man or woman who did not know of K.'s existence owed his life to him that fall.

Under K.'s direction, Max did marvels. Cases began to come in to him from the surrounding towns. To his own daring was added a new and remarkable technique. But Le Moine, who had found resignation if not content, was once again in touch with the work he loved. There were times when, having thrashed a case out together and outlined the next day's work for Max, he would walk for hours into the night out over the hills, fighting his battle. The longing was on him to be in the thick of things again. The thought of the gas office and its deadly round sickened him.

What more do you think Christine has learned about her new husband? Did she do wrong to go through the marriage?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Man's Greatness.

He is a great man who has a great plan to his life—the greatest, who has the greatest plan and keeps it.—Drummond.

Iceland is enjoying a prosperity greater than ever before, on account of its war business.

Your Health IS Paramount and deserves utmost care

One of the greatest drawbacks to health is a weak stomach, but in many cases this can be corrected by careful diet and the assistance of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It is a Splendid First Aid

Rheumacide

Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?

Take RHEUMACIDE to remove uric acids and drive the poison from the system. "ABSORPTION OF THE URIC ACID" PETS ANALYSIS OF THE URIC ACID. At All Druggists. Jas. Baly & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

Salesmen Wanted

We can use the services of several responsible girls to grow Nursery Stock. Farmers, School Teachers, Students and others can make the work profitable canvassing all or part time. Liberal proposition; weekly advance; ample territory. Write at once for SPECIAL OFFER. Outfit free. W. T. HOOD & CO., 916 Peninsula Nurseries, Dept. W. N., Richmond, Va.

A Tale of Trieste.

The Italians are fighting to get back Trieste. How some of the inhabitants of that city feel toward their Austrian masters is shown by the following story: A traveler went into a church there and noticed among a large number of votive offerings a silver mouse. This, he was told, was presented by a lady whose house had been overrun with these little pests. After her gift to the Madonna, the mice entirely disappeared from her place.

"You don't believe that yarn?" remarked the skeptical traveler.

"Of course not," replied the sacrificer, "or we should have made a silver Austrian lorg ago."

MOTHER, ATTENTION!

Gold Ring for Baby Free.

Get a 25c Bottle of Baby Ease from any drug store, mail coupon as directed and gold ring (guaranteed), proper size, mailed you. Baby Ease cures Bowel Complaints and Teething Troubles of Babies.—Adv.

Akin to Marriage.

Willis—What system do these military airplanes work on?

Gillis—One person runs the machine, and the other is just an observer, but both of them fight.

Willis—I see; just like being married.

NOTHING SO EFFECTIVE AS ELIXIR BABEK FOR Malaria, Chills & Fever.

Chief of Police, J. W. Reynolds, Newport News, Va., says: "It is a pleasure to recommend Babek for chills and fever. Have used it when necessary for five years and have found no remedy so effective." BABEK 50-cents all druggists or by Papp's Post, prepaid, from Kiersewski & Co., Washington, D. C. A Good Move—Babek Liver Pills. 50 pills. 25 cents.

Poor Fellow Had to Walk.

"Tell me of your early educational hardships."

"Well, I lived seven blocks from a Carnegie library, and we had no automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Constipation generally indicates disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Wright's India Vegetable Pill restores regularity without griping. Adv.

The actuality of today seldom looks as good as the theory of yesterday.

Meat Eaters' Backache

Meat lovers are apt to have backaches and rheumatic attacks. Unless you do heavy work and get lots of fresh air, don't eat too much meat. It's rich in nitrogen and helps to form uric acid—a solid poison that irritates the nerves, damages the kidneys and often causes dropsy, gravel and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills help weak kidneys to throw off uric acid. Thousands recommend them.

A North Carolina Case

C. C. Townsend, 450 Arlington St., Greensboro, N. C., says: "I had such a bad case of kidney disease that I didn't think I would get rid of it. The pains in my back were almost unbearable and it was hard for me to stoop. My kidneys acted far too freely. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much that I continued using them and was restored to good health. It has been several years since I have had any further trouble from my kidneys."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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If you have been threatened or have GALLSTONES, CHOLELITHS, COLIC or pains in the right FREE abdomen write for valuable Book of Information FREE. S. S. BOWEN, DEPT. W-4, 212 S. BRADSHAW ST., CHICAGO