THE ENTERPRISE, WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA

۲

Max had reached that point that oc

curs in all relationships between men

and women: when things must either

go forward or go back, but cannot re-

existed for the last three months. It

go ahead. The situation with Carlotta

had become tense, irritating. He felt

that she stood ready to block any move

he made. He would not go back, and

If Sidney was puzzled, she kept it

bravely to herself. In her little room

at night, with the door carefully

locked, she tried to think things out.

There were a few treasures that she

looked over regularly: a dried flower

from the Christmas roses; a label that

he had pasted playfully on the back

surgical dressings was over and which

There was another piece of paper

over which Sidney spent much time.

book, and it read: "Sigsbee may

have light diet: Rosenfeld massage.

You are the most beautiful person in the world.

to request to have Sidney in the oper-

and he wanted her to see him at work :

the age-old instinct of the male to have

The deepening and broadening of

Sidney's character had been very no-

ticeable in the last few months. She

had gained in decision without becom-

they are, not through the rose mist of

early girlhood; and, far from being

But her new theory of acceptance

was in a state of wild revolt, for in-

more remotely but not less deeply con-

But her revolt was to be for herself

was to learn that Wilson had been

and would not operate that day.

The operating room made gauze that

morning, and small packets of tam-

pons: absorbent cotton covered with

sterilized gauze, and fastened togeth-

er--twelve, by careful count, in each

Miss Grange, who had been kind to

"Used instead of sponges," she ex-

cerned over Grace Irving.

daunted, had developed a philosophy

his woman see him at his best.

Two reasons had prompted Wilson

said: "R, Take once and forever."

exasperated the man.

he dared not go forward.

main as they are. The condition had

As a matter of fact, Wilson could not

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 with out 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 foul, 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 50cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

German Coal Supply Twice Britain's. Professor Letiner, an Austrian, estimates that at the present rate of consumption the coal mines of Great Britnin will be exhausted in 720 years. whereas Germany has enough coal, including the invaded territory, for eighteen hundred years.

ANY CORN LIFTS OUT, DOESN'T HURT A BIT!

No foolishness! Lift your corns and calluses off with fingers-It's like magic!

Sore corns, hard corns, soft corns or any kind of a corn, can harmlessly be lifted right out with the tingers if you apply upon the corn a few drops of freezone, says a Cincinnati authority For little cost one can get a small bottle of freezone at any drug store, which will positively rid one's feet of every corn or callus without pain.

This simple drug dries the moment It is applied and does not even irritate the surrounding skin while applying it or afterwards.

This announcement will interest many of our renders. If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to surely get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house .- adv.

Auto Lifts Itself.

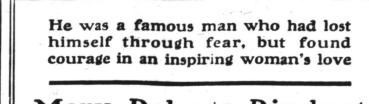
By using a new jack with a rocker tike base an automobile can be made to literally lift itself.

The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head Because of its tonic and latative effect. Latative Brumo Quinine can be taken by anyone without cansing nervousness or ringing in the head. There is only one "Brumo Quinine." B. W. GROVES signature is on each box. 30c.

Loop the Loop With a Load.

Lieutenant Nagorski of the Russian army aviation corps has looped the loop with a passenger and 1,100 pounds of extra weight.





Mary Roberts Rinehart tells the story

SIDNEY LEARNS SOME VERY PAINFUL TRUTHS AND FEAR ENTERS DOCTOR MAX'S SOUL

A mysterious stranger, K. LeMoyne, takes a room at the Page home, presided over by Sidney, her mother, Anna, and her Aunt Harriet, a fashionable dressmaker. Through the influence of Dr. Max Wilson, a brilliant young surgeon smitten with her charm, Sidney becomes a hospital nurse. K. loves her from a distance; so does erratic Joe Drummond, an old schoolmate. At the hospital Sidney makes the acquaintance of Carlotta Harrison, who has been overintimate with Doctor Max and who is jealous of the innocent newcomer. Sidney's chum, Christine Lorenz, marries Palmer Howe, a young society rake and they take rooms with the Pages. Howe turns traitor to his bride. His arm is broken in a joy-riding accident and Johnny Rosenfeld, his chauffeur, is fatally hurt. Sidney's mother Doctor Wilson discovers that LeMoyne is a famous Doctor Edwardes, living incognito, and keeps the secret. Carlotta Harrison poisons Johnny, a patient in the hospital, and puts the blame on Sidney. Christine, secretly admiring K., asks him to warn Sidney against Doctor Wilson, who, she thinks would prove untrue to the girl if he married her. When this installment opens, K, is trying to explain to Celestine why he can't interfere in Max and Sidney's affairs.

CHAPTER XVII-Continued.

-14-Christine, it would be easier to inter-

fere. After all, Christine had known this, or surmised it, for weeks. But it hurt like a tresh stab in an old wound. It was K, who spoke again after a pause : "The deadly hard thing, of course, is to sit by and see things happening that one-that one would naturally try to prevent."

"I don't believe that you have al ways been of those who only stand and wait," said Christine. "Sontetime, K., when you know me better and like me better, I want you to tell me about it, will you?"

"There's very little to tell. I held a trust. was unfit to hold that trust any longer, I quit. That's all."

His tone of finality closed the discus But Christine's eyes were on sion. him often that evening, puzzled, rather

They talked of books, of music-Christine played well in a dashing way K. had brought her soft, tender little things, and had stood over her until her noisy touch became gentle. She played for him a little, while he sat back in the big chair with his hand. screening his eyes.

up his cap, it was nine o'clock.

"I've taken your whole evening," he said remorsefully. "Why don't you tell me I am a nuisance and send me off ?

Christine was still at the plano, her hands on the keys. She spoke with out looking at him: "You're never a nuisance, K., and-"

Something in her tone caught his attention. "I forgot to tell you," she went on. "Father has given Palmer five thou

haps K, would have taken her in his Underneath was written, very small: arins. He was heart-hungry enough, "I think you can understand," said those days, for anything. And per-K. rather wearily, "that if I cared less, haps, too, being intuitive, Christine felt this But she had no mind to force him into a situation against hisating room. He wanted her with him. will,

"It is because you are good," she said, and held out her hand. "Goodnight."

Le Moyne took it and bent over and kissed it lightly. There was in the kiss all that he could not say of respect, of affection and understanding.

"Good-night, Christine," he said, and went into the hall and upstairs.

The lamp was not lighted in his room, but the street light glowed that had for its basis God in his heaven through the windows. Once again the and all well with the world. waving fronds of the ailanthus tree flung ghostly shadows on the walls. When I discovered that I There was a faint sweet odor of blossoms, so soon to become rank and heavy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

too. On the day after her appointment Sidney went into the operating room to the operating room, she had her late in the spring as the result of a half-holiday, and when, after a restless conversation between the your ger Wilnight, she went to her new station, it son and the Head.

"When are you going to put my called out of the city in consultation protegee into the operating room? asked Wilson, meeting Miss Gregg in O'Hara would take advantage of the a corridor one bright spring afternoon. free afternoon to run in some odds and "That usually comes in the second ends of cases.

He smiled down at her. "That isn't

"Not exactly. Miss Page is very young, and of course there are other

"I Can't Be a Hypocrite Any Longer,

in the operating room. The other doc-

good training for Miss Page."



her and their nero. Not ... hameful, this: the honest pride of a woman in being chosen from many. The voices were very clear.

"She's eating her heart out." "Do you think he has really broken with her?"

"Probably not. She knows it's coming; that's all."

"Sometimes I have wondered-"

"So have others. She oughtn't to be here, of course. But among so many there is bound to be one now and then who-who isn't quite-"

She hesitated, at a loss for a word. "Did you-did you ever think over that trouble with Miss Page about the medicines? That would have been easy, and like her."

"She hates Miss Brge, of course, but I hardly think- If that's true, it was nearly murder."

There were two voices, a young one, full of soft southern inflections, and an older voice, a trifle hard, as from disillusion.

They were working as they talked. Sidney could hear the clatter of bottles on the tray, the scraping of a moved table.

"He was crazy about her last fall." "Miss Page?" (The younger voice, with a thrill in it.)

"Carlotta. Of course this is confidential."

"Surely."

"I saw her with him in his car one evening. And on her vacation last summer-

of her hand one day after the rush of The voices dropped to a whisper. Sidney, standing cold and white by the sterilizer, put out a hand to steady herself. So that was it! No wonder Carlotta had hated her. She was It was a page torn out of an order steady enough in a moment, cool and calm, moving about her work with icecold hands and slightly-narrowed eyes. To a sort of physical nausea was succeeding anger. a blind fury of injured pride. He had been in love with Carlotta and had tired of her. He was bringing her his warmed-over emotions. She remembered the bitterness of her month's exile, and its probable cause. Max had stood by her then, Well he

might, if he suspected the truth. For just a moment she had an illuminating flash of Wilson as he really was, selfish and self-indulgent, just a trifle too carefully dressed, daring as to eye ing hard; had learned to see things as and speech, with a carefully-calculated daring, frankly pleasure-loving. She put her hands over her eyes.

The voices in the next room had risen above their whisper.

"Genius has privileges, of course," said the older voice. "He is a very "He is a very did not comprehend everything. She great surgeon. Tomorrow he is to do the Edwardes operation again. I am stance, as to Johnny Rosenfeld, and glad I am to see him do it."

Sidney still held her hands over her eyes. He was a great surgeon : in his hands he held the keys of life and death. And perhaps he had never cared for Carlotta: she might have thrown herself at him. He was a man, at the mercy of any scheming woman. She tried to summon his image to her aid. But a curious thing happened. She could not visualize him. Instead, there came, clear and distinct, a picture of K. Le Moyne in the hall of the little house, reaching one of his long arms to the chandelier over his head and looking up at her as she stood on

the stairs. CHAPTER XIX.

"But, Sidney, I'm asking you to marry me

"I-I know that. I am asking you unething else, Max."

"I have never been in love with her." His voice was sulky. He had drawn the car close to a bank, and they were sitting in the shade, on the grass. It

WOMAN NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH

What Came From Reading a Pinkham Adver-

tisement.

Paterson, N. J. — "I thank you for the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies as they have made me well

and healthy. Sometime ago I felt so run down, had pains in my back and side, was very irregular, tired, nervous, had such bad dreams. did not feel like eating and had short breath. I read your advertisement in

the newspapers and decided to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. It worked from the first bottle, so I took a second and a third, also a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Purifier, and now I am just as well as any other woman. I advise every woman, single or married, who is troubled with any of the aforesaid ailments, to try your wonderful Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and I am sure they will help her to get rid of her troubles as they did me." -Mrs. ELSIE J. VAN DER SANDE, 36 No. York St., Paterson, N. J.

Write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass, if you need special advice.

Caught the Post.

Pat was walking along the road, when, hearing a whir, he looked back. and saw Larry flying fast and furious on a bicycle.

"Hi! wait a minute!" shouled Pat. "I want to spake to you."

"L.ca., t. I'm in a hurry. I want to catch the post," cried Larry, flying by

Suddenly the bicycle swerved, and crashed into a telegraph pole on the roadside, and Larry and the bike lay in a helpless tangle. As Pat came on, Larry was extricating himself from the wire puzzle.

"Begorra !" said Pat with a grin, "I see you caught the post,"

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" not only expels Worms or Tapeworm but cleans out the mucus in which they breed and tones up the digestion. One dose sufficient. Adv.

Pure glycerin will help to dissofve fruit stains from linen



Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung; when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy heads, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mysify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Start using Doan's now.



a rule, is it?"

When, at last, he rose and picked year, Doctor Wilson."

ENDS DYSPEPSIA, UAJ "Pape's Diapepsin" cures sick, sour stomachs in five minutes

—Time It!

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order- really does" overcome indiges. tion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes-that-just that-makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If what you eat ferments into stubborn tomps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid, head is dizzy and aches; breath foul; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste, remember the moment "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing-almost marvelous, and the joy is its harmlessness

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction.

It's worth its weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs_regulated. It belongs in your home-should always be kept handy in case of sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world .-- Adv.

Friend. h p. Mabel-Do-you know anything about Tom Brown? Arthur-Why Tom is my best friend.

Mabel-I know that, but is he all right otherwise?

To Drive Out Malaria

And Build Up The System Take the Old-Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

The United States yearly spends \$100,000,000 in building public schools.

d dollars. He's share in a business." "That's fine."

"Possibly. I don't believe much in Palmer's business ventures,"

Her flat tone still held him. Under neath it he divined strain and repres sion.

"I hate to go and leave you alone, he said at last from the door. "Have you any idea when Palmer will be back?

"Not the slightest. K., will you come here a moment? Stand behind me; 1 don't want to see you, and I want to tell you something."

He did as she bade him, rather puz zled.

"Here I am."

"I think I am a fool for saying this. Perhaps I am spoiling the only chance I have to get any happiness out of life. But I was terribly unhappy, K. and then you came into my life, and Inow I listen for your step in the hall. I can't be a hypocrite any longer, K." When he stood behind her silent and not moving, she turned slowly about and faced him. He towered there in

the little room, grave eyes on hers, "It's a long time since I have had a

woman friend, Christine," he said so "Your friendship has meant a berly. good deal. In a good many ways, I'd not care to look ahead if it were not for you. I value our friendship so much that I-"

"That you don't want to spoil it," she finished for him. "I know you

don't care for me, K., not the way I-But I wanted you to know. It doesn't hurt a good man to know such a thing. And it-isn't going to stop your coming here, is it?'

Christine."

him.

mile

tors were not so exigent. She would "Of course not," said K. heartily. have liked to have all the staff old and "But tomorrow, when we are both clear-headed, we will talk this over. er Wilson. These young men came in

You are mistaken about this thing, and tore things up. Christine; I am sure of that. Things Sidney went into the operating room have not been going well, and just bethat afternoon. For her blue unicause I am always around, and all that form, kerchief, and cap she exchanged sort of thing, you think things that the hideous operating room garb; long, afternoon. aren't really so. I'm only a reaction, straight white gown with short sleeves

and mob cap, gray-white from many the first time in her hurried morning, He tried to make her smile up at sterilizations. But the ugly costume seemed to emphasize her beauty, as the But just then she could not

If she had cried, things might have placid saintliness of her face.

ar at the end of the day. There's no closing up until it's found !" Sidney eyed the small packet before

her anxiously "What a hideous responsibility! she said.

From that time on she handled the small gauze sponges almost reverently.

The operating room-all glass, white enamel, and shining nickel plate-first

frightened, then thrilled her. It was as if, having loved a great actor, she now trod the enchanted boards on which he achieved his triumphs. She was glad that it was her afternoon off.

and that she would not see some lesser star-O'Hara, to wit-usurping his word. That hurt.

The operating room was a hive of industry, and tongues kept pace with I wonder if you have any idea what fingers. What news of the world came in through the great doors was translated at once into hospital terms What the city forgot the hospital remembered. It took up life where the town left it at its gates, and carried it on or saw it ended, as the case might be. So these young women knew the ending of many stories, the beginning of some; but of none did they know both the first and last, the beginning

and the end. girls who have not yet had the expe By many small kindnesses Sidney rience. But if you make the requesthad made herself popular. And there. "I am going to have some good cases soon. I'll not make a request, of shirked. The other girls had the recourse; but, if you see fit, it would be spect for her of one honest worker for another. The episode that had Miss Gregg went on, knowing percaused her suspension seemed entirely feetly that at his next operation Docforgotten. They showed her carefully for Wilson would expect Sidney Page

what she was to do; and, because she must know the "why" of everything, they explained as best they could.

It was while she was standing by the settled, like Doctor O'Hara or the old- great sterilizer that she heard, through an open door, part of a conversation that sent her through the day with her world in revolt.

The talkers were putting the an esthetizing room in readiness for the Sidney, waiting for the time to open the sterilizer, was busy for

with her own thoughts. Because she was very human, there was a habit of a nun often brings out the little exultation in her mind. What would these girls say when they been different for everyone; for per- The relationship between Silney and jearned of how things stood between them about it.

vas the Sunday afternoon after Sidney's experience in the operating room.

50¢ at all Stores Foster-Milburn Co. Props. Buffalo,N.Y. 'You took her out, Max, didn't you?" "A few times, yes. She seemed to

have no friends. I was sorry for her." "That was all?"

"Absolutely. «Good heavens, you've put me through a catechism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I-one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that place. But Max had not sent her any her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney, ou mean to me?"

"You meant a great deal to me, too," she said frankly, "until a few days ago, I thought you were the greatest man I had ever known, and the best. And then-I think I'd better tell you what I overheard. I didn't try to hear. It ust happened that way."

He listened doggedly to her account of the hospital gossip, doggedly and with a sinking sense of fear, not of the talk, but of Carlotta horself. Usually

one might count on the woman's silence, her instinct for self-protection. was more to it than that. She never But Carlotta was different. Hang the girl, anyhow! She had known from he start that the affair was a temporary one; he had never pretended nything else,

There was silence for a moment afer. Sidney finished: Then:

Do you think that K. ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him caddish and hate him if he tried to do so?

(TO BE CONTINUED.) The Truth of the Matter.

Some men are e tot mously impor tant. They regulate other men and boast of it. The stuth is they are tels, and people are tce polite to tel



