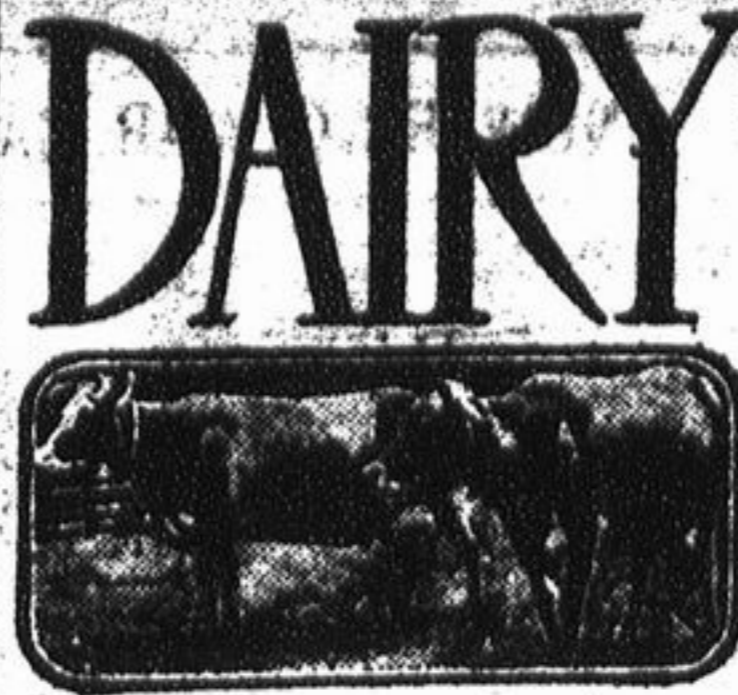


K

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

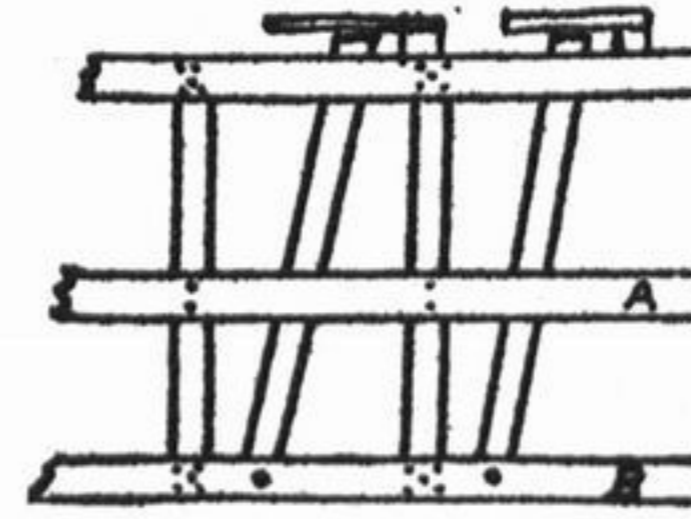
By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



PREVENT COWS LYING DOWN

Iowa Man Has Practical and Inexpensive Device Attached to the Immovable Stanchion.

In the summer or spring, or at other times after rains, the yards around the barn are muddy. The cows are driven into the barn preparatory to milking. They are fastened in the stanchions. The result is that the floors become dirty and dusty. The mud comes off the feet and adheres to the platform on which the cows stand. Again, it is not infrequent for a cow to lie down on the dirty platform, and another cow to urinate on that cow's tail. It is a rare thing that two or three cows out of ten will not lie down before you are ready to milk. To prevent them from lying down for an hour or more while you are milking, is the object of the device here illustrated, writes J. N. Muncey



Keeps Cows on Feet.

of Buchanan county, Iowa, in Wallace's Farmer. It is inexpensive, unpatented, easily made, and practical. It is a labor-saver. It frequently saves the milkerman a sweat across the mouth with a dirty tail.

"A" is a fence board, which may be nailed or bolted or temporarily attached to the immovable stanchion. It should be placed just high enough above "B" so that its upper edge just touches the lower edge of the cow's neck when she is standing. The same or a similar device may be used on the patented swing stanchions, I think, though I have never tried it.

If you use it in winter, be sure and put a sign of warning at the head of your bed, so that at no time will the poor cows be compelled to stand up all night long. It is an advantage to clean all the udders at once, and when they are clean and ready for milking, a man dislikes to have any one of the cows lie down and get her tail in the urine and her udder in the dirt or manure; and when she does get up she'll sweat both cows next to her, and you frequently have to clean all three.

PROTECTION FOR MILK CANS

Heavy Blanket, Dipped in Water and Wrapped Around Receptacle, Keeps Out Much Dust.

The only way to have cream reach the creamery as clean as when it left the farm is to protect the can. This is best done by the use of a heavy blanket, kept for that purpose, dipped in clean water and wrapped around the can so as to completely cover all but the bottom. Dust will sift through a dry blanket quite rapidly.

The cream can, even if protected from dust, should, if possible, be kept shaded during transportation to the creamery.

If the creamery managers and butter makers would insist that patrons protect their cans the grade of cream would be greatly improved, the cans would look better and the labor of washing before returning them to the patrons would be greatly reduced.

STALE MILK CAUSES SCOURS

Pails and Utensils Used in Feeding Calves Must Be Kept Clean to Avoid Disease.

Old or stale milk often causes indigestion or scours. A calf is better off to miss a feed than to have a feed of sour milk. Pails and utensils must be kept clean.

A good rule is to keep the calf pails as clean as the milk pails. The hand separator on the farm makes it possible to get the milk to the calf fresh, warm, and sweet.

Calves can be raised on skim milk where cream is raised by gravity, but more difficulties are experienced.

GET FAMILIAR WITH HEIFERS

Handling of Young Animals in Advance of Freshening Is Necessary in Minds of Dairymen.

The best plan is to get your heifers, handle them so they are familiar with your presence. They soon become docile and will follow their caretaker around to be rubbed and handled, and all the kicking, timid, shy tendencies leave them.

The handling of the heifer in advance of the freshening period is a necessity, in the estimation of many of our best dairymen and cow owners.

Where Milk Comes From. Some people buy their milk in tin cans, some have it brought in bottles, but the dairyman gets his direct from the cow by the sweat of his brow.

Make Your Own Butter. Better make your own butter on the farm and build your herd, than to take the easier course, sell your skim milk, and let your herd degenerate.

Thermometer in Dairy. A thermometer in the dairy is useful in summer as well as winter.

Advertisement for Wrigley's chewing gum, featuring images of Spearmint, Juicy Fruit, and Doublemint packages and the slogan 'The FLAVOR LASTS'.

Advertisement for Green's August Flower, highlighting its long history and effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for Freckles, describing a cream that removes facial spots and blemishes.

Advertisement for a well-known medicine, praising its effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for Corns Lift Out, a product designed to remove corns without pain.

Advertisement for a product that removes corns, emphasizing its ease of use and effectiveness.

Advertisement for eye care, specifically for removing eye redness and irritation.

She was sorry the next moment. But her words seemed, surprisingly enough, to steady him. For the first time, he said out loud.

"Then, as far as I am concerned, it's all over, is it?"

"Yes, Joe. I told you that long ago."

He seemed hardly to be listening. His thoughts had ranged far ahead.

Suddenly—"You think Christine has her hands full with Palmer, don't you? Well, if you take Max Wilson, you're going to have more trouble than Christine ever dreamed of. I can tell you some things about him now that will make you think twice."

But Sidney had reached her limit. She went over and flung open the door.

"Every word that you say shows me how right I am in not marrying you, Joe," she said. "Real men do not say those things about each other under any circumstances. You're behaving like a bad boy. I don't want you to come back until you have grown up."

He was very white, but he picked up his hat and went to the door.

"I guess I am crazy," he said. "I've been wanting to go away, but mother raises such a fuss—I'll not annoy you any more."

He left her standing there and ran down the stairs and out into the street. At the foot of the steps he almost collided with Doctor Ed.

"Back to see Sidney?" said Doctor Ed genially. "That's fine, Joe. I'm glad you've made it up."

The boy went blindly down the street.

CHAPTER XVII.

Winter relaxed its clutch slowly that year. March was bitterly cold; even April found the roads still frozen and the hedgerows clustered with ice.

At midday there was spring in the air. In the courtyard of the hospital, convalescents sat on the benches and watched for robins. The fountain, which had frozen out, was being repaired. Here and there on ward windows sills tapers opened their gauzy petals to the sun.

Harriet had gone abroad for a flying trip in March, and came back laden with new ideas, model gowns, and fresh enthusiasm. Grace Irving, having had good luck during the winter sales, had been sent to the spring cottons. She began to walk with her head higher. The day she sold Sidney material for a simple white gown, she was very happy.

On Sidney, on K., and on Christine the winter had left its mark heavily. Christine, readjusting her life to new conditions, was graver, more thoughtful. She was alone most of the time now. Under K.'s guidance, she had given up the "Duchess" and was reading real books. She was thinking real thoughts, too, for the first time in her life.

Sidney, as tender as ever, had lost a little of the radiance from her eyes; her voice had deepened. Where she had been a pretty girl, she was now lovely. She was back in the hospital again, this time in the children's ward. K., going in one day to take Johnny Rosenfeld a basket of fruit, saw her there with a child in her arms, and a light in her eyes that he had never seen before. It hurt him, rather—things being as they were with him. When he came out he looked straight ahead.

K. had fallen into the habit, after his long walks, of dropping into Christine's little parlor for a chat before he went upstairs. Those early spring days found Harriet Kennedy busy late in the evenings, and, save for Christine and K., the house was practically deserted.

The breach between Palmer and Christine was steadily widening. She was too proud to ask him to spend more of his evenings with her. On those occasions when he voluntarily stayed at home with her, he was so discontented that he drove her almost to distraction. Although she was convinced that he was seeing nothing of the girl who had been with him the night of the accident, she did not trust him. Not that girl, perhaps, but there were others. There would always be others.

Into Christine's little parlor, then, K. turned, one spring evening. She was reading by the lamp, and the door into the hall stood open. The little room always cheered K. Its warmth and light appealed to his esthetic sense; after the bareness of his bedroom, it spelled luxury. And, perhaps, to be entirely frank, her evident pleasure in his society gratified him. Christine's small coquettish ways were not lost on him. The evenings with her did something to reanimate him in his own self-esteem. It was subtle, psychological, but also it was very human.

"Come and sit down," said Christine. "Here's a chair, and here are cigarettes and there are matches. Now!"

Behind him, Christine stood watching his head in the light of the desk lamp. "What a strong, quiet face it is," she thought. Why did she get the impression of such a tremendous reserve power in this man who was a clerk, and a clerk only? Behind him she made a quick, unconscious gesture of appeal, both hands out for an instant. She dropped them guiltily as K. turned to her.

"I wonder if you know, K.," she said, "what a lucky woman the woman will be who marries you?"

He laughed good-humoredly. "I wonder how long I could hypnotize her into thinking that."

"I've had time to do a little thinking lately," she said, without bitterness. "Palmer is away so much now. I've been looking back, wondering if I ever thought that about him. I don't believe I ever did. I wonder—"

"Do you believe there is moral danger for the participants in the growing intimacy of the friendship between Christine and K.?" Would Christine be justified in the circumstances in seeking love or its imitation elsewhere?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEEM TO BE FEWER BLONDES

Observers Have Noticed That Darker Types of Females Are Beginning to Predominate.

A silly little story came out of St. Louis the other day to the effect that increased cost of peroxide of hydrogen was causing the girls out there to quit bleaching their hair, and, as a consequence, fewer blondes were to be seen.

The bleached blonde is one of the jokers of the social scene, and one of the jokers who cannot keep ahead of the times, because she has been the target of humorous shafts ever since the Spanish-American war. Seriously, though, aren't there fewer blondes than formerly? How many genuine yellow-haired girls have you seen in the street cars in the last month? Very few; and to one girl with light eyes and coloring you will see a half-dozen brunettes of varying shades. We'll leave it to the sociologist to establish the relationship between the number of immigrants from southern Europe, where the people are mostly dark, and the growing scarcity of real blondes. The sociologist no doubt can present all sorts of interesting theories, but we are confronted with a fact. During daily journeys on one car line covering a period of 11 months one observer has failed to decri a single blonde that he would be sworn was genuine; and he is a person of fair eyesight and partial to the light ones. What's the answer?—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Takes Place of Toothbrush. A novel patent granted recently was for a substitute for the tooth brush. The device consists of a little water-proof cap fitting over the end of a finger. Attached to it is a brushlike surface of fabric, specially designed for cleaning the teeth. A flexible band attached to the cap encircles the hand and supports the cleaner when in operation. It is claimed that this cleaner, being more flexible than the stiff-backed brush, can clean the teeth more thoroughly since it can be fitted into each small angle of teeth and gums.

Tales of Birds. The hairy woodpecker, says American Forestry of Washington, D. C., likes fat pork, while a tree sparrow just does on dog biscuit. Bread and milk are the favorite dish of the meadow lark.

SIDNEY IS WARNED ABOUT DR. MAX WILSON AND "K" RECEIVES AN APPEAL TO HELP HER

A mysterious stranger, K. LeMoine, takes a room at the Page House, 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 over-intimate with Dr. Wilson and who is jealous of the innocent newcomer, Sidney's chum, Christine Lorenz, marries Palmer Howe, a society rake, and they take rooms with the Pages. Howe turns traitor to his wife. His arm is broken in a joy-riding accident and Johnny Rosenfeld, his chauffeur, is mortally injured. Doctor Wilson discovers that LeMoine is a famous Doctor Edwardes, living incognito, and keeps the secret. Carlotta Harrison poisons Johnny Rosenfeld, a patient at the hospital, and puts the blame on Sidney who is suspended. When this installment begins, she is at home discussing with K. the advisability of giving up hospital training.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"That would be foolish, wouldn't it, when you have done so well? And, besides, since you are not guilty, Sidney—"

"I didn't do it!" she cried passionately. "But I can't keep on; that's all there is to it, I keep saying to myself—'You didn't do it, you didn't do it'—and all the time something inside of me is saying, 'Not now, perhaps; but sometime you may.'"

She looked up at him forlornly. "I am just not brave enough, K."

"Wouldn't it be braver to keep on? Doesn't you giving up very easily?"

Her world was in pieces about her, and she felt alone in a wide and empty space. And, because her nerves were drawn taut until they were ready to snap, Sidney turned on him shrewdly.

"I think you are all afraid I will come back to stay. Nobody really wants me anywhere—in all the world! Not at the hospital, not here, not any place. I am so useless."

"When you say that nobody wants you," said K., not very steadily, "I—I think you are making a mistake."

She scanned his face closely, and seeing there something she did not understand, she colored suddenly.

"I believe you mean Joe Drummond."

"No; I do not mean Joe Drummond. He has had found any encouragement in her face, he would have gone on madly; but her black eyes warned him."

"If you mean Max Wilson," said Sidney, "you are entirely wrong. He's not in love with me. Anyhow, after this disgrace—"

"There is no disgrace, child."

"He'll think me careless, at the best. And his ideals are so high, K."

"You may like to be with you. What about you?"

Sidney had been sitting in a low chair by the fire. She rose with a sudden passionate movement. In the inferiority of the household, she had visited K. in her dressing gown and slippers; and now she stood before him, a tragic young figure, clutching the folds of her gown across her breast.

"I worship him, K.," she said tragically. "When I see him coming, I want to get down and let him walk on me. When I see him in the operating room, cool and calm while everyone else is flustered and excited, he looks like a god."

"Then, half ashamed of her outburst, she turned her back to him and stood gazing at the small coal fire. It was as well for K. that she did not see his face."

"It's right, all this!" he asked after a moment. "You're sure it's not just—"

"It's real—terribly real." Her voice was muffled, and he knew then that she was crying.

She was mightily ashamed of it. Tears, of course, except in the privacy of one's closet, were not ethical on the street.

"Perhaps he cares very much, too."

"I was a handkerchief," said Sidney in a muffled tone, and the little room was broken into while K. coughed through a bureau drawer.

Then K. questioned her, alternately smiling and probing.

"Who else had access to the medicine chest?"

Carlotta Harrison carried the keys, of course. I was off duty from four to six. When Carlotta left the ward, the probationer would have them."

"I'll reason to think that either one of these girls would wish you harm?"

"None whatever," began Sidney vehemently; and then, checking herself, "none—but that's rather ridiculous."

"What is ridiculous?"

"I've sometimes thought that Carlotta—but I am sure she is perfectly sane with me. Why, K. she wouldn't—I should be murdered."

"Murder, of course," said K. "In industry, anyhow. Of course she didn't kill me. I'm only trying to find out who would wish you harm."

"She said good-night and went out. She turned in the doorway and smiled tremulously back at me."

"You have done me a lot of good. You almost make me believe in myself."

"That's because I believe in you."

With a quick movement that was almost imperceptible, Sidney suddenly flung the door and slipped back into her room. K. hearing the door close, thought she had gone, and stepped into the hall.

"I'll make you understand," she said, "I have not gone back for both reasons."

The next instant the door had closed behind her, and K. was left alone to such wretchedness and bliss as the evening brought him.

Joe Drummond came to see Sidney the next day. She would have avoided him if she could, but Milni had ushered him up to the sewing-room boudoir before she had time to escape. She had not seen the boy for two months, and the change in him startled her. He was thinner, rather hectic, scrupulously well dressed.

"Why, Joe?" she said, and then: "Won't you sit down?"

He was still rather theatrical. He dramatized himself, as he had that night the June before when he had asked Sidney to marry him. He stood just inside the doorway. He offered no conventional greeting whatever; but, after surveying her briefly, her black gown, the lines around her eyes: "You're not going back to that place, of course?"

"I—I haven't decided."

He stared at her incredulously. "You don't mean that you are going to stand for this sort of thing? Every time some fool makes a mistake, are they going to blame it on you?"

"Please don't be theatrical. Come in and sit down. I can't talk to you if you explode like a rocket all the time."

Her matter-of-fact tone had its effect. He advanced into the room, but he still scorned a chair.

"I guess you've been wondering why you haven't heard from me," he said. "I've seen you more than you've seen me."

Sidney looked uneasy. The idea of espionage is always repugnant, and to have a rejected lover always in the offing, as it were, was disconcerting.

"I wish you would be just a little bit sensible, Joe. It's so silly of you."

CHAPTER XVII.

Winter relaxed its clutch slowly that year. March was bitterly cold; even April found the roads still frozen and the hedgerows clustered with ice.

At midday there was spring in the air. In the courtyard of the hospital, convalescents sat on the benches and watched for robins. The fountain, which had frozen out, was being repaired. Here and there on ward windows sills tapers opened their gauzy petals to the sun.

Harriet had gone abroad for a flying trip in March, and came back laden with new ideas, model gowns, and fresh enthusiasm. Grace Irving, having had good luck during the winter sales, had been sent to the spring cottons. She began to walk with her head higher. The day she sold Sidney material for a simple white gown, she was very happy.

On Sidney, on K., and on Christine the winter had left its mark heavily. Christine, readjusting her life to new conditions, was graver, more thoughtful. She was alone most of the time now. Under K.'s guidance, she had given up the "Duchess" and was reading real books. She was thinking real thoughts, too, for the first time in her life.

Sidney, as tender as ever, had lost a little of the radiance from her eyes; her voice had deepened. Where she had been a pretty girl, she was now lovely. She was back in the hospital again, this time in the children's ward. K., going in one day to take Johnny Rosenfeld a basket of fruit, saw her there with a child in her arms, and a light in her eyes that he had never seen before. It hurt him, rather—things being as they were with him. When he came out he looked straight ahead.

K. had fallen into the habit, after his long walks, of dropping into Christine's little parlor for a chat before he went upstairs. Those early spring days found Harriet Kennedy busy late in the evenings, and, save for Christine and K., the house was practically deserted.

The breach between Palmer and Christine was steadily widening. She was too proud to ask him to spend more of his evenings with her. On those occasions when he voluntarily stayed at home with her, he was so discontented that he drove her almost to distraction. Although she was convinced that he was seeing nothing of the girl who had been with him the night of the accident, she did not trust him. Not that girl, perhaps, but there were others. There would always be others.

Into Christine's little parlor, then, K. turned, one spring evening. She was reading by the lamp, and the door into the hall stood open. The little room always cheered K. Its warmth and light appealed to his esthetic sense; after the bareness of his bedroom, it spelled luxury. And, perhaps, to be entirely frank, her evident pleasure in his society gratified him. Christine's small coquettish ways were not lost on him. The evenings with her did something to reanimate him in his own self-esteem. It was subtle, psychological, but also it was very human.

"Come and sit down," said Christine. "Here's a chair, and here are cigarettes and there are matches. Now!"

Behind him, Christine stood watching his head in the light of the desk lamp. "What a strong, quiet face it is," she thought. Why did she get the impression of such a tremendous reserve power in this man who was a clerk, and a clerk only? Behind him she made a quick, unconscious gesture of appeal, both hands out for an instant. She dropped them guiltily as K. turned to her.

"I wonder if you know, K.," she said, "what a lucky woman the woman will be who marries you?"

He laughed good-humoredly. "I wonder how long I could hypnotize her into thinking that."

"I've had time to do a little thinking lately," she said, without bitterness. "Palmer is away so much now. I've been looking back, wondering if I ever thought that about him. I don't believe I ever did. I wonder—"

"Do you believe there is moral danger for the participants in the growing intimacy of the friendship between Christine and K.?" Would Christine be justified in the circumstances in seeking love or its imitation elsewhere?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEEM TO BE FEWER BLONDES

Observers Have Noticed That Darker Types of Females Are Beginning to Predominate.

A silly little story came out of St. Louis the other day to the effect that increased cost of peroxide of hydrogen was causing the girls out there to quit bleaching their hair, and, as a consequence, fewer blondes were to be seen.

The bleached blonde is one of the jokers of the social scene, and one of the jokers who cannot keep ahead of the times, because she has been the target of humorous shafts ever since the Spanish-American war. Seriously, though, aren't there fewer blondes than formerly? How many genuine yellow-haired girls have you seen in the street cars in the last month? Very few; and to one girl with light eyes and coloring you will see a half-dozen brunettes of varying shades. We'll leave it to the sociologist to establish the relationship between the number of immigrants from southern Europe, where the people are mostly dark, and the growing scarcity of real blondes. The sociologist no doubt can present all sorts of interesting theories, but we are confronted with a fact. During daily journeys on one car line covering a period of 11 months one observer has failed to decri a single blonde that he would be sworn was genuine; and he is a person of fair eyesight and partial to the light ones. What's the answer?—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Takes Place of Toothbrush. A novel patent granted recently was for a substitute for the tooth brush. The device consists of a little water-proof cap fitting over the end of a finger. Attached to it is a brushlike surface of fabric, specially designed for cleaning the teeth. A flexible band attached to the cap encircles the hand and supports the cleaner when in operation. It is claimed that this cleaner, being more flexible than the stiff-backed brush, can clean the teeth more thoroughly since it can be fitted into each small angle of teeth and gums.

Tales of Birds. The hairy woodpecker, says American Forestry of Washington, D. C., likes fat pork, while a tree sparrow just does on dog biscuit. Bread and milk are the favorite dish of the meadow lark.

Thermometer in Dairy. A thermometer in the dairy is useful in summer as well as winter.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy