He was a famous man who had lost himself through fear, but found courage in an inspiring woman's love

Roberts Rinehart tells the story

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

A mysterious stranger, K. LeMoyne, takes a room at the Page presided over by Sidney, her mother, Anna, and her Aunt Hartet a fashionable dressmaker. Through the influence of Dr. Max son, a brilliant young surgeon smitten with her charm, Sidney a hospital nurse. K. loves her from a distance; so does Joe Drummond, an old schoolmate. At the hospital Sidney the acquaintance of Carlotta Harrison, who has been oversismate with Doctor Max and who is jealous of the innocent newsidney's chum, Christine Lorenz, marries Palmer Howe, a foung 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 les. Doctor Wilson discovers that LeMoyne is a famous Doctor Edwardes, living incognito, and keeps the secret. Carlotta Harrison polsons 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---

rather wearily, "that if I cared less, | waving fronds of the allanthus tree

After all, Christine had known this, soms, so soon to become rank and surmised it, for weeks. But it hurt heavy. a fresh stab in an old wound. It K. who spoke again after a pause: the deadly hard thing, of course, is me by and see things happening that that one would naturally try to

don't believe that you have albeen of those who only stand and said Christine. "Sometime, K., you know me better and like me I want you to tell me about it.

There's very little to tell. I held When I discovered that

want to hold that trust any longer, quit. That's all." His tone of finality closed the discus-But Christine's eyes were on

often that evening, puzzled, rather

They talked of books, of musicne played well in a dashing way. had brought her soft, tender little and had stood over her until or notey touch became gentle. She red for him a little, while he sat in the big chair with his hand ig his oyes.

When, at last, he rose and picked his cap, if was nine o'clock. taken your whole evening," he

"Why don't you II me I am a nuisance and send me Christian was still at the plane, her

on the keys. She spoke withlooking at him Kon're never a nuisance, K., andothing in her tone caught his at-

"I forgot to tell you," she went on. her has given Palmer five thoudollars. He's going to buy a

ure in a business." "That's fine." Possibly. I don't believe much in mer's business ventures."

Her flat tone still held him. Underath it he divined strain and repres-

hate to go and leave you alone." mid at last from the door. "Have any idea when Palmer will be

the alightest, K., will you come moment? Stand behind me; I want to see you, and I want to

700 something." as she bade him, rather puz-

Tak I am a fool for saying this. an spotting the only chance are to get any happiness out of life. was terribly unhappy, K., and you came into my life, and I-Baten for your step in the hall. be a hypocrite any longer, K." When he stood behind her, silent and meying she turned slowly about faced him. He towered there in nittle room, grave eyes on hers.

I's a long time since I have had a in friend, Christine," he said so-Your friendship has meant a deal. In a good many ways, I'd to look shead if it were not I value our friendship so

That you don't want to spoil it. finished for him. "I know you to the way Imanted you to know. It doesn't good man to know such a And it-isn't going to stop your

here, is it?"

course not," said K, heartily. tomorrow, when we are both headed, we will talk this over. mistaken about this thing. all am sure of that. Things of been going well, and just be-Lam always around, and all that thing, you think things that

to make her smile up at just then she could not

had cried, things might have nt for everyone; for perwould have taken her in his was heart-hungry enough, for enything. And perseing intuitive, Christine But she had no mind to into a situation against his

you are good," she

The lamp was not lighted in his think you can understand," said through the windows. Once again the

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was a faint sweet oder of blos-

Sidney went into the operating room late in the spring as the result of a conversation between the younger Wilson and the Head.

"When are you going to put my protegee into the operating room?" asked Wilson, meeting Miss Gregg in a corridor one bright spring afternoon. "That usually comes in the second

year, Doctor Wilson." He smiled down at her. "That isn't n rule, is it?"

"Not exactly. Miss Page is very young, and of course there are other girls who have not yet had the experience. But if you make the request--" "I am going to have some good cases

soon. I'll not make a request, of course; but, if you see fit, it would be good training for Miss Page." Miss Gregg went on, knowing per-

fectly that at his next operation Doctor Wilson would expect Sidney Page in the operating room. The other doctors were not so exigent. She would have liked to have all the staff old and settled, like Doctor O'Hara or the older Wilson. These young men came in and tore things up. Sidney went into the operating room

that afternoon. For her blue uniform, kerchief, and cap she exchanged the hideous operating-room garb : long, straight white gown with short sleeves and mob cap, gray-white from many sterilizations. But the ugly costume seemed to emphasize her beauty, as the habit of a nun often brings out the placid saintliness of her face. The relationship between Sidney and

Max had reached that point that occurs in all relationships between men and women; when things must either go forward or go back, but cannot remain as they are. The condition had existed for the last three months. It exasperated the man.

go shead. The situation with Carlotta had become tense, irritating. He felt must know the "why" of everything,



Can't Be a Hypocrite Any Longer

really so. I'm only a reaction, that she stood ready to block any move he made. He would not go back, and he dared not go forward.

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 of her hand one day after the rush of surgical dressings was over and which said: "R. Take once and forever."

There was another piece of paper over which Sidney spent much time. It was a page torn out of an order book, and ft read: "Sigsbee may have light diet: Rosenfeld massage." Underneath was written, very small: You are the most beautiful person in

to request to have Sidney in the operating room. He wanted her with him, and he wanted her to see him at work: the age-old instinct of the mule to have

his woman see him at his best. The deepening and broadening of Sidney's character had been very noticeable in the last few months. She had gained in decision without becoming hard; had learned to see things as they are, not through the rose mist of early girthood; and, far from being daunted, had developed a philosophy that had for its basis God in his heaven and all well with the world.

But her new theory of acceptance did not comprehend everything. She was in a state of wild revolt, for instance, as to Johnny Rosenfeld, and more remotely but not less deeply concerned over Grace Irving.

But her revolt was to be for herself too. On the day after her appointment to the operating room, she had her half-holiday, and when, after a restless night, she went to her new station, it was to learn that Wilson had been called out of the city in consultation and would not operate that day. O'Hara would take advantage of the room, but the street light glowell free afternoon to run in some odds and ends of cases.

The operating room made gauze that flung ghostly shadows on the walls. morning, and small packets of tam pons: absorbent cotton covered with sterilized gauze, and fastened together--twelve, by careful count, in each

Miss Grange, who had been kind to Sidney in her probation months, taught her the method.

"Used instead of sponges," she explained. "If you noticed yesterday, they were counted before and after each operation. One of these missing is worse than a bank clerk out a dollar 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 nicket 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 and that she would not see some lesser star-O'Hara, to wit-usurping hi place. But Max had not sent her any word. That hurt.

The operating room was a hive of industry, and tongues kept pace with 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

By many small kindnesses Sidney had made herself popular. And there was more to it than that. She never shirked. The other girls had the respect for her of one honest worker for another. The episode that had caused her suspension seemed entirely As a matter of fact, Wilson could not forgotten. They showed her carefully what she was to do; and, because she they explained as best they could,

It was while she was standing by the 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 afternoon. Sidney, waiting for the time to open the sterilizer, was busy for the first time in her hurried morning. with her own thoughts. Because she was very human, there was little exultation in her mind. What would these girls say when they learned of how things stood between her and their hero. Not shameful, 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 comng: 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 duite-"

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.'

hardly think- If that's true, it was Courant. nearly murder." There were two voices, a young one, full of soft southern inflections, and an older voice, a trifle hard, as from disil-

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 ft.) "Carlotta. Of course this is confi-

dential."

The voices dropped to a whisper Sidney, standing cold and white by the sterflizer, put out a hand to steady herself. So that was it! No wonder Carlotta had hated her. She was steady enough in a moment, cool and that the time to ask a father for his calm, moving about her work with ice- only daughter's hand in marriage is cold hands and slightly-narrowed eyes. not just after he has been in the kitch To a sort of physical nausea was suc- | en kicking the everlasting daylight out ceeding anger, a blind fury of injured of the cat,

lotta and had tired of her. He was bringing her hin warmed-over emotions. She remembered the bitterness of her month's exile, and its probable cause. Max had stood by her then. Well be might, if he suspected the truth. For just a moment she had an illumi-

nating flash of Wilson as he really was. selfish and self-indulgent, just a trifle too carefully dressed, daring as to eye 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 great surgeon. Tomorrow he is to do the Edwardes operation again. I am 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 something 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 was the Sunday afternoon after Sldney's experience in the operating room.

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

"You took her out, Max, didn't you?"

put me through a catechism in the last ten minutes!" "If my father were living, or even mother, I-one of them would have travels in the railroad, and a railroad done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I

had to. I've been very wretched for grows old, several days," It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that

was slow of reviving. "You are very, very lovely, Sidney, wonder if you have any idea what

you 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 just happened that way."

He listened doggedly to her account was glad that it was her afternoon off, of the hospital gossip, doggedly and with a sinking sense of fear, not of the talk, but of Carlotta herself. Usually one might count on the woman's silence, her instinct for self-protection. But Carlotta was different. Hang the girl, anyhow! She had known from the start that the affair was a temporary one; he had never pretended anything else.

> There was silence for a moment after 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.) GRAVESTONES PUT TO

Many Instances Known Where Fruga New Englanders Have Utilized Them in Various Ways.

The Waterbury American moralizes on the fact that in England some roads are paved with old gravestones, taken from graves of forgotten generations. and crushed for use on the highways. It seems a brutal thing to do and yet one need not go overseas to learn of like utilitarian uses of these memorials. Almost 100 years ago Guilford turned its old graveyard into a village green and many tombstones became derelicts at once. Frugal representatives of old families took home the stones and used them in constructing a pavement from the front door to the horse block. Many stones were used in paying the cellars of local churches and the eaves of one church still drip upon a row of gravestones

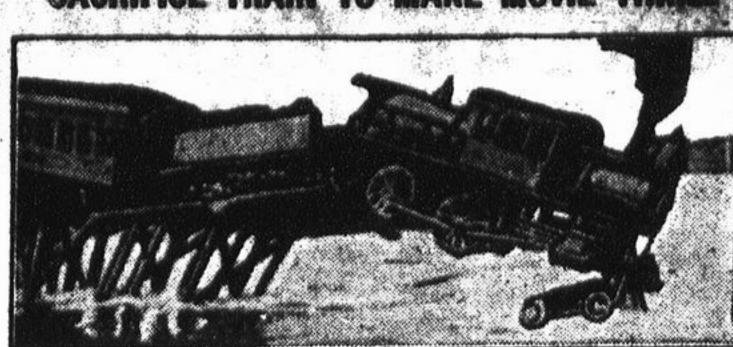
laid for that purpose. Later instances might be cited from more than one community in the state. heyond a doubt and a Courant man has knowledge of at least one frugal soul who, having bought a farm which included a private graveyard, tore up the gravestones and used them as flooring in a new creamery. Possibly this sort of thing would not happen outside New England, for the man who would utilize a second-hand gravestone must have had a long training in economy or else a thorough one in the modern science of efficiency and "She hates Miss Page, of course, but the prevention of waste,-Hartford

Somewhere East of Suez.

Hotel life is bad enough anywhere, but it is worst in the Orient. You hear the mother of a twelve-year-old girl tell her to "run away while mother smokes," or tell her husband that she "will have a whisky and soda and the little girl can have a small one, as the weather is not." Such things happen in America, but they are not the normal thing, as they are in these polyglot trade ports. The commercial class accuse the missionaries of being too exclusive and the missionaries assert "I saw her with him in his car one they are not going to run a fancy bar evening. And on her vacation last to attract their compatriots—so there

> A Sad Experience. Bill-Don't you believe there is

time for everything? Jill-Surely; but I've discovered SACRIFICE TRAIN TO MAKE MOVIE THE



ENGINE AND CARS PLUNGE INTO WATER.

In order to produce a moving picture thrill, a railroad train was loaded with figures fixed up to resemble passengers and sent across a trestle near South River, N. J. At the proper point in the trestle the timbers had been carefully sawed to yield under the strain. Not only did the train plunge malestically into the sluggish waters of the creek, but there was a realistic boiler explosion staged when the engine hit the water. This was effected by means of a charge of dynamite concealed in the boiler and discharged by a spark through a long wire invisible to spectators. News of the big event leaked out shortly before the exhibition and several thousand people hunted out the remote spot and witnessed it.

Very Few Passengers Know **Anything About Standard** Code.

Colors, Lights, Whistles and Motions Each Have Peculiar Significance Essential to Proper Movement of Trains.

The greatest civilizing agent in the "A few times, yes. She seemed to locomotive, and that term includes the railroad and all its appurtenances. Without railroads, three-quarters of "Absolutely. Good heavens, you've the United States would now be a wilderness, and the same is true of great ters. portions of other continents, observes the Philadelphia Inquirer. Everybody train is a familiar sight that never

But how many of the millions who travel know what the railroad signals mean? The majority do not bother JOHN their hends about the matter, and a her faith in him had had a shock and large minority vaguely wonder why there should be so much tooting and swinging of lanterns, all of which is no doubt essential, but at the same time very confusing to the uninitiated passenger.

Clears Up Mystery.

Perhaps this article may serve to clear up the mystery, as the data are taken from the "Standard Code," textbook for railway men. Red signifies "danger."

Green signifies "caution-go slowly. White signifies "safety." Green and white signifies "stop at

One cap or torpedo on rail means "stop immediately." "Two caps on torpedoes on rai means "reduce speed immediately and look out for danger signal."

flag stations for passengers or freight.

A train while running must display two green flags by day and two green lights by night, one on each side of the rear of the train. After sunset, or when obscured by

fog or other cause, must display head-

light in front and two red lights in

green lights by night, displayed in the places provided for that purpose on the front of an engine, denote that the train is followed by another train run-

train carrying the signals,

an extra. and must not be coupled to or removed until the blue signal is removed.

Signals by Lanterns. Lomp signals are made as follows:

A lamp swung across the track is 1901, when 17 lives were lost,

the signal to stop. A lamp raised and lowered vertically is the signal to move ahead.

A lamp swung vertically in a circle ncross the track when the train is Trains Have Been Run Over Murmar standing is the signal to move back. A lamp swung vertically in a circle at arm's length across the truck when the train is running is the signal that

the train has parted. the directions given above will indirate the same signals as given by the

Blast lasting 5 seconds Call for switchmen ...... 0 0 0 0 Cattle on the track.....- -- --

A Broken Rail.

Wif. take sidetrack .....- -

Train has parted .....- 0

Bridge or tunnel warning ...... 0 0 -

Woman Passenger-What are we stopping here for?

Magazine.

Trolley Company Insures Workers.

the company pays half the premium. Extensions in China Railroad extensions in China are proposed involving an expenditure of an amount estimated at \$60,000,000.

Pay for Pipe Fitters. Pine fitters employed on Canadian government railroads are paid a minimum of 42 cents an hour.

## STATE LIKE A BARBER POLE

Illinois Landscape to Have Black and White Stripes Galore-Aim to Prevent Accidents.

Hundreds of painters are at work turning Illinois into a huge barber pole -or rather a series of barber poles. "Barber pole" stripes - diagonal bands of white and black—are to be placed upon all gates and barriers at grade crossings in or near cities and

towns on all the railroads in Illinois. The passing of the crossing watchman's flag is another phase of the move to cut down the number of highworld, after the art of printing, is the way smashups and fatalities. Instead of red and green flags the crossing man will be provided with a 16-inch white target or disk on which the word "Stop" is printed in five-inch black let-

> The changes are in accordance with an order issued several weeks ago by the public utilities commission upon recommendation of a special investigating committee of the American Railway association.

## THEOBOLD IS RETIRED

Special Agent Put on Pension After Forty-Five Years of Service---Is Seventy Years Old.

John Theobold, special agent of the accounting department of the Pittsburgh, Chicago, Cincinnuti & St. Louis to be seen you are." railroad at Terre Haute, has retired on a pension after 45 years of service with the company. He began as a clerk in February, 1872, and recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. He acted as traveling auditor for 13 years, as chief clerk in the auditor's office for 11 years, and eight years as general accountant. Since January 1 he has acted as special agent for the accounting department. When he began working for the company Milton H. Durham was auditor, W. E. Buckingham W. Cruft, freight clerk. All these officinis are dead, and he is the only survivor of the office force 45 years ago.

## STEEL CARS PREVENT INJURY

Two green flags by day and two Saving of Lives of Passengers and Trainmen on Jersey Road Attributed to Type of Coaches.

Steel cars saved many lives the othning on the same schedule and entitled | er day when a train was derailed by a to the same time table rights as the broken raft at the Zurish gravel pit Two white flags by day and two of the 17 persons on the train, the cigarettes. white lights by night, carried in the trainman was the only one injured same manner, denote that the train is and he sustained only slight bruises, Both passenger and baggage car were A blue flag by day and a blue light thrown on their sides and the locomos rested today because he drowned his by night, placed on the end of a car, live was thrown crosswise of the track. dog in the river," said Jones, denotes that car inspectors are at The saving of the lives of the pass "How could they arrest him for work under or about the car or train, sengers and crew is attributed to steel frowning a dog in the river?" demandcars, with which this branch of the ed Brown, road has been equipped in the last year. The wreck occurred at the bark obstructed navigation." same place as that of September 17.

# ARCTIC ROAD IS COMPLETED

Railroad to Snow-Clad and Ice-Bound Regions of Far North.

Russia's arctic railroad, known an the Murman railroad, is now complet-A flag or the hand moved in any of cd, and the first trains have been run over it to the Murman coast, in the snow-clad and ice-bound regions of Russia's far North. The length of the The locomotive whistle signals are line from Petrograd to Alexandrovsk. composed of long and short, quick the northern terminal, is 930 miles. sounds. In the following table O The road follows the main line rail means short, quick sound; - means road from Petrograd to Perm as far as Zvanka, 75 miles east of Petrograd. .O where it turns north to Soroka and Back ...... O O O Thence it continues northwestward point of the White sea, to Kola, and Alexandrovsk.

Railroads Then and Now. When the first passenger railroad Fire alarm ......-O O O O ever built was opened in England, in 1825, the train traveled from one end

of the line to the other, a distance of

12 miles, in two hours. In 1830 Peter Cooper experimented with a locomotive on the Baltimore Trainman-We were flagged by a and Ohio railroad, using gun barrels track-walker who found a broken rail. for flues, the boiler being about the Woman Passenger-How did it get size of a flour barrel, and its speed broke-who broke it?-Erie Railroad was a little greater than that of an average horse.-New York Telegram.

Adopt American Ideas.

Ingenious as have been the methods The Kansas City Railway company of railroad war on the European conof Kansas City, Mo., has insured its 3,-500 workmen under a plan whereby tinent they are essentially adaptations of American ideas. The railroad as a factor in warfare came to the fore in the struggle here between the North and the South. The railroad was used with wonderful efficiency by the North despite the fact that it was built primarily as a highway of peaceful traffic.

> 1,200 Puffs in Minute. A locomotive traveling a mile a min ute gives 1,200 puffs each minute.

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.



lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman

after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them." -Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 3/2 E. North St., Lima, Ohio,

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Not Natural.

"I presume your sculptor friend is wedded to his art?" "By no means; he is with it too

### **CUTICURA STOPS ITCHING**

Instantly in Most Cases-Write for a Free Sample.

Cuticura is wonderfully effective. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heat all forms of itching, burning skin and scalp affections. Besides these super-creamy emollieuts if used daily prevent little skin troubles becoming serious.

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

"What! Paid \$50 for a hat? Woman, you are mad." "No, but it's plain Kill the Files Now and Prevent disease. A DAISY FLY KILLER will do it. Kills thousands, Lasts all season, All dealers

or six sent express paid for \$1. H. SOMERS,

No Doubt About That.

150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Adv. Matches Illuminated Town.

In a Midland town a number of persons were fined for striking matches in the streets on the night of an air raid. The offense may appear to be a trivial one on the face of it, but it is really not so, says was secretary. A. L. Larr, chief clerk; a writer in Flight. In a recent series Maxwell C. Wood, ticket clerk, and J. of visibility tests with certain kinds of light it was noted that on a dark night the light of an ordinary match was ensily visible at a distance of a mile Hostile aircraft do not, as a rule, fly at as low an altitude as a mile, and or the basis of the test just noted the striking of a single match would be without import. But, according to the evidence of a police superintendent, although the street lamps were all extinguished during the raid there was almost as much light as though they had been lit, owing to peoabout eight miles north of Newark, the striking matches to light pipes and

Obstructing Navigation.

"They tell me that Smith was ar-

"Why, they claimed that a sunken

A Careful Young Man. "You want to marry my daughter?"

an option on her hand, sir."

"I'm not certain, but I'd like to take

She Said Something. Ress. The love of such a man is priceless. He never asks the price of





