

# K.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

"Why not?" Wilson demanded, half-irritably. "The secret is out. Everybody knows who you are. And now, because a boy who wouldn't have lived any longer—"

"That's not it," K. put in hastily. "I know all that. I guess I could do it and get away with it as well as the average. All that deters me—I've never told you, have I, why I gave up before?"

Wilson was propped up in his bed. He was walking restlessly about the room, as was his habit when troubled. "I've heard the gossip; that's all."

"You know what I always felt about the profession, Max. We went into that more than once in Berlin. Either one's best or nothing. I had done pretty well. When I left Lorch and built my own hospital, I hadn't a doubt of myself. And because I was getting results I got a lot of advertising. Men began coming to the clinics. I found I was making enough out of the patients who could pay to add a few free wards. I want to tell you now, Wilson, that the opening of those free wards was the greatest self-indulgence I ever permitted myself. I'd seen so much careful attention given the poor—well, never mind that. It was almost three years ago that things began to go wrong. I lost a big case."

"I know. All this doesn't influence me, Edwardes."

"Wait a moment. We had a system in the operating room as perfect as I could devise it. I never flushed an operation without having my first assistant verify the clip and sponge count. But that first case died because a sponge had been left in the operating field. You know how those things go; you can't always see them, and one goes by the count, after reasonable caution. Then I almost lost another case in the same way—a free case."

"As well as I could tell, the precautions had not been relaxed. I was doing from four to six cases a day. After the second one I almost went crazy. I made up my mind, if there was ever another, I'd give up and go away."

"There was another?"

"Not for several months. When the last case died, a free case, I performed my own autopsy. I had only my first assistant. He was almost as frenzied. It was the same thing again. I told him I was going away, he offered to take the blame himself, to say he had closed the incision. He tried to make me think he was responsible. I knew better."

"It's incredible."

"Exactly; but it's true. The last patient was a laborer. He left a family. I've sent them money from time to time. I used to sit and think about the children he left, and what would become of them. The ironic part of it was that, for all that had happened, I was busier all the time. Men were sending me cases from all over the country. It was either stay and keep on working, with that chance, or—quit. I quit."

"But if you had stayed, and taken extra precautions—"

"We'd taken every precaution we knew."

"Neither of the men spoke for a time. K. stood, his tall figure outlined against the window."

"That's the worst, is it?" Max Wilson demanded at last.

"That's enough."

"It's extremely significant. You had an enemy somewhere—on your staff probably. This profession of ours is a big one, but you know its jealousies. Let a man get his shoulders above the crowd, and the pack is after him. He laughed a little. "Mixed figure, but you know what I mean."

"K. shook his head. He had had that gift of the big man everywhere. In every profession, of securing the loyalty of his followers. He would have trusted every one of them with his life. "You're going to do it, of course."

"Take up your work?"

"Yes."

He stirred restlessly. To stay on, to be heard Sidney, perhaps to stand by as Wilson's best man when she was married—it turned him cold. But he did not give a decided negative. The sick man was flushed and growing fretful; it would not do to irritate him.

"Give me another day on it," he said at last. And so the matter stood.

Max's injury had been productive of good in one way. It had brought the two brothers closer together. In the mornings Max was restless until Doctor Ed arrived. When he came, he brought books in the shabby bag—his beloved Burps, although he needed no book for that, the "Pickwick Papers," Bunyan's "Lives of the Disciples." Very often Max would doze off; but at the suggestion of Doctor Ed's snoring voice the sick man would stir fretfully and demand more. It pleased the older man, really. It reminded him of Max's approach, when he had read to Max at night for once in the last dozen years he had needed him.

"The old Ed. What in blazes makes you sleep every five minutes?" Max propped up one day.

Doctor Ed, who had only stopped to get the end of a stogie to hold in his cheek, picked up his book in a hurry, and eyed the invalid over it.

"Sleeping, I'll read when I'm not sleeping. Have you any idea what I'm doing?"

"Well, I haven't. For ten minutes I've been reading across both pages!"

Max laughed, and suddenly put out his hand. Demonstration of affection. He was with him that for a while. Doctor Ed was puzzled. Then, suddenly, he took it. "What's that?"

"Max said, 'Why hadn't they let him die? He didn't want to live—he wouldn't live. Nobody cared for him! He would—'

His eyes, lifted from the ring, fell on the red glow of the roses that had come

that morning. Given in the half light, they glowed with fiery color.

The ring was in his right hand. With the left he settled his collar and soft silk tie.

K. saw Carlotta that evening for the last time. Katie brought a card to him, where he was helping Harriet close her trunk—she was on her way to Europe for the fall styles—that he was wanted in the lower hall.

"A lady?" she said, closing the door behind her by way of caution. "And a good thing for her she's not from the alley. The way those people hog off you is a sin and a shame, and it's not at home you're going to be to them from now on."

So K. had put on his coat and, without so much as a glance in Harriet's mirror, had gone down the stairs. Carlotta stood under the chandelier, and he saw at once the ravages that trouble had made in her. She was a dead white, and she looked ten years older than her age.

"I came, you see, Doctor Edwardes." Evidently she found it hard to speak.

"You were to come," K. encouraged her, "to see if we couldn't plan something for you. Now, I think I've got it. You know, of course, that I closed my hospital. They are trying to persuade me to go back, and I'm trying to persuade myself that I'm fit to go back. You see—his tone was determinedly cheerful—"my faith in myself has been pretty nearly gone. When one loses that, there isn't much left."

"You had been very successful." She did not look up.

"Well, I had and I hadn't. I'm not going to worry you about that. My offer is this: We'll just try to forget about—about Schwittler's and all the rest, and if I go back I'll take you on in the operating room."

"You sent me away once!"

"Well, I can ask you to come back, can't I?" He smiled at her encouragingly.

"Are you sure you understand about Max Wilson and myself?"

"Everyone makes mistakes now and then, and loving women have made mistakes since the world began. Most people live in glass houses, Miss Harrison. And don't make any mistake about this: People can always come back. No depth is too low. All they need is the will power."

He smiled down at her. She had come armed with confession. But the



"I'm Sorry, Dear Max."

designer brings successful invention in style, or details of finishing to a happy ending, in its making.

Just an unexpected touch gives a pretty net frock the place of honor in a girl's summer wardrobe, and just such a touch puts the hallmark of refinement on the pretty frock pictured here.

The skirt is moderately full, gathered in at the waistline and finished with a deep hem. About one-fourth of its length from the bottom a band of fine lace is set in. The bodice is made much like a "baby" waist, but is cut low in the neck in front, where lace is set in and finished with small crochet balls. A fine lace collar completes it. Sleeves are a little more than elbow length and are gathered up so that they form a hanging puff about the forearm.

The giraffe is of pink and blue taffeta and has every reason to believe that it accepts the taffeta for its stripes at the back instead of a bow or sash ends. But in this matter let each individual suit herself as well as to that of color. The gown, as planned for the car, and it may or may not have a well. As a rule, it does have a small veil, either of chiffon or course-meshed silk net.

The logical hat for the car is snug-fitting and provided with a small brim, which shades the eyes and gives becoming lines about the face. A veil, just heavy enough to shield the eyes from dust is also a graceful as well as useful adjunct to the motor hat. The most successful hat for the car is a two-in-one affair that answers the purposes of the traveler by rail as well as those of the motorist, and looks well merely as a street hat.

The three hats pictured are of broad and fabrics combined, if able without being floppy, and having enough support in the crown to be shapely. They are designs of specialists in motor hats and each is provided with a small elastic band, and the back, let in at the base of the crown, that holds the hat close to the head.

Gray tan, castor and blue in medium shades are favorite colors for motor wear. There is a fall for violet and blue in crowns, combined with dark

CHAPTER XXVI.

Late September had come. The Street had been furiously busy for a month. The cobblestones had gone, and from curb to curb stretched smooth asphalt. To this general excitement the strange case of Mr. Le Moyne had added its quota. One day he was in the gas office, making out statements that were absolutely ridiculous. And the next there was the news that Mr. Le Moyne had been only taking a holiday in the gas office and that he was really a very great surgeon and had saved Dr. Max Wilson.

The Street, which was busy at the time deciding whether to leave the old sidewalks or to put down cement ones, had one evening of mad excitement over the matter—of K., not the sidewalks—and then had accepted the new situation.

But over the news of K.'s approaching departure it mourned. The Street made a resolve to keep K., if possible. If he had shown any "high and mightiness," as they called it, since the change in his estate, it would have let him go without protest. But when a man is the real thing—so that the newspapers give a column to his having been in the city almost two years—and still goes about in the same shabby clothes, with the same friendly greeting for everyone, it demonstrates clearly, as the baritone put it, that "he's good, no swelled head on him; that's sure."

A little later, K., coming up the Street as he had that first day, heard the baritone singing:

"Home is the hunter, home from the hill, And the sailor, home from the sea."

Home! Why, this was home. The Street seemed to stretch out its arms to him. The allanths tree waved in the sunlight before the little house. Tree and house were old. September had touched them. Christine sat sewing on the balcony. A boy with a piece of chalk was writing something on the new cement under the tree. He stood back, head on one side, when he had finished, and inspected his work. K. read in chalk on the smooth street:

Max Wilson.  
Sidney Page.

The baritone was still singing; but

CHAPTER XXVII.

Paddy's Earnest Warning Seems to Have Been Justified by the Facts of the Case.

Paddy was out of work, and passing a works he saw a notice which said a stoker was wanted.

Of course, he could use a spade, so he applied and got the job. It seems the man who held the job before was sacked because he lost time, and naturally his mates wouldn't tell Paddy how to go about his fresh job.

The boss told him to watch the pressure gauge, and if he wanted to know anything he was to go and ask the boss.

For a while all went well. Paddy shoveled the coal on, and the gauge registered full pressure; and he worked away until the safety valve started blowing off. Still he worked away, and the steam still escaped through the safety valve.

Paddy, not knowing what was the matter, ran to the boss, and said: "Boss, if you don't be coming to this boiler, the boiler will be coming to you!"

Simply Logical.

Customer—I wish I had as good a head of hair as you have. I have had tried everything to remedy my baldness, but without result.

Barber—Have you ever tried rubbing your head with steel?

Customer—Certainly not. That seems ridiculous.

Barber—Why ridiculous? My brother is a watchmaker, and he tells me as a fact that steel makes the hair spring!

"Poor Jim."

They tell it of a place on Van Buren Street:

"Here," said the proprietor, "is a little gift for you and Jim. Each bottle is finest old whiskey. You drop in at Jim's on your way and give him this, will you?"

"Certainly," cried the grateful one. On his way he fell and broke one bottle.

"Poor Jim!" he muttered, picking himself up.—Chicago Herald.

The Reason.

Pat—I saw you crying bitterly at Kelly's funeral.

Mike—Yes. Whilst I was appraising the furniture a fat woman sat on me hat.

Sound Advice.

Levitky—What should I do if a man calls me a liar?

Cohenstein—It depends on how big a man he is and how big a liar he calls you.

Aviators attached to the signal corps station at San Diego obtain weather reports.

## Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



COMMENCEMENT GOWN OF WHITE NET

One of the nicest things about this year's commencement gowns of net is their all-round usefulness after the great day of their first appearance has passed. The net frock is a daytime or an evening frock, serving two purposes equally well. Its distinctness is a charm inherent in the material. It is youthful and chic and moderately priced, and it arrives at distinction when the

The last chapter in the story of summer hats, for motor wear is now before us and the pretty tale is told. There is nothing unusual in it, and nothing unusual, because motorists are about as universally used as cook stoves, and dress for motor wear as varied as for the street. Any small, flexible, close-fitting hat of braid or fabric, or of both combined, is all right



LAST CHAPTER IN STORY OF MOTOR HATS

mine braids, and emerald green continues to flourish in straw brims with white or tan silk cravats. Emerald and purple tints are smart. In the new showings appear some dignified motor hats made entirely of taffeta silk. The choice of silk for crowns lies between taffeta, and poplin, and wool or silk jersey cloths.

These frocks are worn over organdie slips and a little variety may be provided by means of colored slips in light blue or pink or yellow.

Tinted Leghorn Hats.

At many of the smart window-dressers' have worn leghorn hats fitted to match their frocks. There is one of a strong burnt orange wreathed in plump green gooseberries and faced with shell pink crepe. Odd as all this may sound the hat is really very lovely and would be most becoming to a dusky blonde.

Cleaning Bureau Drawers.

Bureau drawers should be cleaned at least once in three months with warm suds and ammonia water, then, as a protection against moths, go over the inner surface with a paint brush dipped in turpentine. White paper makes the best lining. To remedy the drawer that sticks or refractory doors or windows, it is well to rub a bar of hard soap over the edge where trouble lies, then, if necessary, rub with sandpaper.

During a recent discussion in the Nebraska legislature one member attempted to throw another's windows.

## SICK WOMAN HAD CRYING SPELLS

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhart, Pa.—"I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother 'I guess I will have to die as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. I stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. AUGUSTUS BAUGHMAN, Box 86, Enhart, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it can be found just the medicine you need. At drug stores in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of this reliable medicine by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling about it.

Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Womans Opportunity.

The complexion of Wall street's big organization that works from nine to five is slowly changing as man after man drops out to take up military service. The threads which have already been made in staffs of the big banking institutions are not serious, but the prospect of losing many more employees in the next few weeks or months is being discussed by employers, and it is the general view that most of the vacancies must be filled by women, says a New York news letter. One of the largest national banks has lost 50 men to Plattsburg and Madison, has 75 more who are in military organizations, and who will soon leave, and has 400 who are liable to conscription. A prominent trust company has lost upward of 100 men, including the senior vice president, and expects the total to be more than 300 before the end of the year. Plans are being made to fill many departments with girls, who have been found more satisfactory than men in work that is much the same day after day.

PAIN? NOT A BIT! LIFT YOUR CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

No hump! Apply few drops then just lift them away with fingers.

This new drug is an ether compound discovered by a Cincinnati chemist. It is called frezone, and can now be obtained in tiny bottles as here shown at very little cost from any drug store. Just ask for frezone. Apply a drop or two directly upon a tender corn or callus and instantly the soreness disappears. Shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it off, root and all, with the fingers.

Not a twinge of pain, soreness or irritation; not even the slightest smarting, either when applying frezone or afterwards.

This drug doesn't cut up the corn or callus, but shrivels them so they loosen and come right out. It is no hump! It works like a charm. For a few cents you can get rid of every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of your feet. It never disappoints and never burns, bites or inflames. If your druggist hasn't any frezone yet, tell him to get a little bottle for you from his wholesale house.—adv.

Exactly.

"I was the British won't wear any more beaded shirts, as they want to save starch."

"I suppose they need it to stiffen their dresses."

American beef costs \$1 a pound in Paris, but just think how much a pound of Paris hat costs in America.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Used by the British and French troops at the front. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain relief for tired, aching feet. Sold everywhere—Adv.

Doubly Efficient.

"He is a man of deeds, I understand."

"Yep; also words. He is a probate lawyer."

Incurable.

"Daughter's voice has been a great expense to me."

"And can't anything be done for it?"

What is eccentricity in others is a mark of genius in yourself.

Forget the sorrows of yesterday and go after the joys of today.

When Your Eyes Need Care Try Murine Eye Remedy

No Stinging—Just Eye Comfort. 15 cents at drug stores or write for Free Eye Book. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.