

UNDER ORDERS

BY MARY SYNON

PART I.

Day after day in the weeks through which he fought fate, Blair remembered the picture of the city which Dr. Karol's window framed as the surgeon told him the truth which changed the face of his life.

From the boulevard below, that highway which he could not see from this upper room of St. Mark's, the thrum of myriad motors lifted their quicker rhythm, of the gayer, easier way of life Blair had known, but he could see none of that long, crowding procession of wealth as Dr. Karol's voice, a little sad in its finality, drove in the words he had feared. It was the sight of the city's power, which stayed in his mind after the surgeon's first words, as if the verdict had been pressure upon a high-powered camera of thought which registered the unfamiliar scene with unforgettable clarity while a hammer in his brain kept thudding repetition of Dr. Karol's pronouncement. "Less than a year to live—unless you change everything, your way of living, your attitude toward life."

"You mean," he asked him, measuring his words as he struggled through the shadows which seemed to have come suddenly into the high room of the great hospital, "that I'll have to go away? Out West?"

"Not necessarily." The doctor, gray, a little stooped, aged by the cares of humanity rather than by his own years, frowned in the tension of his thought. "Your trouble is more involved than one which may be cured by sunlight. You need more than that. How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"Orphaned?" He consulted his records.

"My father died eight years ago. I don't remember my mother."

"You've had no one but yourself to consider?"

"No one."

"Unmarried, I see."

"Fortunately."

"Mr. Blair, you have come to me in trust. It is my duty to fulfill that trust. Besides—"

back of his grim spectacles his owlish eyes softened a little—"I like you, and I'm going to do all I can to save you from your own folly in decision. Will you stay here in the hospital a month?"

"No," Blair thundered.

"Then," said Dr. Karol, touching a button on his desk, "you must take the nurse with you."

"I won't have a nurse."

"In that contingency I must discharge myself from your case."

"How can I keep a nurse in my apartment?" Blair demanded, knowing that this was compromise of the issue.

"Conventions are for the well."

"But I'm not ill enough to—"

"You will be unless—"

"All right. You win."

Dr. Karol's secretary opened the door. "Send in Miss Wells," he told her, "if she's not on duty."

"Well, I hope she's pretty," Blair said.

"She is beautiful," said Dr. Karol, voice throbbing with an exaltation which did not escape his patient, who felt strangely disappointed when Agnes Wells came into the room.

"You are to stay with Mr. Blair," Dr. Karol told her, "until I release you."

"Here?" she asked, and Blair noticed with a gladness which amazed him at his own pleasure in it that she had a wonderful voice. The one word gleamed with cadence which belied her aspect.

"He should stay here," Dr. Karol

said, "but he refuses. He is a headstrong young man, Miss Wells. He will try to bulldoze you. You will not let him. You will see that, as far as you can make him, he will carry out my orders. You will stay with him as if he were your patient here in the hospital."

She ran a practical glance over the record card the doctor gave her. "Should he be kept in bed?" she asked.

"I won't stay," Blair declared, resenting their professional exclusion of his own wishes.

"If he will not do that," Dr. Karol said, "you will undertake to keep him from excitement." He held out his hand to Blair, and Agnes Wells crossed to the door. "She will help you if you will let her," the doctor said.

In the hall outside the girl turned to Blair, and he saw that, for all her seriousness of manner, her eyes were friendly bright. "Do you want to take me with you," she asked him, "or shall I follow you?"

"I think you shouldn't come," he told her. "I live alone. I haven't even a maiden aunt to send for."

"Oh, you're not to think about me," she told him, and again he felt a shock of surprise at professional disregard of the social rules which most of the women of his acquaintanceship acknowledged and transgressed. Here were men and women who thrust the rules aside not for pleasure but for the business of saving life. What sort of a code did they have in its place, he wondered.

"My car's outside," he told her. "Shall I wait for you?"

"I'll be down in ten minutes," she promised.

As he passed Tracey's at the turn of the boulevard he saw Vale and Penfield, and had a swift thought of joining them; but the knowledge that he might have to explain Agnes Wells to them deterred him. "Where do you want to eat?" he asked her. "You see, I live alone, and I have to go out for my meals."

"I'll get dinner," she told him. "You're on a diet, anyhow, and it's my job to fix your food for you."

"Oh, I say," he protested, "there won't be anything in."

"Have you a stove?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then we'll stop at a delicatessen and get the things I need."

He obeyed her with misgivings, angered again because her reminder of her professional service had brought back to him the knowledge of his condition. What would Penfield and Vale and the rest of the crowd think of him if they knew that he had permitted a doctor, even a surgeon as great as Karol, to frighten him into being led around by a nurse? It was childish, ridiculous. "Will you make a bargain with me?" he asked her. "Will you go around with me as if you weren't my nurse?"

She turned to him, her eyes blazing with indignation. "No, I won't," she said. "That's the only reason why I'm with you at all. If you don't want me you can go back to Dr. Karol."

"But I do want you," he said. "It's only because it seems so absurd for a chap like myself to be led around this way."

"It isn't absurd, Mr. Blair," she told him earnestly. "We're both of us under orders. When you were in the army you didn't think about how things looked to other people, did you? You were too busy getting the work done to consider anything else. Well, you have to do just that now. I'm not a jailer. If you want to go out you can go, but I'll have to go with you, and the only protection I have for myself is making it perfectly clear why I'm along."

"I see," he said. Suddenly he chuckled out of his penitence. "You'll be a riot at Tracey's," he told her.

"Where's that?" she queried.

"A restaurant," he said, "where even in these days of Volstead, their drink is better than their food."

"I see," it was her turn to say.

The thought of her set into the crowd at Tracey's amused him, and he embroidered it with possible situations. Vale would try to flirt with her, as he did with every new girl. Penfield would want to tell her the story of his life. And Amie—Blair whistled in anticipation of Amie Lane's annoyance over the nurse's intrusion. Amie wouldn't believe that he was really sick.

They began their comradeship with their purchases of food at a neighborhood shop. Blair watched her efficiency of method with amusement which deepened into admiration when she took charge of his bachelor abode. With deft skill she prepared his dinner, bringing it to him on a tray.

"I've been hitting the high spots," he told her, "mostly because nothing I do matters to any one."

"But it does," she said. "Everything we ever do, right or wrong, hits some one else sooner or later."

"I've never done anything to hurt any one else," he sought to justify himself.

"No," she said. "I believe that," and he glowed at her first approbation.

"I wonder, though," she went on, "if we aren't responsible for the things we don't do, as well as the things we do. Sometimes I think that



THE SAME STREET-CORNER GAME

—From the Providence Journal

I shouldn't be doing private nursing at all. I ought to be giving what I can to the poor children of the city."

Blair shoved away his plate. "Let's go riding," he said.

"That's allowed," she told him. "And only three cigarettes," she warned him as she cleared off the dishes.

To his surprise he forgot himself in striving to please Agnes Wells that evening. He rediscovered an almost forgotten pleasure in being able to give her something she enjoyed as much as she did their ride to the southward. "Oh, but this is good," she said, lifting her face to the sky. "I've been for five weeks on a hopeless case, and I'd almost forgotten the look of the sky at night."

"Well, I'm glad it's part of my treatment to stay outdoors," he said without realization that this was his first definite acceptance of the prescribed course.

She refused his invitation to go into a gay country club, however, declaring that he had endured enough excitement for one day and taking the reins of authority in her hands. He grimaced acceptance of her order and turned homeward with a regret which sharpened to acute annoyance as they entered his apartment and heard the insistent jangling of the telephone bell. He knew it was a call from Amie, but he took it grudgingly. Her voice sounded harsh to him after the exquisite modulation of the other girl's.

"Where on earth have you been?" she demanded. "I've been calling you since 8 o'clock. Frank Penfield's having a party and he wants us to come."

"Too late to go now," he declared. "Too late? It's only 10 o'clock."

"That's too late for a sick man."

"Don't be silly, Van. You're only playing sick. Come on out. I'm all ready and we'll overtake them."

"Not to-night."

"Oh, very well."

She banged up the receiver angrily and he paused with sudden regret at his refusal of the invitation. He was considering calling her back, for Amie was a good scout, he told himself, when he caught sight of Agnes Wells bending over his desk at work on her report. After all, he thought, it was silly to go to a doctor and then fail to carry out his orders. "Well, this is your domain," he told her, indicating the living room, and left her to her work.

He found her preparing breakfast the next morning and protested against her doing the work. This is the part I like the best," she insisted.

"Wait till you find the dinner I'll have for you to-night." He caught himself twice during the day looking forward to the meal with keen joy, but he told himself that it was the novelty of the situation as well as the pleasure of having home-cooked food which he anticipated. Vale called him at four, inviting him to a dinner at a shore resort. He refused with the same alacrity he had shown to Amie. "What's the big idea?" Vale wanted to know. "New girl? What'll Amie say?"

He wondered a little what Amie would say when she discovered Agnes. He was to find out earlier than he expected. He was dining with the nurse in blithe forgetfulness of every one else when Amie Lane opened the door. Poised like a brilliant tropical bird, she surveyed him and Agnes with an amazement that flared into sullen resentment but which she sought to conceal before she spoke. "I didn't know you had a sister," she said, trying to make her tone light. "I haven't," he said. "This is Miss Wells, my nurse."

(To be concluded.)

A Pardonable Mistake.

After Mr. Smith had raked his yard he took the accumulated rubbish into the road to burn. Among the neighbors' children who came flocking round the bonfire was a little girl whom Mr. Smith did not remember having seen before. Wishing with his usual kindness to make her feel at ease, he beamed upon her, and said heartily. "Hello! Isn't this a new face?"

A deep red slowly submerged the little girl's freckles. "No," she stammered. "It isn't new. It's just been washed. That's all."

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

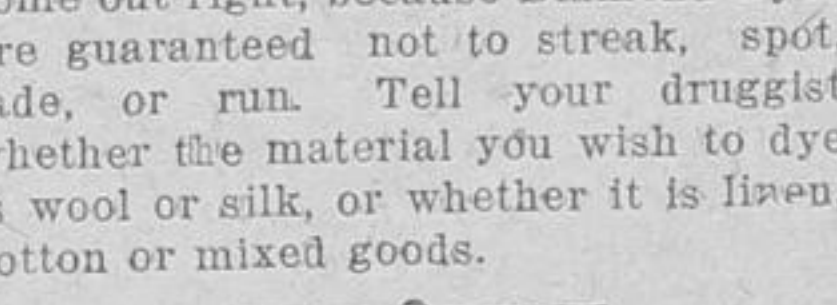
Dye Silk Stockings Blouse or Sweater In Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

You can get anything you want if you want it hard enough.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

DISCARDED ARTIFICIAL TEETH, Bridgework, or Old Gold wanted, ANY CONDITION. Cheque remitted upon receipt. Samuel Baker, 78 Stafford St., Toronto.



Children Love It and It's Good for Them

Nothing better for Children than delicious desserts made from McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE Jelly Powders. Absolutely pure and wholesome. Doctors prescribe them for invalids.

Costs only 1 cent a serving. One package serves eight people.

At All Grocers Don't say McLarens—Specify McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE

Made by McLARENS LIMITED, Hamilton and Winnipeg.



Will not Burn Easy to Use

KEEP YOUR STOVE RIGHT

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

Does This Concern You?

Have you any outstanding accounts you cannot COLLECT? Are your COLLECTIONS slow? Is that "LIEN NOTE" you hold past due? Do you hold a judgment which has not been settled in full?

REPEATED PROMISES DO NOT PAY ACCOUNTS If this interests you, write at once for particulars. WE CAN HELP YOU

THE COLLECTION SERVICE OF CANADA Head Office: 165 Bleeker Street, Toronto, Ont.

After EVERY Meal

give your digestion a "kick" with WRIGLEYS.

Sound teeth, a good appetite and proper digestion mean MUCH to your health.

WRIGLEY'S is a helper in all this work—a pleasant, beneficial pick-me-up.



The aim in handling timber on Dominion forest reserves is to protect mature timber and accelerate the rate of growth of growing timber, in order to have as large a supply as possible, both present and future, to meet the requirements of the surrounding settlements.

East or West Eddy's Best

EDDY'S MATCHES

Insist on having EDDY'S!

Prevents chapped hands, cracked lips, chilblains. Makes your skin soft, white, clear and smooth. DRUGGISTS SELL IT

Campana's ITALIAN BALM

SMASH! there goes another good dish!

THAT doesn't happen when you turn your dishwashing over to the Walker Electric Dishwasher—the machine that's more careful than hands—

The Walker cannot injure fine china. And it does its work thoroughly, quickly—and it is safe and sanitary.

Throw away your dish cloth the day you get your Walker.

Ten minutes once a day—that's all you need to wash, rinse, sterilize and dry an entire day's dishes the Walker way—and the Walker is built sturdy and strong. It doesn't get out of order—

is easy to use—and offers you freedom from that most disagreeable of all disagreeable tasks—washing dishes.

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

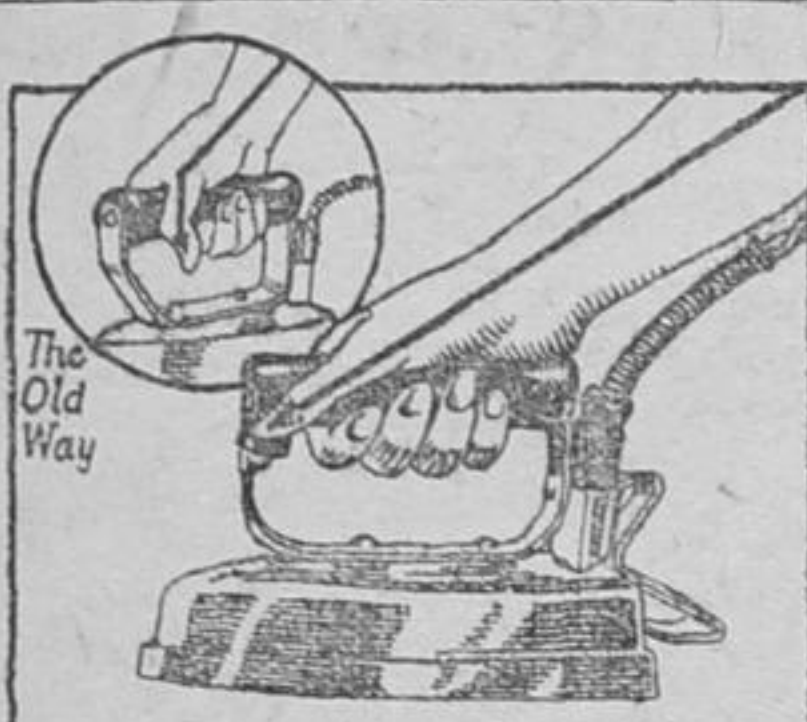
See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hurley Machine Co., Limited 66 Temperance St. Toronto

See the Walker demonstrated—today.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER



The Hotpoint WAY

IN place of the tense grip, and severe strain on the wrist, encountered when using an ordinary iron, the Hotpoint way permits a light comfortable grasp with the thumb resting on a firm projection. The Hotpoint thumb rest is an exclusive feature found only on the famous Hotpoint iron.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

Made in Canada by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

Head Office Toronto

1b