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In order to piece out financial needs, Sidney Page, her mother and her Aunt Harriet take K. LeMoyné, a strange young man, as a roomer. Sidney, aged eighteen, and Joe Drummond, aged twenty-one, childhood sweethearts, have agreed to marry "after years and years," but the girl's promise wavers on better acquaintance with the roomer and after Aunt Harriet opens a dressmaking shop downtown. She decides to become a trained nurse and goes to her friend, Dr. Ed Wilson, across the street, for influence with his brother Max, brilliant surgeon, to get her into the hospital. Things now begin to happen—the plot to unroll; the mystery to deepen.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Only a week—and love was one of the things he had to give up, with others. Not, of course, that he was in love with Sidney then. But he had been desperately lonely, and, for all her practical clearheadedness, she was so softly and appealingly feminine. By way of keeping his head, he talked suddenly and earnestly of Mrs. McKee, and food, and Thillie, and of Mr. Wagner and the pencil pad.

"It's like a game," he said. "We disagree on everything, especially Mexico. If you ever tried to spell those Mexican names—"

"Why did you think I was engaged?" she insisted.

Now, in K's walk of life—that walk of life where there are no toothpicks—young girls did not receive the attention of one young man to the exclusion of others unless they were engaged. But he could hardly say that.

"Oh, I don't know. Those things get in the air."

"It's Johnny Rosenfeld," said Sidney, with decision. "It's horrible, the way things get about. Because Joe sent me a box of roses— As a matter of fact, I'm not engaged, or going to be, Mr. Le Moyné. I'm going into a hospital to be a nurse."

Le Moyné said nothing. For just a moment he closed his eyes. A man is in rather a bad way when, every time he closes his eyes, he sees the same thing, especially if it is rather terrible. When it gets to a point where he lies awake at night and reads, for fear of closing them—

"You're too young, aren't you?"

"Doctor Ed—one of the Wilsons across the Street—is going to help me about that. His brother Max is a big surgeon there. I expect you've heard of him. We're very proud of him in the Street."

Lucky for K. Le Moyné that the moon no longer shone on the low, gray doorstep, that Sidney's mind had traveled far away to shining floors and rows of white beds. "Life—in the raw," Doctor Ed had said that other afternoon. Closer to her than the hospital was life in the raw that night.

So, even here, on this quiet street in this distant city, there was to be no peace. Max Wilson just across the way! It—it was ironic. Was there no place where a man could lose himself? He would have to move on again, of course.

But that, it seemed, was just what he could not do. For:

"I want to ask you something, and I hope you'll be quite frank," said Sidney.

"Anything that I can do—"

"It's this. If you are comfortable, and—like the room and all that, I



"Why Did You Think I Was Engaged?" She Insisted.

wish you'd stay." She hurried on: "If I could feel that mother had a dependable person like you in the house, it would all be easier."

Dependable! That stung.

"But—forgive my asking; I'm really interested—can your mother manage? You'll get practically no money during your training."

"I've thought of that. A friend of mine, Christine Lorenz, is going to be married. Her people are wealthy, but she'll have nothing but what Palmer

makes. She'd like to have the parlor and sitting room behind. They wouldn't interfere with you at all," she added hastily. "Christine's father would build a little balcony on the side for them, a sort of porch, and they'd sit there in the evenings."

Behind Sidney's carefully practical tone the man read appeal. Never before had he realized how narrow the girl's world had been. The Street, with but one dimension bounded it! In her perplexity she was appealing to him who was practically a stranger.

And he knew then that he must do the thing she asked. He, who had fled so long, could roam no more. Here on the Street, with its menace just across, he must live, that she might work. In his world men had night work, in his world men had night work that women might live in certain places, certain ways. This girl was going out to earn her living, and he would stay to make it possible. But no hint of all this was in his voice.

"I shall stay, of course," he said gravely. "—this is the nearest thing to home that I've known for a long time. I want you to know that."

"You are very good to me," said Sidney.

When she rose, K. Le Moyné sprang to his feet.

Anna had noticed that he always rose when she entered his room—with fresh towels on Katie's day out, for instance—and she liked him for it. Years ago the men she had known had shown this courtesy to their women; but the Street regarded such things as affectation.

"I wonder if you would do me another favor? I'm afraid you'll take to avoiding me, if I keep on."

"I don't think you need fear that." "This stupid story about Joe Drummond—I'm not saying I'll never marry him, but I'm certainly not engaged. Now and then, when you are taking your evening walks, if you would ask me to walk with you—"

K. looked rather dazed. "I can't imagine anything pleasant; but I wish you'd explain just how—"

Sidney smiled at him. As he stood on the lowest step their eyes were almost level.

"If I walk with you they'll know I'm not engaged to Joe," she said, with engaging directness.

The house was quiet. He waited in the lower hall until she had reached the top of the staircase. For some curious reason, in the time to come, that was the way Sidney always remembered K. Le Moyné—standing in the little hall, one hand upstretched to shut off the gas overhead, and his eyes on hers above.

"Good night," said K. Le Moyné. And all the things he had put out of his life were in his voice.

CHAPTER IV.

On the morning after Sidney had invited K. Le Moyné to take her to walk, Max Wilson came down to breakfast rather late. Doctor Ed had breakfasted an hour before, and had already attended, with much profanity on the part of the patient, to a boil on the back of Mr. Rosenfeld's neck.

"Better change your laundry," cheerfully advised Doctor Ed, cutting a strip of adhesive plaster. "Your neck's irritated from your white collars."

Rosenfeld eyed him suspiciously, but, possessing a sense of humor also, he grinned.

"It ain't my everyday things that bother me," he replied. "It's my blankety-blank dress suit. But if a man wants to be tony—"

Mr. Rosenfeld buttoned up the blue flannel shirt which, with a pair of Doctor Ed's cast-off trousers, was his only wear, and fished in his pocket.

"How much, Doc?"

"Two dollars," said Doctor Ed briskly.

"Holy cats! For one jab of a knife! My old woman works a day and a half for two dollars."

"I guess it's worth two dollars to you to be able to sleep on your back." He was importunately straightening his small glass table. He knew Rosenfeld. "If you don't like my price, I'll lend you the knife next time, and you can let your wife attend to you."

Rosenfeld drew out a silver dollar, and followed it reluctantly with a limp and dejected dollar bill.

"There's times," he said, "when, if you'd put me and the missus and a knife in the same room, you wouldn't have much left but the knife."

Doctor Ed waited until he had made his stiff-necked exit. Then he took the two dollars, and, putting the money

into an envelope, indorsed it in his legible hand. He heard his brother's step on the stairs, and Doctor Ed made haste to put away the last vestige of his little operation. Ed's lapses from a surgical cleanliness were a sore trial to the younger man, fresh from the clinics of Europe. In his downtown office, to which he would presently make his leisurely progress, he wore a white coat, and sterilized things of which Doctor Ed did not even know the names.

Max paused at the office door. "At it already," he said. "Or have you been to bed?"

"It's after nine," protested Ed mildly. "If I don't start early, I never get through."

Max yawned. "Better come with me," he said. "If things go on as they've been doing, I'll have to have an assistant. I'd rather have you than anybody, of course."

He put his little surgeon's hand on his brother's shoulder. "Where would I be if it hadn't been for you? All the fellows know what you've done."

In spite of himself, Ed winced. It was one thing to work hard that there might be one success instead of two half successes. It was a different thing to advertise one's inferiority to the world. His sphere of the Street and the neighborhood was his own. To give it all up and become his younger brother's assistant—even if it meant, as it would, better hours and more money—would be to submerge his identity. He could not bring himself to do it.

"I guess I'll stay where I am," he said. "They know me around here, and I know them. By the way, will you leave this envelope at Mrs. McKee's? Maggie Rosenfeld is ironing there today. It's for her."

Max took the envelope absently.

"You'll go on here to the end of your days, working for a pittance," he objected. "Inside of ten years there'll be no general practitioners; then where will you be?"

"I'll manage somehow," said the brother placidly. "I guess there will always be a few that can pay my prices better than what you specialists ask."

Max laughed with genuine amusement.

"I dare say, if this is the way you let them pay your prices."

He held out the envelope, and the older man colored.

Very proud of Doctor Max was his brother, unselfishly proud, of his skill, of his handsome person, of his easy good manners; very humble, too, of his own knowledge and experience. If he ever suspected any lack of finer fiber in Max, he put the thought away. Probably he was too rigid himself. Max was young, a hard worker. He had a right to play hard.

He prepared his black bag for the day's calls—stethoscope, thermometer, eye-cup, bandages, case of small vials, a lump of absorbent cotton in a hot-weather towel; in the bottom, a heterogeneous collection of instruments, a roll of adhesive plaster, a bottle or two of sugar-of-milk tablets for the children, a dog collar that had belonged to a dead collie, and had got in the bag in some curious fashion and there remained.

He prepared the bag a little nervously, while Max ate. He felt that modern methods and the best usage might not have approved of the bag. On his way out he paused at the dining-room door.

"Are you going to the hospital?"

"Operating at four—wish you could come in."

"I'm afraid not, Max. I've promised Sidney Page to speak about her to you. She wants to enter the training school."

"Too young," said Max briefly. "Why, she can't be over sixteen."

"She's eighteen."

"Well, even eighteen. Do you think any girl of that age is responsible enough to have life and death put in her hands? Besides, although I haven't noticed her lately, she used to be a pretty little thing. There is no use filling up the wards with a lot of ornaments; it keeps the internes all stewed up."

"Since when," asked Doctor Ed mildly, "have you found good looks in a girl a handicap?"

In the end they compromised. Max would see Sidney at his office. It would be better than having her run across the Street—would put things on the right footing. For, if he did have her admitted, she would have to learn at once that he was no longer "Doctor Max"; that, as a matter of fact, he was now staff, and entitled to much dignity, to speech without contradiction or argument, to clean towels, and a deferential interne at his elbow.

Down the clean steps went Doctor Max that morning, a big man, almost as tall as K. Le Moyné, eager of life, strong and a bit reckless, not fine, perhaps, but not evil. He had the same zest of living as Sidney, but with this difference—the girl stood ready to give herself to life; he knew that life would come to him. All-dominating male was Doctor Max, as he stepped into his car and made his way to his office. Here were people who believed in him, from the middle-aged nurse in her prim uniform to the row of patients sitting stiffly around the walls of the waiting room. Doctor Max drew a long breath. This was the real thing—work and plenty of it, a chance to show the other men what he could do, a battle to win! No humanitarian was he, but a fighter—each day he came to his office with the same battle lust.

The office nurse had her back to him. When she turned, he faced an agreeable surprise. Instead of Miss Simp-

son, he faced a young and attractive girl, faintly familiar.

"We tried to get you by telephone," she explained. "I am from the hospital. Miss Simpson's father died this morning, and she knew you would have to have someone. I was just starting for my vacation, so they sent me."

"Rather a poor substitute for a vacation," he commented.

She was a very pretty girl. He had seen her before in the hospital, but he had never really noticed how attractive she was. Rather stunning she was, he thought. The combination of yellow hair and dark eyes was unusual. He remembered, just in time, to express regret at Miss Simpson's bereavement.

"I am Miss Harrison," explained the substitute, and held out his long white coat. The ceremony, purely perfunctory with Miss Simpson on duty, proved interesting. Miss Harrison, in spite of her high heels, being small and the young surgeon tall. When he was finally in the coat, she was rather flushed and palpitating.

"But I knew your name, of course," lied Doctor Max. "And—I'm sorry about the vacation."

After that came work. Miss Harrison was nimble and alert, but the surgeon worked quickly and with few words, was impatient when she could



not find the things he called for, even broke into restrained profanity now and then. She went a little pale over her mistakes, but preserved her dignity and her wits. Now and then he found her dark eyes fixed on him, with something inscrutable but pleasing in their depths. The situation was rather piquant.

Once, during the cleaning up between cases, he dropped to a personality. He was drying his hands, while she placed freshly-sterilized instruments on a glass table.

"You are almost a foreign type, Miss Harrison. Last year, in a London bullet, I saw a blonde Spanish girl who looked like you."

"My mother was a Spaniard," she did not look up.

Where Miss Simpson was in the habit of clumping through the morning in flat, heavy shoes, Miss Harrison's small heels beat a busy tattoo on the tiled floor. With the rustling of her starched dress, the sound was essentially feminine, almost insistent. When he had time to notice it, it amused him that he did not find it annoying.

Once, as she passed him a bistoury, he deliberately placed his fine hand over her fingers and smiled into her eyes. It was play for him; it lightened the day's work.

Sidney was in the waiting room. There had been no tedium in the morning's waiting. Like all imaginative people, she had the gift of dramatizing herself. She was seeing herself in white from head to foot, like this efficient young woman who came now and then to the waiting-room door.

"Doctor Wilson will see you now."

She followed Miss Harrison into the consulting room. Doctor Max—not the gloved and hatted Doctor Max of the Street, but a new person, one she had never known—stood in his white office, tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, competent, holding out his long, immaculate surgeon's hand and smiling down at her.

What reason do you think K. Le Moyné has for needing to keep away from Doctor Max—does Le Moyné seem to you to be some kind of a crook?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Out of the Question. Daddy—"Jeannette, if I allow young Simpson to become my son-in-law, do you suppose he will be willing to work and support you?" Jeannette—"Oh, dad, how can he when he has promised to do nothing but think of me all the time?"—Puck.

Able to Afford It. Hub—"The doctor says that if I keep on working at this pace after money I shall be a wreck at forty-five." Wife—"Never mind, dear; by that time we shall be able to afford it."—Boston Transcript.

REGIMENT PAID OFF AND MUSTERED OUT

COMPANIES DEPART FROM CAMP MOORE FOR THEIR HOME STATIONS.

ARE WELCOMED AT HOMES

Celebrations Were Held in Many Towns When Boys Reached Home. —Maj. Watson and Capt. Workman Resign First Regiment.

More than \$42,000 was disbursed in the process of paying off the First South Carolina infantry, preliminary to its muster out of the federal service and the departure of the several companies for their home stations; but not one cent did any of the captains draw, because the company commanders are liable on their bonds for every item of government property issued to their men and as yet no accounting has been had in respect of this liability. Every officer and man with the exception of the captains was paid for 36 days of service, the individual payments ranging upward from the \$18 allowed a private. Some of the men had deductions for fines.

It was 5 o'clock in the morning when the pay squad left Columbia for Camp Moore, bearing the currency, and by 11 o'clock the regiment had been paid off. The strength was 1,068 officers and men. The paying off was done by a party composed of Maj. Glen, the camp quartermaster; Capt. Seybt, commanding the supply company; Lieut. Watson, U. S. A., of Fort Ord, and Hal Kohn of Columbia, first sergeant, quartermaster corps.

Near-Spanish Acquired.

"Bearded like the pard," the men were not, for the face foliage many of them affected during the training period had in most cases been shaved away; but numbers of them did return from the border "full of strange oaths," mostly of near-Spanish and innocuous though mouth-filling and "honorous." They were happy at receiving their "dinero" and many commented on the fact that it came mostly in bills, whereas at the frontier they were paid in gold and silver.

After a training period at Camp Moore and three months' border duty, the First regiment was mustered out of the federal service. The companies left by special trains for their home stations.

Are Welcomed at Homes.

Celebrations for the returning troops were held in several towns of the state.

The movement of the troops was handled by R. B. Pegram of Charleston, general agent of the Southern railway, who was designated for duty at Camp Moore by the war department when the National Guard was called out last June.

No information has been received at the governor's office as to when the Second regiment will be returned from El Paso.

The farewell addresses were delivered by the officials from the stand near the First regiment camp.

Col. Blythe introduced Mayor Griffith of Columbia. Mayor Griffith praised the men for their excellent record on the border and said that it was a pleasure for the citizens of Columbia to entertain them.

Gov. Manning was introduced by Col. Blythe as "the man responsible for bringing you back to South Carolina." Gov. Manning said that the splendid record made by the regiment on the Mexican border would live long in the memory of South Carolinians.

Conserving Their Jobs.

"Your state," said Gov. Manning, recognizes your worth and welcomes you back within her borders with wide open arms. I hope that every man in the regiment will find his old position open to him when he returns home. If you find that you have lost your positions, any of you, I want you to communicate with me as soon as possible and I will use every power of my office to help you.

"As I look into your faces, bronzed and hardened by the sun, and as I gaze on your physical perfection, I am constrained to think that your experience, although there was much hardship to be borne, has been the means of broadening you and that you will be better equipped by the experience. When you go to your homes you will be better men, you will have a broader vision of the meaning of American citizenship, you will be better equipped to follow the daily lines of your vocations and you will be of more value to your employers. And you should feel as much pride in

CHAPLAIN EXPIRES IN BASE HOSPITAL.

Capt. Jeter of First South Carolina Infantry Dies at San Antonio.

Capt. R. C. Jeter, chaplain of the First South Carolina infantry, died Nov. 30 in the base hospital at San Antonio, according to advices received by Col. E. M. Blythe at Camp Moore, near Columbia. Capt. Jeter had been ill for some weeks and the regiment most regretfully left him behind when it returned from the border. The interment will be at Florence, Ala.

yourselves as South Carolina feels in you."

Gov. Manning described his efforts to secure an order for early removal to the border. The troops were called to the colors, he said, in June and there seemed to be some delay about an order for the movement to the border. Gov. Manning said that he sent a personal representative to Washington to secure the movement of the troops. The representative came back to Columbia and the order was issued in a very few days.

Other Units Come Soon.

The governor intimated that the Second regiment, the Charleston Light Dragoons, the field hospital and the company of engineers would be ordered back to the state before very long.

Col. Blythe told his men good-bye and praised them for their devotion to their country and their state. "I am proud of you," he said. "It was loyalty, not given because of money, but because of your patriotism." Col. Blythe, reviewing his associations with the men and officers as their commanding officer, said that he had always tried to "give every man a square deal." The men gave three cheers for Col. Blythe at the conclusion of his address.

Two Quit First Regiment.

Major Richard F. Watson, commanding the First battalion, First infantry, and Capt. W. D. Workman, commanding Company A of the same regiment, have resigned their commissions, pleading pressure of private concerns. Both served with signal credit to themselves in the recent tour of duty at Camp Moore and on the border.

The resignations were indorsed by the adjutant general through the governor to the war department. Several other officers, it is said, may quit the service in order to make up lost time in their personal businesses. Many suffered considerable hardships by reason of being so long away from their private interests, which in several cases were of such a nature as not to be susceptible of efficient handling by substitutes.

Major Watson had been 16 years in the service, Capt. Workman 11 years. Both are members of the Greenville bar and both are married men.

Capt. W. L. Hart, U. S. A., medical department, who has been assisting in the mustering out of the First South Carolina infantry, has been ordered to Blanco, Texas. He entered Mexico with the punitive expedition commanded by Gen. Pershing and was until recently stationed at Nampiqua, about 160 miles below the Rio Grande, with Field Hospital No. 7.

Capt. Hart is a son of G. W. S. Hart of York. O. Frank Hart of Columbia is his brother. Another brother is Lieut. Joseph Hart of the First regiment supply company. Capt. Hart has had several tours of service abroad, including a long period in the Philippines.

The supply company, commanded by Capt. Wyatt E. Seybt of Greenville, finished picking up loose ends at Camp Moore, who was mustered out of the federal service and departed for its home station, Greenville. No units of the First regiment remain at the camp.

Light Dragoons Patrol Border.

The Charleston Light Dragoons, of whom more than a dozen are Columbians, spent Thanksgiving day patrolling the international boundary in the vicinity of Anapra, N. M., and though the troops was under order to return to El Paso December 1, none of the South Carolina cavalrymen know as yet whether they will spend Christmas at home or at the frontier. Recently the patrol duty has been lightened, but this relief was compensated by an increase in guard duty about camp. Several times the sentries have fired upon prowlers, probably smugglers. "When we first came here," a member of the troop writes, "we were content to waste our ammunition on jack rabbits, cotton tails and California quail. As the days rolled by several 22 rifles and a shot-gun or so were acquired and our hopes stretched out until some of us brought in ducks and doves; finally, one day, Deas Boykin and McGowan Holmes killed a coyote and now we are hunting for mountain lions and wildcats."

"Today is the rawest day we have had, the thermometer now registering below freezing point. It turned cold after a drizzling rain last night when I was on guard; the mountains around us—the Franklin range to the east the Sierra Madre to the south and the Organ mountains to the north—are covered with snow; the Rio Grande between us and the Franklins is fringed with ice. We also had a cold snap about a week ago, but it was nothing to what we are going through now. Luckily we have small stoves in our tents and by hearding a slow freight that passes each morning shortly after reveille, we manage to pitch off some coal; our wood is sent to us from El Paso, as there is nothing here easily available except a discarded cross-tie from time to time.

When the mobilization order of June 19 was published, Mr. Jeter resigned his Aiken pastorate, sent his wife to the old home in Alabama and reported for service. He worked hard during the period of preparation at Camp Moore and afterward at the frontier, but recently his health broke down from a complication of troubles and for some weeks preceding his death he was in the hospital. His is the only death in the commissioned personnel since the regiment was mobilized. One of Capt. Jeter's four children is in the United States Navy.