

"K"

He was a famous man who had lost his way in a far, but found courage in an inspiring woman's love

Mary Roberts Rinehart
tells the story

SIDNEY LEARNS SOME VERY PAINFUL TRUTHS AND FEARS ENTERS DOCTOR MAX'S SOUL

A mysterious stranger, K. LeMoine, takes a room at the Pines home, presided over by Sidney's mother, Anna, and her Aunt Harriet, a fashionable dressmaker. Through the influence of Dr. Max Wilson, a brilliant young surgeon, Sidney becomes a hospital nurse. K. loves her from a distance, and she makes the acquaintance of Carlotta Harrison, who has been over-attached to Doctor Max and who is jealous of the innocent newcomer. Sidney's cousin, Christine, marries William, a young society man, and this takes Sidney into the Pines. He turns traitor to his bride. He is broken in a love-making accident and Johnny Rosenfeld, his chauffeur, is fatally hurt. Sidney's mother dies. Doctor Wilson discovers that LeMoine is a famous Doctor Edwards, living incognito, and keeps the secret. Carlotta Harrison, a patient in the hospital, and puts the blame on Sidney. Christine, secretly admiring K., asks him to marry 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.

"I think you can understand," said K. rather wearily, "that if I cared less, Christine, it would be easier to interfere."

After all, Christine had known this, or surmised it, for weeks. But it hurt like a fresh stab in an old wound. It was K. who spoke again after a pause: "The deadly hard thing of course, is to sit by and see this happening that one—that one would naturally try to prevent."

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

There's very little to tell, I held a trust. When I discovered that I was unfit to hold that trust any longer, I lost it. That's all.

His tone of finality closed the discussion. But Christine's eyes were on him often that evening, puzzled, rather sad.

They talked of books, of music—Christine played well in a dashing way. K. had brought her soft, tender little things, and had stood over her until her noisy tour became gentle. She played for him a little while he sat back in the big chair with his hand scratching his eyes.

When, at last, he rose and picked up his cap, it was nine o'clock.

"I've taken your whole evening," he said remorsefully. "Why don't you tell me I am a nuisance and send me off?"

Christine was still at the piano, her hands on the keys. She spoke without looking at him:

"You're never in mischief, K., and—something in her tone caught his attention.

"I forgot to tell you," she went on. "Father has given Palmer five thousand dollars. He's going to buy a share in a business."

"That's fine."

"Possibly, I don't believe much in Palmer's business ventures."

Her hat tone still held him. Underneath it he divined strain and repression.

"I hate to go and leave you alone," he said at last from the door. "Have you any idea when Palmer will be back?"

"Not the slightest, K., will you come here a moment? Stand behind me; I don't want to see you, and I want to tell you something."

He did as she bade him, rather puzzled.

"Here I am."

"I think I am a fool for saying this. Perhaps I am spoiling the only chance I have to get any happiness out of life. But I was terribly unhappy, K., and then you came into my life, and I—now I listen for your step in the hall. I can't be a hypocrite any longer, K."

When he stood behind her, silent and not moving, she turned slowly about and faced him. He towered there in the little room, grave eyes on hers.

"It's a long time since I have had a woman friend, Christine," he said softly. "Your friendship has meant a good deal. In a good many ways, I'd not care to lose it. If it were not for you, I value our friendship so much that I—"

"That you don't want to spoil it," she finished for him. "I know you don't care for me, K., not the way I—But I wanted you to know. It doesn't hurt a good man to know such a thing. And it isn't going to stop you coming here any more."

"Of course not," said K. heartily. "But I don't want you to be both clear-headed, we will talk this over. You are mistaken about this thing, Christine. I am sure of that. Things have not been going well, and just because I'm always around, and all that sort of thing, you think things that aren't really so. I'm only a reaction, Christine, and—"

He tried to make her smile up at him. But just then she could not smile.

"If she had cried, things might have been different for everyone; for per-

haps K. would have taken her in his arms. He was heart-hungry enough, those days, for anything. And perhaps, too, being intuitive, Christine felt this. But she had no mind to force him into a situation against his will.

"It is because you are good," she said, and held out her hand. "Good-night."

LeMoine took it and bent over and kissed it lightly. There was in the kiss all that he could not say of respect, of affection and understanding.

"Good-night, Christine," he said, and went into the hall and upstairs.

The lamp was not lighted in his room, but the street light, glowing through the windows. Once again the wavering founts of the allanths tree hung ghostly shadows on the walls. There was a faint sweet odor of blossoms, so soon to become rank and heavy.

Max had learned that the young girl had cured her father's blindness between the ears and was now going to the hospital to go forward on her course. But Sidney had existed for the last three months in an exhausted state, and he could not go about. The situation with Carlotta had become tense. He felt that she stood ready to bite his neck if he dared to follow her.

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: "Take care, Max, you're a doctor."

There was another piece of paper over which Sidney spent much time. It was a page torn out of an order book, and it read: "Rosenfeld, my wife has light diet: Rosenthal, my wife Underneath was written very faintly: "You are the most beautiful person in the world."

Two reasons, had prompted Wilson 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 artist 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 girlhood; 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 free afternoon to run in some odds and ends of cases.

The operating room made gauze that morning, and small packets of tampons; absorbent cotton covered with sterilized gauze, and fastened together—twelve, by careful count, in each bundle.

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 nickel plate—first frightened, then thrilled her. It was as if, having loved it great actor, she now trod the enchanted boards on which he achieved his triumphs. She was glad that it was her afternoon off, and that she would not see some lesser star—O'Hara, to wit—usurping his 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 and the end.

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 splendor that had caused her suspension seemed entirely forgotten. They showed her carefully what she was to do, and because she must know the "why" of everything, 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 anesthetizing 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 a little exultation in her mind. What would these girls say when they learned of how things stood between

CHAPTER XVIII

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

"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 a rule, is it?"

"Not exactly. Miss Page is very young, and of course there are other



"I Can't Be a Hypocrite Any Longer, K."

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 it, it would be good training for Miss Page."

Miss Gregg went on, knowing perfectly 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 bid 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, keister, and cap she exchanged the white operating gown and cap, straight white gown with short sleeves and, now and then, a white many-sterilization. But the night costume seemed to emphasize her beauty, as the habit of a nun often brings out the placid saturnity of her face.

The relationship between Sidney and

her and their hero. No shameful, this is the only thing that I can do for you. I have chosen an hour when I can be sure that you will be here. I have chosen an hour when I can be sure that you will be here. I have chosen an hour when I can be sure that you will be here.

Max had learned that the young girl had cured her father's blindness between the ears and was now going to the hospital to go forward on her course. But Sidney had existed for the last three months in an exhausted state, and he could not go about. The situation with Carlotta had become tense. He felt that she stood ready to bite his neck if he dared to follow her.

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

her and their hero. No shameful, this is the only thing that I can do for you. I have chosen an hour when I can be sure that you will be here. I have chosen an hour when I can be sure that you will be here. I have chosen an hour when I can be sure that you will be here.

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

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 Sidney's experience in the operating room.

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

"A few times, yes. She seemed to have no friends. I was sorry for her."

"That was all?"

"Absolutely. Good heavens, you've put me through a catheterism in the last ten minutes!"

"If my father were living, or even mother, I—one of them would have done this for me, Max. I'm sorry I had to. I've been very wretched for several days."

It was the first encouragement she had given him. There was no coquetry about her aloofness. It was only that her faith in him had had a shock and was slow of reviving.

"You are very, very lovely, Sidney. I 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 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 it ought to swallow his personal feelings and tell Sidney exactly the truth about Wilson? Would she think him childish and hate him if he tried to do so?"

PUBLIC ROADS

BUILDING OF ROAD CULVERTS

If Not Constructed of Good Material They Will Have to Be Rebuilt in Very Few Years.

If the culverts are not built of good material they will have to be rebuilt in a few years, whatever the quality of the roads they are made to serve. Defective culverts violate one of the elementary principles of highway economics, and the interests of the taxpayers require that the annual cost of every part of the roads—road for the use be reduced to the lowest possible figure consistent with efficiency. Manifestly it would be worse than folly to build culverts of boards to take the place of roads that have cost hundreds or thousands of dollars the mile and it would be none the less foolish, or worse, to waste money in work of this sort with the use of bad material.

In building a culvert the road builder must observe three fundamental requirements:

1. The first requirement is that the culvert must be so placed that it will drain across the road, and under the road, of course, all the water that is delivered to it by the side ditch along the road. If this be not done, the earth along the road and about the end of the culvert will be wet and soggy the most of the year and the culvert opening will require almost constant repairs. Repairing a highway culvert is relatively more expensive than similar work in a town because of the waste of time of the workmen in going to and from the point at which the work must be done. In placing the culvert care must also be taken that it will not be choked by brush and leaves, and this duty must be discharged by the road supervisor, and will be, if he is worth his salt.
2. The second and very important requirement in the building of a culvert is that its ends must be protected by some kind of a wall or facing carried down to a firm foundation. If this be done, it will be found that the end of the culvert will not be undercut by the water and will not be broken, frost will not injure it, the surrounding or superincumbent earth will not slide down into the ditch in front of the opening, and, with the further necessary work of keeping the feeding ditches clear, the culvert will be able to take care of all the water alongside the road.
3. The third requirement is that the culvert must be made so strong that it will not become broken and so tight that it will not leak. These ends can be reached by building the culvert of masonry, concrete or of good piping. The material to be used must be determined by the relative cost of the several materials at the locality where the culvert is to be built and by the distance from the top of the culvert to the surface of the road.



Culvert Built of Concrete.

REDUCE EXPENSE OF HAULING

Improved Roads Put Farmer in Position Where He Can Go to Market Every Day in Year.

Permanent road building costs money, and it is well to look at the cold-cash side of the proposition. True, the beneficial effects upon the social and educational standards of the community are not always susceptible of exact calculation, but they are certain to come; and since a permanent road costs money, we must know there is to be a profit from somewhere to offset the cost. Something for nothing has never yet been found.

Profits from a permanent road come to the farmer in the reduction of hauling costs. It puts him in a position where he can get to market every day in the year, and where he can haul two loads at one trip instead of having to make two trips to haul one load.

Payed Country Roads.

Many country roads are paved with good intentions, but for the most part with lumps of sod, stone, ruts and rubbish.

Good Only in Pedigree.

Too many are good only in pedigree. A good grade is better than a poor purchase.

Hen Outdoors in Winter.

The hen can spend little of the winter season in the open air and a properly constructed house is necessary.

HELPFUL HEALTH HINTS

Choose an agreeable diet

Keep the digestion normal

See that the liver is active, and

The bowels always regular

Should weakness develop, TRY

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Just for a Change.

If I were writing a play in which a wealthy married couple had the principal roles, do you know what I would do?

"What?"

"I would have their refer to their courtship in Petrograd, Constantinople or Bucharest."

"But what's the idea?"

"Oh, just to get away from Mexico and Monte Carlo, where two-thirds of the married couples on the stage seem to have up and downed."

CUTICURA IS SO SOOTHING

To Itching, Burning Skins—It Not Only Soothes, but Heals—Trial Free.

Treatment: Bathe the affected surface with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. Repeat morning and night. This method affords immediate relief, and points to speedy healings. They are ideal for every-day toilet uses. Free sample each by mail with 15¢ box. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.—L

Strong Material.

The professor was speaking to the class regarding iron and steel for building construction.

"What is the strongest material which can be put into a house?" he asked.

"Limburger cheese," promptly replied the boy, speaking from experience.

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless, children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle.—Adv.

Translated:

"Maybelle used a lot of make-up on her face."

"Now I shall call it make-out."

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are not a "coal-tar product" nor a "coal-tar" but a good, old-fashioned dose of nature for regulating the stomach, the liver and the bowels. Get a box and try them. Adv.

Panama Canal zone has 221,000 automobiles.

WHAT IS LAX-FOS

LAX-FOS is an Improved Cascare

A DIETETIC LAXATIVE. Pleasant to take

In LAX-FOS the Cascare is improved by addition of cod liver oil, which increases the efficiency of the Cascare, making it better than the liver Cascare. LAX-FOS also contains pleasant to take, low calorie, dry, digestible starch. Adapted to children and adults. Just try a bottle for constipation or indigestion. Adv.

YOU HAVE

Tut's Pills

will remedy these troubles. Price, 25 cents.