



"THEN HELP ME!"

SYNOPSIS. — Nurses in the Southern hospital at Avonmouth are angered by the insolent treatment accorded them by Dr. John Lancaster, head of the institution, and there is a general feeling of unrest, into which Joan Wentworth, probationary nurse, is drawn. Doctor Lancaster is performing a difficult operation, for which he has won fame. Joan, with other nurses, is in attendance. She is upset, through no fault of her own, and makes a trivial blunder at a critical moment. The patient dies and Doctor Lancaster accuses her of clumsiness. She is suspended, the action meaning the end of her hope of a career as a nurse. Without relatives or friends, and desperate, Joan, urged by her landlady, goes to Doctor Lancaster's office to ask him to overlook her blunder and reinstate her. She overhears a violent altercation between Doctor Lancaster and other men she does not see. Joan is struck by the favorable change in the appearance and demeanor of the doctor, recalling that at times in the hospital he has been gentle and thoughtful and at others supercilious and bullying. He tells her he can do nothing for her at the hospital, but offers her a position in a nursing institution in the country, telling her she can be of "great assistance" to him. A man named Myers demands she tell him what the doctor had said to her. She denies him the information, and he covertly threatens her. At the institution, which is owned by Doctor Lancaster, Joan finds Myers. He tells her he is the secretary. She instinctively dislikes and fears him. The only patient at the institution is a Mrs. Dana, a demented but harmless. Joan is vaguely uneasy, feeling that there is some mystery about the place.

CHAPTER V—Continued

"I thought I heard an auto drive up to the institute last night." Myers looked at her in the same manner. "The doctor came back last night unexpectedly," he said. "But I thought Doctor Jenkins lived at Millville?" "Not Jenkins, Miss Wentworth, Doctor Lancaster." "Why," stammered the girl, "I must have misunderstood, then. I hope Doctor Lancaster is not ill. He was looking unwell when I saw him the day before yesterday." "That's just what you might have told me when I asked you about him," said Myers triumphantly. "Well, Miss Wentworth, if you are going to ask me questions I suppose I can ask you questions." "If I can answer them." "Precisely," said the other. "I want to know if you can answer them. Now let's be frank. What do you know about all this?" "I beg your pardon?" Joan inquired, declining his invitation to seat herself beside him. "About all this," repeated Myers. "Come, now, you know what I mean as well as I do. How did Doctor Lancaster come to engage you?" "If you have really a right to know, Mr. Myers," said Joan, "you had better ask Doctor Lancaster himself." "O, all right," said Myers humbly. "Only the time will come when you'll wish you'd been frank with me. If we put all our cards on the table we can have a frank look into the situation." "Heavily, Mr. Myers, I had no idea that I had come to a gambling house," said Joan, more nettled by the familiarity of his tone than by the words. "I have no cards at all, as you term it. I am simply an employee of Doctor Lancaster, and if that is not satisfactory to you I must refer you to him." Myers grew red. His short, stocky figure with the wide shoulders looked abominably mean as he planted himself upon the porch and surveyed Joan with a furtive, sneering expression. He was not in any sense a gentleman, just a low class of bully, as Joan could plainly see from his gestures, even if his next words had not made this plain. "So, that's your attitude, is it?" he said, jerking out the words between his teeth. "All right, Miss Wentworth, you and I will play our hands separately. Don't come to me afterward, though, and say I didn't warn you. And if you don't like my ways and speech, and think I'm too ordinary for your taste—here comes the doctor! Go and make a complaint about me!" Joan, turning from the man in disgust, saw Lancaster standing at the door. She went toward him, and then she looked at him in consternation. For Lancaster was undeniably ill. His face was a dead white, and he was leaning on a stick, as if to support himself. "Doctor Lancaster—" Joan began. He straightened himself with an effort, laid out his hand and took her

own. "I am very glad you came, Miss Wentworth," he said. "I hope you like the institute?" Myers, who had come up and planted himself between them, flung out his challenge. "She likes the institute all right, doctor," he said, with a short laugh. "but I reckon she don't like me. Bad taste, I call it. What do you say, doctor?" There was an indescribable insolence in the man's tone. Joan looked for one of Lancaster's explosions of flaming wrath. But to her amazement none came. He seemed struggling to control himself. He flushed and looked from one to the other. "Well, well, Myers," he said, hesitating. "I think things will turn out all right. Miss Wentworth and you won't conflict in any way. You mustn't quarrel, you know. I want all my employees to like each other," he ended weakly. And he gave Joan the impression of pitiful impotence, as if he were somehow in the secretary's power and had surrendered his will to him—Lancaster, the tyrant of the Southern hospital, the smug bully of the operating theater! Joan saw a flash of triumph in Myers' eyes, and, with another laugh, the man left them and went into the building. "I think breakfast is ready, Miss Wentworth," said Lancaster, after a moment, offering the girl his arm. But Joan gave him hers instead, and they went together into the dining room. She was glad to see that Myers was not to eat with them. Hungry as she was, she could not have taken breakfast in the man's presence; and even now she could hardly manage to eat, with Lancaster, so evidently ill, seated



"Why, Miss Wentworth—" Stammered the Doctor.

opposite her, swallowing gulps of hot coffee, and making pretense of eating thin strips of toast. His whole demeanor was that of a very ill man. And the transformation terrified her. All her preconceived ideas of him had vanished. She could make nothing of him. She felt a deep sense of relief when the meal ended. Then Lancaster looked at her with the same furtive expression that she read in the face of everybody there. "I thought I would run up and see how the institute was getting along, Miss Wentworth," he said. They had risen from the table, Joan turned and faced him. "Doctor Lancaster," she said, "you spend a good deal of your time here. There was nothing unexpected about your visit last night. You knew that you would come here when you employed me." She must have spoken more angrily than she knew, for the web of deception was smothering her, and she felt that her position was becoming unendurable. For an instant a glimmer of amusement passed over the doctor's face. "Why, Miss Wentworth, you are a regular spitfire," he said. "It is true, then?" "Well—yes, it is true. My work at Avonmouth is not too exacting for me to come here frequently." "You knew you were coming, and you did not tell me. And you hinted at a patient requiring care. There is no patient, unless it is yourself. Doctor Lancaster, you engaged me for certain work here, and I am ready to fulfill it. It is not requisite that you should explain anything to me. But please give me the work you hired me to do, and do not try to deceive me." Lancaster, who had been regarding her intently as she spoke, glanced hurriedly into the hall before replying. A

look of fear had come into his eyes. Joan knew that it was Myers whom he feared. There was something dreadful in seeing this man cringe before the bully, this man who had, in turn, made others cringe before him. "Miss Wentworth," said Lancaster in a low tone, "believe me, I have no intention of deceiving you. On the contrary, it is my wish to confide in you. Will you come out on the porch and permit me to smoke?" She bowed, and they went out together. They took their seats upon two chairs at the end of the verandah. Joan purposely seating herself between her companion and the door. She knew why he kept glancing toward it. "Miss Wentworth," Lancaster began, "we spoke of loyalty the other night. If you saw a human being in trouble of his own making, would it be your impulse to help him, or to leave him to fight his battle alone?" "I should help him if I could," said Joan.

"Then help me," said Lancaster. "It was myself of whom I spoke to you. Will you help me with loyalty and sympathy, and refuse to be discouraged?" The girl softened toward him; he was obviously sincere, and obviously distressed. "Gladly, Doctor Lancaster," she answered. "I thought that I could trust you when I saw your face, and I was sure of it when you talked of your vocation. And I cannot trust anyone else. I have no opportunity—" he broke off irresolutely and then went on, "I have had no opportunity of taking up that matter with the board yet," he continued. Joan knew that he was not speaking frankly now; but his next words were in the same tone of sincerity. "Miss Wentworth, that matter and this is all bound up together. You must help me before I can help you, as I said to you when you came into the consulting room. I cannot explain any more now. I want help in the biggest fight of my life, and, if I fail, I want a witness that I have fought. I saw you and thought you would give me your help. For God's sake don't refuse me!" In spite of his sincerity the idea flashed through Joan's mind that his troubles might be the fancies of a sick man. "If I discharge you before the month is over, don't go. Refuse to go. Nobody can make you go. I am at the head of the institute. Ignore me. Stay!" "I'll stay," said Joan, and then, looking at his white face and trembling hands, she thought she knew what was the matter with him.

"Listen, Doctor Lancaster," she began, laying her fingers on his arm. But then she saw that he was not looking at her. He was looking past her toward Myers, who was coming across the pasture toward the entrance. His expression was transformed. "Miss Wentworth," he said, with a sudden change of tone, "what was I saying to you? I am not myself at all today. I have been greatly overworked, and talking nonsense. Don't remember it. I meant nothing at all. Of course you must remain your month, in case any patients come, and then we'll see what we can do about the position." And, as Myers came up to them, the same hopeless, cringing expression came into his eyes.

The secretary ignored Joan completely. "Well, doctor," he said, "I have the quarterly statement ready for you. Won't you come and look over it? I must have your signature, and you know how hard it is to fasten your down." "Yes, I'll come, certainly, Myers," said Lancaster, rising. The two men went into the house together. Joan heard the door close behind them. She was left to ponder over that interview.

She was conscious of two conflicting impulses: to leave, and to remain for Lancaster's sake. There was something about the man's pitiable condition that aroused all her sympathies. But there was something about the whole place repulsive in the extreme. She must get allies in this blind fight against the secretary if she remained. Whom? Mrs. Fraser? That was impossible as yet.

At that moment she saw Doctor Jenkins driving up the path, and went to meet him. The boy sprang to the ground and raised his hat. "Good morning, Miss Wentworth. How is the doctor today?" "Doctor Lancaster looks very ill," she answered. "And Doctor Jenkins, I want to ask you—" "Pardon me, Miss Wentworth. Can I see him?" "He is with Mr. Myers." Jenkins' face assumed an aspect of profound discouragement. "Then I'll come back this afternoon," he said, preparing to enter the buggy again. But he found Joan intercepting his passage. She had noted the look on his face, and she felt that he understood much which could be explained. "Doctor Jenkins," she said quietly, "Doctor Lancaster is unwell and I am his nurse. Will you not tell me what is the matter with him?" "Why, Miss Wentworth—" stammered the doctor.

So Doctor Lancaster himself is the sick man! And Joan says she'll help him. What will the doctor?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

There are nine different grades of admirals in the British navy.

Famous Forts in U. S. History

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Where "The Man Without a Country" Originated.

Fort Adams, in Wilkinson county, Mississippi, deserves a place among the historic forts of the United States because it gave to us the greatest story on patriotism ever written—Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country." It was from a letter written by Gen. James Wilkinson, commander in chief of the American army in the early days of the republic, at Fort Adams, that Hale got the name Philip Nolan for the hero of his story and many of the scenes in the book are laid in and about Fort Adams.

Although Hale's story is purely fiction, there was a real Philip Nolan, who was in fact a "man without a country" but not, as Hale wrote it, because he cursed the name of his native land. This real Philip Nolan was an Irish political refugee who had not been in his adopted country long before he was joining Aaron Burr in a conspiracy against it and eventually was killed by the Spanish governor of Texas.

The site of Fort Adams has long been a historic one. The first white man to visit it was Father Davion, a Frenchman, who erected a cross there and called it Roche a Davion. It was later called Loftus Heights, after a British major who with 400 men was ambushed there by the Tunica Indians in 1704.

During President John Adams' administration the government bought this site from Francis Jones, who held it under a Spanish grant, and built there Fort Adams, named in honor of the President. There Lieut. Meriwether Lewis was stationed for a while before going to the capital to become President Jefferson's secretary and from there Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson started for New Orleans for the formal ceremony of receiving the Louisiana Purchase.

In its early years Fort Adams was one of the most important military posts in the Middle West. It was at this fort that General Wilkinson negotiated with the Indians for opening a road from the fort through Natchez to Nashville and that part of the road between Natchez and Nashville became the famous "Natchez Trace."

There is a good story told about one of General Wilkinson's subordinates at the fort. The general had lost his queue and ordered all of his officers to have theirs cut off. Maj. Richard Butler not only refused, but told Doctor Carmichael, the post surgeon, that in case of his death he wished to have a hole bored in his coffin and his queue pulled through it so that the general would know that he defied him even in death!

Grant's "Unconditional Surrender" Note.

"No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." That laconic dispatch is famous in American history. Written to Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, the Confederate commander at Fort Donelson, Tenn., by Gen. U. S. Grant on February 16, 1862. It gave to the Union commander the nickname of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

At the opening of the Civil war the Confederates built Fort Donelson on the Cumberland river and Fort Henry on the Tennessee to protect Nashville, the very heart of the Confederacy, from an invasion from the north. Erected on a hill 120 feet above the river, surrounded by two and a half miles of rifle pits and protected on the river side by three great batteries, Fort Donelson with its garrison of 18,000 men was one of the most important posts in the Mississippi valley.

On February 6 Fort Henry fell before the cannon of Commodore Foote's flotilla of gunboats, but when that commander moved to attack Fort Donelson he was speedily repulsed. Meanwhile General Grant had moved against Donelson and for three days a fierce battle raged during which each army lost more than 2,000 men. On February 15 the garrison tried to cut its way through Grant's lines but was driven back into its stronghold.

The next day Buckner sent a message under a white flag asking Grant what terms he would give if the Confederates gave up the fort. Grant's historic reply was the result. When Fort Donelson surrendered the first great Union victory of the war was won and 14,500 gray-jackets marched out and laid down their arms, the largest number of men ever captured up to that time in any battle on the American continent. The victors also took possession of 57 pieces of artillery, although one great prize in the persons of Generals Floyd, Pillow and Nathan Bedford Forrest, the dashing cavalry leader, slipped through their hands when these officers escaped across the river.

The surrender of Nashville and Columbus soon followed. Kentucky and Tennessee were now in the hands of the Union forces and Ulysses S. Grant had started on the military career that ended triumphantly at Appomattox.



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Red Indian Chosen as Canadian Solon

Ludger Bastien, a member of the Huron tribe and the first Indian to be elected to the Quebec legislature, won the by-election for the conservatives in Quebec county by defeating the Liberal candidate, E. Bedard, whose party has been 27 years in power in the ancient capital, says the Christian Science Monitor.

Mr. Bastien's father was head chief of all the Hurons of Canada for a term of office. He himself is a man of wealth. He operates a large tannery business at Lorette, a well-known Indian settlement. Some years ago when the city of Quebec interfered with the water supply of his tanneries he carried a legal action for damages to the privy council and won an award of \$300,000. He is a director of numerous enterprises.

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Those husky little chub minnows are the fisherman's delight. Here you will obtain some of the right length (an inch and a half) that tapered thick to the tail and yet are as active as you could possibly want them. Some of these are almost black in color, others of a lighter shade, says Outing magazine. There are also shiner minnows—but shiners taken from almost any water are exceedingly tender of flesh and are unable to stand any injury, so they are very poor as lures. The minnow that is the liveliest and that will hold on longest is the minnow that is most sought for and that is the chub.

The Thinking Reed

Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature; but he is a reed which thinks. The universe need not rise in arms to crush him; a vapor, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be greater than the power which killed him; for he knows that he dies, and of the advantage which the universe has over him, the universe knows nothing.—Pascal.

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Great Carol's Centenary

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A woman's patience often makes home, sweet home.