The TRUANT SOUL

by Victor Rousseau about your dignity. You shouldn't

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"HE'S A BEAST"

SYNOPSIS. - Nurses in the Southern hospital at Avonmouth are angered by the insolent treatment accorded them by Dr. John Lancaster, head of the in-stitution, and there is a general feeling of unrest, into which Joan Wentworth, probationary nurse, is drawn. Doctor Lancas-ter is performing a difficult oper-Joan, with other nurses, is in attendance.

CHAPTER I-Continued

"That scalpel-quick!" he cried. Joan started and stretched out her hands toward the tray, which gleamed afar off, elusively through a black cloud.

"The one I handed you. Don't stare at me like a fool;"

Joan bent over the tray, putting out one hand to the table to support herself. She was conscious that everything was suspended and that everyone was watching her. In the interminable interval she heard the patient's gasping sighs, as if he was breathing the last wisps of life away.

She fingered the instruments in the tray feebly and nervelessly, and her hands seemed numbed and useless. Her fingers closed on something and brought it out. Then Lancaster's hand closed over hers, tore it away, and flung it back with a splash. Joan's hand dropped to her side, paralyzed by the painful pressure. The next instant Lancaster had the scalpel and whirled swiftly back toward the table. upsetting the bichloride, which lupped over the patient's feet.

The moments went by like hours. At last Joan became aware, through the sudden unraveling of the suspense. that the crux of the operation was over. Her head grew clear again. She taw the assistant surgeons unfastening the artery clamps. The head nurse rose to her feet, not looking at and bucket. the patient. Joan realized that she was crying, and her strong, epicene face looked grotesque in grief. The orderly came up, and together they placed the patient on the stretcher. And suddenly Joan knew that the man was dead.

As the stretcher was wheeled out of the theater Lancaster turned toward his visitors.

"A very successful piece of work," he said. "It's a pity the poor fellow will never know how much I have done for him." Joan felt the visiting surgeons' dis-

seemed to sense it, too. "Unfortunately," he continued, "the best of surgeons is not proof against

the stupidity of a nurse. And he turned upon Joan fiercely.

"What is your name?" be demanded. "Miss Wentworth, Doctor Lancas-

"Well, you're no use here. You're yasting your time. You've killed a man this morning," he bellowed. "If I can't have women about me with rational heads on their shoulders I'll get a gang of Chinese chop suey men. Get out and earn your living as a stenographer or saleslady. That's all your talents are fit for, Miss Went-

Joan looked at him in amazement. At his first words, at his tone, she had felt the shock of anger in her heart gather itself and leap to meet his own. But his rage frightened her, her head ached, and she was sick from the fumes which still penetrated the theater. She tried to answer him, but could not utter a word and broke into tears instead, sobbing in complete nervous abandonment.

Lancaster turned from her with a wry face. "Well, gentlemen," he said, with an affectation of jovialness, "better luck next time. I'm sorry the operation was not successful, but, after all, the patient's life is not the principal thing. The method was correct, you see, but I did not reckon on an incompetent assistant."

"Put the blame on the anesthetic, Doctor Lancaster," said a whitebearded surgeon, with chivalrous incent. "With a nephritis history operation's useless. Better let them die

"I did not quite grasp the technical innovation you spoke of, Doctor Lancaster," said another. "To my mind It was the original Leonard operation,

"Why did you divide the arterial coats below the site of the aneurism?" queried a third.

Lancaster led-them from the theater, expostulating and explaining. The dark-haired girl lingered with the sponges. The assistant surgeons had already gone hurriedly out. Joan put her tray away. She still was unable to control her sobs.

Suddenly Lancaster reappeared, furlous after the cross-examination to which he had been subjected. He came straight toward Joan with a face of malice. Unconscious of her pitiful aspect as a child might have been. she raised her streaming face and looked at him.

"You had no right to speak to me like that, whatever I did," she said. "Whatever you did? Whatever you failed to do! What do you think you are here fer?" he stormed.

He glared at her, turned away, hesitated, and then came back, "That's just the way with you women," he cried. "You lost that case

have taken up a nurse's vocation. You women don't know what you can do and what you can't till you find yourselves in a post of responsibility, and then you fall down. What made you take up nursing, anyway Thought our style of caps becoming, I suppose."

"I've done my best to qualify. I've never been blamed before." "Well, you've made a big mistake," said Lancaster. "That's all. A-very -big-mistake," he added, emphasizing each word with a nod. "And my work and patients' lives are too important to allow mistakes to happen.

way," he added in a lower tone. "You don't need to tell me that, Doctor Lancaster!" cried Joan furiously. He made a gesture of mock despair. "That's right; get on your high

You're too pretty to be a nurse, any-

horse again!" he said. "Just remember that I'm at the head of the Southern hospital, and what I say goes. that's all "

He swung upon his heel and went out of the room, leaving her gripping the table flercely in her humiliation. The dark-haired girl, who had been fussing in a corner, came up to her.

"He's a beast!" she exclaimed passionately. "He hates women-decent women. My! if he'd dared to speak that way to me I'd have told him what I thought of him, right in the middle of the operation. I don't care for anybody when my temper's up. I could tell you a few things I've heard about him if I were minded to. Do you know he went on a five years' spree once?"

"I don't care what he did!" cried Joan passionately.

"Well, I guess you could make it your business to know," answered the other. "A girl's got to fight her way, the same as a man. He threw up his job and just went away for five years, drinking and living with tramps, and then had the nerve to come back as if nothing had happened. I got it from a girl that used to be friendly with hlm. He's-"

She broke off abruptly as the orderly appeared with his rubber broom

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired the girl in a low voice.



She Made Her Way Toward the Hospital Entrance.

reckon you don't want to forfelt your diploma any more than the rest of us. Listen! You go and see him." "Never!" said Joan.

"Don't be a fool, Miss Wentworth! You go and see him at his house. It's what anyone would do in your place. Fool him by making him think he can do what he likes with you; play with him and hold him off by hook or crook until you're graduated, and then laugh at him. I'd do it if I had to. My! if you heard some of the stories that are going round-"

The head nurse beckoned at the "The lady superintendent wants to see you at once, Miss Wentworth," she said. "You're to go right

into her office." She looked at Joan resentfully. Her face was quite composed again, but her eyes were reddened. She knew that Lancaster had been at fault, but she had seen Joan's blunder, too. Miss Symons was one of those women who can acquire the faculty of a man's strength without losing their own sex. She was a tower of strength toward weakness, but she had no pity for a

lapse of duty. Joan walked the dreary length of the corridor to the lady superintendent's room. The white-haired woman was sented at her desk, pretending to be making up her accounts and composing berself for the interview.

"Miss Wentworth!" she began, turning round in her chair as Joan appeared at the door. "You have made Doctor Lancaster very angry. He said you are totally inefficient. What was

It that happened this morning?" "The ether made me faint and I couldn't see the instruments for a moment, and Doctor Lancaster happened

"Well, it's a great pity," said the other, "because it was your first day is told, if walking on a hard road when and we had to get somebody to take the cuckoo first calls, that the ensuing Miss Martin's place and I selected you season will be full of calandy. To be because I relied on you particularly.

Anyway, you are suspended." Joan looked at her stupefied. "You mean-that-I am to leave the hospi sels sprouts, 120 kinds of lettuce and for me. And now you are thinking tal and lose my diploma?" she asked. 194 varieties of carrots,

"I don't know yet," answered the lady superintendent evasively. "I suppose Doctor Lancaster will decide that later after he has laid the matter before the board at their next meeting and looked over your record. Anyway, Miss Wentworth, you may as well take a holiday for a week or so until you hear from us.

She turned back to her books while Joan, after looking at her for a moment in silence, turned and went into the corridor. She made her way toward the hospital entrance. And the great wooden arch, through which she had passed hundreds of times without noticing it, suddenly became vivid with detail; the hospital, which had been a part of her unconscious life, looked strange and new to her.

Chapter II

Joan had a room in a nurses' boarding house a few minutes' walk away. She walked mechanically homeward, hardly even yet realizing the magnitude of the blow which had befallen her. Avonmouth lay almost deserted in the noontide glare. The shuttered houses, gay with striped awnings, looked down on the white, dusty streets. The little park that contained the Confederate monument was bright with geraniums, but the grass was parched and withered, and the feeble efforts of an automatic sprinkler seemed almost instantly absorbed by the thirsty ground.

Joan made her way toward an overhanging tree, brushed away a prickly caterpillar from a seat beneath it, and sat down. She was trying to estimate the magnitude of the catastrophe that had happened to her, to free herself from the stupefied wonder and passionate resentment that held her. Two hours before life had seemed reasonably bright; now its entire course was changed. For she did not doubt that the lady superintendent had been trying to soften the news of her dis-

Her mind ran back to the beginning of all things for her-her father's death. That had happened ten years before, and the mortgage on the estate, ruined, after the war, had grown like a spreading sore, enting away field after field, until it swallowed everything except nine hundred dollars. After the enforced sale, Mrs. Wentworth and her daughter had gone to Avonmouth for the sole reason that the mother remembered a wealthy godmother there, distantly related. whose activities she hoped to enlist on behalf of her daughter. It was characteristic of her that she should not have known the woman had died six years previously.

Still, Avonmouth was the nearest large town in which a girl, flung on the world untrained, might hope to support two people. Joan had long before wanted to be a nurse. She decided to attempt to enter a hospital; illness kept her nursing her at home. Six months after their arrival Mrs. Wentworth died. What remained of their nine hundred dollars after the doctor's and funeral expenses had been paid would suffice for Joan's merest needs until she had graduated from the Southern hospital. But the physician who attended Mrs. Wentworth in her last illness had secured the girl a position as a probationer. and Joan was as happy as she could expect to be. Since that date he had moved away, and Joan was altogether

At home they had known hardly anyone, for the whole region was in that condition of resettlement that began in the seventies and is still proceeding. Their friends had scattered to the north and west; their letters had long since ceased. Prosperity, stalking through the nation, had left a little ridge of poverty between the swaths of its progress through the footbills of the back country, in Avonmouth Mrs. Wentworth's Illness, and afterward, the hospital work, had kept the girl both from making friends and from the realization of her need of them. Her whole mind was set upon obtaining that diploma which would mean an assured living, and before her eyes was ever the spectacle of such poverty as she had known at home among others and had seen approaching her mother. After she graduated, perhaps, life might begin to unfold before her eyes. But even this she realized only vaguely; she lived altogether in the moment.

It's plain that Joan is a nice girl, but Dr. Lancaster seems to be no good, either as surgeon

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cuckoo Superstitions

There are numerous superstitions ssociated with the hearing of the uckoo's first call. In the maritime highlands and Hebrides If the cuckoo is first heard by one who has not broken his fast some misfortune is expected. Indeed, besides the danger, it is considered a reproach to one to have heard the cuckoo while hungry, says the Detroit News.

In France to hear the cuckoo for the first time fasting is to make the hearer "an idle do-nothing for the rest of the year" or "to numb his limbe" to want a scalpel quickly," answered for the same period. There is a similar belief in certain parts of the west of England. In Northumberland one on soft ground is a lucky omen.

There are 95 different kinds of brus-

Romance of Mode in Winter Models

Collection of Garments Recalls Dress From Beginning of Time.

It is difficult to make a report of the winter collections of the grandes malsons read like a romance, says Harper's Bazar, and yet all the romance in the world enters into the making of the new models, just as it has formed a part of dress from the misty beginning of time, since when fair ladies in adorning themselves for their lovers have endeavored by taking thought-by fair means or foulto render themselves still more fair.

Treasures of dress have come down to us from the Orient-metal-embroidered, jewel-incrusted stuffs of impershable color, vells bordered with still untarnished gold, still redolent of languorous perfumes and weighted with all the mystery and tragedy of the East. Some of these fabrics whisper of twilight in a Persian garden, others formed part of the cargo of the ships of Tyre or might have figured in the tales of a Thousand and One Nights, and all are heavy with ro-

The beauties of the Decameron moved through those fevered tales clad in sumptuous velvets and rarest laces, and the old stuffs still breathe the sensuousness of those times, telling the tale to those with ears to hear.

The loveliest costumes of the late centuries were created to enhance the charms of the favorites of kings, for Mme. De Pompadour, La Du Barry and the fair Louise la Valliere, as well as for the pleasure-loving Marie Antoinette, whose beauty and grace and haunting charm will shine forever through the ages, inseparably connected with the costumes of that epoch. And what of the gowns once worn by Ninon de l'Enclos, who even at eighty retained her charm, or by Marion de Lorme, pleading on her knees in vain for the life of Cino-Mars?

The dressmakers of today are still inspired by the vanities and passions of a century ago-the laces, the jeweled embroideries, the rich velvets and fine linens, the metal stuffs, the dainty sandals, the little silken shoes. And the little ouvriere, her head in the clouds, dreaming dreams, puts into the curve of a seam or the tying of a

Chic Black Faille Silk Tunic for College Girl



This winsome black faille silk tunic is designed especially for the college collar and cuffs, and further embellished with white pearl buttons.

notes a writer in the Pictorial Review.

For the face and hands, honey, white

watched for signs of rain. A supply

of rain water must be caught and

kept for shampooing the hair. It was

rinsed with a tea made from camomile

flowers and dried in the sun. This

simple operation is now considered

but a small beginning. The condition

and nourishing preparations are mas-

saged into the scalp. Electricity, too,

hair, dry hair, dandruff, hair that is

losing its life and color can be re-

stored to a normal state of health

Simplicity is fashionable now. It

is youthful, too, in its effects. Bobbed

hair is more popular than ever, and

every consideration.

and beauty.

Comfortable Soft Fur Coat for Wintry Days



again takes its place in the fashion picture. The model shown combines taupe broadtail with collar and cuffs of blue fox.

bowknot all her little romance, and the frock is so much the richer for her dreaming. It is this subtle quality, in short, the heritage of the romance of an old civilization enriched by a still older romance in the fingertips of the little French sewing girl, which makes a Paris frock different from any other. We all recognize this difference with-

out, perhaps, sensing the cause, which is racial, instinctive. Anyone may "sit on a cushlon and sew a fine seam" with a needle, but the French girl sews it with her heart. And the great designers of Paris-Doucet, with his fine appreciation of the artistic and his exquisite costumes in pure style; Worth, with his superb fabrics and wealth of decoration; Paquin, with studied, intricate designs and strange colors; Premet, for whom Mme. Charlotte is establishing a daring modern style: Poiret, with his extravagance of design and wonderful color-where else may one find the designers such as

Or such as Jenny, whose creations may only be described as tout a fait Parisienne, or Docullet with his beautiful evening gowns, or Lanvin, who still dreams beautiful clothes, or Louiseboulanger, whose models are so marvelously interesting, or Drecoll and all the rest who attract buyers from all over the world, season after season, in search of the beauty which cannot be found in their own countries?

Silk Lingerie Strap

Instead of lingerie clasps of metal. neath the shoulder of a frock, many girl. It is trimmed with white faille women now use a little silk strap with snaps. This strap is fastened to the inside of the gown, at the shoulder.

which often make a slight bunch be-

When Favored Cosmetics Were Found in Kitchen Twenty-five years ago many of the ly can be. If the hair is not bobbed beautifiers came out of the kitchen, it is dressed very simply. How much cleaner, prettier, less

wire frames that once were a necesoatmeal, and, very sparingly, face powder were used. The professional beausary part of every woman's coiffure! From time to time we hear people ty treatment at that time consisted of cold cream applied with a circular who are pessimistic about everything movement followed by hot towels. mutter darkly that women are slaves From this it has developed into a to fashion and that if they do not scientific cleansing, nourishing, and wear the same atrocities they once stimulating treatment of the skip wore they will wear something else based on a knowledge of the anatomy equally bad; perhaps worse, they say of the face, its nerves, its muscles, hopefully. But while women have been and the general health has been given slow in finding out that comfort is a precious thing, they have learned that With anxious eyes the sky was and something more: that it also can be beautiful.

Trimmings Perch High

The high front and high back trimmings on hats have stimulated the use of another high effect, a trimming blaced on top of the crown. Ostrich of the scalp, the requirements of the often perches here, and ribbon ends hair, the health generally, are studied, are clustered on top. Another high crown trimming extends from side to side over the crown in a ridge that is important as a stimulant. By the ends at the ears of thereabouts. This use of colored lights the circulation may be accomplished by ostrich in a in the tissues of the scalp that are fringe, fabric in a roll, and various worn and tired is increased. Oily other means.

Blistered Materials

Ristered materials in heavy weaves suitable for coats and wraps are new and attractive.

Plaited Skirts

the boylsh bob is the simplest, most With or without the camisole top hygienic of all. It has shown us how beautiful the contour of the head real- the plaited skirt is much in vogue.

Motherhood!

Roanoke, Va.—"Several children had been born to us before I heard of Dr. Pierce's



Favorite scription. I have, therefore, had the experience of passing thru expectancy with, and without, the aid of 'Favorite Pre-scription.' Had I been told that

have made the difference I experienced I would never have believed it. While taking the 'Favorite Prescription' I was able to attend to my housework, rest at night, and my appetite was good all the time and I had comparatively no suffering."-Mrs. Lillian Duke, 920 Shenandoah Ave. All medicine dealers.

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND

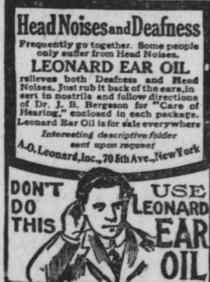
Don't take chances of your horses or mules being laid up with Distemper, Influenza, Pink Eye, Laryngitis, Heaves, Coughs or Colds. Give "SPOHN'S" to both the sick and the well ones. The standard remedy for 20 years. Give "SPOHN'S" for Dog Distemper. 60 cents and \$1.20 at drug stores. SPOHN MEDICAL CO. GOSHEN, IND.

BEST for the Complexion

The beauty of Glenn's is the beauty it brings to the complexion — soft, smooth, clear white skin, free of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes.

Glenn's Rohland's Styptic Sulphur Soan

Contains 331/4 Pure Sulphur. At Druggists





Camden Man's Amazing Message to Rheumatics

After Suffering Intense Agony for Many Years-He Wants to Tell Others.

Years—He Wants to Tell Others.

Dr. Brigadell: I simply had to write and tell you what your wonderful Camphorole has done for me. For many years I suffered the tortures of Rheumatism as only those who have it know. The sharp pains were so severe, I could not sleep. Had to get up and rub. It almost drove me crasy. I tried doctor after doctor and all kinds of medicine I was told to take, which only left me worse. I could not bend my knees. I am a steamfitter by trade and had to give up my work. Seeing your advertisement in a paper. I thought I would take apother chance and told my daughter to get me a package of Camphorole. You can imagine my surprise after using Camphorole, i started to get better right away. After using two jars of Camphorole I am well and happy and have gone back to work. I shall never forget the day I took a chance on Camphorole. After all the years I suffered, it feels good to be well again. Robert W. Teescale, 2917 High St., Camden, N. J.

