

The Truant Soul

By Victor Rousseau

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MYERS

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 restate 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.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"You're a fool! You don't know when you are well off. I tell you, I wash my hands of you. This is final!" Joan could not help but hear. And as she emerged into the passage, all the time hearing the sounds of the quarrelling voices, Myers came hurrying past.

He did not see her. He ran to the door, flung it open, and rushed down the steps into the street. As he went along the passage the girl saw him staring right and left; then, as she came out, he saw her and went toward her. She knew that it was she whom he had been seeking.

"What was it Doctor Lancaster was saying to you, Miss Wentworth, before I came in?" he asked in his rasping tone.

Joan stared at him in astonishment. Now she realized that she had mistaken him; he was not a servant, but apparently a member of the doctor's household.

"Will you let me pass, please?" asked Joan, as he blocked the way.

"I want to know what the doctor was saying to you," repeated the man doggedly.

"Are you going to refuse me passage?" demanded the girl, flushing with anger.

He stepped aside with a sneer and a mock bow. "O, very well, if that's your attitude," he answered. "I shall find out."

Joan turned swiftly upon him. "I don't know who you are, but I shall complain of you to Doctor Lancaster," she said.

Myers looked at her and sneered and chuckled. Then, without a word, he went back into the doctor's room. And still the voices kept up their quarrelling dialogue.

Joan found herself in the street in the twilight, and now the unreality of the absurd interview struck home to her. She tried to puzzle it out. Before she reached the boarding house she thought she had her clue.

That Lancaster, the terror of the nurses, should have been unable to promise immediate reinstatement, his evident good-will, his indecision and illness were explicable only in one way. The man Myers must be a relative, the third man perhaps a nephew. Lancaster had been supporting a worthless pair in idleness, and had turned on them in exasperation. That was the meaning of his look of illness, his preoccupation—the shock of some domestic discovery.

At any rate she was satisfied with some such solution. And she was certain that, if she pleased him with her mysterious mission, her reinstatement would follow. She went home happy, and Mrs. Webb read the news in her face the moment she opened the door.

"I knew it, my dear," she exclaimed with pleasure. "I knew that you could twist that old devil round your finger if you tried hard enough."

"Mrs. Webb, it was nothing of the kind," said Joan. "And Doctor Lancaster is one of the kindest of men. He's going to try to have his decision reversed, and—Mrs. Webb, he is sending me to a sanitarium, on a case, in the meantime."

She checked herself, suddenly remembering Lancaster's caution. But Mrs. Webb took the girl to her wide bosom and kissed her.

"You little humbug!" she said.

"Mrs. Webb," cried Joan, scandalized, "if you knew—"

But when she was upstairs she sat down suddenly and faced her conscience. What impression of herself had she given in the consulting room? She did not know. This scene, like that of the morning, had become blurred in her memory, and time had begun to flow very fast after the slowness of her twenty-two years. Certainly stranger things had happened

that day than at any time since her mother's death!

She leaned out of the window. She suddenly remembered that the institute was not many miles from her old home. It would be almost going home—and on the morrow. Joy leaped into her heart.

Then she saw something that for an instant chilled the blood in her veins. Across the street, leaning against the park railings and looking up at the house, was a short, square-built figure of a man wearing a hard hat. She could not distinguish the face, but she thought it was Myers. And she remembered his threat.

What did it mean? Bewildered, she turned into her room again. She half regretted now that she was to go to Lancaster.

But in the morning she dismissed the incident from her mind as a fantasy.

Chapter IV

At half-past seven in the evening Joan descended from the train at Lancaster station, after an all-day ride.

It was like going home. Joan could not see her village, which was on a branch line, but at Medlington she was only four miles away. There were the same misty mountains, breaking the horizon line, the same small, straggling towns, the same fragrance of the deep forests, bringing back to her those remembrances which a chance odor suddenly unlooses, as at the touch of some magician's staff. The two years that she had spent at Avonmouth seemed to slip out of her recollection.

As the afternoon flew by the distant mountains changed into a semi-circle of irregular heights. Now the train was climbing into the foothills. It was a lonely land. This was further in the back country than Joan had ever been. The villages were becoming more clusters of negro cabins. There had been two changes of trains



The Horse Breaking into a Short Gallop Near Every Summit.

and each time the coach became shabbier and more disreputable, and more impregnated with tobacco smoke. The character of Joan's fellow travelers changed as well. They were uncouth, they wore chin beards and rough store suits; they sat perspiring and collarless, the soft hats pulled over their foreheads. But she looked at them with the loving appreciation of her own people that was in her heart, and they, in the presence of the pretty girl who was traveling alone, displayed the innate courtesy of the Southerner.

The sun descended; it was gilding the whole land with level rays of gold and dancing on the horizon like a red ball when the train pulled into Lancaster, the last station before Millville, the terminus. Joan got down and looked about her.

The station was a tiny place and seemed deserted. The booking office was closed. In the waiting room, appearing almost to fill it, was a stout negro with a dozen parcels; and from the wicker sides of one two hens' heads with blinking eyes protruded. Outside a ramshackle buggy, with a lean chestnut horse attached, was drawn up to the edge of the muddy road.

A well-dressed young mountain boy in a hard-felt hat was standing beside it. As Joan came out of the station he turned toward her, took off his hat, and bowed.

"Miss Wentworth?" he inquired, in a well-bred tone.

"Yes. You are from the institute?"

"Yes, Miss Wentworth. Mrs. Fraser will be expecting you." He looked beyond her, and Joan, turning, perceived with her discomfiture the man Myers, in his hard hat. He must have traveled up in the train with her.

Myers came forward, taking off his hat grudgingly. "Miss Wentworth, I'm sorry if I annoyed you last night," he said. "I ought to have explained

to you that I'm the secretary of the institution. I guess my manners ain't very good, but I meant no harm."

Joan, who had witnessed his presence with consternation, now felt a sudden reaction from her fears. Of course, Myers' explanation made the situation intelligible.

She bowed, and he turned to the boy. "You can take Miss Wentworth up," he said. "I'll find a buggy somewhere."

As there was only room for two in the buggy, Joan did not demur to the proposition. She stepped in, the young man holding out his hand to guard her dress from the wheel. Joan glanced at the man with momentary interest. He had the appearance of a gentleman, and the manners of one. There was no hint of either servility or presumption, and yet there was a sort of independence about the man which fitted him admirably. He flicked the horse, and the buggy began to crawl out of the station yard along the single street of a tiny village, straggling uphill. It was a white village, but clusters of shanties a little back among the pines betrayed the presence of the black element. There was a store or two, their fronts plastered with tobacco and baking powder advertisements, and in front of each stood a gaunt, yellow-faced hillman, chewing and gazing after the buggy with unannounced face.

"This is Lancaster?" asked Joan.

"Yes, Miss Wentworth."

"The people here look depressed."

"There's a good deal of sickness, Miss Wentworth. Hookworm, and what they used to call malaria. But there isn't any malaria here; it's bad diet—salt pork and soda biscuits. And there's pellagra; it's been here for generations, but it wasn't till last year that the medical commission discovered it."

The coachman's knowledge might have been ludicrous in most men of his class, but there was nothing ridiculous in the grave, refined face of the young mountaineer. He must have picked up some knowledge at the institute, thought Joan.

"But it's healthy up in the hills, Miss Wentworth," he added. "This village is Millville. They used to grow cotton in the valley over yonder, but the frost killed the crops three years ago, and the mill fell into ruin. Quite a little water power in that stream."

The buggy ascended a steeper grade, the horse breaking into a short gallop near every summit, and then resuming its leisurely crawl.

"That's the institute, Miss Wentworth," the coachman continued, pointing toward a straggling building on a little plateau. It had the appearance of a large but rather dilapidated farmhouse. "It's three miles by the road," he added, "but less than a mile over the hills."

The horse had stopped to gain breath again. Looking back, Joan saw a white line that crept upward over the rocky slopes almost direct from the station to the building. Half way up was a little speck of black that seemed to move. Joan knew it was Myers' hard hat, his body being hidden from view among the bushes. She shuddered slightly; the man was very repugnant to her.

The horse went on again, the road winding uphill through pastures gay with buttercups and white with little branched asters. It dipped between hedgerows pink with meadowsweet. The sun had set, but its light still gilded the hills. The scene was very peaceful. Now the institute seemed to swing out from among the undulations of the mountain flanks immediately in front of them.

The buggy came to a standstill before the long, wooden building, which was of unshingled boards and very much the worse for weather. It had not been painted for years, and two windows in one wing were broken. A patch of weedy, unmann lawn extended between what had once been hedges, but were now mere tangles of undergrowth. Nearby was a large inclosure in which were a few chickens, picking for grains of corn, and a cow at pasture turned her head and gazed at them placidly.

The door opened and a pleasant-looking woman came forward.

"How do you do, Miss Wentworth," she said. "I am the matron, Mrs. Fraser. Doctor Lancaster telegraphed about your coming. I'll show you your room, and your supper will be ready in a few minutes."

Joan descended. The driver, who had leaped to the ground, held his hand over the wheel, but did not offer it to her. Then he re-entered the buggy, and, rather to Joan's surprise, drove off along the road by which they had ascended.

The mystery deepens, with Myers the secretary of the institution. Is Joan in for a disagreeable adventure?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In parts of Africa and southern Asia the cowrie, a small shell, is used for coin.

Sports Togs Hold Center of Stage

Wide Variety of Sweaters and Tweeds Offered for Outdoor Wear.

The winter season of sports is in full blast, calling for the gayest and warmest clothes. Athletic women take great delight in the bright-colored knitted sweaters, with the accompanying knitted caps, scarfs and other reasonable garb.

The redoubtable kasha, observes a fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune, is once more turned to as the outstanding fabric for urban sports clothes and closely in its wake there follows a wide variety of London tweeds. The tweed vogue is, of course, distinctly English and makes its appeal to the many women who still cling to the ancient tradition of England and sports wear. It's a sound tradition, too, particularly for those feminine types which show to greatest advantage in mannish costumes.

Tweed and kasha trimmed with fur and many buttons form the basis of numerous clever little straight frocks that are suitable for all kinds of sport. There is an excess of leopard fur trimming, which borders or lines nearly everything and where that is not obtainable tabby cat is substituted to such an extent that one trembles to think of the slaughter that must have taken place on the rooftops.

Ytel shows warm leather mixture colors—she has a clever country suit in light stone-colored tweed with a coat-dress under an overcoat, making an ensemble that is one of the prettiest of its kind. Incidentally, she is cutting her overcoats on a new line, slitting them up each side seam instead of at the back as formerly.

Many of the winter sports dresses are being made of soft wool serges on the type of kasha. A delightful model is of white wool trimmed with a vivid tomato-red leather. This has plaited fullness in the skirt and the sleeves are plaited as well.

Circular full length or three-quarter length are always fashionable for slipping on over the sports costume and



Jumbo Middy Pull-On Knitted in Scarlet and White Bandings.

The newest models are being made of tweed and have collars of fox or seal.

Scarves for sports wear are often made of fur filled with cloth or kasha. A pretty one worn with a little white suit in Paris had the neckband of white kasha on which was a narrow band of leopard. It was knotted in front and had two short wide ends on each of which was applied a triangle of the leopard.

Directoire Period Is Factor in New Fashions

In spite of many predictions that they would not achieve success, the models inspired by the fashions of the directoire period are distinct factors in the modes of the present season. In the majority of cases they are adaptations taken from the picturesque costumes worn by the men of that period, and they have been so skillfully modified that they are quite in harmony with the modern spirit.

The interest in things directoire has revived certain colors long absent from fashion. One finds tones of burgundy, of bottle green, of a rather violent purple and of a dull gold that are reminiscent of that particular period and the smooth-faced cloths and high-lustered satins suggest the materials in favor, at that time.

Peaked Crown Becoming to Majority of Women

There are so many different variations of the peaked crown that it is becoming to practically all types; for instance, there is the four-dented crown tip and the three-dented tip, the creased or helmet ridge that runs from side to side or from back to front, or the ridge that is turned over in quite a roll from one side to the other, or from the back to the front.

The peaked or pointed tip is more suitable to the young person. The helmet ridge type which runs from side to side, no matter in what way it is accomplished, is better for the older woman with the heavier type face, for it gives her the width that is so necessary for the stouter and larger face.

Brown Chiffon Velvet Trimmed With Kolinsky



Showing luxuriously trimmed costume suit of brown chiffon velvet, with kolinsky trimming. It is a three-piece affair. The bodice is heavily embroidered in gold and red.

Double-Breasted Coat—Four or Six Buttons

The overcoat of the moment is one that can be used with equal success as a morning town wrap or as a useful garment to slip on after a round of golf, says a Paris fashion writer in the New York Herald. It is cut on the lines of a man's overcoat, double-breasted with four or six buttons, slit up the back, either plain or with a two-inch belt just across the back to the side seams. This is made in fancy English suitings and tweeds and is principally seen in shades of brown, pepper-and-salt or beige.

Attractive and likely to attain a real vogue are the little sports suits shown by Ytel in her midseason opening of winter fashions. Made of all kinds of warm woolen fabrics, mostly with a rough surface, they have short little straight jumpers that leave off abruptly just below the normal waistline. They have a wide hem at the bottom on which is placed a line of small buttons at the center front. These buttons are carried on straight down the center of the skirt, which has its inverted knife plaiting in the front on either side of the row of buttons, giving a line that is new, practical and very effective.

The jumper type of sports costume is often turned into a three-piece by the addition of a shoulder cape reaching to about the base of the hip line, fastening with a narrow cross-over double strap underneath. Straight little jackets, too, are often worn, made of the same material as the skirt which may be of tweed, duvetya or kasha.

After a long vogue for the group of narrow knife plaits at the side to give fullness, the new sports skirts are made in wrap-over envelope fashion with only one wide plait at the side. For the woman who drives her own car these skirts are made with wide box plaits in front, stitched down for some six inches from the waist and then left free. This is a very practical mode and is becoming as well.

Blue for Evening Wear Is Much in Limelight

Smart coats of velvet of various cloths trimmed with light-colored fox, are features of the mode. White foxes dyed light blue, or a wheat shade known as ble are also used on these coats.

Evening gowns are mostly of velvet or chiffon, heavily embroidered with beads, and revealing much use of gold and silver combinations. Almost all shades of blue are expressed in gowns for formal wear.

A broadtail wrap made with a short cape effect was completed with a small felt hat of light blue, having a crystal and rhinestone pin as its only ornament.

Rhinestones on Tulle Bandeaux Hold Favor

The newest bandeaux for the hair are rhinestones on shaped bands of tulle. One lovely bandeau, intended for wear with an ecru lace creation is brown tulle shaped to a point in front with rhinestones embroidered in Russian design, leaving a wide margin of tulle at the peak. Others have the points at the side. A beautiful bandeau has rhinestone embroidery on a draped band of rose satin.

Charming accessories worn include crepe de chine scarfs, very wide, with fringe of ostrich, clusters of gold rosettes and silk hose in delicate shades.

Velvet and Chinchilla

Nothing lovelier could be imagined than an evening wrap of flame-colored velvet trimmed with wide bands of chinchilla worn over a broadened chiffon frock of the same tone.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

WHO SHOULD DRIVE AUTOMOBILES?

WHEN you get on a railroad train and roll into your pullman berth, you go to sleep with perfect confidence in the intelligence and ability of the man at the throttle. You know that the engineer of a passenger train is sure to be a tried and tested employee of years of training and experience. You know that his eyes and his nerves and his heart have been examined and tested, that he does not befuddle his brain with whisky or drugs and that his ability to think clearly and act promptly in an emergency has been proven.

This was not always true. In the early years of railroad building, many accidents were due to unfit men in the engine cab. But gradually it was learned, often by costly mistakes, that the safe and successful engineer must be a man with keen and perfect vision and with nerves and muscles always under control.

But a new method of travel has developed in the last 20 years. There are today over 12,000,000 motor cars in this country. Traveling as fast as the average train, carrying every day many times more passengers than all the railroads put together, automobiles are today far more dangerous to life than railroad trains. This is shown by the large number of people killed every year by autos, as compared to the comparatively small number of lives lost by railroad accidents.

We are just beginning to realize that the same qualities of mind and body are required to drive an auto as to run a steam engine.

Before the World War, practical business men had a marked contempt for scientific men. They were all right in lecture rooms and laboratories, but they had no connection with every-day business matters. The physical and mental tests used in classifying and sorting the men in the draft opened the eyes of many captains of industry.

The other day the management of the Yellow Cab company asked Prof. A. J. Snow of Northwestern university to apply psychological tests to their 3,000 cab drivers, to determine if any of them were unsuited for work as chauffeurs. Professor Snow used three tests to determine the mental alertness, rapidity of nerve and muscle reactions and sensory acuteness of these men. He reported that 18 per cent of the oldest drivers in the employ of the company were unfit to drive cabs and should be given inside jobs or dismissed. The officials were skeptical and to prove that the psychologist was wrong, they checked up the record of each man. They found that the 18 per cent of drivers pronounced unfit were responsible for 48 per cent of all their accidents.

Do you know that the driver of the car in which you ride has keen eyes, steady nerves and muscles which act immediately to meet an emergency? If you don't, keep out of his car. Do you know that you are fit to drive a car yourself? If you don't, find out or let someone else drive.

REMOVING WRINKLES BY PARAFFIN

NEWSPAPER dispatches from Los Angeles state that a beauty doctor has disappeared following the death of one of her patients. The "doctor" performed some operation on the woman's face to remove wrinkles. Unfortunately, infection followed and the operation removed the patient, wrinkles and all.

What the operation was we do not know. Several methods have been invented for removing wrinkles. One is the injection of paraffin. Paraffin has been used in facial surgery for over 20 years. It is of great value, for instance, in repairing a broken nose or in building up a fallen bridge of the nose. The melted paraffin is injected by a syringe under the skin, filling out the sunken space. While it is soft, it can be molded into the exact shape desired. Then some beauty doctor got the bright idea, that paraffin injected into the cheeks would fill them out and, by stretching the skin, would pull out the wrinkles, just as blowing up a toy balloon stretches the rubber bag and makes it smooth and round. Paraffin was supposed to be harmless. The operation was only a needle prick. Many women who wanted plump cheeks without wrinkles had them pumped full of paraffin, hoping that they'd look youthful and lovely once more. Since then, most of them have been wishing they hadn't and trying to find someone who could dig the hardened wax out of their cheeks.

The trouble is that, after the wax is injected, it hardens and the pressure stops the blood supply. The cheeks are plump, alas sometimes they are too plump but the skin over the mass of paraffin is bloodless and dry. It looks like, and really is, dead skin. It can be covered with rouge and powder, but it has no color or vitality. It is especially liable to infection, having no resistance. The paraffin may melt and one's cheek run down into one's neck, which is most unpleasant.

Don't be fooled by enticing advertising or foolish friends. You can't buy a good complexion in a drug store or a beauty parlor. Fresh air, pure water, inside and out, good soap, simple food and plenty of outdoor exercise and open-air sleep will bring better results and no regrets.