

# THE SEARCH

By Grace Livingston Hill-Lutz

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

When Ruth Macdonald got back from camp she found herself utterly dissatisfied with her old life. The girls in her social set were full of war plans. They had one and all enlisted in every activity that was going. Each one appeared in some pretty and appropriate uniform, and took the new regime with as much eagerness and enthusiasm as ever she had put into dancing and dressing.

Not that they had given up either of those employments. Oh, dear no! When they were not busy getting up little dances for the poor dear soldier boys from the nearby camps, they were learning new solo steps where-with to entertain those soldier boys when their turn came to go to camp and keep up the continuous performance that seemed to be necessary to the cheering of a good soldier. And as for dressing, no one need ever suggest again a uniform for women as the solution of the high cost of dressing. The number of dainty devices of gold braid and red stars and silver tassels that those same staid uniforms developed made plain forever that the woman who chooses can make even a uniform distinctive and striking and altogether costly. In short they went into the war with the same superficial flightiness formerly employed in the social realms. They went dashing here and there in their high power cars on solemn errands, with all the nonchalance of their ignorance and youth, till one, knowing some of them well, trembled for the errand if it were important. And many of them were really useful, which only goes to prove that a tremendous amount of unsuspected power is wasted every year and that unskilled labor often accomplishes almost as much as skilled. Some of them secured positions in the navy yard, or in other public offices, where they were thrown delightfully into intimacies with officers, and were able to step over the conventionalities of their own social positions into wildly exciting Bohemian adventures under the popular guise of patriotism, without a rebuke from their elders. There was not a dull hour in the little town. The young men of their social set might all be gone to war, but there were others, and the whirl of life went on gaily for the thoughtless butterflies, who danced and knitted and drove motor cars, and made bandages and just rejoiced to walk the streets knitting on the Sabbath day, a gay crotchet knitting bag on arm, and knitting needles plying industriously as if the world would go naked if they did not work every minute. Just a horde of rebellious young creatures, who at heart enjoyed the unwonted privilege of breaking the Sabbath and shocking a few fanatics, far more than they really cared to knit. But nobody had time to pry into the quality of such patriotism. There were too many other people doing the same thing, and the world whirled on and tried to be gay to cover its deep heartache and stricken horror over the sacrifice of its sons.

But Ruth, although she bravely tried for several weeks, could not throw herself into such things. She felt that they were only superficial. There might be a moiety of good in all these things, but they were not the real big things of life; not the ways in which the vital help could be given, and she longed with her whole soul to get in on it somehow.

The first Sabbath after her return from camp she happened into a bit of work which while it was in no way connected with war work, still helped to interest her deeply and keep her thinking along the lines that had been started while she was with John Cameron.

A quiet, shy, plain little woman, an old member of the church and noted for good work, came hurrying down the aisle after the morning service and implored a young girl in the pew just in front of Ruth to help her that afternoon in an Italian Sunday school she was conducting in a small settlement about a mile and a half from Bryne Haven.

"It's only to play the hymns, Miss Emily," she said. "Carrie Wayne has to go to a funeral. She always plays for me. I

wouldn't ask you if I could play the least mite myself, but I can't. And the singing won't go at all without someone to play the piano."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Beck, but I really can't!" pleaded Miss Emily quickly. "I promised to help out in the canteen work this afternoon. You know the troop trains are coming through, and Mrs. Martin wanted me to take her place all the afternoon."

Mrs. Beck's face expressed dismay. She gave a hasty glance around the rapidly emptying church.

"Oh, dear, I don't know what I'll do!" she said.

"Oh, let them do without singing for once," suggested the carefree Emily. "Everybody ought to learn to do without something in war time. We conserve sugar and flour, let the Italians conserve singing!" and with a laugh at her own brightness she hurried away.

Ruth reached forward and touched the troubled little missionary on the arm:

"Would I do?" she asked. "I never played hymns much, but I could try."

"Oh! Would you?" A flood of relief went over the woman's face, and Ruth was instantly glad she had offered. She took Mrs. Beck down to the settlement in her little runabout, and the afternoon's experience opened a new world to her. It was the first time she had ever come in contact with the really poor and lowly of the earth, and she proved herself a true child of God in that she did not shrink from them because many of them were dirty and poorly clad. Before the first afternoon was over she had one baby in her arms and three others hanging about her chair with adoring glances. They could not talk in her language, but they stared into her beautiful face with their great dark eyes, and spoke queer unintelligible words to one another about her. The whole little company were delighted with the new "pretty lady" who had come among them. They openly examined her simple lovely frock and hat and touched with shy furtive fingers the blue ribbon that floated over the bench from her girdle. Mrs. Beck was in the seventh heaven and begged her to come again, and Ruth, equally charmed, promised to go every Sunday. For it appeared that the wayward pianist was very irregular and had to be constantly coaxed.

Ruth entered into the work with zest. She took the children's class which formerly had been with the older ones, and gathering them about her told them Bible stories till their young eyes bulged with wonder and their little hearts almost burst with love of her. Love God? Of course they would. Try to please Jesus? Certainly, if "Mrs. Ruth," as they called her, said they should. They adored her.

She fell into the habit of going down during the week and slipping into their homes with a big basket of bright flowers from her home garden which she distributed to young and old. Even the men, when they happened to be home from work, wanted the flowers, and touched them with eager reverence. Somehow the little community of people so different from herself filled her thoughts more and more. She began to be troubled that some of the men drank and beat their wives and little children in consequence. She set herself to devise ways to keep them from it. She scraped acquaintance with one or two of the older boys in her own church and enlisted them to help her, and bought a moving picture machine which she took to the settlement. She spent hours attending moving picture shows that she might find the right films for their use. Fortunately she had money enough for all her schemes, and no one to hinder her good work, although Aunt Rhoda did object strenuously at first on the ground that she might "catch something." But Ruth only smiled and said: "That's just what I'm out for, Auntie, dear! I want to catch them all, and try to make them live better lives. Other people are going to France. I haven't got a chance to go yet, but while I stay here I must do something. I can't be an idler."

Aunt Rhoda looked at her quizzically. She wondered if Ruth was worried about one of her men friends—and which one? "If you'd only take up some nice work for the government, dear, such as the other girls are doing!" she sighed, "work that would bring you into contact with nice people! You always have to do something queer. I'm sure I don't know where you get your low tendencies!"

But Ruth would be off before more could be said. This was an old topic of Aunt Rhoda's and had been most fully discussed during the young years of Ruth's life, so that she did not care to enter into it further.

But Ruth was not fully satisfied with just helping her Italians. The very week she came back from camp she had gone to their old family physician who held a high and responsible position in the medical world, and made her plea:

"Daddy-Doctor," she said, using her old childish name for him, "you've got to find a way for me to go over there and help the war. I know I don't know much about nursing, but I'm sure I could learn. I've taken care of Grandpa and Aunties a great many times and watched the trained nurses, and I'm sure if Lalla Farrington and Bernice Brooks could get into the Red Cross and go over in such a short time, I'm as bright as they."

"Brighter!" said the old doctor eyeing her approvingly. "But what will your people say?"

"They'll have to let me, Daddy-Doctor. Besides, everybody else is doing it, and you know that has great weight with Aunt Rhoda."

"It's a hard life, child! You never saw much of pain and suffering and horror."

"Well, it's time, then."

"But these men over there you would have to care for will not be like your grandfather and aunt. They will be dirty and bloody, and covered with filth and vermin."

"Well, what of that?"

"Could you stand it?"

"So you think I'm a butterfly, too, do you, Daddy-Doctor? Well, I want to prove to you that I'm not. I've been doing my best to get used to dirt and distress. I washed a little sick Italian baby yesterday and helped its mother scrub her floor and make the house clean."

"The dickens you did!" beamed the doctor proudly. "I always knew you had a lot of grit. I guess you've got the right stuff in you. But say, if I help you you've got to tell me the real reason why you want to go, or else—nothing doing! Understand? I know you aren't like the rest, just wanting to get into the excitement and meet a lot of officers and have a good time so you can say afterward you were there. You aren't that kind of a girl. What's the real reason you want to go? Have you got somebody over there you're interested in?"

He looked at her keenly, with loving, anxious eyes as her father's friend who had known her from birth might look.

Ruth's face grew rosy, and her eyes dropped, but lifted again undaunted:

"And if I have, Daddy-Doctor, is there anything wrong about that?"

The doctor frowned:

"It isn't that fat chump of a Wainwright, is it? Because if it is I shan't lift my finger to help you go."

But Ruth's laugh rang out clear and free.

"Never! dear friend, never! Set your mind at rest about him," she finished, sobering down. "And if I care for someone, Daddy-Doctor, can't you trust me I'd pick out someone who was all right?"

"I suppose so!" grumbled the doctor only half satisfied, "but girls are so dreadfully blind."

"I think you'd like him," she hazarded, her cheeks growing pinker, "that is, you would if there is anybody," she corrected herself laughing. "But you see, it's a secret yet and maybe always will be. I'm not sure that he knows, and I'm not quite sure I know myself."

"Oh, I see!" said the doctor watching her sweet face with a tender jealousy in his eyes. "Well, I suppose I'll help you to go, but I'll shoot him, remember, if he doesn't turn out to be all right. It would take a mighty superior person to be good enough for you, little girl."

"That's just what he is," said Ruth sweetly, and then rising and stooping over him she dropped a kiss on the wavy silver lock of hair that hung over the doctor's forehead.

"Thank you, Daddy-Doctor!

I knew you would," she said happily. "And please don't be too long about it. I'm in a great hurry."

The doctor promised, of course. No one could resist Ruth when she was like that, and in due time certain forces were set in operation to the end that she might have her desire.

Meanwhile, as she waited, Ruth filled her days with thoughts of others, not forgetting Cameron's mother for whom she was always preparing some little surprise, a dainty gift, some fruit or flowers, a book that she thought might comfort and while away her loneliness, a restful ride at the early evening, all the little things that a thoughtful daughter might do for a mother. And Cameron's mother wrote him long letters about it all which would have delighted his heart during those dreary days if they could only have reached him then.

Ruth's letters to Cameron were full of the things she was doing, full of her sweet wise thoughts that seemed to be growing wiser every day. She had taken pictures of her Italian friends and introduced him to them one by one. She had filled every page with little word pictures of her daily life. It seemed a pity that he could not have had them just when he needed them most. It would have filled her with dismay if she could have known the long wandering journey that was before those letters before they would finally reach him; she might have been discouraged from writing them.

Little Mrs. Beck was suddenly sent for one Sunday morning to attend her sister who was very ill, and she hastily called Ruth over the telephone and begged her to take her place at the Sunday school. Ruth promised to secure someone to teach the lesson, but found to her dismay that no one was willing to go at such short notice. And so, with trembling heart she knelt for a hasty petition that God would guide her and show her how to lead these simple people in the worship of the day.

As she stood before them trying to make plain in the broken, mixed Italian and English, the story of the blind man, which was the lesson for the day, there came over her a sense of her great responsibility. She knew that these people trusted her and that what she told them they would believe, and her heart lifted itself in a sharp cry for help, for light, to give to them. She felt an appalling lack of knowledge and experience herself. Where had she been all these young years of her life, and what had she been doing that she had not learned the way of life so that she might put before them?

Before her sat a woman bowed with years, her face seamed with sorrow and hard work, and grimed with lack of care, a woman whose husband frequently beat her for attending Sunday school. There were four men on the back seat, hard workers, listening with eager eyes, assenting vigorously when she spoke of the sorrow on the earth. They, too, had seen trouble. They sat there patient, sad eyed, wistful; what could she show them out of the Book of God to bring a light of joy to their faces? There were little children whose future looked so full of hard knocks and toil that it seemed a wonder they were willing to grow up knowing what was before them. The money that had smoothed her way thus far through life was not for them. The comfortable home and food and raiment and light and luxury that had made her life so full of ease were almost unknown to them. Had she anything better to offer them than mere earthly comforts which probably could never be theirs, no matter how hard they might strive? But, after all, money and ease could in no way ease the pain of the heart, and she had come close enough already to these people to know they had each one his own heart's pain and sorrow to bear. There was one man who had lost five little children by death. That death had come in consequence of dirt and ignorance made it no easier to bear. The dirt and ignorance had not all been his fault. People who were wiser and had not cared to help were to blame. What was the remedy for the world's sorrow, the world's need?

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Santiago, Chili, was one of the first cities to employ women as street car conductors.

Winston Spencer Churchill, secretary for the colonies, and former Premier Herbert H. Asquith are the latest recruits to memoir writing.

An expert suggested to arrest decay of some of England's ancient buildings they should be whitewashed. Tests are under way on Westminster Abbey.

THE RICHEST SOIL.  
From the Rural Weekly.  
When Mischa Elman was 9 years old, he was so poor that he had to sell some of his clothes to buy a railroad ticket to Petrograd, where Leopold Auer had given him a musical scholarship.  
In Chinatown, New York, the rubberneck guide points out a place where a lad named Irving Berlin used to sing for nickels and dimes.  
Most fascinating thing about the history of great personalities is how most of them rose from poverty. Poverty is the richest soil—Possibly, however, because there is so much of it.

The nation welcomes the news of Mrs. Harding's greatly improved condition. She is the president's partner in a triple sense, social and political as well as the partner of all of his plans, ambitions and interests. He has leaned upon her, as so many able men have leaned upon good women, trusting to her intuition, consulting her in all matters as he consulted no other man or woman. It is a pleasure for every American to repeat the announcement that Mrs. Harding has come through a dangerous crisis and that her doctors are filled with hope.

All Europe, and English statesmen especially, are thinking hard this morning. Constantinople controls the Dardanelles. That passage from the black sea to the Mediterranean is the key to the safety of western Europe against Asia. Dispatches tell of Turks killing Europeans in Constantinople, planning to drive the allies from the Dardanelles.

The allies have had all the fighting they can digest. The Turks, with a good deal of Asia back of them, seem full of their old energy.

Back and forth the fight has swung between Europe and Asia.

The genius of the Greeks kept Asiatic Persia out of Europe. A Persian king said to his servant: "You remind me that I must go over and conquer that little place sometime," but he never did it.

One thousand years later, a camel driver named Mohammed arose in Asia, married a rich widow, invented a new religion made out of odds and ends, and supplied the energy that sent his people conquering into Europe, settling themselves in Spain for centuries.

Gradually the Europeans drove them back, took Spain from them, sent them about their business. A little later Europe on its crusades, went invading Asia, without any permanent success.

In the 16th century, the Turks who, with their friends, had wiped out all traces of the crusades, came marching west through Europe. The great Hungarian fighter Huniades checked that invasion.

The other day, in the late war, the Turks and their allies were beaten, reduced to humble supplicants. And how here they are again, driving back the poorly led Greeks, massacring Christians, threatening to take the Dardanelles, and open up the Mediterranean to all Asia, plus bolshevist gentlemen, of Russia, who could build great fleets in the inland Black sea, and worry all the rest of the world.

Lloyd George and a few others, able to think, in Europe, are thinking hard today, you may be sure.

The thing is complicated by the fact that nobody knows how much Gibraltar is worth to England's safety, now that submarines can go underneath the water and flying machines go over the rock and drop dynamite on it.

Fortunately, in the long run, INTELLIGENCE, which is never out of date, wins battles. Asia won't rule.

The coal strikes are all ended for the present. Coal is moving. Last Friday more than 28,000 cars were loaded. The best of it is that neither the soft coal nor the hard coal miners had their wages cut. That's good news for everybody. For a country does not thrive because a few at the top make big profits. It thrives when millions at the bottom get fair pay. Those that scheme to cut wages scheme to cut national prosperity—and their own.

Coal costs \$1 a ton extra "at the mouth of the mine" to make up for the strike. They had to pump water out of the mines while the strike lasted.

Workmen had to pump food into their families, and pay rent while the strike lasted. But they haven't any way of tacking that onto the public by charging them \$1 a day more.

The English king has applauded a poem entitled "Merchandise," read by a musical hall reciter. Julius Rosenwald sent the poem to Lasker of the shipping board. Lasker sends it here. It is full of good advice about making business boom, building your ships, and "deep bosomed mothers with wide-fashioned hips will bear ye good sons for the building of ships," etc.

Commerce is a great thing, producing things at home is also great. For instance: Germany before the war used 200,000 tons of nitrates, importing 120,000 tons from Chile. Today Germany can make 500,000 tons of nitrates a year at home, taking the nitrogen from the air which carries endless billions of tons of it; and 500,000 tons of nitrogen from the air mean a colossal sum in money. It means agricultural independence, also unlimited supplies for making explosives.

In America we are wondering whether Henry Ford should be allowed to use Muscle Shoals water power to produce nitrogen here or whether Muscle Shoals should go to the grafters as usual. We are slow.

Authors mustn't get chesty 'cause magazines accept their stories, for that's no sign they're good.

Joe Kite is lettin' his grocery bill grow till Bryan's elected.—Abe Martin.

## Rheumatism and Dyspepsia Are Soon Ended

Victims of stomach trouble and rheumatism often find that when their stomach is set in order, the rheumatism disappears. Thousands of people everywhere have testified that Tanlac has freed them of both troubles simultaneously. Mr. Robert Trotter, 143 State St., St. Paul, Minn., says:

"About a year ago I began to go down hill. Sour stomach and rheumatism in my arms and shoulders kept me in misery all the time. Since taking Tanlac all my aches and pains have gone, and my stomach is in fine shape. I'm glad to endorse such a fine medicine."

Badly digested food fills the whole system with poisons. Rheumatism and many other complaints not generally recognized as having their origin in the stomach quickly respond to the right treatment. Get a bottle today at any good druggist.—Advertisement.

It is more blessed to give than to receive. It is a balm for those who have to give.

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can establish a profitable and permanent shoe business on limited capital through the

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NEW SALES METHOD

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Men's, Women's & Boy's Shoes

This new plan of distribution has been arranged for your benefit, and through it

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W. L. Douglas shoes are the world's best-known, trademarked shoes. High quality, honest workmanship coupled with low prices, and latest styles make easy sales and quick turn-over of your small investment. Prepaid express and freight, 10 cents per pair allowed west of the Mississippi, and bonded 24 hour shipping service help increase profits and make large investments unnecessary. Write now for catalog and full information. If there is no Douglas dealer in your town you will be awarded

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to handle this great nationally advertised product. Any dealer who sells shoes can increase his profits by adding W. L. Douglas shoes to his line.

REMEMBER that \$6,000,000 has been spent in advertising W. L. Douglas shoes. No other shoes can equal W. L. Douglas in quick sales, because people call for them. The result of this advertising and 46 years of honest shoemaking means sales and profits for you.

Write today. The first application will win first consideration.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., 10 Spruik Street, Brockton, Mass. Ask your Dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes.

Playing-Card Production.

The United States produces between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 packs of playing cards a year and imports fewer than 500,000.

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

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BELLANS 25¢ and 75¢ Packages, Everywhere

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SUSPENDERS

A full year's wear or more guaranteed (75¢ and 90¢).

Men's Garters (50¢) and Hose Supporters (75¢ and 90¢).

No rubber to rot from heat or sweat. Phosphor Bronze Rustless Springs give the stretch.

ASK YOUR DEALER. If he can't supply you, send direct, giving dealer's name. Accept no substitute. Get the genuine Nu-Way. Look for guarantee and name on booklet. Write for story of Nu-Way Spring Stretch.

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## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Removes Dandruff, Stops It! Falling Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Thinning Hair. 50¢ and \$1.00 at Druggists, Beauty Chem., Wm. Pathe, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Remove Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort for the feet, makes walking easy. 50¢, by mail or at Druggists. Hicox Chemical Works, Patheque, N. Y.

Mixed in Her History.

She did not appear to be over twenty years old and you would have guessed she was fairly familiar with things of a historical nature, but as she stood by one of the monuments that grace our beautiful city, she said: "I wonder what John Paul Jones, famous for his wonderful ride during the revolutionary period, would think if he could come back and see the thousands of autos that daily pass this statue." Oh, shade of Paul Revere!—Washington Star.

## Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin.

On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Advertisement.

We're all vain somewhere. Smart people find out where and say agreeable things.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

## Use MURINE Night Morning

Keep Your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy

Write for Free Eye Care Book Murine Co., Chicago, U.S.A.