

## THE WHITE LINEN NURSE

nothing of her ever had felt permanently incapacitated except her noble expression!

Impulsively she sprang for the prim white mirror that capped her prim white bureau and stood staring up into her own entrancing, bright-colored Novia Scotian reflection with tense and unwonted interest.

Except for the unmistakable smirk which fatigue had clawed into her plastic young mouth-lines there was certainly nothing special the matter with what she saw.

"Perfectly good face!" she attested judiciously with no more than common courtesy to her progenitors. "Perfectly good and tidy looking face! If only—if only—" her breath caught a trifle. "If only—it did n't look so disgustingly noble and—hygienic—and dollish!"

All along the back of her neck little sharp prickly pains began suddenly to sting and burn.

"Silly—simpering—pink and white puppet!" she scolded squintingly, "I'll teach you how to look like a real girl!"

Very threateningly she raised herself to her tiptoes and thrust her glowing, corporeal face