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A Hospital Sketch.

BY ELIZABETH B. THRELBERG, M. D.

As I drove up the long avenue leading to the Children's Hospital and round to the doctor's house at the left of the main building, I saw Willie.

I have often wondered if the circumstances under which I first beheld the child caused me to take that immediate and lively interest in him; but I am inclined to think it was rather the innate loveliness of Willie's character. The circumstances of that first glimpse were, however, peculiar. Willie was standing under a hydrant, dripping from head to foot, and smiling ecstatically at the success of his enterprise!

He was at the dear age of "not quite three," fat and fair and dimpled, his head covered with curls, which he declared to be "not red, but golden!"

He had a pair of twinkling blue eyes, so lovely, so full of humor and intelligence, that they won one's heart directly.

"A broth of a boy!" declared Maggie, the night nurse. "Celestial sweetness" was the title bestowed upon him by my third assistant, a sentimental young Jewess from Philadelphia; and one and all named him "but to praise," until my young man became so surfeited with attention that in self-defense he learned to cry out, as soon as he saw the procession of doctor's and nurses upon their rounds, "I love ev'body! I love ev'body!" anticipating the numerous queries as to the state of his affections.

Willie was born in the hospital. His mother, Mary McKennan, was a black-haired, blue-eyed young woman from the North of Ireland, so good and so capable that she had been retained and put in charge of the store-rooms. Willie's cheerful answer to all inquiries concerning his parental relative was, "Me fader is a saint wid God."

Upon the night of my arrival, Willie, as might have been expected, had the croup. For some time after this he slept away from his mother, in a ward where he could be watched and a recurrence guarded against. On making a midnight visit to this ward in the week following, I came upon Master Willie, looking like an English duke, in his long checked flannel night ulster, calmly sitting up to a social little supper with his friend Maggie, the night nurse. Bad discipline, very! but he looked supremely content, and old Maggie said, "You'd never believe, Doctor, how like a lamb he sleep after it!"

Julia, a Swedish woman, who fed the two-year-olds, was a great favorite with all the children. I had noticed that Willie called her "Precious Julia," and found the explanation of this endearing term when, one Sunday, his little treble sounded clear and high in the hymn, "Precious Jewels!"

"He shall gather, he shall gather
The gems for his kingdom,
All his Julias, precious Julias,
His loved and his own!"

And from that day it was "Precious Julia" universally. Willie was a tender and sympathizing little soul. I once found him tugging at the apron of a sobbing woman, saying, sweetly and solemnly, "Don't ky, Katie, don't ky! Baby ain't in a black hole, oh, no, Katie; he's up in Hebbin! Hebbin's a nice place, a very nice place! I can see it outen my doctor marmar's house!"

He meant the sunsets, which he was very fond of watching from my western windows. When there came the bright golden glow between the clouds, he would cry out, "There's Hebbin! I see it! And there's where the babies is!"

Poor little man! he became early "acquainted with grief."

On Sunday noons Willie used, quite against all rules, to hang about the doors of the officers' dining-room, stunningly gotten up in a white dress and a big blue sash—with his curls "too killing," as he himself was wont to remark complacently. And it was indeed an unfriendly Sabbath if some one was not cajoled into smuggling the small scamp in to dinner. Having escaped the sharp eye of the matron, and established at my right hand, all doubt and fears removed, Willie would put his hands together and give fervent thanks in the following words: "Our Fader—Our Fader—Our Fader in Hebbin! Amen!"

"Come, Willie!" I once heard his mother call to him, "come to mamma."

"No, you ain't!" he replied. "My doctor-mamma is my mamma!"

"What am I, then?" asked Marv, is no wise offended.

"Oh, you are a friend of mine!" said Willie, coolly.

But the best of friends must part, and there came a time when Willie and I were compelled to say good-by.

Although I went to five hundred other babies, I sent many a lonely thought back to the little lad, and two years later I made a journey to the hospital chiefly to see him again.

He knew me at once; had talked almost daily of my coming back, they told me. But, oh! the golden curls!

and, oh! the skin of pearl and roses! The face that looked up into mine was a perfect little map of Ireland!

Still, out of the mass of freckles and from beneath the thatch of red, red hair, looked the dear, old twinkling eyes, and it was Willie!

He was delighted with the toys I brought him, and carried them off in triumph to display to friends and companions.

When the hour for my train drew near, Willie was not to be found. I wished to see him again, but no search revealed him.

At last, giving it up, I went out to my carriage; there sat Willie upon the step. At a glance I saw what had happened. He had on his thick winter overcoat—though it was June—his best hat was upon his head, in one hand his rubber boots, and with the other arm he hugged close the drum I had brought to him.

They had told him I would come back and take him away, and most unquestioningly he had believed it. How I wished I could—freckles, rubber boots, and all!

Ah, well! Mary married the engineer, and Willie is very happy with a growing family of brothers and sisters; but even now my throat swells as I recall so vividly just how the westerling sun shone down upon that little face, from which I saw absolute joy and confidence fade away, and a homesick longing and doubt of the stability of all things mortal take their place.—The Outlook.

* * The Borrowed Diamond. * *

The failure of many a young man to succeed in life can be traced to the committing of some irregularity, trifling in itself, yet far-reaching in its results. The following true story, told in Forward, well illustrates this:

Phil Dunlap held a clerkship with one of the leading jewelry stores of a large city in the East. He had gone there as an office boy and gradually advanced until, as head clerk, he was intrusted with the keeping of the large stock of precious stones carried by the firm.

No thought of dishonesty had entered his mind since his connection with the firm, and the prospect of his one day becoming one of the firm was promising. The temptation which brought down his downfall came from an unexpected quarter.

"Phil," said a young man, stepping into the store one evening as Dunlap was about to close up; "Phil, hurry home and dress for the opera this evening."

"By the way, Phil," he added; "it's a pity one of those splendid diamonds can't be in your shirt front; how it would show up there by the footlights! I have seats in one of the boxes."

At the theatre Harry Childs eye caught the light from a magnificent diamond displayed in Dunlap's shirt bosom. Phil saw it and noted the peculiar look that came into the young man's eyes, which asked him, as plainly as if he had spoken, how he dared to borrow for even a night one of the firm's gems. Phil colored and asked himself the same question.

Not only did Harry Childs observe the brilliant stone, but hundreds in the theatre noted the scintillating rays. Among them was a young man whose eyes sparkled almost as brilliantly as the diamond. He was an expert and well knew the value of the gem. So interested was he in the diamond that when the opera had ended, and the audience was leaving the house, he managed to reach the side of the young man who had borrowed the stone for a night, and when he had parted from him in the crowd he had "borrowed" the diamond himself. In other words, he was a thief, and, unknown to Phil, he managed to slip the stone from its fastening, and the next instant he had vanished.

It was not until Phil reached home that he discovered the theft. Suddenly he gave a great gasp. He had placed his hand to his shirt bosom and started back in amazement and terror. The magnificent diamond which the firm valued at a thousand dollars was gone!

All that night Phil Dunlap walked the floor, after informing the police of the robbery, and when morning came great circles about the eyes told of the suffering which he had endured.

"Mr. Foster," said he, calling the head of the firm to one side, "you had better send for an officer; I have taken a diamond and it is gone. I have not the money to settle with you."

For a moment the head of the firm looked at the young man in astonishment. Dunlap a thief! It seemed impossible.

"What!" demanded the proprietor, "you a thief, Phil?"

"I did not intend to be one, sir," replied Phil, flushing; "I only thought to borrow it for the night."

"It matters not what you call it," said Mr. Foster, harshly. "I call things by their right names. If you took the diamond you stole it, and there's but one course to pursue. I will credit you with the wages due, and you must settle the balance within six months or we

shall appear against you. You are discharged."

"Sorry, old fellow," said one of the clerks, as Phil Dunlap passed out. Yes, they were all sorry, even the man who had discharged him, but it is the way of the world to look severely at an act of dishonesty, and it prevented Mr. Foster from giving Phil a chance to redeem himself.

This took place more than twenty years ago. Today Phil Dunlap—or the man whom I call Phil Dunlap—is holding a minor clerkship in a provision store. He is qualified to fill a position in any first-class jewelry store, but the ghost of that early indiscretion has a hateful habit of turning up when a better position is sought. A recommendation is asked and Mr. Foster has but one reply: "I can not recommend him; he was dishonest while in my employ."

That was an expensive ornament that Phil Dunlap wore for a few hours, yet it was no more costly than the irregularities of many another young man. The lesson may well be taken to heart.—Presbyterian.

* * The General Saved Him. * *

In the canteen at Camp Wikoff, a reporter heard from a regular how General Chaffee saved a young soldier from being disgraced for cowardice, one of the unpardonable offences which the articles of war punish with death. The anecdote, published in Waterson's "History of the Spanish-American War," is as follows:

"Talk about your Generals!" said the regular; "Chaffee's the old boy for my money. I found out what he was at El Caney. My company was at work digging trenches, and while we were finishing up one of the Spanish began to fire, and the bullets sang their little tunes pretty nigh to our heads."

"Well, there was a kid in the company that couldn't have been over eighteen. Never ought to have let him enlist at all. He was always complaining and kicking, and at the first fire down he went flat on his face and lay there. One of the men kicked him, but he didn't stir. Then along came Chaffee, cool and easy, and sees the kid."

"Hullo, there!" says Chaffee. "What's the matter, you fellow down there? Get up and fight with your company."

"No; I can't!" whines the kid.

"Can't?" says Chaffee, jumping down into the trench and hauling the boy up. "What's the matter with you that you can't? Are you hurt?"

"No, sir," says he. "I'm scairt. I'm afraid of getting hit."

"Well, you're a fine soldier!" says the General. Then he looked at the boyish face of the lad, and his face kind of softened. "I suppose you can't help it," he said. "It ain't so much your fault. I'd like to get hold of the fellow that took you into the army."

"I suppose any other General would have sent the boy to the rear in disgrace, and that would have been the end of it; but Chaffee stood there, with the bullets kiyiyiing around him, beside the boy, who had crouched down again, and thought, with his chin in his hand. By and by he put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"There isn't as much danger as you think for," said he. "Now, get up and take your gun and fight, and I'll stand here by you."

"The boy got up, shaking like a leaf, and fired his first shot pretty near straight in the air."

"That's pretty high," says the general. "Keep cool and try again."

"Well, in three minutes that 'scairt' kid was fighting like a veteran and cool as a cucumber, and when he saw it the General started on."

"Your'e all right now; my boy," he said; "you'll make a good soldier."

"God bless you, sir!" said the youngster. "You saved me from worse than death," and he was pretty close to crying when he said it. After a while the order came to retire from the trench, and we just had to collar that young fellow and haul him away by the neck to get him to retreat with the company. In the rest of the fight there was not a better soldier in the company, and not only that, but we never had a grumble nor a kick from him from that day.—The Presbyterian.

* * Stories of the Connaught Rangers. * *

In the March number of Cassell's Magazine Mr. Fletcher Robinson has an article on the Connaught Rangers, who are now at the front. He tells of an interview with an old army surgeon. "Pipeclay and a red coat don't squeeze the humor out of Pat, I suppose?" said I. "I should think not, indeed. Many's the story I could tell you. Years back the Rangers were quartered in Canada, and when they were sailing for home, the captain of the transport refused to let them take their pet bear on board with them. There was a great outcry