

Of pretty pink on snowy white. Enough—
The lonely struggling girl must forthwith leave
As if a leper. For the Boarding House
Must have no taint of death. Haste, haste away !
And the girl went out into the desert,
Into the wealthy city's hardened streets,
To seek some pillow, poor (of course), whereon
To lay her head.

But sought from street to street
In vain, receiving answers cold or kind ;
Yet one result—the ghastly scourge must find
No entrance anywhere. Till, narrowly
Escaping refuge in the prison cell,
The fragile girl, exhausted, found herself
Upborne a broken stair at dead of night,
In huge, uncouth, yet kind official arms,
And laid upon a waiting widow's bed
Within a garret.

Were there no hospitals
That would receive the wanderer quarantined
In public street and hidden garret ? None !
The only hospital that could or would
Receive “the scourge” was full. Ay, somewhere else,