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The Substitute Nurse

Escapade of a Masquerader and Its Happy Result

By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE
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"Now that you have finished your hospital apprenticeship, this is a fairly good place for you to fit in for awhile as city physician," went on Dr. Butler, rushing around the office occupied in preparation for his departure. "You'll find the majority of your patients poorer than the proverbial rooster, but your salary, with an occasional fee or two, will take care of you until something better turns up." A workman had effected the sign of the retiring physician from the door glass and was lifting in another name. Butler went on: "My colors have been hauled down, and up go yours. Good luck to you, Dr. William V. Mainard."

"Thanka. The Lord knows I need it!"

"Here is a list of memoranda I scrawled together for you, even to a list of nurses," said Dr. Butler, handing Mainard some sheets of paper. "If you need some one especially competent and painstaking call out Miss



"GETTA DI NURSE!" AGREED THE WOMAN.

Mary Leeds. She's all right. She attends to business and does as you tell her to."

"I'll remember her," Mainard replied.

When a street car and a ten-year-old boy each attempt to occupy a certain spot in the right of way at the same moment results are usually disastrous to the boy. At any rate, that is what happened to Mike Cesnoia a week after Mainard assumed his new official position.

At first Mainard thought half of Little Italy was tumbling and piling into his office in the act of a young riot, but when by dexterous wedging and thrusting he reached the object in their midst and he saw the cause of the excitement was an injured boy he grabbed the little unconscious form and rushed back to the operating room with it, where he and Tommie Wheeler, his assistant, commenced to investigate and repair the sadly battered child.

That he was badly injured was undeniable. Mainard regarded the case desperate enough to send Mike straightway to a hospital and would have summoned the ambulance had not Mike's uncle, a well-to-do fruit merchant, protested frantically. Hospital was hospitable to the Cesnoias since Mike's father had never returned from one after the subway cavern, where he was hurt while shoveling dirt. In consequence Mike was sent home.

"He must have a nurse and the very best attention," admonished Mainard. "Getta di nurse, getta di nurse!"

"I've got it," said Mike's uncle, and he called to his wife and she came running. "I'll get you a nurse."

"That is why Mainard found himself in telephone communication with Mary Leeds a few minutes later.

"If you will please come right down, Miss Leeds," Mainard requested her humbly, "I will wait for you."

"Very well, Dr. Mainard. I shall be there within half an hour."

A frightened faced girl turned from the telephone and looked around the room, half dazed.

"Now I've done it!" she exclaimed to herself. "What in the world shall I do? I'm no sort of nurse. I couldn't nurse a sick cat! Maybe I've got my self into a pretty mess. Most likely I have, but she told me to do anything, to say anything, rather than let the doctors know she has broken down, just as though it were a crime for a nurse to get ill. Poor thing! There she supposed to be made of cast-iron and to be nerve proof."

"Well, here goes nothing of a nurse in Mary Leeds' name and clothes, and may kind providence take care of Mary Leeds' professional reputation!"

In medical parlance Mike Cesnoia was decidedly a "heavily case," and as Lucie Cesnoia, Mike's mother, presided in keeping her suspicious eye on the doctor and in being present when the bandaging was done Mike Leeds tacitly suggested to Dr. Mainard that it might relieve the mother's anxiety if she were permitted to assist.

Bright idea! This was quite agreeable to Mrs. Cesnoia and most surprising to Dr. Mainard, his astonishment being completely by Mary Leeds making herself scarce at such times. That wasn't exactly his notion of a competent, energetic, faithful nurse; that wasn't the way the nurses at the hospital did. If he had been called upon for his candid opinion of Mary Leeds as a nurse he probably would have

said that she had fallen down on her job. Several times he was on the point of dismissing her, but Mike was extremely fond of her, and she spoke Italian surprisingly well.

There was another characteristic about Mary Leeds which didn't coincide with Dr. Butler's recommendation. She was a beauty, one of the most stunning girls Mainard had ever seen.

Mike's encounter with the street car occurred late in May. It was July now, and down in the lower east side where the heat is intensified by close quarters and other physical discomforts life was almost unbearable.

While Mike's legs and arms were knitting satisfactorily and he held fair odds of eventually recovering entirely, his general health lagged. Try as she would—and it must be admitted that Mary Leeds had improved a trifle as a nurse—Mike's little face continued pinched, and his big brown eyes looked up in such a way that they hurt every heart near him. Mary Leeds frequently cried about him. She did everything she could think of to raise his spirits from the lethargy they remained in day after day.

"I don't like the way Mike is doing," Mary Leeds said to the doctor one day. "My professional instinct—"

"Your what?" Dr. Mainard interrupted thoughtlessly.

"My professional instinct," she continued, with a touch of hauteur, "tells me that Mike is not getting better, and that the child needs a change of air, of environment. What do you think about it?"

"Your professional instinct is correct this time,"

she disregarded his ungracious specification.

"Where?"

"Some very intimate friends of mine who are abroad this summer have given me the privilege of using their place if I wish in which to entertain one or two patients. The house is open and the servants are there."

"Where is it?"

"Away up north of the city, almost up to Yonkers. A perfectly ideal country place."

"Take the boy, of course. It would do him a world of good!"

"The family has every confidence in me," she laughed, in mock conceit at him.

"I shall be obliged to see Mike at least twice a week to attend to the casts and bandages. I don't see exactly how I am going to manage it."

"Three machines are lying idle up there in the garage, and a chauffeur with nothing to do," quickly replied Mike's uncle. "Besides, I can operate one of those horrors myself. Suppose I or my—the chauffeur should meet you at the Seventy-second street subway station on the days you come."

"Delightful suggestion, but I should have to be away from the office a half day each time. Oh, well, decisively, 'Mike's got to be looked after.' She didn't notice the admiring glance he cast in her direction.

One day a big touring car made its way slowly through the crowded tenement districts and stopped at Cesnoia's. Then Mary Leeds in street costume and Mike Cesnoia in semisuits and blankets were whisked away from the stifling, impure and unlovely air away up through the long city, over wonderfully beautiful and intricate roadways farther out, until finally they were in front of a rambling stone structure. It was the Walbridge home.

Mrs. Nelson, the housekeeper, was on the veranda. She kissed Mary Leeds as she ran up the steps.

"Everything is ready, Miss Grace," Mrs. Nelson said, "and I am delighted that you're home. I hope it's for good and that you're not thinking of going back to that awful tenement again this summer."

"No more settlement work for me just at present," the girl replied resolutely.

The butler and the chauffeur were fetching Mike in.

"Northeast suit, John," Grace Walbridge directed the butler. "Be very easy with the little chap!"

"See here, Nelson," Grace Walbridge exclaimed as soon as she had Mike comfortable. "I've a confession to make and I want to put you on your guard and to ask you to help me out. It is a bargain!"

"Anything within reason, Miss Grace, of course. Anything your father and mother would approve of."

"You see," the girl continued abruptly, "I've got myself into a scrape, and that's all there is to it. There's no telling what Mary Leeds may have to put up with either. In fact, I don't know what I haven't done to her professional reputation!"

"How is that?" Nelson asked curiously.

"It's this way: You know when I went down into the city this spring to pry into settlement work and find out where money is needed most I went to live with Mary Leeds in her flat and assumed another name—Miss Leeds—so people wouldn't know who I was and pester the life out of me."

"Yes."

"As I telephoned you the other day, Mary went home sick to Albany, and the best thing she made me do was to promise not to let the doctors know she was used up. Then there came a call for her, and what was I to do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," the sympathetic Nelson replied.

"The only alternative was to go in her place, and that's what I've been doing for weeks—impostering Mary Leeds!"

"With that sick boy on your hands?"

"Yes."

"God is good. It's a wonder the child lives!" cried Nelson, raising her hands incredulously.

"Isn't it agreed Grace Walbridge, positively, Nelson, there couldn't be anything worse than myself in the way of a nurse. If it hadn't been for the youngster's mother and Dr. Mainard I guess his chances would have been slim. Dr. Mainard is a wonder. He's perfectly lovely too."

"Why, Miss Grace? And your people in Europe?"

"Professionally, of course," with a sly wink at the horrified Nelson.

"And you are not going to let the doctor know who you are?"

"Not until I have squared myself



MIKE SAW THE DOCTOR KISS THE NURSE WITH MARY.

She'll be coming back soon; she's nearly well again."

"Your position is certainly not enviable," commented Nelson, shaking her gray head.

"That's what I'm thinking. Anyway, I'm home, and I'm mighty glad to be here. Now, remember, Nelson, dear, when the doctor is around I'm Miss Leeds."

The change was amazingly beneficial to Mike. Recuperation commenced at once, and in the course of a few days they had him out under the trees.

It was mostly under the trees with Mike where Dr. Mainard and the alias Mary Leeds fell in love each with the other. Mike's presence didn't interfere—love's language was something years ahead of Mike.

"It is wickedly selfish of me, Mary, dear," Mainard said to her one day, "to ask you to marry me and also to ask you to wait a couple of years. But I shouldn't want to take you to the tenement districts to live, and you know I have taken the office for that length of time."

"Yes," Mary answered dreamily and with a queer little smile.

"May I hope for you then?"

"Billie," Mary Leeds said softly, "if we are not married in a good deal less than two years we will be at the end of that time."

Mainard looked at her in some surprise. Then, of all things, Mike saw the doctor kiss the nurse!

That night Mainard told Tommie Wheeler of his engagement to Mary Leeds.

"You—you engaged to Mary Leeds?" Tommie roared.

"Sure! Why not?"

"The dickens! Why not? I'm engaged to her myself!"

"Things had an ominous cast for awhile. Then the quondam was, Who was the girl to whom Mainard was engaged? Mainard disappeared inside the telephone booth with alacrity and was elocuted there for a very long time.

"It makes a fellow feel sort of peculiar, to say the least," he was saying, "to be engaged to a girl whose name he doesn't know?"

"Why, the girl, of course, dearest!"

"All right, and I'll be out early." Early as he intended reaching Walbridge's, he was delayed until nearly noon, and then he found Tommie Wheeler and a strange young woman with Grace.

"Miss Leeds, may I present Dr. Mainard?" said the alias Mary Leeds.

Mainard couldn't see for the life of him how Tommie Wheeler had fallen in love with Mary Leeds.

"I should very much like an introduction to yourself," demanded Mainard, with assumed severity.

"Grace Walbridge, sir—soon to be Mainard," bravely replied the unabashed masquerader. "Father and mother will be home next week, and what's the use of waiting forever?"

There were two weddings in early September. Grace Walbridge's wedding gift to Mary Leeds was a check for \$10,000, and even then it seemed to her that she had not quite squared herself on the alias episode since it had given her so much happiness—and her Billie.

Mike liked the country so well that he concluded to remain.

An optimist
Can wear a smile,
Even when his clothes
Are not in style.
This only fits
Of course, a man,
We don't believe
A woman can.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"After all, there's only way out puttin' down the sale or drink."

"Who's that?"

"W'y, gir' it away."—Sketch.

"Your life is too sedentary," said the doctor. "What you need is constant excitement."

"Well, I guess I'll get it," replied the fair patient. "I'm going to marry a man to reform him."—Philadelphia Record.

Some men can always raise a ten
When trouble comes.
It's easy to raise money when
You've planted some.

—Washington Herald.

She—I'm afraid the plumber I sent for today was affected by the heat.

He—What makes you think that?

She—He had every tool he needed with him when he came.—Baltimore American.

State Bread.

It is generally supposed that the staleness of bread arises from its becoming actually drier by the gradual loss of water, but this is not the case. State bread contains almost exactly the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become completely cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangement of the molecules of the bread. A proof of this is that if we put a stale loaf into a closely covered tin, expose it for half an hour or an hour to a heat not exceeding that of boiling water and then allow it to cool, it will be restored in appearance and properties practically to the state of the new bread.—Exchange.

Butler—You will doubtless bear me out when I say I love you.

Lady (coldly)—Oh, no. Either papa or the coachman will do that.—Tattler.

Miss De Flap—What are those little purple berries?

The farmer—Them's elderberries.

Miss De Flap—And I suppose those tiny green ones are young berries.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The troubles increase
By day and night;
You can't declare peace
Without starting more fight.

—Washington Star.

Feed and Strength.

Remember that the food you take one day supplies the strength you put forth the next. It is then a mistake to take a heavy meal on the day of heavy work. The time to take it is the day before. Wise stablesmen know this, and when a horse has a long day's drive before him they give him only what is called a "check feed," a very light meal, to be followed at night with a heavy one. So there are two good reasons for a man's not eating much on the day of stress. It adds nothing to his strength on that day, and the process of digestion calls the blood to work at the stomach when every ounce of it is needed at the brain.—New York Post.

Saponstone is largely used in China for preserving structures built of sandstone and other stones that are liable to crumble from climatic effects. The saponstone is powdered and put on in the form of paint, and will preserve buildings for hundreds of years.

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"The men and the women of a village sit round in a circle, leaving a space in the center of some six yards in diameter. I describe it as I saw it myself. The Askou Binat, the brother of the girls, is then picked out of the crowd, and, armed with a whip of hippopotamus hide, he and the young man who is to strive for the title enter the arena. The women beat their drums, and the men clap their hands to the tune."

"The candidate for honor is stripped to the waist. He stands with his arms folded in the center of the ring, and the strong man dances up to him to the tune which is being played." He brings the whip round with all the force of which he is possessed and lands it on the bare back of the man in front of him. He dances away; again he advances, and the operation is repeated. This goes on until the number of strokes previously agreed upon have been dealt. In the particular case I saw it was twenty-five. If the man who is being flogged winces, if he so much as moves an eyelid as the whip descends, he is disqualified and branded as a coward until such time as he may choose to undergo the operation a second time.

"On this particular occasion he went through with it like a Trojan. Indeed, the man who was delivering the blows got tired first, and the last three cuts of the twenty-five were unsteady and flickered round the ear and neck of the 'brother.' I leave my readers to imagine the state of his back when all was over, but he appeared to be as happy as a king, and certainly he was accorded a great ovation by the assembled crowd of women."

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