

A PRAYER IN VERSE.

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind, Make me too understanding, too, to mind The little hurts companions give and friends, The careless hurts that no one quite intends. Make me too thoughtful to hurt others so. Help me to know The inmost hearts of those for whom I care, Their secret wishes, all the load they bear, That I may add my courage to their own. May I make lonely folks feel less alone And happier ones a little happier, yet May I forget What ought to be forgotten and recall, Unfailing, all That ought to be recalled, each kindly thing. Forgetting what might sting, To all upon my way Day after day Let me be joy, be hope. Let my life sing.

UN SOLDAT.

The longest months in the year are January and February. The earth has ceased to breathe and lies asleep, the cells of life within its soil, hibernating. Work is to be done presently, and we must prepare. Energy and dynamic power are needed to accomplish the miracle of spring—to shove up through the avenues of our being that which is to carpet a world with beauty. Let us store. Let us rest. Let us sleep. Snow covered the ground and the hills, taking from each outlying object its identity. As far as eye could see, there was only the hard, clear, monotonously brilliant surface. The sky kept to a gray and endless program of clouds—from armies that pressed forever onward. High up, and running with the clouds, and keeping pace with them, a strange wind roared. But all of life that moved between these two mediums of snow and bleak sky was blown and frozen and beaten down as if icy winds lashed the haggard walls, tapping a skeleton finger upon the window-pane, whispering, "Who is gone? Who is leaving? Who is next?"

In Ward 17 of United States Veterans' Hospital No. 80 the tension had grown intolerable; the tension of imprisonment and unchanging weather; of men too long together; the maddening repetition of pet phrases, slang words, threadbare tales, so that when a man opened his lips to speak one knew beforehand what his words would be, and winced with pain. "A thing like that gets you after a time." "Like what?" irritably. "That damn weed clawing the window." "It don't bother me none, but if Big Boy over yonder says 'parlezvous one more time—one more time, mind you—I'm gonna bounce him off with this shoe.' " "Gosh, ain't we ever eating?" "Stop that eternal radio." "When it comes, it's just stew." "There's mosquitoes in this room." "Look wild there, doc, that leg's bad."

"Can't you smile a little jazz out of her—something jolly?" "Some low person has poured water in my tobacco." "Three years this month and mighty little progress. I'm telling you a secret. Soon as the weather clears, I'm off." "Well, and this boche was riding our tail, so I let out a stream of fire—" "Listen, spellbinder—cut the war patter. We know it by heart." "That damn weed—it says things. Talks." "Hinky-dinky-parlez-vous." "Officer, send Jenny up to Ward 17, can't you?"

The old cry, "Call out the guard, or send for Jenny." "What was it in the way she entered a room, moving without disturbing the air as she passed through it? What was it that happened when she stood by your cot and looked at you with her steady brown gaze? All the nerves in your body quieting, settling down; that confusion of the brain, which had threatened a moment before to take the top of your head off, sizzling out into nothing. The skeleton finger at the window, the storm that would not cease, despair and death and dread of the morrow, vanished! The bed more comfortable, irritation turned into laughter, Jenny's voice, never loud, never hurried, a husky, warm note in it. The way the little perky cap sat on her head, quaint and dependable and a bit comic.

"Stay in there, Jenny." She straightened a shade, shook a pillow, loosened a bandage, put up the window and broke off the piece of ivy and threw it away. How had she known? "Thanks, Jenny." "Could you get a fly-swat, Jenny, and kill these winter mosquitoes? They sting worse than summer ones." Jenny's gaze circled the room, came to rest on a pair of guilty, twinkling eyes peeping over the top of a sheet at her. Luke—up to something again.

When she stood by him, he said, "To 'hol' de hand and smoo' de brow." He always teased Jenny about her mission of mercy. Not that he felt it a joking matter, but it was his way to joke. "Bend your ear, Jenny. I've got a nigger-shooter and some beans, and they think it's mosquitoes." "Luke, give me those beans!"

"Now, Jenny—I'd die, Jenny, if I didn't—honest now, Jenny!" She stood motionless, mute. He had used that word so glibly. Her hand dropped to his shoulder—Jenny passed on.

"Jenny, there's mosquitoes—" But they didn't so much mind now. The big room was cozy, and quickened to interest, and ready to romp. As easily as that Jenny had them laughing, joking, forgetting their pain and ennui and that life for most of them was without hope. For one more day mutiny was averted. No one could have told what it was or how she did it. It was Jenny's little gift.

Jenny's little gift! So easy to say, so quick to send for, so convenient to depend upon, so comfortable to have about. But for the one possessing that gift. Four hundred and fifty Disabled Veterans, enduring the tedium of hospital life in four hundred and fifty different ways. Enduring not only the present, but the irremediable past, and its determinate future. Jenny saw for each man a separate war, and all these wars unfolded and thundered past her, charged with their brimstone and their banners. And the shadows of them fell forward across the years, a dark fixture there, waiting for the four hundred and fifty to arrive by a road of slow, tedious days and stoic courage not unmixed with hope. Benjy Fram, an arm gone, working faithfully to train a left hand in his old trade of watch-mending. The ward of spine injuries. The gassed. The psychopaths. Those who lay with bandaged eyes. And the increasing stream who, after these many years must leave home and business and enter here—unreturning.

"I wish," thought Jenny in a moment of fire, "I wish the wise men who meet to decide, so cautiously and diplomatically, whether or not we are to have more wars—whether or not the little, sweet, fat babies just learning to toddle must come to this—oh, I wish they could hold their conferences here under this roof. I wish they could meet in Ward 17 and watch Benjy Fram struggling to fix the insides of a watch with his left hand. I wish they could talk with Erney Gray, who is whittling a little ship, and sometimes whistles, and is going to die. And with Luke!" Her eyes blazed. "I wish they might change places—be these boys. And these—my dear, brave lads—rise and go free."

It was the second week in February when a terrible thing happened. An epidemic of flu swept the Infirmary Wards. The boys had been too crowded in there. Dr. Huff had known it, but what could he do? The men came and came, and begged for admission. Adequate quarters and additional appropriations must await legislation. He could not leave a sick man shivering on the doorstep while statesmen debated ways and means. Yet now he blamed himself and aged with self-accusation. And it mattered little that these cases had been all but hopeless—a word never spoken in No. 80. Each day saw the thinning of the ranks. The boys came to call Wards 10 and 17 "Belleau Wood." So many fell there.

Jenny was on night duty. Near dawn, her brain so numb with fatigue that she knew she would make mistakes if she stayed up longer, she stumbled down the corridor to her room, pitched forward across the bed without undressing, and was asleep as she fell. Somewhere in the back of her mind a voice of warning sounded. She couldn't keep up at this. And Jenny would answer that voice:

"Yes, I know. I'm not planning to stay here forever. Some day before I'm quite old I shall go. It might be soon. Perhaps this spring!" But sleep refreshed her, and she forgot herself in the tragedies about her.

No longer any use to worry about Wally's eyes. Wally could see now. No further anxiety lest Benjy Fram might not be able to master the intricate art of watch-mending with a slow left hand. Benjy had gone where they did not need watches to tick off the tedious hours. And Luke with the nigger and the beans and the twinkly eyes.

He had sent for Jenny at last. "What did you want, Luke?" "You—Jenny." A flicker of the old spirit under the drooping lids—"To 'hol' de hand, an smoo' de brow."

And presently nothing but Jenny there—crumpled forward—Still the vine at the window tapping and whispering, "Who is leaving? Who gone? Who is next?" Erney Gray, who had been making the little battleship Big Boy over in the corner—Hinky-dinky-parlez-vous. And last the Youngest Ward Surgeon.

In a dim, anxious hour just before day, Jenny and Dr. Huff flashed past each other in a corridor. He whirled and called her back. The old doctor knew Jenny's way of never sparing herself, and watched over her as best he could with four hundred and fifty others on his hands. "Getting any sleep these days, Jenny?" "Are you?" "His eyes, heavy with fatigue, met Jenny's."

once she stopped and spoke to him. "I'll take care of it, Erney, until you can finish it." And carried it off to her room. When things grew too much for Jenny, she slipped into Windy's room. With her quiet hands clasped in her lap, she sat by his window, her gaze on the line where the stooped, old hills held up the leadened sky upon their shoulders. Once Windy had depended on Jenny for help and comfort. Now their status had changed; Jenny had come to depend on him. Windy didn't know this. At least, she supposed he didn't. There was much that Windy didn't know, which was why she could come to him.

Yet he must have guessed her need. He did not speak of the hospital and its tragedies, but of life beyond the window's ledge. That happy, happy race of mortals—those blessed of the gods who lived in an exalted state of unhampered freedom, the wide world at their feet. (Ah, were we ever of it?) The tremendous affairs out there; the thrilling chances; the competition and hurry and progress. The various means of travel flying about; they rang impossibly on the ear and were true!

It seemed to Jenny that Windy could lie here and be more of the world, and see it more clearly, than the throngs shouldering its crowded thoroughfares. Nine and a half years in a hospital, and he had not only kept apace with his world, but had acquired a level-headed, unbiased, straight-from-the-shoulder slant on its politics, its progress, its mistakes, its men in high places, its general trend, that was little short of prophecy. He talked of these things. He talked of the curious succession of little beings coming out of it, their mission accomplished.

From here—from this narrow, high-up room of Windy's—the span of a life seemed about one inch long, and was not by any stretch of imagination the end of things, but a link. A link in what, Windy? Yes—in what thrilling, isn't it? They spoke of thinkers who dug their minds into science and brought up treasure lore for other thinkers to catch at, add their thoughts to, and so on and on through the uninterrupted years, forming a golden ladder that led no one knew where, but built on with hope—an element universal and necessary. And the stars wheeling and circling; and the ages passing over; and the swift current of life sweeping onward.

Breathless, enthused sessions they were for Jenny. The air charged and vibrant, and Windy's voice coming across the small space to her. When it grew dark and they could not see each other, still it reached to her—his voice! Of course, he didn't know how wonderful it was, or how it put wings to Jenny's spirit when he said something like this.

"We face the impossible, and presently we have accomplished it. Or was it that Jenny, through the eyes of an undying and unweary, fleet-footed and swift, wearing winged sandals—Ah, Jenny! It was a Sunday morning. All the shuttles were at church. The ambulances were writing home, most of them, and some (save the marker) were shooting craps. The marker were better, and the worst were no worse, and there were no new cases. No. 80 had its best foot forward once more.

Spring was far distant, and a bling of it blew backward and smote Jenny full in the face. "I wish I could go some place," she mused like any other girl, seeking the sun about to shine. "And I wonder what the new styles in hats will be this spring, and if they will go well with a round, medium face." She was occupied with a ledger wherein the various doctors wrote their daily orders for the patients. Now, a doctor's handwriting is a wind cipher with no known code or glossary. Yet it must be translated into English so that the business of the day can go forward. Because it was one of the hardest tasks in the whole ward it had been shoved off on Jenny—conscientious Jenny, who wouldn't give up on a sentence until it actually made sense.

Jenny sat and licked her pencil stub and concentrated. She shut her eyes and visualized that particular doctor's habitual procedure, and the queer curling hair which was a word—and presently she had it. "Though Latin would be easier," sighed Jenny, and wished she could have a lark some place. Near noon a man came to the hospital with word of a disabled veteran in a shack on the hills, ill and alone and desperately in need of help. Dr. Williams, who saw the out-patients, prepared to go at once. Jenny heard him say, "I'd better take a nurse."

The invigorating prospect of a long ride and the cold wind in her face thrilled Jenny, and her eyes begged to go. The visiting nurse was ill. "Can you be ready in three minutes?" Jenny could. At the end of an hour's climb over bumpy trails and impossible roads, they found the shack. Inside a man muttered and tossed in the delirium of fever. Dr. Williams made a swift examination, shook his head and spoke briskly. "More influenza. Poor fellow!" They looked with pity about the lonely, bare room, high on the hillside, where one, more soldier had fought the good fight and lost. For he would lose it. That was evident.

But they had learned at No. 80 never to give up, so Williams spoke briskly. "We'll get him over to the hospital, Jenny, and see what can be done. Nobody but Jake could put an ambulance up that hill, but Jake can, and we'd better go right back for him. Wish I'd brought him in the first place."

"You go. I'll stay here."

"I don't like the idea of leaving you alone." "Why not? I'm not a particle afraid. I've done this numbers of times—any nurse has. It isn't so awfully far—come to the window and see. I can look right down on the hospital." He stood frowning, trying to decide what was the sensible course. "If you're sure you'll be all right—the sooner I'm off, the quicker we can get back." He consulted his watch. "One o'clock now. You may look for us before two-thirty; I know the way, and we can make better time."

But after he had climbed into his car, he got out and came back. "Look here, Jenny, I don't like this. I'll be darned if I do. It's a long ride up that hill and over a lonely road. We've made him as comfortable as possible. He'll probably sleep for several hours, and I don't see that your staying will better things. Bundle up and come along back with me."

But Jenny wouldn't hear of it. "Of course, I'll stay. The two hours will pass quickly. Besides, I've been glad of the chance to get away from the hospital for a bit. I needed a lark. Please don't worry." Reassured, he was off again, smiling dryly at Jenny's idea of a lark. Jenny stood in the door and watched his car twist and jolt and lurch over the bad road, finally disappearing around a bend. It would take all Jake's skill to carry a sick man down without more injury than benefit. Jake could even jounce soothingly.

What a view from the shack! Winter or summer, God's country! The hospital was a toy you might hold in your hand, and beyond that was a city consisting of a few toothpicks and a couple of streamers of smoke. Flat stretches of golden distance, and miles and miles of undulating hills. "I wish I could play hopscotch from hill to hill." But she must go in, instead, and see to her charge.

Jenny fell to brightening the room. She stuffed something in the broken window-pane to shut out the cold, washed the dishes, stacked the wood in a neat heap behind the stove. She didn't dare to catch at, add their thoughts to, and so on and on through the uninterrupted years, forming a golden ladder that led no one knew where, but built on with hope—an element universal and necessary. And the stars wheeling and circling; and the ages passing over; and the swift current of life sweeping onward.

He smiled feebly and spoke. "If it isn't little Red Crossie! All over the world—what? How'd you find me, Crossie?" She laid cool fingers about his hot wrist. "Easy as anything. I followed the meadow trail, and here you were." Uncynical gratitude shone up to her from burnt-out eyes. "Nice to be taken care of again. Homelike. Been—doing solo long time. Would have made it but—cold got me."

She spoke hastily. "They're sending the ambulance from the hospital, and you're going to be fine as soon as we get you there." He knew better, but he gave her a smile. The same gallant smile all the boys had. They had learned it on a scarlet field. His fingers touched the white of her uniform and moved upward into the shadow of a salute. "Jolly. The cap and uniform. Brings back—thousand things. Fine nurses in France—fine girls. Helped a fellow pull through. There was one—you'll find all about it in a little book—diary—top tray of that trunk."

His eyes begged Jenny to read it, flickers of glowing events into the smoky shade where the spark of life flickered and burned low. "Got a war in it, that little book." Jenny dug among the war relics. "Would this be it?" holding up a small volume with a green cloth back. He nodded drowsily, already drifting again.

When Jenny was sure that he slept, she pulled a chair to the window and began to read. She was conscious of a strange stir in the air, and a shadow walked across the pages of the book. Startled, Jenny glanced up. Her heart stood still. From the northwest a black cloud was gathering with terrifying swiftness, blotting out the heavens.

Jenny laid the book down, tiptoed to the door, slipped out, and closed it behind her. She had never seen such a cloud. Dense, thick, boiling smoke with ragged edges. Perhaps they looked worse from the top of a hill. Because if they didn't—if that cloud meant what it said—was Jenny to hold a flimsy shack and a sick man to the ground in the face of such. She knew only too well what it was. A blizzard. Snow and freezing gales and driving needles of ice, and death to any one venturing out in it. It would be here in fifteen minutes, and it might last days.

The seriousness of her predicament broke over Jenny. She backed against the wall, her face lifted to the awful heavens, and lived a lifetime in the next few minutes. A child's terror was upon her—the wild impulse to try to outstrip that storm. She felt that her feet could carry her swiftly down the trail and put her safely inside the great, enfolding hospital doors before the wind struck. Her next thought was of wood, and she flew frantically around, looking for stray pieces—anything that would burn—to hoard against whatever was to come. She found four or five pieces, some chips, a hoe handle, and there was the heavy block which formed the doorstep. Jenny dragged them inside. The wind was already high, and it took all her strength to get the door shut.

The sick man slept. Jenny ran an appraising eye over the supply of wood. Noted what articles in the room she could burn. And the storm darkened. And the storm struck. She had not dreamed a house could rock so and remain standing. She held her muscles taut to meet every fresh onslaught. "If only we can manage to roll in the direction of the hospital when we start, it would simplify things. Beginning to worry. The Chief Nurse says: 'Jenny, we can't have this. It's against the rules to roll the patients in. And we never admit their houses.'"

She would whisk off in a huff and never see the joke. Later she would relent and come back and tell Jenny to stand the little house up outside, three paces to the left and two to the rear. But they didn't roll. The shack that had withstood other storms and other winters held against this. Jenny patted its walls with an encouraging hand and said in imitation of the boys at No. 80: "Atta boy, house. Stand up to it, house."

Snow shut out the world. The dim city went, and the hospital, and the hop-scotch hills. The very ground they stood upon. And there was nothing left to all of creation but four quivering, protesting walls balanced precariously in a vortex of shrieking winds, and a sick man who breathed with difficulty and muttered, and Jenny.

Jenny lit the lamp. She settled down to the book he had wanted her to read. The storm howled; the shack rocked—all but lifted from its foundation—settled back. Jenny was no longer there. Jenny was with the Three Gay Chevaliers. That is what they called themselves—three boys, meeting one night in a cafe after taking their girls home from a dance. America had, that morning, thrown her hat into the ring, and all over the land youth must have gathered about little tables as these had, breathing adventure, shaken with emotion. They would enlist, they would go to France, they would win fame and honor. When they were old, old, old men they would return here some night. Sitting in this very spot they would be the stirring days of youth and its far-flung madness. They stood together with tears in their voices and pledged themselves to brave deeds—in soda water.

The Three Gay Chevaliers in France. Dan and Ronny and Smoke. (This one was Dan.) Actually standing upon French soil. Who'd have thought it? The dream held, and they could scarcely believe themselves true. Romance, thrills, adventure. They were of the first Americans sent up to relieve worn-out French troops. The entries in the diary were brief and far apart. They were fighting side by side. Often they were homesick and blue, but the next day it was all a great game. On leave in Paris! Painting the old town red. Surely they left their mark upon that much marked-up city! Surely Paris remembers. They did considerable wrecking; they made noise; they fell out of one escapade into another. At last, good-by, Paris! See you again some day. Back in the trenches.

One day something happened that they hadn't counted on. A sort of awe and astonishment in the brief entry. "Today they got Ronny." That was all. But the next day, "Smoke and I are going after the Hun that got Ronny. He's got a machine-gun nest over there." Then, "Smoke and I went over and cleaned up that Hun that got Ronny."

Other entries, short, graphic, but no longer any zest or thrill or adventure. The life of the book had gone out. From then on they were grim men doing a work of death. The inevitable occurred, and Smoke pitched forward in the trench. "Dan—I'm gone." Dan dropped his gun, grabbed him, started running for help. Men tried to stop him, tried to tell him something. He wouldn't hear. He kept talking to Smoke, pleading with him: "Keep your eyes open, Smoke. As long as you keep your eyes open, you can't die." A brand of fire pierced his side. He ran on and on. Blood all over both of them. People getting in his way. "Look here, feller, you're bleeding to death, and besides the kid you've got is dead."

"Get out of my way—Keep your eyes open, Smoke—as long as you keep your eyes open you can't—"

These entries were from a hospital weeks later. He was bandaged from head to foot. That didn't matter. But his grief—

Here was the nurse he had spoken of. She stepped softly into the little book, and Jenny could almost hear her voice. She came to Dan, she said. "I lost both of my brothers—such fine boys. It's why I'm here to care for other people's brothers." "I could stand it then," he wrote. "He didn't die. He couldn't. He had to get that Hun that got Smoke. There was no way of telling which one did it. So he started in systematically, killing up the German army. Once, running forward, he fell into a trench. It was full of Germans. He brandished his bayonet and yelled. They thought he was the allied armies. They ran. He trained their own gun upon them and wiped out the lot. But first they had fixed him—taken his leg off clean as a whistle. He had been recommended for decoration by both French and American governments."

Another hospital. By and by they told him the war was over. Middle-aged, gassed, a cripple for life, the last of the Three Gay Chevaliers returned home and took up his fight alone on the hillside. The last entry in the book said: "Thank God, Ronny and Smoke went when they did! Thank God, it was a clean call for them! Not this!" Jenny sat a long while, head thrown back, eyes closed, throat aching. The sick man had sunk into a troubled stupor. He muttered and

tossed. Through the hours that followed, Jenny, doing what she could to quiet him, spoke to him as he had spoken to Smoke: "Don't give up, Dan. You're better. Doing fine! Don't give up!" So they waged their battle. The tide of life ebbed slowly. Once she thought he was gone. But after that he spoke again. He put out a hand to caress the air. His horse voice rose to a glad cry. "Why, Ronny, old scout—doggone you, Smoke—waited, did you?" There was a rush of wind past Jenny, and something vague and shadowy and splendid blinded her eyes—

A log falling in the stove brought Jenny to herself. She found she was cold. The storm had blown the obstruction from the broken window pane; the room was a whirl of winds, and a drift of snow lay on the floor. Jenny moved to the bed and placed the sheet over the still face. The fire was almost out, and she replenished it and barricaded the window as best as she could. Looking at her wrist-watch she was surprised that it was only seven-thirty. The night had hardly begun.

Outside some heavy object carried by the storm struck the house with force, and Jenny started. She thought, "I mustn't get nervous." There was a rattle on the table, and she crossed to that and turned the dials with a none too steady hand. Of course, she wouldn't be able to get anything, but trying occupied her mind.

Sunday night, and all over the land people were gathered in churches, standing together singing, lifting their voices with the fluted notes of organs. Hymns. She remembered some. "Rock of ages, cleft for me." And there was another about "Ninety-and-nine that were safe in the fold, and one that was lost on the mountainside." Chords of music with reassuring words floated through Jenny's mind. It seemed to her that she really heard them. She bent her ear to catch an elusive strain, her imagination and her need keyed to some overtone of sharp receptivity. Wasn't that—Wasn't it?

Out of the night, out of the deafening pandemonium of the storm, a voice spoke. Clear and steady and confident. "Fear not, for I am with thee." She stood in a sort of light, and the words did not die on the air but remained there fixed and visible. Fear not, for I am with thee. In a trench in France, at the frozen poles, in the lighted churches, or alone on a bleak hillside—what did it matter?

Jenny went back to her fire. She banked the coals and laid on another stick. She was no longer afraid her supply of wood would give out. She sat down and folded her hands quietly in her lap. Fear not—for I am with thee! The hours passed. She must have dozed. She thought she was a child again at her grandmother's in the country, and the lamp was going out because it made a funny smell in the room. Jenny sat up, blinking, and saw little sparks rising from the wick of the lamp. The oil was gone. After some search she found the oil can in the lean-to kitchen. She shook the can; shook it again hopefully. Took the potato from the spout and turned it upside down. There wasn't a drop of oil in it.

"But there must be oil somewhere. There's got to be!" She picked up the lamp with its dimming flame, walking carefully, shielding it with a hand, and searched every corner of the place. Behind boxes, on shelves, in drawers, under stacks of papers, under the bed, in the trunk, behind the stove. "God, put a little oil somewhere and let me find it." Back to shake the empty can again, to rake every corner of the kitchen once more, to lift every paper. No use. No use to look further.

Jenny put the lamp on the table and backed away from it, her eyes trying to hold the feeble flame to its wick. The room was darkening. A glance at her watch told her it was only one o'clock. "And I've got to get through to morning." Without warning terror rose within her. "The light is going, and I'll be alone in the dark with death. I won't be able to stand it, and I'll be insane by morning. They'll come and they'll find me. No—no—I must keep calm. I can if I try. I mustn't hold my muscles rigid or twist my hands this way."

But fear of what she might not be able to control possessed her. The sight of herself as she would be in the morning filled the room—darted from corner to corner—a frantic, wild thing. And now there were two figures in the room; the still one upon the bed, and this poor crazed one darting about—

"The light is going and nothing can help me." Jenny was crying, twisting her hands together. The room was dark. "I won't stay in here with him—I can't. I'd rather die in the storm!" It was the only way out. Quickly Jenny made up her mind. She got her wraps. She put on the little brown hat with the feather that wasn't stylish. She began pulling on her gloves. She would go out and meet death in the storm. It was cozy and safe outside compared with the fate that awaited her here.

She fastened her fur collar about her throat and went to the door. Jenny lifted the bolt. And so, good-by to everything. Good-by to dear Dr. Huff who had stood by her through so many errors of judgment and had believed in her. Good-by to the patient gray walls, and to the Chief Nurse, and to Jake, and old Amos, faithful orderly, and old funny Pop Knute. Good-by to Windy—Jenny's face twisted up, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Oh, Windy, Windy! She thought of his bright courage and the spirit that nothing could defeat.