

GET TO BE FIT.

Got to be fit in body and soul for the great work of the day. Got to be fit and fine and clean to toil in the mightier way.

THE SECRET ALAR.

Slater, the interne, went hurrying along the corridor of the North-eastern Hospital toward the room in which the senior surgeon, Kennedy, having completed his evening rounds, was putting on his overcoat.

The orderlies had carried out a stretcher to the overturned motor-car, which lay embedded upon its side in a small hillock of snow, like some defiant antediluvian.

The women followed him to the hospital entrance and fluttered there, sniffed with disgust at the smell of soap and water on the wood stairs, and, with a single, uncommunicated impulse, drifted out again in panic.

Within the anteroom of the theater Miss James was waiting; at her side was a blue ether bottle, a yellow bottle containing chloroform, rested on a glass shelf behind her, and she was fingering the sphere of a dilated gas-bag.

"He's had a drink or two," corrected Slater. "He's been dining out. He's not drunk."

"I see no difference," replied Miss James, proudly; and she passed back into the anteroom, where the patient, who had been lifted from the stretcher, now rested on a glass table.

Kennedy was waiting there. He was attired in white linen; a linen hood covered his hair and a chin-piece concealed his beard.

Instruments out of the copper trough and placed it on a table which projected over the patient. Then they began to work, cleansing the mangled limb, while at the man's head Miss James sat quietly, watching his laboring chest.

He dozed till dawn. When he awoke the sky was saffron and green; the rooftops were a dazzling white, and fine snow drifted against the window and melted upon the curious crystals shivering into water drops.

The man grinned propitiously. The stubble of a beard covered the creases of his drawn face; his skin was of a strange pallor, his eyes very large and staring.

"Who's that?" asked the man, as the intruder shuffled out of the room, bearing the basin.

"I feel all right, except that my ankle hurts confoundedly. Was it broken?" She nodded and began to smooth the bed.

"What hospital's this?" he asked. "This is the Northeastern."

"I thought one had a nurse for oneself. I can afford to pay for what I want and I'm going to have one. And a larger room than this—is this the best you have?"

"This is a little room off the ward. It was the best we could give you. You are really in the ward."

"He looked out through the open door into the corner of a large chamber, from which came sounds of breathing, snoring, men stirring in beds, and an occasional smothering cry."

"It's a damn queer ending to a theatre party. We were going to see—what was that piece called?—'Tosca. There were two ladies; have they called up about me?'"

"Not so far. If any one calls I'll let you know in the morning. We have a telephone outside the ward."

never worked a girl more than nine hours a day. And then get Saturday afternoons off all the year around, he added, watching her face.

He lay there, wondering after she had gone, and through his mind drifted that elusive question that had puzzled him as he lay on the operating-table.

"What's the matter with that outlander with that ghastly face who wanders in here?" he asked his nurse later.

"Well, how do you feel, Mr. Lamartine?" he asked. "We're going to dress your wound today. Any pain?"

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT

The worst bankrupt in the world is the man who has lost his enthusiasm.—H. W. Arnold.

There is no doubt that the modern woman grows constantly more fastidious. She is not satisfied with beautiful costumes, but she must also have beautiful accessories attractive to the most minute detail.

The blonde with blue eyes, fair hair and fair skin may choose geranium rouge, geranium or ruby lipstick, creamy powder and blue eye shadow.

If milady has chestnut hair, hazel or gray eyes and ivory skin she will find raspberry rouge, raspberry or ruby lipstick, cream powder and blue eye shadow becoming.

The flit-fair blonde, with her auburn hair, brown eyes and white skin, will find coral rouge and cardinal lipstick, creamy powder and brown eye shadow flattering.

Then there are the sun-tan complexion. "Be fair, if you can't be dark becomingly," is the vogue of the moment.

Meals of the Future.—More than half of the working hours of the women of the world are spent in the preparation and serving of food for their families and in cleaning up afterward.

But the biggest change will be the community kitchens which cook meals to order and deliver them in thermos containers and then come and get the dishes and cart them away to wash.

It is probable that kitchenettes, with their electrical equipment for a cup of tea or toast or some home made trifles, will continue forever.

The housewife's hands are so constantly in soap suds that her skin is made tender and injured by the alkali.

Life for him had always been a contest, ruthless and merciless, but one in which, twice armored with the panoply of wealth, he had met all his adversaries on more than equal terms and vanquished them.

STATE GIVES FREE FUEL TO JOBLESS

A program directed toward helping the unemployment situation and relieving distress in Pennsylvania was advanced by the Pennsylvania Department of Forests and Waters, by authorizing forest officers to issue wood permits to the State forests to any person in need of fuelwood who cannot afford to buy it.

In some localities there are large quantities of blight killed chestnut, and in other places there are hundreds of cords of fire killed trees which will make exceptionally good fuelwood.

Welfare A-J civic organizations may take advantage of this plan by getting in touch with the District Forester and arranging for some qualified person to do the cutting.

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