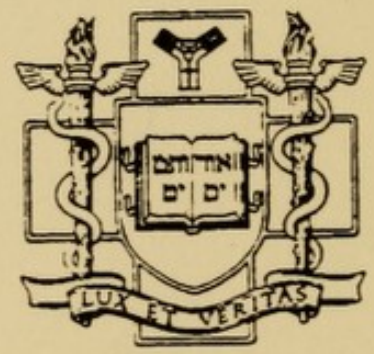
**Daughters of Aesculapius : stories written / by alumnae and students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania and edited by a committee appointed by the Students' Association of the College.**

# DAUGHTERS OF ÆSCULAPIUS



Caroline E. Coffin

1897.

A Brain Demonstration.

# DAUGHTERS OF ÆSCULAPIUS

STORIES WRITTEN BY

ALUMNÆ AND STUDENTS
OF THE
WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF
PENNSYLVANIA

*And edited by a Committee appointed by the Students' Association of the College*

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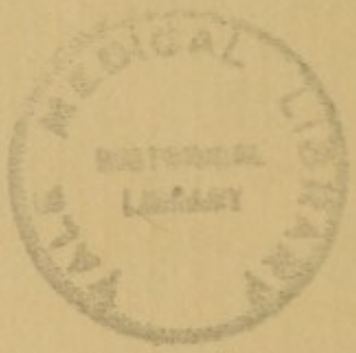
PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE W. JACOBS & CO.
1897



# PREFACE.

ORIGINALITY can hardly be claimed for this publication, for many attractive collections of college sketches have already made their appearance. We believe, however, that this is the first book of stories by medical women. We hope that the "Daughters of Æsculapius" will give as much pleasure to those to whom they are introduced as it gives the editors to introduce them.

We gratefully acknowledge the encouragement and approval of Mrs. Eliza A. Turner, Mrs. S. C. F. Hallowell, Dr. Henry Leffmann, Miss Louise Stockton, Miss Agnes Repplier, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, Mr. H. Patterson Du Bois, Mr. Kenneth M. Blakiston, Mrs. Mary E. Mumford, and Dr. George M. Gould.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1897.

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# THE GENIUS MAKER.

"THE difference between a stupid person and a genius," observed the Chemist, "in my opinion depends wholly upon the quality of the gray matter of the brain. The quantity of the matter has little to do with it. One of the heaviest brains known, next to that of Cuvier, belonged to an idiot."

Tom could not dispute this assertion, and he had nothing to add to it because he hadn't the dimmest idea what the Chemist was talking about. All Tom knew was, that he was being talked into something to which most people would have objected—at least it seemed they did, for Tom was the only person who had replied to the following advertisement, for which the Chemist was responsible:

"WANTED.—A young man, not over twenty-five, who will agree to subject himself to certain harmless experiments in chemical psychology. A scientist will pay liber-

ally for such a subject, on whom it is proposed to test a lately-discovered method of improving the quality of brains. Apply by letter to L. 34, —— Office."

At the time Tom saw this he was low in spirit. He had just seen Dr. Graham, who had known him all his life, and the old man had told him, as gently as a kind friend could, that he thought Tom would do better in the grocery business than he would in the study of medicine—a timely hint which Tom understood. He had never been much of a success as a book learner, and yet he could not make up his mind to weighing out tea and sugar and soap and candles. Moreover, Tom had such an agonizing sense of the loveliness of Madelon Carruthers that, as a poor but honest gentleman, he felt bound not to see her any more. So Tom wrote to L. 34, half in jest, being idle from indecision, and then came an appointment with the Chemist, who had just been talking.

"It has often puzzled people," the learned man continued, leaning across the table where Tom sat opposite to him, "to know what makes the difference of quality in brain cells which are apparently of the same physical structure and chemical composition. Perhaps

you do not know," he went on, sketching on a tablet certain queer figures that looked like misshapen spiders with long, branching legs, "that as a fact, Mr. McArdle, two brains of the same size and structure, with the same proportion of gray matter and of the same depth of convolutions, brains yielding by analysis the same percentage of elements and showing under the microscope the same types and number, per cubic inch, of nerve cells and filaments—two such brains, I say, have, nevertheless, manifested during life wide and unaccountable differences in intellectual power. Now, what makes this difference?" cried the Chemist, so warming to his subject that he rose in his chair and thumped the table.

This question was directed to Tom, who evaded it by coughing. Could a man cut out for the tea and coffee trade be expected to do more?

"It has been shown," continued the Chemist, "that the tissue of the brain is built of cells which may be compared to the bricks used to construct a wall. There may be a hundred walls, all built of red brick, of the same height, length, and thickness, all built by the same bricklayer equally well, and yet one outlasts all the others—why? Because the

brick and mortar in that wall are of a better quality. It is just so with brains. But heretofore we have believed that this superiority was an advantage in the individual for which he was not accountable, an accident of birth, the gift of heredity, a circumstance fixed and unalterable for all time. What fools we have been!" he cried, beginning to pace up and down the room, waving his long arms with extravagant emphasis. "A cell differs from a brick because a cell is a living structure. It is organized; it undergoes waste and repair; it never contains the same atoms for any length of time. Carbon is replaced by carbon, hydrogen by hydrogen, phosphorus by phosphorus, and though we find in it always the same substances, they are not always the same identical parts of matter. The carbon atom which once formed a part of a horse's brain may, within a year, become a part of my brain. Let me explain," he said, pausing a moment. "The horse's brain undergoes waste, and this waste is excreted under physiological laws. By the economy of nature, this excretion is used in the fertilization of the soil; it is taken up by a plant as food; it finds its way into an ear of corn; I eat that corn, digest it, assimilate it, it feeds my brain,

and—behold! the carbon atom of the horse is doing duty in the higher psychical centers of man's brain!"

Tom moved uneasily. The conversation was gradually assuming the form of a lecture, and it began to bore him. But the Chemist was so much in earnest that he perceived only his own ideas.

"I have always thought," he continued, "that by special forms of feeding we could modify brains, but I have discovered a better method. My brain is better than yours," he said, with calm assurance, "because its constituent atoms vibrate in space at a different rate. Every brain cell has its quota of heat electricity, chemism, mechanical motion. The sum of these forces is the degree of its power. My power is greater than yours, but I have discovered a method by which I can artificially raise the sum of your elementary cerebral forces and make your brain like mine!"

So much of all this was so utterly incomprehensible to Tom that it might have been the ravings of a lunatic, and he received the Chemist's announcement with a dubious feeling concerning the benefit about to be conferred.

"How do you propose to do this?" said Tom, who was oppressed by the necessity of saying something.

The Chemist crossed the room and laid his hand on a piece of machinery that looked like a small dynamo.

"This machine is my invention," he said proudly. "It generates a force that is a composite of light, heat, and electricity. These are all merely different forms of motion. This new composite force, which I call *Kinos*, describes in space ether waves of a hitherto unknown form—waves which are—" he paused, and, sitting down in front of Tom, leaned across the table, his face paling under some tremendous impression. "These waves of Kinos," he added in a low tone, "are coincident with mind waves."

He looked at Tom as though he expected him to fall upon his knees in adoring awe before the expanse of ideas unfolded in the disclosure, but the vast truth shot high over Tom's comprehension. There was a moment's silence during which the Chemist's face relaxed into a look of contemptuous astonishment.

"I am afraid I am boring you, Mr. McArdle," he said, somewhat petulantly,

"perhaps this detailed explanation is unnecessary. Let me add, however, that my investigations have established the fact that what we call mind is really a manifestation of force in a special form. Mind can make itself manifest only through the medium of brain, but it is present in space, apart from brain, though imperceptible to our senses. A brain developing within the range of a special overflow of mind waves, becomes the brain of a genius. I propose to do a very little thing," he concluded, with fine sarcasm, as he handled the glass knob of a cylinder-shaped governor. "I propose to develop mind waves at will."

"Can you do this with safety?" Tom asked, struggling bravely to maintain the appearance of intelligent comprehension.

"I ask no one to assume a risk," the Chemist replied. "It is a perfectly safe process. Even if it did no good it could not do any harm. Moreover, I shall transmit this force to the subject through my own body."

Standing near the machine was a small glass platform. The Chemist stepped upon it and fixed one foot in a pedal by which he could move the glass handle of the governor. Emerging from the machine were two insulated wires which passed to the governor and

then out to two terminal poles connected with a light, collar-shaped piece of copper. The Chemist clasped this about his neck. At the same moment he threw his weight on one corner of the platform, which tilted slightly. An electric bell rang somewhere on a lower floor and in a few moments the dynamo started.

"I am about to turn on the force," said the Chemist, calmly. "There will be a bright light generated—a waste of power which I have not yet learned how to prevent—but otherwise you will notice little or nothing."

Now Tom, being a common-sense, every-day sort of a fellow, had about decided that he had to do with a harmless species of scientific crank gone mad over a theory; yet he could not dispel the creepy sensation that passed over him when he saw the Chemist press the pedal which controlled the governor. The dynamo was running swiftly but with the ease of well adjusted machinery. If the whole thing had blown up, Tom would not have been much surprised; nor would he have cared much, in his present state of mind. Of one thing he felt pretty sure,—there would be no grocery stores in Heaven, and, perhaps, if he ever got there Madelon Carruthers would

be just the same to him as to any other angel. These were the passing thoughts that were broken in upon by the sudden effulgence of a light so peculiar that Tom was bewildered by it. It was not a very bright light, it did not dazzle him in the least. It was rather a radiance, rich and scintillating, that seemed to pervade the entire room. Tom looked at the Chemist. The aspect of the man was most extraordinary. His whole body seemed to shine with a soft luminosity that penetrated even the thicker folds of his clothing. It was a light that did not come merely from the surface but seemed to filter through every cell in the man's body and through every fiber of his dress. The illumination was so clearly from within that Tom expected every moment, if it brightened more, to see the blood circulating and the muscles contracting as though the body were a transparent medium. Once Tom had looked through a microscope at a curious aquatic creature called a paramœcium. He now recalled that experience. There was this, however, which he specially remarked: from the head came the greatest effulgence of light, a radiance so clearly marked that it suggested the nimbus of the saints in certain queer pictures he had seen at Judge Carruthers'

house. From the eyes there appeared to come two lambent rays which, as Tom looked on them, seemed to penetrate his own brain. A strange sense of exhilaration stirred his languid spirit. As he looked down at his hands he saw that they too had begun to shine. What was it, he asked himself, this intoxicating sense of power that seemed to animate the very marrow of his bones? It roused and startled him; he was about to cry out when there came echoing down the untrodden path of an old memory the full Latin text of an ode by Horace.

With little effort he formulated in his mind the following English rendering:

"I was a remiss and infrequent worshiper of the gods,
While I was straying in pursuit of a senseless philosophy;
Now I am compelled to set sail back again,
And to retrace my wandering steps.
For Jupiter, frequently cleaving the clouds,—
With flashing lightning has driven his thundering horses
And swift chariot through a serene sky;
By which the sluggish earth and wandering rivers,
By which Styx and the dreadful seat of hateful Tæmarus
And the Atlantic boundary were shaken.
The Deity is able to change the lowest with the highest,
And raising the obscure, abases the lofty;
Rapacious fortune, with a clattering sound,
Snatched her crown; hence she delights to have placed it upon another."

There is a case on record of an ignorant servant girl, employed in the family of a great scholar, and accustomed to hear him read aloud and declaim in Greek and Latin, of which she did not understand a single word. Years after she had left the service of this family she was stricken with a fever, and in her delirium she was heard to recite pages of Homer and Virgil which had been stored away in those unconscious brain cells, where every spoken word had left its impression. Science has proved this possible, and such was the experience of Tom, whose mind, awaking to new activities, seemed to be making a raid upon the secret stores of memory. Even the old "Barbara Celarent" came back to him, and to his utter amazement he understood what the lines meant! Ideas seemed to crowd and press upon him, and yet he had no sense of that whirling bewilderment which pervades an overstocked brain. He enjoyed thinking; he thrilled with the recollection of the Binomial Theorem; he amused himself by saying the Roman Emperors backwards.

"Good Heavens!" Tom exclaimed at length, "I had no idea I knew so much!"

As he uttered this irrepressible exclamation, the Chemist pressed the pedal and sprang

down from the glass platform. At the same moment the dynamo stopped, and the light that pervaded the room paled sensibly, fading as it seemed to drift through the atmosphere and penetrate the material confines of the room where it was lost to consciousness. The Chemist stood before Tom aglow with excitement.

"It is true!" he cried, seizing Tom's hands with a kind of ecstasy. "You feel it? You are conscious of a new life—a new power? You can then forgive me. I did not wait to gain your full consent. The force I have generated has been communicated to your body through the medium of atmosphere. I did not tell you what was about to happen, for I feared you would run away. Now," he concluded, eagerly, "you do not regret it—you can not! Are you not a new man—a better man?"

"I do not know what you have done to me," Tom replied, laughing out of pure joy in living, "but I do feel uncommonly well."

"Tell me," said the Chemist, still fluttering with excitement, "was there any particular branch of study in which you were especially weak?"

"Mathematics," Tom answered, promptly.

The Chemist went to a shelf and took down a book.

"Can you prove this?" he asked, and then read hurriedly the following theorem:

"A cylinder is the limit of the inscribed and circumscribed prisms, the number of whose faces is indefinitely increased."

"No!" was Tom's quick response, but suddenly his face seemed to change, and he drew a geometrical figure on a piece of paper that lay before him. "Wait a minute!" he cried, presently, "I think I can prove that."

Then, having defined his A, B, C lines in the figure, he began to give a simple, direct demonstration such as he had never in his life given before.

The Chemist hugged him.

"I knew it; I knew it!" he said, rapturously. "It is Kinos!"

Tom seized the hand of his benefactor and pressed it.

"You have emancipated the human race," he said, fervently. "When you spoke before, I could not comprehend you. Forgive me! I thought you were crazy. But now your words have a new meaning. I think I can grasp the significance of your glorious discovery, and certainly I feel the benefit of the re-

freshment you have given me. Physically I feel at this moment better than I ever felt before in my life, and mentally—I cannot tell you what a change has come over me. All my life my brain has been full of cobwebs. Only the half-light of day has shone in its chambers. I am conscious that I have been what is called a stupid man, just as I know to-day that I am a man with more than average intellect."

The Chemist looked at him with emotion so profound that it gradually grew overpowering. He dropped into a chair, and leaning his head upon his hands burst into tears.

Tom walked to the window. He could understand such feeling in a man who had, so to speak, just created a mind.

"You must pardon me," said the Chemist, in an agitated tone, "I have worked so long upon this process, I have thought so much—it has been the fondest dream of my life—that now, when I see it realized, the very joy of it overwhelms me."

"I understand," said Tom, gently, "I—I feel like crying myself."

When their emotional equilibrium was restored the Chemist went on to say that a complete establishment of genius might or might not be possible in Tom's case.

"There are limitations in every brain," he continued, "though they are far, far from being as narrow as our ignorance presumed. Every brain can be made clever; only special brains will conserve the forms of Kinos necessary to produce genius. What your extreme capacity is can only be ascertained after a series of experiments. You must come again."

"I certainly will," Tom replied.

"And, for the present, I must beg of you to be silent concerning this discovery. Eventually I shall publish it to the world, but I must have proofs to present. You shall be a living witness to the great truth."

Tom assented, and it was arranged that he should come back the next day. On his way home he remembered that the business part of the negotiation had been quite forgotten; but the idea of asking for compensation for his services to the Chemist appeared to him so monstrous that he dismissed it as unworthy of him.

On his way home Tom passed the University. The medical students were hurrying into the lecture hall, where the physiology class met at four o'clock. Tom's pulse quickened as the thought occurred to him that he might go in and listen to the lecture. Before

he had deliberated he found himself on the bench of the back row, listening intently to the opening words of a lecture on cerebral localization. The professor had numerous charts of the brain, and he dwelt long upon the paths of nerve fibers, leading up finally to the geography of the brain centers, by which he sought to demonstrate the part of the convolutions which controlled motion of the arms, legs, etc., also the center for vision, and the area of sound perception.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, in conclusion, "in order to test the degree to which I have succeeded in making this very difficult subject clear to you, I will ask a few general questions to which any one present may volunteer a reply. Suppose you had a patient who came to you with loss of sensation—a persistent numbness—on the entire left side of the body below the waist, and that this patient had spasm of the leg muscles on the opposite side of the body. You would undoubtedly suspect some serious brain lesion. Where would you suppose it to be located?"

There was silence for a moment, then a single voice from the back seat answered the question. That voice was Tom's.

"Well," said the lecturer, somewhat quiz-

zically, "I am glad there is at least one man who knows."

This trifling episode shaped Tom's decision. He resolved to study medicine, and wrote Dr. Graham an explanatory note that night, a note so manly and forcible that the old man was much impressed.

"Well," said the doctor, as he thought the matter over, "it may be I was mistaken in Tom. He certainly has pluck, and that is a great deal."

The next day Tom returned to the laboratory. The Chemist received him cordially, almost affectionately.

"I like you, Mr. McArdle," he said, kindly, as they sat once more opposite each other at the little table. "It has pleased me greatly that you have so little of the mercenary spirit. But I have not forgotten what I owe you," he added, with a smile. "I am a single man, and I have no heirs-at-law, except two who are very remotely related to me. I have therefore made my will in your favor. Here is a copy of it. I have not at present much to leave you that has any value; but I have made over to you the patent upon my process of making a new product to be known as Butyl-Carbide Illuminating Gas. A company

is already organized and is about to begin its manufacture. As patentee I hold half the stock, and I have every reason to believe that its future value will be considerable."

Tom made his acknowledgments. Whether stock in a new company about to trade upon an untried patent was of much value or not, Tom felt that the Chemist owed him nothing, and the motive of this bequest seemed to him more than generous.

On this occasion Tom consented to subject himself to a direct application of the mind-force, and allowed the Chemist to clasp the copper collar about his neck.

"I will take the pedal," said the Chemist, "and you can take my left hand. It will be necessary to use double the number of kinetic units, and I must have control of the force, for over-stimulation is dangerous."

Tom took his hand. The dynamo was running quietly. Again the room seemed to glow with that peculiar radiance which emanated from the bodies of the two men. Tom experienced a greater degree of exhilaration than he had felt before. Every muscle and nerve in his body seemed to quiver under the sympathetic waves of Kinos that agitated every living cell.

"If we could see them," said the Chemist, "we should perceive the nuclei of all the cells in the body vibrating in unison with the kinetic waves. They float upon them."

As he spoke, light surged from his lips in radiant undulations. Tom was about to reply, for the language of his benefactor was no longer obscure to him, but at that moment it seemed to him a flash of lightning passed before his eyes. An intense light blinded him; he saw only a dazzling glare all about him, and he heard the slight spitting sound of electric sparks. The hand of the Chemist clutched his with the desperate, painful grip of an electrified person who cannot release the object he holds.

"My God, McArdle!" he cried. "Jump from the platform—break the wire! The force is resolving itself!"

Tom sprang forward, leaping blindly into the luminous space that environed him. With a wrench he disentangled his fingers from the Chemist's hands, the wires attached to the copper collar were torn away, and Tom fell, he knew not how nor where, but it seemed to him that he sank through the earth into the fathomless realm of the universe beyond—down, down—till at length he came to a

peaceful spot where silence reigned and oblivion awaited him.

What really did happen was this: there was a break in the governor, and the powerful, compound force kept in physical combination only under special conditions was suddenly released and became resolved into its constituent parts. Tom reasoned this out for himself afterward. There was no one to tell him, for from the sudden liberation of so much electricity and heat the laboratory was instantly ablaze, and of the two men found senseless in the midst of that conflagration Tom was the only one to survive.

As he lay on his pillow, with that terrible red ring burnt deep into his neck, and every vestige of hair on his head and face consumed to a charred bristle, a great sorrow filled his heart, even though Madelon Carruthers held his hand and he knew that her love for him had made itself manifest in the hour of his terrible suffering and imminent death.

"Do you think, dear," Tom said, sadly, "that *all* of the machinery was destroyed?"

"Everything!" she replied. "There was an explosion afterward, you know, when the fire reached the chemicals."

Tom sighed.

"Not a book, not a line," he murmured. "What a terrible—what an irreparable loss!"

"But Tom, dear," Madelon continued, cheerfully, "Papa said I might tell you to-day. It is two months since it happened,—"

"So long!"

"And you are so much better! Did you know, dear, that the Chemist had made his will the day before he was killed?"

"Yes, I knew it," said Tom, quietly.

"And Papa says that the stock he left you will make you a millionaire!"

Tom listened in silence. His eyes were closed, and a tear trickled down his cheek.

"Madelon," he said, in a low tone, "the greatest man that ever lived was killed in that accident."

She laid her cheek against his, and whispered softly,

"The best man in the world was saved for me."

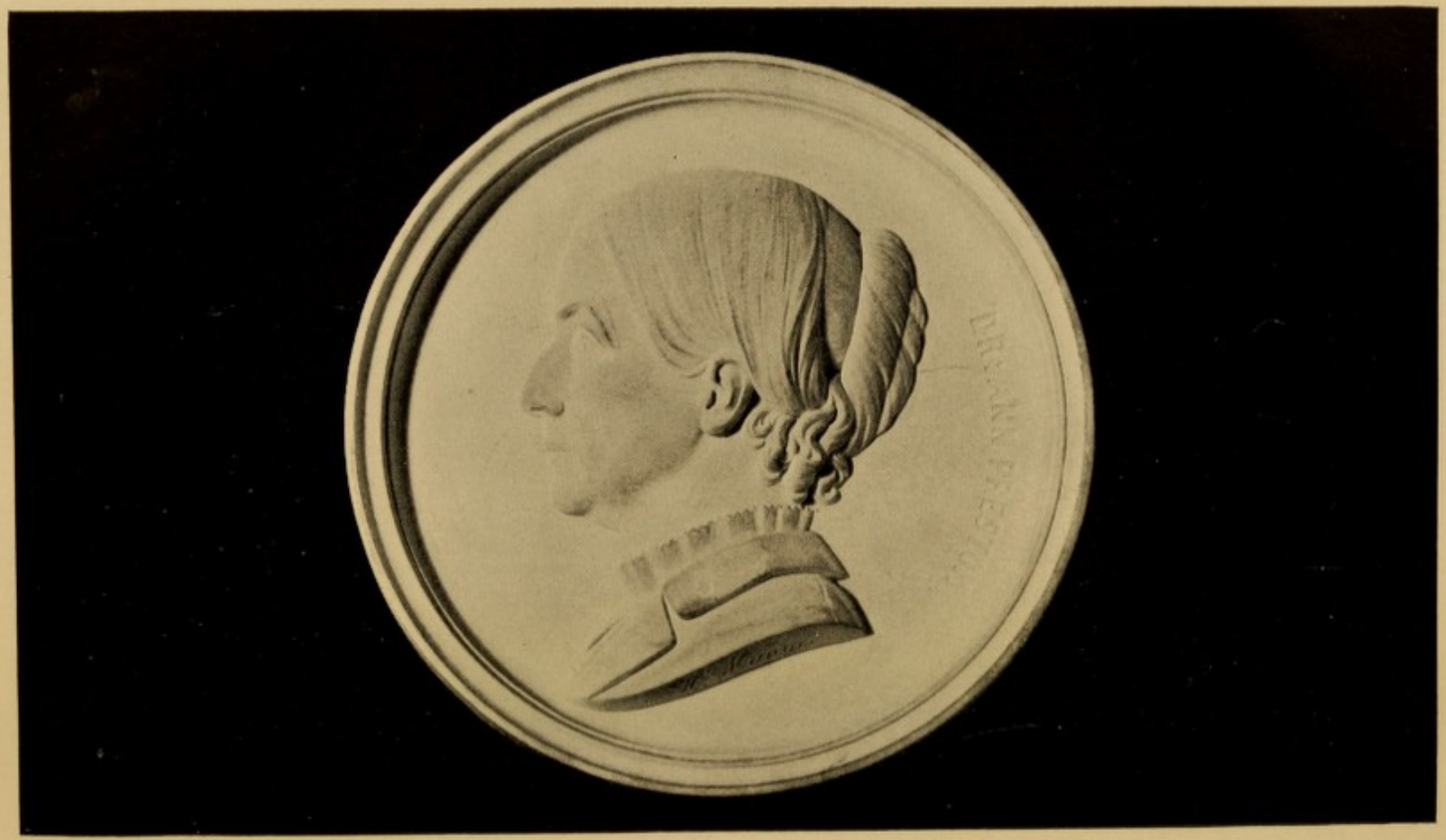
When Tom got better he gave up the idea of studying medicine. The first drive he took was out to the cemetery where they had made a grave for the Chemist. Tom laid upon it a laurel wreath. Madelon stood beside him, tender and sympathetic, though she did not comprehend his feelings.

"I have decided to give my life to the study of chemistry and physics," Tom said, laying his hand on the little mound that covered the dead genius maker. "I shall work while my strength lasts, to re-discover the secret which is buried in this grave."

Since that time, Tom's name has become a household word in science. He is engaged now in the Berlin Laboratory in original research, and great men have spoken enthusiastically of his work and ability. When Dr. Graham read a recent sketch of "the eminent American chemist, Thomas McArdle," he blushed for his own stupidity.

"To think," he ejaculated, "that I should ever have told him that he hadn't enough brains to study medicine!"

Madelon is puffed up with pride in her husband's success. Tom has never told her how he came by his genius,—not that he seeks to conceal the truth, but for fear the story would be too hard a strain upon her faith in his veracity. If the time ever comes when he shall have succeeded in creating the mind-force now lost to human knowledge, he will pay his tribute to the poor, forgotten Chemist who endowed him with genius, and will publish to the world the glorious secret of Kinos.



ANN PRESTON.

# THE DOMESTIC AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE OF ANN PRESTON.

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In the late forties, when years were young, joys plenty, time abundant, and the higher education of woman in its primary budding, we lived in the country. Jane, my foster-mother, was one of those housekeepers who believe in good bread and butter, fried chicken, cranberry tarts, white kitchen floors, spotless linen, dustless carpets, fine china, cut-glass ware, solid silver, and an open countenance. Her table wares were so washed and polished that they often reflected her own trim form as she spread the table for the many relatives and friends entertained at her father's house. At this time I was the only child of the family, and hence most of my amusements were closely concerned with those of its adult members. Among our many visitors was a young woman who afterward became eminent in medicine. She was a neighbor's daughter and

a boon companion of my foster-mother. Her visits were always made on stated days, however, when the bread was freshly baked and the butter churned just long enough to harden.

In the summer time, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, there would appear at the far end of the long lane the approaching form of a large horse, and one could see that a small woman sat upon his back. Oh, she was very small, and the animal, carrying her with the most gentle care, seemed to realize how frail she was, and yet he must have felt how firmly she held the bridle. In the winter season this small visitor came in a sleigh with one of her brothers. It was not then admissible for women to go sleighing alone.

Across the fields and brambles, about half an hour's run for a little girl, lived Farmer Preston. Amos the neighbors called him. Amos Preston was a recommended minister in the Society of Friends, but he stood for more than a minister. He bore a strong testimony against all forms of vice and injustice. He was a most neighborly neighbor, the kindest of husbands and most gentle of fathers. His house was the headquarters for the leading spirits of the then unpopular reforms of the day, a place where Garrison,

Phillips, the Motts, Burleighs, and Grews found a meeting-place. It was, in short, a home of social elegance, where many congenial people often gathered for mutual improvement and were made welcome by the queenly wife and mother, the frail but intellectual Margaret.

Amos and Margaret were the parents of Ann Preston, an only surviving daughter among six sons; and it was in this home that the young girl's domestic and intellectual instincts were thoroughly trained.

Quick of discernment and gentle in disposition, she grew useful both in the home and community, and often led where she assumed only to follow. She understood the necessity of a well provided table and a neatly kept house, and she was as enthusiastic over good bread and butter as was her friend Jane at our house. It is told of Ann that she had been known to turn griddle cakes with one hand, hold her book in the other, and meanwhile entertain some distinguished guest for whom she was preparing breakfast. The story is most likely true, since the beautiful simplicity, the freedom, and the utility of her mind left untrammeled the activity of her every-day life.

But with all the pleasure and cheer that surrounded her, there was a void. Her aspiring spirit was unsettled and struggled against its confines. She panted for broader altitudes on which to spend a latent energy, and prayed to God to reveal Himself more fully to her understanding and to teach her how to better perfect her womanhood and become a more worthy handmaiden in His vineyard. She longed to draw nearer to the heart of nature and convert its hidden mysteries into an open book to her inquiring mind.

Marriage had not come to her; a frail constitution and the delicate health of her mother caused her to pause on its threshold. But Time, the monarch of all temporal things, would some day close the parental doors. Could she not enter some field of usefulness and still be a stay to the declining years of both her parents? Looking into the avenues then open to women, she taught the neighboring school for a time, wrote a few poems, and published a little book of rhymes for children, whose moral lessons and illustrations of a simple trust in truth, love, and mercy still linger in the minds of many of us as sweet memories of the past. "Cousin Ann's Stories" was the first book some of us ever owned.

It was this little woman who so often appeared on the big horse, or sat cuddled in buffalo robes clinging to the side of her brother as the merry sound of bells rang out the news that we were going to have callers. It was for her the viands had been spread at our house on stated days. I had been sent to school to Ann, and had learned to love her gentle manner. Gentleness wins children, especially orphans. It was she who so often reminded the larger girls of the class of their responsibility as the women of a rising generation, but as a child I was more interested in the coming of the big horse and in my dear teacher's conversation at the dinner-table. The evening stroll among the blooming tulips and hyacinths, or, later in the season, the dahlias and asters, the walk under the willows to the mill where we went to be weighed, to watch the great water-wheels as the ponderous logs were sawed into slabs, or to see the sifting of the pure white flour as it came gently down from the bolting shaft; and, later still, the long winter evenings with nuts and apples, the reciting of some new poem or tragic rehearsal of some unforgotten story, as our friends lingered to chat and to jest,—sweet memories all!

One day I heard Ann say to Jane that she was "going to study medicine, for she was fully persuaded that women could make just as good doctors as men. They were just as clever, they understood each other and children better than men possibly could, and were quite as patient and painstaking."

I do not think my foster-mother slept much that night, for she kept saying, "How can Ann think of such a thing? How can she leave her beautiful home, the great lawn with its flowers and trees, her loving parents, her many friends, and the good bread and butter of which she is so fond? How can she go into some pent-up city place to study medicine? And when she comes back she will be so changed, so different from the rest of us! And how we shall miss her! Little as she is, she fills a large place in our circle." And I, in my childish regret, thought how I should miss the pleasure of seeing her and the big horse coming down the long lane!

Soon the news reached the meeting-house. Ann Preston was going to study medicine. The West Grove people were to have a woman doctor among them. The more conservative Friends said it would never do; they must persuade the dear little member to con-

tinue teaching school, if she really wanted to do some special work,—it would be in so much better keeping with the Society of Friends. But the intrepid little Ann had her mind made up long before the Friendly people had had time to recover from their surprise. Then arose a perplexing question. Where could she obtain a medical education? Colleges for men did not admit women. No! But Ann had been reading the papers and getting letters from Philadelphia. She knew that a woman's medical college was about to be established in that city, and it was her ambition to be there among the builders. But still another obstacle. Ann had very weak eyes; how was she to get through all the reading she would have to do? She soon settled that question also. Her mother had, some years previous, taken a little colored girl to raise, and Ann had seen to it that Louisa had been taught to read, and to read well. "In winter," thought Ann, "I can listen to the lectures, and in summer Louisa can read the ponderous books to me in the long afternoons, after the dishes are washed and the kitchen floors are mopped." This plan was carried out. That autumn she went to Philadelphia and entered the new college

of which Dr. Edwin Fussel had been elected Dean. The next spring she returned, looking just the same as she had six months before. Away again in the winters and back in the summers, until finally it was *Dr. Ann Preston* instead of simply Ann.

But what had been gained? Time and money lost!

What better was this little mite of a woman than before? Her conversation was much the same. It was the same familiar "How does thee do? I am glad to see thee!" She was as generous as ever in her social life, still rode the big horse, admired the clear crystal and dainty china with as much ardor, and ate good bread and butter with as much relish as of yore. She sat as still in the little meeting-house and listened as attentively to her father's sermons as when she was a child. But these were only outward manifestations; there was a great change in her inner life. Much had been gained and her home folks felt this as sensibly as she did. The former Ann was there with very much added to her personality. She had wedded science and had brought the bridegroom home to dwell with her. The new zest of her life gave greater charms to a well-ordered house. To her

father and mother she was more of a daughter. Parental affection and brotherly love meant more to her than it had ever meant before. The book of nature was more widely opened to her understanding, and God had truly revealed Himself more fully to her thirsting spirit. In the close study of anatomy and physiology she had read lessons never to be forgotten. The necessary concentration of mind during this studious life had strengthened her self-possession and she felt herself to be more independent of the frailities of woman than ever before.

The change felt in the home was soon appreciated throughout the neighborhood. From her childhood up Ann Preston had been regarded as the embodiment of love and sympathy for her neighbors and friends. She was now mingling with her former associates as a doctor of medicine, a companion of science, a book-worm feeding upon hidden mysteries of creative forces. Slowly but surely she was making an impression; not as a stranger, but as a member of one of the oldest and most respected families of the county,—people who had grown up with the settlement of the country, who had helped maintain the wealth of its independent living, had cultivated

its hills and valleys, beautified its gardens and lawns, encouraged its schools, supported a code of morals, and vindicated its religion. Herein the doctor had a strong foothold.

Very soon young mothers were at her side asking questions about the duties of maternity; and maidens wanted more light on the subjects of biology, physiology, chemistry, and physics. Women came long distances for knowledge which had always been denied them because it was deemed improper and immodest for a woman to know much about herself or the laws of physical life.

Finally some one said, "Let us gather in our parlors, our school-rooms, our lecture halls, and have these things taught us. Let us have this valuable knowledge systematized, now that we have a leader. Let us climb this ladder to its top." Crowded rooms and eager audiences soon resulted from this suggestion. Men as well as women came to listen and to learn. There were lessons for the well and for the sick, for parents, children, housekeepers, for kitchens and for nurseries. She taught us how to properly clothe the body and beautify the character; no better teacher, no more impressive talker, ever stirred the thoughts of a community. A change came to the neigh-

borhood. A seed of physiological light was sown where growth still perpetuates the memory of the sower; and many recall her healing power, for she attended many suffering ones both in country and town.

Dr. Preston's *Alma Mater* soon found her out, appointing her to its chair of Physiology, also electing her one of its Board of Managers, and thus Philadelphia's gain became Chester County's loss. She was next heard from as a persistent co-worker for the erection of a Woman's Hospital, which to-day owes much of its prosperity to her benign influence. For some years after the hospital was established it sheltered students attending the college, for the two institutions then shared the same building. During the time that I was enjoying this privilege, Dr. Preston one day called at my room to inquire if I thought the provision for our table was ample, and, above all, did we have good bread and butter? Claiming as she did that both students and patients should have wholesome food and that in abundance, and as a manager living some distance from the institution, she wanted to be certain that the steward was doing his duty. Thus her life was occupied for the comfort and advancement of others. Success and prosperity fol-

lowed her effort. She did not enjoy the *éclat* of a linguist, nor the fame of a specialist, but rather the reward of a sympathetic, common-sense woman who labored that others might reap. She finally became Dean of that institution which to-day stands foremost among the best medical colleges in the world, and she bequeathed to it a perpetual scholarship for relatives or friends who might desire a medical education in that institution. The little Quaker face has been carved in marble relief for its library. All honor to the donor of so fitting a gift! But a great, living statue far more precious than marble or alabaster has been carved upon the characters of hundreds of men and women whom she led to greater heights and nobler deeds by the example of her domestic as well as her professional living.

She died in 1872, and was buried in the graveyard of the Friends' Meeting at West Grove, where she still retained her birthright membership.

In 1895 my foster-mother died, and as I stood beside her open grave I read on a small tombstone close beside the name ANN PRESTON. In life their friendship had been true; in death they lie side by side.

THE QUEEN CRIED, "THEY'RE MURDERING THE TIME! OFF WITH THEIR HEADS!"

# A MAIDEN EFFORT.

THE three friends, who were known in college as the Hatter, the March Hare, and the Dormouse, resented the suggestion that there was anything particularly fitting in the names by which they were universally called. The March Hare, a Junior, whose propositions in students' association meetings had won her the name, was wont to grow quite sarcastic over the literalness of those dense Seniors who failed to appreciate the subtlety of her remarks, and would, when allowed, wax eloquent over the evils of allowing one's imaginative faculty to atrophy.

Then the Hatter, a Senior, taking up weapons in defense of her class, would become verbose in her arguments to prove the value of exactness in detail. There were moments when each girl wondered why she was so fond of the other; and it was at such crises that the Dormouse would slip in, and, in her tactful way, connect the most diverging points

of their differences of opinion by a line of sophistry that proved they really agreed and did not know it. She was as necessary to that friendship as the third side to a triangle. It was certainly due to the intervention of her timely offices that the friendship survived the afternoon when the three met in the March Hare's sitting-room to write a story for the college book. To be sure, they all had lectures at five, and not one of them had ever written a story before, but it would be so easy to dash off, within an hour, a few suggestive anecdotes and connect them by a little romance! But, alas! the illuminated face of the college clock opposite showed it was already five, and the quiet light that suddenly flooded the room from the electric standards across the way reminded them that the short winter twilight was darkening into night—and yet the story refused to develop. It was not that there was dearth of ideas, the Hatter, who was scribe, carefully explained. The March Hare, yawning, suggested forced feeding and an incubator, but the Hatter frowned upon her and said that similar frivolous suggestions had repeatedly distracted attention from the serious matter in hand and were themselves responsible for the story's slow growth.

The Dormouse considered this an opportune moment to suggest tea, and in response to an assenting nod from the hostess began active preparations. Matches were finally found in a little blue china basket that hung under the Welsbach light. The March Hare was heard to complain that no one ever thought of looking for things in their proper places in her rooms, just because she had once poured the mucilage into the ink-well when she had wanted an empty bottle in a hurry.

It was a very attractive room that the more practical gas now lighted up, and characteristic, too, of its erratic owner,—dainty and unexpected. The skeleton in one corner, which nothing but respect to an old tradition had prevented her putting in the closet, was coyly draped in a bright yellow Mexican riboza; a lovely copy of the *Morgenrot*, from the last Dresden Spring Exhibition, hung over the mantel; a ponderous Gould's Dictionary imperilled the freshness of the muslin curtains which it propped back; and in one corner—her shrine, she called it—a pot of carnations stood under pictures of her patron saints, Jeanne d'Arc and Doubting Thomas.

The few who were allowed a glimpse of

the softer side of this girl's character understood her love for that corner, with fresh, open outlook over the playgrounds of the college opposite to the spires and steeples that marked the great city lying beyond; she had found it restful in the "homesick hour" to watch the narrow strips of lovely sunset skies wedged in between the tall buildings, and the gold cross on a distant spire that marked the flickering of the last breath of the dying day.

In the harmonious silence that followed tea the scribe again dipped her pen in ink that, alas, was not to perpetuate weighty words, for it dried as she read from the manuscript before her.

"A group of girls sat around the register in the college hall."

"Which register, names or heat?" muttered the March Hare.

"Who is literal now, I should like to ask?" said the Dormouse.

"Try the second beginning, Maud," and the Hatter read from another sheet:

"In a corner of the flower-laden room, to and fro the hammock swung, its occupant all unconscious of the notes that had slipped from her portfolio and lay scattered like huge

snowflakes over the floor, and of the damage that the swaying net was doing to a group of palms behind it."

"Great Delft jars full of La France roses stood around! Yes, Maud, you might as well make the room beautiful, if it is to be imaginary. You know we girls do not live in such style!" interrupted the Dormouse.

"Ah, but you know fiction is sometimes stranger than truth, and I really did have such a room in mind."

"Whose?" asked the Dormouse, who was in her Freshman year.

"That of a girl named Jacqueline Evans, who entered when I did. She was perfectly fascinating, beautiful, bright, and unselfish. We imposed on her time most inconsiderately, it was so heavenly just to be near that sympathetic soul."

"Did she die?" asked the Dormouse.

"Oh, no! But after the May examinations she decided that she didn't like medicine, and so she returned to the gayer world that she had left on an impulse. I saw her at a *matinée* last week; I was up-stairs on a rush ticket, she with a box party and half hidden behind a huge bunch of violets. There had been an interesting romance with a sad ending in her

life. She once told me about it. No, I didn't mean to work that into the story; it was the feminine charm that invaded every corner of her lovely room that I thought might refute some of the charges against us."

"Don't try to do that," said the March Hare, "it's an idea that people are too fond of to abandon easily, and its refuting would leave such gaps in the Woman's Page of the weekly paper! For what subject could prizes for the best answers then be given? Even my brother says that since I've begun studying things scientific the entire household has changed tone. Even the cat has lost her domesticity; has stopped catching mice and tries only for birds."

The Dormouse looked thoughtful as she continued, "It is strange how much prejudice still remains concerning the deteriorating effect of our work upon our womanliness. I am afraid that the personal effort to overcome some of the prejudice in my own family has added greatly to my vanity, for I have never dwelt so much upon the advantages of personal attractiveness as I have this winter. And I never owned such giddy head-gear as the Leghorn I hid under red roses the day I announced to the astonished world my intention

of studying medicine, just to show that the concomitant idea was not bloomers or a billy-cock hat. But I've never been able to overcome the effect of one miserable incident that happened in connection with Sidney Brooke. He had evinced so much sympathy for my former schemes that I took its continuance for granted in this work. He sat patiently through six symphony concerts last winter when I was studying Bach's preludes, and he refrained from calling me a faddist when I joined the Koran Commentator Class; but medicine! At first he occasionally came up to see me rather tentatively, and I talked so much about the femininity of our girls that he finally got the idea that we did little else at college than embroider pink roses and sing glees! But one afternoon he called for me at college, as bad luck would have it, just as the hall was full of girls in bloomers. They were on their way to the gym. class, but he couldn't know that. Then I appeared with a handful of scalpels which belonged to different girls, and which I was taking to have sharpened. I shall never forget that man's face. It had a don't-try-to-explain expression that nearly made me laugh; and I am sure I heard him mutter, 'What some men have escaped!

I never realized before what medicine had done for us!' We talked of every other subject as we walked home—Mme. Melba and the Venezuela question—and I have not seen him since."

Maud, who had been gazing dreamily into the mist that was settling down over the gray buildings opposite, said,

"I often wonder what the different motives were that induced many of the girls to take up this work. Take our own class, for instance. Can you imagine a more motley collection of women than those who entered the Freshman Class three years ago? Of all ages, sizes, and social conditions—Medes, Elamites, and the dwellers of Mesopotamia. And what a weeding out there has been! Modesty alone forbids my adding 'the survival of the fittest'! Well, the woman who *persists* is the one who knew from the beginning that it was a fact, not a fad. And we learn to average up our differences, our likes, and our dislikes, in our struggle toward a common goal. Oh, it has not been all sunshine and roses! Sometimes I wonder whether I ever would have undertaken it, had I fully realized all the hardnesses. And each time that I think it over I am convinced afresh that

I would. Everything else in life that I could have done shrinks into such insignificance,—seems so little worth the doing!"

The three were silent for a moment, and then the March Hare gave a little laugh.

"Maud, shall you ever forget your first Anatomy quiz? I remember I was so frightened that I couldn't think where the inferior maxilla was."

"Fine beginning that for a girl who took last year's surgery prize. How that skeleton did use to grit his teeth at the liberties we took with his bones! He looked as if he were registering a mental vow to paste on labels before the next Freshman Class got at him!"

"And have you forgotten Laura Kennedy's bonnet? You know she had had fever, and her hair was in tight little curls all over her head. It was becoming, but she looked about fifteen. Well, she remembered that 'age lends graces,' so she tried to conceal her youth under a Salvation Army bonnet, with a switch sewed in the back of it, when she went to clinics. And one day she slipped, and the bonnet fell off. I shall never forget her confusion, nor how pretty she looked, when a U. of P. student picked it up and handed it back, with a

courteous bow, to his clinical sister, nor how she fled to the nearest street car!"

"Nor the day when you thought that the frogs in the physiological laboratory looked thirsty, and watered them to such an extent that they had to stand on tip-toe all night to keep their noses out of water! And the Doctor was so patient, and only looked amused when she found the beasties too exhausted to respond to stimuli. I remember we had a lecture on the pendulum-myograph that day instead of experiments."

"Nor the day,"—

The Dormouse sprang up.

"Girls, a truce to reminiscences; it's past six, and I am hungry!" and then, as they were donning hats and gloves to go to dinner, she added, slyly, "And shall we meet again this evening to write that story?"

# MATER DOLOROSA—MATER FELIX.

## A SKETCH FROM HOSPITAL LIFE.

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"I thought a child was given to sanctify
A woman—set her in the sight of all
The clear-eyed heavens, a chosen minister
To do their business and lead spirits up
The difficult blue heights.

* * * * * *

My sister! let the night be ne'er so dark,
The moon is surely somewhere in the sky:
So surely is your whiteness to be found
Through all dark facts."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ON a winter morning many years ago, I made my professional rounds through the Maternity wards of a large hospital with which I was connected. Pausing for a moment at the bedside of a patient, a mere child but eighteen years of age, whose baby was three or four days old, I noticed that her eyes were red with weeping. She looked piteously at me and then dropped her eyelids, as though shrinking from the thought of any question-

ing. After making the usual inquiries of the nurse as to her condition, I gave such directions for her care as seemed demanded and passed on. Her sad face haunted me, however, and after completing my rounds I went back to her alone, to learn, if possible, the cause of her distress. As soon as she saw me, she stretched out both her hands and grasped mine, saying,

"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you are alone. I want to ask you to forgive me."

"Forgive you for what, my child?" said I.

"I told you before I came here," said she, sobbing, "that I was married. I wanted to be taken care of in a respectable place. I wanted so much to be here, and I knew I could not come if it were known that I was not married, so I told you a story. I have been so ashamed to look at you since, and to accept the kindnesses that you have shown me. You will forgive me, doctor, will you not? I would not have done it if I had not been in so much trouble."

"Tell me about your trouble, my child," and gently I led her on until the story was told,—the old, sad tale of an orphaned girl, defenseless, destitute, hungering for love and the sweetness of home-life, trusting, in the

utter abandonment of girlish devotion, the promises of her lover, and finding herself at last betrayed and forsaken. The fragile appearance of the little mother betokened a delicacy of constitution which totally unfitted her for grappling with the difficulties of life, much less for bearing the burden of that other innocent, helpless life now so dependent upon her.

I asked her for the name of her betrayer, but she loyally refused to give it.

"It would do no good, doctor," said she. "He says he cannot marry me, and I do not wish to harm him. I must bear my trouble alone."

Without urging her further, I tried to soothe her by the assurance that she should not lack friends.

Several days passed. With much apprehension I noticed the form of my little patient wasting, her face growing pinched and pale, her eyes sunken and more mournful. Grief was proving too great a burden.

At last, one morning I received a note from a "friend" of my patient. It was signed by a woman's name. The writer inquired for the well-being of the mother, and asked the probable date of her discharge. I answered by

requesting that the writer of the letter come and see me, saying that I felt very anxious about the condition of my little patient.

The following day I was not altogether surprised to have a gentleman announced as a visitor who wished to make inquiry for the little Mater Dolorosa. A single glance was sufficient to assure me that the handsome features of the young man before me were the exact counterpart of the baby face pillowed upon the breast of the child-mother. I had no question in my mind that I saw before me the father of the child.

Politely the young man rose to greet me as I entered the room. His well-bred air, his neat appearance, his courteous manner, showed him to belong to the higher ranks of society. He told me he had come, in response to my letter, to make inquiry concerning the little Magdalen, as her friend could not come. He spoke of the patient as if she were a stranger to himself, but said he felt an interest in her for his friend's sake. I concealed my suspicion of the probable relation existing between my visitor and my patient, and spoke of my great anxiety both for her physical and her mental condition. With all the eloquence and pathos at my command I dwelt upon the

wrongs she had suffered. I pictured the helplessness of the child-mother and her baby thus thrust upon the world as outcasts to battle with an adverse fate. I asked him who should bear the greater share of suffering for this sin, the weak, loving woman, who believed and trusted too much only to find herself betrayed, or the strong man whom nature had fitted for struggle and conquest? I spoke of the passionate devotion which still led the wronged child to shield her lover from disgrace, and I begged him, if he knew the man, to plead with him to redress, as far as possible, the wrong he had done, in order to give both her and their innocent babe the protection of his name. My fervor seemed to touch a chord in the better nature of my listener. His face grew grave and very sorrowful. He looked at me earnestly, but shook his head and told me that his friend could not do what I asked. Although an honorable man, he was in a very different social position from the girl. He knew his friend would try to do what he could for mother and child, but it would simply blight his life to form any *mésalliance*.

"Ah!" I said, "but do you not remember that it is either his life or the woman's that

will have to be blighted, and which is better able to bear the blight? Which is better able to face the cold and cruel world? Should the weak be made to bear the burdens of the strong?"

Waiving answer to my question, he urged the possibility of some other man than his friend being the father of the child, the woman probably being a woman of the town.

"No," said I, "I do not believe that to be true. This little woman could not, in her present state of mental anguish, practice deception. She has repeatedly told me that she has loved and still loves but one man. Religiously has she guarded his secret, striving to save his name from dishonor, although she knows that her own honor is probably forever lost. Nature has, however, revealed the secret in the baby's face, which is a miniature of its father's. I have seen the man who is the father of the child."

A sudden flush overspread the handsome features of the young man. He glanced uneasily at me, and then drew himself up haughtily.

"You address me, madam," said he, "as if you considered *me* to be the father of the child! Let me tell you, you are very much

mistaken. I am simply deputed by my friend to make inquiry for the woman."

"My friend," said I, "you are a young man; do not add falsehood to the evil you have already done. There can be little doubt in the mind of any one who has seen the child and yourself as to the relationship between you. Think earnestly over what I have said to you, and let that which is most manly, and hence most divine, come forward. Do not consider what the world will say, but rather what you will wish, at the judgment bar of God, that you had done. You will then have no difficulty in deciding what your duty may be toward mother and child. If you are an unmarried man, you can certainly offer yourself to no other woman, for you are bound to this one. If you have wronged a wife as well as this confiding child by a double sin, you must make such reparation as is in your power to both."

Tears gathered in his large, dark eyes. His countenance showed him to be deeply moved.

"I have no wife," he exclaimed, "but my mother—my poor, old mother—her heart will be broken. She knows nothing of this. How can I marry the girl?"

"Go to your mother," I replied, "and tell her all I have told you. Send her to see me and the child-mother with her baby. You will need courage, but you can do this!"

"You do not know what you are asking," he said. "My mother is very proud. I can not promise, but I will think of what you have said."

"I thank you," I responded, "for promising me this, for I believe you will have strength given you to do right."

We shook hands, and he took his leave.

The next morning a gray-haired lady, well-dressed and of aristocratic bearing, came to the hospital inquiring for me, and announcing herself as the mother of Mr. Blank, whom I had seen the previous day. She was much agitated as she told me of her son's confession, but she could not agree with me that her son should marry this girl. He owed a duty, she acknowledged, to the woman and child, which she, his own old mother, would help him to perform; but marriage was not to be thought of, it was simply social suicide. Patiently I went step by step over the same arguments I had presented to her son. I asked her to consider whether she would argue as she did if the girl were her daughter instead of the

young man being her son. I told her of the girl's helplessness, her delicate, pathetic face, her refined and sensitive nature, her impressionable age, and of how easy it would be for mother and son to mould her into a lovely, happy wife and mother. I spoke of the moral victory she might help her son to gain.

She would not see the mother and child, and went away apparently unconvinced. The words *Cui bono?* came to my lips. I seemed powerless to save the girl!

A few days later I received a note from the young man, asking me to appoint a time when he might see my patient. I set an hour and told my little woman of her expected visitor. In preparation for his coming we got up as dainty a toilet as hospital resources could supply, and some pretty laces from my own wardrobe supplemented the meagre outfit. A pale pink wrapper of soft woolen material clung about her in graceful folds. Her beautiful hair clustered in rings of gold around her forehead and neck. A flush of excitement gave the necessary touch of color to her pale, interesting face. Her eyes of heaven's own blue needed no interpreter to tell the pathetic story of their owner. The baby, too, was becomingly dressed in white,—an emblem of its

purity. The sturdy child, with his dark head resting against his mother's breast, made a striking contrast to her fragile beauty.

When the young man arrived, I escorted mother and child to the reception room. Fearing the result to the baby, should the mother be overcome by emotion, I took the child from her as we reached the door. It was well I did so, for the moment the door was opened and she saw the man she loved, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

"Oh! Walter, Walter," she cried; "see what trouble I have brought upon you!"

"No, my child," said I, as I put the baby in its father's arms, "this dear little baby is not a trouble, but rather the bond which must unite you!"

The strong man's tears came fast and mingled with hers. The baby, realizing that there was some disturbance in its environment, raised its own voice in lamentation, and thus I left them for a time—father, mother, and child—weeping.

When I returned, for I did not wish to prolong the interview beyond my patient's strength, I found the little family ensconced upon the sofa and in calmer mood. My

patient's head rested contentedly upon the young man's shoulder, and he drew her to him. The baby lay in happy slumber on his knees, one chubby fist closed firmly around the father's finger. It was not difficult to see that the young man's deepest feelings had been stirred. Fondly he kissed both mother and child before they left the room, and promised soon to come again. He remained to say a few words to me.

"Doctor," said he, "I do not know what I can do. My mother has not yet given her consent to our marriage. She is heart-broken, but I will try to do right."

Faithfully he came day after day to see the little mother,—my Mater Felix, as I was then wont to call her,—and when her strength returned sufficiently he took mother and baby away to a place prepared for them. But the struggle was not yet at an end. His old mother still withheld her consent to what she considered the sacrifice of her son. I knew not what the future was to be, but the young man's face prophesied a victory.

Years passed. No word had I heard of the actors in the tragedy just narrated.

One day I made arrangements by letter for the reception of a private patient into the Ma-

ternity building. The best room and most careful attention were sought by the writer for his wife. The name did not awaken any memories within me. When the patient arrived she was shown to her room, and the following day I saw her. She was a refined, beautiful lady, of elegant manners and gentle, sweet presence. She looked inquiringly into my face. I greeted her, and, after the usual questions as to her general health, gave some directions to her nurse, who, soon after, left the room.

The patient then turned to me and said:

"Doctor, you do not remember me?"

"Have I known you before?" said I, seeking to recall the fair face before me.

"Yes," said she. "Do you not remember the poor, forlorn Magdalen? I am now Mrs. Walter Blank; no longer the sorrowing woman, but the joyful wife and mother. Walter and I were married soon after we left the hospital. A little later his mother came and asked me to make our home with her, and we have such a happy home! My little boy, to whom his grandmother is devoted, is staying with her while I am here. I have tried so hard, doctor, to make myself worthy of my dear husband, and he says he is very, very happy with me.

When we found another little baby was to come to us, I told him I wanted to find you again. I could not forget how my happiness came through you. I owe it all to you, dear doctor, all to you!"

"No, my child," said I, as I looked into the sweet, matronly face, "not to me, but to the Providence that chose to temper the wind to the shorn lamb through the humble instrumentality of a woman doctor."

# ONE SHORT HOUR.

"Six minutes of five,—time for one more paragraph!"

Resolutely the girl bent her eyes upon the sheep-bound book lying in her lap; but in spite of her determination to be diligent, her gaze wandered once more to the open letter in her hand.

"Rachel, dear," the message ran, "may I see you on Friday afternoon at five? If you have a lecture for that hour, please cut it for the sake of yours faithfully, Howard."

She closed her eyes and still could see the dear, familiar, written words, but although she had read again and again the printed paragraph she could not grasp its meaning.

"Three minutes of five! Where is my boasted power of concentration?" she laughed, and in answer to her upward glance the squirrel in the etching above her head seemed to give a knowing wink.

Beneath her window passed the students on

A Woman's a Woman for a' that!

their way to lecture. In obedience to Howard's suggestion, Rachel was "cutting," but was burning a candle to conscience by bravely trying to be studious until the moment of his arrival.

A knock at the door made her heart bound.

"Mr. Henderson is here, Miss Rachel; shall I ask him to come up?" said the maid.

Rachel glanced hesitatingly around the cozy sitting-room, which she had prepared with especial care for this occasion, and then answered:

"No; I will come down in a moment."

She reflected, "I shall not hurry; perhaps now I can understand that provoking paragraph!"

But the moment of waiting seemed very long, and the paragraph as incomprehensible as ever. So with a light laugh she put both letter and book aside and tripped down the stairs.

The young professor turned toward her with a happy smile, and looked into the joyous eyes that sought his own.

"How glad I am to see you!" exclaimed the girl; then, as a gust of wind swept the

snow against the window, "and did you have a fierce battle with the elements in order to reach me?"

"I would brave much more to reach you, dear!" he said. "But must I spend an hour in this everybody's room? Did you not promise to receive me in your sanctum?"

Chiding his impatience, she led the way to her own sitting-room, and had scarcely closed the door before his arm caught her in a quick embrace.

"Sir!" she exclaimed, in mock indignation, "if I entertain you here, you must be upon your good behavior."

Then, relenting as she saw his look of contrition, she laughed lightly and became at once the ideal hostess.

Seating herself at the dainty tea-table, she said: "Let me make you a cup of tea, Howard; I am afraid you are chilled."

Smiling he acknowledged the courtesy, and while he wandered about the pretty room she watched both him and her tiny kettle with that wonderful art of divided attention that belongs only to a graceful woman. As he caught sight of the calendar hanging above her desk, he dipped a pen in crimson ink and silently encircled the date. The quiet action

pleased her, and she blushingly admitted that this was indeed a "red-letter" day.

Among the cushions of the window-seat lay a guitar, and Howard, touching it softly, sang an old song that she loved:

"Come, sit awhile beside me,
Beneath the stars' pale light,
And, oh, forbear to chide me,
For I am sad to-night.

* * * * *

"Love came without a warning,
Too true, too pure to scorn;
Like the radiance of the morning
'Twas of thy beauty born!"

As he watched her, sitting there in her simple gown, her golden brown hair waving caressingly across her brow, the heavy coils unadorned save by a single rose, her tender gray eyes glancing by turns at him and the tea she was pouring, he thought that surely a man might be forgiven for loving her even if she was a "new" woman.

Gently touching the strings again, he sang "Oh, promise me," but on reaching "the violets that sing of love unspeakable that is to be," he broke off with a sigh, and, reaching for her hand, said, pleadingly:

"When, dear? Oh, sweetheart, how much happier we might be!"

"I do not think so," she replied, bringing his tea, and sitting down beside him. "This is perfect; you love your work and I love mine. Life is full of interest and joy for us both. I am proud of you, and," with a little blush, "I hope you are proud of me," then, confidently, "yes, I know you are, for it is your encouragement that has made my college work so happy."

He lapsed into meditation. Then, with a grave glance, he said:

"I really believe you love medicine more than you love me."

She looked at him, her eyes flashing a quick rebuke, then she softened.

"Have I not said I loved you? Did you not find my book resting on your letter?"

"Yes, but the book was on top!"

She gave him an arch glance and would have answered him in gay, girlish fashion, but catching sight of his grave face, her mood changed suddenly, and she said:

"What is the use of discussion? Have we not 'mutually and severally agreed aforetime' that marriage and medicine need not conflict? Have you not admitted that my medical study would make me womanly, brave, and self-confident, and that because of it I should be-

come a more congenial, sympathetic wife than I should otherwise have been ?"

His fleeting smile gave place to an expression of pained determination. He answered her with evident effort.

"Yes, we did talk it all over before you entered the medical school, and I was thoroughly sincere in wishing you success. I know that your friends were amazed because I openly admired your spirit and encouraged your desires; but, Rachel, dear, although I loved you then you were not what you have become,—the one woman on earth for me!"

His eyes pleaded for him eloquently. Her hand rested on his hair an instant in swift caress, as she glanced apprehensively at his untouched cup.

"Come, dear, the tea is cooling; do drink it while by turns you scold and pay me compliments."

He drank and praised it mechanically; then, setting down the cup, he continued grimly:

"I suppose it is the old difference between the abstract and the concrete. I gave you advice in words I should not like my English class to hear. Do you remember I said I

'gloried in your grit,' and so I do even now. You are the bravest girl I know, and without doubt could 'take up arms against a sea of troubles,—'"

"And by opposing end them?" she interrupted, airily; "then let me end these. I'll not listen to another word. For the first time in your life you remind me of the many other well-intentioned friends who have never missed an opportunity to assure me of the error of my chosen way. You are being influenced by a too-orthodox environment!"

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh, I feel sure that that old fogy Dr. Matthews has been giving you suggestions as to domestic felicity of the Arcadian type!"

He took up his cup and toyed with the spoon. His manner was non-committal.

"And you have been dreaming of a rose-embowered cottage, with the hum of a spinning-wheel floating through the open window, the spinner breaking off her song to run and welcome you. Pray, did you complete the idyl by fancying yourself clad in picturesque farmer's costume, a great straw hat on your curly locks, and over your manly shoulder a rake with new-mown hay lingering in its teeth?"

Her satirical tone changed suddenly.

"No, Howard, you are not that pastoral type of man, nor am I that poem of a woman. Let us, then, come to the present and the practical."

If Rachel was mistaken in her desire to ignore a subject so closely related to the future happiness of her lover and herself, just as grievously was he mistaken in his appreciation of the steadfast purpose of the woman he wished to make his wife. Many an evening he had dreamed before his bachelor fire of the sweet face that would some day greet him there. But as he dreamed he thought, and in time his strong desires led to new convictions. He had carefully concealed from Rachel his awakened theories concerning married life, and not until he felt sure of the unanswerable strength of his own position had he ventured upon an argument so difficult to lead to the happy conclusion he coveted. Had he been less intent upon gaining his point he doubtless would have taken warning from the deepening lines in Rachel's face, and would have realized that the steady light of determination in her gray eyes was very different from the coquettish glances which the lady of his love was wont to bestow. With a

curious want of perception he held to his argument in his own way.

"Dearest, I hate to be so persistent, but when a man's heart is bound up in a question like this, he is necessarily selfish. Do let me talk a little of what is so important to me. I should deceive you if I let you believe that I feel just as I felt three years ago. I must confess that Baker's marriage has done much to modify my views. His home is so cozy, his bride so charming; whenever I call they give me so cheery a welcome that I've gone home to think of how different it would all be if our comfortable chat were interrupted by a clang of the bell and the query, 'Is the doctor in?' I have imagined what a flurry there would be as the dainty house gown was exchanged for street dress, the carriage ordered, and the wife gone hastily out into the night. I confess that after an evening at Baker's I have gone back to my lonely rooms, and have thought of how my work would 'glow and blossom' if your influence were within it day by day. I need you, Rachel, and need you now. I have come to believe that a wife's place is always with her husband,—sheltered."

With level eyes and tense voice she said:

"Is Baker's wife your ideal?"

"No," he answered; "she is pretty and winning; that is all!"

A toss of her head, the rose fell upon the floor.

"What a pity perfection could not be found for you to woo!"

Bowing, he returned the flower which he had picked up and kissed.

"She has, my lady!"

She flushed.

"This is not an hour for gallantry, Howard. You force me to a defense. How charmed you would be if I always deferred! It is true in many things I should wish to defer, but—" she paused an instant, then continued, proudly: "God gave me life before he gave me acquaintances, friends or lovers, and I have a theory that before the bar of Judgment I shall be questioned upon an individual basis. How can my life be but a supplement to yours? I had fancied that my deeper self attracted you."

He would have reassured her, but she continued:

"In the picture you just drew it would seem that it repelled you. I imagined the young husband left weeping by the fireside, sorrowfully telling the dying embers that his young wife did not love him half enough. Or

did he find a book and worry through a chapter or two, knowing in his heart that his wife sacrificed quite as much in leaving him as he did in letting her go? Had he no regard for the spirit which could set aside its own joy to carry comfort—perhaps life itself—to some poor soul? Had he no pride in having won a heart large enough to gladly render service to a sufferer? Would it not be worth a sacrifice on his part to know that his wife —because she was a physician—had wrested from death the life of one who, perhaps, was the only light of a poor man's life?"

She paused, then with a break in her sweet voice, she said:

"Ah, Howard, if only once you could hear the fervent 'Thank God, you have come!' that springs to the lips of the pain-racked one, and could but see the gratitude in her eyes, you would realize that the tear on the hard-lined face and the hope in the trusting gaze are dearer—yes, forgive me—than caresses!"

Howard sat with averted face, and she, thinking him moved, grew yet more earnest.

"Nor is there any bodily danger in such missions. The woman doctor is as safe among the wretched poor as if she were a Sister of

the Church. Besides, your picture represented an emergency. Think, dear, even if the wife were not a physician, she would perhaps be summoned quite as inopportunely to give help to a distressed neighbor. You would despise her if she did not respond!"

Her cheeks flamed; she quivered with excitement. He thought she had never seemed so beautiful and dear a possession. He almost wished that the discussion might end, but he had precipitated the issue and must stand by his colors.

"I can support you. A man doesn't want his wife to be independent of his care. I would rather you should not earn money. I want to give you all that you need."

"The only gift worth having—your love—is yours to give always," she answered. Recognizing the new phase of the question, she said:

"If I had a fortune left me, would you not be willing to have me spend it? And if it enabled us to afford pleasure to others, you would rejoice with me. If we could travel and enjoy the treasures of the world, meet congenial people, and bask in the sunshine of many dreams fulfilled, feeling all the while no anxiety over expense, you would accept the

situation resignedly, would you not? But because I have within me the power to help you win these very pleasures, you demur and are quite miserable."

He seemed in a revery. She put her hands on his shoulders and shook him gently.

"No, you can't be that!" kissing his forehead. "Oh, Howard, say you are not!"

He did not reply. She uttered a little cry of distress and entreaty.

"Howard, dear Howard, what does this silence mean?"

She loosened her grasp and leaned against the table. Her head drooped, her breast heaved, but not a sound escaped her. At last, drawing herself up and looking straight at him, her voice sounding strange at first, but gathering strength as she went on, she said:

"You have changed completely. Your own feelings seem to be your only thought. Men talk about their sweethearts' happiness as the one object in life and all that,"—her voice failed—"but when it comes to testing this nobly generous spirit it becomes quite another story. You would doubtless be delighted if I threw my arms around your neck and said, 'My love, my plans for the future crumble into ashes, and from them one

Phœnix rises—you—and in spite of all the days and hours I have toiled, all the criticism I have faced, all the heartaches I have borne, you would be glad if I gave up this last year of my course, the goal unreached!'"

She paused, expecting him to say he would not; but no, with a thrill of joy he held out his arms, with a pleading cry:

"You would,—for my sake?"

Her hero had fallen; alas, his image was of clay! With sudden calmness, she said:

"The choice seems to lie between marriage and medicine."

His eyes answered. The solemn chimes rang out, the clock in the gray college tower pealed forth six. She crushed the rose in her hand, its petals fell among the cups.

"I have chosen, Howard,—farewell!"

# "THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE."

THE dispensary bell jangled noisily in response to a vigorous pull from outside. A temporary lull in the busy day had granted the doctor an opportunity to take those few stitches that always await the wearer of feminine attire, and she now sat, needle poised in air, awaiting the knock upon her door.

"Dr. Brockway, there is a woman with a little girl downstairs, asking for you. I told her it was out of hours, but the child was crying, and I thought perhaps you'd come down."

"Certainly, Mrs. Ray," said the doctor, putting aside her work, and smiling up into the kind face of the housekeeper. "Perhaps the little thing is suffering."

A few moments later Dr. Brockway was soothing the complaining child, and rubbing its half frozen hands while she listened to the mother's fretful, disconnected account of the

A Nursery Tea Party.

physical trouble which had brought them to the dispensary. The day was a bitter one. A thin covering of snow upon the ground creaked under the feet of the passers-by, and drew melancholy notes from the slow wheels of heavy wagons. The sun had long since said good-bye to the short, narrow street where the dispensary stood as one of a long line of small, brick houses, and a chilly dreariness had settled over the heart of the city. Out on the Back Bay, where fitful gusts chased one another around abrupt corners, people were pausing at this very moment to gaze at the glorious sunset reflected in the wintry water of the Charles. The poor people in the hemmed-in portions of the city do not miss the sunsets. They are well used to the dull half-light that creeps by three o'clock, on winter afternoons, into their miserable streets and squalid tenements. Even the dispensary doctor, who had lived but two months in the little house that formed a branch of a large hospital outside the city limits, had grown so accustomed to the gray dreariness of her surroundings that she scarcely missed the warmth and beauty of the life which, for the sake of knowledge and experience, she had for the time renounced.

Dr. Brockway was an attractive woman of thirty-five years. Motherless since eight years of age, and accustomed from childhood to anticipate the necessity of self-dependence, she had acquired calmness of manner, control of impulses, and accuracy of judgment. Her education had been judiciously directed by her father, who was a clergyman and a scholar. He never knew that the characteristics he encouraged in his daughter were the very ones most necessary to a successful physician; for he died while she was yet teaching in the High School of the town in which they lived, and before the desire for medical knowledge had taken definite shape in Helen's mind. At the close of the school year, the young teacher sold the little house that had been very dear, but was now unspeakably sad, and became a student of medicine. Poor Helen! she had but half realized what such a course meant to a nature hitherto gently protected from contact with the evil of the world. She felt all the throes of an unwelcome pessimism, and often during those three hard, practical years she found herself at the brink of a determination to turn again into the pleasanter paths in which most women walk. But she labored on, and slowly there dawned in her a new, broad, loving

view of humanity. It was like the stealing of sunshine over the hill-tops of a shadowed valley. Frail women and children became not only her "cases" but her kindred as well. She was touched by the simple gratitude of the poor, and found a strange joy in their rude expressions of trust and affection. Her power to relieve them in sickness earned for her a ready welcome in their homes, and as she grew to love them there crept into her face and eyes a new light very like that which makes a mother's face so sweet and tender.

She now bent over the child who sat shivering on the bench of the bare little dispensary room, and tried to hush the low, complaining cry.

"She's always been an ailin' young one," said the woman, giving the child's ragged hood a resentful twitch, "everlastin'ly coughin'. She's been in three hospitals, take 'em all together, and every time they thought she'd die. But she's got nine lives, she has. My only one? Yes, thank God, and I never want no more. No'm; she ain't never had a sore knee before; it's always been her lungs. I think she's shammin'. Bein' in the hospitals so much she knows all about the different ways of bein' sick. Comin' over here she was cryin'

and takin' on dreadful, and hoppin' on one foot. Yes, I suppose that knee *is* a little bigger'n the other, but I've had swollen j'ints many's the time and kep' right on workin'. But this child never had endurance; cries if any one just cuffs her!"

"What is your name?" interrupted the doctor, somewhat sharply.

"My name's Simmons, and her'n is Marion."

"And you live where?"

"Eight-hundred-nine Carver Street."

"Six squares away. Well, Mrs. Simmons, I am going to bandage this knee and give you some medicine for Marion, and I want you to carry her home. She mustn't walk a step. Keep her as quiet as you can, and I will come to see her in the morning."

While she talked, Dr. Brockway gently rubbed the inflamed and swollen knee with ointment, then bandaged it firmly. The woman leaned forward and watched her without speaking, while Marion's round eyes, still full of tears, took note of each turn of the bandage.

"It hurts!" wailed the child.

"I know it does," was the doctor's quick reply, "but it will feel better very soon; isn't it better already?"

The child stared at the bandage and said nothing, but the quiver of pain about the little blue lips was gone, and Dr. Brockway needed no other answer. The mother awkwardly lifted the little girl in her arms, and drawing her thin shawl across her breast went down the dispensary steps. The doctor looked after her, cautioning her to walk slowly on the slippery pavement, then turned with a sigh and made a note of the address on a slate in the hall.

The next morning Dr. Brockway paid the promised visit. It was very cold and dark at 809 Carver Street, and Mrs. Simmons lived three flights up, so said the unkempt tenant of the first floor. Mrs. Simmons' tenement consisted of two rooms opening into each other. In the front room was a bed on which were a torn quilt and an uncovered bolster. Two chairs and a rickety table completed the furnishing of the room. Odd garments and a dingy straw hat lay in one corner on the floor. The curtainless windows, which let in little enough light and air at any time, were thick with the accumulated dust of months. In the back room stood a small round table still littered with the cracked cups and plates from which the Simmons family had partaken of

their morning meal. A small range, whose oven door hung open and whose broken covers served to keep the fire low, stood opposite the hall door, and around this one and only source of heat were grouped on this particular morning a curious company.

"Come in!" cried Mrs. Simmons, turning sharply toward the door, as Dr. Brockway's knock was heard. A cloud of vile tobacco smoke greeted the young doctor. She gave a short cough and rubbed her eyes.

"Oh, come in," laughed Mrs. Simmons; "you don't mind smoke, do you? Here, you Sam, get out,—it's the doctor."

A great, lean, shambling man beat a hasty retreat through the door of the front room, and the air cleared rapidly after his departure. There were two women besides Mrs. Simmons in the room. One of them, a colored girl with a baby in her arms, rose as the doctor entered, and said, "Take this chair, ma'am," while the other, a tall, sharp-featured woman with blonde hair, turned and fixed a pair of keen, inquisitive eyes upon the visitor.

Society in the slums draws no sharp distinctions with reference to color. Black and white meet together about the same table or fireside, laugh, sing, or cry together, in utter disregard

of decided differences in feature and complexion,—until they quarrel. Then the taunts and invectives of the white race seem to have no other end than to remind the colored man that he is black, as if that were the worst possible form of condemnation.

Dr. Brockway smiled pleasantly in recognition of the courtesy of the young colored woman, and said: "Oh, no; please sit down. The baby is heavy, I know, and besides I must look around for my little patient; I do not see her."

Half way under the range, the bandaged leg held straight out on the floor and the other curled under her small body, was Marion.

The child held in her arms a piece of kindling wood wrapped in an old gray stocking. Finding herself observed, she instantly thrust the rude plaything behind her and lay flat down upon it. Her black eyes shone defiantly from under her wavy hair.

"You Marion, come out of that!" cried her mother, making a dash for the child.

"No—no—no!" screamed Marion.

Mrs. Simmons picked her up as if she were a kitten, quickly possessed herself of the piece of wood, and tore off the stocking.

"Now you let that alone, you imp!"

The stick descended in one rough blow on the child's shrinking form, then whizzed across the room and fell noisily into the wood-box.

Seven devils entered into Marion. Kicking, screaming, scratching, she fought her way out of her mother's grasp, and lay at last, moaning with anger and pain, in a pitiful little heap at Dr. Brockway's feet.

The doctor stooped over the child, hiding her white face from all except Marion.

"Mis' Simmons, youse downright ugly," said the colored woman.

"Mis' Johnson, you let me alone. What do black folks know about children? I tell you that Marion's a bad one; see that scratch she give me!"

"Serves you right!" snapped the tall, blonde woman. "You're half drunk, Sal, that's what's the matter with you."

The door opened and the two morning visitors passed through it just in time to escape damage from a flying teacup. At the sound of shivering crockery Dr. Brockway rose and faced Mrs. Simmons. For an instant the two women looked into each other's eyes. One pair were steady and determined, the other bloodshot and angry.

"Mrs. Simmons, let us sit down a moment

and talk about Marion," said Dr. Brockway, quietly.

The woman dropped into a chair and drew her hand across her brow. She seemed too angry for words; the doctor waited. At last Mrs. Simmons spoke.

"She knows what makes me the maddest,—to say I'm drunk. Sam drinks, but I never could stand the stuff, and that's the straight truth."

"I'm very sorry she made you angry, Mrs. Simmons, but I must confess your treatment of Marion has made me angry, too. Are you not her own mother?"

"Doctor," began Mrs. Simmons, impressively, "I'm that child's own mother, but she's an imp of darkness, and she's got clean beyond me. I suppose I'm rough, and I know I have a dreadful temper, but you'd get tired to death, too, if you had her under your feet all day, and coughin' and cryin' all night."

She cast a contemptuous look at the sobbing child, who now lay passive on the doctor's lap.

"I have a plan," said Dr. Brockway, not caring to discuss the matter from a theoretical point of view. "The child's knee should have treatment such as can not be given here.

Would you object to my sending her to our hospital?"

"Oh, law, no! She can go wherever you say. You've no idea how she's in the way, 'specially when she's sick."

Dr. Brockway bent over the child with a sudden throb of tenderness, then rose and carried her to the next room.

"Will Marion lie still here till the doctor comes for her?"

The little thing nodded submissively, as she felt the torn quilt gently tucked around her. Then the doctor went out, simply saying to the mother, "I will send word to the hospital, and we shall come for the child in about an hour."

A telephone message soon brought the ambulance to the door of 809 Carver Street, and little Marion, whose only rides in her short life had been taken in ambulances, went willingly to the hospital.

During the next month Dr. Brockway's days were full to overflowing, and the thought of Marion and her sad lot became one of many similar memories. When February was over a new *interne* came to the dispensary, and our doctor returned to the hospital to finish her year by three months' service in the medical

wards. On the afternoon of her arrival Dr. Brockway made a round of visits to her patients. Each suffering one looked up with curiosity as she approached, and answered with a grateful look her pleasant words of comfort and encouragement. There was Mrs. Robb, whose ward-neighbors called her "The Yellow Poppy," because she was a victim of jaundice and slept a great deal. Across the hall poor Mrs. Ralston sat propped in bed and gasping painfully for the little breath which a fluttering heart still granted her. At one end of the long ward sat a group of convalescents, with faces turned to catch the last rays of a fast-fading sun. And so from bed to bed and room to room, until at last she reached a corner of the large building where the morning sun was wont to linger. Dr. Brockway gently opened the half-closed door, and entered the best and dearest room in the whole hospital,—the nursery. A merry prattle fell upon her ear. Three little convalescents sat at a tiny tea-table and ate bread and butter served by a sweet young nurse in cap and apron.

"It is just supper time, doctor," said the nurse. "You can judge of the kind of appetites your little patients have."

Dr. Brockway smiled down upon the little

group, every one of whom, abandoning supper, had given herself up to a long, silent scrutiny of the new physician.

"It is too bad to interrupt their little tea-party," she said. "We shall find plenty of time to get acquainted in the days to come."

Her kind eyes, resting upon the little heads with a look that was a benediction, suddenly lighted with surprise. The next moment her hand touched lightly the soft, wavy hair of the child nearest her, and she quietly turned the little head until the bright, black eyes looked straight into her own. The little girl's pale lips parted in a smile of recognition, but she did not speak.

"Marion, my child, is it really you? And are you nearly well?"

"I'm all better!" piped the baby voice.

"Poor little Marion has had a hard time, doctor," explained the nurse. "This is only the second time she has had her supper out of bed. They operated, you know, and her knee is in splints now, but Dr. Frost thinks she will get entirely well, I believe."

Then, for the first time, Dr. Brockway noticed that Marion held her right leg straight out before her, while the other bent naturally at the knee.

"Poor little one!" she sighed, thinking not so much of the physical suffering that the child must have borne as of the miserable home to which she must return.

"Does the child's mother come often?" she asked.

"Oh, no, doctor; not once has she been here, not even when Marion was at death's door. Dr. Frost went to see her, and obtained her consent to the operation, but she has never even sent a message to Marion during the five weeks that the little thing has been in the hospital."

The doctor passed her fingers through Marion's dark hair and did not speak at once. Presently, however, she turned, saying lightly:

"Now the tea-party must go on. I have interrupted it too long. There are three children in the cribs, I see."

"Yes, doctor," replied the nurse. "This is little Tomaso Bertini, whose mother let him fall. He has a broken arm that is getting well fast. This poor baby was badly burned last week. Here is our newest case, Freddy; he has bow-legs, which are to be operated upon next Monday."

"Most of the nursery cases are surgical," remarked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the nurse, "although the two little children sitting with Marion at the table are getting over pneumonia."

"Well, I shall know and love each one of them within the next twenty-four hours, I feel sure," and with a parting smile and nod Dr. Brockway left the room.

Her bed-room was on the same floor, half-way down the hall. That night she was roused from deep sleep by a plaintive cry. She heard the quick, soft step of the night nurse passing the door, and soon all was still again. The next night the same wail rang through the silent wards, and the doctor raised herself upon her elbow to listen. The footfall of the faithful nurse sounded fainter and fainter, and the doctor knew that she had gone down the hall to the nursery. But this time the cry was not hushed. Again it rang out in the quiet night. Mrs. Ralston began to cough, and the nurse's quick tread sounded nearer as she came up the hall again. The child's cry grew louder. The doctor rose, and, drawing on a fleece-lined wrapper, closed her door softly behind her and went to the nursery.

In one of the six little cribs lay a child crying with pain, and this child was Marion.

"Hush, little one. There, my poor baby

girl, don't cry. Does the knee hurt so much, darling?"

The low, loving words welled up in the doctor's heart and fell from her lips with an abandon that was unusual, for she was reserved in her expressions, even with children. Marion sat up in bed, her delicate mouth contorted with pain, both hands clasping the poor, bandaged, painful knee.

Dr. Brockway made sure that the bandage was not too tight, then, following a sudden impulse, she took the little form in her arms and tenderly carried it down the hall to her own room. She met the nurse coming out of Mrs. Ralston's room.

"I will take Marion into my room for a little while, Miss Moore. You have a great deal to do, I know, and the child is lonely. Perhaps she will fall asleep again in my warm bed. Is Mrs. Ralston comfortable?"

"Oh, yes, doctor. The crying wakened her, and she coughed a little, but she is asleep now. I think Marion is lonely. She has a habit of waking every night at about one o'clock. But you do not want her in your bed, do you, doctor? I will try to keep her as quiet as I can."

But Marion, already half asleep, clung to

the doctor's neck, and so she was carried into the room and soon tucked under the warm covers. The little dark head rested close to Dr. Brockway's fair face, and one tiny arm clasped her neck in trusting embrace, and so they fell asleep.

Thus began the love of the woman and the child. It soon became an open secret in the hospital that Dr. Brockway and little Marion had formed a very serious attachment.

"Well, I do not wonder that you are fond of her," said Dr. Frost, one day after she had dressed the knee and had given permission for the child to begin the use of crutches. "She is a very sweet, lovable little thing. But, oh, what a trial she was when she first came to the hospital! You remember her, perhaps, as she was in her old surroundings. It seemed a case of hopeless depravity. The profanity of the child was awful, and her temper was almost uncontrollable. But in a little more than a fortnight all vulgar expressions and outbursts of passion dropped away from her like worn-out garments. The quiet of the hospital, the kindliness and refinement, all combined to regenerate the little lost soul. She thrives in good moral soil as a neglected plant revives under the influences of water and sunshine."

The tapping of the little crutches became a familiar sound in the hospital. Marion was very active and soon learned to swing herself from place to place with astonishing rapidity. She was such a little sunbeam in the wards that no one ever thought of restricting her excursions, until one fateful day a terrible revolutionist appeared in the person of a newly-appointed Superintendent of Nurses. This cold-hearted creature lost no time in issuing a command that Marion be restrained in the nursery. The patter of the crutches was annoying, she said, and the freedom of the child was but one evidence of the careless discipline which up to this time had been tolerated to the discredit of the hospital management!

And so it was that on the morning following the superintendent's assumption of authority, Dr. Brockway heard a wistful call, and, looking down the hall, saw a little dark head resting on the threshold of the nursery door, and a pair of bright eyes turned appealingly toward her.

"Do'tor Brotwee! Do'tor Brotwee!" called Marion, softly but insistently.

The doctor hurried to the child, and stooped to raise the tiny form from the floor.

"What is it, my dear?" she asked in surprise.

"*Mus'* I stay here?" said Marion.

"No, indeed, dear. I wondered where my little girl was this morning; no patter, patter of the little crutches did I hear."

Just then a nurse came in, who, with many wry faces and glances over her shoulder, explained the recent mandate of the already unpopular superintendent.

"Well, I'll tell you what we can do," said the doctor, with a light laugh. "I have some letters to write, and Marion shall spend the morning with me. Come, sweetheart, I'll carry you!"

Marion laughed with glee as she was borne off to the safe haven of Dr. Brockway's room. Such a morning as it was! Seated in a tiny chair, which was there for her especial use, Marion rocked to and fro, nursing the latest addition to her rapidly increasing doll family. When every one of her children had at last been rocked to sleep six separate times, Marion grew restive, and the doctor turned from her writing to see what she was doing.

"May I sweep?" asked Marion, catching sight of a brush that hung beside the bureau.

"Of course you may, dear," said the doctor, taking down the brush.

The child rose eagerly, balancing herself with the aid of her crutch.

"I know how,—see me!" she cried, and the doctor watched the little one's quick, deft motions as she pretended to sweep whole panfuls of dust from the floor.

"You born housekeeper!" laughed Dr. Brockway. "I wish—"

She suddenly paused. A wish had risen to her lips that never until that moment had taken the form of words. Why should she not have the child with her always? Why need the sweet, domestic nature that was budding in the little girl be sacrificed to such an existence as she had known but had already forgotten? Why not make definite arrangements to take the child away from a heartless mother and a cruel life of poverty and degradation? The doctor's eyes filled as she watched the baby hands grow tired in their unaccustomed task.

"Come here, little blessing," she said; "it is time now for an orange and a kiss. Which shall I give you first?"

The child flung her arms about her foster-mother's neck, and put up her sweet red mouth for the kiss. Hiding her face in the child's wavy hair, Dr. Brockway silently resolved

never to let this little white soul grow dark again in the tarnishing atmosphere of vice.

One afternoon, ten days later, Dr. Brockway happened to be passing the nursery door, and, as usual, she peeped in. Much to her surprise she saw a woman sitting there, and on this woman's lap sat Marion. The child's quick eye caught sight of the doctor, and she slipped down and limped across the room. Taking Marion's hand, Dr. Brockway slowly entered.

"You are Marion's mother,—I remember. Is this not the first time you have been here?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is. It was so far out here, —and I never seemed to get the time,—and lately I've been half sick myself; only a sore throat, but I feel sort of mean yet. She's—quite—different!"

The last three words came very slowly, and there crept into the woman's hard-lined face a strange, half tender expression as her eyes rested curiously upon the quiet, clean, sweet-voiced baby girl that used to be hers.

A peculiar, resentful feeling arose unbidden in the doctor's heart. Every beat seemed to say, "No, no, you must not, can not love her now,—I want her—I love her!" The

woman noticed nothing, but she did not take Marion in her arms again. After a few awkward attempts at conversation, she rose abruptly, stooped quickly and kissed Marion on the mouth, then hurried from the room. Dr. Brockway put the child aside more hastily than she had ever done before, and followed the mother.

"Mrs. Simmons, you will come again? Come soon. I want to see you, talk with you,—about something important!"

"Yes, I'll come; next week, perhaps," was the answer; then, as she seemed anxious to get away, Dr. Brockway did not detain her, but went back for another look at Marion. It was strange how she had grown to love this child,—a poor little low-born creature, yet so sweet, so dear, so necessary! The mother's visit lingered in the doctor's mind and troubled her to an unaccountable degree. Certainly the mother had the first, best right; that could not be denied, and must not be forgotten. But it was very hard to look at the matter dispassionately. Love grows impatient when confronted by cold, inflexible facts, and Helen Brockway struggled desperately against the thought of her child-love compelled to live again in poverty, wretchedness, and sin. Yet

it looked very much as if Mrs. Simmons wanted her baby back again.

* * * * *

The morning rounds were nearly over when the visiting surgeon asked to see the children. Dr. Brockway led the way to the sunlit nursery. The room was unusually quiet. There were but three children now,—only Freddy, and the poor burned baby, and Marion. There had been some intimation of sending Marion away, for she could get about now without a crutch, and the wounded knee was healed. On this morning the child came forward very slowly as the physicians entered the room, and her face was grave. Her eyes were dull and her mouth was quivering.

"What is the matter with my little Marion?" said Dr. Brockway, and stooping she lifted the child in her arms. The little dark head nestled on the doctor's neck, and the child said, wearily:

"My froat is sore!"

Dr. Brockway felt a sudden chill of fear, and thought of the mother's kiss.

"Your throat, darling? Let Dr. Brockway look at it."

Evidently the look was not reassuring to either Dr. Brockway or Dr. Frost.

"It may be only tonsilitis," said Dr. Brockway.

"I sincerely hope it will develop into nothing more serious," replied Dr. Frost, but her tone showed doubt.

They put the child to bed in a cottage reserved for contagious cases, and detailed two nurses. But within twenty-four hours the disease had gained terrible headway. Dr. Brockway fought in silent desperation. That Marion might die seemed an absolute impossibility. But no power on earth could have saved the child; her naturally frail constitution gave way at every point, and on the evening of the third day of her illness her grasp upon Dr. Brockway's hand suddenly tightened and the little life went out.

Many hours afterward, Dr. Brockway remembered with a start that she had sent no word to Marion's mother. But she was reassured on finding that a message had been sent as soon as Marion was known to be seriously ill. As Mrs. Simmons had moved, and was traced with considerable difficulty, the message of illness became that of death before she received it.

* * * * *

It was a fortnight since Marion's prattle had

been heard in the hall, and Dr. Brockway was making preparations to leave the hospital. A late snowstorm laughed in the face of approaching spring, and bowed the barren trees under the weight of its sodden burden.

Up the hospital hill toiled a woman thinly clad in a scant, black dress. She shook the damp snow from her shawl, and stamped her feet on the step, while waiting for an answer to her ring.

"Yes, Dr. Brockway is in. Sit down, please, in the reception room."

The woman entered, but stood in the hall until the doctor came. Helen looked worn and pale, and a new sadness was in her eyes. But when she met her visitor her face lighted with pleasure. She clasped the woman's chilled hands in both her own.

"Mrs. Simmons, I can not tell you how glad I am to see you. Let us come into this warm room, where we shall not be disturbed. You must dry your wet skirt, and I will have a cup of hot tea made for you. See how you shiver!"

Under the kindly influences of warmth and sympathy, Mrs. Simmons opened her heart.

"I've wanted to come and talk with you, doctor. The sight of Marion so quiet and gentle,

up there in the nursery, made me think of the time when I was a little girl. I had as good a home, when I was young, as ever a girl would want. But I got wild, not havin' any mother, and one night at a dance I married Sam Simmons because he dared me to. Then father cast me off, and we came to Boston. Sam was shiftless, and we both got down so low that we didn't care much for anything. You saw us, you know how we lived. Well, I hadn't a spark of pride in me till that day when I came here and saw Marion so like a little lady in her ways, with her skin so soft and her hair so smooth. I tell you, it made me feel more guilty than all the threatenin's and scoldin's my father ever gave me. I made up my mind I'd be a better mother to the child,—and now I'll never have the chance. I thought I'd come and thank you, doctor, for all you did for her. I saw how Marion loved you, better'n she ever could have loved me; but that was natural, you were good to her."

Mrs. Simmons looked hard at a corner of the rug at her feet, and spoke with effort. Dr. Brockway could not answer. She seemed to feel again the tightening clasp of a tiny hand.

"Sam was killed six weeks ago,—accident on the street. I moved soon after to the other

side of the city, and I was tryin' to get a nice home ready for my little girl. I thought I'd like you to know. I wish there were some way to let her know, too!"

A hundred thoughts were flying through the doctor's active mind. She knew that the regeneration of this woman would be many times more uncertain than that of her little child had been; yet, might it not be possible? Was it not, at all events, worth the trial? When Mrs. Simmons rose to go, the doctor, rising, too, stood gazing into the eyes of Marion's mother. A flash of memory recalled to her one other time when they had gazed into each other's eyes. How changed the conditions!

"Mrs. Simmons, will you let me help you? I meant to ask you to let me take Marion to my own home. If her mother will come instead, I feel sure she will find life brighter and happier than the past has been. I am going to Pennsylvania to begin practice. Will you come and keep house for me?"

At first the woman did not seem to hear aright, then as the full meaning of the doctor's words became clear to her, gladness awakened the forgotten beauty of her eyes, and emotion convulsed her softened features.

"Doctor, I will go to the ends of the earth with you, and I will be your faithful servant. Thank you,—thank you!"

Dr. Brockway watched the thin form of the woman as it swayed with the wind that blew gustily down the hospital hill, then a flurry of snow and a mist of tears hid Marion's mother from view.

# REMINISCENCES OF MEDICAL STUDY IN EUROPE.

## (1889–1890.)

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A WOMAN can travel alone over the whole world with ease and satisfaction, provided her letter of credit is large enough, and she knows what she is traveling for. A pocketful of introductions, and a supply of educated common sense are almost as necessary, and with these a woman is sure to meet courteous men and charming women. We make our own luck, thanks to no occult influence, and by using the Golden Rule we find inherent kindness in all human beings. Convinced of this truth, I armed myself with a medical diploma and sailed for France.

After I had seen the Paris Exposition, the great art galleries, the shops, and the usual sights, and had become accustomed to the language, I decided to get out my medical introductions and begin hospital work. Accordingly, I wrote a note to M. le Dr. Péan,

the most famous surgeon in the city, and copied it in my plainest writing, asking to be allowed to assist at his operations at Maison Santé. I signed the note with my full name, and almost by return post came a reply addressed to "Monsieur Katub" (for Kate C.) etc., etc., inviting me to assist that very day at ten o'clock. Here was a predicament! What would M. Péan say when instead of a great and famous man he saw an undersized and very humble woman doctor?

However, I forced my shrinking self to go to the "Maison" and see what I could. I presented my card, the Sister looked at it, consulted her book, and said, "M. Péan is expecting a gentleman, not a woman." I grew very red, and explained that my poor writing had caused the mistake, and the Sister decided to let me go up. I think that my heart must have knocked at the door, it was thumping so loudly, and when the door opened I saw a dozen men and two Sisters, all in white aprons, standing around a table on which was an etherized patient. By the washstand, with his face to the wall, stood a very large man with black, curly hair in which were threads of white, and a back very broad and massive. He was scrubbing his great

arms and hands, but when he heard the door close he turned, the Sister pronounced my name, and with a look of immense surprise flashing over his kindly face, he said, "Mais une femme!" and gave me so cordial a grasp that I felt very small indeed. The men made room for me, and I stood in the front row. It was the first operation of its kind that I had seen, and one for which M. Péan is justly famous, but I, fresh from an interneship in a New England hospital, stood there and wondered how he could keep his patience with that old, spectacled bald-head who acted as first assistant. The old fellow released his hold on the traction-forceps so often that even I grew indignant and others looked nervous, when like thunder out of a clear sky came a quick "Sapristy, can't you hold that down?" For a few moments nothing was heard but the dripping of the irrigation fluid and the click of instruments, then the old fellow grew tired again and actually dropped a volsellum. Thoroughly aroused, the great Péan fluently told the man what he thought of him in swift French, and then with a polite, but commanding, "Madame, voulez vous?" handed me the instruments. Never shall I forget the strain of the next fifteen minutes, nor the

minutiæ of that operation. The muscular effort had tired the trained assistant, and it seemed greater than I could endure, and had I not felt that the reputation of all the women doctors of America was at stake, I should have dropped the instruments after three minutes. I frequently "assisted" M. Péan after that morning, but none of the cases required such strength or continued watchfulness as this one.

Paris hospital experiences bring before my mind many portraits. One of the pleasantest is that of the late Dujardin Beaumetz. Being a friend of my father's, he often came with his carriage to take me to his "Hôpital Cochin," where he was experimenting with antipyrin, the salicylates, and other new remedies. I can see him standing in the ward, by a bedside, giving a lecture on gout. He screwed his eyes tight shut, one hand nervously moving back and forth over his mouth so that every word came out through his fingers, the other hand placed upon the patient. He was short and thick, though not fat, scrupulously dressed in the most fashionable clothing, somewhat bald, a little gray, and very youthful in his movements.

Another memory picture is of that dear old

man, the late Professor Germain Sée. His French students were not fond of him because he seemed to have the opinion that they were generally stupid, but we Americans thought him the embodiment of kindness. He was over seventy years old, weak, thin, and wrinkled, though erect and tall. His hair was snowy white, and his brown eyes full of kindly humor. He wore a velvet smoking-cap to cover his bald head, and in his home a velvet house-coat of dark brown.

Each day after we had followed him around the wards at Hotel Dieu, he seated himself at a certain table to write his orders, look at charts, give a talk about the most interesting cases, presumably some stomach troubles, and gossip with an interne, while a nurse brought him a bib-napkin and a bowl of beef tea with biscuits, which he ate while we all looked on admiringly; then, after a few more jokes with his assistants, generally personal, and waving us to the laboratories or to the door, the dear old doctor was gone. It seemed sad to see him working so hard at his age, when once he had been very rich and consulting physician to the Emperor. He had lost much of his property, perhaps through the fortunes of war or possibly in the Panama venture, so that in

his old age he was obliged to live in a humble, scantily furnished home, and attend to his daily consultations.

It was more of a task to see Charcot, for he was apparently not interested in helping women study medicine. His waiting-room was always crowded, and I was given appointments at the Salpêtrière, that immense hospital famous in the history of Paris, and still more famous during Charcot's life for his clinics and courses on nervous diseases. It was there that we saw every morning, in a long hall, rows of ten or fifteen men hanging by their necks to cure locomotor ataxia, and in another hall rows of hysterical women waiting to be hypnotized. Charcot examined each hastily, and like a great potentate judged and ordered, and with solemn haste prescribed for one case after another until an interesting one detained him and his full, pale face lighted up for a moment.

Another of the famous men of Paris whom I knew was Pasteur. The memory of him calls up a vivid picture of a kind little man, in velvet coat and cap, with his left arm hanging helpless by his side, his left leg dragging behind the right, and a sad, pale, and wrinkled face with very bright, large eyes. He himself

showed us over the institute which his genius had created. We saw clinics where inoculations were being made and fresh dog bites treated, and the pens where the mad dogs were kept, and the animals used in experiments,—a regular "Zoo" of sick and frightened dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs and monkeys. He took us through the great laboratories, talking all the while about his work and its results, and explaining details which to him must have seemed very trivial; then he spoke of his two attacks of paralysis, and in a sad, low tone he said that his work was done. He had worked for the good of humanity, he had more to do, but he could no longer do it. Poor old man! He lived four winters after that, and France and humanity did what they could to honor his last resting-place.

Among the great medical men of Paris who are still living, after these six short years, is one to whom I owe a debt of gratitude. This is Dr. Apostoli, the master of medical electricity. He is tall, with great brown eyes and hollow cheeks, and he has a most cordial greeting for students; he gives one the impression that neither money nor fame is the object for which he works, but that the medical profession all over the world may know the value of elec-

tricity when scientifically applied to the treatment of certain diseases of women. It is for this that he works, with a racking cough and hectic flush over his high cheek bones, sixteen hours each day, and for this alone that he tends his charity clinics three long afternoons each week, that medical men and women may see his methods and the marvelous results which he obtains. An enthusiast he may be, but more humane and certainly not less rational than some of those who prefer to cure by knife and ligature and adorn their office shelves with trophies of mutilated subjects.

Turning from famous medical men to the literary lights of Paris, there is one on whom I called one afternoon by appointment. This was M. Rénan, at the Collége de France. The building is in the Latin Quarter; it covers a whole square, and is as solid as a fortress. Entering through an iron gate and climbing a long series of stone steps, I managed to find the door belonging to the concierge, and was directed to make many turns, follow many passages, climb two flight of stairs, go along another passage and ring the bell, all of which I did, and was ushered into an enormous drawing-room to wait until M. Rénan was at liberty. It was a long waiting, at least forty

minutes, which gave me ample time to see everything in the room and to reflect on the why and wherefore of this visit to so famous a man. After I had made mental note of everything, and had recovered from my pleased surprise at seeing a whole bookcase full of American poetry, besides several volumes of Longfellow on the table, I decided that I was very foolish to be thus intruding. I had no great errand, and M. Rénan would think me very silly and a bore. I tried to think up everything that I had read which he had written, and I framed conversations, all the time wondering why I had come, how I could get away, and dreading lest he should have forgotten that I had called, and wishing that he might.

Finally his caller left, and with a very sweet-toned voice and a great many French apologies, M. Rénan greeted me. My surprise on seeing him quite drove the assortment of conversations out of my befuddled brain. There he was, not tall and handsome and poetic-looking, with sentimental fervor in great, brown eyes, but so fat he could scarcely walk, with cheeks that hung down lower than his pointed chin, another chin below that, and a neck that lay in rolls of fat, a big, fat nose

that might once have had a Jewish shape, the most minute, half-shut eyes, and a narrow forehead and scattered locks of hair, and a sort of fawning pantomime with his hands, which were really very white and delicate in their shape, and which spoke, almost as much as his silver tongue, such flattery as only a skilled Frenchman could think of. I have no memory of one word of the conversation, save on his part of compliments with smiles and gestures, and on mine something which called forth these sentiments. But the photograph of the man will never fade from my mind, and as often as I read the beautiful French sentences in one or another of his histories, I feel that there must have been two men rather than one incased in the almost grotesque body.

One of the most pleasing as well as the most instructive periods of this year of medical study abroad was the three months spent in medical gymnastic work in Sweden. Stockholm is the Venice of the North, a most beautiful city in summer, and lively and interesting in winter. The people are kindness personified, and I know of no better place for a medical woman to study, or where she can combine more pleasures, than there.

The sun rises in winter at about nine o'clock,

and sets soon after three. The people eat five meals a day, breakfast by candle-light, lunch at noon, dine by candle-light at four, take coffee at six and supper at eight. The working day is then between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon. For a visiting medical student the day is divided as follows: Ten a. m., Surgical Clinic at the City Hospital, an old-fashioned, badly-arranged, barrack-like building, smelling strongly of carbolic acid and chlorid of lime. The Chief Surgeon, who speaks four languages perfectly, and who is one of the best operators I have ever seen, is Prof. John Berg, Surgeon to the King. He is a handsome, kindly man of middle age, and so conscientious that he considers his operations failures if the patient dies.

A cold, bleak walk across two or three bridges, and up one or two narrow streets, leads to the Central Gymnastic Institute which is now so well known in America through its graduates. Here can be seen general massage, medical gymnastics, school gymnastics, and special training, during the entire morning. From there one may visit an Orthopedic Institute, where children's deformities are chiefly treated by massage; and still later in the day a visit may be made to the Zander

Institute, where all sorts of nervous and muscular diseases, deformities of all grades, and troubles of circulation, respiration, and digestion are treated by the Zander machines. Here Dr. Zander himself spends his days, perfecting and inventing new machines, and prescribing the treatment for his scores of patients. He is a very fatherly man, with wrinkled, anxious brow, deep-set, patient eyes, gray whiskers, and thin hair. His gentle voice and quiet manner combine with a something indefinable to show a great love for people, that may be an outgrowth of his religion, for he is disciple of Buddha in everything livable and lovable, without necessarily believing in the doctrine of spiritual communications.

I went with letters of introduction to Lund, the University town of the south of Sweden. I presented one to Dr. Karl Ask, the chief surgeon of the hospital. He came hurrying into the room with a sort of gruff welcome, and I stood mentally photographing him while he read the letter. He was tall enough, but was swollen in front to such huge proportions that his feet seemed quite lost beneath him. On this enormous protuberance rested the bowl of a long pipe which he was holding

between his teeth. He wore a velvet cap and velvet jacket. His face was ruddy, his hair white, and his whiskers were bristly. From his general appearance I felt intuitively that he was not a woman doctor's friend. My hopes fell lower when I heard him mutter in Swedish, "These —— Americans, they come over here and expect us to talk their —— language, and to show them over our hospitals, when they never try to speak Swedish." I could see that he was growing more and more earnest, and I piped up in the best Swedish I could command, "I'm sorry, Herr Professor Ask, but I understand Swedish." You never saw such a change come over a man's face. He looked as Balaam must have looked when his ass spoke. He bit his pipe on another tooth and grew very red while he looked me all over. I couldn't think of a thing to say, but as soon as he had recovered his senses he managed to roll out any number of apologies, and asked how I happened to speak Swedish. Of course I apologized for doing so, and he apologized for not speaking English, and told how hard he had tried to learn English, etc. So then, in very good humor, he asked me to go to the hospital with him. On the way we discovered that we could speak French, and he

continued to apologize for his rudeness until we reached the amphitheatre, where were assembled some sixty students. I was introduced to them in French, the clinic was carried on in that language, and if a student could not reply to a question in French he failed.

Of the famous men and women with whom I worked in London I have very little that is new to write, for they are well known to readers of medical literature. Yet there is one who is too well known to be omitted, for he has always been the firmest friend to medical women and the staunchest upholder of their cause. This is Sir James Paget. I see him as I last saw him, standing in his great library in South Kensington, a thin, good-looking old man with the courteous manners and refined good breeding of the old chevaliers,—a knight in more than title. We had been sitting chatting about his old friend, Dr. H. I. Bowditch. He had told me anecdotes of his student days in Paris, and in the kindest manner possible he had given me cards and letters and suggestions that were invaluable to my medical study in London. Not that they were really necessary, for it is very easy for a medical woman to get what courses she wants in that great English city, and to pay

such fees for them that she feels indebted to no one; and yet to have such a cordial greeting and hearty co-operation from one of the men whom the world knows best is certainly elevating to any one, and helps a lone woman to feel that she is not so much alone after all.

In looking back over my year of medical study in Europe, I cannot deny that it took some determination to travel alone and to apply for admission to hospitals even with introductions. A woman alone is a curiosity, and she is made to feel that she is like a lone stork and must be protected. I can but laugh at the memory of an old middle-class woman with whom I had traveled for hours through Belgium. It was late when we were nearing Antwerp, and she had bored me through with her bead-like but kindly eyes; finally she said, in a determined way, "Madame, ou est votre mari?" I told her that I had no husband. "Not any?" "No, madame." "Where are you from?" "From America." "America! How did you come?" "In a ship." "In a ship—alone—from America!" And she had not recovered when I left her with her husband at Antwerp.

ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—FIVE—

# A PSYCHO-PHYSICAL STUDY.

My eyes were tired from reading Psychology, so I decided to accept a long-standing invitation from Harriet Hilton to come up for an evening and see how medical students live. I think I was more interested than shocked by my first glimpse of a scene rather gruesome to one uninitiated. On a table under the light lay a brain cut in sections, and several young women sat about it; one standing over it was saying as I entered, "*Corpus Callosum, lamina cinerea, crura cerebri*—"

"Do I have to meet this foreigner?" I said in an undertone to Harriet, as she was about to introduce me. I was relieved when the girl who had been speaking responded to my salutation in gracious English, and explained that they were preparing for a quiz on the brain. After we were seated, Harriet said:

"Let's dispense with brains, and I will tell you a strange experience I had to-day. I went to see Elizabeth," she continued; "she's

been ill since she came back from her vacation in Canada, where she got chilled through at some ice-boat races. She had been amusing herself with that nonsensical book by Jules Verne, *A Journey to the Moon*, and I read her a short story of Bellamy's, *To Whom This May Come*. While I was reading, we noticed the odor of something burning, and turned to find Ted, looking like a cherub in the sunshine, holding a reading-glass between the sun and the curtain till a great hole was charred in the drapery. I tell you all these details because they have to do with the story. We discussed *Looking Backward*, talked about progress and reform, and I had just finished saying that *we no sooner learn how to live than we die*, and that *we ought to be born old*, when the maid came in with the medicine that Dr. O. had prescribed. I gave her a dose, and it produced a most singular effect. She seemed asleep, yet was restless, taking in long breaths with apparent enjoyment. Then she became quiet, and her pulse began to fail. I sent a 'hurry call' for the doctor, who came promptly and fortunately brought with him his battery. We used electricity, nitrite of amyl, nitro-glycerin, inhalations of oxygen,—but this brings me to the

story I was going to tell you, the story of her strange experiences and of what she heard and saw while we were trying to bring her back to consciousness.

"An eager group of people stood around, realizing the seriousness of a gigantic enterprise about to be undertaken. They had gathered about a wonderful mechanism that was soon to sail the aërial ocean. Prof. J. E. Watkins, the mechanical expert, was at the helm. Edison was there to manage the marvelous electrical appliances he had brought to light while perfecting this air-ship. The party was composed of scientists, men and women of extraordinary bravery. A woman was to be the Columbus of the voyage, with Lieut. Peary to sustain her. She walked the deck impatient for the start.

(Here Elizabeth became very restless.)

"'Friends,' said Miss Columbus, 'two continents are watching us with bated breath. We must succeed, and I can not doubt that we shall, when I think of the perfection of our craft. In our laboratory we can generate more gas than would be required to float twice our weight. We can not starve, for we have a full supply of condensed foods. We have

nothing to fear from cold, for your electrical suit, Mr. Edison, produces a summer temperature for our bodies.'

(Here she became alarmingly quiet, and I applied one pole of the battery to the back of her head, while Dr. O. placed the other on her spine.)

"'When I think of the dangers endured by Arctic explorers and their scant rewards, this seems a luxurious journey toward assured success. Why are we so late in arriving at this method?

"'Every school-boy knows that the trade winds constitute the strata of air that interchange between the equatorial and polar regions; they will pilot us to our goal.'

"The great gas reservoir was now inflated, the engines set in motion, the tiller taken in hand, the moorings cut loose, and the wonder of the nineteenth century rose above the surface of the earth. Miss Columbus was ecstatic; she drew in long breaths of the clear, cool air.

(At this point we gave Elizabeth inhalations of oxygen.)

"'Is it days or weeks that we have been sailing?' demanded Miss Columbus. 'It is all like a dream.'

"The party, gathered about a table, were studying a chart.

"'According to our calculations,' continued Miss Columbus, 'the time has come for us to begin our descent; we are directly over the Pole.'

"The order was given, and the ship began her downward course.

(I gave Elizabeth a hypodermic injection of whisky, for her pulse had suddenly failed.)

"'Down—down—down,—this sinking sensation is not pleasant!' said Miss Columbus. 'Can't we change the direction a little?'

"Like a swan the air-ship settled toward the earth. It seemed to those who watched from the port-hole of observation that the earth was rising to meet them.

"Seas of ice! And what were those strange globular spots that seemed suspended above the earth and glistened in the sun? Directly under them was something that evidently was *not* ice. Finally the ship landed, and the party, speechless with wonder, stepped ashore.

(Here I gave Elizabeth nitrite of amyl, which immediately stimulated the heart's action.)

"They were on the outskirts of a city in a

*green* country, and it was not an Arctic air that they breathed. As in a dream they proceeded on their way.

"The first person they met was an old man steering a baby-carriage, which, if not artistic, was certainly scientific. A magnet connected with the running-gear made perpetual motion possible, and the carriage would have kept on forever but for the fact that the magnet was so pivoted that it could be easily thrown out of range of attraction by a touch of the hand.

"They were prepared for marvels, and it was no surprise when the old man cordially greeted them, saying, 'I have the advantage of you. I belong to a mind-reading people and understand all you would say; we have not, however, lost the power of speech, and your language is taught in our schools. It has been made known to us by those of your countrymen who have been lost in the Arctic regions. Through them, also, we have been made acquainted with your manner of life, with your determination to explore our seas, and with the inventions of such men as your Mr. Edison. We have long hoped that you would find the way here.'

"'Do I dream? Are we in the Arctic

regions?' said Miss Columbus, looking about at the luxuriant foliage, for they were in a park.

"'My friends,' said the old man, 'you are directly over the North Pole, and this temperature is secured by concentrating the rays of the sun by means of the lenses which you see overhead. The rays thus concentrated are conserved by means of an apparatus which I will show you. We have sufficient force stored in this heat not only to give us the necessary warmth by radiation, but to run the engines which generate the electricity that illuminates our country during our long night. The ingenuity of man has thus supplied us with what nature has withheld. But I will detain you here no longer to discuss these contrivances,' and he led the way toward his home.

"The old man lifted the baby from the carriage, and, holding it in his arms, he ushered the party into his house. A white-haired lady greeted them hospitably, and was introduced as his wife. He handed her a parcel, and, turning to the party, said, 'It is a gift; this is my wife's twenty-first birthday.'

"Holding the baby out to her, he continued:

"'And, friends, this is my *grandmother;* she

is almost ninety years old, and we think her well preserved.'

"The pretty, blue-eyed little one laughed and cooed.

"Seeing the puzzled expression on the faces of his listeners, he said:

"'You have yet to learn that some of our natural laws are the reverse of yours.' (Elizabeth's face was a study.) 'Here we are born matured, while you come into the world helpless creatures, and years must pass ere you are fully developed, and *by the time you have learned how to live you die.* It is not strange that under such circumstances life for you is difficult and complicated. We are born with matured minds, and in a few months we attain our full stature. Our experience being hereditary, we are equipped to meet the exigencies of life. In our wisdom we make ready for that period of our life which is your *infancy* and our *age.* We have no poor-houses, no homes for aged people, no prisons. We live under an order entirely unknown to you. We regard what you term your *government*—your laws—as evidences of lack of civilization; they are admissions of incapacity. But how could it be otherwise with a people who attain wisdom only to die with it? Where

there is knowledge there is no need of restraint. Sin and crime are synonymous with ignorance. Here every man is a law unto himself. He has reached mental, and therefore moral, heights that transcend your knowledge. You are about to meet a people whose mental evolution has been uninterrupted and unhindered. Knowledge is the open sesame to the universe, and Nature is no longer a sphinx. You shall see how "the gases gather to the firmament; the chemic lump arrives at the plant and grows; arrives at the quadruped and walks; arrives at the man and thinks, arrives at my people and understands." (Elizabeth's white face, with its wide-opened eyes and dilated pupils, haunts me yet. Though unconscious, there was in her face a look of intense interest.) I will tell you the secret that has puzzled the ages. I can, because being born old—' the striking of a clock interrupted him.

"The clock was striking four when I gave Elizabeth a hypodermic injection of ammonia, and I think it was this that restored her to consciousness. She looked at me in a bewildered way, and said:

"'Are you my grandmother? Tell me,—

tell me,—' She put out her hand and touched a hot-water bag lying near. This seemed to awaken her to a realization of her surroundings, and she soon became nearly her normal self.

"After we left, the doctor asked me if I could have given her too large a dose of the medicine. We had the bottle with us, and when we reached the dispensary we measured what remained, and found that I had given even less than the prescribed quantity. Dr. O. said he could not understand the remarkable effects produced by it; he had used the drugs ever since their introduction into the profession, and had never before seen such results; he thought it must be a case of idiosyncrasy."

The hour was late when I left Harriet and her friends. As I went out, I looked curiously at the brain on the table, and wondered whether that complex organ would ever be sufficiently understood to enable us to explain how an ice-boat race, a reading-glass, a battery, a foolish remark, and some fanciful stories could have produced such a curious experience in a drugged brain.

# DR. HONORA.

It was a glorious October day. The sun poured out the heat that summer had left in his keeping; the leaves, already rich in autumn tints, stirred idly in the faint breeze; from hidden places shy birds called softly; all was romance and beauty in the forest. But to Dr. Honora, walking along the dusty highway, there was no beauty, no poetry in the world. She had been to see an ungrateful, unprofitable patient, and now was walking back to town feeling that her life was of no benefit even to herself. Three years before, she had begun the practice of medicine in the little town of Lynn. In the beginning, she was stout of heart and prodigal of wishes; but pressing poverty and trials of other kinds, coming close one upon another, had broken her courage, and narrowed the circle of her desires, until now she felt that if she could only have rest she would be satisfied. She looked through the wire fence into the cool

woods, and as she looked she thought of the injustice in the world.

"Why should there be special privileges? Why is this fence here? What right has any man to compel me to walk over hot, dusty roads? Why isn't right of way given over all the earth?" Brooding in this fashion, the doctor grew reckless, and she determined to rest in the inviting woods. The fence looked uncompromising, but with her umbrella she managed to separate the barbed wires. In crawling through she tore her dress skirt, and this added to her bitterness of spirit, for this old faded gown was her best one. She sat down under a fatherly oak, whose broad branches and thick leaves protected her from the heat and from all prying eyes save those of the birds. Dr. Honora did not rest at first. Her disturbed brain whirled in memory over the years she had spent in preparing for her work, years in which no one had helped her even by sympathy. And how hard it had been, too, to establish herself in Lynn, and what a poor establishing it had been! But she had minded none of these things, for she had expected the future to reward her; and now, after three years' practice, she must walk two miles into the coun-

try to see a patient who paid her with fault-finding.

"It is absurd," she said aloud, "that I am not able even to hire a horse and carriage! And what good have I done? Have I really helped any one? A few poor women and children depend on me, but if they had money would they not send for Dr. Bragg or some other man? I am sure the mothers would; the children love me, but they love any one who is kind to them, and as for my own state, I am tired, old, and discouraged. Three years in the town of Lynn, and I am still a stranger and penniless."

So Dr. Honora thought and talked, until the babbling of the brook near by soothed her and changed her mood. She dreamily watched the reflection of the leaves in the water, and noted the lovely red-winged black birds flitting in and out among the branches, and smiled to hear the saucy cry of the mocking-bird, until she fell asleep. She dreamed of childhood, of a pastoral life, where "a girl may roam at her own sweet will; may drive the cows or go to mill," and in her dream Honora drove Pide and Lil, Boss and Dill, as of old; while crumply-horned Master Jo came bellowing down the

hill, stopping to switch the dust over his brindle, curly-haired back, or to snort to a brother in a neighboring pasture, while his meek-eyed sisters went quietly on, halting at the creek to drink, but wasting no time in play or challenge. Our dreamer was just taking down the bars for the impatient cows, when her sleep was ended by wild cries and the fierce sound of unrestrained hoofs. Dr. Honora was so bewildered that she jumped up and started away from the sounds, but her feet slipped and she went ankle-deep into the brook. The shock brought her to her senses, and she realized that horses were running on the highway. She reached the fence just in time to see two blooded Spanish horses brought to a stop by a formidable bowlder. Regardless of her gown, Honora crawled through the fence and ran to the frightened horses' heads, and seized the outer reins. This was before the time of Rarey's wonderful discovery, but Honora had had some experience with so-called wild horses, and knew what to do. Her kind words and fearless manner soon convinced the spirited animals that a friend had come to them. Their dilated nostrils sank to the natural size, their snorting and trembling ceased. Just then a teamster

came along and gave his assistance. The horses were loosened from all that remained of the light buggy; then they were securely tied, and the teamster went up the road to look for the unfortunate driver of the runaways. Half-way up the hillside he found Colonel Row, a wealthy farmer of the vicinity, bending over a little girl and pleading with her to speak to grandpa. Mr. Green took the child, and said:

"Come, there is a lady at the foot of the hill, she will tell us what to do."

The grandfather followed meekly, babbling childishly of the little girl's pretty ways and of her love for him. Dr. Honora saw them coming, and ran for her medicine bag. As the little girl was laid down, she opened her eyes and cried feebly:

"Gran'pa—I want my gran'pa!"

Water was brought for the parched lips and the dusty face, and soon the child seemed easier; then Dr. Honora turned to the old man, who was very pale, and asked if he were injured.

"Yes, my right shoulder;" then, turning to Mr. Green, he asked him to mount one of the horses and go into town for Dr. Bragg.

"Make haste, or I shall die—" and fainting he fell before Mr. Green could reach him.

Dr. Honora brought the all-reviving aromatic ammonia, which soon restored the Colonel.

"Now, sir," she said, "I am a physician, and will examine your shoulder."

"You!" said the Colonel. "Who ever heard of a woman doctor! What do you know about broken bones?"

Honora quietly directed Mr. Green to remove the Colonel's coat and shirt.

"Now, Colonel Row," she said, "if you will kindly lie flat on your back while Mr. Green keeps your head and left arm as quiet as possible, I'll soon make you more comfortable."

A few guarded, experienced movements, and the doctor was gratified to hear the well-known click as the ball slipped back into its socket. Bandages were torn from the linen lap-cloth taken from the carriage, the shoulder was bound down to keep it in place, and Dr. Honora told the Colonel he was ready to be sent home.

"But what about little Jessie? She is strangely quiet."

"Take Mr. Green's wagon," Dr. Honora said; "go home as quickly as possible, and send immediately for your family physician; the child will need close care for weeks to come."

As the little girl was being lifted into the wagon, she gave a peculiar, piercing cry that made Honora shudder. When they were ready to start, Honora said:

"Good-bye, Colonel Row, I am glad that I was allowed to be of service."

The Colonel begged her to go home with them to receive Mrs. Row's thanks.

"Besides," he added, "Jessie might need you."

Honora explained that professional etiquette forbids one physician to take the patients of another.

"But I would go with you to the house," she said, "had I not promised to be in my office at a certain hour."

"What brought you so far from home?" asked the old man, curiously.

"I have a patient across the field yonder."

"Old Mother Schneider, I warrant. She has worn out all the other doctors in town; now she's got hold of you, has she? Well, you'll get no thanks from her for your long, hot walk. But her son Joe was good to my boy when he was sick; send your bill to me."

"Thank you, Colonel," she said, as she bowed and left them.

Jessie slept until five o'clock in the afternoon, when she awoke with the same piercing cry she had uttered by the roadside. Her face was very hot, her eyes wild and red. Nat, the faithful colored man, was sent for Dr. Bragg. The doctor, a sober, thoughtful man, had never before seen such a case, and he could no nothing but experiment. Despite his best efforts the child grew worse, and presently fell into convulsions. Dr. Bragg said, "I have done all I can; send for another doctor if you want one."

Mrs. Row suggested Dr. Honora, and Dr. Bragg himself went to Gerome Place in search of her. He asked a woman who was dusting the office steps if Dr. Honora was in.

"Yes," answered the woman, looking up merrily from under her broad-brimmed hat, "I am Dr. Honora. Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

Dr. Bragg introduced himself and told his errand.

During the ride to Colonel Row's, Dr. Bragg detailed Jessie's symptoms. As the two physicians entered the sick-room, Honora turned white and looked quickly at Dr. Bragg. Then she went into the kitchen, and Dr. Bragg

followed. At her suggestion an energetic mode of treatment was begun, and the violent symptoms were controlled.

When the little girl was sleeping quietly, Dr. Honora went out into the garden to talk with Dr. Bragg under the old beech. They agreed that the case needed constant watching, and Dr. Honora decided to remain at the bedside until Dr. Bragg could find a good nurse. The hours dragged wearily to Honora sitting there through the hot October afternoon and night.

Dr. Bragg returned early in the morning, and said he had been unable to find a nurse for Jessie.

"Dr. Honora," he added, "if you will stay here I will take care of your office and your outside work, and will see that not one patient strays from the fold."

And Honora, with a smile, sat down again by the bedside.

All day long little Jessie hung in the misty way of the portals of death, and all day Honora stayed by her. By night the crisis was past, and Dr. Bragg, coming in, sent Honora to her room to rest. After she had gone, he told the Rows that their grandchild was saved, but not by him.

"You must keep Dr. Honora a few days longer, if possible," he said.

Dr. Honora divided her time between the sick-room and a tent under the trees not far from the outer door. One evening, she reviewed the events that had led to the present peace, and she felt not a little ashamed to remember that her prosperity began the day that she had decided to give up, the day she felt her life a worthless one; and the memory led her to exclaim aloud, "How wonderful are Thy ways, O Lord, and Thy secrets past finding out."

"Amen," responded a deep, manly voice, and Honora looked up to see a tall man, with the bronzed aspect of a traveler, standing, hat in hand, before her. Before Honora could speak, Mrs. Row, who had just come out of the house, cried out, "My son, O, thank God, my son!" and was clasped in the stranger's arms.

Dr. Honora's heart went out to the father of little motherless Jessie, and as she went into the house her womanly tears of rejoicing flowed in sympathy with the mother's.

Days of relaxation now came to the Row household; all seemed to blend in one harmonious whole. For the first time in her

strong womanhood, Dr. Honora knew the joy of family life, and one of the great factors in her happiness was this man who met her as an equal; who did not search for subjects supposed to be suited to a woman's comprehension, but who talked of science and philosophy, music and literature, as though he knew she could understand and help him. For his part, Prof. Anderson thought he had never before met a woman so well-balanced, one in whom both spirit and intellect had kept pace with the physical development. How intelligently she listened while he talked of his plans for future work in Corea; how glad she seemed as he told of his past successes, and how readily she gave her sympathy when he spoke of hardships and failures. What wonder that dreams came to this man! And she knew that the bond of sympathy between them was daily growing stronger; knew, too, almost before the thought came to the man, that she would some day be asked to share his work. When intuition gave her this knowledge, she was tempted to give up her own plans, and go with him who could make life so peaceful that she might in time forget the bitter, struggling past. But then came the thought of the destitute, the sorrowful in her own land. From

childhood she had felt as one set apart to do a sacred work,—a work that meant giving up all hope of home, husband and children of her own, that she might be a mother to numberless orphans; and she knew that in Corea she must work hand in hand with Prof. Anderson.

"Well," she asked herself, "is not his work a grand one?"

"Yes," came her soul's answer. "Yes, but it is not your work."

"But I can make it mine," her inclination pleaded, and so the conflict went on from day to day.

One morning, early, she was returning from a neighboring farmer's where she had been called to see a sick daughter. The glow of health was on her cheeks, and with her hands filled with clover blossoms, she made a bright picture; and so thought Prof. Anderson, who stepped forward to open the gate for her. They sat down under the old beech, and for an hour under this "council tree" Prof. Anderson pleaded his cause as only a man deeply in earnest, and with a scholarly wealth of words at command, can plead. Dr. Honora grew very pale, but as he talked all became clear to her, and she knew that a woman who

enters marriage for any other reason than supreme love, degrades all women. She told the pleader this, and added, gently, "I do not love you so."

"But, Honora, your life is so lonely,—be my comrade."

Dr. Honora was silent, but Prof. Anderson saw nothing in her face to give him hope. After a moment's waiting he rose, and taking Honora's hand, said:

"My friend, I am going; one thing you must not deny me: be with my daughter as much as you can, and try to make her as noble a woman as yourself. God bless you!"

Soon after Prof. Anderson had left her, Dr. Bragg came in at the gate and said:

"Good morning, Dr. Honora. I am just going in to propose a little trip for the whole family. What do you say to a few weeks on a sheep farm in Virginia? The lambs will be good playfellows for Jessie, and Virginia soil is famous for making rich, red blood!"

This long speech gave Honora time to regain her self-control, and she was able at its close to express her delight at the prospect of going.

Prof. Anderson started for the far East that afternoon, and the next day a merry party

set out for Dr. Bragg's old home. When they reached the place, Honora threw herself on the grass and exclaimed, laughingly, "Dignity, farewell; I am a child again!" And as she watched the children at play, it seemed to her that at least a part of her youth had been restored.

It was a happy place there; the sun shone all the time as he shines only on rare holidays elsewhere; the birds were always in good voice, and the squirrels swung fearlessly from branch to branch. Honora remembered her own early childhood, before life had taught her sorrow, and she found it hard to recall her trials; it seemed she must have been happy always.

One evening, the children, tired of play, leaned against Honora's knees, and pleaded for a "brand new story." While she was talking to them, Dr. Bragg came and stood beside her, and when she was still he asked, "Do you like it here?" She answered with fervor:

"It is heavenly; I should like to stay forever."

Dr. Bragg placed his hands on Jessie's head, and said, "Honora, this child and many others need us; let us stay here together."

Honora looked into his eyes, and said, "I want to stay, but you must hear how weak I have been," and she told him her experience with Prof. Anderson.

"It was an awful temptation," she ended, "and I thought my desire to be useful in my own land had something to do with my strength in resisting; but I know very well that if you were interested in foreign missions I could persuade myself that it would be the best work in the world for me."

"You dear little woman," laughed the doctor, "I watched that conflict from the beginning, and my heart was sore. I knew you would not go unless you loved him, but how could you help loving him? It was the thought of his great worth that saddened me. Of course I could not say a word until poor Anderson's fate was decided, but when I knew, I could hardly wait to get you down here in my—"

"And did you plan the trip that morning?" interrupted Honora.

"Yes, when I saw you crying."

"Oh, I am so glad," said Honora, "that I don't have to give up my dreams for you, but you are sure you don't despise me for being willing to give them up?"

"Well, no, naturally, I feel rather proud; but don't worry or feel that you might not have been able to do your part even if I had been called to Corea. No, thank God, there isn't a place in the world where such work as yours is not in demand, and, above all else, the world needs strong, gentle women physicians, and, Honora, that reminds me, I, too, have a confession to make. I had a contempt for professional women until I met you, but the calm way in which you handled Jessie's case, and kept yourself through all a sweet, true, modest woman, conquered me. I think now women should enter all the professions, and if the ranks become overcrowded let the men step out. It might be a good thing for our profession."

Honora gleefully suggested that he write up his views for a leading medical journal, in order to learn how many of his brothers would agree with him. And so in wisely foolish lover-talk the evening passed, and if they sat there until but few hours were left for sleep, who shall blame them? Must a man both write and follow his own prescriptions?

"Water-Cress Farm," the home of Dr. Bragg, is now more seriously known as a

"lovers' resort." Many an invalid has won health in its fields; many an orphan has learned the meaning of home. Both Dr. Bragg and his wife devote their lives to the sick and helpless, and their home is an orphanage and a hospital; yet they find times to be alone, and in these intervals of quiet together new strength is given them to go on with their home-mission work.

# THE HOME SIDE.

"You ask how and why we decided to keep house instead of boarding? Well, I will tell you. But first let me tuck you up in this cozy corner,—now be comfortable."

While I rested amongst a wealth of pillows on the most luxurious couch I had ever known, Alice drew a rocker up beside me and sat down for a long-anticipated chat. Alice and I were old friends. I knew that she had wanted for years to study medicine, but many reasons had prevented. At last, however, she wrote me that she was really at work, and begged me to come and see her at her cozy rooms in the Quaker city. So it was that I found her established, not in a typical boarding-house, as I had expected, but in a veritable home. Helen North and Lucia Bridge, two congenial friends, lived with her, and the three made a most happy family. I happened to arrive just at luncheon time, and with quick hospitality another chair was

"Watching for the Oysters to Curl Their Tails."

drawn up to their round table, and I was welcomed to a share of the dainty meal. Now, all cleared away and her "family," as she laughingly called them, off to a junior quiz, we settled down for an old-fashioned talk.

"I am going back to the beginning," said Alice. "When I entered I expected to be able to go right on, but there came the failure of the bank and I had but little money left. I took a cheaper room, bought a small oil stove, and prepared my own food. It proved an economical measure, but I was very lonely. The next year Helen wrote that she was going to enter college, and she asked me to engage a room for her. I took the one adjoining mine, and when she came and I found that she, too, must take note of her pennies, we combined forces and resources and spent a delightful year. Lucia came to us this year, and we feel that our family circle is complete."

"I see how cozy you are, but does it really lessen expenses?" I asked.

"Yes," Alice answered, "it does in many ways. We have two rooms for three people, with use of the cellar and refrigerator. Our little stove serves to keep us all warm, and it requires but little more work to prepare meals

for three than for one. Besides, there are three to share the labor."

"What advantages are there besides the economical ones?"

"We have a home. Here we have our books, pictures, and home treasures. We are congenial and enjoy the same things. Helen plays, and we all enjoy her music. We manage to read some of the books of the day, and sometimes we all go to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The gallery seats are just as good as any, and we don't mind going early.

Another great advantage is this: we avoid the general gossip of the college. To be sure, we do sometimes look amazed when some particularly startling piece of news comes to light, and the girls who meet in large boarding-houses look upon us with pity, but we feel that we are able to survive, notwithstanding. Do we have company often? Yes; I should say so. It is so convenient to be able to bring friends in to luncheon, or have them come to dinner. I must tell you of one little experience. Some friends of ours, who live at the Gladstone, have been very anxious about us. They were afraid we were not getting enough to eat, and invited us to dinner several times.

One evening we invited them to tea, and they came. We had made our preparations beforehand, and when they arrived there was little to do beyond making the coffee and cooking the oysters. We put Mrs. A. among the pillows, where you are, and gave the Judge the big chair. You can not imagine how interested they were. The Judge told us that he always cooked the oysters when out camping, and so we promptly invited him out to the other room to cook ours. It was a funny thing to see him with one of my big, checked aprons tied around his ample waist, bending over the chafing-dish, and watching for the oysters to curl their tails. How much they enjoyed our Boston baked beans and the turkey salad! They never thought of us as starving mortals after that.

By the way, that turkey salad has a history. When I came back after the Christmas vacation, I brought with me a sixteen-pound turkey. The girls held up their hands in astonishment, and prophesied that the cooking would be more than we could manage. We borrowed the largest kettle our landlady owned, cut the turkey into small pieces, and boiled it until the meat was so tender it fell from the bones. This was packed in glass

jars, sealed, and put upon the pantry shelf. With a bunch of celery and a bottle of salad dressing, the evolution of a turkey salad is an easy matter.

Where do we sleep? My dear, that is my bed you are reposing upon now. Quite an Oriental couch, is it not, with all those shawls and pillows? But at night I just undress it, and you find it is a mattress upon a wooden frame. Helen's bed is folded up under yonder mantel drapery, and Lucia has a cot with spring mattress. Will you not stay over-night? We have an extra cot.

We are doing some outside work. Lucia teaches Latin and literature in a big school down town; Helen teaches four nights in the week, and I use the typewriter, but all these things are only a change of occupation and do not seriously interfere with the college work, or if they do, and we fail to pass our finals, we will take another year.

Now, you ask just what our expenses are. Our food, oil, etc., costs each one of us from one dollar and a quarter up to one dollar and forty cents a week. We can do our own washing, but if not able to manage that, it will cost twenty-five to fifty cents a week. Room rent ranges from one dollar a week to three.

We have two rooms, and each of us pays one dollar a week. I am sure if many of those who are hesitating to enter college because of narrow income could know how comfortable we are on so small a sum, they would not delay longer."

Memories of that afternoon,—the delightful supper when the "family" gathered about the cozy round table, the delicious toast made while we sat at table, by using a long-handled toaster that reached to the little stove near us, the jests and laughter of those merry girls,—linger with me yet. And although my earnest student friends have earned their diplomas and are in active practice, I hear that others are following their example and that college *homes* are multiplying.