

UPS AND DOWNS OF THE BROWNS.

Brown has a cozy office. On the twenty-second floor of a modern office building. With conveniences galore— Electric lights and mail shoots— And everything first rate And an elevator starter Who is strictly up to date. Now, Mrs. Brown came in one day. A smile upon her face; Took elevator No. 6 And launched forth into space. 'Tis safe to say she's hardly gone Beyond the second floor When Mr. Brown came sailing down Serene in No. 4. "Hey, Mr. Brown," the starter cried, "Your wife went up this minute." A car was just about to start, And Mr. Brown jumped in it. "You'd better wait till she comes back!" The starter tried to shout, But up went Brown—a car came down, And Mrs. Brown stepped out! The starter shook with hidden mirth He didn't dare display, "Your husband, mum, went back," he said, "But passed you on the way. Just take a chair and rest awhile; He'll surely come right down." She wouldn't listen; up she went, While down came Mr. Brown. He went back up; his wife came down And headed for the door, While Brown ransacked in wild despair The twenty second floor. As out into the street she passed, With proud, uplifted chin, "I hope they'll meet in heaven," said The starter, with a grin. —Smart Set.

"OLD READY."

John won his odd title when he was a small patient in the children's ward of the Samaritan hospital. His broken arm was not yet out of the sling before he was helping nurse Romaine care for the other children, and the children straightway hit upon this name that fitted him so perfectly, "Old Ready." That was ten years ago, and he was still in the hospital. The broken arm got well speedily, but before that happened it was found that the willing worker could not be spared.

First he was put on the rolls as errand boy, but he soon outworked these narrow limits and was promoted to higher responsibilities. Step by step he had come up and up since then; the position he held now it would be hard to define exactly, for he found work to do, and plenty of it, in every department of his reach. That had been the case all along; the thing that needed doing was the thing he took in hand, asking no questions, waiting for no bidding. He was still Old Ready to all in the hospital, from Dr. Ellis, the chief surgeon, down.

Promotion is a pleasant thing for boy or man; all the pleasanter for John, because his mother, hard at work in the mill, and his sister Katy, the busy little house-keeper, had such pride and delight in his advancement. He had a hope of making them prouder still; a day, not on the calendar yet, shone away off in the future; the day that should advance him to the pinnacle of his ambition, the position of assistant steward. He was studying hard to fit himself for that.

In the fury of a winter storm, when the bitterest night of half a century was settling upon the world, John was shut up in his room studying as hard as he had worked all day. Unless specially summoned, he need not open his door again that night. He heard the ambulance arriving with a new case, and he heard the bearers carry the litter into the children's ward.

"Poor little soul!" he muttered. "I hope it isn't a case of freezing." A glow of thankfulness warmed him; Katy, snug and warm at home, was in no danger of freezing. "Right sort of night for that, though."

It was indeed the right sort of night for that. The air was thick with a driving white mist; the ambulance was like a snowdrift on wheels; the litter bearers and the troubled mother beside them plunged through deep snow as they came up the steps. In a moment the men were out again and the ambulance was driven away; already there had been another call. John, seeing nothing of all this, only knowing of it by the sounds, went on with his studying. Dr. Steel and nurse Romaine could deal with a case of freezing without his help.

True, but this was not a case of freezing and they could not deal with it; the litter form on the cot before them had been crazily torn by machinery.

"I was working late, and she had just come from the house bringing me my supper," the poor mother explained, wringing her hands. "I was telling her she shouldn't have done that in all the storm, though it's but round the corner, and while I was saying it, and while she was laughing and making light of the storm—she's always so brave and good—the belt caught her somehow, and—oh, dear! oh, dear! You can save her to me, can't you, doctor? You must save her to me!"

"Only one man in the state can do that," said Dr. Steel, after a swift examination. "Ellis can, if we can get him here. We must get him, for the case is beyond me."

He hurried out into the hall. John, in his room, heard him giving a sharp order to Negley, the night messenger, then he

heard Negley, as usual, piling up difficulties in the way of what he was told to do. "I'm willin' enough to start out and try it, doc. If you can tell me where to go, I'll go, but you say yourself there ain't no clue to follow. And to go wadin' round through all this snow on a wild goose chase why—"

"Stop your grumbling and go!" With that fierce growl the doctor strode back into the ward.

John needed no more calling than this; in two minutes he was out in the hall, looking like an Arctic explorer. Negley was taking his comfort with no notion of going out except under stronger pressure. He grinned derisively at sight of the high boots and the fur cap, but a fellow who would volunteer to go out in such a storm as this was worth seeing under the circumstances.

"Good for you! This lets me out!" he remarked, and instantly he slipped off to a warm corner, quite out of everybody's way.

Just in time, for Doctor Steel had bounced out again to put spurs to his lagging messenger. He saw John, laughed in high relief, took everything for granted at once, and forthwith gave his orders.

"Ready, I want you to find Doctor Ellis. I don't know where he is, and nobody at his house knows, but find him. Tell him to come here without losing a minute, to save life. Tell him that—to save life."

"All right, sir." On his way out John saw Nurse Romaine knocking at the door of his room. She saw him at the same time, and hurried to him.

"I was after you to come into the ward," she said, "but if you are going after Doctor Ellis, that will be better. You will say so yourself when—afterward. Much better, for you will find him." She opened the door for him, and the blast swept him out.

She shut the door and went back to the ward. "It is a cruel thing, all round," she said to herself, "but this is the kindest part of it all. No pocket can hold the wage of the willing worker, and I pray it may be paid to him in full!"

What a storm this was that John had come out to battle with! He was full of life, and he loved a sharp tussle with the weather, but there was something too much of this. The intense cold found him out through all his warm clothing, and the wind knocked him this way and that in spite of all resistance. Those were trifles that did not count; he could fight the wind and the fight would keep him warm; the snow was the only thing he really feared, it hindered him so. Of course he could master the worst of the deepening drifts, if he had time, but there was the trouble; time was a precious thing when Dr. Ellis was sent for to save life.

In front of the Albermarle hotel, half a mile from the hospital, he got footing on a car; it carried him a few rods; then it stopped in a hopeless drift and he got off, and that was the last car he saw that night. Well, even that short ride had almost frozen him; floundering on foot would keep his blood stirring, at any rate. Even so, his fingers and toes ached with the cold, his nose and ears smarted, his face tingled painfully under the lashing of the frozen snow.

In spite of his best efforts, he was a long time in getting to the Brotherhood Hospital, and that was really only the starting place he had set for himself. Dr. Ellis came here every evening and here the case must be picked up. In two minutes John was out in the storm again; the case in hand; the doctor had been there and had gone off to one of his many "poor cases," in Prince Street. That was afar off, and John could get there only on foot. No matter, he cluded there, and he followed the clue with a light heart and perfect confidence.

He followed the trail to Beppo's house in Prince Street; then to Sullivan's house in Rose Street; then here, there and everywhere. Dr. Ellis, great surgeon and physician as he was, was at the call of whosoever had need of him, night or day. So for half the night it seemed to him, the weary messenger pursued the chase through the howling drifts, never losing the trail of the man he tracked, but never coming nearer to him.

The storm grew worse, if that were possible. Even on wind-swept spaces the snow was more than ankle-deep; in other places the boy must labor through drifts that swallowed him to the waist. Every where he must fight his own way; not a car was moving, and no vehicle or horse was to be had. He tried to whistle as he plunged onward, but the wind out-matched him at that and drove the whistle down his throat. That was just as well for his whistling had but little spirit in it. He acknowledged to himself that the fight had become rather wearying. In truth it was cruelly hard, and the long fierce struggle was telling fearfully at last even on his sturdy young strength. He was cold now, terribly cold, and he never in his life had been so tired. He would not confess it, but by this time all of him was exhausted except his courage and his will.

Then the grumbling clinax came, the stunning hopeless word was spoken. Another messenger, coming in a sleigh with horses enough to drag it through drifts house high, had found Dr. Ellis first, and had carried him quite out of reach. Carried him whither? To the Albermarle

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old. It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful. It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

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What to do now? Even John confessed that he could not possibly conquer again those terrible drifts; his feet might as well have been lead for all the life or feeling that there was in them, and he was tired beyond words. The Albermarle had telephone connection! Off to the nearest telephone station, then. If the wires not working, then indeed he must give up; but he would not give up till he had tried his last chance. After that he might rest.

He must rest before that. He had hardly started in his new course when, for the first time, he fell down. He got his frozen feet under him and struggled up again, but only to fall back helpless into smothering drift. He had twisted his ankle so that he could not stand on it, and there was nothing to do out to stay where he was until help came. That meant the end of everything, for no help could be hoped for; it seemed that only he, of all the city, was abroad in the storm. Well, it was good to rest, at any rate, he was so tired and sleepy. He would be snowed under like the child they had brought to the hospital, but—that reminded him. He wrenched himself broad awake. Somebody must help him to the telephone station!

A sound, more welcome than any he had ever heard, reached him. Not far away an ambulance bell was clanging. He shouted again and again, lustily as in his best days. Men answered him, and presently the Brotherhood ambulance was there beside him. Another minute, and he was in the ambulance, with warm blankets about him.

"Wouldn't bother you, only for the kink in my leg," he croaked the words feebly enough, but with all his old cheery pluck. "Off with you now, quick as you can! Must telephone—Doctor Ellis—save—life—Oh, keep me awake!"

The flash of energy had died out already and the fatal drowsiness beset him again with a power he could not resist. His rescuers knew the full meaning of those words. "To save life," and desperate as his own case might be, they must help him do his errand. With merciful cruelty they shook and scolded him till he found himself in the warmth and light of the telephone station.

"Give me Albermarle Hotel."

Rallying all his forces, he waited for the test calls. He looked up at the office clock and was sure it had stopped. From the story it told he had been away from the hospital not much more than two hours. For a wonder the wires were working and the call was answered. Then, with all the voice he could muster, he himself called for Dr. Ellis. Dr. Ellis spoke back to him.

"It's Ready, doctor, with a message from Dr. Steel. He says you must come to the Samaritan Hospital without losing a minute, to save life. To save life, doctor! Do you hear that? I've lost a lot of time hunting for you. You must hurry!"

"I hear, Ready, and I'll go. This instant, Ready."

That was all. John had done what was given him to do, and now he could rest. When he came to himself, hours afterward, he was in the Brotherhood Hospital. Doctors and nurses were busy with him, and every part of him that could feel was in pain. They put him to sleep, and he got through the night in some way. The next day Dr. Ellis himself was there, looking him over and tenderly putting him to rights.

"You'll do," the doctor said at last. "The leg will be as good as new pretty soon, and the hands and feet will be ready for use by the time the leg is."

"Yes, but did you get there in time last night, doctor? That's what I want to know."

"In good time, Ready." The doctor's face lighted up in a way pleasant to see. "There would have been a different story to tell if you hadn't got to the telephone, though. She will come through all right, and be none the worse for the accident, I can promise you that. Now go to sleep."

The doctor stood thinking for a little, then whispered in John's ear, "Get ready for duty as soon as you can—assistant steward! Oh yes, that's what it is, dating from last night! Good-by."

John forgot all the pain. Assistant steward! The great dream of the future had come true in a night! To his great surprise he dropped off to sleep thinking about it.

Later Nurse Romaine was there, crying over him and kissing his swollen and blistered face. "Your mother would have come, dear," she explained, wiping her eyes, "but she is at our hospital with— with her. O John! It was hard to send you out away from her, and she so dreadfully hurt, and calling for you all the time, but what could we do? That was the only chance of saving her. Only Dr. Ellis could do what had to be done, and only you could be trusted to find him. Your mother agreed that it would be best not to excite you and worry you before you started. Besides, your heart would have been half broken to leave her. You two did save her, and that is the great thing, isn't it?"

"But—who?" John whispered, in troubled perplexity. "Not—it couldn't have been Katy!"

Nurse Romaine put her face tenderly against his. "Katy, yes, dear. You earned her life last night, my willing worker. She will live and be well, but she would have died only for you, John."

So the wage of the willing worker was paid in full to John, as Miss Romaine had prayed. All the promises of hope were made good to him, and the assistant steward of the Samaritan Hospital is as happy as he is busy, which is saying much.

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