

DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WOMAN PHYSICIAN

By Edith Session Tupper.

Dr. Jane Stuart ran over her morning's mail with a mingled frown and smile. There were letters from all sorts and conditions of people, invitations to dinner, confidential notes, letters from cranks and a message from a woman reporter asking for an interview.

Dr. Jane was a personage. She was physical director of a tremendously smart woman's athletic club. She had a chair in a woman's college. She possessed a large practice. She had written several pamphlets on germs, bacteria, microbes and other unpleasant things. Moreover, she was a charming woman, socially sought and popular in her circle.

But she was frightfully overworked. Sometimes the exquisite machinery of her nerves got awry, and then Dr. Jane wished she could steal away from everything and rest. She was living constantly at high pressure and was a typical woman of the new school.

Dr. Jane answered such communications as were of moment, accepted an invitation to dine at a smart house, gave the newspaper woman an appointment for 5:30 that afternoon and then set forth on her round of morning calls.

As she came down the steps of her home she bowed to her fellow practitioner, Dr. John Treadwell, who lived just across the street and was about entering his carriage.

Dr. John uncovered and swept her a magnificent salutation.

Dr. Jane blushed. She would have been furious with any one who dared to tell her that her face grew rosy. She would not have admitted so feminine a weakness. Still she blushed.

Now, the cause of that blush was this: Dr. John was in love with Dr. Jane and had frankly told her so and asked her to marry him. But the offer had been accompanied by a condition. Dr. Jane must abandon her practice. "I do not want my wife running about and killing herself with work, as you are doing. Moreover, I want a companion, not a fellow practitioner."

Now, Dr. Jane was in love with Dr. John, but she refused to abandon her career and told him so.

They had a fine quarrel, and Dr. Jane told Dr. John she hated him, which was not polite. Moreover, it was not true, and he knew it.

Just now these two medical experts were treating each other with that exaggerated courtesy which warring lovers always affect.

"Horrid man!" said Dr. Jane to herself. "He can keep a carriage, while I have to trudge around on foot. How handsome he looks! I should like to ki- to kill him—odious wretch!"

"Dear, spunky little woman," thought Dr. John. "She looks completely fagged. She is killing herself by inches, but she won't give in, obstinate minx! Oh, these women and their careers!"

Dr. John drove away in his brand new carriage, his dusky coachman grinning at his side. Dr. Jane walked a block and hailed a passing car.

She rang the bell of a handsome up town house and was promptly shown up stairs. The room she entered was darkened. On a luxurious divan, amid a forest of silken pillows, lay a slim woman in a ravishing negligee. She had once been a great beauty, but her face, with its haggard expression, drawn lines and faded, lackluster eyes, told a story of misery.

"Oh, doctor!" she moaned as Dr. Jane went to her side and gently took her hand. "Oh, I am suffering so! Oh, won't you give me just a little—only half a grain, I beg you, only half a grain?"

The poor creature's voice rose almost to a shriek. "My husband is so cruel!" she sobbed. "The servants are all in

his pay. I can't get any sleep. Oh, I am almost crazy!"

She wept, she wrung her diamond laden hands, she grew more and more hysterical.

When an hour later Dr. Jane emerged from the house, she showed in her white face the tremendous strain she had undergone in controlling and consoling this wretched victim of morphine.

Dr. Jane had a busy afternoon and some trying cases. It had been a terrific strain, and she looked whiter than ever as she re-entered her home. As she sat down at her desk to correct the proofs of her article on "Death in the Dishcloth" her head swam.

"I'm knocked out," she said. "I believe I'll go away for a few days."

The bell rang, and a smartly gowned young woman was shown in. It was the reporter of a Sunday paper to whom she had given an appointment.

"I wish to get out ideas on a vital topic," stated this self possessed young woman. "Do you think that marriage interferes with a woman's professional career? Your opinion as a physician will be most valuable. I have statements from a woman lawyer, a woman preacher, an editor and an actress, and of course I must get the theory of a physician."

Dr. Jane leaned back in her chair and regarded this seeker of light thoughtfully. "Yes," she said, with just the suspicion of a sigh; "I do not see how a woman can be a good wife and mother and yet attend faithfully to the duties and demands of a profession. It is too much for the delicate organization of a woman."

"So you would advise professional women not to marry?" asked the young scribe, pencil poised over the pad on her knee.

"Yes," said Dr. Jane dreamily. How far away that girl reporter looked and why was she making faces at her?

"Yes; I should advise professional women not to marry," she went on, with a tremendous effort to pull herself together, "and—yet—I question—whether—love—and—marriage—are—not—best—for—women—after—all."

And then Dr. Jane quietly fainted away.

The girl reporter rose to the occasion. She rang the bell violently and helped the maid lay the doctor on the couch, loosened her gown, put smelling salts under her nose and shook her. Still Dr. Jane lay looking like a white lily broken by a rude hand.

"I'm going to call a doctor," said the reporter suddenly and thereupon rushed out of the house.

Now, as fate would have it, Dr. John was at that moment alighting from his carriage across the way.

"Are you a doctor?" demanded a shrill voice as a highly excited young woman grasped his arm.

"I'm supposed to be," said Dr. John quizzically.

"Then you had better hurry if you wish to save the life of a fellow practitioner across the way," stated the girl.

"What!" shouted Dr. John in a terrible voice.

"Come quick—Dr. Jane Stuart. I'm afraid she's dying. I guess my interview was too much for her." And the reporter rushed back seemingly on the verge of frenzy.

She stood by until Dr. John revived Jane. She saw the blue eyes slowly open and look up with an expression of wonder changing to doubt and then to something else. She saw the big, handsome Dr. John take the little, fragile Dr. Jane in his arms and heard him murmur, "My darling!"

Then she cleared out.

In the hall, being a highly emotional young person, she seized the maid by the hands and proceeded to do a dance of astonishing steps.

"Looks like a wedding—tra-la-la!" she sang. "Should a professional woman marry? Tra-la-la! Give up her career? Tra-la-la! Love and marriage best for a woman after all—tra-la-la!"

The door into the doctor's office opened, and Dr. Jane, still weak and white, tottered out.

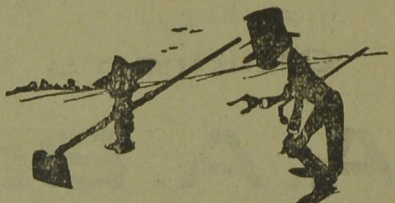
"Don't quote me," she said appealingly.

"No; I won't," responded the frisky young person. "And let me say right now that you are the most sensible professional woman I've struck. For what is a career compared to the love of such a superb fellow as that? Doctor, I congratulate you."

And then Dr. Jane blushed again.

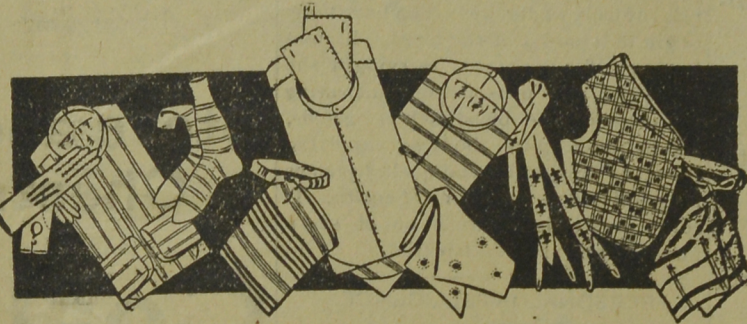
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No Jewish soldier in the Roumanian army can be promoted to a commission, however brave and loyal he may be. The saying is that as long as he is with the flag he is a soldier. When he ceases to be, he becomes a Jew again. Even if he enlists for a second term of service he does not, like others who do so, earn a pension thereby. An army surgeon, if he be a Jew, and the best surgeons in Roumania are Jews as a rule, only ranks as a common soldier, whereas his professional inferiors rank as officers. No Jews

The Original.



"And who are you, my little man?"
"Me? Oh, I'm the man with the hoe!"

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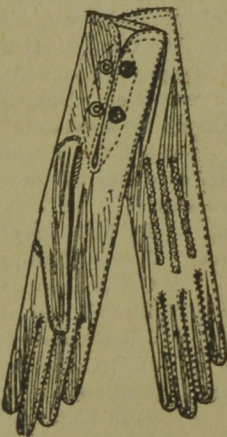
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