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DAD'S STORY

The article by Sam Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post has just now been occupying my attention, and so if I get to talking politics this week, lay it to Old Ben Franklin for starting that paper more than a hundred and fifty years ago. Some people may not know that he instituted that periodical which in itself is an institution.

But the thing I had in mind to tell you about, rather than the subject I had in mind, was the inmates of the ward where they had taken me at the homeopathic hospital in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The orderly wheeled my bed in to the northeast corner of the ward, not right in the corner—there was another bed between mine and the north wall—but pretty well in the corner. I can't begin to tell you how many beds there were in that big room. It WAS a big room. Must have been some 25 feet by seventy-five or perhaps a hundred feet. There were posts along down the middle but for the most part there was no obstruction from one end of the room to the other and from one side to the other.

Our beds were ranged along the east and the west walls with the heads of the patients to the wall so that holding up one's head one could see the man across or any one any place in the room excepting those behind the slender posts. Where the posts were close to one they shut off considerable of the view but by dint of wriggling around one got to see about everything that transpired if he was looking.

Friendly smiles greeted me the moment I stuck up my head after getting wheeled in. I knew right away that I was going to enjoy that place much better than I had the single room I had been occupying. Everyone seemed to be cheerful and happy, except one fellow, the man on my right when I lay on my back, the man between me and the north wall. The one on my other side was exceptionally jolly and full of fun. It was not long before Nurse was calling us (he and I) the Katzenjammer Kids.

Sorry I've forgotten the names; only one stays with me, Denny Rouse, and probably that one is remembered because I knew several of his relatives. None of them had I seen before being wheeled into the ward and none have I seen since. That was a long time ago, 1912, and I suppose some are dead, some are wandered to distant lands, and perhaps there are some still there, in the hospital. There is a woman at the Good Samaritan who has been there almost, if not quite as long as it would be to have been there since 1912.

I'll just have to refer to them from the position of the beds they occupied. With perhaps a hundred in the room there is small wonder that I do not remember all of them but the other Kid I should remember. His ailment was much like mine. He had been there four weeks when I came into the ward. He was still there when I left and would have to stay a week, perhaps three or four weeks before there was any chance of his getting out. But jolly—why he had a funny story to tell on every occasion and he had friends calling on him who would smuggle in fruit, candy, cigarettes, anything.

One of his friends was a chiropractic. She used to call every Sunday and sometimes once or twice during the week. I got sort of a crush on her myself, but then I always was impressionable. He had infection of a stubborn sort and his wound had to be dressed twice a day. But never a whimper would you hear. He'd just lay there and there would be sort of a sickly grin on his face if you caught his eye. But as soon as the interne had bound up the wound and pulled the covers up over him his cheery smile would sort of shine out all over that room and to the nurse's inquiry of how he felt his reply was invariably "I'm feeling just right."

But on my other side was the worst grouch in the room. He just could not have his bed touched, his dressing disturbed; anything would bring forth the most dreadful groans. Even while nurse was making up the bed he'd lie there and complain. He was too hot or too cold or his pillow wanted fixing, or the diet was abominable (which it was at times); he was continually whining. He had been operated on for gall stones. Not a very serious operation though the disease is painful enough.

One day, soon after I had come into the room, the nurse was making up his bed. He was laying on his back groaning and taking on like a burned boot. She was working with her back to me and turn-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
CHRISTMAS CARDS



Opportunities for original greeting card snapshots are unlimited and a challenge to your ingenuity.

HOWEVER much we may jest our Spanish speaking neighbors for the expression "mañana" (tomorrow) as the time for doing anything, certainly when the time comes for Christmas shopping, it seems to be "mañana" throughout all America. This applies particularly to getting Christmas greeting cards ready.

It's the same old story every year. You solemnly resolve to have your greeting cards ready to mail early in December and end up by rushing frantically to a crowded store about December 20, to buy ordinary stock cards to serve as your Christmas greeting; no individuality; no signs of any thought on your part; just a greeting card of which probably millions were printed.

A Christmas card carrying a genuine greeting needs to be a very personal affair. Unless you are a hypocrite, your message is one of love and good will.

Have you ever stopped to consider the great advantage snapshots have over ordinary folk when it comes to Christmas greeting time? If there is anything that will carry a personal message it is a photograph and your card will be unlike any others your friends may receive.

There are many ways of using a snapshot in greeting cards. The photo finishers in your town are now prepared to make greeting cards for you—and inexpensive but attractive ones too—using one of your own snapshots. It will pay you to investigate them, at least.

If you want to be strictly individual you can purchase the regular plain note size cards, for which there are matching envelopes, paste your snapshot on the card and write your own greeting. You can't be much more personal than that.

Ideas? They are innumerable. If there is a good covering of snow before Christmas, one of the kind that clings to the trees, waste no time in snapping a picture before the sun destroys the beautiful scene. Another suggestion is a wreath, as pictured above. Cotton, if there is no snow available, will serve admirably in adding Christmas atmosphere.

The opportunity for unusual and beautiful cards is without limit. It offers you your big chance to show your ingenuity. Above all see that your snapshot tells a story. Anyone can point his camera and snap the shutter but it requires a little thought to get a real story-telling picture. Don't let your imagination run away with you in trying for an elaborate setting. That isn't necessary. Simple ideas are really the best and the chances are that they will "ring the bell" louder and longer than something pretentious or complicated.

Forget about "mañana." Get busy and start planning for your Christmas cards today and send greetings to your friends carrying a real personal Christmas message of cheer that shows originality and your personality.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

ing around just enough so that she could catch my eye, she ejaculated, "Gee, I like a whiner!"

Probably the outstanding case of intestinal fortitude was exemplified by Denn Rouse. His bed was in the northwest corner of the room, across and one down from mine. Dennie had been a teamster in the North Woods where the tall timber grows. Not tall as we know it in the Golden West but for that latitude and longitude it was quite some timber.

There they lumber in the winter time, when the snow lies deep, when the weather is cold and the runners of the sleighs squeak almost as distressingly as the novice's fiddle bow. The bunks on the sleighs are eight, ten, twelve, and sometimes sixteen feet long. The timber is not so big but piles on top of each other; these logs are sometimes piled to unbelievable heights. Often the top log on the sleigh is as far from the ground as the top of a high load of loose hay. Higher, too, at times.

These logs are held to the sleigh by a boggle chain, a sort of arrangement which can be loosened with a lick of one end of a cant hook. One day Dennie was perched on top of a high load, happy as a lark, when the sleigh slewed, the toggle chain broke and the load disintegrated. When they got to him the logs had much the better of the episode, and Dennie had a broken pelvis, his legs broken in two or three places each, his bladder injured, some of his vertebrae cracked and, taken all in all, he was not in very good shape. That was in December, 1911. This was August, 1912. He was still alive, cheery, hearty, always cracking a joke, never complaining about anything. He had to have his urine taken every day, and his

bowels only moved after an enema. When they took the drains out from his wounds he would get white as a sheet but never a word of complaint. He had guts. He was no different when I left to all appearances than he was when I got there. They told him he would probably be a cripple all his life but he just grinned. "They can't keep me here always," he'd say. "I'm going to get out of here before many months and then I'll laugh at them for thinking they could keep a Rouse down." I never heard again from the place, but suppose he is either under the sod or has recovered his health.

There were six or eight beds between Dennie's and the door into the main hall. Just on the other side of the door, on the same side of the room with Dennie lay an old man who suffered something terrible. His urinary elimination system was bad for some reason. One day nurse said, "They'll be in after—some day and he won't come back any more. At about ten or eleven o'clock we were all awakened by the most outlandish screams. Some one was in fearful agony. The orderly came in on the run, followed by nurses and then an interne or two. They brought a coop which they put over him. Then they administered a sedative and directly he stopped moaning. He kept quiet for a little time but we were all thoroughly awakened and could not go back to sleep. Soon the death rattle could be heard all over the room and before dawn he had breathed his last. That was the only death in the three weeks of my stay.

Did I say that all the names had been forgotten? One is with me still. Miss Holtzheimer (Wooden-hammer if we interpret it from the

German), the head nurse, made her rounds every day. Big and strong, she stood six feet tall or more and had a frame few would like to contend with. One morning, she stuck her head in the door. Seemed like everyone was looking at her. Perhaps she let out a bark, or a howl. Anyway she began, "Who's been smoking cigarettes?" Well, the way she talked to those men was a caution. Of course I was one of them and none of them could get off their beds. But she told them of the danger of fire from cigarettes, of the women and kids in other wards whose lives would be endangered by a possible fire, of the cigarettes' being injurious to the health, and a lot of other things. When she finished there was never a sound. I'll bet she talked five minutes, and it seemed longer, but there was no more smoking in that ward while I was there.

Of course the boys who had known me at Ferris's came to visit me in the hospital. Campbell, and Pino, and several others, I'd like to tell some of the stories my neighbor's lady friend used to tell him, but I guess I'd better not.

I was there three weeks. Then I was allowed to sit propped up in bed. A day or two of that and I had my clothes brought in one day near noon and I was told I could dress and go to the dining room for lunch. I dressed and stood up but I did not get to the dining room that day. My darned knees just felt like there were a dozen needles in every joint. Then they wobbled so, jumped in and then out and I sat down. Some of the fellows who had been watching me laughed but it was sympathetic laughter. Two or three of them told me to try it again. I did after lunch and that time I got up and took a step or two.

Next day I was able to get out as far as the sun porch and the day after that I could go down town. I did a lot of errands for the boys after that to sort of help pay for what others had done for me when they first got up. There were men coming and going all the time, most every day; as soon as a bed was empty another took its place with a man in it. I think I'd like to stay there awhile now.

Miss Ruth Martin, who is attending the Portland Bible Institute, spent the week-end at her home here.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Geoff Hayes