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**The Mistake of
Nurse Phyllis**

By CLARA DELAFIELD
(29, 3222, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nurse Phyllis was sure that Doctor
Parkes, the house surgeon, loved her.
That was according to the tradition,
and Nurse Phyllis was the latest ac-
quisition of the North Manhattan hos-
pital. She had become a probationer
after a long and not very successful
career as a stenographer.

Nurse Phyllis was twenty-eight. Is
that too old for romance? Nurse
Phyllis was romantic.

She loved Doctor Parkes, and hated
Nurse Marian, who was trying to
take him away from her.

If Doctor Parkes seldom spoke to
her, Nurse Phyllis knew that the rea-
son was his uncertainty, his fear of
his love being unreciprocated. The
hospital was harder work than Myers
& Co., but oh, how much pleasanter
than the office, especially with Doctor
Parkes in mind.

"Come back when you want a job,"
old Myers had told her.

"What a job!" Nurse Phyllis was
devoted to her work. Even when off
duty she would steal into the wards
to lay her calm hand on the fevered
brow of some restless sufferer.

There was little Billy, a boy like
an angel, who had been run over.
Nurse Phyllis sat beside him for near-
ly half an hour while he tossed rest-
lessly in his delirium.

"Nurse, I wish you'd keep out of
the ward when you're off duty," said
Nurse Marian crossly. "That kid
Billy didn't have a chance to sleep
last night, with you fussing about
him."

"Cat!" thought Nurse Phyllis. She
knew that Nurse Marian was mad
with jealousy about Doctor Parkes.

The climax came in the case of
young Mr. Alonzo Kent. Young Mr.
Kent was the victim of an auto ac-
cident. He was also the victim of
dipsomania—self-induced. Young Mr.
Kent's father was one of the Wall
street crowd.

Oh, to redeem that still innocent-
looking boy from dissipation! Nurse
Phyllis sat by his side, smoothing his
fevered brow—why do fevered brows
require smoothing?—and laying her
cool palm upon his forehead—which
really amounts to the same thing.

Young Mr. Kent tossed on his bed
of pain. He opened his eyes.

"Oh, Lord, I've got such a head!"
he groaned.

Nurse Phyllis sped lightly across
the room—to the cupboard where the
medicines were kept. A little alcohol
upon young Mr. Kent's forehead
would soothe him with its cool applica-
tion. She snatched up a bottle and
let the contents flow upon her hand-
kerchief, which smelled delicately of
lilac. She hurried back to young Mr.
Kent's bed, which was in a screened-
off corner of the ward. Young Mr.
Kent had been brought in on emer-
gency, and there was no vacant room
to be allotted him.

Young Mr. Kent lay groaning, his
eyes wide open, staring into the un-
seen.

Nurse Phyllis laid a cool hand upon
his brow. "Poor boy!" she said, ap-
plying the handkerchief. The liquid
trickled down young Mr. Kent's
forehead, down the corners of his
nose.

Young Mr. Kent sat up with fiendish
bellowings that startled every occupant
of the ward. The words that flowed
from young Mr. Kent's lips were hor-
rible. In the midst of her piteous
sympathy, Nurse Phyllis shuddered.

"My poor boy—" she began.

Nurse Marian came hurrying up.
"Nurse Phyllis!" she cried. "I must
ask you—what, what have you been
doing to that poor boy on the bed?"
"She'd killed me, d—n her!" young
Mr. Kent bellowed, screwing up his
eyes.

"Nurse Phyllis, I must ask you to
get out of this ward immediately!"
said Marian.

Nurse Phyllis, casting her a look of
complete indifference, obeyed. After
all, Nurse Marian could not help her
limitations. She was always jealous
of everybody.

Nurse Phyllis heard a bell ring. The
house surgeon came hurrying into the
ward. Involuntarily Nurse Phyllis
rattened against the wall outside,
listened.

Young Mr. Kent was groaning.
Nurse Marian was talking excitedly.
"That's the limit, doctor!" she cried
hotly. "Einstein—and in his eyes
poor boy!"

Nurse Phyllis gasped. Had she
made a mistake?

"That woman's the limit!" said
Doctor Parkes angrily. "She's a
nuisance, the way she's always nos-
ing about. I can't stand her here any
more."

But that was too much. With a
strangled sob Nurse Phyllis fled, tear-
ing off the trappings of her job as she
ran. And in her mind one sentence
rang—that of old Myers.

"Come back when you want a job,"
old Myers had said.

She was done with the treachery
and hypocrisy of life. She was done
with Doctor Parkes. Something in
her mind said, "Click, click, click—I
guess this ribbon's good for one more
turn."

Town's Narrow Escape.

Lightning struck the steamship
Georgiana with 350 tons of T.N.T. high
explosive aboard while she lay at the
municipal docks in Jacksonville, Fla.,
stunning several members of the crew
and throwing a scare into the city.
The citizens believe they narrowly es-
caped a second Halifax disaster. The
bolt splintered the mast of the ship.

JUDGE LANDIS ARGUES GOLF CASE



Former Federal Judge K. M. Landis lost one of the few debates of his
career when he clashed with Frank Bacon over a point on the golf links. The
two veterans, with Ralph Morgan and Chick Evans, were playing an interesting
foursome on the Edgewater Golf club course, Chicago, a few days ago, when
the argument took place. The photograph shows Evans, Morgan, Landis and
Bacon.

**ANIMAL TOUCHES ARE
SECRET OF PICTURE**
**David Smith Noted for His Work
With Dumb Beasts**

One of the secrets of the success of
David Smith, who directed "Flower
of the North," which will be shown
at the Star theatre on Sunday and
Monday, January 7 and 8, is his little
human interest touches.

The addition of little bits of atmos-
phere not written in the script, but
which, when flashed upon the screen,
give a realism to the production that
the average spectator is unable to
explain. These little touches consist
of beautiful scenic backgrounds, close
ups of wild animals, a rabbit with a
litter of little ones, a dog in some un-

usual yet characteristic pose; or a
player caught unaware performing
some act that is entirely characteris-
tic of the individual. These little
things when multiplied and put into
a big production make the picture a
classic.

"Flower of the North" is a story
of unusual interest, being one of the
best James Oliver Curwood novels,
and in picturizing it, Vitagraph ad-
hered closely to the picturesque story
of the North country full of romance,
adventure and stirring scenes.

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good advantage by cooking and add-
ing to the wet poultry mash to make
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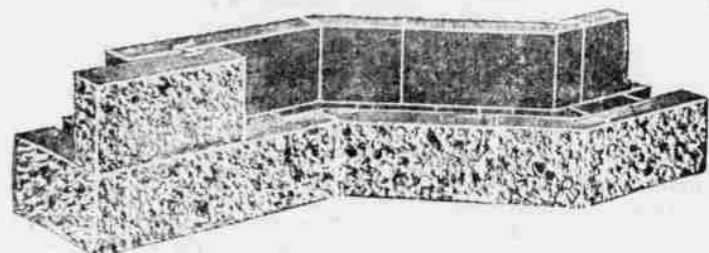
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