

FIGHTING FLU **IS REAL WORK**

Teacher Who Volunteered Services in Hospital Finds Unending Labor but Much Joy in Her Service of Love.

[The following article was written and contributed by one of the many unselfish, patriotic teachers of Milwaukee who risked contagion and rushed to the aid of the sick.]

"Fighting the flu," said the little teacher, "is like throwing her hat and coat on the couch and dropping into a big chair. 'It's one of the most interesting experiences in the world. Yes, it is tiring,' she added with a laugh. 'You see you are on your feet all the time, and if that time happens to be from eight at night until five the next morning—well, it's a pretty long night.'"

She was one of the many teachers who offered their services at the Nunnemacher hospital, where the women and children with influenza have been cared for.

"I went up to help in the kitchen," she said. "I was given an apron and a head square to put on. Then I was directed to the sink full of dishes. Full? Piles, heaps of dishes! On one side of the beautiful big kitchen are the white dishes for the patients. These dishes have to be sterilized after being washed. On the other side are the blue dishes for the nurses and attendants. There were several other teachers present, a business woman and a society girl, all working as busily as bees."

"Well, we washed and washed and washed, and boiled and boiled and boiled, and wiped—one odd shaped dish I know I wiped ten times during the night."

Fills Babies' Bottles.

"Presently a nurse presented me with a set of formulas, a shelf full of baby foods and an array of babies' bottles."

"Will you fix up the bottles for us, Miss T.," she said with a smile and left me.

"Nine not to question how. Somehow or other I fixed up those bottles, hoping fervently there might be no fatal results," and handed them over to a helpful Jack who took aloft to the babies on the third floor.

"Then I began to get dinner for the nurses, who dine at midnight. It was late now. All the kitchen helpers had left except the scrub lady, who peeled the potatoes, and a Jack, who volunteered to make coffee. I'm not a regular housekeeper, but I am a good cook, so after much effort, distracted by calls for bottles, sterilized cloths and clean dishes, we got that dinner on the table and called the tired and hungry nursing force."

"Just then," said the said: "Miss T. will you help in the ward a few moments?" Of course I would. I put on my mask and went in. Cots and cots, full of sick people. In one corner was a pathetic group. An old father and mother and a young husband were sitting beside a woman who was evidently near death. I lifted her head a bit, but after one glance at her loved ones, she dropped back with a sigh and was gone. I gently closed the little wife's eyes and turned to the little group, who had risen, stunned at their dreadful loss. Unconsciously I patted the boyish looking husband on the shoulder—he turned and buried his head on my shoulder. I led him out to the kitchen, where he told me their little love story now ended so tragically."

"Other patients claimed my attention until I was called to the third floor, where the children are. I felt right at home here—children being right in my line, and I was deeply interested when called to the kitchen."

Escort for Scrublady.

"Here I found the scrublady in tears."



Briefly Reviews the Correct in Fall Jewelry.

For those who occasionally find themselves at a loss regarding a happy selection of jewelry for personal adornment, the etiquette of its usage, and the proper bestowal of gift pieces, The Spectator will offer timely suggestions. Queries pertaining to jewelry will be gladly answered in this column.

Here's the idea
"I never know how to get to give," writes Mrs. J. B. C. "so, don't wait please make a suggestion."

FASHIONS FOR AMERICANS



Evening Frock of Satin and Net.

The sketch illustrates an interesting evening dress embodying a number of the season's tendencies in evening apparel.

She couldn't go home alone. Had promised her husband that she would not. Here she wept harder and looked at me appealingly. In desperation I called the police station. "Indeed I can help you out," said a pleasant voice. "Will send a man right over." In a short time an officer appeared and the smiling scrublady departed, personally conducted.

"Dishes and more dishes, bottles, babies, until I needed no urging to go home. When they saw my uniform, everyone on the 5 o'clock car wanted to know 'How the flu was going.' The policeman on our beat happened to see me and gallantly escorted me home."

"Oh, yes, I'm going again—every other night," she added. "Some of the teachers go in the day time." She looked rather tired, but her eyes shone with enthusiasm and she laughed.

"It's a great life," she said. "If you don't weaken."

"I want to go home. I want to go home to sleep," wailed little Charles, 5, from his white crib at the Nunnemacher influenza hospital. Everyone who knows children realizes the intensity of the longing. Evidently the nurse's aide explained the situation to the lonely child only to be finally won over with the argument, "If you'll let me go home to sleep, I'll come right back in the morning."

Little Elizabeth, 4, in the next room, hears the cries and her lips quiver as she says, "I want to go home, too, but I won't cry."

"That's a brave little girl," says the nurse. Desperately the child tries to control the quiver in her lips and the great tears which stand in her eyes as she sobs again, "I don't cry, do I, nurse?"

Federal reserve boys by day and Jacks by night have done tireless service, carrying up and down the great trays, "swabbing decks," and often working over the children.

Mrs. Reineking, superintendent at the Nunnemacher, is wondering what she will do without the teachers, for their services have been invaluable as nurse's aides. It is hoped that those women of the city who have taken the first aid courses will respond to the call, for it is believed the hospital must be kept open two weeks longer.

Workers in the office have been Mrs. Willet Spooner, Mrs. W. H. Cudworth, Miss Irene Smith, Miss Praesentini and Miss Gottschalk. They, with the nurses and aides, deserve endless credit. The work of all departments has been done in three shifts, for hospitals run day and night.

Some smart women wear a perfectly plain veil over their hats and after it is securely on glue separate dots on where it is most becoming.

MAID AND WIFE *The Life Story of a Society Girl*

BY CAROLYN BEECHER
CHAPTER XXCV.

Does it seem that I am skipping over the weeks and months without recording their happenings? If so, the only excuse I have is that there was nothing to record. I went to the office each morning, did my work, and returned at night. Aside from the outings of which I have told you I went nowhere. Kenneth Hunt had asked me twice to go to the theater with him, but when on the last occasion I had refused I had said:

"Please don't ask me again; I must always refuse." And he had respected my wishes.

Only twice had I heard from Clark—once on my birthday and once when he wished my signature to some patronizing letter. Of course he sent me his check each month, but no word accompanied it.

On my birthday he wrote me, wishing me all happiness, and when he wrote for my signature he had added a few words. He hoped I was well, etc.

I had thanked him and had added just a few words wishing him happiness. But I had said nothing when he sent the papers for me to sign. I had signed where he had indicated that I should and returned them to him.

May came. Still I had had no thought of returning. It was unusually warm for the time of year, and a lassitude I could not understand nor control was creeping over me. I took the tonic mother had left for me, but I felt no effect. June came. Hot, stifling days at first when I felt it an effort to drag myself out of bed and to the office. Then came cooler days and I felt better. I laughed at myself for so easily giving up to my feelings. I wrote mother that I was really feeling fine, and I meant it. But at the first recurrence of the hot weather I wilted again. One day—about the middle of June I couldn't make myself get up.

Jennie telephoned the office. Then, without consulting me, for a doctor.

The doctor came. He was a kind-faced, elderly man, whom I felt I could trust. "This won't do, you must stop work at once," he said, after I had answered his questions. "This hot weather is very enervating. You must be careful. Let your husband take care of you now."

After prescribing a remedy for my faintness he left, telling me to send for him should I not improve.

"I had made no answer. I couldn't tell him that Clark—didn't know."

When he had gone I buried my face in the pillow and cried softly for ever so long. I wanted my mother, but

more than all I wanted Clark, my husband, the father of my unborn child.

I remained quietly at home for two days. In that time I took account of myself. I realized for the first time how selfish I had been in running away instead of trying to make myself contented. In a way I commenced to understand that I had cheated Clark. He had married me expecting a wife, a homemaker, a companion. I really had been none of these things. Not because I did not want to be, but because I wanted to be without effort on my part. I had not done my share.

At the end of two days I took up my work again in defiance of the old doctor's injunction. Yet even as I did so I knew that it could not last, that soon I must leave again. Then all suddenly, there rushed over me a longing, a longing that would not be denied, the longing for my husband.

Day after day I fought it. I would not yet concede that I was ready to go back; that I could endure the monotony of it all. I could still close my eyes and visualize the black mountain as they were when I left, the broad acres without sign of habitation. And I still shuddered as I thought.

So I struggled. And daily the struggle grew harder; my strength failed, my mind for him, my husband, less. Then one day came the thought, awakening, illuminating. I had no right to stay away. I was cheating Clark.

I always had flattered myself that I played fair. I was not playing fair now. Almost I had made up my mind to tell Kenneth Hunt that I was going back, when a busy time came in the markets. I was needed. So I said nothing and June ran into July, the hot, stifling July of New York.

Now the thoughts of the bald mountains and the broad reaches of barren land left me. I remembered Clark's mountain, green and gold. I recalled the long rides we took when on Tomboy I would challenge him to a race. I thought of the big, cool rose and gray room, the great cool living room, the soft-footed "China boys," and the old Mexican—all so efficient and so willing to wait on me, to do my bidding at any time. Then I compared all these things to the stifling heat, to the crowded subway, the smelly luncheon where on a stool I forced myself to eat that I might be able to work.

A great wave of nausea went over me. How could I ever have thought this life comparable to the free, the wonderful life Clark had planned for me and—him?

Yet, strangely, I was not ready to return. I was not convinced that his was the better way—for me.

(Copyright, 1918, by Carolyn Beecher.)
(To Be Continued.)

IF YOU HAVE TALENT TO SELL, ADVERTISE IT CORRECTLY

BY DULCE DUENNA

Since the business world is daily calling for women, women and more women to fill the places made vacant by the men who have gone to war, we find that there are plenty of women who are eager to respond. But some of them wonder why they do not "get in." Perhaps these suggestions may be help to those who are in doubt.

The essence of good advertising lies in making an interest-compelling first impression.

The job-seeking girl who appears in clothes appropriate for that job shows she has a sense of values. "Flash" hints at too great a propensity for the romantic.

Grooming indicates mental as well as physical habits. Care of the person spells orderliness, which is the first law of business.

The girl who camouflages her lips and cheeks and eyes is very apt to try to camouflage her work—to get by on bluff and pretense.

A rough stick is a poor medium of advertising your mental and manual capacities.

Voice and language—how you speak and what you say—largely classify you as to breeding, home life, mental caliber and ambition, to the prospective employer.

Don't talk too much about yourself and your personal affairs. It indicates a tendency to gossip—and the

business day clock runs too fast for that kind of volubility.

Don't indicate in manner or attire that you're apt to distract fellow employees or patrons' action from business; that you're going to keep the spotlight upon yourself. The place for that is the theater.

How About Your Own?

A great deal has been written in both poetry and prose about the relics the boys carry in their pockets, writes the high school reporter for The Toronto Republican, but for some reason they missed the girls. "Recently our investigation committee held an inquest upon a girl's pocket and found the following: One acented pocket handkerchief, one vanity case containing powder, mirror and some small change; one powder rag; one crocheted hook; one ball of thread and work; one tatting shuttle, one button hook, one nail file, one wire hairpin, one coat button, one stick chewing gum, a note from her last beau and three sen-sens, besides numerous unidentified odds and ends of a miscellaneous nature."

Germany and Wisconsin.

Dear Miss Duenna: 1. If a man gives his notice that he is going to quit, can he eat his check on the same day or what is the length of time he must wait according to law? 2. Which is larger, Wisconsin or Germany? I mean the original Germany.

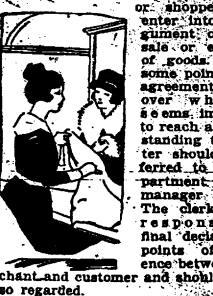
We do not answer legal questions. 3. According to the latest figures we have the population of the German Empire in Europe is 65,000,000 and 508,780 square miles. Wisconsin's population is 2,213,860, and its area 56,668 square miles.

Not in This City.

Dear Miss Duenna: Let me know if the Brotherhood of American Yeomen, No. 5140, has lodge rooms in the city and if so, where? There are no brotherhoods in the city except under the following Nos. 5605,

GOOD FORM

No well-bred woman, whether clerk or shopper, will enter into an argument over the sale or exchange of goods. Should some point of disagreement arise, it is almost impossible to reach an understanding the matter should be referred to the department or store manager at once.



HONE COOKING BY MARY HANCOCK

Friday.

BREAKFAST—Grapes, cereal and cream, eggs, toast, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Fried mush, cheese sauce, spiced pears, ginger-nuts, tea.

DINNER—Celery, clear tomato soup, boiled cod, cream sauce, whole-boiled potatoes, buttered beets, tomato salad, mince tarts, coffee.

Fried Mush, Cheese Sauce—Place one pint of boiling water in a saucepan and add one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of grated onion, two teaspoonfuls of finely minced parsley, two-thirds cupful of cornmeal, adding the meal very slowly. Stir to prevent scorching or lumping. Cook for forty minutes, and then pour into pans to mold. Cut in slices one-half inch thick and fry until golden brown in hot fat. Serve with cheese sauce.

Cheese Sauce—One and one-half cupfuls of thick cream sauce, one-quarter cupful of grated cheese, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, two tablespoonfuls of finely minced parsley. Heat until very hot, and then serve on the mush.

(Copyright, 1918, by Mrs. M. A. Wilson.)

CON W

I WATCH MA AND PREVE AN E SIXTYN

If anyone car as at the train I had the girl long as I stay not deliver her in the grand n section which for women wh haired and kea on each floor. I We had adjoin that the door open. Mary c was not for a migh know it phone.

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The rig to sha

How this treatme

Do you think your hair like a plant? No, indeed. It tal difference.

For your hair does not b No vital fluid circulates thro in the plant. Except at the hair has no more life than a

To keep your hair low must, by the proper treatm healthy and vigorous.

Is your hair dull and life rich and lustrous. Is it gr brittle? You can correct prevents the tiny oil gland the right amount of oil soft and silky.

Try this famous

Before shampooing, rub with the tips of the fingers making the scalp itself mov loosens the dead cells and dandruff that clog up the p

Now dip the hair in v

Unusual Specie

Start your Christmas shop- ping now. Take advantage of the many specials offered during our advance Xmas

Little Stories for Bedtime