

# Boy Leaves Hospital Under His Own Power After Four Long Years

## Lad's Parents Don't Pay Cent For Expert Care and Treatment

Eight-year-old Jim has gone back to the north country after four years in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. He walked out, carrying his own handbag.

Four years earlier, when he was hardly more than a baby, his parents made the long journey down to Toronto, bringing Jim with them. They appeared at the out-patients' clinic at the Hospital for Sick Children and told the doctor that Jim had a sore back.

As they do with thousands of other patients every year, the doctors at the clinic gave the little boy a thorough examination. Some of the ablest physicians and surgeons in Toronto were there. They took X-rays, made blood tests and "check-ups," and found that Jim had a tubercular spine. They took him upstairs and put him to bed, with his father and mother stayed on for a few days and then went back up north.

Privately, the doctors thought that Jim had scarcely a chance to get better. But they turned over him unceasingly, turned loose all the magic of modern medicine—for four long years, while the little boy ticked off his birthdays.

Well, it worked. Jim did get better, and he walked out of the hospital with a strong back set on two sturdy legs. He's up home again, in the bush country of Northern Ontario.

**PARENTS DIDN'T PAY CENT**

And because to-day's hospitals are organized in an especially marvellous way, Jim's parents didn't pay a single cent for the four years of expert care and treatment. His municipality paid the Hospital for Sick Children the Public Ward rate of \$1.75 a day for every day the sick youngster was laid up and the Ontario Government paid the statutory rate of \$1c. But it cost the hospital at least \$1.00 a day more than the \$2.35. The Hospital for Sick Children invested \$1,600.00 of its own money in Jim's recovery.

They do things like that every day in the week. The doctors who looked after Jim for four years donated their services, as they are continually doing for helpless youngsters who come to them with bad tonsils, poor eyes, weak chests, hereditary diseases and a hundred other ailments.

Broken bones come in for setting. Babies who aren't feeding properly, and older children whose teeth haven't been attended to since they were born, are looked after. The biggest men on the hospital's staff carry on their daily clinic in the morning, diagnose troubles, and give the delicate operations and care to those who are already in hospital.

Last year, for instance, the highly skilled physicians and surgeons on the staff of the Hospital for Sick Children gave free of charge more than 40,000 hours of their valuable time. Put a value on it—say \$5.00 an hour, which is too little—and you have more than \$200,000 worth of medical services given away in a single hospital.

**MOST IN PUBLIC WARD**

Joseph Bower, Superintendent of the Hospital, listened alertly to the

question, "How about it, now; don't the doctors and hospital make some of this back from the private patients who can afford to pay?"

"Would it be news," he asked, "that out of the 434 beds in the Hospital for Sick Children, 414 are in public wards? We had 9,000 patients last year, and less than five per cent of these were private patients."

"We are a public hospital, and like every public hospital, we are required by law to accept any patient who comes to our doors in need of treatment. We give them everything they need, and it's not unusual for the hospital to furnish from \$300 to \$400 worth of serum to a single patient suffering from pneumonia. Whatever the cost to us, we get only our regular allowance of \$2.35 a day, per patient."

Some serums are given free to the hospitals by the Provincial Department of Health; the others, not on the free list, must be paid for.

It's pretty obvious, then, that the hospital has to make up its operating loss some other way.

This is the reason for the regular annual appeal to humble and charitable citizens for donations.

The out-patients' clinic was crowded by 9:30 this morning. Waiting outside were filled with parents and children from infants to adolescents. Several hundred come here every day, many from outside Toronto.

All of the hundreds of fathers and mothers who brought in their ailing youngsters, a few, who could, paid the \$20 cents. There might be bills a little higher for X-ray and other special work, but the majority paid less and many nothing at all.

Look closely into the heart of the Hospital for Sick Children, and you'll find not only kindness and superb skill but an organization that is almost unique in the world. It is a children's hospital for everyone in Ontario, drawing its patients from every municipality even to the farthest corners of the province.

**100,000 VISITS A YEAR**

"There is no statutory provision for establishing an out-patients' department in any hospital," said Mr. Bower. "But municipalities throughout the province have come to realize the importance of our out-patients' department, since a very large proportion of the patients treated there would otherwise be occupying beds in the hospital. And that would result in a much increased financial load for the municipalities."

So there is one reason for the size of the great daily clinic, which hunts out the ill of thousands of youngsters and results in upwards of 100,000 visits a year.

The Hospital for Sick Children does not share in the funds collected by the Toronto Federation for Community Service because patients are admitted from all over Ontario.

Over \$2,000,000 is needed this year to meet the unavoidable deficit. Even small gifts are not only welcomed and appreciated but are the result in a much increased financial load for the municipalities.

Your gift should be mailed to the Appeal Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 97 College street, Toronto.

# Doubling for Snickersnacker

By SALLY LLOYD  
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"BY THE whistle-eared dogfish," whispered pa hoarsely to ma, "I must be full of this here sex appeal that you hear so much about nowadays. Lookit!"

"You're full of prune juice," retorted ma coldly. "I saw them hussies as soon as you did. If I didn't know better I'd say you'd forgotten to tuck your shirt in, or that you were losing a garler, the way they're staring at you."

Directly across from them sat two flappers, powdered, orange-robed and lip-salved. They had been staring intently at pa ever since he had sat down. Every few minutes one would nudge the other and whisper. Then they would giggle shrilly and sweep pa with languorous glances from under their lashes.

Pa strained his ears eagerly, but was unable to catch a word of their mysterious conversation.

"Women have always fallen hard for me," he said in an aside to ma. "There are times when I think I ought to wear a nose veil like that fellow Hawthorne wrote about."

"You're old enough to be their grandfather and to have better sense than to take their snickers for a compliment," said ma, indignantly.

Pa's retort was lost in the scramble that ensued when the train pulled into Park street. Glancing behind him curiously, he saw the flappers buy a newspaper, keeping an eye on him as they waited for change. He and ma turned down Tremont street, and the girls followed at their heels.

Pa cleared his throat, straightened his tie, pulled his coat down briskly and felt his chin. Over her shoulder ma gave the flappers what might be termed in the vernacular as a "dirty look."

"Don't act like a hen hitting her forehead, ma," said pa soothingly. "They've just mistaken me for one of their boy friends. It's not every man my age that gets mistook for a cake-eater."

"You do it," came the voice of one of the girls behind.

"No, g'wan! You!" retorted the other.

"I'll be the bride of a boll weevil, if they ain't got something up their sleeves," muttered pa.

"I sh'd hope they had something somewhere," answered ma tartly.

"There's nothing in their heads or on their backs that you'd notice." She had no sooner finished speaking than a tall, spare woman of uncertain age stared pa brazenly in the face, hesitated a moment and then fell in step behind the flappers.

"Alciades Jones," hissed ma severely, as pa turned for a second look at his latest satellite.

"I've always been cursed with this fatal face that lures women like a molasses bung will snare the hornets. There must be some big movie sheik in town that they've mistook me for," said pa.

"There's another," gasped Mrs. Jones, as a fat woman bore down upon them and grasped Alciades by the lapel of his coat.

"You are Gerald Snickersnacker," she wheezed.

"I saw him first," squealed the flappers.

"He's mine," whined the old lady.

"I've been right at his heels for four blocks," snapped the tall, angular woman of uncertain age.

"I've had enough of this Snickersnacker stuff," said Mrs. Jones, firmly. "We head for home right now. The chances are that you look like some crook that they're offering a reward for. You better get under cover before someone arrests you!"

"Reward nothin'!" retorted pa, indignantly. "You'll find there's some big bug in town who looks like me. A stage star or a great financier or something."

That night pa pored industriously over a heap of movie magazines and theater publications, searching in vain for the name of Gerald Snickersnacker.

His wife sniffed a little, but held her peace.

"Almost time Anne was in," muttered pa, as he wound the clock and gave the cat a slight kick to ease her down over the front steps.

As though in response to his thought, the daughter of the house hold breezed in, threw herself on the davenport and her hat on the floor.

"I thought I saw Gerald Snickersnacker today," she began.

Pa and ma stared at her goggle-eyed.

"Who is this Snickersnacker?" asked pa at last, swelling out his chest. "Does he look anything like me?"

"I should hope not," returned Anne. "Snickersnacker's in vaudeville. They are offering a hundred dollars to anyone who identifies him on the street. Publicity stunt. He's said to be the only man on the stage who can imitate a trained seal to perfection!"

Ma giggled, and pa fixed her with a stern eye.

"A trained seal imitator," he muttered, starting for bed. "By the bow-legged brussels sprouts, if I thought I looked like that I'd swallow arsenic!"

**Belief of Primitive People**

Many primitive people still believe that a man's soul leaves his body when he is asleep and that he'll die if it does not return before he awakens. Consequently it is considered a crime, sometimes even punishable by death, to cover a sleeper's face, as this confuses his soul. A soul has no time to search for its body, especially when it is late getting home.

**Chinese Invented Paper**

The invention of paper is credited to the Chinese. The art is believed to have been carried by the Moors into Spain—thence into Italy, and then to France, Germany, and the low countries, and lastly to England and America.

# A Christmas Reconciliation

By HELEN WATERMAN

MARY and John had quarreled—just before Christmas, too. The Christmas candy had burned, and then, in the excitement, each had blamed the other, making cruel retorts, until Mary fled to her bedroom in tears and John stalked off in the snowy night.

The Christmas candle beamed a welcome from the window as John started around the block again. He was cold, and sorry, but he mustn't go in too soon.

The tree, the holly, their little girl asleep in her crib and dreaming of Santa Claus—all were a mockery. Mary went into the living room and snatched up the radio, looking for a jazz band and forgetfulness. Instead there came the strains of "Silent Night"—"peace on earth, good will to men,"—"God bless us, every one"—"may nothing you dismay." Wasn't there anything on except Christmas programs? A flick brought back the silence.

She opened the front door. Next time she would ask John to come in. Tell him she was sorry. Now that she stepped to think, she knew that he was sorry, too. Why let a few excited words that neither of them meant spoil their Christmas?

But John did not come. It was too cold to stand at the door any longer, but she sat at the window, with the curtain drawn aside, watching for him. An hour went by.

When at last she saw him coming the relief almost choked her. He was striding rapidly, carrying something in his arms. She opened the door for him and he handed his burden to her.

"Here, Mary, hold him. Careful, now. His leg's hurt. I'll get a box and we'll fix a bed."

Mary looked down at the warm bundle. It was a furry puppy. One leg was in splints. The puppy whimpered a little and licked her hand.

"But, John, where did you get him?"

"Accident. Over on Linden. Fell out of a passing car. I took him to a vet and had him fixed up. Thought he'd make a cute pet for Alice—"

He stopped his work and straightened up. "I'm awfully sorry, Mary. I was a fool."

"It was my fault, John." Their eyes met in perfect understanding. How silly to quarrel! The silence was a more impressive reconciliation than words. Mary broke it nervously, for fear she would cry again. "There are some clean rags in that drawer. And we ought to get him something to eat. He can have this old bowl for his dish." She worked with one hand, cuddling the puppy. "Won't Alice be surprised? And what shall we name him?"

"Ought to have some connection with Christmas eve, don't you think, How about Scrooge, or Marlow?"

"Oh, no!"

"Good King Wenceslaus?"

"Such names for a poor innocent puppy! Maybe we had better see what Alice wants to call him in the morning." She put the puppy down with a saucer of warm milk. John came and put his arm around her, and they stood close together watching their pet lap greedily.

"We ought to call him Peacemaker, honey," said John. "If it hadn't been for him, I might have still been out there in the snow."

"Oh, John!" She held him close.

"Weren't you silly? I was so worried when you didn't come. If anything had happened to you I could never have forgiven myself."

"Felt pretty rotten myself. Not my idea of the best way to spend Christmas eve."

"Of course I forgot! We have so much left to do! See the tree, and Alice's doll must be unpacked, and her stocking filled. What time is it?"

He looked at his watch. "Almost midnight."

"Not really!"

He nodded, and put his watch on the table. "Here, pooch," he said, "it's bedtime for you." He lifted the puppy into his bed, and turned back to his wife. "And as for you, milady," he said, "in about ten seconds I want a kiss for Christmas, and then we're going to pitch in together and clean up this mess, and trim the tree, and maybe even chance another batch of candy. OK? Yes, it's time, darling, to say Merry, Merry Christmas."

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# The Irreparable

By MYRA A. WINGATE  
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"DO YOU suppose I can't see how you are prying and spying?" If he were the only time it had happened! But it has been so many times. I suppose it's curiosity—"

"Oh, not so bad as that," protested the older girl, with slow, humorous intonation. "Call it a misguided interest."

"Or else you think I'm not to be trusted. I will not tolerate it longer. I want neither your company nor your friendship. Do you understand?"

"You make it singularly clear," the other answered, with pale lips. She stood holding her half-opened book, the crayon poised as if she waited merely for her caller to pass out before resuming work at the school-room slate.

The silence deepened. Cleo felt suddenly at a disadvantage. With an effort at dignity, she turned and walked out.

Bill had set the room to rights and drawn the curtain to the meeting-rail.

"Good-nights over?" he asked.

"She looks like a friend to tie you young Miss Leighton."

"If I believed so once, I don't now," said Cleo, grimly. "She's a disappointment."

"So?" asked Bill, in surprise. "I shouldn't have thought it."

They passed down the stairs and out through the corridor, where only a line of light showed under Carey Leighton's door. The other rooms were dark.

Cleo's heart ached for a moment, but only for a moment—she was too full of her new-found happiness in Bill. The older teacher had been kind when Cleo came, a stranger, to the village where Carey lived and taught. Gradually a strong friendship had grown up between them.

Then Bill came. Carey had known Bill almost as long as she had known Cleo. Bill had thick, light hair and ruddy cheeks, and an illuminating grin. His firm had sent him north on a surveying job and for a month his office would be in that village.

Cleo's engagements multiplied, and the after-school visits were very brief indeed, though Carey never allowed them to lapse.

Things had come to a pass where there was need of a quiet meeting-place and much deep conversation. Cleo's room at the school building offered such opportunity.

Absorbed in each other, they took no thought of outside opinion. To be sure, Cleo had caught a troubled look in Carey's eyes when first she met Bill there. Cleo's gathering resentment over her suspicion of espionage had culminated in her outburst of displeasure, on the night when she and Bill had finally settled matters.

Bill was leaving next day, and, after the few remaining weeks of school, he and Cleo would be married.

Cleo spent those weeks in a happy daze. She met Carey, to be sure, but paid her no attention, and thought but little about her until one of the long fall evenings which she and Bill liked to spend in their new home.

Bill was reading aloud while Cleo, a pleasing picture of the dutiful wife, mended socks. She insisted on being entertained. No entertainment, no darning. Struck by a sudden thought, Bill dropped his magazine to say:

"Cleo, what became of that Carey Leighton?"

"Home, suppose," she replied, shortly. "We quarreled—or I did—the night before you left."

"Quarreled," exclaimed Bill, horrified. "That was tough, considering that she—"

"She what?" Cleo roused instantly.

"Saved you from the consequences of my own foolishness," said Bill, deliberately. "There was a committee meeting that night. My office was next door to your superintendent's. There was a door between us, and I was sitting in my desk chair, back to that door, clearing out my stuff. They were discussing reprimanding you, on complaint of some righteous old gossips."

"In comes Carey Leighton with the super, and the response of the single night, and you left the building before she did every single night, and they'd be doing a grave injustice to listen to any such gable. One of 'em said, 'If Miss Leighton says so, that goes with me,' and they all said the same. I never meant to tell you. It hit me pretty hard that I had done that to you."

"Bill," moaned Cleo, "it isn't a patch to what I did to her. Just listen!"

Bill listened, the look of concern deepening.

"I can never make it right," Cleo said. "I could apologize and she would accept, but things would never be the same. I destroyed something fine that might have lasted a lifetime."

"I get you," said Bill, soberly. "She couldn't say anything to us, so she just tried to shield us. And that's what she got for it."

The two young people gazed at each other with contrite eyes.

**Why Trees Shed Leaves**

Botanists explain that the shedding of tree leaves is a natural process that is brought about by the formation of a layer of corky cells near the base of the leaf stem. This layer prevents supplies of water from passing through the stem to the leaf, causing the leaf gradually to dry up. Then the corky layer breaks and the leaf falls. It is nature's means of getting rid of the leaves at the end of the growing season when their work of manufacturing food for the plant has been finished. The normal process of leaf fall, like leaf coloring, may be interfered with by an early frost. If frost kills the leaf before the corky layer of cells at the base of the stem is formed, the leaf is likely to hang on the tree much longer than it would if allowed to ripen naturally.



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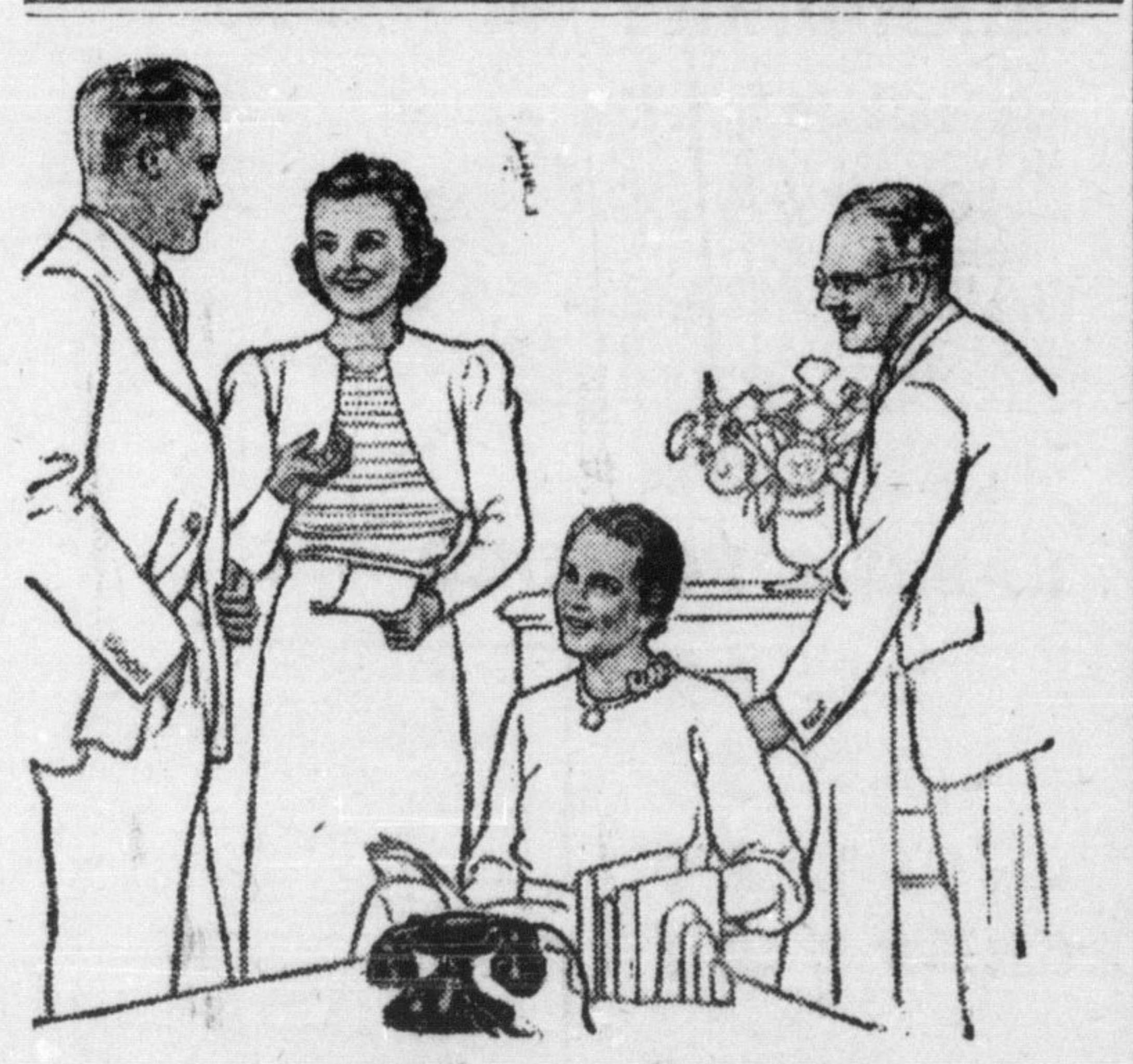
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