

should graduate from the Institute. Miss Peters noticed that factory work had made her pale. She was getting gray about the temples, the lines in her forehead were deeper and her voice trembled at times.

The weeks and months passed with a humdrum existence for the inmates of the flats. Spring came. The snow and ice in the gutters and alleys melted and formed a muddy slush. Day after day it rained. The skies were leaden and the atmosphere chilling. Miss Peters sat in her window sewing, listening to the patter of the rain against her pane and peering into the damp discomfort of the street. When June came Mrs. Barker's visits had ceased altogether. Miss Peters understood she was working very hard and so thought kindly of her.

One night Miss Peters was startled by a sound of several people talking in low voices and coming slowly up the stairs. She opened her door just in time to see a stalwart policeman reach the top of the stairs. Behind him four others bore up a covered, still form, on a stretcher.

"Is this Mrs. Barker's door?" asked the officer.

Miss Peters nodded ascent and gazed in mute horror at the procession. The officer opened the door and entered. The others, bearing their motionless burden, followed. Miss Peters saw them rest the stretcher upon the floor and uncover the white, blood stained face of Mrs. Barker. There was a deep gash in her forehead.

"Oh, how did it happen?" she gasped, clutching the policeman's arm.

"Run into by a street car, coming from work," he replied. "Pretty bad case. Guess it will be fatal."

Slowly they lifted the quiet form and placed it upon the bed. A physician came in and dressed the wounds. Miss Peters hurried about getting warm water and bandages. They worked over the unconscious woman for hours. Only intermittent heart beats gave them any sign of life. Finally, after a long period of waiting, in which Miss Peters bathed the almost transparent forehead, the eyelids slowly opened and Mrs. Barker looked feebly around.

"Lizzie, be quiet," murmured Miss Peters.

"Is that you, Miss Peters?" Can't hardly see, my poor old head hurts so. Awfully good of you to fuss with me. Wish you could send over to