

ST. PATRICKS PARTY

Misses Anna Sumbera and Lucille Chapman were hostesses at a very interesting party the evening of St. Patricks Day. The living room at the nurses home was beautifully decorated in shamrocks. All of the guests were in appropriate costume.

The invitations read as follows:

To our St. Patrick's dinner party.
We invite you most hearty.
But to the party you must bring
An Irish joke or song to sing.

Each guest came prepared but no prizes were awarded as it could not be determined who was the best entertainer. The song "My Wild Irish Rose," by Mrs. DuLaney better known as Miss Standard received many favorable comments.

Refreshments of salad, crackers, chocolate pie with whipped cream, and coffee were served. Favors were small wax pipes.

Those present were members of the Nurse's Home Club, Misses Amanda Standard and Mary Vann Harris, and Dr. and Mrs. Baker.

Bridge Club Notes

Friday, March 2. Hostess—Miss Helen Bryant.
High score, Miss Helen McNutt.

Low score—Miss Theo. Hickman.

Friday, March 9. Hostess—Miss Theo Hickman. High score—Mrs. Helen McNutt. Low score—Miss Thelma McGee.

Friday, March 16. Hostess—Mrs. Maxine Kramer. High score—Mrs. Loucylle Self. Low score—Miss Burlie Maynard.

Friday, March 23. Hostess—Miss Burlie Maynard. High score—Mrs. Helen McNutt.

End page eight 8.

Beginning page nine 9. Hospital Southeast Porch.

"I see this medicine is good for man or beast."

"Yes," said the druggist.

"Gimme a bottle. I believe that is the right combination for my husband."

THE T. B. HOUR

By Cliffie Harrison (Apologies to Longfellow
Between fair youth and old age,
When resistance begins to lower,
Comes a pause in some lives' occupation
That is known as the T. B. Hour.

They hear in the apex of my lung,
The noise of many rales;
The sound of bacilli eating,
And working together like pals.

From my bed I can vision their actions,
As they work away with a will;
Eating, eating, still eating—
Yet never getting their fill.

At times I feel rather sprightly,
But I know by experience past,
That they've only stopped eating to plan some
That my fall may be harder at last.

That gradual tired feeling,
And next that hacking cough,
And almost before I knew it,
They have nearly carried me off.

They gnaw at the tissue of my lung,
They give me the pleurisy;
If I tried to ignore them they'd kill me—
Oh, such is life with T. B.

They almost devour my lung tissues,
Their web about me they weave,
'Till I silently lie on my white bed,
And do not care to leave.

Do not think Oh silly T. B. bug,
That because you've entered my lung,
And because you are giving me trouble,
That my life's song is sung.

For I'm daily winning the battle;
Oh, bug, your life work is nearly done,
For I'm walling you up in a dungeon
And burying you deep in my lung.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, ever and ever more,
'Till my life on this earth be ended
And I sail for a brighter shore.