

**VARSIY STORIES: GATHERED
FROM THE STUDENT
PUBLICATIONS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649728510

Varsity Stories: Gathered from the Student Publications at the University of Michigan by
Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**VARSIY STORIES: GATHERED
FROM THE STUDENT
PUBLICATIONS AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN**

'VARSITY STORIES



GATHERED FROM THE
STUDENT PUBLICATIONS
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN, 1 8 8 1

AND NOW PRINTED FOR THE PUBLIC
BY
THE INLAND PRESS
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
1900

Libr. Repl.
Book 42
A-17-40
52404

PHIL'S DOCTOR.

BY SHIRLEY W. SMITH, '97.

(Prize Story.)

4-2, 2-46, 71, 89

When Phil first came to the hospital, the gray-haired head surgeon had looked at his little, crooked back, and shaken his head in a manner which suggested to the students in the amphitheatre, that Phil's was almost certainly a hopeless case. In fact, he said as much in big words which Phil didn't understand. Then the sheets were pulled back around the warped, twisted frame, and one of the student assistants helped the child over to a more comfortable position than the face-downward one, in which he had been lying. The big eyes had a sad, patient look in them as they glanced up at the student,—a look which only suffering can produce. Then the thin lips opened and Phil surprised the tall senior, by inquiring, in a voice pathetic in its gravity:

"I think I'm better today, don't you, Doctor?"

This remark was an inheritance from his mother for he had heard her ask the physician that same, hopeful question, morning after morning during her last long sickness, until the childish mind had come to feel that it was the proper thing to say to a



A COLLECTION OF

doctor. Those of the students who heard it, laughed a little, and the young man to whom it was addressed, embarrassed at the honor of being consulted in preference to the chief surgeon, blushed slightly and assured the small patient that there was no doubt of his improvement. Then the attendants started to wheel Phil away, but again the grave voice spoke out:

"I would like to have the Doctor carry me away."

The old surgeon overheard and his gray eyes shone out with a kindly glow, as he replied:

"I'm too busy now, my little man."

"No, I don't mean you. I mean your doctor," and he held out his arms to the tall senior.

"Take him, Mr. Cook, if you want to," said the surgeon, "the next operation is short and unimportant," and almost before he knew it, Cook had tenderly raised the little form from the table and followed by the sympathetic eyes of one or two of the most unprofessional of the women students, he bore the baby away, stopping to find out the room number from one of the nurses. Arrived there, he tucked Phil in between the sheets, and after a cheery word or two, was just starting to leave, for he didn't want to miss more than one operation, when a light step was heard, just outside, and then a slender, girlish figure entered.

'VARSITY STORIES.

"This is Aunt Ellen, Doctor. She takes care of me," explained Phil.

Cook bowed and the girl said:

"It was very kind of you to carry Phil up."

Then as Cook started to go, Phil inquired:

"You'll come to see me again, won't you, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes, I'll see you every day, as long as you have to stay," and the young man hurried away.

Ben Cook was delayed a little in getting through his work that afternoon, and when he finally left the hospital, he fell in with the head surgeon, who courteously asked Ben to walk up with him.

"Very interesting case, that boy who wanted you to carry him away this afternoon," said the Doctor, and then the conversation which occupied the succeeding minute or two, was so full of Latin names that we will omit it bodily. At last the Doctor continued:

"I have been talking with the child's aunt, and she has decided to leave him here, and we'll do what we can for him. He may get well, but of course the chances are a hundred to one against it. The two are all alone in the world and the girl has been supporting them both. She can't afford to stay here with him, and I'm afraid that when she's gone, the child will pine away. Well, I must leave you

A COLLECTION OF

here," and the elder man turned down the street, and left Ben to go on alone.

So Phil stayed on at the hospital, and he didn't seem to miss his Aunt Ellen so much as was expected. The nurses all liked the little chap, and as his story became familiar the students began to "drop up," as they said, to see him. And Ben Cook was there every day, sometimes oftener. Phil liked them all, and talked with them in his kindly, "unchildish" fashion which touched every heart. But no one could take the place of "My Doctor," as he always called Ben. No one but his Doctor could read his Aunt Ellen's letters to him, and no one else could act as his scribe when he dictated a message in reply. He loved to talk with Ben about how his Aunt Ellen had always taken care of him, and how when he got big he would take care of her in return. He never asked any one else about his condition, but when Ben came his hopeful queries were very numerous. The students began to speak of Ben as "Phil's Doctor," and Ben didn't mind it at all. He began to study special diseases with a vigor he didn't know he possessed. He took some of the literary or law brothers of his fraternity over to see Phil very often, and on the way back asked them if, "after all, medicine wasn't the grandest science in the world, when by its help such a child as Phil could be saved, and such

‘VARSITY STORIES.

a womanly little woman as his Aunt Ellen made glad." For Phil was getting better, at least the old surgeon who examined his back at intervals, thought so.

So the winter wore on. Sometimes Aunt Ellen could come down and spend Sunday with Phil. Then what good times they would have in that little room. In the forenoon they would look over all the newest toys and books which the boys had bought, and Aunt Ellen would make up her mind that she must tell those extravagant fellows that it wasn't right for them to buy so many things for Phil, and then in the afternoon, two or three of them would come over with more candies, and more tin soldiers, and she would see Phil's face light up at the sight of some new wonder and the pleased faces of the young men as they watched the child, and then she would relent and postpone her interdiction. Sometimes they would bring their guitars, and then Phil would hear the most wonderful songs he had ever dreamed of. The same boys didn't always come, but whoever they were, Ben's face was never missing, and "My Doctor" always had the place of honor, which was wherever Phil could see him best. And it got to be the regular thing for Ben to accompany Ellen to the depot when Sunday night came, and she and Phil had said good bye. Then next day, Ben would always have



A COLLECTION OF

some last word for Phil, which Aunt Ellen had forgotten until just as the train pulled in.

So Phil kept getting better and better, until finally he was able to walk about the hospital, and the old surgeon commenced to speak of the time when he could go home.

"And take care of Aunt Ellen," said Phil joyously. And it did begin to look as though he might, some day.

But alas for poor little Phil! For as he was gravely pulling a tin horse about the hall one day, he never noticed the long stairway just behind him. There was one little scream, the rattle of the tin horse as it went down, and then everything was still. A nurse ran down and picked up the motionless form and bore it back to the room. The house surgeon came; he looked solemn and said shortly: "Telegraph for his aunt." When Ben came that noon, one of the usually calm nurses told the story with a suspicious tremble in her voice. Sick at heart and almost faint, he stole softly up to the room and sat down by the head of the unconscious child. "I can look after him," he said to the nurse and she left the room.

And there he stayed, interrupted only once in a while by the surgeon or a nurse, who didn't stay for no one could do anything now, and they knew Ben would rather be alone. The afternoon passed and evening came. Ben