

THE BRAN' NEW SUIT.*

Kutchi wanted a "bran' new suit o' cloes." He was just "plum tired a-wearin' leavin's; things 'ut grown-up grand folks got tired of an' heaved onto usns. Look at this yere coat, and pants no way stylish, an' Christmas comin'."

The visiting nurse looked troubled. What was to be done? She determined that Kutchi should have that new suit if it came out of her own salary—and there was that cheque to be sent home and she needed new uniforms.

Kutchi is 20 years old and looks 12. His legs are drawn and crooked and he suffers from an aggravated form of hip disease; but his smile and his gay voice and his sweet courage are the brightest in the district. He and the visiting nurse, who comes almost daily to care for him, are the greatest chums ever were. He thinks since she can do so much for his body he will tell her the needs of his soul.

Kutchi's home is the usual tenement, sad, brown, gray, untidy. His father does odd jobs for small wages. Kutchi can't do anything but be gay and bear his pain and his sad, brown-gray life unflinchingly. Efforts have been made from time to time to teach him

"Head seems sorta funny and crooked too," he beams. "No kind o' use a-dealin' me out that high-up talk. 'Twon't stick. Queer sounds, buzzy sounds goin' 'r und and 'round in my head all the time. Chases everything else out, I guess."

He looks up at the nurse wistfully as she dresses his wound. "Gee! But I'd like a bran' new suit, just onect!"

On her way home late that afternoon the nurse steps into a Forty-Second street department store, and prices boys' suits. They seem high. At the door of her boardinghouse the landlady

meets her. "Could Miss A. pay he for the next two weeks in advance? She has Christmas shopping." Miss A. does so.

That night brown suits, gray suits, blue suits, all with neat white collars and bright neckties dance through her dreams, receding every time she reaches out for one for Kutchi.

Next morning, ere starting on her rounds, she telephones to the superintendent at the main office of the Visiting Nurses' Association and actually gains permission to buy a bran' new suit out of a special Christmas fund. Two newborn babies and their pale, tired mothers must be cared for; one cantankerous, bed-ridden old woman soothed and calmed and washed; one very sick pneumonia case sent to the hospital, and one girl, a typhoid patient, carefully tended before the nurse can get to Kutchi's home to tell him the joyful news. She just runs in, so many people are waiting for her, to call out that on Saturday,

her half day off, she will come for him to buy the "bran' new suit."

"Aw! What yer givin' us?" he says. "'Tain't so! Really?" And she catches his amazed grin ere she flies.

Early Saturday morning she goes to a friendly



KUTCHI'S NEW SUIT.

* Reprinted from the Report Visiting Nurses' Assoc., Chicago.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)