It Makes a Nicer Cool Drink

"SALADA" ICED TEA

● SERIAL STORY

INTERNE TROUBLE

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By Elinore Cowan Stone

CHAPTER I

Tran Dearborn entered Saint Vincent's as a student nurse without any one's having taken the trouble to warn her that, in a big hospital, the lowest form of human life is a probationer . . . . Lower than the callowest of the internes—although even Tran could see that their assumption of jaunty sophistication was often but a thin cloak to hide panic and a devastating sense of bewilderment.

When Tran's mother had christened her "Tranquility," her husband had warned her that she was iniviting disaster.

"And anyhow," he had said, "you don't suppose any one is going to call her that, do you?"

And, of course, no one did. "Tranquility" seemed so preposterously out of keeping with everything that was Tran Dearborn.

Perhaps that was because her slight body, with its restless dancing feet, and hands that would dart into quick gestures unless she held them tightly clasped, seemed to be driven by a nervous dynamo too powerful for its size. . . . More likely it was because of her eyes.

Those wide, dark eyes of Tran's —so out of proportion to her small pale face, with the dusting of golden freckles over a high-bridged nose that might have been haughty if it had not been faintly funny—often gave her a resemblance to a startled fawn on the verge of flight . . . That is, unless you saw them at one of those times when her sense of humor got the best of her most painstaking endeavors to look gravely respectful — while the head nurse was explaining the house rules governing probationers, for instance.

At such times Tran managed to keep her other features composed in an earnestly respectful look by biting her cheeks hard—but her eyes she never could control, even by opening them very wide.

Of course people had not really called her "Tranquility" even in her early school days at Miss Brand's of Virginia, or later, after her mother and father had died and Aunt Clara had taken her from one Continental school to another . . . All that was before Tran knew that she would have a living to earn with her own hands.

But it was not until she entered the training school at Saint Vincent's that people really began to canvass the delightful possibilities for parody presented by her given name.

Emergency

One day, during her first few weeks at the hospital, she was taken with a group of other student nurses on a demonstration tour of some of the less exciting wards. The itinerary happened to lead them past the open door of the Emergency reception room at the very moment when a police ambulance clanged up and stopped outside; and two uniformed figures hurried in, supporting between them a limp, bleeding man.

The rest of Tran's group passed demurely on, herded by an older nurse . . . But not Tran.

This that was happening in Emergency was the kind of thing she had hoped she was coming to the hospital to learn about. Yet up to date she had not had an opportunity to learn about much of anything except unexciting matters like the anatomy of the circulatory system, and how to make beds—and above all, how not to address one's superiors . . . Among other things — as Tran had discovered after several disheartening experiences—"probes," as the probationers were vulgarly called, did not make brash suggestions to their betters unless asked for them.

Now, as Tran stood entranced with curiosity, some one else came along the corridor and halted outside the door of Emergency. Glancing over her shoulder, Tran saw a tall, handsome man whose spotless white linen emphasized his look of glowing cleanliness and vitality and self-confidence; and whose arrogant nose and deep-set blue eyes suggested a native impatience not too firmly leashed.

Tran's heart missed a beat as she recognized him. Only the day before some one had pointed Dr. Sargent out to her as the most brilliant sugreon — and the most gosh-awful man to work under—in the whole hospital. It was his "gosh-awfulness that had won for him the nickname of "Top Sergeant," clipped for convenience to "Top Sarge."

To make a mistake when you were helping him was as much as your uniform was worth . . . . To be personally requested to assist him at an operation was the equivalent of a royal command. That was the mark Tran had set herself to shoot at.

Now the dark, friendly young interne on duty in Emergency glanced up from the figure the officers had placed on the table and called, "Oh, Dr. Sargent, please! If you have a minute, I'd appreciate some advice, sir."

Wouldn't I Do?

The tall white-clad figure went into the room. After a hasty glance up and down the corridor, Tran recklessly slid in after him.

The two men bent over, studying the angry red hole in the bare patch the interne had exposed on the patient's right shoulder. Tran, fascinated beyond thought of caution, eased herself closer, until her breath was almost upon the backs of their necks.

"Pretty deep, shouldn't you say, sir?" the interne suggested deferentially. "I think I'll need a probe."

"A probe, by all means," Dr. Sargent agreed.

Tran could hardly believe her ears. "Probes," she had been told, never got within a mile of operations—much less to help with them. Yet the Emergency interne had undoubtedly said that a "probe" was needed; and the terrifying "Top Sarge" had agreed with him. It seemed providential that she was on the spot.

Tran cleared her throat so sharply that they both jumped and turned, frowning at her.

"Perhaps," she said breathlessly, "perhaps—wouldn't I do? I'm one—a 'probe', I mean, she hurried on—as if her gray dress and voluminous apron were not sufficient advertisement of her low estate.

The young interne's face underwent a sort of convulsion; he turned his back and made a disconcerting noise that sounded like a cross between a sneeze, a sob, and a smothered prayer.

The terrible "Top Sarge" just stood, looking. But something in the way he looked gave the effect of an amazed Olympian surveying from the heights a particularly insignificant worm.

Tran's heart began to sink. She couldn't be mistaken. He had definitely said, "A probe, by all means." . . .Later, of course, she was to learn that when a surgeon asks for a "probe" the chances are at least one to a billion billion that he does not mean a student nurse, but a surgical instrument used for extracting embedded solids . . . . Now she only understood that something was terribly wrong.

Just Looking

Nevertheless, she persisted, "I mean—well, you did say you needed a 'probe', didn't you?"

"And even so," Top Sarge spoke with a chilling politeness, "may I ask what you happen to be doing in here?"

Tran put her hands into the pockets of her uniform to keep them from shaking.

"I was—well—looking," she managed to get out. "I"—desperately she strove for a more chatty note—"a hospital is such an interesting place—don't you think?"

Then—because the more frightened she was, the more irresistibly she wanted to laugh — she took her cheeks hard between her teeth; but her traitor eyes got bigger and darker and shinier in her pale little face.

"So interesting," he said, his own eyes like remote blue ice, "that if you're quite through sight-seeing here, I should appreciate your going to do your looking elsewhere."

By Name Of "Tranquility"

After a quivering instant, Tran went, with what dignity she could muster.

"And who, Benchley," Dr. Sargent demanded, "would that feather-brain be?"

"Her given name—believe it or not—is Tranquility— Tranquility Dearborn," he said. "But she's more popularly known as 'Utility'."

"And what, in heaven's name, is she doing in this hospital—or any other, for that matter?"

"Well—as her nickname rather neatly implies—just about anything that nobody else wants to do —heaven help her!"

Whether Heaven heard his prayer or not, not many minutes had elapsed before Tran was to need the benefit of prayer.

(To Be Continued)

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Issue No. 28 — '39

Household Pests: Their Control

Ants, Cockroaches, Moths, Houseflies Are Near the Top of the List of Home Enemies—Different Treatment For Each

Among the enquiries for information on household insects received by the Division of Entomology, of the Science Service, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, probably the most numerous relate to such common pests as ants, cockroaches, silverfish, clothes moths, carpet beetles, house flies, and bedbugs. Ants, cockroaches and silverfish can be controlled by the same insecticides: namely, by a mixture of equal parts of sodium fluoride and pyrethrum powder, or by the first-named insecticide alone. The powder, which is a poison and should be used with caution on that account, may be applied with a small dust gun or insecticide puffer, blowing it into the cracks and crevices where the insects occur and in other places which they frequent.

The prevention of damage by clothes moths and carpet beetles is less simple and requires special care and forethought.

For further information on the life-history and control of these insects, including houseflies and bedbugs, write to the Publicity and Extension Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, for a copy of Circular No. 137.

Common Sense Toothbrush Use

Proper Care of Mouth and The Teeth Should Be Taught In Childhood

So much has been published and so much has been said over the radio and in other ways about the care of the mouth and teeth that it would seem hardly likely that anyone could have missed the necessary information. Nevertheless, it is still important, if we can judge by what we see around us, to emphasize that the mouth and the teeth are important for health and that their proper care means that they will remain useful longer than they would otherwise.

Brushing of the teeth should begin just as soon as a child is given a mixed diet and even before this if there is any sign that material is collecting on and around the teeth.

Method For Brushing

Much has also been written about the motion to be used in brushing teeth. Since the whole purpose of the toothbrushing is merely to get the debris and the material on the teeth and on the edges of the gums out of the mouth, the person who is using the toothbrush with a reasonable amount of intelligence can soon find out for himself the best method.

Canada's standing in the British market as a source of supply for manufactures of iron and steel rose from sixth place to second place during the month of March.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

Visitors From Many Countries

Come to Our Canadian Parks

The wide appeal of Canada's national parks is indicated by registrations at the government museum in Banff and inquiries received at the park information bureau. According to the Department of Mines and Resources, travellers from the United States, Australia, New Zealand, the British Isles, Africa, India, China, Hawaii, Iceland, and Russia were among those who signed the register in the museum during the month of May, while inquiries were received at the information bureau from prospective visitors in the United States, England, Scotland, Australia, Hawaii, China, France, and from various parts of Canada.

A Day-Long Shirtwaist Frock

PATTERN 4150

By ANNE ADAMS

A gay deceiver in a perennial favorite to wear the live-long day —the tailored shirtwaist. Pattern 4150 is cleverly designed by Anne Adams to make your figure look years younger. Pick a smart shepherd check material, or a bright cotton . . . set your sewing machine a-humming . . . and with the aid of the illustrated Sewing Instructor sheet, you'll have a dress in no time! See the flattery of the scalloped, buttoned front opening of the waist; the carefree style of the wide, pointed collar; the smartness of the full shoulders and buttoned sleeve tabs. The panelled skirt is made with a nice flare.

Pattern 4150 is available in misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 takes 4¼ yards 39 inch fabric.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE CHAMBERS

A FISH CHAT

Summer days should be good days for the serving of fish. Too often is this choice food listed for Fridays and Lenten dishes only. In warm weather as the family loses their appetite for your ordinary meat course, try your tactics on fish dishes. This of course is the best season for fresh fish. Fresh fish is divided into two classifications "white" and "oily". In white fish the oil is in the liver, but in salmon it is all in the body.

The flesh of good fish should be firm and elastic, eyes bright, full, round and bulging. The tail should not be drooping and the gills should be red and full of blood.

—o—

A Simple Dressing

Baked fish or steamed is much better for the digestion than the fried, and serving this way calls for a dressing. Here is a simple dressing:

1 cup cracker or bread crumbs
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1/8 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter

Clean, wipe and dry fish. Rub with salt. Fill cavity with stuffing, then sew cavity, rub all over with butter and salt and pepper, and a little flour. Place in hot oven to bake. If steaming, prepare in the same manner.

For those who find it difficult to obtain fresh fish, do not think unkindly of canned fish. Canned goods to-day are under very rigid supervision and are thus prepared in a very scientific manner. Insist upon a good brand—it does not pay to buy cheap ones, and in so doing you will be protected. Any pantry lacking these valuable canned goods in summer is only running on three cylinders. We have two special favorites, salmon and tuna. There are two valuable points to remember about canned salmon. Firstly the liquid in the tin should be retained, for it is rich in iodine. Secondly, while we discard the bones of home cooked salmon the canned should be kept and crushed. These bones contain valuable minerals. Tuna, the "chicken of the sea" is the fish we should automatically turn to as an alternative to the faithful bird from the poultry farm. There are few things we do with chicken serving either hot or cold, which are not equally good when made with tuna.

—o—

Baked Salmon Loaf

Put one cup milk into a double boiler and add enough bread crumbs to make a smooth paste. Cook until thick, stirring constantly, add a can of salmon chopped, cup of cream, salt and pepper to season, 3 eggs beaten separately, folding in the stiffly beaten whites last. Mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered mold. Set into a pan of hot water and bake until firm in a moderate oven.

—o—

Jellied Tuna

9¾ oz. tin of cream of spinach soup
½ cup thick boiled salad dressing
1 package (pint) plain gelatine
¼ cup boiling water
1 cup flaked tuna fish
¼ teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pimento

Heat the soup. Soak gelatine in two tablespoons cold water. Add boiling water, stir thoroughly, add to soup. Now fold in the flaked fish mixing well, then the salad dressing, and lastly pimento, salt and pepper. Place in mold and chill.

This makes a very lovely platter dish, unmould on lettuce (crisp) and surround with the cottage cheese ball salad I told you about a few weeks ago. Decorate platter with salad dressing and top with currant jelly (red).

Your Household Problems

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fail? Then write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Sadie B. Chambers, care of this paper, and she will endeavour to solve your problems.

Ten Wives At 94

Said Bay Ferid, aged 94, in the court of Istanbul: "I have had enough of my wife. She's a dragon. Besides, she's 40. I want a younger wife." "I'm his tenth," the woman declared. "Now he wants his eleventh." Dismisssing the suit, the judge remarked: "Ten marriages are enough for any man even if he's 94."

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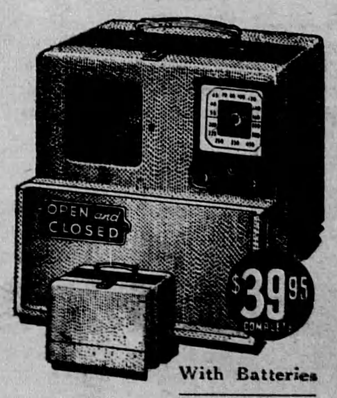

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Why not take Pinkham's Compound and go "smiling thru"?