The Perfect Thirst Quencher

"SALADA" ICED TEA

● SERIAL STORY

INTERNE TROUBLE

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By Elinore Cowan Stone

CAST OF CHARACTERS

TRAN DEARBORN—heroine, student nurse. She ran into love and trouble when she met

DR. BOB BENCHLEY — hero, handsome young interne. He had trouble, too, keeping up with brilliant

DR. STEPHEN SARGENT—head surgeon. Dr. Sargent's problem was something else again.

Last Week: Tran rejects a date with Dr. Benchley, then enters Miss Phibbin's room. Her decision was to be one of the most fortuitous in her nursing career.

CHAPTER VI

"Be A Sport, Tagg!"

When Tran opened the door to the demonstration room, a plump figure sat up abruptly on the bed in the curtained corner which represented a ward cubicle, stretched, and yawned. It was Beula Tagg.

"Hello!" Beula said, rubbing her eyes and blinking resentfully. "Gosh! You would come and wake me just as I was eating the best dinner I ever set tooth to. We'd just got around to steak and mushrooms when you had to barge in. Say, it looked good! And guess who I was with." She giggled. "Top Sarge, of all people! Imagine even dreaming about Dr. Sargent feeding you anything but a thermometer!"

"I can't," Tran said wearily, "imagine your dreaming about anything that didn't include food. . . . Listen—be a sport, Tagg. Help me get ready for my demonstration tomorrow. Anita was going to be patient, but she's down with an earache."

"Not much!" Beula said with decision, and slid hastily off the bed. "It's too near dinner time to be mauled around—and anyhow, I've got a back ache, myself."

"I don't maul my patients." Tran advanced purposefully. "'The comfort of the patient'," she quoted from a class text, "'is the careful nurse's first consideration.' . . . Anyhow, the only thing the matter with your back it—"

"'A nurse'," Beula matched the quotation with another, "'does not offer opinions. She only reports observed facts.' . . . And if you're going to say I eat too much, you are wrong. Miss Armstrong says a nurse needs plenty of nourishment. . . . Say, that reminds me—you're to go to Miss Armstrong's office right away."

Tran Is Wanted

Exactly like that it dropped—out of a blue, cloudless sky—just at the moment when Tran had managed to forget the sword hanging over her head.

"I knew you were going to meet Anita here," Beula explained. "So I waited."

"You would pick a place with a bed to wait in," Tran told her.

"What do you suppose Miss Armstrong wants?"

"She probably wants to know why my well-known sense of duty hasn't led me to report that fruit cake you keep hidden in your bureau drawer," Tran said, nerving herself with flippancy against the panic in her heart.

"'Students'," she quoted again—from the House Roules this time—"'are in honor bound to report infringements of regulations that might reflect upon the dignity of the house.' And if your constantly expanding waistline doesn't reflect on the dignity of the house, I don't know what does."

"Oh, Utility—you wouldn't!"

"Of course not, goop!" Tran said, and went to meet her doom.

Miss Armstrong looked up from a mass of charts and reports on the desk, folded her hands, and studied Tran thoughtfully as she closed the door behind her and stood waiting—very straight in her nun-like gray dress and white apron—feeling as if her trembling must communicate itself to the floor, and thence to the very chair in which Miss Armstrong sat.

"I've been looking through your record, Miss Dearborn," the director of nursing began.

"Yes, Miss Armstrong?" Tran temporized, shaking more and more.

"I was particularly interested in your early training. You were in school on the Continent, I believe?"

Interpreter

She's trying to let me down easy, Tran thought wryly. She'd rather lay my being a misfit to the corruption of European culture than to my innate cussedness—bless her kind heart!

Aloud she said, "Yes. . . . Yes, Miss Armstrong."

"You speak several languages, I understand?"

"Why, yes. . . . Yes, I do."

"There is a critical case down in Emergency," Miss Armstrong went on. "Apparently an Italian. He seems to be very anxious about something. It may be important to find out what before operating. But the regular interpreter is out, and no one there can understand him. Should you mind going down and seeing what you can make of it?"

Would she mind? She would sell her soul for the chance.

Tran cleared her throat and choked out, "Of course, Miss Armstrong. I'll try."

As she sped away, she thought, Suppose I hadn't gone into the demonstration room! . . . I might not have seen Beula in time. I was sunk enough to sneak out and meet Bob tonight. If I had, and anyone had found out, it would have been curtains. . . . Now, perhaps . . .

But a new thought brought her up short: hadn't Miss Armstrong heard yet—about her and Bob—in the instrument room this morning? . . . Because, of course, she was sure to sooner or later. Dr. Sargent's eyes couldn't have missed a trick; and Dr. Sargent was popularly known as the world's worst stickler for discipline.

When Tran slid into Emergency, Dr. Bob Benchley was bending over a quivering figure stretched out on a first-aid examination table. The young interne's face was grim; and the preoccupied look he turned on Tran held no memory of their morning's escapade. Engaging as Tran had found him in his moments of irresponsible gaiety, she liked him a thousand times better this way.

The Emergency nurse stood at the other side of the table, a hypodermic tray on a stand at her elbow. Now she stepped back to make way for Tran.

"Make it snappy, Agility," the interne directed briefly. "Top Sarge will be here in a minute. This is really a case for Dr. Carson, only he's just gone out. If Dr. Sargent backs up my judgment this poor devil goes right up to G-11. But before we put him under complete anaesthesia, there is something he wants to get off his chest."

Face to Face With Terror

As the man on the table looked from one face to the other, his own face gray and dripping with sweat, Tran shrank for a moment before something she saw in his bright dark eyes, but did not at once recognize for an agony of terror.

For in all Tran's four months at the hospital, this was the first time she had come face to face with terror—or with suffering of any magnitude, for that matter.

Always before, if a real crisis arose when she happened to be about a ward—doing, under the supervision of an older nurse, the simple little house-maidish tasks which were all she was permitted to do—the senior nurse would hastily draw the cubicle curtains that screened the bed and say curtly, "That will do now, Dearborn. I'll attend to this alone" or "Hurry and get me the head nurse, Dearborn."

Now Tran murmured, "Is he—suffering much?"

"Well," said Dr. Benchley, "a crushed leg isn't exactly a picnic at best; but he's had a local anaesthetic. It's mostly that the poor devil's plain scared to death."

Scared to death, Tran thought on a quick breath. Scared!

Tran knew how desperately one could suffer fear from the most trivial causes. . . . And this was no trivial matter.

She bent over the figure on the table, put a small hand on his quivering arm, and said softly, "I speak Italian. Tell me."

At sound of her voice, gentle and pitiful, speaking his own tongue, the man centered his glittering eyes upon her face.

"What will they do to me?" he asked, speaking as if they two were alone. "I can see in their faces that I am dying. Already my legs are numb. . . . Tell me the truth. Already I am half dead—is it not so?"

"Oh, no," Tran told him; and was surprised at her own calm assurance. "That is not death that you feel. It is only that they have given you something to help the pain."

"But what will they do to me?" he insisted. "If I am to die, I must know."

"They will only do something to help you rest while they fix you up," Tran told him. "And you must not think about dying. You must think only about how fine it will be not to hurt any more."

In her absorption, Tran did not notice that some one else had stepped into the room behind her.

(To Be Continued)

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By ANNE ADAMS

What an endearing young dress this is! Anne Adams has planned Pattern 4142 for quick, easy sewing. Your needle will fly over the straight princess seams, especially with the illustrated sewing instructions to explain the how and where. You'll find it fun to make the scallops—and just see how new and pretty they look! They form the edge of the young square neck and the wing-like openings of the sleeve.

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Be Subtle When Dressing "For Him"

Men Are Fussy About Appearance of the "Little Woman"

"It's the boy friend," wrote a girl. "He's fussy. He says he doesn't like my clothes; he objects to make-up. What can a poor girl do?"

Go lovelier for the boy friend.

Don't be obvious about it; come out in a new guise, and let him see how subtle you can be.

Watch Your Make-Up

Don't cling to the foundation cream and powder puff idea. Use a liquid powder, which goes on and "stays put" and does not demand the constant attention to which any man objects so much. There are plenty of excellent liquid powders on the market — ones which suit all skins and all tastes, and which do cling to the skin splendidly. Use a cream rouge—very little of it. It requires skill in application, you know; put on very very little and then work it off into the corners, leaving no sharp edges. And be sure that it is the color you want.

Don't Become Blonde Suddenly

You can rinse your hair in a special rinse which will bring up the lights in it, but don't aim at giving it new lights—ones that it never had according to nature. They'll clash badly, and only irritate the boy friend.

Men Like Conservative Costumes

Men hate conspicuousness. They get rattled by anything that attracts undue attention.

Men are conservative as to colors. Blue is generally first favorite. They adore grey. The fuchsia shades which have been so popular are not prize-winners in a man's affections. A black frock with really clean white trimmings holds first place in almost every man's heart, and there is a soft green which they fancy. Be careful over violet and heliotrope—and no man goes into ecstasies over brown.

Men's Bandannas The Rage For Turbans

With the current rage for hand-wrapped turbans continuing unabated, women have taken to invading men's stores in search of something new in handkerchiefs and bandannas. They usually snap up the bright wild ones that men look longingly at but are afraid to buy. One of these is a large lemon-yellow, blue and white sheer linen square with French songs printed on it; another has a list of all the saints' days against a vivid background, just in case anyone needs an excuse for a holiday, and there are a series of 'kerchiefs with seals, anchors and turtles splattered all over them.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Picnic Days and Sandwich Demands

Summer days are passing all too swiftly and no one wishes to miss any opportunity for the picnic or the lawn and porch supper—or any other repast which will take one to the glorious outdoors. Immediately arises a necessity for the simplest hospitality for the homemaker and the hostess. Nothing is more popular than the sandwich, whether for the functions just named or for the school lunch box which mother will soon be packing once more. With these thoughts in mind I offer you the following suggestions hoping they will be practical and add to your variety.

Cheese and Pimento Filling

½ cup butter placed in double boiler
3 eggs
½ cup sugar
3 level teaspoons mustard
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup vinegar
1 package cream cheese
2 green peppers and 1 pimento
½ cup sour cream
⅛ teaspoon cayenne

Beat eggs well, add sugar, mustard, salt, cornstarch and cayenne. Mix very thoroughly with egg beater, add to the melted butter in double boiler. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens then add the cream cheese cut up in pieces, stirring until cheese is evenly mixed. Remove from heat; add the sour cram whipped, the peppers and pimento. If not for immediate use add the cream just before using. This will keep indefinitely. For variation add chopped mint or parsley instead of pimento and pepper. Parsley and mint are also better added to the filling just before using.

Peanut Butter Sandwich Filling

1 cup peanut butter
1 cup black currant jam
1 cup chopped dates (chopped very fine)
1 cup blanched almonds chopped fine.

Mix first three ingredients very thoroughly, then add nuts.

Cucumber Sandwich Filling

1 cup chopped cucumber
¼ cup onion
3 tablespoons sweet pepper
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
1 tablespoon thick salad dressing.

Chop the cucumber and onion and drain well. Add the seasoning and dressing.

Cottage Cheese Fillings

Cucumber and cottage cheese, 3 parts cottage cheese to one of cucumber.

Strawberry jam and cottage cheese, 2 cups cheese to ¼ cup jam.

Pineapple (shredded) nuts and cottage cheese, 2 cups cheese, ½ cup pineapple mixed well. Add chopped nuts. almonds being preferred.

To add to attractiveness cut sandwiches in various shades. In single or open sandwiches, which are best spread with a paste-like filling garnishing is very important. Have ready on squares of waxed paper, chopped parsley, mint, nuts and chopped egg yolk. If garnish desired for a complete covering place the whole piece on the chopped garnish desired, if just edges dip the edges turning as it is garnished. A dot of red currant or any jelly to the centre of the open sandwich adds much to attractiveness and appetizing appeal.

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.

Faults

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.—Cyrus.

Germany has ruled that a worker cannot leave a job without the permission of the Government.

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