TRY IT THE "SALADA" WAY

Infuse 6 heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh, boiling water. After 6 minutes strain liquid into 2-quart container; while hot, add 1 to 1½ cups of sugar and juice of 2 lemons, strained; stir until sugar is dissolved; fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding cold water or liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chipped ice. The above makes 7 tall glasses.

"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: Opportunity comes to Tran when she acts as interpreter for an Italian patient. She does not notice that someone enters the room as she quiets the injured man.

CHAPTER VII

Tran Feels "Power"

Tran did not notice that when Dr. Benchley was about to interrupt with a swift question, someone who stood in the background stopped him with a quick, low word.

She only knew that the eyes of the man on the table clung to hers for reassurance, and that under her hand the quivering in his arm lessened, the tense muscles relaxed. . . . And for the first time in her life, Tran felt power.

It was something entirely apart from the quickness of mind that made it so easy for her to learn from books, or the deftness that made play of manual tasks .It was the sense of power that comes from having strength to lend to another in need of strength.

She did not know how long she stood so without looking up—feeling quivering muscles relax under her fingers and the calm assurance of her voice—before a white-clad nurse came with an orderly and wheeled the patient away.

It was only then that Dr. Benchley said with the irony of a patience too long strained, "If it is not too much to ask, it might be interesting to get some idea just what that was all about."

Tran lifted her head and answered absently out of the uplift of that newly discovered sense of power, "He thought he was dying. I told him it was going to be all right."

"As simple as that, eh?" commented Dr. Benchley dryly.

Tran did not answer. Instead she turned and walked like a woman in a trance, straight out of the room—without even seeing that the terrible Dr. Stephen Sargent stood just inside the door, watching her with a thoughtful frown between the arrogant sweep of his brows.

Once outside, Tran found that her knees were shaking so helplessly that she had to cling to the wall as she went along the corridor.

So that was what Miss Philbin meant when she talked about "giving to the patient."

There was another thing about that evening that Tran never knew.

A Hard-Headed Surgeon Relaxes

Late that night, Dr. Sargent, coming from the operating room gray with fatigue, halted in the corridor outside Miss Armstrong's office at sight of light framed by the transom, knocked, and went inside.

Miss Armstrong. her cap slightly askew, was brooding over a sheaf of reports. At this time of year Miss Armstrong often brooded well into the morning over the reports of her students.

"Hm!" grunted Dr. Sargent. "And so on—far into the night, I suppose. And this is the hard-boiled lady who sends her girls to bed at 10.30."

"I might say, 'And this is the head-surgeon who rides his subordinates for turning up red-eyed for want of sleep, and then piles a midnight charity operation on top of a full schedule'." . . . Well, how did it go, Stephen?"

Miss Armstrong had been supervisor of surgical nursing at Saint Vincent's when Stephen Sargent had been the rawest of young internes.

"Ruptured before I could get to it," he said, sliding down in his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets, his long legs stretched out before him. "The poor devil had a wife and three children, and couldn't make up his mind to take a chance till, this evening, the thing hit him like a bomb shell."

He took a silver case from his pocket, extracted a cigarette, and lighted it.

"You really do smoke too much, Stephen," Miss Armstrong said as if from force of habit; but her mind was obviously not on her words.

"Just what I was telling young Benchley about himself not two hours ago," he agreed with a wry grin.

"'Young Benchley'," the white-haired woman echoed musingly. "And not so many years ago you were 'young Sargent.' . . . How old are you, Stephen? Thirty-six, isn't it? . . . Pretty young for a man to have taken the hurdles you have."

"Tell young Benchley that," he grinned. "He thinks I have one foot in the grave already. And do you know, Armstrong, I'm not so sure he isn't right. I've reached the stage where all this flaming youth underfoot around here gets me down sometimes . . . But what I came about is one of your probationers."

"Ah?" said Miss Armstrong, and glanced with a sigh at the pile of reports under her folded hands.

Tran Is Discussed

"By a strange coincidence," Dr. Sargent went on, staring at the ceiling, and luxuriously wreathing his head in smoke, "it's the one who was up in court—together with young Benchley—a month or so ago—the one with the eyes like saucers and the tongue-in-the-cheek look who goes around deviling everyone with questions. . . . What is it they call her?"

"At various stages of her career 'Utility' and 'Agility.' . . . Lately, I believe, it's been 'the Elephant's Child' because, as you suggest, she goes around asking questions. . . . I suppose she's been asking you some?"

Stephen Sargent chuckled.

"Far from it. She takes it on the lam if she sees me coming a half mile down the corridor. Somebody's told her that I eat little girls alive."

"So you've noticed it," murmured Miss Armstrong with a little secret smile ."Well, what is your complaint?"

"What would your guess be?" he countered quizzically.

"Well, the general opinion among her seniors seems to be that she is temperamentally unfitted for nursing."

"More interne trouble?" he asked, watching a smoke wreath curl to the ceiling without meeting her eyes.

"There have been rumors." She eyed him steadily and asked with resignation, "Something new, I suppose?"

"What else seems to be wrong with the gal?" Dr. Sargent countered.

"An overdeveloped sense of humor for one ting. . . . 'The tongue-in-the-cheek look,' I think you called it. Some of her instructors complain of that. There seems to be an amazing difference of opinion. Miss Philbin, who has her in demonstration, says she has seldom seen such concentration and such deft, sure workmanship. . . . Miss Miller, under whose supervision she had sometimes worked in the wards, confirms that, but tells me that she is emotionally unstable."

A Nurse Should Put "Herself" In Her Work

"Hm! I doubt if Katherine Miller would recognize an honest emotion if she met it naked in broad daylight," Stephen Sargent said with a sudden flatness of tone that made the director of nursing glance at him sharply.

"I shouldn't be so sure of that," she said, a dry smile in her shrewd dark eyes. "Even so, it is pretty well known that the unemotional Miss Miller is your first choice for the operating room."

"Naturally," he agreed. "She has the quickest eye, the coolest intelligence, the deftest hands of all the nurses I have ever worked with. She'd have made a damned good surgeon if you ask me. But do you know, Armstrong, I've sometimes wondered, if I were down and out and hurting like the devil and scared within an inch of my life—the way ge get them every day—whether a quick eye, a cool intelligence, and deft hands would be all I'd need. Katherine Miller might be perfect—the perfect nurse, I mean, of course—if she'd put one more ingredient into her work."

He broke off abruptly.

"Well, I'm still listening," Miss Armstrong prompted.

"Herself," he finished.

She thought, perhaps she would if you were the patient, Stephen, my lad. Aloud, she said, "After all, it was poor little Utility we were talking about, wasn't it? . . . Whose chief fault seems to be that she puts a devastating amount of herself into everything she does. . . . Well, I believe you had a complaint?"

"I didn't know I'd said anything about a complaint. But," Dr. Sargent added slowly, "I have had something forced upon my attention which I think might interest you."

(To Be Continued)

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

As one visits the market and the store, or surveys one's garden in theso fleeting summer days it would seem that nature is staging a race, so quickly do the fruit and vegetable crops come and go. Soon the "pickling days" will be in full swing and the recipes and suggestions offered are legion.

"Nine Day Pickle" is synonymous with pickles these days and after trying many last year I concocted the following recipe for myself. I am handing it on to you hoping that you will not only enjoy making it but also find it delicious. The other recipes listed are also favorites of my household.

NINE DAY PICKLE

2 quarts large cucumbers
2 quarts white pickling onions
2 quarts cider vinegar
4½ lbs. white sugar
1 oz. cinnamon buds
1 oz. Allspice buds
2 red peppers
1 oz. whole cloves.

Preparation of Onions:

Onions and cucumbers are prepared separately. Peel the onions allowing 1½ cups salt to two cups boiling water and let stand 3 days. Drain, let stand in clean water for three days.

Preparation of Cucumbers:

Peel and cut in uniform pieces the cucumbers, removing seeds. Let stand in salt and water 3 days and salt in same proportion as onions. After the three days drain and allow to stand in clear water three days, drain again, place in kettle, cover well with water and simmer for two hours. Add, while simmering, a piece of alum about the size of a walnut. The last half hour add the onions. Make a syrup of vinegar and sugar as given above pouring over cucumbers and onions which have been placed in bottles in alternate layers. Drain the syrup off three different mornings reheating each time. The cinnamon and allspice is added to the syrup the cloves and peppers (prepared and cut in small pieces) are placed in the jars with the layers of onions and cucumbers.

FRUIT RELISH

12 tomatoes
4 apples
4 pears
4 peaches
1 cup pitted plums
3 cups vinegar
2 red peppers
1 green pepper
3 cupfuls sugar
1 stick cinnamon
½ tablespoon whole cloves
½ tablespoon mixed spice
½ tablespoon salt

Boil all together for two and a half hours. This recipe will make about 4 pts.

CORN RELISH

12 ears corn
½ cabbage
2 large onions
1 green pepper
1 stalk celery
3 cups vinegar (cider)
1½ cups sugar
½ cup flour
3 tablespoons salt
¼ teaspoon mustard
one-eighth spoon cayenne
¼ teaspoon tumeric

Cook corn and remove from cob. Chop cabbage, onions, green pepper and celery and combine with corn.

Place all the vegetables in a kettle and combine with the vinegar.

Mix flour, sugar, and all the spices and combine with enough cold vinegar to blend smoothly.

Combine with vegetables and vinegar in kettle, bring to the boiling point and cook slowly for 40 minutes.

Pour in hot sterile jars and seal at once.

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.

The value of Canada's gold production in 1938 was equal to 51 per cent. of the total value of all metals and 37 per cent. of the total value of the entire output of the Canadian mineral industry.

Fish hooks give bad wounds because the barbs prevent the hooks from being drawn out. Handle them carefully and keep them stuck in a cork.

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PATTERN 4185

By ANNE ADAMS

Round out your summer wardrobe with this slimming newcomer. Anne Adams' Pattern 4185 is a shirt-waister you'll wear from sun-up to sun-down. A gored front skirt gives slim up-and-down lines. A row of tiny buttons down the waist will break up that width across. Order this pattern today, buy some cool linen or shantung fabric and with the guidance of the Sewing Instructor, you'll do a speedy job!

Pattern 4185 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3½ yards 39 inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrast.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly your name and address, size and style number. Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

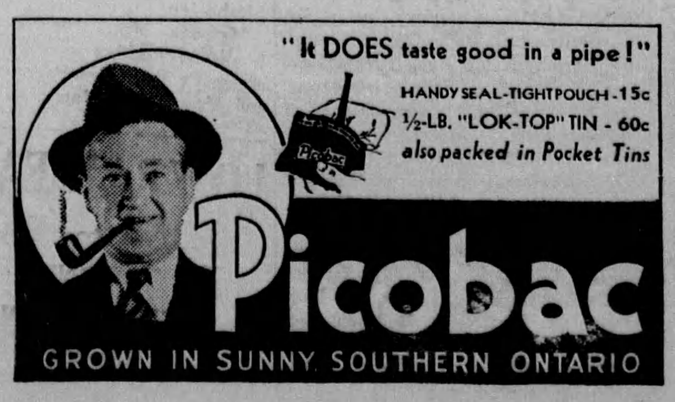
South Seas Motif Seen On Beaches

Barbaric Jewellry To Wear With Gaudy Gay Rags

Printed cottons and linens and rayons in exotic designs of the flora and fauna of the South Seas, in the most vivid colorings, are used for beach frocks, for shorts, for coolie jackets, and full blouses worn with wide slacks (that just escape being a divided skirt) in a bright, plain color or in the shades of beach sand or lava dust. The same gay printed designs are also seen in full-skirted day and evening growns.

Barbaric accessories — necklaces and bracelets of sea shells, shark's teeth, wooden beads, tarnished brass and copper; wide belts of the crudest embroidery, round beach baskets of woven reeds with sandals to match; wide-brimmed hats with spindly steeple-crowns on the round "coolie" shapes with a knot of seaweed on the top — add to the Tahitian atmosphere of the French seaside resorts.

Plain or printed cottons, linens, and shantungs have supplanted the silk materials for the country frock. Full skirts, wasp-waists and little, short, puffed sleeves characterize these costumes and when one adds a wide-brimmed hat of linen, pique or straw, with a bright ribbon tied around the crown with "streamers" at the back, the effect is decidedly festive.



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A pagoda-tiered evening dress of Indo-Chinese inspiration introduced by Lanvin. Very young and animated in its silhouette.

Harem drapes and hobbles and trouser hems in fall afternoon dresses. Schiaparelli's big sensation is a looped Turkish hem on a gored sports skirt.

Little plumed hats with the plumes held in a cornet at back with formal evening dresses. A development of the little dinner hats of last season. Hats often matched with ostrich evening bags.

Capes again. Elbow length capes on coats and with formal evening dresses. Very young is this trend to capes sponsored by Patou.

Children Love A Scrapbook

One of the best ways to keep children amused on rainy days is to let them make scrap books. Get a cheap book or make one yourself of thick brown paper. Save all the colored advertisements, magazine covers, fashion illustrations and so on. Give them a pair of blunt scissors, a bottle of home made flour paste, and a box of colored crayon pencils and they will be happy for hours.

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