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● SERIAL STORY

# INTERNE TROUBLE

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By Elinore Cowan Stone

**Yesterday: Tran wins success but begins to wonder about Dr. Benchley. Then the thing happened which threatened to change her world completely.**

CHAPTER XI

Tran had started awake that morning thinking, "This is the day!"

It was to have been the culmination of the dreams of almost two years. For today she was to help at one of Dr. Stephen Sargent's operations.

True, she had worked under several of the other surgeons before—but that was not the same.

Now, scrubbed and sterilized, in laparotomy gown and cap, rubber gloves and mask, she was to take part at last in the antiphonal chant which she had rehearsed alone with a pair of scissors that day, almost two years ago, before the shining cases in the instrument room. . . . That was the first time Bob Benchley had kissed her. Oh, well—

Today it would be very different. "Scalpel" Dr. Sargent would snap. And nurse Dearborn would slap a knife into his hand with the crisp echo, "Scalpel." . . . "Retractor"—slap—"Retractor" . . . "Haemostat"—slap—"Haemostat." . . . "Forceps"—slap—"Forceps" . . . But not suture this time. Tran knew now that sutures were handled only by graduate nurses.

In honor of the occasion, Tran had had a shampoo, a fingerwave and a manicure. Not that any one would know the difference, but having done so gave her an uplifted feeling of being fit and clean and ready, like a priestess performing cleansing rites before a sacrifice . . . Beula Tagg, who was also helping, scandalized Tran by choosing to sleep instead of purifying. But then Beula was only to be "dirty nurse," which means that her lot was to pick up messy things that the scrubbed nurses mustn't touch.

Tran's mood of exaltation had been momentarily jarred as she hurried along a corridor that morning by the sight of Dr. Benchley and his pretty widow, coming together from one of the private rooms . . . The charming Mrs. Maitland seemed to have a number of friends who were patients these days.

Something intimately possessive in the way she rested a hand on Bob's sleeve and laughed up into his face surprised Tran into a sudden unreasonable fury of resentment.

**A Refusal**

She reminded herself with a shrug, "Well, I could have had him if I'd liked, couldn't I? I've got what I did want, haven't I?"

But just then Mrs. Maitland turned and called over her shoulder with the exaggerated graciousness of one who makes a rite of being always kind to inferiors, "Oh, nurse—won't you have them call my car as you pass the office? I'm in rather a hurry."

"So sorry, but I'm not going that way," Tran answered with what she hoped was just the right touch of tolerant amusement to point the difference between a busy professional woman and a mere social butterfly, "and I'm in rather a hurry, myself. Nurses, you know, are slaves to the clock."

Young Dr. Benchley glanced swiftly from one to the other with a manner at first startled; then, as his eyes came to rest on Tran, faintly amused.

**The Catastrophe**

Congratulating himself on his happy escape, Tran thought. Well, he's not the only one.

The catastrophe came shortly after the operation was over. Toward the end, a violent wind and electrical storm had blown up. Even the serenely beautiful Miss Miller, who was handling the sutures, glanced up apprehensively once or twice when small objects hurtled by the windows or static crackled in the hushed room with each blinding flash of lightning.

When it was over, and the patient had been wheeled away, only Dr. Sargent, Miss Miller, and Tran remained — Miss Miller because Dr. Sargent had detained her; Tran, because there were still things she had to do.

Moving about between the instrument table and the service room, Tran heard Miss Miller say, "Congratulations, Doctor. No one but you could have done that. He'll live, don't you think?"

She heard Top Sarge reply a little wearily, "And what, in God's name, has the poor devil to live for? . . . This is the kind of case that makes a surgeon feel like a criminal."

"But the operation was successful."

"The operation? . . . Is that all you ever think of, Katherine? After all, patients are human beings, you know."

**Shattered Glass**

Tran didn't mean to listen, but they seemed to have forgotten her. They were standing together by a window, against a stormy background of wind-swayed trees and dashing rain—stand[illegible] ith the look of two who in[illegible] ly drew together, yet in [illegible] al resolution were left alway[illegible].

Miss Miller's low, even voice said something else that Tran did not catch, and Dr. Sargent answered almost bitterly, "Yes, and even surgeons are sometimes human beings, Katherine. . . . You wouldn't like that, would you? You like flesh and blood machines, always tuned to the highest efficiency. I often wonder—"

It was then that the rending crash came. A splintered bulk of tree trunk and wet leaves hurtled through the heavy window pane, and shattered glass fell in every direction.

Miss Miller cried out in a voice not her own, "Stephen — your arm!"

Dr. Sargent just stood, his left hand clasped above his right elbow, while blood spurted from a deep cut below.

After that first shocked outcry, Miss Miller went into action with her usual swift, sure poise, her voice low and even in command, her face a smooth mask of quiet, self-assured competence, her slim hands working faultlessly as she applied a tourniquet and dispatched Tran to summon a doctor.

Meantime, Stephen Sargent sat with a face like granite, his eyes on the fingers of that right hand which had performed so many daring miracles—fingers that now hung lax and helpless, and would not move, no matter how hard he tried to flex them.

When Miss Miller said in her clear, even voice, "As soon as the shock wears off, the nerve will come to life," he only lifted bleak eyes and said with bitter amusement, "Your bedside technique is as perfect as ever, Miss Miller."

Just then Dr. Benchley hurried in with a fresh nurse; and Miss Miller turned and walked with her erect, light step out of the room. It was a moment before Tran followed.

**"Come Alive!"**

When she did go into the service room beyond, Katherine Miller, "the icicle," stood, leaning against a supboard door, her face buried against her bent arm, her body wrenched with sobs.

"His arm!" she was moaning. "Oh, no! I couldn't bear that! . . . In another year he would have been famous. People would have been coming to Saint Vincent's from all over the country ——"

"Famous! Saint Vincent's! . . . You can't bear it?" Tran snapped before she could remember to bite her cheeks. "And what about him? If he can't operate any more, it will kill him—or worse . . . Why don't you try thinking about him for a change?"

Miss Miller whirled upon her, her blue eyes blazing through tears.

"You little fool!" she cried. "What else would I be thinking about?"

"Then for heaven's sake," Tran said hardily, "go and do something about it. Let him see how you feel. You're the only one who can do him any good now."

"But I — I can't." Amazingly the correct Miss Miller was crying out in the thin, high voice of a frightened child. "He's so — I'm afraid. . . . You know what he's like."

"Why should you be afraid of him if I'm not?" Tran demanded. "He's crazy about you. Any one with eyes can see that. If he hasn't told you, it's probably because he thinks—like a lot of other people around here—that you are—well, not quite human. . . . You can't blame him, you know, the way you go around acting like a frozen plaster saint . . . For heaven's sake, if you really want him to know that you're actually alive, with feelings like the rest of us, go and tell him so now, while you look like it for the first time in your life!"

(To Be Concluded)

—o—

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"Goodbye, Mr. Chips"

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## TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

**FAVORITE SMALL PASTRIES**

With the return of Autumn, in preparing our menus, it is quite natural that pastries will be appearing a little more frequently as the fresh fruits for desserts gradually disappear. The tart has become a universal favorite and a rival of the pie. These small pastries can be as plain as you wish or as dainty and frivolous and as "partified" as you desire. Fillings and garnishes can all be planned according to the individual requirements and demands of the household. There is a certain definite daintiness in its individual form — and most practical as the lunch box provides an opportunity for individualizing it.

Pastry for tarts to be perfect must be of a flaky nature.

I am giving you the favorites of my household:

**BUTTER TARTS**

2¼ tablespoons butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten well
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup shredded coconut
½ cup chopped pecans

Have tart pans ready lined with pastry. In the meantime cream the butter, add the sugar, egg, then fruit, nuts and vanilla. Fill tins within an eighth of an inch of the top of dish. Bake in hot oven until light brown.

**BANBURY TARTS**

¼ cup chopped raisins, dates, currants
1 tablespoon chopped citron peel
¼ cup chopped walnuts
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
Juice and rind of one lemon

Mix first six ingredients together, then add egg, lemon, and rind and mix thoroughly together. Have plain flaky pastry ready, roll out to usual pastry thickness and cut in pieces four inches square. Put a small amount of mixture on each piece. Fold in envelope style, moistening edges with cold water. Then mark the edge with fork. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes until pastry is brown.

**PECAN TARTS**

1 tablespoon flour
¼ cup brown sugar
1-8 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon almond extract
¼ cup choppen pecans

Mix flour, sugar, and salt. Add beaten eggs and milk. Cook in a double boiler until thick — add the nuts and flavoring. Pour into pastry lined tart tins and bake for 2 minutes in hot oven. Whipped cream added to top, when cool, lends a delicious flavor.

### Your Household Problems

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fall? 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.

## Youthful Needle "Quickie"

PATTERN 4209

By ANNE ADAMS

You'll look gay and sweet as little sister in this adorable dress with its bib-shaped yoke and lively young lines. A perfect "try-first" frock, Anne Adams' Pattern 4209, for as you'll see in the illustrations of the accompanying Sewing Instructor, there's nothing to its making. The skirt that swirls and flares so beguiling, is circular in style, with only a single front seam! You'll like either of the two sleeves—the puffed style with the well-shaped, stitched bands, or the slashed, short flared sleeves. For extra snap, make the yoke, sleeve bands, pockets and sash all in brilliant contrast.

Pattern 4209 is available in misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 takes 3⅝ 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, Ont.

## New Textures Are Appealing

**Interior Decoration Has Definite Place In The Arts**

The new fabrics for interior decoration are so exciting, so lovely and so varied that homemakers will not only want to redecorate every room in the house, but will find themselves in a state of happy uncertainty regarding the embarrassment of riches from which to choose.

Of exceptional beauty and distinction are the new cottons, spun rayons and combinations of these two fibres, not to mention the linens and mohairs, which are woven with a new and different appearance. These are good looking, suitable for either period of modern interiors and not too expensive.

Rough, irregular textures with definite but subtle surface interest, resembling hand-loomed fabrics and hand crocheted-type cottons, appear in an infinite variety of weaves and patterns. Dull and bright yarns are interlaced, chenille is effectively used in velvety contrast to gleaming spun rayon or soft, dull textured cotton grounds. Fringe steps into the picture with spectacular results and some of the new fabrics have all-over fringed surfaces. Swag treatments in which closely-woven fabric bands alternate with wide interwoven fibres in festoon effect offer endless decorative possibilities. Prints are new looking and striking on rough textures.

## Deep Breathing Achieves Poise

**Awkward, Nervous People Usually Breathe Incorrectly**

Correct breathing will give you poise.

Is your voice high and shrill? Are your gestures quick and jerky? Do you dart here and there and bump into furniture? In cooking, do you burn yourself often? Do dishes slip from your hands and smash? Do you narrowly miss being run down by taxi cabs? Do you arrive wherever you are going in a state of breathlessness?

Then undoubtedly you lack poise and it is equally certain that you habitually breathe short, quick breaths from the upper part of the chest. Mental poise will deepen your breathing automatically — but deep, rhythmic breathing will restore your mental serenity automatically, too.

**Circulation Will Respond**

If your housework seems to be a series of disasters, stop and do a little deep breathing. It may seem to slow you up, but you won't have so many mistakes to correct.

If the world seems all wrong, breathe deeply. Your circulation will respond and give you a sense of poise and well being again.

A FLASHING SMILE

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## Queen's Influence On Hairdressing

**The Latest Thing Achieved By Hair Stylists is the "Queen Elizabeth Coiffure"**

"Queen Elizabeth influence" is the latest thing in beauty circles.

A cosmetics manufacturer points out that the Queen's favorite daytime frocks in gray and beige and evening gowns in white, gray or silver should be worn with rich—not gaudy—make-up. That's why, they say, they are putting out the new rich red lipstick and rouge—royalty red.

But it's the hair stylists, who, in vernacular, have "gone to town." They're designing coiffures "for" the Queen, "inspired by" the Queen, or to be worn with frocks for which the Queen is said to have expressed a fondness.

Take the "crinoline dress coiffure" of M. Vasco, an English hair stylist. It is supposed to be worn with the crinoline dresses made so popular by the Queen. In this "crinoline dress coiffure" the hair is parted in the centre. There's a bunch of flat curls on the forehead. The side hair is swept high and the back hair arranged in a knot of Grecian curls.

Then there's the hair dress executed by a London hair stylist in honor of Her Majesty. In it the hair on top and at the sides is about four inches in length. It's curled, then combed out and waved in crown fashion. The rest waves straight down the back of the head and is finished with a row of soft curls at the nape of the neck.

## Uncovered

James Henderson of Chesterfield, Ont., was certain he lost his wallet while watching his brother-in-law, William Bell, plough a field. Careful search failed to bear results, so the field was reploughed and the wallet uncovered in the process.

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