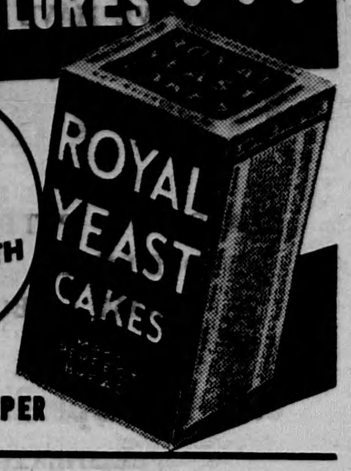
ROYAL GUARDS AGAINST BAKING FAILURES . . .



—BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS PURE, FULL-STRENGTH

IN THE AIRTIGHT WRAPPER

● SERIAL STORY

INTERNE TROUBLE

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By Elinore Cowan Stone

FINAL CHAPTER

CHAPTER XII

Katherine Miller said tremulously—as if she had been just any romantic girl in love instead of the most efficient and hard-driving supervisor of nurses at Saint Vincent's, "What makes you say that? I mean that he—how do you know?"

"Oh, that?" said Tran briskly. "That's one set of symptoms you don't have to be a registered nurse to recognize. You'd see it yourself if you weren't so scared of acting and feeling like a human being. . . . Oh, do go along before you have time to dry off! If you could only keep yourself looking that way—you're so sweet, all bright-eyed and drippy like that."

Without another word Miss Miller amazingly turned and went, almost running, down the corridor.

Tran sat down stiffly on the edge of a chair.

If the worst happened—if Stephen Sargent were really never to operate again, then she had nothing left. For the first time she realized how inseparably her enthusiasm for her work had been bound up in the thought of working with him . . . . For if her youthful visions—Tran was only 20—had ever held a more personal significance, it had long ago been sublimated in the rest.

Finally she got up heavily and wandered out into the corridor. She hardly knew how or why she made her way to the instrument room—except that suddenly she wanted very much to cry, and its unfrequented sterility offered an admirable privacy for that purpose . . . Or perhaps it was the nostalgic memory of that other day—was it less than two years ago?—when she had stood there, a mere child it seemed to Tran now, yearning over the shiny instruments in their glass cases.

Curled up in a limp little gray heap on a wide window ledge, she was going about the business for which she had come in a thoroughly workmanlike manner when a door opened, and a man's voice said:

"Good Lord! Hasn't anyone warned you yet that floods don't do surgical instruments any good?"

Due To Shock

Bob Benchley sauntered across the room and stood, leaning against the wall, his hands in his pockets, grinning down at her.

In her passion of loneliness, Tran was so glad to see him that she sobbed all the more loudly.

"I had an idea you'd be letting your hair down somewhere," he went on cheerfully. "You would pick a nice festive little nook like this for it."

So he had been hunting for her.

"I just thought you might like to know"—he was lighting a cigarette as he spoke, frowning down at it, carefully not looking at her—"that it isn't so bad as we thought at first—about Old Sarge, I mean. The paralysis was mostly due to shock. The tendons and nerves will be all right. Barring infection, which doesn't seem likely, your god will soon be hurling his thunderbolts at one and all again in his best Jovian form."

Tran gasped, "Oh, Bob, are you sure?"

"As sure," he said dryly, "as a mere junior surgeon is ever presumed to be about everything. But it may reassure you to know that the Lord High Executioner, himself, is pretty sure, too. We'd hardly got the bleeding stopped, by the way, before he assumed charge of the case, himself."

Remembering the surgeon in her historic nursig care report on the mythical case of X, Tran giggled through her tears.

"He wouldn't," she asked, "have been taking his own pulse, would he?"

She's Nursing Him

"He was leading up to that when Miss Miller came in. She soon put a stop to that. There's never any question about who's in charge of a case when the perfect nurse steps into the room."

"So she's nursing him, then?"

"Very much so . . . . And it may interest you to know that she asked for you as her relief."

"Well," Tran said cryptically, "she certainly wouldn't want me around if things hadn't gone off according to schedule."

He stared at her as if trying to find in her tear-stained face the answer to a question that was troubling him.

"That depends on what you call 'according to schedule'," he said at last. "When I opened the door a few minutes ago, the perfect nurse was weeping into her patient's pillow, while he patted her shoulder with his good hand, and looked—well, respect for the red-blooded man-eater old Sarge used to be makes me hate to use the only term that aptly describes the way he was looking . . . I don't know what the discipline of this hospital's coming to."

"Well, we've still got you to uphold the good old traditions," Tran observed wickedly.

Then, at thought of Stephen Sargent patting Katherine Miller's shoulder while she wept into his pillow, her own loneliness swept over her in an engulfing tidal wave, and she sobbed anew.

Imitating an Icicle

Young Dr. Benchley took his hands out of his pockets; then, as if alarmed by his own impulse, thurst them hastily back again.

"Gosh, kid, I'm sorry!" he said after a moment. "I'd been thinking all this time that you were just off me because my frivolous companionship interfered with the serious business of life. I didn't know it was because you—were in love with him."

"But I'm not," Tran sobbed. "Not in the way you mean. It's just—oh, he's so swell, and I'm so darned glad he's all right. I couldn't bear it—about his arm. I mean."

"Well," Bob said, "two shocks like this in one day was almost too much for me. First I find the ideal nurse weeping into a patient's pillow; and then I find her most ardent admirer and imitator dissolved in tears because — she says—she's happy. "I—"

"Who?" Tran sat up abruptly. "Me? Imitate her?"

"Well, who has been your inspiration then? Why, it was getting so you even looked and talked like her!"

Tran stared . . . So that was the way, she had been seeming to Bob—like Katherine Miller—the perfect icicle.

"Honestly, Agility," he was going on, "it restores my confidence in the balance of the universe to find out that you have an honest cry left in your system—even if it is all for another man."

He was grinning now—that old whimsical grin that made the homeliness of his lean dark face flash into boyish charm; but there was a wistful twist to the grin that ugged at Tran's heart-strings.

Suddenly she was remembering the magic of those early stolen minutes of theirs—rocking together in smothered laughter that day in here before the instrument cases; dancing in the deserted service room of G-6 one intoxicating spring morning to the music of hurdy-gurdy outside; the puffs snatched from his cigaret behind protecting screens; his little finger crooked momentarily through hers as they met by chance in a quiet corridor—that day in the steam of the sterilizing room when he had practically ordered her to marry him.

Starting Over Again

What a blind little idiot she had been all these months! . . . Why, all those high-handed things she had said to Miss Miller—if Bob were right, she ought to have been saying to herself. . . . Well it's a wise woman who knows enough to take her own good advice, she thought.

"Of course, I got off with the wrong foot," he was going on with his funny, twisted grin. "I should have played Old Sarge's system, and put you in your place with a few verbal brickbats in the beginning. But no—I had to lead with my chin. . . . Well, I could cut off both my arms, and not a tear out of anyone."

"Bob," Tran said in a small frightened voice, "I—you don't suppose we could pretend we were beginning all over—do you? . . . Way back at that first day in Emergency, I mean . . . When you asked for a 'probe'—remember? And I thought you meant a probationer: I said—" she sobbed —"'Would I do? I'm one—a probationer, I mean'."

"And I said—although maybe you didn't hear it—'You bet you'll do.' . . . Honey, I'd like awfully to kiss you if I could only find a dry spot."

And as they clung together, laughing—partly to mask their desperate seriousness, and partly because it was spring and they were young—this time, mercifully, no one opened the door.

(THE END)

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Lost In A Fog . . . .

He Finds the One Woman —

"Goodbye Mr. Chips"

is the story of a dry, unloved schoolmaster who blossoms into a human being before it's too late—If you haven't seen the movie, read the story.

Coming Next Week!

Sandal Is Oldest Form Of Footgear

Dates From Ancient Times — But Roman Occupation of England Brought With It New Fashions Ir Footwear

The most ancient form of foot-covering is the sandal, writes Beatrice R. Coole, in the British Women's Magazine, but sandals have never been particularly well suited to the cold northern climate of Britain. The women of early Britain soon deserted the primitive sandal for the more practical shoe made of leather. The type of shoe worn in earliest times was made of hide, with or without the skin, and of the simplest design. The sole and the uppers were made all in one piece; the shoe was pulled over the foot and drawn up round the ankle like a purse. Shoes of this kind were practical and were appropriate with the simple gowns that women wore in those days.

At the time of the occupation of England by the Romans, with their higher standard of civilization, some of the fashions worn by Roman matrons were soon introduced into England. Dress underwent little change, but often shoes of an elaborate type were worn. The Romans themselves had always been fond of costly shoes, and their tastes remained unchanged when they came to England.

Wore Them Gaily Colored

Anglo-Saxon ladies favored simple footwear. Their shoes were made of soft leather, close-fitting and naturally shaped to the foot. Illustrations of footwear of this period are rare, and for the centuries following the best evidence of what was actually worn comes from tombs and old church brasses. Women's shoes appear to have been usually black. But in the Bayeux Tapestry men are shown wearing colored shoes — red, blue, green and yellow—so it is probable that Norman ladies followed their husbands' lead and wore gaily-colored shoes. Certainly, when men in the twelfth century took to ornamenting their shoes with embroidery and even with jewels, their wives soon followed suit.

Because of the shortage of milkers, farmers of Germany are reducing the number of milk cows.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

TWO PARTY CAKES

Vacation days are about over, the pantry shelves and also all the containers are about taxed to the limit of their capacity. The busy homemaker turns to the other cooking with a little more serious planning and thought. Desserts are departing from the fresh fruit concoction to something different, and cake plays a very important part in this departure. I am very partial to basic recipes for light and dark cake adding variations by icing and fillings about which I shall write you later, but for this once here are two very special favorites. They may fit in for your pre-Thanksgiving preparations.

JUBILEE CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
Two-thirds cup milk
2 cups cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon almond

Cream butter until very soft, and then gradually blend in sugar and cream until very fluffy. Add well-beaten egg yolks and combine well. Measure the sifted flour and resift with baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture alternately with milk, combining after each addition of wet or dry ingredients. And lastly add beaten egg whites and vanilla. Turn into 9 inch (two) well greased pans, and bake in a moderate oven about 25 minutes until a golden or light brown. slightly before using.

CHOCOLATE ICING

1½ squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons sifted icing sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup whole milk
2 cups sifted icing sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cut up chocolate and melt over hot water. Remove from heat and add butter; then cream in first measure of icing sugar. Add salt and hot milk, then stir in sifted icing sugar until mixture is thick enough to spread. Add vanilla and beat very fluffy.

MOCHA CREAM FILLING

2 tablespoons pastry flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
Two-thirds cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 beaten egg yolk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine the dry ingredients thoroughly. Then scald together the milk and chocolate and beat smooth. Stir scalded milk into the flour mixture. Cook over boiling water stirring until smoothly thickened, until no raw flavor remains. Stir into beaten egg yolk and place over boiling water again until egg thickens. Remove from heat and add ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cool it

COCONUT CAKE

One-third cup butter
1 cup finely granulated sugar
2 eggs
2 cups cake flou
1 cup hard wheat flour
One-third teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
Two-thirds cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon lemon flavoring

Cream butter and blend in sugar gradually until very light. Add well beaten egg yolks and combine well. Measure sifted flour and resift it with baking powder and salt. Add to first mixture alternately with milk combining after each addition. Fold in egg whites beaten stiffly, but not dry. Bake in well greased cake pans (three) in a moderately hot oven 25 minutes. Cover with seven minute icing and sprinkle well with fine shredded coconut.

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.

Kiddie Bolero Jumper Style

PATTERN 4210

By ANNE ADAMS

Don't miss this new and unusual jumper style . . . it's just what you want to send your little girl back to school or to kindergarten. In Pattern 4210, Anne Adams has included a jumper, a blouse and a bolero. Isn't the jumper adorable—its neck forms a low V. You may sew up the front or make a convenient button opening. The whole jumper, excluding the cute pockets, is cut in just two easy pattern parts. Make it in gingham, seersucker or light-weight wool. Then make a blouse of dotted swiss, broadcloth or linen, and a rounded bolero in a fabric to match or contrast the jumper.

Pattern 4210 is available in children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6, jumper and bolero, takes 2 yards 54 inch fabric, blouse, ¾ yard contrast and 1⅞ yards lace edging.

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.

Graceful Carriage Beauty Essential

If Your Walk Isn't Smooth Here's How To Correct It

Most human beings rear up and walk on their hind legs before their first year of life is out, but, according to beauty experts, that doesn't mean that they know how to walk.

The most satisfactory practice for attaining a smooth walk is to follow a straight line, allowing the legs to swing freely in their sockets. Straighten each knee as the foot touches the ground, and, if possible, try to point the toes straight ahead.

Follow A Straight Line

If, through misguided childhood years, the toes have persistently pointed outward, a good way to conceal this defect is to bring the heel of each advancing foot directly in front of the other foot.

Following a straight line will be taxing at first, but it can be made second nature by practice while you are shopping, by trying to follow paving lines on the sidewalk.

When mounting stairs, avoid pulling upward from the knees. Spring from the balls of the feet.

New People

It really does our family good—
This moving!
This being just new people
With no past
To recommend us or excuse
Shortcomings.
We know how long these first
Impressions last,
And so we keep things trimmer,
Speak more gently,
And dress oursleves with care
To win
This dictum from our keen-eyed
Anxious neighbors:
"Some awfully nice new people
Have moved in!"

—Evantha Caldwell, in Christian Science Monitor.

Albania is to have 750 miles of centuries-old roads rebuilt.

MAKE MONEY—WRITING

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Under the expert guidance of Archie McKishnie hundreds of pupils are making money. Why not you? We train you by individual Home Study Course to produce stories that sell, and help you find a market. Decide now. Write for Free Ability Test. Shaw Schools Limited, Dept. T.P., 1130 Bay Street, Toronto.

Issue No. 39 — '39

DELICIOUS... REFRESHING

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Proper Care Of Linoleum

Lacquers, Varnishes and Shellacs Should Be Avoided If You Want Your Floor Covering To Last

The correct care of linoleum floors is simple and on it depend their good appearance and durability. Lacquers, varnishes and shellacs should be avoided, according to the best authorities, since they wear away where the traffic is heaviest.

Wash With Soap and Water

A mild soap and water should be used for washing, then with very little water all trace of the soap should be removed. When thoroughly dry two coats of wax should be applied, sparingly. About half an hour should elapse between coats. A daily dry mopping and an occasional wiping with a damp cloth, followed by a single coat of wax are advocated. The double coat of wax is necessary only after the soap-and-water washing. Not too much of even a mild soap should be used and anything of an abrasive or scouring nature should be avoided.

He Understood

Leonard Carrothers, Kerrwood, pleaded guilty in county police court, at London, Ont., recently, to failing to produce a driver's license and was fined one dollar and costs.

"I'm a farmer and I forgot to take the license from my overalls and put it in my suit," Carrothers explained.

"I uderstand," said Magistrate Livermore in imposing the minimum penalty.

SAVES YOU HOURS OF Heavy Work

A SOLUTION* of Gillett's Pure Flake Lye will take the drudgery out of dozens of tasks. It clears clogged drains . . . lifts grease and hard-baked food off pots and pans . . . It saves rubbing and scrubbing because it cuts through dirt in a jiffy. Keep a tin handy.

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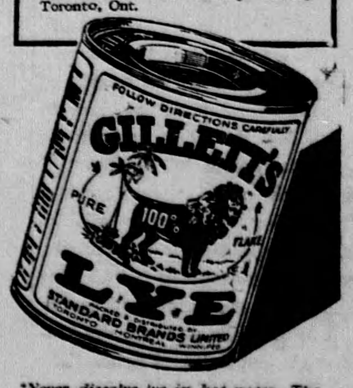

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.