The Stuff She Was Made Of

By MARIAN GOODNOW.

II.

Henrietta was in utter dismay. She had hoped that her first case with Dr. Joslin would be an easy one. Here were three—each long and hard, and affording her many chances for slips in memory or technique.

She stayed late that night in the operating room, to make sure that everything was ready. When she finally went to bed she lay tossing for hours, and when sleep did come her rest was broken by fantastic dreams of failure in her work. In the morning she came on duty looking white and haggard.

When she met Miss Randall she whispered, "I have gone over and over everything, but I know it's no use. Dr. Joslin will want something I've never heard of, and he'll get me so scared that I'll make some dreadful mistake, and that'll be the end of it all."

Miss Randall looked at her sharply.

"Henrietta Osgood, I'm ashamed of you! You've always done good work and been a credit to me. Are you actually planning to fail?"

"O Miss Randall! I never meant that! But I'm afraid I can't—"

"What are you going to try?"

"O Miss Randall, please don't! I don't want to do that. But Dr. Joslin—"

"Anyone, Dr. Joslin, isn't the worst thing in the world. It's worse to fail people who trust you."

As Miss Randall turned away, Henrietta caught a glimpse of tears in her teacher's eyes.

There was a visiting surgeon in the operating room, Dr. Foster of Montreal, Miss Randall said. The name meant nothing to Henrietta, but she quailed before his keen eyes, which examined everything critically.

The first case started smoothly. The dressings were fresh and sterile. Then Dr. Joslin asked for a special retractor. Henrietta looked among the instruments on the table, but it was not there; Miss Randall searched vainly in the cupboard at the end of the room.

"It isn't here, Dr. Joslin."

"Isn't here?" he repeated, then, "Oh, I remember. I left it at the office."

The incident passed, but it had set Henrietta's nerves on edge. The second case came on. It proved a complicated one, and Dr. Joslin worked rapidly. Every Miss Randall seemed under a strain; she said almost nothing to the nurses, but watched them every moment. Suddenly her eyes scanned the instrument table. "You've forgotten the clips," she said in an undertone to Henrietta. With a sinking heart the girl realized that the tiny silver clips that Dr. Joslin would use for the "closing up" were missing. She sent an orderly for them, and they were sterilized barely in time. She gave Miss Randall a despairing look.

At last the cases were clear for the third case. As a frail, white-faced woman was brought into the operating room, Henrietta caught a glimpse of a man pacing anxiously after her.

"This woman's life," she thought, "is very precious to her husband, and it may depend upon my knowledge and my faithfulness."

As the surgeons went to work, Miss Randall whispered to her that there were not enough towels. Henrietta blessed Miss Randall for being there. What should she do without her? The girl was getting tired and found it hard to keep up with the details.

The surgeons were tired, too. Dr. Joslin's voice rasped when he spoke. The assistant's undertone grew impatient. The visiting surgeon's eyes seemed sharper than ever.

Henrietta's mind wandered for one brief instant, and she let the back of one hand touch the other cone. That "broke" her sterile; it was necessary for her rubber-gloved hands were no longer sterile; it was necessary for her to "scrub up" all over again and to put on not only fresh gloves but also a fresh gown. She stepped to the lavatory. While she was there, the surgeon asked for an instrument and the assistant had to step out of his place to get it. Dr. Joslin looked severely at Henrietta as she returned.

An orderly came to the door and beckoned Miss Randall. They heard him say, "Emergency. Want you." Without a look behind her, Miss Randall left the room.

Panic seized Henrietta. Her main stay was gone. Anything might happen now. Dr. Joslin was tired and reasonable. Miss Foster was slow. She herself was so nervous that she could not be sure of anything. A sense of awful responsibility swept over her. She was going to be answerable for the whole thing, for her own success or failure, for the hospital's reputation in the eyes of the visiting surgeon, for Miss Randall's trust in her, and perhaps even for the life of a patient.

Well, she promised Miss Randall to try. She would finish as best she could. She worked on painstakingly. The certainty was upon her that one could or would help her, and that the work must be done. The fear of that "must" steadied her nerves and brought her strength. She pressed her lips firmly, she held her head erect. Her hand steadied, and she began to think clearly. The danger a panic-stricken woman who must wait for a surgeon to do an important piece of work right; a woman who had faith with those who trusted her.

"Sponge count," droned Dr. Joslin wearily.

"Seven," announced Henrietta.

"Four," supplemented the assistant.

"Count again."

A second count gave the same result.

"You probably had only eleven," suggested Dr. Joslin, looking at Henrietta.

She flushed but replied firmly. "There were twelve."

"We got the all out. Look again."

"It isn't here." "There were twelve," she turned impatiently and began to scan deep in the incision for the lost sponge. "Can't be I left it in." His fingers were feeling in every direction.

"Have the orderly look again in your waste pails."

"Only seven!" The nurse's tone was hopeless; she felt sure the mistake was hers.

Then Dr. Joslin began to pull a strip of gauze from the wound. "Here it is! How did we happen to lose it? I'm sure I put a clamp on every one of these sponges."

He threw into the waste pail. "Now, the closing-up sutures. Quickly."

Henrietta handed them to him, one at a time, straight and ready for use.

Her eye fell suddenly upon the sponge that had been lost, and her heart almost stopped beating. The end that had been deep in the wound was soaked with bright blood. Blood meant nothing; but bright blood meant an artery, and a leaking artery meant death to the patient. And this patient must not die. Her husband was waiting for him out there.

Henrietta paled at the thought of the possible calamity. She dared not speak to the surgeon himself. In a low tone she addressed his assistant: "That last sponge—it is light red blood."

Before the assistant could respond, Dr. Joslin looked up sharply. "What's that?"

The assistant explained, and pointed to the sponge. The surgeon gave it one look.

"Ligature slipped," he commented and, pulling out the suture he was sewing in, drew open the incision and began to search in its depths again.

"There it is!" A spurter. Henrietta handed the instrument almost in his hand as he fastened it gave him a ligature to stop it permanently. He tied it securely, sponged thoroughly, scanned everything intently.

"All right. Now we'll try again to close up. Don't find any more trouble for us, Miss Randall."

It was all done so quickly and smoothly that had a layman been there to see he would not have suspected that a woman's life was being saved. There is nothing dramatic about a gauze sponge, a small metal clamp and a catgut ligature. Surgeons and nurses continued their work without comment.

At last the surgeons had finished, but Henrietta's work was not yet done; she busied herself with dressings and adhesive plaster; she got the patient comfortably on the way to bed; she helped the doctors out of their soiled gowns; in fact, she did the dozen things that came all at once, and planned for the dozen that must be done the next minute. She forgot herself, forgot the fret and strain, forgot even the tragedy that had passed so close.

As Dr. Joslin was pulling off his rubber gloves, Miss Randall came in.

"You've all had a hard morning's work," Dr. Foster remarked.

"Rather," assented Dr. Joslin. "I don't want another like it soon."

"But things go smoothly in your operating room," added the visiting man. "And that helps."

"Went very well to-day," admitted Dr. Joslin, as he passed into the dressing room.

Dr. Foster turned to Miss Randall. "Mighty good operating nurse you have. She saved the day this time, all right."

"She—what?"

"Oh, you weren't here!" And he told her the story of the lost sponge and the slipped ligature.

"She's got her wits about her, and she shows her training. How long has she been with you? Where did she graduate?"

"She is a pupil, just getting her experience."

"Well, she beats most of the graduates. When does she finish?"

"In a few months."

"If you don't keep her for yourselves, I wish you would let me know. I'd like to put her in charge of my operating room. She's the best I've seen in a long time."

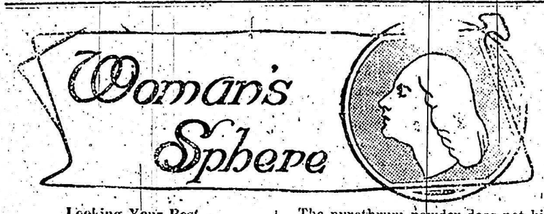
As the door closed behind him, Miss Randall went to her pupil and put her arms about her.

"My dear child! Your great fear is conquered! The most exacting surgeon in Toronto admits that you saved him from a mistake. The best surgeon in Montreal wants you for his own operating room. And the patient owes you her life!"

Henrietta whispered to herself, "And I didn't fail the woman who trusted me."

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians



Looking Your Best.

Start the day right and you won't treat your skin wrong. Everyone wants to have a firm, clear, glowing skin, one that doesn't get dingier and duller as the years slip by. Only everyone doesn't know how to achieve this ideal skin, because there's a big difference between just washing your face and giving your complexion the proper care.

Some skins should seldom be touched with soap and water. These are the ones that chap in winter and burn in summer, and become red and irritated after the ordinary washing. They are best cleansed with a cream and a lotion. In purchasing your cream, try to find one that will fulfill several functions. This is the way to save time and money, and nowadays both of these should be considered by all of us. If you are oily-skinned, use a dry cream to cleanse, massage and protect your skin; but if you have a dry skin, cleanse, nourish, massage, and protect your complexion with a cream made of soothing oils. Pat the cream on your face, let it remain for a few moments, then wipe it off with an old soft cloth. Remember that cream is very hard to launder out of towels. Pour some of the lotion on a cloth that has been wrung out in cold water, and gently wipe the face with it. If you use the correct preparations, your tender skin will improve under this treatment.

But I prefer soap and water for the average skin—not any kind of soap and water, or it won't be the average skin long. Don't attempt to use hard water on your face. Boil it, or add the tiniest pinch of borax to it. If you can get rain water, you are in luck, because it's the best cosmetic that is known.

Suit your soap to your skin. If it is sallow, use a buttermilk soap that will whiten it. If it's pimpled or blotchy, use a good medicated soap. Glycerine soap is excellent for dissolving the oil on a thick skin. Perfumed soap is a delightful luxury, and an almond-meal soap that will lather freely in the hardest water is one of science's latest discoveries.

Before you retire, wash your face with hot water, rubbing the soap thoroughly into the skin, not skimping at the corners, where the blackhead is likely to lurk. Always rub in an upward and outward motion. This keeps the muscles from sagging, and sagging muscles are the first sign of coming age, you know. Rinse in lukewarm water, slowly changing it to cold. Wrap a piece of ice in a towel, and rub it swiftly over the whole face. If you have no ice, put a few drops of benzoin, toilet water, witch hazel, or any other astringent into the last rinsing water. If your face feels drawn and taut after this treatment, pat in a little cold cream. If you use real cream, or even milk, it will improve your complexion quickly. Let it stay on all night.

All you need to do in the morning is to wash your face in lukewarm water and dash some cold water on the eyes. If your face needs to be cleansed during the day, wipe it off with your cleansing cream, and if your nose should shine after the use of the cream, dust it off with a little pure powder that matches your skin in tone.

You see, there are many ways of washing your face, and if you wash it right it can't look wrong.

How I Get Rid of Flies.

Whenever I drive a fly from the house it perches itself on the screen waiting for the first chance to come in again; or, worse, it hunts some breeding place, and as a result, a thousand flies are soon swarming about my or someone else's door.

To prevent this, I pronounce a sentence of death on every fly that enters my house. I use all the methods I know of in executing the sentence. I find the swatter most effective for getting rid of the occasional fly. When flies come in in large numbers, as in damp weather or when there are a number of persons opening the doors, I have a method that is effective.

First, I darken all of the house but the kitchen, and soon most of the flies are in the kitchen. Then I close the kitchen doors and windows and pull down the blinds, and sprinkle a generous amount of pyrethrum powder wherever the flies are likely to light—mostly in the windows and on any white objects in the room. I leave the room closed tight for an hour or two. Then I open it, and sweep up the flies and burn them.

The pyrethrum powder does not kill the flies, but stupefies them, and they drop wherever they come in contact with the powder, and seem as dead until they are revived by fresh air. The powder is not harmful to a person entering the room where it is sprinkled.

A Home-Made Icebox.

An icebox that will answer all the requirements of a high-priced refrigerator may be made by anyone with a slight knowledge of carpentry. The box consists essentially of two boxes, one within the other, separated by one-inch strips so as to form a dead-air space between the two. This is much more sanitary than the use of sawdust for packing.

Heavy building paper is tacked to the inside of the outer box as well as the outside of the inner one before they are put together. The inside box is lined with galvanized iron, and a piece of half-inch pipe is soldered on at the bottom to provide drainage. An inch strip, two inches wide, is nailed over the opening between the two boxes at the top in order to insure dead air space. A strip of felt around the edge of the lid will insure closer contact when closed.

The box may be made any size desired, but a very good proportion is to make it as deep as it is wide—say, about two feet—then as long as needed.

Do You Know That

Tight shoes cause wrinkles between the brows that look like frowns?

A little warm olive oil rubbed into the cuticle each night will make weak, brittle nails strong and easy to manicure?

Deep breathing makes a thin woman plump, and a stout one slender? If you don't believe me, try it for yourself.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

If, like the clouds, you save for a rainy day, you also will have a silver lining.

Cut Your Fuel Bills in Half by Using "CLEAN ALL" BOILER COMPOUND. Manufactured by The Allen Feed Water Purifier Co., Limited, 21 Camden st., Toronto.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots. TORONTO SALT WORKS C. J. CLIFF TORONTO

SALESMAN

Of ability and good local connections—preferably a tailor or clothing man

Can Earn Big Money

selling Men's Made-to-Measure Clothes in his locality. Style, quality and value of garments known from Ocean to Ocean. Address—in first instance—with full information to P. O. Box 105, Montreal.

You See Them Everywhere

FLEET FOOT

IN the country, as in the city, Fleet Foot is the popular footwear this summer. Whether at work or play, Fleet Foot shoes are ideal for warm weather, because of their superior ease and comfort—their attractive styles—and their sound economy compared with leather shoes.

There are Fleet Foot colored shoes for work, and white ones for rest and pleasure. Ask your dealer to show you some of the Fleet Foot Shoes for men, women and children.

DOMINION RUBBER System

Fleet Foot Shoes are Dominion Rubber System Products

The Best Shoe Stores Sell Fleet Foot

A Well Secured 8% Sinking Fund Cumulative Preference Stock

—Carrying a Bonus of 25% Common Stock

—affords you a Liberal, Regular Income Return, and an Opportunity to Participate in the Expansion of a Well established and Progressive Canadian Industry.

Expansion of business requires new capital. Hence, you are offered an opportunity to buy stock in Willards Chocolates Limited — an established and steadily growing Canadian company.

This company is one of the largest manufacturers of chocolate products, confectionery and ice cream in Canada.

Sales have grown from $192,510 in 1914 to $2,783,637 for the 12 months ending April 1920. Earnings of the Company for 1919 after providing for preferred dividend requirement were equivalent to over 16% on the Common Stock. Sales for the first four months of 1920 show an increase of 36% over the same period in 1919.

The officers and executives who have been responsible for the company's remarkable expansion will continue in management.

You are offered 8% Sinking Fund Preferred Stock (par value $100 a share) carrying a 25% common stock bonus.

Write for circular giving complete information.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED. Established 1901

HEAD OFFICE 26 KING STREET EAST TORONTO

E. R. Wood, President; G. A. Morrow, Vice President; J. W. Mitchell, Vice President; W. S. Hodgens, Secretary; J. A. Foster, Treasurer; T. H. Anderson, Asst. Secretary; A. F. Winnett, Asst. Treasurer

MONTREAL BRANCH Canada Life Building R. W. Steele, Manager

LONDON, ENG. BRANCH No. 2 Austin Friars A. L. Fullerton, Manager

AutoStrop Razor —sharpens itself

ALL safety razors seem alike because of the similarity in size and appearance. As regards the AutoStrop Razor, however, the resemblance ends there. Its peculiar and additional advantage is that, without being larger than any other safety razor, it combines within itself a self-stropping feature that enables the user to keep the blade sharp without taking anything apart. It thus prevents dull blades and the expense of buying new ones.

You may not be interested in economy of blades, but surely you want a good shave and that is only possible with a stropped blade.

Any dealer will demonstrate the AutoStrop Razor to you, guarantee satisfaction, or refund of purchase price.

Only $5.00

complete with strop and twelve blades in an attractive assortment of cases to suit any purpose.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited, AutoStrop Building, Toronto, Canada

GREAT BRITAIN'S TEXTILE INDUSTRY

DEVELOP "WITHIN THE EMPIRE TRADE."

Manufacturers Looking For Big Boom and Expansion of Canadian Market.

That the textile manufacturers of Great Britain were more interested at the present time than ever before in the Canadian market and in the opportunities for developing "Within the Empire Trade" was the statement made by J. H. Kippax, head of J. H. Kippax and Company of Manchester, while in Calgary recently. Mr. Kippax, who is one of the outstanding figures in the textile manufacturing business of Great Britain, then on his first trip across this continent, and while on his side has visited the leading cities of the United States and Canada. He stated that the textile manufacturers of Manchester looked for a big boom in their business for the next few years, and expected a marked development in the Canadian trade. They had been held up with labor troubles, he said, but things were rapidly adjusting themselves, and the production was steadily coming up to pre-war.

Boom in Textiles.

"We are expecting a great boom in textiles in Manchester," Mr. Kippax said. "The optimistic view is that the boom will last for from four to five years, while even the most pessimistic say that it will extend over a period of two or three years. However, all are agreed that trade will be unprecedented for years, as the world's market in the cotton trade are bare.

"We have had some labor troubles since the war," he continued, "but the outlook is much better at present and there is a strong tendency gaining ground towards co-operation between labor and capital in the administration and direction of all business. This closer working union between labor and the employers is what is wanted."

The Picnic Lunch.

Of course, the picnic is the feature, so let's see what we can plan that will be practical but different. What about thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, cut star shape easily done with a sharp cookie cutter? Then a meat and vegetable salad, "filling" dish that will be the piece de resistance of the picnic meal. This can be made from veal, with cabbage, potatoes and peppers cut up with and a French dressing poured over first. When this is done the mayonnaise dressing that is added afterwards goes through the salad better and not so much is needed. Pack the prepared meat in a large jar, the mayonnaise separately in a smaller jar and the lettuce crisped, dampened and the remaining leaves piled loosely in a tin lard can. They will keep crisp for hours this way. Prepare the fruit for raspberry ice cream the night before and set it on ice to be frozen the next morning. Then cover your well-packed freezer with several coatings of newspaper and an old potato sack or carpet in one machine and your dessert is ready to be served. Instead of a large cake, bake a number of little gem cakes and ice them the day before.

Even the picnic lunch is the better for a hot drink, so bring along your largest coffee pot—maybe you will need two. Measure out your coffee before leaving home and let it soak in cold water in the pot, or a large jar. This will help bring out the strength and hurry the boiling at the picnic.

The picnic table can be made attractive with very little trouble. It is foolish to use paper covers that will blow away. If you plan to cover the table, use a strip of white oilcloth, or an old tablecloth with pebbles tied to the corners to weight it down. The jars you have brought can be filled with wild flowers gathered on the way.

Two Little Helps.

The Grace of Prevention—It is a very good plan before preparing vegetables or fruits that stain the fingers to rub the thumb and forefinger with a little grease. That will prevent the unsightly stains which are difficult to remove.

In Place of Cream—I use milk in place of cream for my cocoa, and just before removing from the fire beat vigorously with an egg beater. The effect is almost the same as if whipped cream were used.

Preferred a Slipper.

"This book," remarked the house-to-house canvassing agent, as she dexterously insinuated one foot in the doorway, "is well named 'The Mother's Guide.' With it and you can bring up your children properly."

His wife examined the binding, and felt the weight of the book. Then she gripped it by the edge with her right hand, and brought it down whack! on the other.

To the astonished salesman, she appeared to be trying to see how convenient it would be as a handle; but for what purpose?

"I don't think I'll take one," she remarked at last. "I'm sure it's no better than an ordinary slipper!"