

It Makes a Nicer Cool Drink

# "SARJE" Iced Tea

SERIAL STORY  
**INTERNE TROUBLE**  
By Elinore Cowan Stone

## CHAPTER I

Tran Dearborn entered Saint Vincent's as a student nurse without any one's having taken the trouble to warn her that, in a big hospital, the lowest form of human life is a probationer. . . . Lower than the callowest of the interns—although even Tran could see that their assumption of jaunty sophistication was often but a thin cloak to hide panic and a devastating sense of bewilderment. . . . When Tran's mother had christened her "Tranquility," her husband had warned her that she was inflicting disaster. . . . "And anyhow," he had said, "you don't suppose any one is going to call her that, do you?" . . . "Tranquility" seemed so predisposed to get out of her room with everything that was Tran Dearborn. . . . Perhaps that was because her slight body with its restless dancing feet, and hands that would dart into quiet gestures unless she held them tightly clasped, seemed to be driven by a nervous dynamo too powerful for its size. . . . More likely it was because of her eyes. . . . Those wide, dark eyes of Tran's—so out of proportion to her small pale face, with the dusting of golden freckles over a high-bridged nose that might have been funny—if it had not been faintly lance to a startled fawn on the verge of flight. . . . That is, unless you saw them at one of those times when her sense of humor got the best of her most painstaking endeavors to look gravely respectful—while the head nurse was explaining the house rules governing probationers, for instance. . . . At such times Tran managed to keep her other features composed in an earnestly respectful look by biting her cheeks hard—but her eyes she never could control, even by opening them very wide. . . . Of course people had not really called her "Tranquility" even in her early school days at Miss Brand's of Virginia, or later, after her mother and father had died and Aunt Clara had taken her from one Continental school to another. . . . All that was before Tran knew that she would have a living to earn with her own hands. . . . But it was not until she entered the training school at Saint Vincent's that people really began to canvass the delightful possibilities for parody presented by her given name. . . .

Emergency  
One day, during her first few weeks at the hospital, she was taken with a group of other student nurses on a demonstration tour of some of the less exciting wards. The itinerary happened to lead

to the tall white-clad figure went into the room. After a hasty glance up and down the corridor, Tran recklessly slid in after him. The two men bent over, studying the angry red hole in the bare patch the interne had exposed on the patient's right shoulder. Tran, fascinated beyond thought of caution, eased herself closer, until her breath was almost upon the backs of their necks. . . . "Pretty deep, shouldn't you say, sir?" the interne suggested deferentially. "I think I'll need a probe." . . . "A probe, by all means," Dr. Sargent agreed. . . . Tran could hardly believe her ears. "Probes," she had been told, never got within a mile of operations—much less to help with them. Yet the Emergency interne had undoubtedly said that a "probe" was needed; and the terrifying "Top Sarge" had agreed with him. It seemed providential that she was on the spot. . . . Tran cleared her throat so sharply that they both jumped and turned, frowning at her. . . . "Perhaps," she said breathlessly, "perhaps—wouldn't I do? I'm one—a 'probe,' I mean, she hurried on—as if her gray dress and voluminous apron were not sufficient advertisement of her low estate. . . . The young interne's face underwent a sort of convulsion; he turned his back and made a disconcerting noise that sounded like a cross between a sneeze, a sob, and a smothered prayer. . . . The terrible "Top Sarge" just stood, looking. But something in the way he looked gave the effect of an amused Olympian surveying from the heights a particularly insignificant worm. . . . Tran's heart began to sink. She couldn't be mistaken. She had definitely said, "A probe, by all means." . . . Later, of course, she was to learn that when a surgeon asks for a "probe," the chances are at least one to a billion billion that he does not mean a student nurse,

but a surgical instrument used for extracting embedded solids. . . . Now she could understand that something was terribly wrong. . . .

Just Looking  
Nevertheless, she persisted, "I mean—well, you did say you needed a 'probe,' didn't you?" . . . "And even so," Top Sarge spoke with a chilling politeness, "may I ask what you happen to be doing in here?" . . . Tran put her hands into the pockets of her uniform to keep them from shaking. . . . "I was—well—looking," she managed to get out. . . . "I—desperately she strove for a more chatty note—"a hospital is such an interesting place—don't you think?" . . . Then—because the more frightened she was, the more insistently she wanted to laugh—she took her cheeks hard between her teeth; but her traitor eyes got bigger and darker and shiner in her pale little face. . . . "Interesting," he said, his own eyes like remote blue ice, "that if you're just an intern, you ought to be in the operating room. I should appreciate your going to do your looking elsewhere." . . . By Name Of "Tranquility"  
By Name Of "Tranquility," Tran went in, headed by an older nurse. . . . But not Tran. . . . This that was happening in Emergency was the kind of thing she had hoped she was coming to the hospital to learn about. . . . But not Tran. . . . This that was happening in Emergency was the kind of thing she had hoped she was coming to the hospital to learn about. . . .

Now, as Tran stood entranced with curiosity, some one else came along the corridor and halted outside the door of Emergency. Glancing over her shoulder, Tran saw a tall, handsome man whose spotless white linen emphasized his look of glowing cleanliness and vitality and self-confidence; and whose arrogant nose and deep-set blue eyes suggested a naive impatience not too firmly lulled. . . . Tran's heart missed a beat as she recognized him. Only the day before some one had pointed Dr. Sargent out to her as the most brilliant surgeon—and the most gosh-awful man to work under—in the whole hospital. It was his "gosh-awfulness" that had won for him the nickname of "Top Sergeant," clipped for convenience to "Top Sarge." . . . To make a mistake when you were helping him was as much as your uniform was worth. . . . He was personally requested to assist him at an operation was the equivalent of a royal command. That was the mark Tran had set herself to shoot at. . . . Now the dark, friendly young interne on duty in Emergency glanced up from the figure the officers had placed on the table and called, "Oh, Dr. Sargent, please! If you have a minute, I'd appreciate some aid, sir." . . . The tall white-clad figure went into the room. After a hasty glance up and down the corridor, Tran recklessly slid in after him. . . . The two men bent over, studying the angry red hole in the bare patch the interne had exposed on the patient's right shoulder. Tran, fascinated beyond thought of caution, eased herself closer, until her breath was almost upon the backs of their necks. . . . "Pretty deep, shouldn't you say, sir?" the interne suggested deferentially. "I think I'll need a probe." . . . "A probe, by all means," Dr. Sargent agreed. . . . Tran could hardly believe her ears. "Probes," she had been told, never got within a mile of operations—much less to help with them. Yet the Emergency interne had undoubtedly said that a "probe" was needed; and the terrifying "Top Sarge" had agreed with him. It seemed providential that she was on the spot. . . . Tran cleared her throat so sharply that they both jumped and turned, frowning at her. . . . "Perhaps," she said breathlessly, "perhaps—wouldn't I do? I'm one—a 'probe,' I mean, she hurried on—as if her gray dress and voluminous apron were not sufficient advertisement of her low estate. . . . The young interne's face underwent a sort of convulsion; he turned his back and made a disconcerting noise that sounded like a cross between a sneeze, a sob, and a smothered prayer. . . . The terrible "Top Sarge" just stood, looking. But something in the way he looked gave the effect of an amused Olympian surveying from the heights a particularly insignificant worm. . . . Tran's heart began to sink. She couldn't be mistaken. She had definitely said, "A probe, by all means." . . . Later, of course, she was to learn that when a surgeon asks for a "probe," the chances are at least one to a billion billion that he does not mean a student nurse,

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## Household Pests: Their Control

Ants, Cockroaches, Moths, Houseflies Are Near the Top of the List of Home Enemies—Different Treatment For Each

Among the enquiries for information on household insects received by the Division of Entomology of the Agriculture, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, probably the most numerous relate to such common pests as ants, cockroaches, moths, houseflies, and silverfish. . . . The control of these insects requires special treatment for each. . . . For further information on the life-history and control of these insects, including houseflies and bedbugs, write to the Publicity and Extension Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, for a copy of Circular No. 127. . . .

## Common Sense Toothbrush Use

Proper Care of Mouth and the Teeth Should Be Taught in Childhood

So much has been published and so much has been said over the radio and in other ways about the care of the mouth and teeth that it would seem hardly likely that anyone could have missed the necessary information. Nevertheless, it is still important, if we can judge by what we see around us, to emphasize that the mouth and the teeth are important for health and that their proper care means that they will remain useful longer than they would otherwise. . . .

Brushing of the teeth should begin just as soon as a child is given a mixed diet and even before he has teeth. . . . The young interne's face underwent a sort of convulsion; he turned his back and made a disconcerting noise that sounded like a cross between a sneeze, a sob, and a smothered prayer. . . . The terrible "Top Sarge" just stood, looking. But something in the way he looked gave the effect of an amused Olympian surveying from the heights a particularly insignificant worm. . . . Tran's heart began to sink. She couldn't be mistaken. She had definitely said, "A probe, by all means." . . . Later, of course, she was to learn that when a surgeon asks for a "probe," the chances are at least one to a billion billion that he does not mean a student nurse,

## THERE'S CHEER IN EVERY MOUTHFUL OF SHREDDED WHEAT AND BERRIES

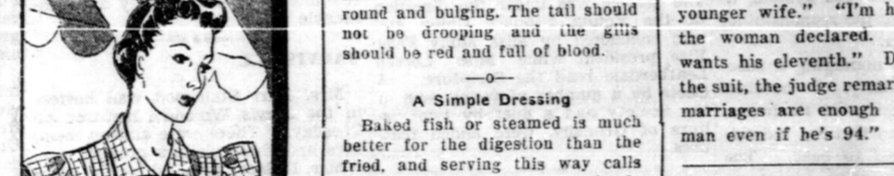


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## Visitors From Many Countries

The wide appeal of Canada's national parks is indicated by registrations at the government museums in Banff and Inquiries received at the park information bureau. . . .

## A Day-Long Shirtwaist Frock



Pattern 4150  
By ANNE ADAMS  
A day deceiver in a perennial favorite to wear the live-long day—the tailored shirtwaist. . . .

Put one cup milk into a double boiler and add enough bread crumbs to make a smooth paste. . . .

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## NEWS PARADE

Farmer's Son Makes New Fast Craft for Snow and Water Transportation  
James K. Lawrence, farmer's son of Myrtle, Ont., built this novel craft in his spare time. . . .

WHERE UNEMPLOYED: Canada is facing the increase of unemployment during the second quarter of 1939. . . .

MISSING BOTTLES: York County milk from the producer to the consumer is the price spread of the milk. . . .

CARE OF WORMS  
Despite the extensive campaign carried on during the past few years by the advocates of artificial baits to have every angle used, spinners, plugs and similar artificial lures, we will always have with us the old dyed-in-the-wool fisherman who prefers worms. . . .

YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEMS  
Have you fussy calves in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? . . .

Ten Wives At 94  
Said Bay Ferid, aged 94, in the court of Istanbul: "I have had enough of my wife. She's a devil. . . ."

FOR YOUR VACATION!  
DEFOREST, MAJESTIC OR ROGERS  
A Simple Dressing  
Baked fish or steamed is much better for the digestion than the fried, and serving this way calls for a dressing. . . .

LOW-PRICED PORTABLE RADIO  
PLAYS ANYWHERE  
No Aerial, Ground or Plug-in Needed  
Door Protects Controls While Carrying  
Rugged Compact Waterproof Finish  
Light-Weight  
Lone Battery Life  
New Handy Shape

FREE demonstration at any DeForest, Majestic or Rogers dealer

IF YOU FEEL SUNK  
Read this and cheer up  
Are you so blue that life is no longer worth living? . . .

Canary Is Back After Year Away  
The old adage, "leave 'em alone and they'll come home," holds good ever in the case of missing canaries. . . .

REG'LAR FELLERS—The Legal Mind  
BUMP HUDSON SAYS I SWEPT TWENTY MARBLES OFF HIM—CAN I SUE HIM?  
NATCHERY, MISTER DUFFY, IF YOU WAS MY CLIENT I COULD PROVE YOU ABSOLUTELY INNOCENT, BUT YOU CAN'T BE MY CLIENT, UNTIL YOU PAY ME A NICKEL IN ADVANCE

WELL, AS A SPECIAL FAVOR, I'LL HANDLE YOUR CASE, IF YOU'LL FORK OVER HAFFA BUMP'S MARBLES!

Dr. Lamb emphasized that physical measures were necessary to offset the "immense gain at which we travel" and the "high tension" which he said was bound to have later effects. . . .

Dr. Lamb added that both social and economic planning were necessary to put over physical education, which must have government support in Canada. . . .

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## Books And You

By ELIZABETH EEDY  
"PATRICIA"  
By Grace Livingston Hill

Curly up in a hammock with this one: "The well-loved Mrs. Hill, author of 'The Seventh Hour,' 'Lol Michael,' etc., has written a delightful and intensely human story of Patricia's struggle for an attainment of, in spite of her social-climbing mother, a way of life that brings happiness, satisfaction and inspiration. . . ."

## The Pieced Quilt And Patchwork

Quilt-Making Is An Old Art On This Continent—Collecting Specimens An Interesting Hobby

It is not so much the objects collected as the interests they bring with them that provide the thrill for the collector. Quilts collected by Mrs. Fulton Lewis, of Washington, D.C., are witnesses to the hardy spirit of the pioneer woman who followed her husbands to carve out homes in the wilderness. . . .

For more than 20 years she has gathered fine specimens of the art of women of early days. Designs with such names as "Kansas Troubles," "Log Cabin" and "White Roses" tell of days when men and women of the frontier were hardy and brave. . . .

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## VOICE of the PRESS

EDUCATIONAL TOUR  
Since the Royal tour has been on the people in Canada have had opportunity to learn the names of the premiers of our own various provinces. . . .

ONCE WAS ENOUGH  
Ontario's motor license plates are being printed—black on can. yellow. . . .

NICOTINE SULPHATE Controls Aphids  
Catch These Plant Lice At the Beginning of an Outbreak  
Aphids or plant lice are soft-bodied insects which are frequent-ly found feeding in clusters on a wide variety of plants. . . .

THEATRICALS FOR ALL  
There is no substitute for the theatre in its true sense. It gives a scope to the average individual, with latent or developed artistic sense, that no other medium can supply. . . .

TRAINING FOR Health Urged  
Dr. A. S. Lamb, head of the department of physical culture at McGill University and president of the Canadian Physical Education Association, recently told the association that its duty was to protect and promote health rather than to carry on the "mistaken notion of exercise—speed, strength and sweat." . . .

Potato Diggers  
Digging potatoes in a long flat field is part of summer, the midsummer sun. . . .

ASH FOR BEE HIVE  
Potent POURING SPOUT  
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