

SERIAL STORY—

# Interne Trouble

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.

Yesterday, Dr. Benchley suddenly crashes Tran in his arms and, frightened, Tran looks up to see Dr. Sargent standing in the doorway. She flies in terror.

## CHAPTER FIVE

ALL the rest of that day, after the terrible Top Sarge had surprised her and Bob Benchley in the instrument room, Tran waited dreadingly for the summons to an interview with Miss Armstrong—that fateful interview during which the director of nursing would tell her, regretfully but firmly, that she was a misfit.

Late that afternoon, hurrying along a corridor on an errand to Central Supplies, Tran almost collided with a white-coated figure. Dr. Bob Benchley halted her by the simple expedient of hooking his little finger through hers, and murmured swiftly, "Heard anything from Armstrong?"

"Not yet."  
 "Maybe you won't," he encouraged her, but his voice lacked conviction. "Top Sarge dressed me down for both of us—unprofessional conduct—interference with nursing discipline—were some of his rhetorical high spots. . . . I'm still licking my wounds. Haven't time to tell you all about it now, but—he glanced warily over his shoulder—"when are you off duty?"

"This evening at 8—but only till 10, of course."

"Meet me at Borden's at 8," he directed swiftly. "We can slip over to the park."

Borden's was the drug store around the corner. Well-regulated probes did not meet internes at Borden's, or walk with them in the park—not if they really wanted to get their caps.

"No," Tran flung over her shoulder as she tore herself away. But she knew she'd have a hard time living up to that "No" when he called softly after her, "You're the sweetest thing God ever made, Agility."

SHE hurried all the more after that, because the errand was for Miss Miller; and "the icicle's" sense of timing was uncanny.

Tran knew Miss Miller was on private duty. The patient, one of the doctors from Saint Vincent's board of directors, had specially asked for Miss Miller.

For Tran, that alone invested Miss Miller with a halo. But on top of that, the case was one of Dr. Sargent's. That lent Miss Miller wings of glory. Tran forgot her worry in an age of eagerness to please Miss Miller.

When she hurried, a little breathless, into the service room, Miss Miller was saying, "Of all the patients in the world, doctors are the biggest babies. They're always sure they're going to die. He's diagnosed his own case a dozen times in the last six hours."

She turned to Tran.  
 "Let's see what you've brought. Um—six towels. Right. Sheet. Right. . . . Laparotomy gown. Right. . . . But my dear child, you're positively white about the mouth. How often must—"

"I know, Miss Miller," Tran blurted. "I have no professional poise. But working with you is so—so exciting that I—well, I just forget about everything else."

FOR once, out of complete ineptness she had said the right thing. Miss Miller's smile was almost friendly.

"Well, I must get back to my patient," she said. "Now I wonder, Dearborn—Miss Smart is assembling the sterile articles for me—I wonder if I can depend on you to get together the unsterile? You'll want—"

"I know," Tran cut in breathlessly. "Collodion. Two tourniquets. Tissue forceps in 2 per cent Lysol. Flask of normal saline. Boad. . . . I looked it up when I heard it was to be a transfusion. I hoped you'd let me help."

Miss Miller looked faintly annoyed. When Miss Miller was graciously pleased to notice a probationer, she did not like to have her words snatched from her lips. Finally she smiled with ironically raised eyebrows.

"Well, well! Our little Utility seems to be running on all six today. . . . When you finish, you're to go directly to the dormitory," she added, and moved with her erect, lithe walk out of the room.

"Don't let her get you down, kid," the other student nurse advised kindly. "You're one-up that she even let you touch her equipment. For a probe, that's rating with Miller. And isn't she the leading lady of this hospital?"

But Tranquility turned away with ice at her heart.

ONCE back in the dormitory, she noticed a light in the demonstration classroom. She had almost forgotten that tomorrow she had been scheduled to demonstrate before the class in nursing procedure: The Making of Bed with Patient in It. . . . The Bath of a Patient in Bed. . . . The Dressing of a Patient in Bed. . . . Preparation of Patient for General Medical Examination.

It was to have been a sort of final test before the granting of her cap. . . . Getting your cap meant that you were a full-fledged student nurse, entitled to wear a gray striped uniform, white cap, and white bibbed apron—ready for regular duty in the wards.

The demonstration was to have taken the full class period. Instead of "Griselda," the dummy, Anita Seibert, another probationer, was to have served as patient. You always had to demonstrate with a living patient before you got your cap.

Tran and Anita had planned a full-dress rehearsal here this evening. But Anita had been sick in bed all day. Tran had taken it for granted that the rehearsal was off.

Nevertheless, seeing the light under the door, Tran paused outside. She couldn't quite face the thought of going to her room yet anyhow—with that summons from

## HOLD EVERYTHING

By Clyde Lewis



## FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



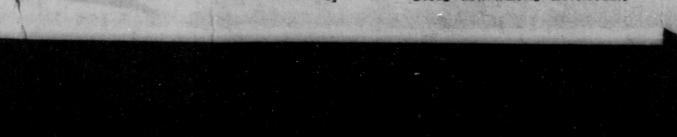
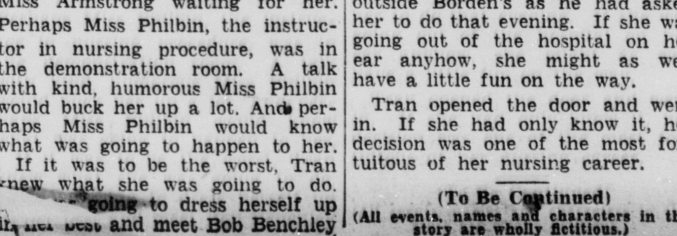
## GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



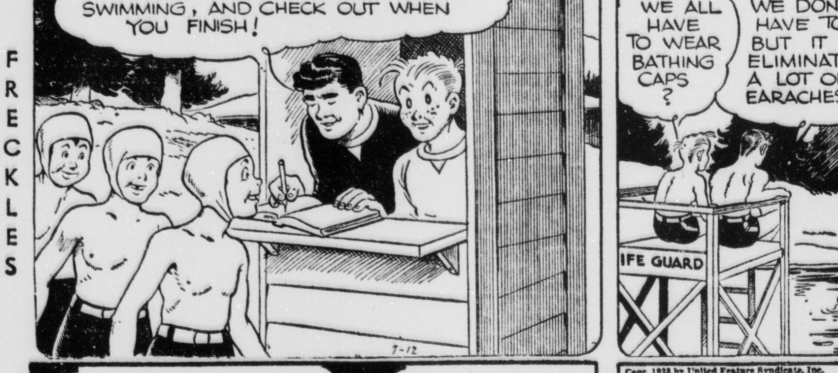
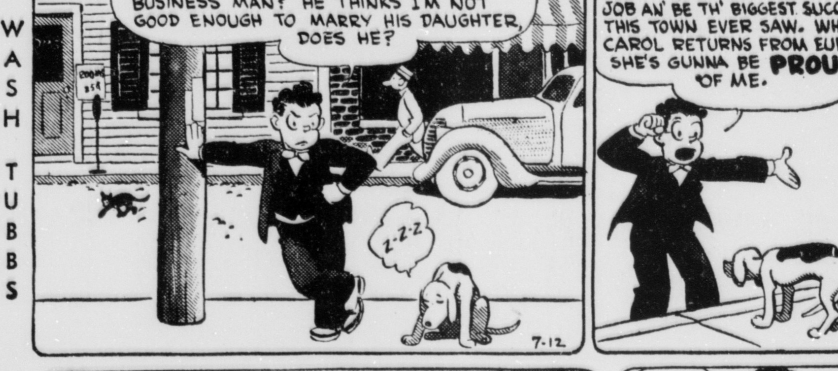
## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



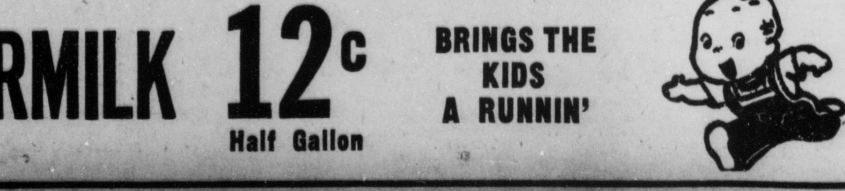
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



## OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



**POLK'S** ICE GOLD BUTTERMILK **12c** Half Gallon

BRINGS THE KIDS A RUNNIN'