Hardy's Luck

By J. W. MARSHALL.

II.

"Well, Hardy, old top!" the chief of staff's nephew said, airily. "What's the news from No. 11 this morning? Been up there, haven't you?"

The "old top" shook his head. "Yes, I've been up there, but there's nothing new so far as I can see. I was just going to suggest that we work together on the case this afternoon, and see if we can't dig out a diagnosis? I'd like to see it cleared up before I go."

"Oh, get out, Hardy! I would if there were half a chance. But when all the big fellows are stumped, I can't quite see the use. Tell you what I'll do, though," he added, with a laugh. "It's my afternoon on; you're welcome to it, and while you're making a name for yourself I'll play tennis. How about it?"

Hardy stared, blinking. He could not understand this young man; could not understand how anyone could spend four years preparing for a life work and then not go at it with all his might.

"Of course I'll stay," he said, "and much obliged."

Rising, he hurried out to the wards to make his round. It was after ten o'clock when he hurried back again to the rotunda to wait for the visiting physician on his side, in order to escort him back to the wards to make his rounds.

The visiting physician had just arrived. He stood inside the doors, with one hand on a shoulder of the chief of staff's nephew; he was smiling as he listened to some joke that the young man was retailing. The head nurse came by, and stopped to smile at the frank admiration in Dr. Hardy's face.

"I wish I could be like that," Hardy said a little wistfully; "but it just isn't in me. I couldn't stand and talk to Dr. Beard that way, not to save my life. I wish I could."

"A happy manner and a glad-to-see-you smile makes friends, surely," she said. "The trouble is that too many depend on that alone. Big men dig deep for those they depend upon, Dr. Hardy. I've seen all sorts of internes come and go, and—"

But the visiting physician caught sight of them and strode quickly over. "Good morning! Anything new with that case in 'G,' Dr. Hardy?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing, so far as I can discern, doctor. But perhaps when you see him—"

"We'll slip up for a moment and see him right now, and then—Dr. Hardy, I wish you'd look after the rest of my work here for me this morning, if you'll be good enough. There's a board meeting at one o'clock, and there is some outside work that I must do before then."

And as the two hurried away, the head nurse caught Hardy's eye for an instant, and her glance was eloquent.

The visiting physician bent over the patient, alert, methodical, painstaking, he made his examination and shook his head.

"I'd rather make the diagnosis in that case than collect a five-hundred-dollar fee this day," he said as they went back through the corridor. "Spend every minute with him you can, and see if you can't dig out a clue. The poor fellow's in bad shape.

"I've been doing that, doctor, and shall while I'm here; but I leave this afternoon, you know.

The visiting physician stopped short. "By Jove, Hardy, I almost forgot!" He laid a hand on Dr. Hardy's shoulder. "Stay on until after board meeting, won't you?" he went on earnestly. "Perhaps I'll get a chance to run up in 'G' again for a moment."

And giving the young man's shoulder a squeeze, he hurried off and was gone.

Hardy stood where he was. There was a lump in his throat; he could still feel the doctor's hand on his shoulder. What a chance to work under a man like that for a year! And the man who was going to have the chance did not care. For the first time resentment against his "change of luck" surged through him until his hands clenched fiercely.

"It isn't fair!" he muttered. "It just isn't fair, that's all!"

"What isn't fair, Dr. Hardy?"

It was little Miss Maynard, off duty, dressed for the street, and going out for a walk. Old Tommie looked down into the smiling, upturned face, and said to the dancing eyes beneath the saucy little hat:

"Well, by Jove, Miss Maynard! You certainly are—er—looking well!"

"Um! Um! Dr. Hardy!" said the little nurse. "Going about through the corridors telling nurses in such ardent language they're pretty! I shall speak to the hospital authorities, sir!"

And as she passed on down the corridor, she flung a teasing laugh back at him.

With a sheepish grin, Dr. Hardy turned away to his work.

"I'd give a dollar, now, to know what I did say to that nurse!"

And then, in spite of himself, he laughed. He had forgotten all about his resentment.

Having done his routine work, he hurried back to "G" and methodically studied the case again, then went down to the library to reread his findings, then back to the ward as some new thought occurred to him. So the morning passed; he forgot his dinner and no one reminded him of it.

On one of his trips to the ward, about one o'clock, he discovered a clue. Above the right corner of the upper lip of the patient was a tiny eruption! It had been there before. Upon three fingers he breathlessly enumerated conditions in which such eruptions often occur. Two he discarded as most improbable; the third? It might be that, in one of its complicated forms and one that in our latitude is very rare.

He rushed away to the laboratory, came back on a half run with an oblong glass slide, took one tiny drop of blood from the lobe of the patient's left ear and hurried back to the laboratory. Breathlessly he slipped the slide to the microscope and glued his eye to the eyepiece. His face fell; there was nothing. His face tightened again—pigment! With a trembling finger he tapped the slide so that he could see a new field. And then suddenly he had kicked over the stool and was rushing wildly back to the ward! The man's blood was swarming! He had made the diagnosis!

Sharply now he instituted new treatment, energetic, definite, curative treatment. Then he walked solwly back through the corridor; his work in the hospital was done; it only remained for him to pack up and go.

When he reached the rotunda, the members of the staff were just coming out from the board room; the chief was deep in conference with the visiting physician. The chief looked up, saw Dr. Hardy, and beckoned him over.

"Young man!" The chief of staff's keen eyes were searching Hardy. "It was bandied about the board room this afternoon that you consider yourself lucky. I should like to hear of this great luck from you."

"Why, yes, sir," said Hardy wonderingly, "I've been lucky—awfully lucky." And he told of that long run of luck from its beginning. He finished, stopped, and then turned suddenly to the visiting physician. "Oh, by the way," he exclaimed excitedly, I "diagnosed that case up in 'G' just now! I had just come back—"

"What?" The visiting physician's eyes leaped.

"Yes, sir," answered Hardy eagerly. "I was lucky enough to notice a tiny eruption—"

"Let's go up and have a look at that case," interrupted the chief. "I must see it at once. And the three of them set off for ward "G."

"I see! I see!" the chief kept repeating as Old Tommie explained that he had studied and read and watched and gone over the case and finally just happened to notice the new symptom. And then they walked out to the laboratory. The slide was still under the microscope where Hardy had left it. After one glance in the eyepiece the visiting physician wheeled and wrung young Dr. Hardy's hand.

"Where's that nephew of mine?" the chief of staff demanded.

There was such menace in his tone that Old Tommie hesitated. He remained awkwardly silent. But the voices of the men playing in the tennis courts came in at the window, and suddenly the chief jumped up and looked out. He turned back with an impatient gesture.

"Dr. Hardy!" He spoke sharply, hesitated, glanced out of the window, and then went on slowly: "It does—yes, it does—give me pleasure to say that you will fill out the unexpired term of Dr. Johnston, who resigned."

Old Tommie stared at the chief, and then at the visiting physician, whose face was beaming. Hardy turned back to the chief. "But—but, sir, I thought the place had already been given to your nephew?"

"In my conceit," said the chief, with a grim smile, "I did tentatively promise that place to my nephew; but I learned at the board meeting this afternoon that I do not entirely run this hospital. It seems that you have made some friends among the staff, through your luck, I fancy; they produced the records of you two since you entered the hospital, and—well, they fought us to a standstill. The vote was six to six. I shall change my vote."

There was a lump in Old Tommie's throat. His eyes were moist, and he had a little trouble in speaking.

"It's awfully good in you, I'm sure, and I appreciate it tremendously. But—but—well, it doesn't seem quite fair to your nephew, after all."

The chief of staff snorted. "Don't let that worry you, young man," he said; "he'll get something better—for him. I shall take charge of him myself, and see if he can't be inspired into having even a little of your 'luck.'"

(The End.)

Stories of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince's world-tour seems to be adding to his popularity every day, and the secret of his charm is suggested in the remark of the English laboring-man who said "If you didn't know 'e was a bloomin' prince, lummy, you'd think 'e was a bloomin' Socialist!" It is interesting to speculate on what members of the Royal Family might have been, had they not been born with Royal blood in their veins. Prince Edward has innumerable interests unconnected with affairs of State.

When he was at Magdalen, he entered into Oxford life without the slightest "side." He earned the name of "Pragger-Wagger," and a story is told of a visitor who called on an undergraduate at Magdalen, and heard a loud, insistent knocking in the adjoining rooms.

"What is that noise?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied his friend, "that is only the 'Pragger-Wagger' hanging up his pictures.

This refusal to allow Royal considerations to oppress him is a survival of his nursery days. One morning, before his father had ascended the Throne, a children's outfitter was sent to Marlborough House, and Prince Edward found her standing outside the nursery door.

"Oh, don't stand out there," he said. "You had better come inside."

"I think I had better wait here, your Royal Highness," replied the visitor. "It may not be convenient for me to come into the nursery now."

"Oh, yes, it is!" said the Prince. "There's no one here that matters—only grandfather!"

The Amazon river drains an area of 2,500,000 square miles.

Woman's Interests

Ways of Drying Food.

Successful drying is dependent on heat and on a free circulation of air over the material. In regions where there is plenty of sunshine, the fruit may be placed on trays covered with mosquito netting, and kept in the sun until dry. The trays with the fruit should be brought under cover at night or during an occasional shower.

Where it is difficult to dry fruits out-of-doors, and for those who wish to hasten the drying process, a cook-stove drier is very convenient. With one of these the housewife can dry fruit and vegetables with the same heat she uses in preparing the meals.

Where any large quantity of drying is to be done a drier makes the work much easier. A home-made drier which may be hung above the stove can be constructed with little time and ingenuity.

Small amounts of fruits and vegetables may be dried by placing the materials on trays or baking tins, which are put into an oven with its doors open, to allow a free circulation of air. Great care must be exercised to keep the fire low and well regulated or the products will burn before the drying is accomplished.

Garden peas intended for drying should be gathered when in ideal condition for immediate table use; that is, when the seeds have attained full size and before the pods have begun to turn yellow and dry up.

Shell them by placing the pods in boiling water for five minutes, then spread on a wire screen having a mesh large enough to permit the shelled peas to pass through, with a box or basket placed beneath. Rub the pods vigorously over the screen with the hands. They will burst and empty out practically all the peas much more quickly than they could be shelled by hand.

Dip the shelled peas one or two minutes into boiling water. Drain, spread to a depth of from three-fourths to one inch on the trays of an evaporator, and dry at from 115 deg. to 125 deg. F. as initial temperature, raising to 140 deg. F. toward the completion of the drying. Raise temperature very gradually. Stir occasionally while drying. Properly dried peas will be uniform throughout, showing no moisture near the centre when split open.

Wax beans or mature string beans should be gathered when full grown but before the pods have begun to dry. Shell and dip for three minutes into boiling water or live steam. Remove, drain, place on trays to a depth of not more than one inch. Stir frequently through the first hours of drying.

Peas and beans can not be dried in a few hours. The thick outer coating of these legumes prevents the escape of the water content and many hours are needed for thorough drying. When peas and beans are thoroughly dry, they will show no moisture in the centre when they are crushed beneath a hammer.

Peas and beans may be dried in the sun with good results. Spread on wire trays and protect with mosquito netting or cheese cloth. Even a few minutes' exposure may result in infestation by insects. Remove to the house on rainy days or at night when heavy dews fall.

Peas and beans which are thoroughly dry can be placed in permanent storage containers directly from the drier. These are preferably closely woven muslin bags which are tied tightly at the neck, and several of them are placed together in a larger bag similarly tied.

Corn intended for drying should be gathered when in the milk stage, before glazing and hardening have begun and when the corn is in an ideal condition for immediate table use. It should be gathered only as rapidly as it can be prepared for drying, as corn deteriorates rapidly.

Husk the ears and trim with a knife to remove any injuries. The silk need not be removed, as it can be separated readily from the corn after drying. Place the ears in wire baskets or wire-bottom boxes and plunge into boiling water for from eight to twelve minutes, or until the milk is set. A little salt may be added to the blanching water, if desired. Divide the corn into older and younger lots before blanching, as the younger ears require somewhat longer cooking than the older ones.

After cooking, remove the corn from the water, allow it to drain and cool sufficiently to be handled, then cut from the cobs with a strong, sharp knife, taking care that none of the cob is removed with the kernels. Spread the kernels upon trays to a depth of one inch if drying is done in a drier, or from one-eighth to five-eighths of an inch if the corn is to be dried in the sun. Stir the grains thoroughly several times during the drying to break up any compact masses.

It is practically impossible to bring corn to a sufficient degree of dryness by the unaided heat of the sun. If corn is dried in the sun, it is finished by being poured into bread pans, placed in the oven of the stove, and warmed to 160 deg. to 165 deg. F. for two hours. Drying should continue until the grains are hard, semi-transparent and will break with clean glass-like fractures if crushed.

Before storing, free the corn of silk, glumes and bits of cobs. This may be done by pouring the corn from one vessel to another in a strong draft. When the corn is dry, store in closely woven muslin bags or heavy paper bags. Tie tightly at the neck and place within a larger muslin bag, which also should be tightly tied.

Late winter varieties of apples and pears are best for drying because they possess a higher sugar content than the early varieties. In many localities, however, there are plenty of summer apples, but few of the winter varieties. In this event, the summer varieties should be dried.

Apples intended for drying should be reasonably mature, but not soft. Handle with care in picking and hauling so as to avoid bruising, as bruised spots become discolored and must be trimmed off to make a good-looking product. Apples discolor rapidly, so preparations must be made to get the peeled product into the evaporator as rapidly as possible after it is pared. If several people are doing the work, divide the work of paring, coring, slicing and spreading on trays, so that an apple spends only two or three minutes on the way from the paring knife to the drier. If only one person is working, drop the pared fruit either into cold water or into a salt solution made by dissolving one tablespoonful of salt in four quarts of water. Do not allow the fruit to stand in the water any longer than is necessary, because the water will dissolve the sugar and other valuable elements and the apple will absorb water, which will necessitate longer drying in the evaporator. Carefully pare and trim the product to remove all discolored places.

Make the slices as nearly the same thickness as possible From three-sixteenths to one-fourth inch is the best thickness. Apples may be quartered or cut into eighths, but they do not dry so uniformly or quickly as the sliced rings.

For an especially white product, blanch the fruit after it has been pared, cored and sliced, by a short treatment of steam to prevent discoloration. To do this, place a false bottom in the wash-boiler four or five inches above the bottom, and use a wire basket to rest on the false bottom. Put three or four inches of water into the boiler, place on the stove, cover boiler and allow water to boil. Place about two inches of sliced apples loosely in the wire basket, lower the basket into the boiler, taking care that the fruit does not get into actual contact with the water. Replace the lid and allow the fruit to stand in steam for three or four minutes. Remove and spread in a single layer on trays and place either in the sun or a warm drier. Apples when drying should be covered with muslin or mosquito netting to prevent insect infestation. A few minutes' exposure will often cause the products to be infested.

Dried apples which are brown or chocolate colored from the discoloration which results from drying without blanching possess as high nutritive value and often have a better flavor than the more attractive-looking blanched products.

When apples are dried in an evaporator, start the drier at 130 deg. to 140 deg. F. Keep this temperature until the fruit begins to wilt and becomes somewhat leathery, then increase the heat by moving the partially dried trays downward in the evaporator. The highest temperature that can be maintained for apples without danger of burning is 180 deg. F. Examine the trays frequently, especially at the end of the drying period, to avoid scorching or overheating.

Dried apples will not be brittle when finished, but if a handful of the pieces are pressed together they will have an elastic, springy feel and will separate promptly when released, leaving no moisture on the hands. When one of the pieces is broken in two, it should not be possible to press moisture out of the centre.

Britain's Earliest Oil-Well.

Up till now about three thousand barrels of oil have been obtained from the various wells experimentally bored by the British Government in Derbyshire and elsewhere. Says a London magazine.

It is not a great deal. In fact, considerably more than this must have been yielded altogether by the famous Balm Well, situated at St. Catherine's, near Edinburgh, which during several centuries exuded a substance now known to have been genuine petroleum.

No one ever seems to have thought of refining the crude oil and using it for illuminating purposes; but it was in great repute as a remedy for skin complaints, and people so afflicted came from far and near to obtain supplies of it.

Especially esteemed was the solidified petroleum which was scraped from inside the well near the bottom, and which used to be retailed, under the name of Balm of Sinai, for as much as a sovereign an ounce.

To-day one can buy an ounce of the same sort of stuff—vaseline—from any chemist for a few pence.

THE MOON'S COLD AND ARID WASTES

PLANET HAS NO AIR, NO WATER, NO SOIL.

Plains Formerly Thought to be Seas Now Believed Lava Fields.

The great new telescope with 100-inch reflector on the summit of Mount Wilson, in Southern California, has brought the moon so near that a much more detailed study of its surface can be made than was ever before possible.

The instrument brings the lunar orb to within an apparent distance of 240 miles. Inasmuch as the observatory is on the summit of a lofty mountain, where, in an almost rainless region, the air is extraordinarily clear, everything on the moon is seen sharply defined, and telescopic photographs of portions of its surface come out beautifully.

These "close-ups" seem to show very plainly that the moon never has been inhabited. For, if the case were otherwise, some signs of past occupancy would be discernible. A ruined village, for instance, could not escape observation. The great telescope could not distinguish a house, but an object the size of one of our big battleships would attract attention.

Moon Has No Atmosphere.

The moon has no atmosphere because it is too small a body to possess one. Its attraction is not strong enough to retain a gaseous envelope. Even the earth, for a like reason, is not able to hold on to the exceedingly light gas called helium, though the latter is plentifully present in the atmosphere of the sun. The moon has no air, no water, no soil. Presumably it has never supported a single plant or animal.

Conspicuous on the face of the moon is the curved chain of the lunar Apennines, 640 miles in length, rising abruptly from the plain on one side and sloping gradually away on the other. This mighty range of mountains, whose highest peak attains an elevation of 20,000 feet, has a likeness to the Rockies, with their precipitous descent into the Nevada desert. Near one end is a crater thirty-seven miles in diameter.

This, however, is not the largest crater in the moon. Archimedes is fifty miles, and Copernicus fifty-five miles, in diameter. On the earth we have no volcanic craters so big; but in northern Japan there is one thirty miles across—a deep circular bay surrounded by volcanic peaks, two of which are still active. It is called Volcano Bay, and is unmistakably an extinct crater.

The notion that the lunar craters (of which more than 30,000 may be counted) are scars made by "moonlets" falling upon the orb of night has been strongly upheld by some authorities, but is not indorsed by most astronomers, who believe that they are of volcanic origin. Once upon a time, presumably, the earth was not less thickly sprinkled with craters, whose outpourings are represented by our igneous rocks and by vast lava fields such as are found in parts of the West; but erosion and other causes have in the course of ages effaced them.

Fields of Lava.

Conspicuous features on the moon are immense plains, whose surface is in parts smooth and in other areas visibly these wrinkled. Early astronomers, provided with inferior telescopes, thought that there were seas; but it is now believed they are lava fields. In India are lava fields about equal in size to the lunar Sea of Tranquility and Sea of Serenity combined.

In other words, the lunar "seas" are areas overflowed by molten lava, just as happened long ago to vast terrestrial areas; and here and there the rims of craters may be seen projecting above the submerging material.

A much-vexed puzzle has been to account for the central peaks which are commonly a feature of the large craters on the moon. Such a crater has usually the form of a circular or oval plain surrounded by a lofty and precipitous ring of mountains, while in the middle stands a cone that may be thousands of feet high. Why that cone?

The answer seems to be that the cone represents a renewed activity of the volcano, on a smaller scale. It was built up directly from the mouth of the volcanic pipe leading down into the body of the moon.

Source of False Hair.

Women who wear false hair do not realize how likely it is that their "added extra" tresses are derived from the heads, usually unclean, of Chinese people.

Special grades, extra fine, are made into hair nets, which most Canadian women wear in these days. The automobile has made small hats fashionable, and on this account the hair is worn compact; also in order that it may not blow about when the motor car is speeding.

It is comforting to know that the human hair imported from China undergoes very elaborate cleaning processes before it is offered for sale in this country. Still, on the whole, one might wish that it came from somewhere else.