

# The Medicine Girl

By P.G. Wodehouse

## The Story Thus Far:

ACCOMPANIED by a self-made blonde, Bill Bannister, Hampshire pig-raiser, goes to Bingley-on-Sea, a charming summer resort. Sir Hugo Drake, Bill's uncle, follows swiftly. William must be saved from the blond menace, at any cost.

Arrived at Bingley, William's peril (Mrs. Lottie Higginbotham, formerly of the chorus) receives a caller—Lord Tidmouth, a former husband. "Squiffy, old dear," she chortles, "I'm glad to see you!"—and Lord Tidmouth, true to form, promptly kisses the lady.

In comes Bill. He sees the kiss. Lottie, somewhat embarrassed, leaves the room. After which, William and Lord Tidmouth discuss the situation. The facts are as follows: (a) Bill does not care for Lottie; (b) he is in love with another; (c) he does not know the fair one's name—has merely seen her. . . . Lottie returns, learns the latest news, and immediately faints. "Squiffy" dashes for a doctor—and brings two. One is a girl—Doctor Sally Smith. Bill sees her—and gasps: she is the unknown he loves. The other is a man. Bill sees him—and groans. He is—Sir Hugo Drake!

Lottie is shipped to a sanitarium. Bill, Sir Hugo and Lord Tidmouth go to Bill's pig ranch, at The Manor, Woollam Chersey. But Bill is no longer happy with his pigs. He longs for Sally Smith. He must see her again. He does.

Being a young man of ideas, he gets her on the telephone. "Doctor Smith," he declares, "this is Mr. William Bannister's valet speaking. Mr. Bannister is desperately ill. He is sending his car for you. Can you run up at once?" "I can," says Sally—and she does. . . . Arrived at The Manor, she sprints to the house. En route, she glances through an open window—and comes to a halt. Before her startled eyes is William Bannister, Esq., barking into a telephone. He is saying: "Doctor Smith has already left? Thank you. Good-by. . . ." The doctor enters the living-room unannounced. She asks about symptoms. Bill replies, vaguely. "When," purrs the doctor, "did the first one appear?" "When I first saw you," murmurs William. "My heart stood still."

"Hmm," muses Doctor Smith. "I must make an examination at once. Kindly undress."

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BILL started violently. "What . . . what did you say?" he quavered.

"Undress," Sally repeated.

"But . . . but I can't."

"Would you like me to help you?"

"I mean—is it necessary?"

"Quite."

"But . . ."

Sally surveyed him coolly.

"I notice the vascular motors are still under poor control," she said. "Why do you blush?"

"What do you expect me to do—cheer?" Bill's voice shook. The prude in him had been deeply stirred. "Look here," he demanded, "do you mean to tell me this is the first time any of your male patients has jibbed at undressing in front of you?"

"Oh, no. I had a case last week."

"I'm glad," said Bill primly, "that somebody has a little delicacy besides myself."

"It wasn't delicacy. He didn't want me to see that he was wearing detachable cuffs. You know the kind? They fasten on with a clip, and are generally made of celluloid. Like motion-picture films."

"Er—do you go much to the pictures?" asked Bill.

Sally refused to allow the conversation to be diverted.

"Never mind whether I go to the pictures," she said. "Please undress."

Bill gave up the struggle. He threw off his dressing-gown.

"That'll do for the present," said Sally. "I can't think what you were

making such a fuss about. Your cuffs aren't detachable. . . . Now, please."

She placed the stethoscope against his chest, and applied her ear to it. Bill gazed down upon the top of her head emotionally.

"I wonder," he said, "if you realize what this means to me—to see you here—in my home—to feel that we two are alone together at last. . . ."

"Did you ever have any children's diseases?"

"No. . . . Alone together at last. . . ."

"Mumps?" said Sally.

Bill gulped.

"No!"

"Measles?"

"No!" shouted Bill.

Sally looked up.

"I merely asked," she said.

Bill was quivering with self-pity.

"It's too bad," he said. "Here I am, trying to pour out my soul to you, and you keep interrupting with questions about mumps and measles."

"My dear Mr. Bannister," said Sally, "I'm not interested in your soul. My job has to do with what the hymn book calls your 'vile body.'"

There was a pause. She put her ear to the stethoscope again.

"CAN'T you understand," cried Bill, breaking into eloquence once more, "that the mere sight of you sets every nerve in my body tingling? When you came in I felt like a traveler in the desert who is dying of thirst and suddenly comes upon an oasis. I felt. . . ."

"A retching or nausea?"

"Oh, my God!"

"Now tell me about your sex life," said Sally.

Bill recoiled.

"Stand still."

"I won't stand still," said Bill explosively.

"Then move about," said Sally equably. "But give me the information I asked for."

Bill eyed her austerely.

"Don't you know the meaning of the word 'reticence'?" he asked.

"Of course not. I'm a doctor."

Bill took a turn up and down the room.

"Well, naturally," he said with dignity, halting once more, "I have had—er—experiences . . . like other men."

Sally was at the stethoscope again.

"Um-hum?" she said.

"I admit it. There have been women in my life."

"Say ninety-nine."

"Not half as many as that!" cried Bill, starting.

"Say ninety-nine, please."

"Oh?" Bill became calmer. "I didn't . . . I thought . . . I imagined that you were referring. . . . Well, in short, ninety-nine."

Sally straightened herself. She put the stethoscope away.

"Thank you," she said. "Your lungs appear to be all right. Remove the rest of your clothes, please."

"What?"

"You heard."

"I won't do it," cried Bill, pinkly.

Sally shrugged her shoulders.

"Just as you like," she said. "Then the examination is finished." She paused.

"Tell me, Mr. Bannister," she asked, "just to satisfy my curiosity, what sort of a fool did you think I was?"

Bill gaped.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'm glad you have the grace to. Did



Lottie perceived Sally. "Hul-lo!" she said. Sally said nothing. She walked on towards her room, and Bill stood as in a trance

you imagine that this was the first time I had ever been called out into the country?"

"I . . ."

"Let me tell you it is not. And do you know what usually happens when I am called to the country? I see you don't," she said, as Bill choked wordlessly. "Well, when I am sent for to visit a patient in the country, Mr. Bannister, the road is lined with anxious relatives waiting for the car. They help me out and bustle me into the house. They run around like chickens with their heads cut off—and everybody who isn't having hysterics on the stairs is in the kitchen brewing camomile tea."

"Camomile tea?"

"People who get sick in the country are always given camomile tea."

"I never knew that before."

"You'll learn a lot of things," said Sally, "if you stick around with me. And one of them, Mr. Bannister, is that I'm not a complete idiot. You'll excuse my slight warmth. I've driven eighty miles on a fool's errand, and somehow I find it a little irritating."

Bill waved his hands agitatedly.

"But I tell you you're wrong."

"WHAT! Have you the nerve to pretend there's anything whatever the matter with you?"

"Certainly there is. I—I'm not myself."

"I congratulate you."

"I'm a very sick man."

"And I'm a very angry woman."

Bill coughed an injured cough.

"Of course, if you don't believe me, there's nothing more to say."





drive all night, do you? If you do, you're—"

"I beg your pardon," said Bill. He pointed to the gallery that ran round two sides of the room. "You'll be up there."

"Thank you."

Bill laughed shortly.

"Well, it's something, I suppose, that you have consented to sleep under my roof."

"You could hardly have expected me to go to the garage."

"No. I suppose you would like to be turning in, then?" asked Bill.

"Yes, please."

"I'll show you your room."

"You have already."

"Well . . . good night," said Bill.

"Good night," said Sally.

HE STOOD without moving, watching her as she went up the stairs. She reached the door, opened it, and was gone. Bill turned sharply and flung himself into a chair.

He had been sitting for some minutes, with only his thoughts for unpleasant company, when there was the sound of a footstep on the stairs, and he sprang up as though electrified.

But it was not Sally. It was only

Lord Tidmouth. That ill-used gentleman was looking rather weary, and his eyes, as he reached the foot of the stairs, were fixed purposefully on the decanter on the table. He moved towards it with a stealthy rapidity, like a leopard; and only when he had poured into a glass a generous measure of the life-restoring fluid did he turn to his host.

"Hullo, Bill, old man," said his lordship.

Bill regarded him sourly.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.

Lord Tidmouth sighed.

"What's left of me after an hour's tête-à-tête with the old relative," he said.

"Bill, that uncle of yours waggles a wicked jawbone!"

"Does he?"

"He talked and talked and talked. And then he talked some more. Mostly about his mashie shots. I got him off to bye-bye at last, and I've tottered down to restore the tissues with a spot of alcohol. They say," continued Lord Tidmouth earnestly, "that strong drink biteth like a serpent and—if I remember correctly—stingeth like a jolly old adder. Well, all I have to say is—let it! That's what I say, Bill—let it! It's what it's there for. Excuse me for a moment, old man, while I mix myself a stiffish serpent-and-soda."

He turned to the table again.

"So you got him off to sleep?" said Bill.

Lord Tidmouth's fingers had been closing about the siphon, but he courteously suspended operations in order to reply to his host's question.

"Yes," he said, "I got him off to sleep. But at infinite cost to life and limb. I feel a perfect wreck. However, I've left him slumbering like a little child, one

hand still clutching James Braid's Advanced Golf. So that's that."

"Much obliged. Well, I'll be turning in."

"Half a moment," said Lord Tidmouth. "Isn't it about time that lady doctor of yours rolled up? Allowing two hours for the journey—that is, assuming she had no puncture or blow-out or engine trouble or lost the way or . . ."

"OH, GO to blazes!" said Bill.

Lord Tidmouth watched his disappearing back with rather an aggrieved air.

"Not one of our good listeners!" he murmured.

Then, having sterner work before him than the consideration of a host's brusqueness, he addressed himself once more to the siphon.

Lord Tidmouth was a careful man with siphons. Experience had taught him that a too vehement pressing of the trigger led to disaster. Strong drink might bite like an adder, but soda-water could spout like a geyser. He knew the perils perfectly, and it was, therefore, all the more annoying that a moment later a hissing stream should have shot up between his cuff and his skin.

This happened because, as he was in the very act of working the trigger arrangement, a loud and breezy voice in his immediate rear spoke.

"Hullo!" it said.

Voices speaking to Lord Tidmouth where no voice should have been always affected him powerfully. He became involved in a Niagara of seltzer, from which he emerged to gaze censoriously at the intruder.

"If you know me a thousand years," he was beginning, as he turned, "never do that again!"

Then he saw the newcomer steadily and saw her whole. For it was a She. It was, as a matter of fact, none other than the first of his battalion of wives—the exuberant Lottie Higginbotham. And he stared at her as at a vision.

"Great God of Battles!" said Lord Tidmouth. "You!"

Lottie was completely at her ease. She placed on the floor the suitcase which she was carrying, and with a dexterous hand removed the whisky-and-soda from her companion's grasp. She drank deeply and, having done so, sighed with satisfaction.

"YOU always did know how to mix them, Squiffy," she said.

It was a handsome compliment—and rather touching, in its way, as giving evidence that the memory of the dear old days still lingered. But Lord Tidmouth paid no attention to it. He was still goggling.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he asked blankly.

"Who, me?" said Lottie.

"Yes, you."

"I was sent for."

"How do you mean, 'sent for'?"

"I got a telegram from Bill's uncle asking me to come," Lottie told him.

A blinding flash of light illuminated Lord Tidmouth's darkness. He recalled the veiled hints the old boy had dropped earlier in the evening. So this

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"Oh, isn't there?" said Sally. "I'll find plenty more to say, trust me. I may as well tell you, Mr. Bannister, that when I arrived I looked in at the window and saw you striding about, the picture of health. A moment later, the telephone rang and you went to it and said you were your valet. . . ."

Bill flushed darkly. He moved to the window and stood there, looking out with his back turned. Sally watched him with satisfaction. Her outburst had left her feeling more amiable.

Bill wheeled round. His face was set. He spoke through clenched teeth.

"I see," he said. "So you knew all along, and you've been amusing yourself at my expense?"

"You might say—getting a little of my own back."

"You've had a lot of fun with me, haven't you?"

"Quite a good deal, since you mention it."

"And now, I suppose, you're going?"

"Going?" said Sally. "Of course I'm not. I shall sleep here. You don't expect me to

Sir Hugo took refuge behind a chair and held up a deprecating hand. "Now, now, my good girl! . . ."





Many and delightful are the new hot-weather food concoctions which can be achieved with the aid of modern refrigeration.

Illustrated by  
Irving Nurick

## Cook it Cold

*The modern refrigerator has taken hot-weather cooking out of the agony column and put it on the sports page. And here are some recipes to prove it*

**By Betty Thornley Stuart**

**H**OT? I've never been so limp in my life. Let's go for a ride." That's the first American dog-day reaction. And the second is like unto it.

"What about taking in something at the movies? Sure, I know it's like a furnace when you're back on the street, but let's be cool for an hour anyhow."

The third step in heat-fighting—or maybe it comes before and after each of the others—consists in getting something cold to eat or drink. Somebody's ice box, the soda man's or our own, makes connection with the arctic regions, and we're Eskimos inside, if not out, for as much as five minutes. When scientists think of that reaction, they pat themselves on the back and pin medals on their façades, for what they've done in improving the ice box belongs on the front page of the epic of progress.

Probably the men who invented our pet polar bears for the kitchen pictured them as achievements in food preservation. And this is undoubtedly their most

important function. But along came women of imagination who promptly saw the possibilities for food concoction—new things to eat when the family appetite had to be coaxed, new ways of putting the summer dinner hour back into the morning so far as preparation was concerned.

Every woman who has ever "cooked" in her refrigerator thinks first of frozen desserts. Most of us know that there are several different variations, depending on ingredients, each with its advantages in luxury of taste or economy of preparation.

Mousses have a whipped cream base, and the simon-pure kind need nothing else but sweetness and flavoring, with or without fruit pulp.

### The Making of a Mousse

Expensive, it's true, but the quickest to get ready. A foundation recipe which will serve four people prescribes one-half pint of heavy cream and four level tablespoons of confectioners' sugar.

This mixture will take a cup of any fruit pulp, or it may be treated to a teaspoonful of your favorite extract. But—take care not to whip the cream too long if you want smooth results; get it just to the point where it holds its shape. And don't substitute cane if confectioners' sugar is called for in your particular cookbook, for the former is sweeter, bulk for bulk, and a mixture that is too sweet may refuse to harden. Once again—don't forget that mousses may become too firm if left overlong in the freezing trays. Make them and eat them the same day.

As an example of this mousse, touched up with a bit of imagination, try this one:

### PEACH MOUSSE

2 cups canned peach pulp 1 pint whipping cream  
½ cup sugar or less Few grains salt  
Few drops almond extract

Mash pulp thoroughly. Add sugar, salt and flavoring. Fold in whipped cream and freeze. Fresh peaches will require more sugar.

Suppose you hate not to include all the good juice? Then you'll need a recipe that isn't a simon-pure mousse but one that stiffens the backbone of so much water with a little gelatine.

### PINEAPPLE MOUSSE

2 cups canned crushed pineapple and juice 2 tablespoons cold water  
¼ cup sugar 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
2 cups cream 2 teaspoons gelatine

Heat pineapple to boiling point, add sugar, lemon juice and gelatine which has soaked in the 2 tablespoons of water for 5 minutes. Cool—pepping up the process by setting in a pan of cold water with a few ice cubes. When you see the mixture getting thick, fold in the whipped cream. Don't use fresh pineapple since it is the one fresh fruit that won't jell.

But some of us can't afford to go crazy on whipping cream, at least not this year. Do we all know that evaporated milk can be whipped? Boil the unopened can, for twenty to thirty minutes. Cool and put in the coldest part of the refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Then whip the milk as you would cream, having the bowl cold and watching the process carefully because, though cream will turn into butter if given too long a beating, its substitute will take the backward road and become milk. Once heated, the can may be tucked into the refrigerator, kept for a week or a month and then used for your pet mousse, which may well prove to be the following:

### RASPBERRY MOUSSE

⅞ cup evaporated milk, whipped 1 teaspoon raspberry extract  
1½ cups raspberry juice, fresh or ⅛ teaspoon salt  
canned 1 tablespoon lemon juice  
½ cup sugar

Dissolve sugar in raspberry juice, adding salt and extract. Whip milk, put in lemon juice and keep on whipping. Fold in fruit and place in refrigerator.

But evaporated milk isn't the only friend of the poor-but-proud mousse maker. Tapioca is forging to the front—the quick-cooking kind—not to substitute for cream entirely but to help it out. Here's a recipe that can be varied for flavoring:

### VANILLA MOUSSE

1 cup milk ½ cup sugar  
3 tablespoons corn syrup Few grains salt  
1½ tablespoons 1 egg white  
tapioca 1 teaspoon vanilla  
½ pint cream

Scald first five ingredients together till tapioca is clear. Strain. Chill till thickened. Add beaten egg white, flavoring and whipped cream, beaten in gradually.

Another and even less expensive idea is to make frozen custard, and here, too, the flavoring may be added as you like. The one disadvantage, as with all the refrigerator desserts that are truly cheap, is that the freezing has to be interrupted midway for a little beating.

### FROZEN CUSTARD

2 cups milk ⅔ cup sugar  
4 teaspoons cornstarch 1 cup heavy cream  
4 egg yolks Flavoring to taste

Scald milk in double boiler, add cornstarch and sugar mixed and cook 15 minutes. Add beaten yolks and cook 5 minutes. Take off stove, beat 5 minutes with rotary egg beater. Add cream unbeaten and put in freezing tray. After an hour, take out, put in chilled bowl and beat with rotary beater for one or two minutes.

Parfaits come at the other end of the refrigerator-dessert planner's list, very rich and gorgeous things to be fed to company, though, unlike mousses, any servings left over are just as good for tomorrow's family lunch. All parfaits call for eggs, whites alone for a light and delicate effect, yolks alone for the kind that men usually prefer, both for the lady who plans not to burden the

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