

A RACE FOR LIFE

OR A YOUNG DOCTOR TAKES A CHANCE

By ARCHIE PARKER

The July sun hung like a ball of molten fire in the western horizon as young George Allison, with a suitcase in one hand and his instrument case in the other, stepped from a westbound train in a western city in Wyoming.

With a wistful, anxious look on his face, he hesitated a moment looking first to the right and then to the left as if he was unacquainted with his surroundings.

With the critical eye of the professional man he quickly scanned the panorama of the typical western city, and in a moment he was

making his way down the main street in search of a hotel.

"I guess this will do men for tonight," he muttered to himself as he halted in front of a respectable-looking building with the sign, "Lodging and Meals by Day or Week," above the door.

Young Allison paid for a night's lodging in advance and was shown to his room by the old landlord, who had all the appearance and marking of a typical westerner.

Removing his hat, coat and vest the young man threw himself upon the bed with the exclamation, "Lord, but I am tired! This bed sure feels good!" and in a moment he was sound asleep. And as he lay there upon the bed, his pale face toward the ceiling, it was plain to see that his weariness was more of the mind than the body.

It was nearly dark when George Allison awoke from his much-refreshing sleep.

"Feel better," he said as he rubbed his hands over his week-old growth of whiskers, "and could I do with a shave? Guess I'll go look up a barber." Suiting the words with action he put on a fresh suit of clothes and sauntered forth in search of a barber shop. He did not have to go far before he caught sight of the familiar red and blue striped barber pole that designated his destination, and soon he had his six feet of brawn stretched full length in the chair.

"Stranger in this part of the country?" asked the barber.

"Well—yes, I have never been in this part of Wyoming before," Allison replied in a very subdued tone of voice from beneath a pile of steaming hot towels.

"Eastern part, I presume?" again asked the barber.

"Yes, eastern part," answered Allison, as his thoughts wandered back nine years in the past when he was working on the Bar Q ranch as the top wrangler.

The barber did not ask any more questions. But Allison's thoughts kept recalling the time on the Bar Q. How well he remembered the day old Bob Dally, the owner of the Bar Q ranch, had told him he was going to make him his top hand. He remembered how proud he was when June Dally, old Bob's daughter, came down to the bunk-house and taking his hand in her's exclaimed: "Oh, George, I am so proud of you! I knew Dad was going to make you top-hand, and I know you will make good!"

Allison remembered how hard he had tried to make good on the Bar Q, but with a sickening feeling in his heart he also remembered the day he had fallen from grace in the eyes of June Dally. It was a bright crisp morning on the tenth of May, June Dally had asked him to go to the barn and bring Ginger, her sor-

rel riding horse, to the house, for she wanted to go to town that day. He had quickly saddled the high-spirited animal, leaped to the saddle and headed him in the direction of the house. He remembered the look of admiration that shown from the depths of June's big brown eyes as she stood on the porch. But that look of admiration was to be of short duration. An old newspaper had blown right across the road in front of Ginger as he neared the house. The spirited horse gave a sideways leap at the sight of the paper. The sudden shifting of his weight was too much for the light ladders' stirrup. It had given away, throwing him to the side of the plunging animal. The suddenness of it all and the handicap of the broken stirrup prevented him from regaining his balance and he was thrown to the dusty road.

He remembered how sheepish he felt as he rose to his feet and saw Ginger racing back to the barn, and the look of indignation and disappointment on the face of June Dally.

He remembered how he tried to explain to her how it happened, for he knew she did not understand, but she would not listen to him. He could still hear her fiery words as she said: "George Allison, I am surprised at you. Of all the horses you have broken for Dad—and to think you would let Ginger pile you in the dirt. I am surprised and I'm disappointed in you. So far as I am concerned, you are through with the Bar Q."

He answered her in a mild but determined voice: "Yes, Miss Dally, I am through with the Bar Q and the West. You told me you knew I would make good, so make good I will. If I can't make good here I will in some other place and in some other way." He remembered her bitter laugh as she said: "When you do, Mr. Allison, come back and I'll look you over—good by."

"Well," thought Allison, as the barber gave him the finishing touches to the shave, "It has been nine years since I left the Bar Q ranch in Eastern Wyoming. One year firing on the New York Central railroad, three years studying for an M. D., two years study in surgery and two years constant practice as assistant demonstrator in anatomy at the Fairview Medical college and

one year in the General Hospital. Yes, nine long years ago." And Allison's thoughts continued. "June was sixteen then—she would be twenty-five now—don't seem possible. And where she is I don't know. Lost track of her years ago. Old Dally died, the ranch was sold and June left. That's all I know." And George Allison closed his thoughts with a sigh. "Poor kid, wish I knew what became of her?"

By the time Allison had finished his reverie of the past the barber had finished the shave. A thought came to Allison while he was paying the barber to feel him out as to the medical situation in the town, so he asked the question, "How many doctors are there in this town?"

The barber looked at Allison with a slight grin on his face as he answered, "Two—one horse doctor and one family doctor—that is, if you can call Green a doctor."

"Any surgeons?" again asked Allison.

"Well—Green claims to be a surgeon, but I'll be hanged for a horse-thief if I think he is. Chet Wilson got shot in the leg the other day in a gun-fight in the Spread Eagle saloon, and Dr. Green let the poor devil bleed to death while he was probing for the bullet. If Dr. Green is a surgeon then I am a ring-tailed jackass."

Allison did not press the barber with any more questions. He felt he had gained all the information that was necessary. "I may have a chance here," he said to himself

as he put on his hat and left the shop.

The young doctor decided to look the town over before returning to his room. He was walking leisurely down the main street, taking in the sights and wondering to himself if he could really make a go of his medical training in a place like this, when he saw a man on a sorrel horse riding like mad down the street. Allison watched the rider on the foamed-flecked horse as he came to a sudden halt almost at his very feet. He saw the rider, a boy of about eighteen years, quickly dismount and dash madly up a flight of stairs. While he stood there wondering what it was all about and looking at the horse the boy had ridden, the worn-out animal gave a heart-rending groan and dropped dead in its tracks. George Allison's past experience and knowledge of horses told him in no uncertain language that the horse had been fairly ridden to death.

(To be Continued Next Week)

Mrs. Elbert Glass and daughter are moving to town so as to send her daughter to the Central Point high school.

A postal card received today from Jack Lees from Reno, Nev., states that in spite of his doing a lot of hard looking, he has discovered he is altogether too old for that town so expects to start home soon.

FOR SALE

Jackson County will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, graders, fresnos and other machinery, on Wednesday, September 15th, 1937, at 2:00 o'clock p. m., at the County Shops, on Barnett Road, adjacent to the Fair Grounds south of Medford. JACKSON COUNTY COURT.

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