

A RACE FOR LIFE

OR A YOUNG DOCTOR TAKES A CHANCE

By ARCHIE PARKER

(Continued from Last Week)

The switchman looked up as he heard the four short blasts, and saw the headlight of the switchengine bearing down on him with prohibited speed.

"Wonder what that means?" he asked himself. "It's against the rules to drive like that in the yard limits. He is calling for the main line—hope he knows what he wants—I don't, but here goes." and the switchman pulled the lever that would shoot the speeding engine out onto the main line. But he did not notice that it was not the regular engineer as it thundered by. "The special is due here pretty soon—can't make it out at all. But it's none of my business," and the switchman closed the switch and resumed his duties.

The young doctor who had dared to steal the locomotive breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the red light on the switch turn to green before he reached the danger point. All was clear now for him as he sped out upon the main line heading in the direction of Coyote Switch ten miles away.

The doctor looked down from his seat to see if his instrument case was still where he had put it. It was still there. He looked at the steam gauge. The hand pointed to 150 pounds, that was all right. He leaned over and started the injector pump. The air gauge showed 60 pounds. He looked at his watch and it indicated 9:10. The special was due in Coyote Switch at 9:22. He must make the 10 miles in less than 12 minutes or collide with the Special.

Allison stepped down from his seat and shoveled in a few shovels full of coal. The engine was gaining speed every second. He reached up and grasped the throttle level and pulled it wide open. The engine responded to the touch. It seemed to fairly leap thru the air as the full head of steam reached the pistons Allison looked up at his watch again—9:14.

He mounted the engineer's seat and scanned the gleaming rails ahead. All was clear as far as he could see. He reached for a time table kept in a holder in front of him. Scanning the time-table he saw there were no towns or sidings this side of Coyote Switch.

The locomotive was responding to the wide open throttle. She was swaying like a drunken sailor in a tropical wind as she sang the song of the rails, and tore thru the darkness. Allison was nearly thrown from his seat as they hit a curve. Her headlight cut like a knife as they shot thru cuts, passes, groves, over bridges and past farm houses. Over the gleaming rails they flew like a comet.

Making better than a mile a minute, thought the Doctor as he looked at his watch again. The hands indicated 9:16. "Six minutes to go old girl," he said to the locomotive as he opened the fire doors and heaved in some coal.

Allison did not try to stay on the engineer's seat, it just couldn't be done, so with a death-like grip on the window still he watched the rails ahead as they thundered down the track.

It seemed like a year to George before he looked at his watch again, but in it had been but two minutes—his watch said 9:18.

"Four to go," he murmured as he replaced his watch and resumed his watchful gaze upon the rails and passing landscape. Would he make it? On sped the fire-eating monster, reeling, jerking, groaning as if it would at any moment tear itself asunder.

Allison again looked at his watch.—9:20. "Two to go, we must be almost there," he thought as he quickly replaced the time piece and glued his eyes on the track ahead.

Far down the ribbon of steel he caught the gleam of an approaching head light. "The Special" thought Allison, and his face turned a sickly white. Gritting his teeth he held his breath and watched. In a moment a second light shown in the distance—a green light—yes there it was—the signal light of Coyote Switch. He tested his air—it responded to his touch. The green light grew brighter and nearer. His hand was resting on the whistle cord. He waited. Now—and the flying locomotive shrieked four times in quick succession. Allison watched the fast approaching light of the Special. Now he glued his eyes on the green light. Would it ever turn red? Thru his mind ran the lines of the old poem, ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH. Would the same thing happen now? He was praying as he never prayed before. "God turn that green to red—red—red—do you hear me?—red I say." Again he grasped the whistle cord, and

again the locomotive shrieked its command as if it were a living thing with a living soul. Hardly had the whistle cord slipped from his fingers when the eye of green ahead suddenly disappeared and a glowing light of red took its place.

"Thank God" were the only words that escaped from the doctor's lips as the red light flashed by, and he was on the siding with the air brakes bringing the iron horse—the winner, to a screaming halt.

CHAPTER 3 FAST WORK

"Never again—I hope," said Allison to himself as he picked up his instrument case and silently slipped from the engine cab and disappeared in the darkness. "Hope I wasn't recognized on this trip. Now to find the house in the grove of trees the boy told me about. Let's see—he said it was east of the switch." He made his way for a short distance at right angles to the "allroad in hopes he would find a road or a trail that would lead him in the right direction. He had not proceeded far when he came upon a wagon road running parallel to the railroad track. Turning east on the road he increased his speed and soon he saw a dark bulky mass to the left of the road. This proved to be the grove of trees the boy had told him about. A little further and he could see a light shining thru the trees. A few more steps and he came to the road that led back into the trees to the house. As he neared the house he could see shadows passing the lighted window.

"This must be the place," thought Allison, as he stepped upon the porch and gently knocked upon the door. In a moment he heard footsteps approaching. The door was opened by an elderly lady.

"Come in, Dr. Green" greeted the elderly lady. "I am glad you got here, but I am afraid you are too late."

As Doctor Allison crossed the threshold into the light of the living room he saw the look of surprise on the face of the lady who had answered the door.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she raised a wrinkled hand to her face. "You are not Dr. Green—where is Dr. Green?"

"No madame, I am not Dr. Green. Dr. Green was not in," replied Allison in a soft gentle tone, and he

continued. "But I am a surgeon, and I have come to do what I can."

A sight of relief was noticeable as she said, "Come this way Doctor, my niece is in this room right there."

As the doctor followed the lady he happened to glance thru the partly open door that led to the dining room. On the floor was a long object covered with a white sheet. "The dirty Mexican," thought the doctor as he passed by.

The elderly lady led the doctor to an open door-way leading from the living room.

"She is in here Doctor, but you will have to hurry."

(To Be Continued)

Wages Up Higher Than Price Index

WASHINGTON (IPS)—The wage rate average of American factory workers has advanced faster since 1929 than the wholesale price of finished goods made by the manufacturers, the National Industrial Conference Board and the Department of Labor has found after a survey.

In 1929, the study showed, both wages and prices began a decline (although prices dropped to the lowest level) and did not turn upward until 1933. Since then, survey figures reveal the wage rate has advanced approximately 15 per cent above the 1929 wage and the wholesale price figure is still nearly 10 per cent below the 1929 level.

P.T.A. Sets Goal 30,000 Members in '38

"Back to School Days" means enrollment in a P. T. A. by every parent who is interested in child welfare. Next to the public schools the P. T. A. is the greatest democracy the world has ever known, it is the greatest educator of today with the exception of the movies, radio and newspaper, also the Parent-Teacher movement is the greatest

folk movement the world has ever known.

The aims of the P. T. A. are: first, to bring the home and school together in intelligent effort to effect highest possible development of each child; and second to win every father, mother, teacher in the community into a loyal, intelligent service for the welfare of children.

Oregon's goal for 1938 is 30,000 members. Enlist with your local P. T. A. unit during enrollment week thereby helping Jackson County 'go over the top' in its enrollment. Make your association worthwhile; believe in it; make it fill a real need; give your best to it and then it will grow in numbers and interest.

What has the P. T. A. accomplished in Oregon in the past? It has aided in school levies, free text books, and teachers tenure; it has sponsored Boy Scout, Cubs, Girl Scouts, 4-H clubs, and mothers pension; it has published "Our Homes" and "Our Public Schools"; it supports public health, the library extension at Dohrenbecker Hospital, research in higher education in the field of Home Economics and Industrial Welfare for women and children. Milk and hot lunches was given by many schools during the depression years; this worthy project kept many children who were not receiving sufficient nourishment

physically fit. "Summer Round-up" which provides a physical examination to all school children before entering school; thus helping to safeguard their health and give the heritage due them.

Plans for increasing the enrollment in Jackson County and the program of work to be followed were made when eighteen chairman met with Mrs. James K. Hoey County Council chairman, at her home on Rouge River.

WOMEN FIND WAY TO TAKE OFF FAT

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