

A RACE FOR LIFE

OR A YOUNG DOCTOR TAKES A CHANCE

By ARCHIE PARKER

(Continued from last week)
Mrs. Daily slowly backed to her chair and with tears in her eyes sat down.

Dr. Allison turned from the anxious faces in the room and once more faced the still white face of the girl upon the bed.

"June Darling," he murmured in words so low that only his own ears or possibly the sub-conscious mind of the girl could hear, "there is but one other thing I can do. It is our only hope—the last chance. June, I told you nine years ago I would make good. God help me I will."

CHAPTER 4 JUNE DAILY'S LAST CHANCE FOR LIFE.

The doctor reached for his instrument case on the floor and sprang the snap that held it shut. From the case he took a bulb-syringe like tube with a hollow needle attached at each end. Holding the instrument in his hand he thought a moment as he looked at the three women in the room. "Can't be done," he said to himself, "Can't take their blood test here—haven't got the time if I could. Have to use my own, it's all right—tested it lots of time—here goes," and the doctor rose to his feet and passed around to the farside of the bed and set down on the edge. He rolled the girl's night-gown sleeve to her shoulder and taking a piece of medicated cotton dipped it in grain alcohol and proceeded to wash a spot on her arm. Taking a like piece of cotton and alcohol he washed a spot on his own arm. This done he quickly unscrewed the glass caps that protected the two needles on the syringe, and dipped the two needles in alcohol.

All was ready. The surgeon held one of the needles poised above the girl's arm. His hand shook a little. He waited. Now his hand was steady, his hand shot forward and the needle was buried in the artery of the sound arm of June Daily. The doctor picked up the other needle, hand with a steady nerve he shot the needle home, in the artery of his own arm. His hand then grasped the rubber bulb in the center of the in-

strument and slowly began to compress and release the bulb. "One—two—three—four—" slowly counted the doctor at each release of the bulb, and as he counted he watched the face of his patient. "Five—Six—seven—". The eyes of the doctor brightened as he saw a tinge of blue in the veins of the girl's neck. "Eight—nine—ten." A smile played around the doctor's lips as he saw a faint red color tingle her cheeks. "Eleven—for good measure." And he withdrew the needles.

Weakly Dr. Allison rose from the bed after he had finished with the blood transfusion, cleaned his instrument, and placed it in the case.

Doctor Allison looked at his watch, it was 10:35. "I'll know in ten more minutes," he thought as he wearily sat down in the chair by the bed and waited, and watching the face of his patient. The tinge of red was still in her cheeks at the end of ten minutes. The doctor reached for his stethoscope and for the second time he placed it over her heart. He listened. The heart was doing its work. The pulsation was steady and much stronger. The doctor listened to the pulsation of the heart, as it carried his own life's blood coursing thru her body, until he was satisfied the heart would continue to function.

The young surgeon had done all that could possibly be done. Time and the will of Providence only would determine the answer.

Dr. Allison spoke to Mrs. Daily with the assurance that her niece would be all right unless some unforeseen change takes place.

"Thank you Doctor, and God bless you for what you have done this night," said Mrs. Daily. "And now Doctor, I am going to make you go to bed for a while."

"If you don't mind, I believe I will. I am pretty weak just now myself. Took quite a bit of blood you know."

"Yes I realize that Doctor, and still I don't see how you was able to do it, especially for a stranger—I really don't."

"My dear lady," answered the doctor, "the word stranger does not exist in the vocabulary of a doctor."

"I don't believe it does—this way Doctor," and Mrs. Daily led the doctor to a spare bedroom.

"Let her sleep as long as she will, and call me about six o'clock in the morning," instructed Allison. "Of course if you should need me sooner call me any time, but I don't think there will be any danger now."

"I hope you are right Doctor, good night."

"Good night Mrs Daily—oh yes, be sure to have her room pretty well darkened. Don't let the bright sunlight in."

"Very well doctor, good night."

"Good night Mrs Daily," and the tired young surgeon was soon dead to the world in sleep.

The morning sun was high in the heavens above the Daily home as a faint sound is heard coming from the sick-room.

"Auntiee, Aunt Charlott, where are you auntie?" The voice was very weak, but it carried to the kitchen where Mrs Daily was washing the breakfast dishes and talking to Fred Penington, her hired boy who had ridden the evening before to the office of Dr. Green.

"My land, Fred, I believe that is June calling. Coming June," called back Mrs. Daily as she wiped her hands on her apron, and started for the bedroom.

"That you Aunt Charlott?" came the faint voice of June as she saw Mrs. Daily coming thru the door.

Land sakes child, of course it's me, and I am sure glad to hear your voice again," answered her aunt with a big smile on her face.

"Where is the doctor? Did Doctor Green get here all right? Did Fred get back? And how did Ginger stand the trip? And—"

"Hush June child, one question at a time, and not even one until you are a lot stronger. Now you be quiet and I will answer your questions. First, the doctor is asleep in the spare-room. He wanted me to call him at six o'clock but I just didn't have the heart to, he was all

tuckered out. And in the second place it is not Doctor Green."

"Not Doctor Green?" interrupted June, "Well what doctor took care of me?"

"It was—for goodness sakes June, I don't know what doctor it was, I don't know what his name is. In the excitement I clear forget to ask him his name. But it don't matter one bit my dear. I can tell you he is the finest and best surgeon I ever laid my eyes on. If he hadn't of been you would not be talking to me now, I can tell you that."

"Oh I don't know about that. " came a cheerful voice from the doorway and from behind the two ladies' backs.

Looking around they saw the smiling faces of the tall surgeon. The dimness of the room prevented his patient from recognizing him as the disgraceful George Allison, top hand on her father's—Q ranch. It was for this very purpose that he had ordered the room darkened. He did not want June Daily to know who he was.

"Oh, good morning Doctor—Doctor—", exclaimed Mrs. Daily in a stammering voice, "We don't know what your name is so you will have to excuse us. What is—"

"Names don't mean much," interrupted the doctor, "and how about a little nourishment that sustains the life of man? I am so hungry I could eat a mess of wildcats burned to a crisp—honest I could. Have you any nice juicy coyote stakes, or maybe four and twenty big black crows baked in a pie?"

"You doctors beats all get-out when it comes to joking" said Mrs. Daily after June and her had a good laugh.

"Joking my eye," retorted the doctor, "doctors never jest, and I mean every word I say. Mrs. Daily, if you will kindly lead the way to the kitchen I will fully demonstrate my professional ability to fill my very vacant anatomy," with this last remark the doctor turned and quickly left the darkened room followed by the laughing Mrs. Daily.

As soon as the doctor and Mrs. Daily reached the kitchen the doctor turned to her with a serious look on his face, "I wish you had called me early this morning, Mrs. Daily, and how about the Mexican?"

(To be Continued)

TRAFFIC DEATHS

BY EARL SNELL,
Secretary of State

The news that an American citizen has been hit by a stray shot in a foreign war brings forth banner headlines throughout the nation, and expressions of indignation from every corner of the country. If 100 Americans were killed under such circumstances, the repercussions would be tremendous. But, strange as it seems, daily announcements dealing with the loss of life and destruction of property on our own streets and highways are apparently accepted as of little more than routine interest.

Forty-six fatalities resulted from traffic accidents in October, 1936; fifty-five in November, and thirty-two in December. This is a total of 133 people of all ages, men, women and children; and in addition 2,293 suffered injuries, many of them so serious as to leave the victims crippled for life.

The people of Oregon can and must stop this killing and crippling that which is taking such a terrible toll in life and property. Every one of us who drives a motor car must accept the personal responsibility that goes with the holding of an operator's license and the use of the streets and highways. The tremen-

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dous percentage of accidents due to carelessness, to a moment of distracted attention, and to other causes wholly within the control of the driver, shows indisputably that it is within our power to show a greatly improved record for the final months of the present year.

Resolve to exercise more care; to take a little more time on every trip and play safe; to give careful attention to the hazards of winter driving. Do these things, and Oregon will show a record of which we can be proud. Make a special effort to reduce Oregon traffic deaths—and start now.

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