

The Evening Herald

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Tuesday, December 13, 1927.

Messenger of Mercy

The human body has been greatly classified during the last few decades, and there is a specialist for this and that ill which the flesh is heir to.

But there remain those emergencies which no specialist hidden away in a busy modern clinic or office building can meet and for which there is one friend upon whom we must continue to rely—the old-fashioned messenger of mercy, the country doctor.

High up in the Thunder mountains of Idaho, remote from transportation, fenced in from the world by snow-clad peaks 10,000 feet high, a young miner the other day lay fighting death from influenza.

Word of his plight drifted down from that icy fastness to McCall, a village in central Idaho. The word reached the little office where a country doctor—Dr. Don Numbers—kept his liason of medicine and mercy with a far-flung field.

"Seriously ill!" That was the word. It was all that was needed. The message went rapidly around the village. Masters of dog teams—dogs that had won famous derbies in the northwest—offered their swift, strong little racers to the doctor for this derby with death.

Up into the hills, over mile after mile of dangerous trails and over no trails at all, the country doctor sped on his mission of mercy. Over shrouded hills where a false step in the deep snow would have meant his own death, carrying on and upward, with the dogs scratching, heaving, tugging, for the sake of a life.

The feet of the dogs were bleeding and torn when the first stop was made at Warrens. Other dogs were quickly offered and the doctor continued his spectacular dash against death. Up over Elk summit, more than 10,000 feet high, covered with nine feet of treacherous snow!

Then to the tiny cabin where the fingers of death were closing about the throat of its youthful victim. A day with a boy who had almost given up the unequal battle. A day of brightness as though the sun had dropped out of the skies into that crude cabin. A day of hard work and hope and struggle.

Then, a life saved, the long trip back to the little office, and a longer wait for the call again.

Day after dull day there in that drab little office—the call. That is the life of the country doctor, messenger of medicine and mercy, hero and savior among men.

Letters From the People

CITY'S ACTION CRITICISED

Undoubtedly the action taken by the city officials on banning street coasting will meet with much opposition, according to an article in our morning paper. We agree with this writer this far, but we wonder if he ever tried coasting in a back yard, or even breaking a sleighing track on a hill that was as rough as we have here, especially when there was an ideal track waiting on a nearby street. We think he has forgotten his youth.

Now as for a few scratches and bruises. We understand some of our city official heads are ex-college athletes. Do you think either of these two would suggest stopping football in colleges on account of injuries.

We felt that the motorist is very scarce that will not give the boy or girl on a sleigh the right of way, especially our outlying streets are not all congested to an extent that we can't spare the kids the use of a couple of them for a short time, as good sleighing does not come often or last long.

S. W. MARTIN.

The NUT CRACKER by Joe Williams

Phil has been eliminated twice now from Mr. Rickard's tourney for nice people. One more elimination, it is reliably reported, will let Mr. Scott out.

The New York police department auctioned off fourteen sets of false teeth the other day. Mr. O'Goety was interviewed about the matter and declared his astute belief that they got 'em from the Volstead act.

George Ade, they say, has taken an interest in high school halfbacks. He may be going to write another book, sayeth Dame Rumor. (Mr. Ade is an alumnus of Purdue).

The Association of College Professors meets again shortly, and then we'll find out what a drawback to the higher education the alumni are.

What's become of George Godfrey, the Black Shadow of Leipserville? Maybe, suggests Investigator O'Goety, he's in Washington for the oil trials.

Judging from the trouble a couple of gentlemen are having getting seats in Washington, you'd almost think it was publicity for a prize-fight.

To those politicians who have been so eager in their efforts to run away from the republican nomination, Santa Claus is a gentleman from Vermont.

SPORTS

Settle Fuss With Gloves
Prisoners at the federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kas., often settle their differences with boxing gloves.

Wants Crack at Dundee
Ace Hudkins, Nebraska fighter, says he is going to spend Christmas at home and then go east to try to get a crack at Joe Dundee, welterweight champion.

Abandons Outdoor Arena
Because of a possibility that the federal government may increase the tax on boxing, Tex Rickard has abandoned plans for an outdoor arena in New York.

Another Rockne Pupil
Willbur S. Eaton, who brought Moqat St. Charles' eleven out of football obscurity to prominence in the northwest, is former end on a Knute Rockne team.

Taking Entire Squad West
Coach Lou Young says he will take his entire football squad to California for the California-Penn game on Dec. 31.

Third Trip for Pickhard
If Fred Pickhard, Alabama tackle this year, makes the trip to California with the southern all-stars this year, it will be his third trip there in succession around New Year's day for a football game.

Gridder Takes the Air
Ike Sewell, who played guard for Texas this year, operated a commercial aviation company last summer.

Have No National Game
China is one country said not to have a national game.

Won't Coach Braves
Dick Rudolph, former star pitcher with the Braves, has resigned his job as coach of the Braves' twirling corps.

Joe Beckett probably will cry shame on his "fellow boxer" Phil Scott. In Phil's fight with Riske, Phil defied the British code and everything and got to his feet after a knockdown.

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