

## The Country Doctor

A Novelization of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film, Starring the Dionne Quintuplets With Jean Hersholt, Dorothy Peterson, June Lang, Michael Whalen and Slim Summerville.

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Dr. John Luke, country doctor in the little north woods station of Moosetown, has just been through a serious diphtheria epidemic. He goes to Montreal to appeal to company officials to build a hospital in Moosetown.

Dr. Luke's nephew, Tony, who flew to Moosetown with antitoxin, is still there, waiting until his plane can be repaired. Tony is much interested in Mary MacKenzie, daughter of the lumber company.

The day before Tony is to leave he and Mary admit their love for each other. MacKenzie, seeing them together, goes into a rage and swings a ax at Tony's plane.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

#### CHAPTER EIGHT

MONTRÉAL was a revelation to Dr. Luke. He hadn't been there for nearly 20 years. The city had changed. Everything had changed. His brother, Dr. Paul, took him about the city, covering all the old familiar places they had known as students.

But most of all, aside from his mission to the "company" offices and Sir Basil Crawford in behalf of the hospital, Dr. Luke wanted

tors regulating heat, humidity, oxygen, the improved obstetrical forceps and partial anesthesia devices, kept Dr. John in a delightful wonderland for more than an hour. And when Dr. Paul pressed on him a new-type set of forceps for use in multiple births, he was more delighted than any child with new toys at Christmas.

But the business remained. He had come, not for pleasure, or even to post up his medical knowledge, but to get a hospital for the Moosetown district.

The next day found him cooling his heels at the "company" offices, waiting to see Sir Basil Crawford.

For an endless time he waited, to be told finally by a secretary that Sir Basil was forced to leave for the day, and would see him briefly on leaving. Dr. John Luke was not accustomed to being so treated in Moosetown, where his word took on something of the authority of law. But there was nothing to do but wait and grow more irritated and discouraged every passing minute.



mind, a last, desperate means of getting his case at least a hearing.

DR. PAUL was happy to get him an invitation to the medical association dinner. He was proud of the country doctor who was his brother. Dr. Paul contrived to have him seated at a small table near the speakers' table at one side of the great banquet hall of the Royal George Hotel, where the medical elite of the Dominion were gathered.

Dr. John Luke in his "best" suit, was only slightly conspicuous among the immaculate black and white of evening dress that filled the hall.

Sir Basil Crawford spoke as promised, a long, rambling set of generalities and pomposities. He preened himself, hemming and hawing, as he sat down amid the usual applause. Then the little plot of the country doctor began to work itself out. As a dream, he heard the toastmaster rambling on . . . I now have the pleasure of presenting a member of our

bowing. He was walking along the speakers' table to a position directly in front of Sir Basil. Paul grew apprehensive. What was his brother going to do? Sir Basil himself, recognizing his caller of the afternoon, leaned forward negligently.

Ill at ease at first, the country doctor began with pleasantries about small-town practice, and drew good-humored laughter and applause from the tolerantly superior audience. As he groped his way, Dr. John gained self-confidence. He went on.

"Another comforting thing about being a country doctor is that HE GETS PAID!" Here there was appreciative laughter from the fashionable audience. "Of course I was a little long on eggs this past year. I confess I had to eat a good many more omelets than I like—every one from proud fathers to toothache sufferers paid me in eggs. Of course I got other pay, a cord of wood, a horse collar, two hogs, a fine Plymouth Rock chicken. I also collected nearly \$187 in cash during the year—"

THE laughter which greeted these salutes, was suddenly stilled when the doctor switched to serious vein.

"But I do envy you city doctors one thing, gentleman—a hospital!"

Then Dr. John Luke forgot himself, forgot the audience before him, forgot everything but the babies of Moosetown, and Sir Basil. Turning toward that embarrassed individual, he continued passionately:

"I want a hospital more than anything else in the world. That's why I came to Montreal—that's why I came here tonight—to appeal to the one man who can give it to us. But he's been busy—too busy to hear about it!"

The country doctor was ablaze now with the earnestness of his plea. The toastmaster made embarrassed cluckings, endeavoring to interrupt the torrent. Sir Basil cleared his throat and flushed.

"I can't help it, gentleman!" the doctor hurried on. "I've got to finish. It isn't fair to my people up there to be operated on on kitchen tables. It isn't fair that babies have to be put in the kitchen oven because there's nowhere else warm enough to keep them alive. It isn't fair that whole families come down with infectious diseases just because there isn't any place to isolate the sick ones!"

A murmur rose from the whole hall. Their guest of honor was obviously being embarrassed. The toastmaster rapped sharply.

"I'm not blaming you, sir," the country doctor went on, speaking almost directly to Sir Basil. "You have many problems, and we're only a few poor people 'way up north. But you must KNOW the things. You must DO something!"

THE toastmaster rose decisively.

"Sorry, doctor," his voice came sharply. "I'm sure that at another time we would be glad to hear more of your problems. But tonight our time is short . . ."

Overborne at last by the feeling of hostility in the hall, Dr. Luke mumbled a "Thank you, gentlemen!" and sat down.

Dr. Paul in quick sympathy came down from the speakers' table and seated himself beside his brother, a reassuring hand on his arm. Dr. John sat staring straight ahead of him, unseeing, filled with a sense of shame and failure.

He half-rose perfunctorily as a distinguished-looking guest paused at the table.

"A very fine speech, sir!" the beribboned guest said to him earnestly. "I was very deeply moved, indeed!"

"Thank you, doctor," muttered Dr. Luke, too shaken by his experience to see through misted glasses who had encouraged him. The stranger moved off.

"Great snakes, John!" whispered Dr. Paul in his unheeding ear. "That's no doctor! That's the Governor-General of Canada!"

(To Be Continued)

"The Country Doctor" begins Friday, March 6, at the Apollo Theater.

#### Visitors to Be Feted

Mrs. Max B. Miller is to entertain at her home, 3420 N. Meridian, tomorrow night for Mr. and Mrs. Grady King, Hot Springs, Tex., and Shirley Lloyd, Denver, members of Herbie Kay's orchestra.

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