

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 settlement of Moosetown, has just been through a perilous diphtheria epidemic. He goes to Montreal in 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 manager.

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 an ax at Tony's plane.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER EIGHT

MONTREAL 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. Honestly 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, humming and hawing, as he sat down amid the usual applause. Then the little plot of the country doctor began to work itself out. As in 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, nothing to do but wait and grow more irritated and discouraged nearly \$187 in cash during the year—"

Beauty Is Not Vital, Jane Says

Attract Attention With Achievements, Is Jordan's Advice.

Write to Jane Jordan, who will study your problems for you and answer your questions in this column.

Dear Jane Jordan—I have been an orphan since I was a small child and I am the type of girl who does not interest any one. All I get is sympathy, which I don't want. I've always tried to do the right thing and I like to have plenty of friends of both sexes, but I seldom have dates. I guess it is due to my unattractiveness. I don't care for smoking, petting or drinking.

About two years ago I fell in love with a boy whom I've loved secretly ever since. I've tried to make him see and have done almost everything but tell him so, but he doesn't seem to care. I am working, but making just enough to pay my expenses, so I can't enjoy myself like I want to. I've had many ambitions for careers, but since I'm older these desires have faded away.

I would like to get interested in something altogether different, but I just can't forget this boy. Is there not some way in which I can make him see? He doesn't go with any girls. He is more of the business type. I feel that if he would care a little I could help him and I know he could help me. Do you think there is any chance with him? Do you think I'll ever find anything to satisfy myself?

LONESOME.

Answer—If you will close your eyes and think a moment, I am sure you can recall another rather tall and unattractive woman very much in the public eye who has captured a man of undeniable charm for a husband. Instead of interesting no one, giving up her ideas of a career she pokes her interesting nose into practically everything. She broadcasts, makes speeches, writes for magazines, espouses causes and travels.

No economic expenditure drives her to such a furious expenditure of energy and she is known to give much of her earnings to charity. What, then, inspires the driving power for such a life? You figure it out!

It is hard for a girl to be homely according to the standards by which the world judges beauty. She can retreat from the problem of making herself attractive or she can compensate for her lack of physical appeal by achievements which win admiration.

In making herself interesting instead of beautiful she by no means gives up her chance to marry. If you are in doubt that a homely woman ever gets married you have only to observe any sizeable gathering of wives and see how few are raving beauties.

It has been said with considerable truth that a homely woman's marriage is apt to outlast the union of her more beautiful sisters, for she is loved for her external appearance. No doubt you formed the habit of believing that you interested no one when you were a child and did not receive attention from a family as did your more fortunate contemporaries.

What you do about it is in your own hands. I can not tell how to win this particular boy, but I do know you can win some one if you take the trouble to make yourself interesting. To be interesting, you first must be interested.

Jane Jordan

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

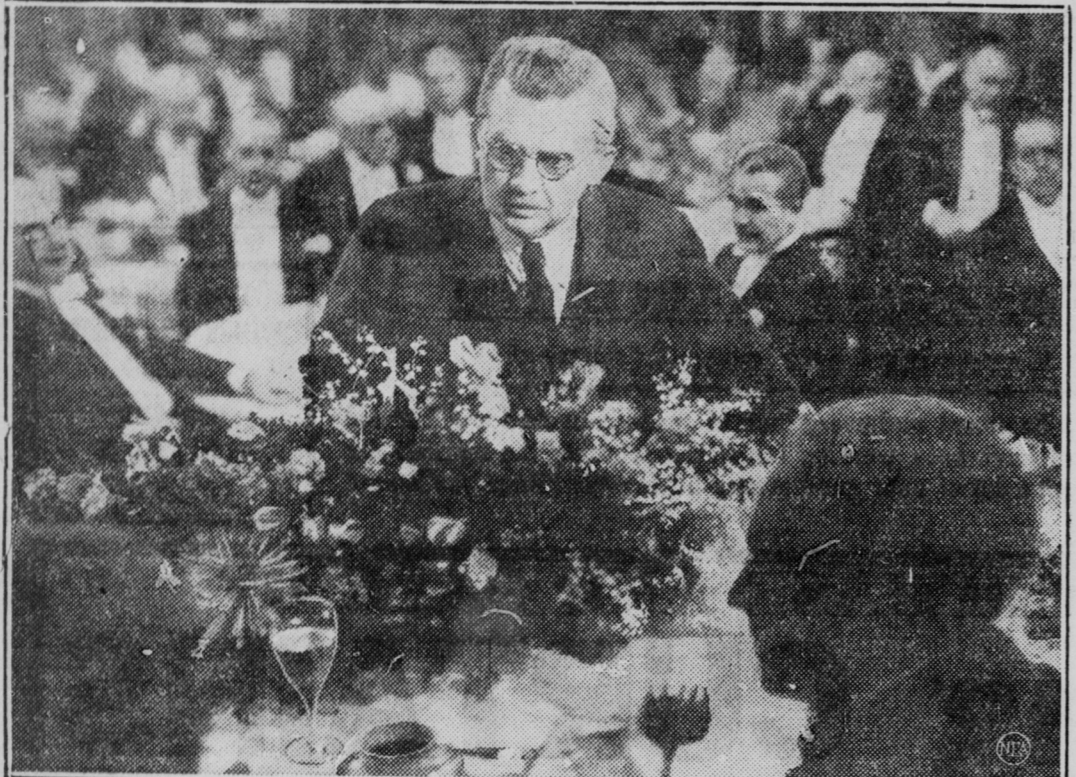
"But I do envy you city doctors one thing, gentlemen—a hospital!"

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 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 chuckings, endeavoring to interrupt the torrent. Sir Basil cleared his throat and flushed. "I can't help it, gentlemen!" the doctor hurried on. "I've got to finish. It isn't fair to my people up there to be operated on in 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 very 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 these things. You must DO something!"



Then Dr. John Luke forgot himself, forgot the dress-suited audience before him, forgot everything but the babies of Moosetown. "I can't help it, gentlemen," he blazed. "You must DO something."

to see and study modern hospital methods at Curzon-st where his brother was one of the staff physicians.

So, as soon as formalities were disposed of they set out. Dr. John told the story of the diphtheria epidemic in detail and stressed Tony's part in conquering it. "You needn't worry about Tony, Paul," he concluded. "He worked hard all during the epidemic, and he's a good boy. I shouldn't wonder if he'd make a name for himself some day."

Dr. Paul had some reason to be skeptical of his son's seriousness toward the future. There had been escapades, and a general unwillingness to "buckle down." "Name for himself as what?" he asked skeptically. "Physician? Flier? Pianist? Pugilist?"

"Is he a—pugilist, then?" asked Dr. John, surprised.

Finally Sir Basil appeared, with hat, coat and stick. Dr. Luke rose to greet him with "This is most kind of you, sir."

"Er, eh, about the hospital at Moosetown, wasn't it, Dr. Luke?" fumbled Sir Basil. "We must proceed with caution. Can't afford to set an expensive precedent for other districts, you know. Takes time, uh!"

"**B**UT epidemics like our diphtheria this winter..." began Dr. Luke.

"Unquestionably always such a danger on the frontier posts," said Sir Basil. "Must guard against it, of course, but a hospital—"

"In this particular case..." began Dr. Luke desperately.

"I believe all the circumstances are set forth in form 48 which you have been good enough to fill out," broke in Sir Basil stiffly. "It will be brought to my attention in due time... and now, you must excuse me. I have a luncheon engagement with the governor-general, and one doesn't keep the governor-general waiting. Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the medical association dinner tonight at the Royal George. I am to address the association. Good-by, doctor."

He was gone. Humiliation, disappointment, utter despair surged up in Dr. Luke. Was his life-long dream to be lost thus, in a maze of forms, letters, and official indifference?

Even in the midst of his despair, a plan was forming in Dr. Luke's mind.

profession who has rendered great services to mankind and to scientists—Dr. Luke."

Started by his own name, Dr. John Luke half-rose, though he knew the introduction was intended for his more famous brother, Paul. But Paul picked up the cue smoothly, without interruption. Rising instantly, he began:

"I venture to interrupt here simply to add a word to our toastmaster's introduction of my brother."

DR. JOHN swallowed uncomfortably, and heard Paul's voice continuing. "He is a country doctor. I know of no more valiant calling. His strength and courage in the face of a grave diphtheria epidemic in the north country this past winter were a lesson for every physician in Canada."

Paul beamed at the country doctor's table. "Gentlemen," he went on. "I am proud indeed to introduce my brother, Dr. John Luke."

Paul sat down with a gesture to his brother to rise and bow. Paul was happy at being able to get him this recognition.

But Dr. John was not merely

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—I was svery 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!"

PAUL answered drily. "Well, my barber tells me he's known in local boxing circles as..." and he winced slightly—"The Murderer Medic."

Dr. John chuckled. "Better change the name," he said. "Might be bad for business."

"Well, anyway," pursued Paul, "if he is settling down any, we'll certainly owe it all to you. What's this about his thinking of a country practice, anyway?"

"Perhaps I'm not the only influence there," twinkled John. "Girl, eh?" suggested Dr. Paul. "Yep, and a 21-jewel stem-winder," returned his brother.

"Good enough," conceded Dr. Paul. "I don't mind if it's a girl. Down here it was always girls."

Dr. Paul's limousine drew near the hospital. The country doctor's eyes glistened as he surveyed the magnificent building. There was a wistfulness in his voice as he said, "Gosh! I wish you could lend us just one floor!"

The blue eyes behind his spectacles sparkled as the gleaming wonders of the hospital unfolded before them. Splendid, luxurious rooms and equipment, with what seemed to Dr. John whole squads of nurses, internes, physicians and surgeons for tonsil operations and simple adjustments which he had often himself performed in kitchens by the yellow light of kerosene lamps. A degree of hospital sterility unthinkable without surgical conditions. Cabinets of beautiful forceps, and complex steel instruments. Plenty of all kinds of supplies and antiseptics. X-ray rooms and mechanical therapy devices of which he had only longingly read.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

An empty larder provides only food for thought.

Today's Recipe
OYSTER TURNOVERS

Eight fine large oysters or 16 small ones
1 1/2 cups flour
4 tablespoons lard or other shortening
6 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons ice water
4 tablespoons grated cheese
1 lemon, few gratings nutmeg, salt and pepper

Drain oysters from liquor. Mix flour and salt and put in shortening and butter. Add ice water. Roll on a slightly floured board and cut into rounds four inches in diameter. On each round place one or two oysters, sprinkle with salt, pepper, nutmeg and lemon juice. Brush edge of pastry with cold water and turn over, pressing edges together with a fork. Prick the top with a fork and brush with milk. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) for ten to fifteen minutes, until a light brown. Serve hot with tartar sauce.

(To Be Continued)

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

Visitors to Be Feted

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

BUT when they came to the maternity ward, the doctor fairly beamed. The footprint identification cards, the incubators

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Club Women to Stage Party

Women enrolled in Athletic classes at the Indianapolis Athletic Club are to be hostesses for a luncheon, bingo and bridge party for members' wives, daughters and guests Tuesday, March 10.

Mrs. A. R. Jones is hostess and chairman. Members' wives and daughters are to be models for a fashion show of hand-knitted dresses. Luncheon at 1 is to be followed by bingo and bridge.

The first of a series of spring events of the Indac Juniors is to be a membership dinner-dance Friday night. A bowling party for members and guests is to be held from 3 to 6 Sunday afternoon.

A dance for the young people is to follow the club's swimming championships March 27. Bob Woolling, Indac junior president, announces two events for April. The first is to be an invitational tea dance April 11 and the second an Indac junior prom April 25.

St. Patrick's day events include the annual frolic Saturday, March 14, and a dinner Tuesday, March 17.

WILD OATS BALL TO BE ARRANGED

Perry Meek, chairman of the Indiana Saddle Horse Association Wild Oats ball, is to lead committee chairman tonight in discussion of arrangements for the annual party to be held March 21 in the Columbia Club.

Daily Menu

BREAKFAST—Stewed prunes, creamed, crisp, broiled bacon, reheated cinnamon rolls, milk, coffee.

LUNCHEON—Essence of tomato soup, oyster turnovers, Chinese cabbage and green pepper salad, rice, soufflé, milk, tea.

DINNER—Stuffed pork tenderloin, candied sweet potatoes, steamed spinach with lemon butter, Waldorf salad, peach float, milk, coffee.

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