IRONY OF FATE

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By R. H. WILKINSON @ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service.

EGINNING with the day Sheila Flake commenced her duties at the Bellevue hospital, she promised herself that under no conditions, would she fall in love with Dr. Julian Oakes.

The resolution was made entirely because of hearsay.

Until the moment she stepped into Doctor Oakes' office, garbed in her immaculate, starched uniform, she had not set eyes on the unsuspecting object of her self-denial.

And for this reason, Sheila can be forgiven for so hasty a decision.

For as Sheila stood there just inside the office door and looked across the room at the tall, spare man who, at the moment, was stooped over a filing cabinet, understanding came.

In one breath-taking moment she knew why it was that all the other nurses (with no exceptions) so frankly admitted their affection for this noblefeatured surgeon.

He looked up at her and smiled. Sheila saw the marks of strain and worry that lined his face.

She saw eyes that were filled with kindness and gentleness; eyes that were at once alive and interesting, yet thoughtful and appraising. He came across the room and spoke

to her, introduced himself, offered a

And for some unaccountable reason her heart began to pound, a pounding she could not still.

There was something about him; his voice, his manner of walking, the gentle appeal of his personality, that sent the warm blood coursing through her veins.

And from that day forward Shella was miserable.

She loved him. She admitted it frankly, but only to

herself. And this reluctance to release the last fragment of her crumpled resolution only served to make the misery in her heart more poignant.

Those others-her fellow-nurseswho so openly discussed their regard for "handsome Doctor Oakes" found relief for their feelings in those little intimate tete-a-tetes that are forever in progress in one room or another during the course of a day or night; a relief that Sheila would not permit her tortured soul.

Never, she told herself, would she strange emotion that stirred her at sound of Doctor Oakes' familiar steps in the corridor, at sight of his tall form bent over an operating table.

There was consolation in the knowledge that Doctor Oakes' attitude toward the obvious flirtatiousness of

the other nurses was quite phlegmatic. Though by the same token Sheila knew that should she betray her own feelings, her humiliation would be 10

times greater; her hurt unbearable. For even as Shella was certain of her love for the man, she was even more certain that that love was a thousand times deeper and more lasting than that of all her companions combined.

Sheila knew it couldn't last. Sooner or later he would have to

Either that or she'd have to go away. And of the two courses that were open to her she wondered on more than one occasion if she had the courage to choose the latter. For the present it was bearable:

though with each passing day the torture increased.

Her work brought her in close contact with him.

Irony of fate it was. For of all those to choose from. old

and new, Doctor Oakes had selected her to aid him in the majority of his operations. Little did he know that the act was

adding fuel to the fires of conflict and

suppressed emotion that raged within the girl's soul. If, at first, Shella had dimly hoped his discrimination for her attendance up-

on him was prompted by personal interest, she hoped in vain. Not by the merest broadening of a smile did the man indicate his concern

was other than professional. During business hours he looked upon

her with the same expression as he bestowed upon an unusual streptococci infection. And when, during off hours, they

chanced to meet in one of the many corridors, his greeting was nothing more than the bright nod which he reserved for all nurses alike, The climax came six months after

the first day that Sheila had stepped into Doctor Oakes' office. The conflict in her soul had not

raged without leaving physical traces. of its existence.

The color had left her cheeks. There were rings under her eyes. Her nerves were jumpy.

And when at last she was forced to admit to herself that the end had come, that she must get away, she was thank-

She thanked God for the courage that would enable her to depart from the hospital without betraying her se-

It was mid-afternoon when Sheila descended to the floor where the superintendent's office was located.

The corridor was empty, the hospital unusually quiet. But as Shella hurried past one door after another, the quietude was abrupt-

ly interrupted.

A door was flung open, and a doctor merged.

He stared wildly about him for an nstant, and his eyes fell on Sheila. He gestured excitedly.

"Quick! It's Doctor Oakes! We must operate at once! He's collapsed as a result of overwork and strain!' Shella's heart stood still.

For just a moment she hesitated. The doctor had gone. The corridor was empty again. Beyond lay the superintendent's office. Could she go through with it?

On top of everything else, this! Would her nerves stand the strain? Other nurses were available. . . There was one in the corridor now. She shuddered at the thought.

Another in attendance while an operation was being performed on this man who had stirred the very depths of her soul! Unbearable!

Shella steeled herself to the task. It was the smile with which he had looked upon her before going under the ether that steadled her; that bore her up during that delicate performance of the surgeons.

And now it was over. Things swayed crazily.

Shella leaned against the wall for She felt herself sinking; knew that

she had found a chair. She tried bravely to rally. How humiliating for them to find her

like this. And her last operation, too. But no one was looking, no one pay-

ing any attention. Doctor Oakes was coming out of the

ether. She heard him moan.

him.

She stood up, tried to reach the door, failed. She must go, must get away from

He was safe now. It would be better that she didn't wait until he'd regained consciousness, better that she didn't look into his eyes again.

She clutched at the door jamb. . . . The unconscious man was talking, mumbling incoherently.

Shella tried not to listen, tried not to hear his voice. . . . And then her grip on the door jamb tightened. Her heart stood utterly still. . . . A strange nausea swept over her. But through the thickness of it she heard Doctor Oakes' voice. 'Clearer now, more distinct, unmistakable.

"Shella! Darling, come to me. Oh, it's been torture not telling you, trying not to let you know I loved you. . . . Silly I was to even think there was a chance, that you could care. . . . Why, I'm so much older. . . . Of course you couldn't care. . . . No fault of yours. . Idiot I was for even thinking. . . . But it's got the best of me. . . . I must admit or even hint at the depth of this get away . . . some place where I can forget. . . Darling, I love you. . . . "

"Man of Mars" Is Myth,

Scientist's Photos Show There are no men of Mars. There

is no life on the great planet that has intrigued the world for many years. The statement was made as a scientific fact by Dr. Walter F. Adams, director of the Mount Wilson-Carnegie Institution observatory. The evidence has been sent to the institution's headquarters in Washington.

Here is how one of the observatory scientists, whom Doctor Adams would not name, convinced himself that "a trip to Mars" and the discovery there of splay-toed, froglike bipeds, must remain fiction forever.

Through Mount Wilson's great lense he photographed the earth-as it looks from the moon! This was done by shooting a spectral photograph of the dark side of the new moon. The thin bright crescent, of course, reflected the sun; but the dark side reflected the earth as clearly, to the scientist's eye, as a mirror.

With the developed negative there was a photograph of the earth as it looks 239,000 miles away. He then compared the earth's photograph with those of Mars, taken from the earth, of course. He was able to show that earthly atmospheric conditions-of the kind necessary to sustain life-do not exist on Mars. Ergo, there is no life: if there ever was, it has long since died. It is a bleak expanse of cold. hard dirt and rock, devoid of vegetation.

Embassies and Legations

The United States government now owns 22 embassy and legation buildings at the following capitals: Tirana, Albania; Buenos Aires, Argentina; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Ottawa, Canada; Santiago, Chile; Peiping, China; San Jose, Costa Rica; Havana, Cuba; Prague, Czechoslovakia; Paris, France; London, England; Tokyo, Japan; Rome, Italy; Mexico City, Mexico; Managua, Nicaragua; Oslo, Norway; Panama, Panama; Teheran, Persia; San Salvador, El Salvador; Bangkok, Slam; Istanbul, Turkey; Tangier, Morocco. This last mission ranks as a legation, although Tangier is not the capital of Morocco, but a city having an international status.

Parachute Packing Taught

Students at a California aviation school are required to learn to pack parachutes and they test their efficiency in this work without leaving the ground by opening them in the slipstream created by an airplane engine and propeller. The tester takes a position in the slipstream about fifty feet from the engine and pulls the rip cord on the parachute at the same time running toward the motor. As the parachute opens he is spun around and pulled along by the big umbrella until guards rush in and collapse it,-Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Lace, an Ideal Choice for the Matron

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



YES, the fashions paraded in style | ice the year round, winter and sumshows and pictured in newspapers | mer. With an eye to being practical, and magazines are attractive enough, but they are only for slim and sveite ing jacket, making the gown as happily young creatures, why don't they ever consider the needs of women who have | mal dancing. reached forty and plus! It's a complaint, and only too often a just one, which those older are continually voic-

Just to prove to mothers and matrons that they are not left out in the scheme of things, look what's here in the picture-two of the loveliest flattering lace gowns imaginable, for women of stately grace be they young or not so young. In spite of all the frenzied excitement over sumptuous gowns for the budding debutante, when it comes to beautiful appearance, smoothly groomed self-confident and slim-ofsilhouette, daughters better look to their laurels when it comes to competing with mothers and matrons in the art of dress these days.

The fact that lace is scheduled to tant a part in fashions coming and here, is a good omen for matrons who appreciate the magic which flattering apparel yields in erasing the years, and as every woman knows, there is nothing more flattering. more exquisitely feminizing than beautiful lace. The stately matron to the left in the picture is wearing a lace gown of high distinction. It is particularly ideal for the woman who has a limited wardrobe, for it is a rich black lace, which will give grand serv-

mer. With an eye to being practical, the designer has created a short matchapropos for informal dining as for for-

The other gracious lace gown which is here pictured is charmingly tuned to a very youthful matron's dress-up needs. Bands of green moire at the back enliven it. This lovely dress is a Lucille Paray model.

Lace is also being worked into chiffon dresses very cleverly, the lace and the chiffon going fifty-fifty. A very winsome gown has a deep flounce of the lace with the same lace intricately set into the bodice and sleeves.

There are legions of novelty laces being shown in the advance displays. Most interesting are the laces which have cellophane and metal accents. Beaded laces and embroidered laces of every imaginable type are also among the showings. Interesting news about laces includes

the shirtwaist dresses which are being fashioned for resort wear and which will be good for summer wear later on. Midseason afternoon frocks in dark or bright crepes or light woolens are also trimmed with lace dyed a perfect match.

Tailored lace is also being smartly featured for afternoon wear. The laces are of a somewhat sturdy character and the ensemble idea is carried out in that there is always an accompanying jacket.

C. Western Newspaper Union.

SMART SPORTWEAR By CHERIE NICHOLAS



For fun and right smart jauntiness look to the leather hiplength jacket. It is easy to slip into, comfy, free with skirt. action back, and inside it has a Johnny collar to keep out wintry blasts. The Scotch plaid skirt has as its predominating color, the same color of the jacket, as do the calfskin kiltle tongues that are excellent for walking. The beret adds yet another note of jaunti-

A New Velvet

A new velvet with a pile of shiny cellophane on a silk back is recommended for making accessories, such as hats, bags, capes and evening

FASHIONS INSPIRED BY PEASANT THEMES

Peasant themes, with their lovely colorfulness and freshness, are inspiring the season's fashions. In virtually every branch of apparel there are innumerable details that bear the unmistakable imprint of peasant inspiration. Materials, with the new fringed

edges in rustic fabrics, the peasant print cottons in sports frocks, and the combinations of gay colors, like red and green, purple and pink, are distinct changes from the modern trends. Bloused bodices and gathered skirts, belts embroidered in peasant colors and motifs, raffia, cord-tied details and heavy linen and cotton laces in accessories further establish the pre-eminence of this influence.

Trains Are Short for the

Evening, Gowns Are Slit Most likely your new evening frock will have a slit skirt to show an alluring few inches of silk-clad leg, but if it has a train, the train will be short. And it is quite likely that it may have a tunic and it may be trimmed with fur. All these points mark a lovely gown which is of dull rose taffeta with slanting shoulder straps of brown kolinsky that continue down the back to the waist. Delightful for the more mature woman is a tunic dress of plum colored Chantilly type lace with a long slim tunic and a trained skirt. There is a sash of plum-colored satin. Another tunic dress has a tunic that is pointed at the back to form an overtrim. It is of red sequins over a dull red crepe

Patou Uses Moderate Slit

in His New Dress Designs Patou has surpassed himself with

the simplicity and elegance of his "little season" collection. He probably never before has designed such completely lovely things.

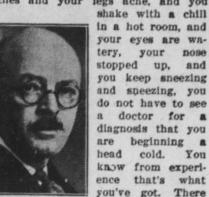
The lines which were felt to be a bit over-severe in his August collection have been modified into the most graceful of curves and angles, and the slits have become shorter for daytime and they start sniffling. smartly moderate for evening.

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD refessor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

GRANDMOTHER'S COLD REMEDIES ARE BEST

If your head aches and your back aches and your legs ache, and you shake with a chill



your eyes are watery, your nose stopped up, and you keep sneezing and speezing, you do not have to see a doctor for a diagnosis that you are beginning a head cold. You know from experience that's what you've got. There

probably isn't a person in this country older than an infant who has not had at least a few colds on the debit side of his ledger. Colds are the most general disease we experience.

Now when you have a cold just starting, the most sensible thing is to stop it immediately, and the sooner you start the more successful you will be.

If you say to yourself, "I won't bother now, but I'll do something tonight," you may be in for a three-day siege, which is the normal run of a cold that gets a good headway, or you may be in for a longer slege that may end in bronchitis, sinusitis, pleurisy or pneumonia.

Medical science has been moderately successful in proving out ways for building up the body's resistance against colds, but thus far in the way of stopping a cold that has started, modern science has not been able to make any improvement upon grandmother's remedies. Grandmother knew that her remedies did the trick. All that modern science has been able to do has been to tell why the remedles were successful.

Now, what did grandmother do? She told you to get into your night clothes while she filled a pan with hot water. Then she set the pan on the floor with a chair beside it, and you sat on the chair with your feet in the water and a blanket around you until you were wet with perspiration. Then she tucked you into bed with several layers of warmed blankets over you. But before she tucked you close around the head, she gave you a glass of hot lemonade or of sweetened vinegar water. If your throat was sore, she put a warm flannel turpentine pack around your neck. Then she left you to sweat it out, and by morning, while you were still weak, the cold was gone, and by noon, if you bundled up well, you were able to go into the winter air. with little danger of the cold coming

Grandmother figured that these heroic measures were lots better-and lots less bother in the end-than having you hang around the house for days coughing your head off and perhaps getting worse, and besides the rest of the family wouldn't be in such danger of catching the cold from you.

Well, science says grandmother did the wisest thing possible. When you have a beginning cold, your skin is clammy and cold, and the blood is collected in the internal organs. The sweating forces the contracted skin vessels to dilate, the sweat glands secrete, and the blood becomes concentrated by the loss of water from the sweat glands. This causes water to be drawn from the body cells into the blood stream, and there is complete redistribution of fresh blood. Heating the skin of the feet is much better than applying heat to any other single body area since our feet are important thermal regulators of the body. The blanket prevents heat loss,

The hot lemon juice or the hot vinegar water helps get the digestive system in order, which was put out of order by first the chilling and then the heating of the body skin, with the consequence that the normal action of the stomach was upset and no acid could be secreted into it. The lemon juices give artificial acidity to the stomach and the heat in the "ade" causes a local increase in the blood supply to the stomach. Thus the digestive system becomes normal and active again without being loaded with food, and there is no danger of an accumulation of body acids.

Likewise the flannel cloth moistened with warm turpentine and wrapped around the neck is sound in its scientific principle. It is a form of counter irritation, which has been good therapy for centuries and centuries.

A day and a night of grandmother's kind of treatment will almost invariably stop a beginning cold.

It is estimated that the average person engaged in gainful industrial employment loses about two and one-half days per year from his work because This causes a loss of millions of dol-

lars in wages alone, and in addition there is the loss in energy and efficlency for many days following an attack, the loss from Illness due to colds. and there is the cost of medicine and the medical and nursing services.

Colds are in their most infectious stage at their beginning. Perhaps some day we shall become so enlightened that employers will send employees home immediately at the first indication of a cold so that other employees won't be infected, and teachers will do the same with pupils the moment

6. Western Newspaper Union.

Lengthy Fasts Common

Among Lower Animals When it comes to fasting, man is a poor second in comparison with the ability of various animals to go for long periods without food. Human beings can go for ten or twelve days without food or water, and for weeks if they take water, but animals can do much better than this, according to Professor Hartkopf, a German scientist.

"Man, under the somewhat enervating influence of civilization," says Professor Hartkopf, "has undoubtedly lost much of his physical endurance. By comparison with the inferior organisms, he emerges only moderately well from this form of competition. Beasts of prey, including birds, in the vicissitudes to which they are liable where the food supply is concerned, show a wonderful capacity to adjust themselves to unfavorable circumstances and readily endure fasts of two weeks and longer.

"All these records are surpassed by those of fishes, turtles, salamanders, snakes and the like.

"The winter sleep of the hedgehog.

and its fast, will last from three to four months while a variety of woodchuck fasts for more than four months without any kind of nourish

The Fallen Mighty

A \$100 suit on his back, a \$1,000,000 deal on his mind-and his lunch in his pocket. That's Wall Street today. -Stock Market Technique.



If You Eat Starches Meats, Sweets Read This

They're All Necessary Foods - But All Acid - Forming. Hence Most of Us Have "Acid Stomach" At Times. Easy Now to Relieve.

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