

DOCTOR WOODWARD'S AMBITION



By Elizabeth Seifert
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XXVIII
NANCY was moving about the pretty pale yellow and lavender bedroom, being philosophical about a situation which led a wife to tell her husband she was divorcing him, and then let her pick up his discarded socks; Nikki knocked upon the door, and came into the room.

She was dressed as if she meant to go out, but she was pale, and carried her little blue beret in her hand. "Nanny, s Doc here?" she asked plaintively.

Nancy shook her head. "He's gone to a Staff dinner."
Nikki had dropped to the side of the bed, she ran her fingers through her hair. "I'd forgotten. Weren't you invited?"

"Yes, but I'm not going."
"Oh, Well, I wanted the medicine—I've a splitting headache."
Nancy closed the drawer of Malcolm's chest, came to her daughter. "You poor darling, is it bad?"

Nikki nodded. "The kind Doc gets, I'm afraid. I feel pretty awful, Nanny."
Nancy pulled the pillow out from under the quilted lavender spread. "Here, lie down."

"Must my suit," Nikki demurred. "I just want some medicine. Aspirin isn't any good—"
"No, Oh, I wish your father was here, or Marty—What time is Brian coming? Perhaps I could phone—"

"Brian isn't my date," Nikki said slowly.
Nancy sat down beside her, rubbed the girl's slender wrist. "How does an engaged girl have dates?" she began in the tone an anxious mother uses to divert a child in pain.

Nikki dropped her cheek against the shoulder of Nancy's yellow print dress. "I'm not an engaged girl," she said mournfully. "Brian and I—I gave him back his ring."
Nancy gasped. "Nikki Glenn! You didn't!"

"Yes, I did, Nanny, Sunday."
"But, what on earth—Why did you do a thing like that?"
"I don't want to be married."

NANCY stared at her daughter. "Of all the crazy things—Of course you want to be married. You and Brian are wild about each other. He's a good man—I know you love him, Nikki. These times of doubt are part of being a bride, but you shouldn't have given him his ring—Why didn't you talk it over with me?"

Nikki sighed. "I didn't think I could talk it over with you, Nanny. You were so mixed up in it—"
"Did you and Brian quarrel?"
"No-o."

"Then—what do you mean, I'm mixed up in it?"
"I don't know if I can tell you, Nanny. Maybe you don't realize what's happened to you and Doc. But I see it. And I know I don't want to marry a man, and raise a family—and then fall into the slump you and Doc are in."

"What on earth are you talking about?"
"I said I didn't think you realized—but you have slumped, you two. You and Doc—I suppose if I'd ask either one of you you'd say, 'Sure, we're still in love.' But you haven't any thrill for each other. There isn't any glow. You aren't even interested in each other. Doc thinks about nothing but his work—I mean that's all he really cares about. And you—well, you're bored, and have a silly affair with a false front like Andrew Woodward—"

Nancy stiffened, but Nikki was enthralled by what she was saying. "Brian and I did have a quarrel—I fibbed to you. We quarreled Sunday, and we quarreled once before that, Sunday, it was about the way you act with Woodward. We saw you in the River Room. He was playing the charming snake, and you were being charmed. And I said you were silly, and Brian didn't like me saying that—in fact, he acted as if the way you behaved was somehow my fault—and we quarreled. And I gave him back his ring—"

Below the window a car honked imperiously. Nikki scrambled to her feet, clutched at the little hat. "Wait, Nikki—" Nancy gasped. "And your head—"

"I'll get something for my head at Whet's," she called over her shoulder, the heels of her baby-dolls clicking against the stairs.

NANCY ran to the window which overlooked the front door and the walk. She saw Nikki get into a roadster, between two strange young men. She heard their young laughter. The car lurched backward upon the bridge approach, whirled out again into the street, and sped away.

Slowly Nancy crossed the soft purple rug, sat down on the edge of the bed and picked up the telephone, dialing the number she wanted. Andrew's voice answered, its vibrant tones sounding out into the quiet room.

"Andrew, this is Nancy."
"Yes," Nancy thought, all doctors can talk over the phone without letting any chance listener know what the conversation is about.

"Andrew, I'm not coming to the dinner tonight."
"I see. I'm—sorry."
"No, you're not. I am not coming because I have decided that, even in little things, I'll not pose any longer as Malcolm's wife. I told him so."
"Oh, what did?"
"Yes, but if you want another reason to put before your mother, tell her that Nikki is ill. She

really is; she has headaches like Malcolm's occasionally. This one was brought on by her breaking her engagement to Brian Cox—"
"Oh, that's too bad."
"Yes, Well—"
"Thank you. I'll give Mother your message. She'll be sorry, but she'll understand, as I do. Good-by."
(To Be Continued)

Uncle Wiggily's Bedtime Story

By HOWARD GARDNER
ONE LITTLE DUCK.

Uncle Wiggily was watching Jimmie. Wibblewobble, fast asleep, drifting along the Duck Pond toward the waterfall. Jimmie still



"I will swim back."

was pretending he was a sporting duck, with one leg resting on his back near his tail.

Uncle Wiggily was also watching a bird who had suddenly darted out of the bushes on the shore of the pond. The bird had promised to save Jimmie from going over the falls by using a red danger flag.

"I wonder what that bird meant by a red danger flag?" thought the rabbit gentleman to himself. "Perhaps if Jimmie sees the red flag in time he will put his other webbed foot in the water and paddle away from the dangerous falls. I cannot warn him but perhaps this bird can. But where would a bird get a red danger flag?"

Just then the bird, who had shiny black wings, flew in front of the floating duck boy. There was flash of red on the black wings of the bird and then Uncle Wiggily knew.

"That is a red-winged blackbird," exclaimed the rabbit gentleman. "Now I see his red danger flag. He has two red, danger flags, one on the front part of each wing. If he can awaken Jimmie and flash those red wings in front of that silly duck boy, perhaps Jimmie can

be saved." The red-winged blackbird was flying swiftly. He darted close in front of the floating duck boy and gave a loud, shrill cry. Jimmie opened his eyes. He saw the flashes of red on the blackbird's wings. Then Jimmie heard the splash of the waterfall.

"Oh, my goodness!" he quacked. "I didn't know I was so near the falls! I must have fallen asleep! And here I am with one leg on my back!"

"Save yourself, Jimmie! Save yourself!" shouted Uncle Wiggily from the bank of the Duck Pond. "I will!" quacked Jimmie. "Thank you for warning me."

"I didn't warn you," answered the rabbit gentleman. "I tried to but I couldn't make you hear me. You were asleep. It was the red-winged blackbird who awakened you and flashed his red danger flags in front of you."

Once again the kind bird flew close in front of Jimmie and cried: "Danger! Danger! You will go over the falls if you don't swim back!"

"I will swim back," said Jimmie. He quickly moved the leg from off his back and then splashed it into water. Next he began paddling as hard as he could paddle with both webbed feet. He steered himself around and away from the splashing falls. It was hard work to paddle against the current, but Jimmie was a brave, strong duck boy though he was rather silly at times.

While Uncle Wiggily and the red-winged blackbird watched, Jimmie paddled himself out of danger and back toward the upper end of the pond where there was no current setting toward the falls.

"Quack! Quack! Quack!" said Jimmie when he was out of danger. "Thank you for flashing your red wing danger flags, Mr. Blackbird." "I was glad to do it," sang the bird. "Next time don't go to sleep with one leg on your back when you might drift toward the falls."

Little Lady Duck. "I will be very careful after this," promised Jimmie. Then he asked Uncle Wiggily: "What are you doing here?"

"I came to warn my wife and Nurse Jane, who are on vacation, that the bad chaps are coming this way," said Uncle Wiggily. "Have you seen them?"

"Do you mean have I seen the bad chaps?" asked Jimmie. "No, have you seen Nurse Jane?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"I haven't," quacked the duck boy. "But I will go look for them and tell them you are here."

"Thank you," said Uncle Wiggily as Jimmie paddled away. Then, all of a sudden, the rabbit gentleman saw a little old duck lady swimming toward him. She seemed in trouble as she asked:

"Have you seen my one little duck, Uncle Wiggily?" Uncle Wiggily twinkled his pink nose. Tomorrow I will tell you what happened next. That is if the gas stove doesn't try to boil coffee in the teapot and make the milk pitcher stand on its handle.

PERSONAL HEALTH

By William Brady, M. D.

B COMPLEX AND THE WEAK HEART.

The vitamin B complex, and especially B1 (thiamine) and B2 (riboflavin), plays a physiological utilization of carbohydrate food (starch or sugar) in the healthy person is well known, and numerous investigators have found that an optimal daily intake (3 or 4 times the minimum daily requirement) of B complex so improves carbohydrate metabolism in diabetes that some patients may keep sugar-free with less insulin than they require if they do not supplement their restricted diet with B complex. In a few cases, as reported here recently, patients remain sugar free without taking any insulin, after they have had an optimal daily intake of B complex for several weeks.

In the booklet Training for Diabetes (copy for ten cents and stamped self addressed envelope) you will find more about the importance of an adequate intake of vitamins.

From time to time I have extolled vitamin B complex as a real heart tonic, to be taken with digitalis, if your physician prescribes (I mean now) digitalis, and/or for a long while after digitalis is discontinued. In any case there can be no objection to taking an optimal daily ration of B complex every day in the year, for it is food, not medicine; it is food that is essential for the normal functioning of the heart.

In his monograph Studies in Deficiency Disease published in London in '21 and reproduced by Lee Foundation for Nutritional Research, Milwaukee, '45, Sir Robert McCarrison remarked: "The observations recorded in this chapter" (on atrophy and weakness of heart, decrease in size, over-filling or engorgement

of veins and the condition known as effort syndrome—during the war this condition, characterized by breathlessness, giddiness, a sense of fatigue, palpitation or vague pain in the heart region, was often called neuro-circulatory asthenia) "have a distinct interest for cardiologists (physicians who study and give special attention to heart diseases). The former condition" (effort syndrome) "is not infrequently associated with faulty feeding, especially in schoolboys, undergraduates and young soldiers who indulge in much violent exercise. . . . The circumstances under which these cardiac" (heart) "disorders arise suggest that malnutrition, and especially vitamin-deficiency, may play a determining part in their production."

In this classical book McCarrison emphasized the inadequate supply of vitamin A and vitamin B—but vitamin A had not been distinguished from vitamin D at the time the book was published (McCarrison and his associates in Baltimore cleared up that confusion a year or so later) and what McCarrison called vitamin B was probably a group of the several vitamins now known as the B complex, of which the most important are B1 (thiamine), B2 (riboflavin), niacinamide. But the significant point is that the British medical officer who discovered and told the world about the unparalleled health, physical development, vigor and longevity of the people of the Hunza valley in the Himalayas in the extreme northern state of Kashmir, India, recognized more than a quarter of a century ago, that vitamin deficiencies may "play a determin-

ing part" in the production of common heart troubles.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Feed my two youngsters 8 and 5 years old four or five eggs daily. They eat lots of vegetables, fruit, meat and milk. They are robust, healthy specimens. play outdoors in all kinds of weather and never catch anything—even when they have played with children coming down with measles, etc. Do you think I give them too much egg? . . . (Mrs. D. G.) Answer—No. Egg is excellent food for any one, in almost any quantity one likes and cooked as one prefers. Don't let obsessions about it keep you or the children from eating eggs.

Hair on Legs. Is shaving or a depilatory better for removing hair from the legs? (M. W.) Answer—It is a matter of personal preference—shave the legs with safety razor or use one of the chemical paste depilatories as often as necessary.

Gas. You are adroit in recommending belly breathing to relieve discomfort from gas in stomach. I learned that from an osteopathic physician (woman) 30 years ago. The trouble is due to "nerves"—another thing you have evidently not experienced. (C. F. D.) Answer—We all agree about belly breathing, anyway.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if stamped self addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Address Dr. William Brady, Waterloo Daily Courier bureau, Beverly Hills, Cal. Name your city on your return envelope.

Baering Down on the News

BY ARTHUR 'BUGS' BARR
The nimble Turk may wear a flowerpot on his head, but there is no grass growing under his curly toes. Once again he has landed buttered side north.

Not many people remember that Shickelgruber's drang nach osten was a repair job on Kaiser William's Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad.

It started the first war as sure as you are a yard wide. It also started the second. And in both conflicts

Believe It or Not! by RIPLEY



WHICH LINE IS LONGER AB or CD?
FAITH BACON
DANCES ON HER BARE TOES WITHOUT MECHANICAL SUPPORT!
CIGARETTES 45 YEARS OLD STILL GOOD
Green to C&G, 300 S. Chicago
ATOM BOMB SCAR
CAUSED BY THE ATOM BOMB!
TETSUO NAKAMURA—Hiroshima Schoolboy BEARS A SCAR RESEMBLING THE MUSHROOM CLOUD THAT FOLLOWED THE BLAST!
Cap. 1941, King Features Syndicate, World rights reserved
(On request, with stamped, addressed envelope, care Courier, Robert L. Ripley will submit proof of anything depicted by him.)
The Turk was as prominent as thumbs on a hitchhiker.
It all has to do with England's life line. About time we pulled that in to see what's on the other end.
GOLD STRIKE NO GOOD.
Honesdale, Pa.—(U.P.)—A grader operator who turned up pieces of glass containing gold while working on a road here had visions of another bonanza. But the metal was only refuse of a local glass works abandoned 60 years ago. In early days, bits of gold were thrown into a batch of molten glass to add luster, color and tone.

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