

White Orchids

By MARIE BLIZARD

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE
A YEAR LATER Eleanor was bored with discussing servants and dressmakers with Mrs. Mordecai. She was bored with the inanities of social life. In its higher ranks she had found the trappings—the foreign cars, the correct butlers, the out-of-season foods, the steam yachts and stables—pleasing, but the pursuits were no more engaging to her than the bridge parties and Parent-Teachers meetings back in the Great Neck days.

She had learned to dance—she had learned again to keep up with the rumba, and even adults were doing the Big Apple—and ride and pilot a surf-board. She managed her social pursuits without interfering with the tremendous output of her work.

But more and more she was finding her greatest pleasure in perusing garden books, in going to bed early with a book of history in her hands.

Her home, her children and her work ran their courses on greased wheels. She had no problems. Perhaps a problem was what she needed. Her life was in a rut and she was bored.

That was why, that spring day, she was unhappy and discontented and surprised by herself that she had gone to Grace Mordecai's party.

That was the day that she met Dennis Pryor.

She had marked his head, labeling it "Liontine," as he flashed past her car in his roadster. She had sought that kingly head out in the crowded drawing room and Grace had told her at once that she should know him.

"This is Dennis Pryor, Eleanor." Dennis, this is Eleanor Parrish, THE Eleanor Parrish, our famous novelist."

Grace had left them then and Dennis had taken her somewhere to get her a drink. She'd watched his broad shoulders moving easily through the crowded rooms. She'd read his profession in his bronzed cheeks, in his clear, blue eyes, in the slight touch of gray at his rugged temples. He was a mining engineer.

He was a man given to judging distances—and people.

He was the first man she had met who had demanded things of her. Demanded them at once. He had demanded to know intimate things about her.

He had asked her, almost point-

blank, "How much are you married?"

The very method of his asking had intrigued her, although she told herself it had annoyed her.

Later that night she was to remember how she had answered him, saying, "Very much. I've a sixteen-year-old daughter and a ten-year-old son."

"You still haven't answered my question," he had said quietly.

"Haven't I?" she answered, lingeringly, knowing he had no right to ask such a question, knowing she couldn't evade him by pretending to misunderstand.

"You must have been very young," he said. It was not a question.

"I was only nineteen," she told him, knowing that with the word ONLY she had implied that she had been too young, perhaps, to know her own mind.

Someone had come between them then and they had not talked together again. He'd said: "I shall see you again."

She had smiled meaninglessly.

Grace Mordecai came out with her when her car arrived. "How do you like him?"

"Him?" Eleanor's voice was elaborately puzzled.

"Don't be silly, Eleanor. You know I mean Dennis Pryor."

"Oh, Mr. Pryor. He's . . . he's frightfully attractive, isn't he?"

Grace nodded. "The strong, silent type."

"Strong," Eleanor corrected, "not silent."

"Surely this isn't a complaint? He seemed to be paying you compliments."

"It is no compliment to an author to discover someone who hasn't even heard of her."

"Why, Eleanor! You mustn't let that prejudice you. Dennis has been off in the wilds of South America building dams."

"The biggest dams that were ever built I expect," she said to her hostess.

Grace's face fell into lines of great disappointment. "Oh dear, I thought I was presenting a man that you would find really interesting, and now, it seems that you don't like him."

Eleanor kissed her lightly, being quite careful not to disturb her own lipstick. "It was a lovely party, Grace. Don't trouble your head about people I don't like. I'm not important enough."

Grace's hand detained her. "Maybe you do like him. I was reading somewhere the other day that if strong types meet and clash, it is

often a sign of a very powerful attraction."

Eleanor laughed lightly. "You've been reading the wrong kind of books. . . . I really must go, Grace. I've promised Phil that I would be home to dinner. There are some people coming in."

"Look here, Eleanor, we've a date for Friday a week for dinner at your house?" Will you keep the party small? I want to talk to Phil and if you have some devastating man for me, I'll forget all about the business I want Phil to advise me about."

"I will. There'll just be the three of us," she promised.

"You know Dennis is staying here? He was a cousin of Paul's."

Eleanor got in her car. "Friday week," she said as they drove away.

They passed Dennis Pryor's car in the drive. Eleanor felt a recurrence of her surge of annoyance. He had had no business talking to her as he had, as if she were a school girl who had published one story and was all puffed up about it.

Her annoyance grew and was directed at herself. She had had no business acting like a silly school-girl anxious to impress him. He was a man, but he was a spoiled one, like a little boy hero of a school. If she saw him again—

But, of course, she would not see him again, unless it was to give herself a chance to be herself, rather than the person she had been.

If he was to see her in her own home, with her husband and her children, and with people who really knew who she was . . .

Grace had said she didn't want any others around, that Dennis was staying at her house.

Yes, Eleanor owed it to Phillip as well as to herself to do what she was going to do.

She rang up Grace a few days later, saying: "Darling, I'm terribly sorry, but I've learned that the Madlyns are coming to dinner on Friday night. Shall I ask a man for you?"

She'd waited, a trifle breathlessly for Grace's reply.

"Would you mind awfully if I brought Dennis?"

"Dennis?" Eleanor replied, her voice up.

"Yes, Dennis Pryor. You remember him. He's my guest and I thought . . ."

"Anyone you like, dear," Eleanor said. "I'll expect you two at seven-thirty."

(To Be Continued)

MEDICAL SCRAPBOOK

CONTENTS: that "general overhauling"; famous pirate doctors; world's shortest health act, etc.

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

HE agrees with Mackenzie that when one wishes a flat tire fixed, one resents the advice of the garage man that a thorough overhauling of the car is necessary.

Another point. We have heard recently of a surgeon who said that if he charged only a thousand dollars for an operation, he would lose money. This was in association with a case in which he sewed up the cut in a child's face and charged the parents \$5,000. Just along that line, it is not entirely surprising that some of the most famous pirates in history were doctors, notably Captain Blood. On every pirate ship, according to Dr. Phillip Gosse's learned treatise, "History of Piracy" there was a surgeon who had a regular share in the loot. None of them ever showed any interest in the peaceful practice of his profession, but preferred the prospect of adventure and of the speedy acquisition of wealth under the "Jolly Roger."

Panama has the shortest and yet most comprehensive Health Act in the world. It reads: "Anything which is or may be dangerous to human life or health shall be abolished."

Tact is a valuable asset in life and particularly in a physician. It consists, as Dr. Da Costa, of Philadelphia, said, in telling a squire-

eyed man that he has a fine, firm chin.

Mark Twain said that he had achieved the age of 70 by adhering strictly to a schedule in life that would be fatal to anybody else. He made it a rule to go to bed only when he couldn't find anybody to sit up with, and he never got up until he had to. He stuck to food that didn't agree with him until one or the other went out, and he made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Clendening has seven pamphlets which can be obtained by readers. Each pamphlet sells for 10 cents. For any one pamphlet desired, send 10 cents in coin, and a self-addressed envelope stamped with a three-cent stamp, to Dr. Logan Clendening, in care of this paper. The pamphlets are: "Three Weeks' Reducing Diet," "Indigestion and Constipation," "Reducing and Gaining," "Infant Feeding," "Instructions for the Treatment of Diabetes," "Feminine Hygiene" and "The Care of the Hair and Skin."

Fish Swallowing Brand-New Mania

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

"GOLDFISH derby!"

"Clark University leads."

"Undergraduate of that liberal institution of learning eats 89 live goldfish."

"Harvard University lags—its representative eats only 24."

"Angle worm diet!"

"Sophomore at Oregon State College swallowed 139 live angle worms! He downed two handfuls of fat, well-washed, writhing, garden variety worms in two gulps, and collected a \$5.00 wager."

"New Yorker eats magazine covers!"

I suppose by the time this article reaches the eyes of my readers the goldfish-eating craze will have become a thing of the past. But at the moment everyone is asking you bewildered correspondent just what it means.

Dr. Clendening will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

Well, I acknowledge I am bewildered, but out of the welter of questions I venture the following answers.

Will Do No Harm

In the first place, I think we can dismiss the chance that these experiences will do the protagonists any harm. Goldfish are nutritious enough and will probably be digested in toto. That they have a good many worms, and eaten raw these worms will infect the eaters' intestines is undoubtedly true, but that also can be taken care of. The same goes for earth worms. (Magazine covers seem to me a particularly non-nutritious diet.)

Man ate his food raw long before he ate it cooked. He probably discovered the advantages of cooked food accidentally (vide, Charles Lamb's Dissertation on Roast Pig).

But what about the state of mind that brings such a situation about? Of course, individual instances of strange desires in food, on special occasions, are familiar. Expectant mothers are supposed to like to eat dirt or other outér articles, though I must say I never saw one that

It's Not True—Tapeworm Doesn't Create Appetite

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

In 1775, just before he so unjustly and unfortunately lost his head, Louis XVI paid a certain Madame Noucher \$3,500 for a noted remedy for tapeworm. Madame had inherited the remedy from her husband. Let it be said for the memory of His Majesty that Louis did this in order to present his subjects with the formula of the secret remedy.

The ingredients and the directions for use were published under the auspices of the king.

I suppose everybody has at one time or another been frightened by the appearance of a tapeworm or portions of a tapeworm in the de-

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jecta. If not in your own exalted person, you must have been consulted on the subject by the fellow who works at the desk next to you, by the cook or by the hired man.

Three Types Common

Three tapeworms commonly affect man. The name tapeworm has no scientific significance, but is derived from the tape-like appearance of the worm. The three distinct worms are the fishworm, the beefworm and the porkworm, the descriptive name indicating the animal from which the ova are transmitted to man.

The fish tapeworm, when implanted in the human intestine, discharges a continuous stream of eggs, which may pass into fresh water to be swallowed by crawfish and snails and other small animal victims of pike, salmon, trout and bass. From the fish intestine they make their way to the muscles, and thence back into the intestinal tract of a man.

The beef tapeworm enters the human body in the envelope of the flesh of cattle. Man consumes undercooked, or raw, beef containing the dormant larva. It is estimated by reliable authorities that unless the hamburger steak concessions at the New York and San Francisco fairs are carefully supervised, five million

cases of beef tapeworm infestation will develop next year.

Almost No Symptoms

That picture, however, sounds somewhat blacker than the actual harm amounts to, because tapeworm causes almost no symptoms whatever. The old idea that the harboring of a tapeworm creates an awful appetite is unfortunately not true. I know a lot of men who would try to acquire a tapeworm were that true.

Besides, a tapeworm gives a person a kind of dignity. He can say "We" like editorial writers and Damon Runyan and important people like that.

The pork tapeworm is the third member of our tapeworm enemies. The treatment of all three varieties is the same. The aged-old remedy is aspidium, or male fern. The powder of male fern can be taken by mouth in the dose of two-four grams.

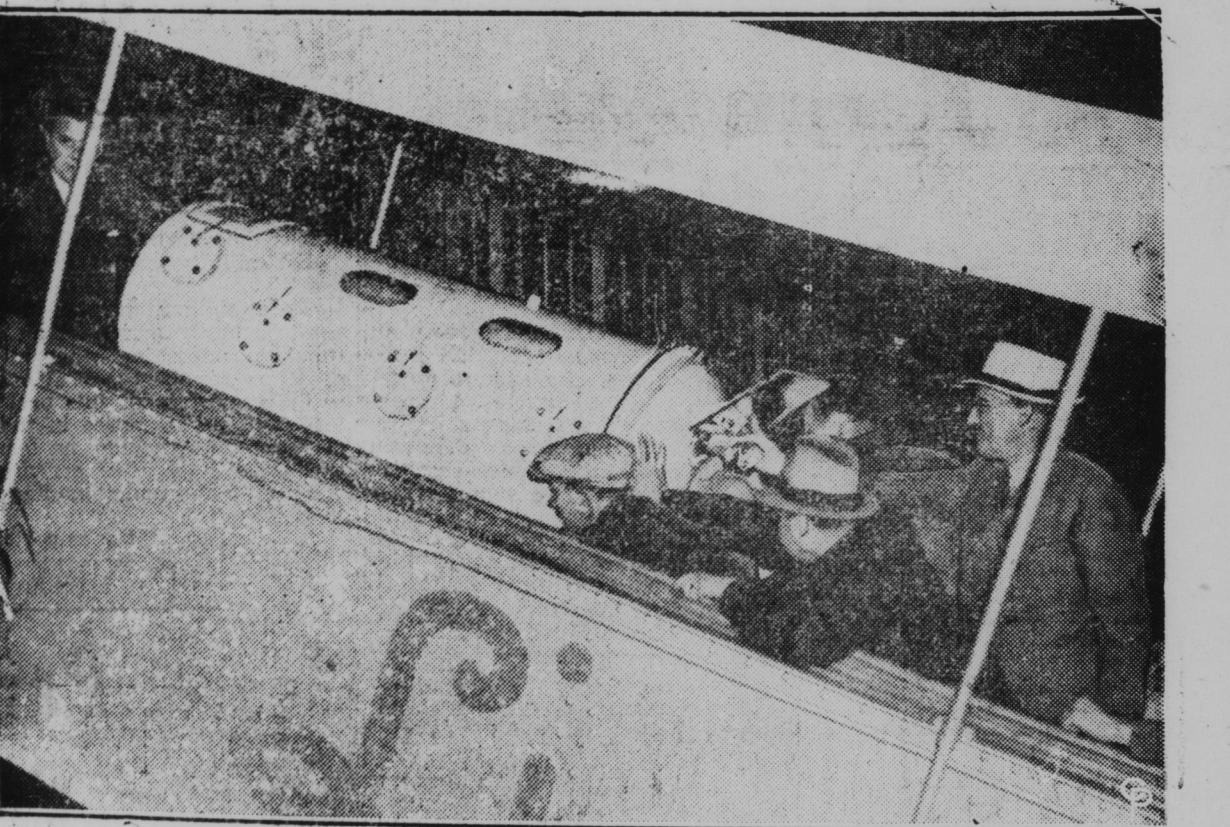
Points in Treatment

Two points in treatment, however, must be remembered. First, male fern like all vermifuge remedies has possibilities of poisoning. If it will kill the worm it may kill the victim. For that reason it is far better to take such drugs under the direction of a physician.

Second, the preparation for a worm expelling remedy is of great importance. The intestine must be cleansed so that the medicine can have its full effect on the worm. The tapeworm buries its head in the folds of the intestinal tract and a preliminary dose of salts must be used to expose it. After the worm has been completely expelled, another cathartic should be taken in order to clear the system of the vermifuge.

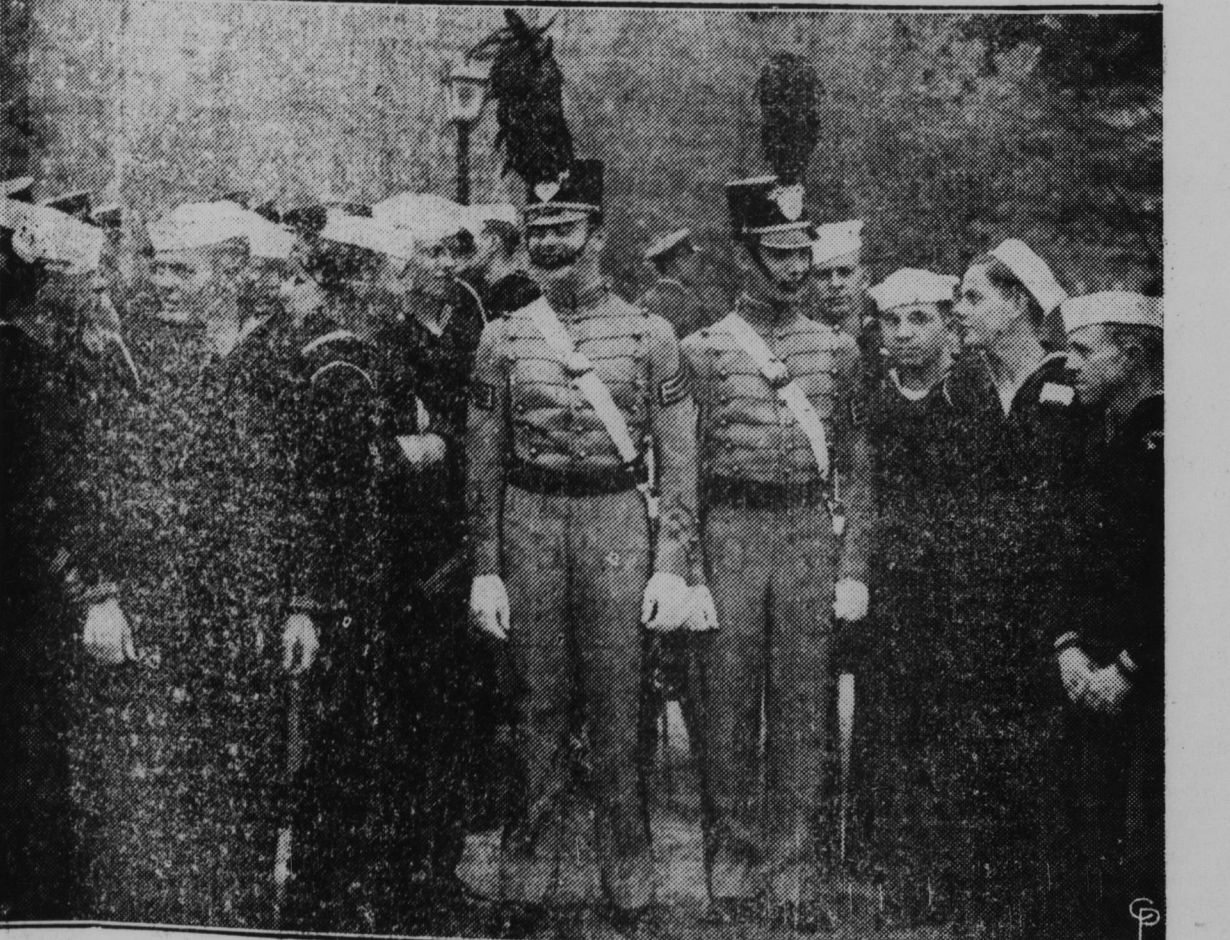
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Iron Lung Victim Begins Journey to Lourdes



Fred Snite, Jr., is carried in his mechanical breather aboard liner Normandie following journey by special railroad car from Florida. The young paralysis victim sailed from New York for France and the Shrine of Lourdes for "spiritual strength, a lift, peace." He has been in the "lung" since 1936.

The Army and Navy Get Together



Gobs from the Atlantic squadron anchored in the Hudson River chat with Cadets Gilchrist (left, center) and Schouder at West Point, where the sailors saw the future generals, in full dress uniform, strut their stuff on the parade grounds. More than 1,000 sailors journeyed up the Hudson to Army's headquarters to see the display of military precision.

Physicians Again Favor Hypnotism

Clendening Declares It Offers Good Approach to the Treatment of Nervous Ailments

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

WE HAVE spoken of the power of suggestion in medical treatment and in the ways of symptoms, and of health. The most powerful agent in creating suggestion is undoubtedly hypnotism.

I note by articles in the medical press that hypnotism is coming back into favor among conservative physicians such a situation about? Of course, individual instances of strange desires in food, on special occasions, are familiar. Expectant mothers are supposed to like to eat dirt or other outér articles, though I must say I never saw one that

scious defense reactions or awareness of what is happening.

There are a number of misconceptions about hypnotism that should be corrected. The hypnotist does not need to be a strong personality, or one with strong will as opposed to the weak will of the subject. In fact, will has nothing to do with the induction of hypnosis.

The mechanism of normal sleep and of hypnotism are the same—both are states of dissociation.

Neither the will nor the memory are lost during hypnosis. However deep the hypnosis, the subject will remember everything that happens if he is told to do so.

No Strange Power

The hypnotist does not possess any strange power over the subject who has once been hypnotized, but it is possible to reinduce hypnosis with a very insignificant signal. This may be a stare, a click of the fingers, a written word or a word spoken in a whisper. But the signal must be agreed on beforehand. Even a telephone call or a signal over the radio will do.

Hypnotism simply makes the subject more suggestible. With the proper technique and a conscientious physician there is no telling what symptoms can be removed by hypnosis. It must not be suggested that an arm or a leg which is really organically paralyzed can regain movement, but long-standing functional paralysis which has resisted all other forms of treatment may recover immediately under hypnosis. A case of amnesia may be awakened into reality. An insomniac may begin to sleep like a baby. Even organic pain may be mitigated.

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Influence of Mind On Body Disorders

Question of Whether Mental and Nervous Impulses Can Produce Disease Is Discussed

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

THE ARTICLE today might almost be called "Science and Health—a Vindication."

While all physicians know that mental or emotional factors can make people feel ill, few of them are willing to admit that mental or nervous impulses can produce organic disease, such as ulcer of the stomach, goiter, arthritis or hemorrhages.

Yet, there are some very queer and definite things that point that way. A truck driver who shifted gears with his right hand and braked with his left foot had a paralysis from a hemorrhage in the brain which affected the muscles performing these actions and those alone. Cerebral hemorrhages usually do not do things that selectively. Could it be that this man's long habituation in one set of movements created nerve pathways that directed this accident when it came?

Produces Hormones

Experiments by the Russian physiologist, Roseker, have shown that stimulation of the cortex of the brain produces certain chemical substances—hormones—in the body, and that these are capable of producing the same effects as the stimulation of the brain itself. The injection of blood and spinal fluid, for instance, obtained after such stimulation, will affect the pancreas in such a way as to produce temporary diabetes.

A chemical called acetylcholine is apparently produced in the body as a result of fright. If this is injected into monkeys, it will cause the rascles of the face and the eyes, including the pupils of the eyes, to assume the reactions characteristic of fright. And this even after the nerves going to the muscles have been cut.

A doctor of Toronto has shown that a number of organic diseases, including experimental heart dis-

ease, can be cured by this same acetylcholine.

What They Imply?

What can these experiments imply other than that an emotional or mental state may produce chemical changes in the blood, which can produce organic changes? It is even postulated that certain hormones are associated with tumor growths.

The opposite viewpoint, of course, has equal validity, and, in fact, probably more, and is the one held by most hard-headed physicians—the view that organic diseases produce toxins or reactions of some kind that influence the nervous system, the mind and emotions.

Obvious Lesson

But one lesson is obvious. The modern treatment of disease must attack from the chemical, organic and also the psychological approach. If a man has high blood pressure and is also worrying himself to death about his business affairs, you cannot treat one phase of his troubles without the other. You can treat some goiters successfully by surgery, some by iodine and some by psychology. So who would deny they should be treated by all three?

The lesson in personal hygiene that these observations suggest is to attempt a vigorous control of your emotions.

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