

Vast Areas Await Explorer

Sections of the United States That Have Never Been Trod by White Men Offer Opportunity to the Adventurous Scientific Surveyor.

Adventurers ambitious to explore territory never before trod by white man can find such areas in the United States. Contrary to the general impression that America has been completely explored there are many areas about which little or nothing is known.

Fully aware of the vast areas still unmaped, the United States board of surveys and maps asked the nation resources board recently to recommend federal expenditure of \$117,531,000 over a ten-year period. This would make possible completion of a base map of the entire United States, exclusive of Alaska, at a cost of 8 cents per acre.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sahara's Immensity

In Africa are natural wonders which almost challenge belief. The Sahara, a vast waste of rock, gravel and sand, is so big it would hold the entire continental United States.

The reason it is a desert at all is, simply stated, that the wind blows in the wrong direction—down from the dry heart of Central Asia instead of from the moisture-giving ocean. The temperature changes so sharply at nightfall that travelers who have suffered in the blazing heat find themselves shivering under blankets.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Hare Worth Catching

The richest hare in the world is running wild somewhere near Bielefeld, in the Rhineland. Round its neck is a handkerchief containing about \$400 in notes. Meantime a peasant woman is weeping out her heart for trying to strangle a hare in a trap with an improvised belt concealing her worldly possessions and succeeding only in setting the animal free.

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The sooner you Simoniz your car, the longer its beauty will last. In fact, Simonizing is the only way to keep a car beautiful for years. So always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener for your car. They don't cost much and they're easy to use.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

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Cuticura Soap

No need to worry about skin irritations when you use for daily toilet purposes the same pure, soothing soap that you use for baby's tender skin. Containing the delicate Cuticura medication, Cuticura Soap protects sensitive skins and helps to keep them in a clear condition.

Price 25c. Sold at all druggists.

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NEW life, new features, new management and new rates make Bedford Springs the greatest resort value of 1935.

Avoid summer heat in the beautiful Allegheny Mountains. Golf on championship course, swimming, tennis, horseback riding, fishing and all other sports for your amusement. Dinner dance every week night.

Our five world-famous mineral waters available to guests without charge.

Same Management—Shoreham Hotel, Washington
L. GARDNER MOORE, Directing Manager

Bedford Springs

HOTEL

RATES \$5 Per Day Up Includes Breakfast and Weekly Rates

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Let Our Health Good Be

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

SCARLET FEVER

The past winter has been an epidemic year for scarlet fever. In Illinois scarlet fever and other forms of streptococcus infections, notably red sore throat, have been more widely prevalent than at any previous time since reliable records have been kept. Scarlet fever in all degrees of intensity, has been widespread among children, while adults who have become immune to scarlet fever through having had the disease in childhood have developed the sore throat.

We do not have at this time a practical public-health method of preventing scarlet fever as we have of preventing smallpox and diphtheria. The chained or head-like cocci of the so-called streptococci family are still man's most dreaded bacterial enemy. They cause scarlet fever, erysipelas, child-bed fever, septic sore throat and blood poisoning. Scarlet fever is milder than it was a decade ago, but it is still a serious disease.

We use two general principles to control contagion. One is preventing the distribution of the causative agent of disease. We do this by a variety of means, such as filtration and chlorination of drinking water, proper disposal of sewage, the pasteurization of milk, the inspection and control of foods and food handlers.

The whole big field of what we now call sanitary science has been built up around this desire of man to protect himself and his family against diseases conveyed through water, milk and other foods.

We have made wonderful progress in the control of diseases spread through these channels, such as cholera, diarrhea, typhoid fever, etc. These diseases may, very frankly, be termed filth diseases, since they are caused by germs which are in the excreta of the sick person. The well person becomes sick by swallowing the germs. The dysentery outbreak that recently occurred in Chicago belongs to this group. Regardless of where, how and why one of these diseases occurs, from our standpoint it is a filthy contamination of food.

Now as to the second method of controlling contagion. This is by vaccination, which makes people immune to the causative agent. One should look at this general problem of disease from two standpoints, one, the host, and the other, the invader. You and I are the hosts, the germs are the invaders. All germs want to live, the same as you and I. Germs grow rapidly.

We have some ways of preventing scarlet fever. These ways are not so good nor so efficient as we should like. It is possible to vaccinate against scarlet fever by injecting doses of vaccine. Five separate injections have been recommended as the best method. Before being vaccinated, however, one should have a skin test done to see if vaccination is necessary. After the course of five injections, another skin test should be made to make sure that the vaccine has been effective and immunity established. This requires seven punctures in all. The length of time a person is immune to scarlet fever is still in question. This method has proved successful in preventing scarlet fever in boarding schools and with other groups of children under controlled conditions. Vaccination against scarlet fever, it must be admitted, is not so successful as is vaccination against diphtheria.

Anyone recently recovered from an attack of scarlet fever has disease-preventing substances in his or her body. Blood from such a recovered person can be injected into a child during the early stages of scarlet fever and the disease will run a short mild course. Sometimes the use of this convalescent serum, as the blood from a recently recovered case is called, will cause a prompt disappearance of the fever, skin rash and sore throat.

Scarlet fever antiserum, like diphtheria antiserum, is available for treating cases of scarlet fever. But like the preventive vaccination methods, the scarlet fever antiserum does not work so well as the diphtheria antiserum.

Scarlet fever, like most of the contagious diseases of childhood, begins as a sore throat. The diagnosis is usually made upon the type of skin rash appearing a few days after the onset of the sore throat and fever. The disease is contagious from the beginning of the sore throat stage, even before scarlet fever is established in the diagnosis. The contagion is spread by droplets from the throat, and not in the peeling skin, as many laymen believe.

One should try to guard children against contracting the disease, particularly young children. Ninety out of each hundred deaths from scarlet fever occur in children between two and ten years of age.

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Zeke was suddenly vicious. "Don't talk to me!" she roared. "After fetching her in here the minute I was gone. I am to stay; and if you try to boss me around, I'll howl her name up and down the Valley till people hold their noses when they see her! You better mend your own ways, Will Ferrin!"

Zeke touched Will's arm. "Let me throw her out, Will," he protested. "Don't you go and take her in."

"I have to, Zeke," Will confessed. Zeke stared at the other man, hot, scornful, furious. "All right," he said then contemptuously, "if you're that kind, I'm quitting! You'll have to get on without me!"

But Huldy moved slowly to Zeke's side. "Don't you quit," she said, and touched his hand. "You'll be glad you stayed."

Zeke seemed choking; he said at last, grudgingly: "I'll finish out the week, I reckon."

And Huldy smiled contentedly; but Jenny could bear no more. Moving slowly, she went out through the shed and the barn and down the orchard path to the brook; she came through the deep woods home. As she opened the kitchen door, Marm Pierce looked up inquiringly.

And then, in quick alarm at what she saw, she rose to her feet; but there was no need of a question. Jenny spoke.

"Huldy's back," she said through trembling lips. "She's come home!"

Marm Pierce exclaimed, in quick reassurance: "Don't you grieve, Jenny! She'll never stay!"

Jenny shook her head, almost smiling, pitifully. "She didn't aim to. She just came to fetch her clothes," she said. "But she saw Zeke Dace. And now she's going to stay!"

From Huldy's return until Jim Saladine came at last to Hostile Valley, two years intervened; and during this period, though her heart was his forever, Jenny saw Will not at all. In the country as in the city, it is possible to go for years without glimpsing your next-door neighbor. Accident might have brought them face to face; but neither the girl nor Will would design an encounter. Jenny loved him deeply and completely; and the very fact that they did not see one another served in some fashion to intensify the girl's devotion. This love of hers for Will, springing out of the years of her childhood, growing in stature and in depth as she became a woman, seemed to feed on denial. Lacking the man himself, she kept his remembered image in her heart and was wistfully contented so.

It sometimes seemed to Marm Pierce that Jenny's love for Will must communicate itself to him in silent ways; and at first she blamed him for that he did not throw Huldy heading out of his home and his life, so that he might turn to Jenny; and she spoke this thought to Jenny. But the girl shook her head.

"Not Will," she said. "He's not the kind to. Long as she lives, he'll stand by her."

Marm Pierce indignantly insisted: "There's nothing so dumb as a good man that's got mixed up with a bad woman; and I've a mind to go tell Will so."

Jenny smiled wisely. "You'll not," she said. "You never will."

And Marm Pierce, perceiving in the girl a wisdom greater than her own, never did.

In the weeks after Huldy's return, Amy Carey fell more and more into the habit of coming through the woods to see the old woman and the girl who dwell here in this house divided. Win Haven's side of the house fell nowadays more and more into disrepair. It would not be long, unless measures of repair were taken, till that half of the house sagged weakly downward into a collapsed ruin. Once Jenny proposed taking her paper and like material to proof the other side of the walls against moisture; but the old woman would not consent.

"I wouldn't give Win the satisfaction," she declared.

When Amy came to stop a while with these two, in the warm kitchen, she could not fail to remark the increasing disrepair; and she urged Marm Pierce to take measures of prevention.

"You'll have to," she said. "Because Win won't never do anything. He was to our house the other night, and talked about it; and he talks to be round when his side of the house falls, and to watch and see the trouble it makes for you. Brags that if you try to mend anything he'll take a shotgun to you."

"He around again, is he?" Marm Pierce demanded tartly. "I didn't know but he'd died in a gutter somewhere before now."

Zeke touched Will's arm. "Let me throw her out, Will," he protested. "Don't you go and take her in."

"I have to, Zeke," Will confessed. Zeke stared at the other man, hot, scornful, furious. "All right," he said then contemptuously, "if you're that kind, I'm quitting! You'll have to get on without me!"

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Ben Ames Williams

SYNOPSIS

Jim Saladine listens to the history of neighboring Hostile Valley, with a map of the mysterious, enclosing "Huldy," wife of Will Ferrin. Interested, he drives to the Valley for a day's fishing, though admitting to himself his chief desire is to see the reputedly glamorous Huldy. "Old Marm" Pierce and her nineteen-year-old granddaughter Jenny live in the Valley. Since little more than a child, Jenny has at first admired and then deeply loved young Will Ferrin, neighboring farmer, older than she, and who regards her still as merely a child. Will takes employment in nearby Augusta. Jenny is dissolute. Bart Carey, something of a ne'er-do-well, is attracted by Jenny, but the girl repulses him. Learning that Will is coming home, Jenny, exulting, sets his long-suspected house "to rights" and has dinner ready for him. He comes—bringing his wife, Huldy. The girl's world collapses. Huldy becomes the subject of unfavorable gossip in the Valley. Entering his home, unlooked for, Will finds seemingly damning evidence of his wife's unfaithfulness, as a man who he knows is Seth Humphreys breaks from the house. Will overtakes him, and chokes him to death, though Humphreys chastises his leg with a bullet. At Marm Pierce's house the leg is amputated. Jenny goes to break the news to Huldy. She finds Bart Carey with the woman. When he leaves Huldy makes a mock of Jenny's sympathy, declaring she has no use for "half a man," and is leaving at once. Will is legally exonerated, and with a home-made artificial leg "carries on."

CHAPTER V—Continued

But when the frost was out of the ground and plowing to be done, the handicap under which Will must labor began more fully to appear. He was able to do the bare chores; but field work presented problems hard to solve. Bart and others helped him when they could; but Will's restless zeal sought an outlet in great works about the farm, and the neighbor folk had their own tasks to do.

For this problem which Will faced, chance brought what seemed a fortunate solution. Toward the foot of the Valley there was a farm long owned by old Fred Dace, whose father and grandfather had dwelt there before him, and who lived there with his son, Nate. But Nate had died a year or two before; and this spring the old man likewise sickened and came to his quick end. He had no kin about, but there was a son who four or five years before had gone west, and this son now came home.

Zeke Dace was a lean, wiry man in his middle twenties, who wore a wide-brimmed hat of a western pattern, and rode plow horses with a stock saddle, and rolled cigarettes with one hand, and had a laughing, ready tongue. He had come home, he said, to stay. The cow business was busted, jobs on the range were hard to find.

There were others who liked Zeke, too. Amy, Bart's sister, was one of them. She was older than Jenny, but not yet old enough to begin to fade in that quick, relentless fashion which hard farm work may impose upon a woman. Since Huldy's departure, whether by accident or not, Bart had fewer boarders; and Seth Humphreys' steam mill was shut down, abandoned and deserted now. So Bart and Amy were much alone, and Bart went often for a word with Will, and Zeke as often came down the hill to stand in the door of Amy's kitchen and talk with her a while. He had a teasing, laughing tongue that could whip color to her cheeks; but she liked it, and she sometimes dreamed happy dreams.

So this early summer in the Valley passed serenely; and Jenny was a part of this serenity. She had no least warning of what was to come.

It was mid-July when Huldy returned. Zeke and Will were busy with the harvest. Will could drive the mowing machine, or the rake; and when it came to load the hay cart, or to put the hay in the mow, he called a board across the foot of his peg leg to make a sort of snow-shoe which enabled him to stand securely. Jenny had gone this day early to the farm; had helped for a while in the field, pitching hay up on the cart with Zeke while Will worked it there.

But later she went to the house to get dinner ready for them; and at a convenient time they came stamping into the kitchen, washed themselves at the sink and so sat down. Jenny served them, set the shining dishes on the table, then