RABBIT FEVER

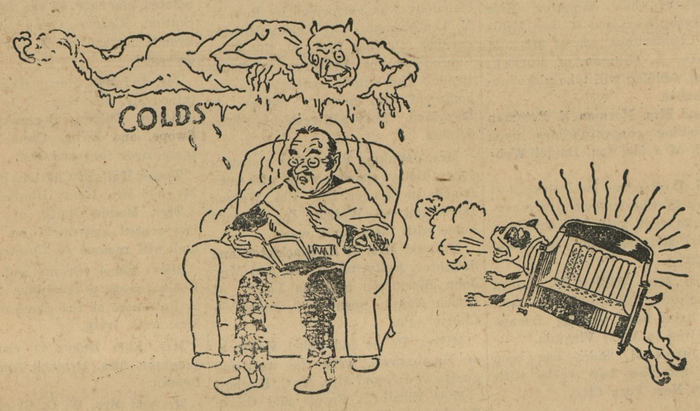
Warning hunters and food handlers of the danger of contracting tularmia, or to give it its more common name "rabbit fever," from handling infected game, Dr. R. H. Riley, Director of the Maryland State Department of Health, said:

"Because of the possibility of infection with the germs of tularemia from sick or diseased rabbits, the opening of the rabbit season brings to hunters, market men and other food handlers, the need for special precautions in shooting, skinning and in preparing rabbits for the table or for any other use. A disease corresponding to what we now call "tularemia" or "rabbit fever" has been known to hunters and to market men throughout the country for many years, but it was not until 1910 that its cause and the method of transmission from rabbit to rabbit and from rabbits to human beings were studied by Dr. G. W. McCoy and definitely established, in 1919, by Dr. Edward Francis, both of the U. S. Public Health Service.

"Here is what the C. S. Public Health Service says about the danger from the wild rabbits and the ways by which it may be avoided: 'Keep your bare hand out of a wild rabbit—one per cent of them are infected with tularemia. Rabbit meat thoroughly cooked is harmless for food, because a temperature of 133 degrees Fahrenheit kills the infecting organism. Rubber gloves must be worn by those who must dress wild rabbits.

"'Beware of the wild rabbit which the dog or cat has caught, or which a boy has killed with a club—it is probably a sick rabbit. The hunter should not shoot his rabbits at the point of his gun. Let him be a sportsman and shoot them on the run at 75 yards, say, and the chances will be lessened that the rabbits he bags will be sick with tularemia.'

"For the last two years, tularemia has been included among the diseases that are reportable in Maryland. There were eleven cases reported in the State in 1928, 6 in the counties and 5 in Baltimore City, with one death in Baltimore City. There were probably other cases that were not recognized as tularemia."



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NEW SHERIFF HAS PRISONER

THE new sheriff of Armadillo county was looking for a thief, the one who had broken into the schoolhouse and stolen several things belonging to pupils and to Link Larrabee, the school teacher. And so John Wayne, one of the trustees, had called on the sheriff and in his close-mouthed way vouched the information that it would be well to keep an eye on the schoolhouse.

And the first moment that Sheriff Harry Gray turned a pair of handsome, though honest, blue eyes toward the schoolhouse he scented a clew. Presently he heard footsteps on the bare boards inside, the door opened wider and a big girl stepped out, closing the door softly and locking it.

On her arm she carried some clothing, one or two coats and a bright wool cap.

She glanced hurriedly around, listened for an instant and then darted around the building and took the trail that led back through the trees toward the river.

The sheriff smiled, grimly, and shook his head. He was a very young sheriff, and it had not been so many years since he had attended that little schoolhouse himself.

"Gee, it's my luck to have to catch a girl, first throw," he grumbled as he mounted his horse and started up the trail after the girl. "She's a mighty pretty one at that—hair like bronze, and some color! What's she doing with a bunch of old rags—hey!" he called abruptly as she stood aside to let him pass.

"Well?" she asked coolly, but he saw the scared look in her eyes and hated himself.

"Where you going with all those clothes and things out of the schoolhouse?"

"You want these?" she asked, amazedly, holding them out.

He took them from her willing hands, placing them awkwardly across his saddle bow. "I'm right sorry to have to do this."

"If you have what you want you had better ride on," she said, stepping back.

"I don't know but what I shall take you along, miss," he said gravely.

"Take me?" There was terror in her voice.

"Yes'm. I should arrest you."

"You? Arrest me?" He was surprised to see that she was holding a little blue-steel weapon in her right hand.

"Got me covered, eh?" he laughed, but his eyes did not laugh.

"Well, are you coming with me?" he asked after another moment.

"No."

"You're under arrest, ma'am."

She frowned a little and then smiled in a friendly way that delighted him. He asked himself why the smile of a mere girl—a girl he was taking to jail, too—should set his heart to galloping.

"Yes, I remember that. I will walk beside you if you don't mind."

He slipped to the ground and tendered his mount. "It's some little ride, miss," he insisted.

Presently she consented, and he lifted her into the big saddle.

"Do you know Mr. Wayne" he asked after they had traveled awhile.

She hesitated. "You mean the school trustee?"

"That's right. I'm taking you to his place, Flat Hills. He sent me to catch somebody who was robbing the schoolhouse, and, worse luck, I found you right away, so you've got to see the old gentleman, and if he says lock-up, why I'll be hanged if I take you there!"

"That's good of you!" she said gratefully.

"You can't be from Armadillo county; you wouldn't hold on to a saddle that way," he told her.

"What way would you hold it?" she asked demurely.

"Not at all. Armadillo girls ride like little squaws. Here's old Wayne's place now. If you don't try to squirm out of it, miss, I'll do the best I can for you, but you better come clean and tell me the whole thing," he pleaded earnestly.

She bent her head and smiled, then she lifted it proudly. "I'm not trying to squirm out of anything. It is simple. I left some things in the schoolhouse—in fact, my trunk was left there by mistake and I couldn't . . . anyone to take it to the ranch, so I needed some clothes and I went down and took them out of my trunk. Some one will come for my trunk tomorrow, and now—" She smiled at him wickedly.

"Who are you?" he asked abruptly.

"The new school teacher—stopping at Mr. Wayne's, if you please, Mr. Sheriff, and now that we are here, may I have my things? And oh, thank you!"

She watched him ride away, admiring the swaying grace of horse and rider. "He said he was sorry," she smiled to herself. "I know he isn't sorry, and I am glad, but I was afraid at first. I thought he was a real bandit." She leaned against the post and laughed helplessly.

"You seem mighty happy," grunted Mr. Wayne as he loped across the yard.

"I'm going to be," she ventured daringly. For once their eyes had met and clung, and she knew he would come riding back again, and yet again.

Inherent Ambition

Every child born in Ober-Ammergau is bred up in the tradition of the Passion play. From the time that it begins to speak it looks forward to the time when it shall be one of the 500 or 600 chosen to perform.

Only One Kind

Rightness expresses of actions what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.—Herbert Spencer.

AUTOMOBILES AND AN EPIC

As the train that carried Prime Minister MacDonald from New York to the Canadian border was speeding up the Mohawk valley, it was noticed that the British premier could not keep his eyes off the automobiles that kept speeding by on the highways bordering the railway line.

For a long time Mr. MacDonald looked curiously at the stream of traffic—an ordinary current of moving vehicles on a busy trunk highway. At last he murmured to his daughter, sitting beside hom:

"Where do they all come from and where are they going?"

It was one of these questions to which no answer is expected. And, indeed, answering it propertly might be a long task. But it would be worth doing, just the same.

The obvious answer, of course, is that the autos come from Detroit. But, that's only part of it. Their lineage goes back a lot farther than that. Trace the flowing traffic that clogs our country roads to its source and you have an epic in history.

At the beginning you have the creaky old ships like the Mayflowtr, staggering across the Atlantic with half-suffocated immigrants crowded between decks. Then you have the infinitely slow, painful westward migration; the long fight with the forest, the dangerous march over the Alleghanies, up the Mohawk trail and along the Cumberland, with savage Indians waiting to keep the road from growing dull; you have the corduroy roads and springless wagons, the clumsy canal boats, the rickety stage coaches, the wheezy railroad trains of the early days — all the long, blind, magnificent pageant of the filling-up of a continent.

And the other half of Mr. MacDonall's question; vast factories taking possession of cities, making over whole states, bringing millions of men from the uttermost ends of the earth to follow the trails westward, westward to what looked like the promised land itself. You have the incredible mills of Detroit and Pittsburgh, rising, the limitless railroad yards of Chicago and St. Paul, with their smoke cloud overhead. And, back of these, you have the granaries—the millions of acres of yellow wheat fields in the west, the fat farmlands of the south.

From these things came the automobiles. They came to satisfy a need and to create new needs; they came because they were called into being by the new conditions that had arisen here. They are part of heritage for which the pioneers suffered.

You can't understand our use of he automobile, in other words, without digging away back to the beginning of our history.

And the other half of Mr. MacDonald's question—the "where are they going?" Well, that one's harder. It would take a poet or a prophet, or both, to answer it; someone who could look beyond the years and explain what lies there. Yet we are confident that whatever our destination is, it is going to be worth reaching. Perhaps, for the present, that's the best answer we can give.

Had Same Symptoms

Husband (reading paper)—Here's something about a girl who slept continuously for two months. I wonder if it wasn't the same one who worked for us last year.

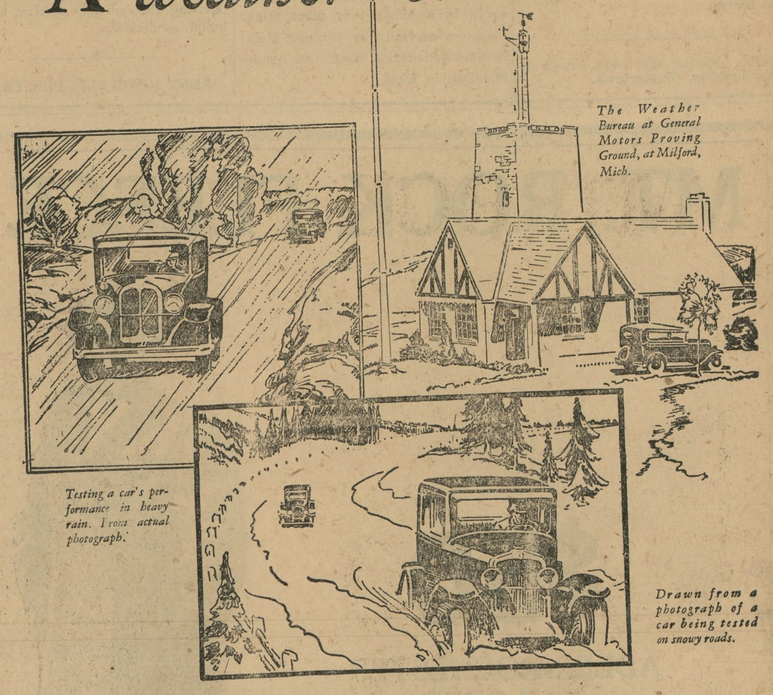
Self-Help

It's right to trust in God; but, if you don't stand to your halliards, your craft'll miss stays, and your faith'll be blown out of the boltropes in the turn of a marlinspike.—George McDonald.

Ancient City Crowded

There were 10,000 houses and more in a space limited by a city wall only five miles in circumference, in the ancient city of Athens.

"What! A weather bureau?"



The Weather Bureau at General Motors Proving Ground, at Milford, Mich.

Testing a car's performance in heavy rain. From actual photograph.

Drawn from a photograph of a car being tested on snowy roads.

VISITORS to General Motors' 1268-acre Proving Ground marvel at the sight of a complete weather bureau and ask what it is for.

The answer is that in the testing of cars every possible factor that might affect a car's performance is considered by General Motors' engineers.

So precise are some of the tests that even the difference between a sunny day and a partly cloudy day—or between a north breeze and a south breeze—is considered.

With each day's record of the mechanical tests applied to a car on the roads and hills of the Proving Ground is included a report of the exact weather conditions prevailing. The engineers then can know how weather affects performance, and can have a comparable record so that every car tested is given an equal opportunity to prove itself under exactly the same conditions.

Advance models of all the cars listed below were proved at the Proving Ground before they were introduced to the public. Read about them; then clip and send the coupon.

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CHEVROLET. 7 models. $525—$695. A six in the price range of the four. Smooth, powerful 6-cylinder valve-in-head engine. Beautiful Fisher Bodies. Also sedan delivery. Light delivery chassis. 1½ tonchassis and 1½ ton chassis with cab, both with four speeds forward.

PONTIAC. 7 models. $745—$895. Now offers "Big six" motoring luxury at low cost. Larger L-head engine; larger Bodies by Fisher. New attractive colors and stylish lines.

OLDSMOBILE. 8 models. $875—$1035. The Fine Car at Low Price. Now offers further refinements, mechanically and in the Fisher Bodies. Also eight optional equipment combinations in Special and De Luxe line.

MARQUETTE. 6 models. $965—$1035. Buick's new companion car, designed and built by Buick. Six cylinders. Fisher Bodies. Its price puts Buick quality and craftsmanship within reach of more families.

OAKLAND. 9 models. $1145—$1375. Oakland All American Six. Distinctively original appearance. Splendid performance. Luxuriousappointments. Attractive colors. Bodies by Fisher.

VIKING. 3 models. $1595. General Motors' new "eight" at medium price. 90-degree V-type engine. Striking Bodies by Fisher. Unusual appointments, also optional equipment combinations.

BUICK. 14 models. $1225—$1995. Three new wheelbases, 118-124-132 inches. The greatest Buick of them all. Many new mechanical features. Fisher Bodies with new lines.

LaSALLE. 14 models. $2295—$2875. Companion car to Cadillac. Continental lines. Distinctive appearance. 90-degree V-type 8-cylinder engine. Striking color combinations in beautiful Bodies by Fisher.

CADILLAC. 26 models. $3295—$7000. The Standard of the World. Famous efficient 8-cylinder 90-degree V-type engine. Luxurious Bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood. Extensive range of color and upholstery combinations.

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