How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally subject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

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WHAT RAW MILK DID.

At Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, the milk supply is pasteurized. The post laboratory checks up on the efficiency of the pasteurization.

Some families living at the post concluded that sending for the milk, as was necessary with the pasteurized product, was too much trouble.

Delivery at the kitchen door was a convenience worth the risk it necessitated. At least that's the way they felt about it until they had some typhoid handed in with the milk. Presumably since that experience they feel differently.

So, to proceed with the story, when a group of milk dealers came along, agreeing to deliver raw milk at the door and telling how careful they were, some of the people decided to take a chance.

The milk dealers, selling raw milk, were wise beyond their generation. They regularly took milk to the post laboratory for bacteriologic examination and they showed reports which averaged less than 5,000, as compared with averages of about 10,000 for pasteurized milk.

Is it any wonder some people fell for it?

How many people are there in this town who are paying a fancy price for raw milk because it shows an average bacterial count of 5,000?

Then came the typhoid to the families at Fort McPherson. Who did it?

The people drinking the low count, raw milk. Why?

Because the milk contained typhoid. It contained but few bacteria, it is true, but those were loud. The pasteurized milk was free.

The American Medical Journal editorial makes the point that a low count is not a true criterion. As a matter of fact regulations which embrace bacterial standards can safely allow a higher count for pasteurized milk than for raw.

Bacterial standards in milk ordinances are commonly on the other basis.

The essential of safety is freedom from disease producing bacteria and there is no practical day by day laboratory method of determining that. Since pasteurization kills the disease producing bacteria and there is no step in the marketing of raw milk as such that does, a high bacterial count in pasteurization is later than a high count in raw milk.

It appears that repeated experiences such as that at Fort McPherson will be required before all the people will forget the misleading teachings of the raw milk advocates.

Incidentally, typhoid vaccination saved a lot of trouble at Fort McPherson.

Practically all those developing typhoid from drinking this raw milk were people who have never been vaccinated.

Re Pernicious Anemia.

E. S. L. writes: "1. Is pernicious anemia a killing disease?

"2. Is it possible to check its course before it reaches this stage?

"3. Again, what part can the dentists play as a palliative means?

"4. How long before the patients know, and how can they tell that they have this disease, before it reaches the pernicious stage?"

REPLY.

1. Yes.

2. It may be. William Hunter, whose opinions I quoted recently, says the disease starts in the summer time and relapses at that season. That, for the first several years, it is a glossitic anemia, and that, in that stage, treatment is very helpful.

3. In Hunter's opinion, putting the teeth in order is of prime importance. In even the advanced cases, getting rid of the sepsis due to infected gums is of material assistance.

4. By burning tongue and inflamed gums coming in attacks which come on in the summer time.

A blood examination gives information that is conclusive. Hunter's latest article appeared in British Medical Journal, March 18, 1922.

The Flight From Dreams.

V. R. S. writes: "I noticed an inquiry in your column by George M. regarding persistent dreams.

"For one year I dreamed every detail connected with my mother's illness, death and funeral.

"Sometimes I would dream the same thing five times in one night. By going into the country, where it was very quiet, and by taking walks each day, this condition was entirely overcome.

"Dr. Myerson's book, 'The Nervous Housewife,' has been of great assistance to me in overcoming nerve troubles, too."

They're All Right, Doris.

Doris writes: "Grandma says I should not eat apples just before going to bed.

"Please tell me if they will do me harm. I am 12 years old."

REPLY.

Eating apples is a good habit.

Eating apples at bedtime is not a bad habit for a 12-year-old, though for many old people it would not be advised.

Bothered With Fleas.

A. K. writes: "Could you advise me how to get rid of fleas?

"I have been troubled with them in my clothing for a good while. I have tried to get rid of them by having my clothes sent to the cleaners, but to no purpose."

REPLY.

Sprinkle powdered moth balls in your clothing. This will cause the fleas to emigrate, nor will they dally to say good-bye.

Of course, the trouble with you is that you keep in close touch with a source of supply. Do you associate with dogs, cats or hogs?

Fleas breed in dust. If they are breeding in your house and feeding on you, it is up to you to get rid of the dusty corners and trash piles where they breed.

Cleaning up and the free use of powdered moth balls will get rid of fleas, provided no infested animals are about.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Eads and their daughter, Fern, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Morgan and their will leave Monday for a two-weeks' outing at Lake Okoboji.

BRINGING UP FATHER---

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Bee by McManus

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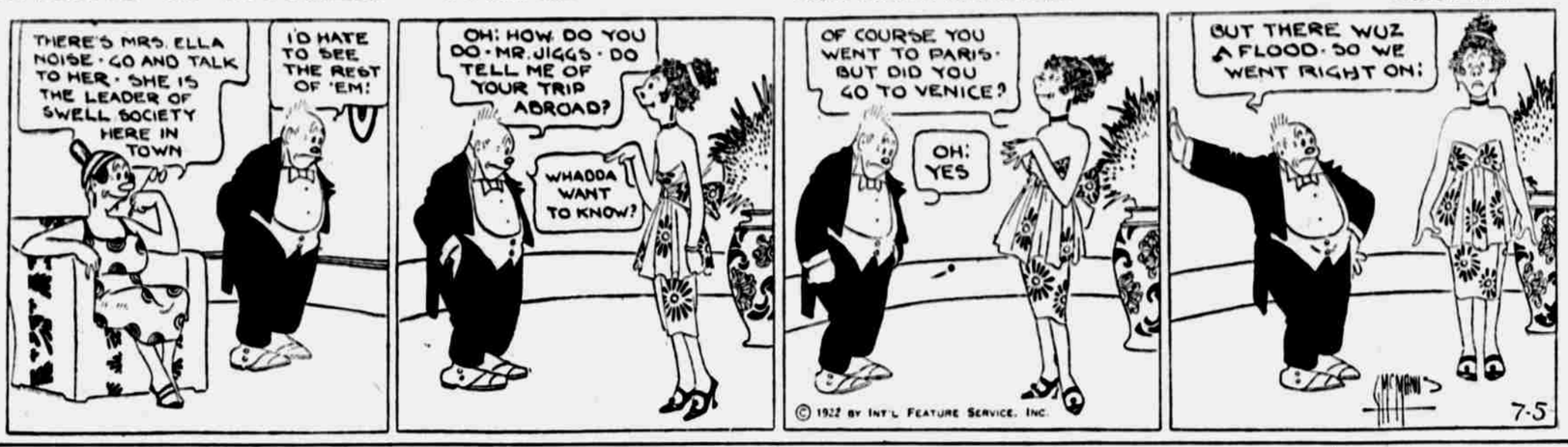

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Nowhere

By RUBY M. AYRES.

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Oh, let him come up," said Violet. Anything would be better than a long argument with voluble Mrs. Higgs. She dragged herself up from the bed, and tried to tidy her hair, but the effort made her feel faint; she was glad enough to sit down again.

Sutore came up smiling. He loved getting his own way. He considered it was because he was irresistible that he always managed to do as he wished. As a matter of fact, it was because he made himself so exceedingly unpleasant.

"Sorry you're not well, Vi," he began. He shook hands with her. He put his hat down carefully on the table. He glanced at himself in the cheap glass. "I waited outside Violette's for you, and Florrie told me you'd gone home ill, so I followed—what's up?"

"Nothing." His voice and manner jarred on her. She wished he would go. She felt she would promise him anything if only he would leave her alone now.

He sat down beside her; he put a confident arm about her shoulders.

"Are you going to make it up with me, Vi?"

"No!" She shuddered away from him. She thought he was going to kiss her. She frowned.

"That's because you're not well and want to be alone, but you'll change your mind, eh?"

"No." She kept her eyes on the floor. She found herself counting the cracks in the boards mechanically.

Sutore got up and walked up and down the room. He had not expested that she would refuse him; he never expected anything unpleasant.

"Martin said you were so fond of the kid, too," he burst out suddenly.

"What!" Violet was on her feet now. She stared at him with bright eyes; there was ac rimson spot in either cheek.

"What are you talking about?" she asked furously.

Sutore looked surprised.

"I'm talking about the boy," he said fatuously. "Martin said you were dead nuts on the boy. I thought you'd marry me if only to get him back, but I suppose Martin was wrong. Women never care for other women's kids; but she wasn't a bad sort, either, Cis wasn't."

Violet was shaking all over. She held out trembling hands to him.

"Are you talking about Ronnie?" she asked wildly. "About my Ronnie? Are you talking about him?"

Sutore laughed rather nervously.

"I don't know about your Ronnie," he began, and stopped, as she made a quick step forward and clutched his arm.

"What is he to you? What are you to him " she asked hoarsely.

Sutore jerked his head uncomfortably.

"Well, I happen to be his father," he said unctuously. "That's all, my dear, Vi."

"His father—Ronnie's father!" Violet echoed the words shrilly; she burst into high-pitched laughter. "You don't expect me to believe that, do you?" she asked weakly. "You never did tell me the truth, and you haven't altered, but if you imagine that I shall believe that you are Ronnie's father—"

Sutore looked angry. He realized that there was something unflattering in her voice. "It's the truth, whatever you say," he declared sulkily. "The boy's mine whether you like it or not. The flower girl was my wife. She was a good girl, too. I met her down in the country the year you threw me over—but she hadn't any go about her—she sickened me in a couple of months. I like a woman of spirit—"

His words and tone were odious.

"I left her and she came to London—I sent her money from time to time—and I always knew where she was, though she did not know it. I wanted the boy, too. I thought Hastings might take a fancy to him. I knew if he did it'd mean money to me. Hastings is as rich as Croesus, and I'm always infernally hard up. You remember that, I daresay; we used to quarrel because there wasn't any money. You thought I ought to work, didn't you. You never could understand that there are some men who can't work. Look at my hands"—he spread out his white, useless-looking hands with a sort of pride—"do they look like work?" he demanded.

Violet did not answer. She heard him as if in a dream. There was a wheel of fire going round and round in her head. She wondered how long she could stand it—how long it woul be before it dragged her over into unconsciousness.

Sutore went on complacently.

"I employed Martin to keep an eye on Cis and the boy—he happened to be on the spot when she got run over. It was lucky for me or I might never have found the boy. What possessed you to take him, Vi—a boy out of the street? You couldn't have known he was my son?"

"I don't know it now; I don't believe it. You never could speak the truth. Where is he now, then, if what you say is true?" Her voice was mocking. She did not believe a word of what he had said.

Sutore shrugged his shoulders.

"He's at my rooms; I live in a flat. It's not as comfortable as it might be, but Hastings is so deuced mean. He'll have to fork out a bit now, though. He will when he knows I'm going to be married. He always wanted me to marry and settle down, though I notice he takes good care to steer clear of the fetters himself—a regular woman hater, he is. Never knew such a chap." He came a step nearer the girl. His smile grew fatuous. "Kiss me, Violet, and you shall have the boy, and we'll all be a happy little family party together."

He bent his face to hers; Violet beat him off weakly. She thought of poor Florrie Jones; she thought oddly enough, of Ronald Hastings—Hastings who was to marry Mabel Clancey.

She had been unjust to him. She could not quite remember how. The wheel of fire in her brain would not let her think clearly, but she was sure that in some way she had been unjust to him—that was if Alfred Sutore were speaking the truth; but Alfred Sutore never spoke the truth. She had always known that—she knew it now.

She faced him again defiantly.

"You're lying to me; you're not Ronnie's father. There was a paper on his dress when I found him. There was writing on it. I have it still; I'll show it to you."

She moved feebly away to the chest of drawers. She felt giddy and unsteady. If only that wheel of fire would stop for one moment and let her think.

Her hands fumbled with the key—with the lock. She drew the drawer out with a jerk. It fell with its contents to the floor.

Sutore laughed.

"Clumsy," he said, banteringly. He knelt down beside her, carefully pulling his trousers up an inch, so that they would not bag at the knees, and helped her pick up the fallen articles.

There were gloves and handkerchiefs and letters, and a shabby pair of child's shoes.

Violet turned over each article with shaking hands, but nowhere could she find the worn paper she had put away so sarefully.

"You dreamed it, my dear," said Sutore banteringly. "You just dreamed it. What did the paper say that it is so wonderfully important?"

Violet passed a hand over her eyes. It was an effort to think.

"I forgot—I am not sure, but—ah, yes—now I know. It was this: 'I am the wife of Ronald Hastings; he deserted me; this is our child.'"

She spoke the words with difficulty. She stopped and looked at Sutore dazedly. "There was something else, too—I seemed to have forgotten; but you are not Ronald Hastings—you are not! So you see you can't be Ronnie's father." She half smiled. "I am so glad you are not Ronnie's father."

Sutore looked abashed.

"You're not very polite," he said sulkily. "But, as it happens, you're quite wrong in what you say. I told Cis my name was Ronald Hastings—it sounded big—and she always believed my name was Ronald Hastings. She was very simple; she believed whatever I said. She wasn't like you. She thought she was Mrs. Ronald Hastings. She christened the boy Ronnie because she thought it was my name. If you want any more proofs—hang it—there are plenty. We were married right enough; and there's Martin—ask Martin of Ager's detective agency. You got round him properly, didn't you? He was dead nuts on you—you must have made him pretty wild, for him to have given you away to me as he did. He was frightfully sick about it afterward when I told him that you were the girl I've been looking for for more than two years. It's the truth; I have, Vi! I've never forgotten you. Florrie Jones and all the other don't count. Marry me, and you shall do as you like with Ronnie—I can't manage him."

Violet's wide eyes never left his face. She was fighting against a voice that whispered that he was speaking the truth. She hated to think of the boy as his son. She would 1,000 times rather have known him in the keeping of Ronald Hastings.

Sutore saw the indecision in her face. He slipped his arm about her waist again; he whispered softly against her ear:

"Say yes, Vi. There'll be plenty of money, and you shall have a royal time. Ronnie wants you, he cries for you all day; ask Martin—ask——"

He broke off; Violet had struck at him with all her feeble strength: her eyes were like fire. That picture of Ronnie crying for her—Ronnie, alone and unhappy, goaded her to madness.

"You brute, don't dare to touch me. Give me back Ronnie. I will have him back; I love him, and he loves me. Give him back to me; give him back to me."

She had raised her voice hysterically; she struck at him again and again with frenzied hands.

Sutore laughed—his was a pitiless nature. He wanted Violet, and he did not much care what disgraceful and cowardly methods he used to get her. He knew that she would not marry him for love, but he was shrewd enough to see that he could work upon her feelings through the boy.

"You have only to say the word," he said coolly. He brushed a fleck of dust from his sleeve. "Say you will marry me, Vi, and you shall have the boy back tonight. I don't want him—he's a regular handful—but you seem to like him. Say you'll marry me, and I'll fetch him straight away, and you can keep him forever, or until you go back on your word to me. Which is it to be?"

Violet looked haggard and old. She hated Sutore with all the strength of her passionate heart, and yet she seemed to feel Ronnie's tiny hands pulling a her, begging her to say yes.

Some one knocked at the door. Olive Hale entered.

"Whatever is the matter?" she asked uneasily. "I could hear you calling out at the bottom of the stairs, Violet." She looked at Sutore. He came forward with his best swaggering bow.

"I am afraid Miss Ingleby is not very well," he said suavely. "I hope to take her away from these apartments shortly." He cast a disparaging eye at the poorly-furnished room. "She has promised to be my wife."

Olive looked him up and down. She turned her back on him pointedly and spoke to Violet, who sat shivering on the side of the bed.

"Is it true, Violet," she asked bluntly.

"Yes. Violet whispered the word. She felt as if she could resist no longer. The wheel in her head was going faster and faster. Nothing seemed to matter except Ronnie. If only she could have the touch of his little hands on her forehead.

Sutore smiled complacently. He stooped and kissed her cheek.

"I am a man of my word," he said; "Ronnie shall come back this very night." He bowed to Olive, who took not the slightest notice of him, and left the room.

Olive threw open the window.

(Continued in The Bee tomorrow.)

Coroner's Jury Urges Ban on Stunt Flyer

Chicago, July 4.—A recommendation that legislation prohibiting all forms of stunt flying be passed was made by the coroner's jury that investigated the death of Louis James, the wing walker and parachute jumper, who was killed while attempting to change planes Sunday.

"We believe that every accident is a great setback to aviation," read the verdict. "We do not want this to go on. It is well established that aviation is a necessity and should be encouraged. But we are all against stunt flying, wing walking and all forms of dangerous flying.

"We, therefore, advise that immediate legislation be had to prevent all forms of stunt flying. There should be local, state and national laws. Every pilot should be inspected. Every ship should be inspected. There should be no stunt flying."

Direct Primary Petition Lacks Many Signatures

Lincoln, July 4.—Petitions calling for the submission to the voters of Nebraska at the November elections of the question of placing the direct primary in the state constitution, and also an amendment abolishing political designations on the ballot had up to today received approximately 11,000 signatures. The total number necessary is 30,000, which is a tenth of the vote cast at the 1920 election. The last day for presenting petitions is Wednesday, July 5. C. A. Sorenson, in charge of the work of securing petitions, said he had not abandoned hope of getting the necessary number. Whether enough will be secured, he said, depends on the result of a statewide canvass fixed for tomorrow. Sorenson said if the necessary number is not secured the task will be renewed two years hence.

Mother of Film Star Leaps to Death From Hotel Window

Albany, N. Y., July 4.—Bound for a month's vacation at Deerhead Inn in the Adirondacks, Mrs. Myriam Ostriche, 42, mother of Muriel Ostriche Brady, known on the screen as Muriel Ostriche, committed suicide by leaping from her room on the eighth floor of the Wellington hotel. Her neck was broken and she died instantly.

Mrs. Ostriche was in the best of spirits when she retired last night in a room adjoining her daughter. When Mrs. Brady went to call her at 5 this morning for an early start for the mountains, she found a window open and the room empty. Below in the courtyard she discerned her mother's lifeless body, clad in night dress.

Station Man Electrocuted; Shuts Off Power to Yuma

Brawley, Cal., July 4.—B. W. Miles, substation tender of the Holton Power company at Andrade, in southeastern Imperial county, was electrocuted last night it was learned today, by stumbling against a high voltage wire. His body acted as a short circuit, carrying 13,000 volts for two hours and shutting off electric light and power from Yuma, Ariz. His death was discovered by a party sent out to find him after attempts to telephone his station had failed.

Chicago Grain

By CHARLES D. MICHAELS.

Omaha Bee Leased Wire.

Chicago, July 4.—All the United States grain and other exchanges were closed July 4, while Winnipeg and Liverpoot markets were open. Liverpool advanced and closed at the top with a gain of 1¼d on wheat, while corn was unchanged. This strength, in the face of the heavy world's shipments last week, was due to a decrease on passage to the United Kingdom, while shipments to the continent increased. Winnipeg July wheat advanced to $1.32⅝, or 2⅞c over Monday's close. It finished at $1.31⅝, a net gain of 1¾c for the day. October advanced to $1.22⅞, or 1c from the previous finish, and closed at $1.22½, a gain of ⅝c. December moved up $1.19½ and closed at $1.19¼, a gain of ⅝c.

Winnipeg traders missed the Chicago market prices and news. Their business was light. A message to Logan & Bryan said the wheat market had a good healthy tone with exporters doing some business in July wheat. That was the main feature. There is some apprehension regarding continued dry weather in the more western provinces, but general rains in the Saskatchewan and northern Alberta over night will relieve this to a certain extent. Rains would be beneficial to crops in all provinces. There is some export demand for No. 1 and No. 2 northern wheat and a fair business was done at unchanged premiums. We consider the market on debatable ground at present and are inclined to favor the buying side on any dips for the present.

"Crop conditions on the whole are favorable," says the Winnipeg Free Press crop report. "Although some damage has resulted from drouth, hot weather, hail and wind, Manitoba crops are generally in first class shape. Saskatchewan is doing well, but the crop is one week late and moisture is needed in some districts. Alberta has suffered from hot weather and wind, but fair average crops are promised. Cuttin of rye will begin about July 15."

London Metals.

London, July 4.—Standard copper, spot, £6, 12s, 6d; futures, £63; electrolytic, spot, £70; futures, £71, 10s tin, spot, £154; futures, £154, 17s, 6d; lead, spot, £24; futures, £25c 7s, 6d; zinc, spot, £28; futures, £27, 17s, 6d.

London Money.

London, July 4.—Bar Silver—36⅝d per ounce.

Money—1½ per cent.

Discount Rates—Short, 2⅛ per cent; three months, 2⅛@2 3-16 per cent.

Owen Moore Arrested.

Los Angeles, July 4.—Owen Moore, motion picture actor, former husband of Mary Pickford, was arrested for speeding Sunday night at Venice, a suburb. He was released on his own recognizance, pending a hearing in the Venice police court July 8.

Senate Increases Tariff on Almonds

Omaha Bee Leased Wire.

Washington, July 4.—Increased duties on almonds were approved by the senate, over the protest of Senator Walsh, Massachusetts, democrat, who said that this is one of a number of items in the McCumber bill which will prove an unnecessary tax on the candy industry, which consumers will pay in higher prices. Senator Johnson, California, republican, advocated the increased duties as essential for the protection of almond growers of his state.

The new rate is 5 cents per pound on unshelled and 15 cents per pound on shelled almonds. The house rates were 4 cents and 12 cents, respectively. The duties in the present Underwood act are 3 cents per pound on unshelled and 4 cents on shelled.

Last Survivor of 'Wagon Box' Fight Is Buried at Lincoln

Lincoln, July 4.—Funeral services were held here today for Frederick Claus, 80, last survivor of the "Wagon Box" Indian fight on August 2, 1867, when 40 soldiers, barricaded behind an army transport, dispersed 2,500 Sioux Indians, near what is now Buffalo, Wyo. Claus died Saturday.

30 Boys Storm Store, Steal Cash and Candy

Thirty boys overran the grocery store owned by E. Luberman, 1821 North Twenty-fourth street, Monday night and stole a large quantity of candy and $38, Luberman told police. Luberman said the raid followed the purchase of an ice cream cone by one member of the gang, who was sent in first. While he was serving the cone the others stormed in, he said, and dived into candy cases and the cash register. He said he does not know the names of any of the boys.

Needles and pins will never rust in a cushion filled with coffee grounds.

Burglar Steals Croix De Guerre

Thief Steals Prized Decoration Won Overseas by E. J. Phelps, Jr.

A regimental croix de guerre won overseas by Edward J. Phelps, jr., was among the loot taken by a burglar in the home of A. J. Phelps, 5012 Izard street, Monday afternoon. The robber gained entrance by cutting a hole in the door and turning the night lock.

A burglar also entered the home of C. M. Corning, 5016 Lafayette avenue, and carried away a large quantity of jewelry valued at $500, consisting of rings, watches, necklaces and hairpins.

Oil Man Gives $43,000 for Shakespeare Folio

Omaha Bee Leased Wire.

New York, July 4.—Henry C. Folger, president of the Standard Oil company of New York, it was learned today, is the purchaser of the famous Daniel copy of the first folio of Shakespeare, 1623, bought at the sale of Baroness Burdett-Coutt's library last May through the Rosenbach company for $43,000.

Although the highest ever brought for a first folio, the price is not the largest ever paid for a book. Folger himself, it was stated, paid $100,000 several years ago for a copy of Shakespear's plays published in 1619 by Thomas Pavier.

Some years ago, Edward Huntington, through the late George Smith, paid $50,000 for a copy of the Guthenberg bible at the sale of the Hoe library.

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Other Clever Attractions

KEEP POSTED
Important developments contained in this week's market review regarding the following securities:
Pan-American, Studebaker, Associated Dry Goods, Mexican Seaboard, Southern Pacific, Coca Cola, N. Y. Central, Maxwell Motors, Phillips Pet., Vanadium, Skelly Oil, Int. Paper
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The offerings listed will meet each individual investment requirement.
A copy of this July List will be sent upon request.
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