

THE ORIGINAL TOURIST

By STANLEY CORDELL

© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

BILL RUSSELL runs a tourist camp halfway across the state of Nebraska on the Lincoln highway.

In conjunction, he operates a restaurant and store for the accommodation of his guests.

Bill's place is clean and comfortable, and whenever I am out that way I put up with him. We are friends of long standing.

Last week when I drove up in front of his office he greeted me with his usual pessimistic grin and discouraged manner.

Business was bad.

Life was pretty drab way out there on the plains.

And tourists—tourists gave him a pain in the neck.

They always had.

"I'd like to meet one," he said, "just one, mind you, who is different from the usual run. My gosh, without exception they have the same story to tell and the same questions to ask." He gave what he thought was an imitation of a tourist asking questions. "Is it always as hot as this here? Do you have much snow in the winter? Don't you ever get lonesome? Well, we drove 420 miles today. Got 19 miles to the gallon. Say, back East the country's nothing like this at all. Ever been back East?—My gosh, they give me the horrors! All alike. And the worst of it is, every danged one of 'em thinks he's the first to make those remarks. Why, I hear 'em day in and day—Excuse me a minute. Here's one of 'em now."

Bill left me abruptly and hustled over to a car bearing Maine number plates that had just drawn up.

His whole attitude, as he greeted the driver, underwent a change.

He smiled pleasantly, he became animated and eager. He gushed.

"Good evening, sir. Way from Maine, eh? Say, you're a long way from home."

The driver yawned.

"Yep. Drove 380 miles today. Easy to make time on these roads. Nothing like Maine. Got 18 miles to the gallon. Got a nice, clean cabin?"

"Yes, sir. Be ready in a jiffy, sir. Double cabin with running water."



"Don't These Filling Station Guys Give You the Horrors, Though?"

Maine's a great state, they tell me. Three-eighty, eh? Say, that's some driving. How long ago'd you leave home?"

"Five days ago. Ever been back East?"

"No. I'd like to, though. Just drive over here, sir, and I'll help you unload. Restaurant's inside, when you're ready."

Five minutes later Bill returned to where I was standing.

His face was sad once more and there was an "I-told-you-so" look in his eyes.

"What'd I tell you. Did you hear his remarks? Just like all the others. Gosh, these birds must think we're awful dumb out here. Those cracks they make give me the horrors. I'd like to meet one, just one, who's different."

Throughout the evening I sat out front and talked with Bill and watched him greet the tourists as they came in.

He was right in his estimate of them.

They all acted as though they were pioneers, blazing a path through the wilderness.

With only slight variation they made the same remarks.

I could see easily why Bill's job got on his nerves somewhat.

I marveled at the manner in which he kept up a cheerful front, gave each newcomer the idea that his cracks were new and interesting.

After a while I began to hope, too, that one of the tourists who drove up would advance a remark that was different from those preceding him. But this didn't happen.

I left Bill still stewing over his sad plight. Still wishing for an original tourist.

The following morning I rose early and after breakfast drove my car over to the gas tanks to get filled up before leaving.

While Bill was winding in the fuel

a machine bearing New York tags approached.

The driver got out and watched while Bill filled his tank.

"Nice morning, sir," Bill said affably. "Getting an early start?"

"Yes. We want to get beyond Cheyenne tonight."

"Say, that's some drive!" Bill laughed. "Couldn't do that back where you come from."

"No, I don't expect we could. Rather hilly there."

"Thought so. You're a long ways from home. When did you leave?"

"Five days ago."

"Some traveling."

Bill took the money the driver tendered him, but instead of going inside to make change he seized a cloth and went to wring it out preparatory to scrubbing the car's windshield. The driver, noticing my number plates, came over to pass the time of day.

"Nice day. Traveling far?"

"Beautiful. I expect I'll go through to the coast," I said.

"That so?"

The driver smiled.

"Say, did you hear the remarks that attendant made?"

"Yes," I said, and grinned.

It occurred to me then that the driver, who was standing back to Bill, thought Bill was inside making change and not within earshot.

He grinned back at me.

"Don't these filling station guys give you the horrors, though. Every last one of 'em's the same." He gave what apparently he thought was an imitation of Bill. "Nice morning. Getting an early start? . . . Some drive . . . Long ways from home. When did you leave?" He shook his head. "Lord! And the worst of it is they all think they're original. Say, I've traveled the length and breadth of this country, met all kinds, and, mister, they're all the same. Boy, would I like to meet one that's different! Just one. What a relief it would be!"

Behind the driver, Bill coughed. The driver turned, but Bill was en route to the store to make change.

Five minutes later the New York car had driven on. Bill and I looked at each other. I waited.

"Well," said Bill, "by gosh!"

"By gosh is right," I agreed. I grinned. "It seems," I said, "to work both ways."

"Now don't it, though," said Bill. His grin broadened.

He looked up the road in the direction taken by the New York car.

"At last, an original tourist! What a relief. By gosh. From now on—" He looked at me suddenly. "If I ever ask you how far you've come today or how far you're going, or remark that you're a long ways from home or that it's a nice day—hit me over the head with a hammer."

"I will," I said.

Watch Child's Posture to Avoid Later Illness

When the child is old enough to sit, stand, or walk alone, we must continue to be on our guard against the formation of faulty habits in the use of his body. Poor posture and weak muscles will follow if he does not bear his weight evenly on his feet; if he does not hold his feet in a parallel position, rather than toeing out; if his ankles sag inward; or if he walks on the inside of his foot. A child will not have a straight spine if he sits crookedly, or sits habitually on one foot; if his clothing pulls heavily or unevenly on the shoulders; or if he is made to use adult furniture which does not fit his body.

A child may have one shoulder higher than the other, one shoulder blade on a different level from the other, a hollow back, and a flat chest, and yet his mother may not be conscious that he is anything but the perfect specimen she would like him to be! Those of us who do health examinations can see this demonstrated daily. Mothers do not see it because they have not been taught to look for it. They see their children through a rosy glow of mother love which can be almost blind. Train yourself to look at your child when he is undressed for his bath—really look at him; cultivate a seeing eye. Note whether he uses both sides of his body equally well, and see whether he is symmetrically formed or not.—Dr. Josephine H. Kenyon in Good Housekeeping.

Hear, Hear!

Each winter brings a prevalence of colds in the head and chest. Women are less susceptible to colds than men, writes Feminist in the New York Times.

The most vulnerable spot in man is across his shoulders and it is safer to face a draft of cold air than to expose one's back to it. The front of a man's vest is of cloth, while the back is of cotton textile. Tailors are a most conservative guild and there is no prospect of ever seeing a cloth-backed vest unless a miracle occurs in Tooley street. It seems a pity that man can choose from 40 brands of whisky but only one brand of waistcoat when his health is to be safeguarded.

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

We hear so many people speak of high blood pressure as if it were a



disease that perhaps it would be well to state that high blood pressure is not a disease. People do not die of high blood pressure. But high blood pressure is a symptom that something is wrong with the health of the body. The blood circulates within a closed system of vessels in the body. The heart is the central pumping mechanism. The large outboard vessels from the heart are called arteries. These gradually become smaller in diameter the farther they get away from the heart, until they finally end in small thread-like capillaries. There are many hundreds of these capillaries branching off like the limbs of a tree from the small arteries in the skin, muscles and organs.

The capillaries are the distributing agents. As the blood in the large arteries leading from the pumping station, the heart, is under considerable pressure in order to insure a proper distribution of blood, the walls of the arteries must be able to bear the load. So the larger the artery, the heavier is the load.

After the blood passes through the capillaries it returns to the heart through the veins. These veins begin as very small vessels close to the capillaries and increase gradually in size as they approach the heart. But the walls of the veins are never as thick as those of the arteries, for the blood is not under very much pressure in the venous system.

The volume or amount of blood in the body remains relatively constant. The absorption of water and other fluids and the excretion by the kidneys and the sweat glands maintain a constant blood volume or balance. In case of high blood pressure, the capacity of the vascular system is usually decreased. Hence the pressure increases because the volume of blood remains constant. The capacity of the vascular system decreases in most instances because the arteries become hardened and hence cannot dilate and increase in size with each heart beat, as they should. This inability to dilate and increase in size normally is called arterio-sclerosis or aging of the arteries.

Certain forms of heart disease also play a part in high blood pressure. High blood pressure in older adults is due many times to injuries of the heart and the kidney during childhood or adolescence, caused by some infectious disease. The primary damage is done at that time and the gradual development of scar tissue finally uses up all the reserve power of either the heart or the kidney and an elevation in blood pressure is manifested in later life.

The important factors to determine in high blood pressure then are (1) the state of the arteries, (2) the size and efficiency of the heart, (3) the state of the kidneys. The fact that one has high blood pressure is usually brought out as the result of a physical examination made by a physician, and the control of it, after it has developed, necessitates frequent medical examination and intelligent co-operation with the physician. Other factors than the state of the blood vessels, the heart and the kidneys may be involved too.

The best time to begin treatment for high blood pressure is the time when it starts to rise.

The individual with high blood pressure, after determining the cause and following the physician's direction, should guard against strenuous physical exercise as much as possible.

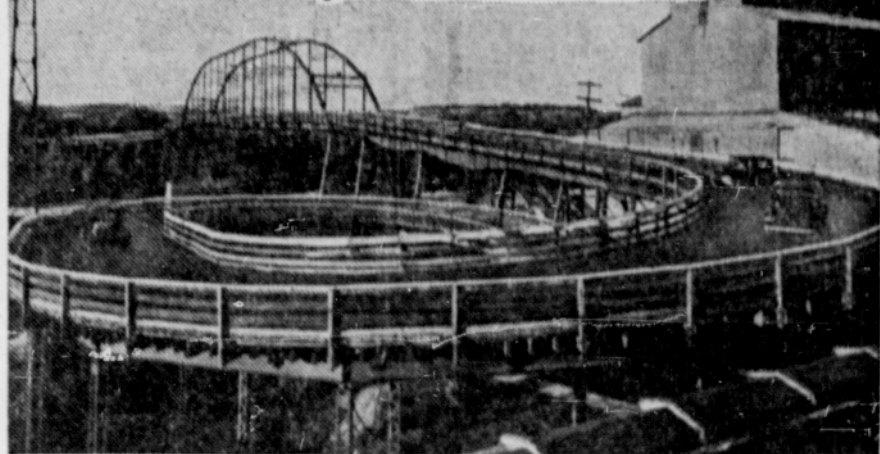
Strong contractions of the muscles of the arms and legs always increases blood pressure by decreasing the volume of blood in the muscles while they are contracted, and hence there is rapidly increasing blood pressure for a short time. This may be disastrous to an individual with high blood pressure. Worry and overwork, sleeplessness and physical exhaustion, will also increase the blood pressure above the normal, and should be guarded against.

Low blood pressure is usually as important a danger signal for the older individual as high blood pressure. Low blood pressure in many instances is due to a decrease in the efficiency of the heart muscle. There is decreased pumping force of the heart and hence a lessened pressure within the arterial system.

The individual with high blood pressure or low blood pressure should not delay in consulting a physician.

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The Gopher State



A Minnesota Idea of a Bridge Approach.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

MINNESOTA is unique among the states in its drainage system. It sends waters to three widely separated seas: through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Red river and its tributaries to Hudson bay; and through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. And no other state has as many lakes within its borders. There are more than 10,000 of them.

The map of the state reveals that Minnesota is cut into two vast triangles by a diagonal line running from the northeast corner (where the Red river flows out northward) down to the southeast corner (where the Mississippi flows out southward). Imagine the upper triangle painted green, and the lower one painted yellow, and presto! you have the state roughly divided into its natural forest and prairie parts.

The green triangle, before the lumbermen came, was in general a huge pine forest, and begins to be so again. The yellow triangle, before the farmer came, was a grassland "like the billows of a great sea, majestic and limitless"; now it is fields, with windbreaks of planted trees to shelter the red barns and white farmhouses.

The diagonal line that divides these triangles has its significance, too. It marks the chief trade route through the state and also a wandering barrier of deciduous woods, now carved up to make way for farms and cities, which everywhere separates the pine-lands from the prairies.

Broader toward the South where it attaches to the deciduous woods of Wisconsin, it dwindles to a thin scattering of stunted trees toward the north—the final outpost of the hardwood forest of eastern America.

As the ends of this diagonal mark the low exits of the state's two principal rivers, the outer corners of the two triangles mark the state's highest ground. At the outer corner of the yellow triangle the plateau known as Coteau des Prairies just crosses, dividing the Missouri from the Mississippi basins with its immense gradual swell. In the outer corner of the green triangle, the "Arrowhead Country" above Lake Superior, are the Sawteeth mountains and the Miskah hills, rocky, choked in forest.

Climate Is "Continental."

The climate of this pair of triangles is a grief to those who resent surprises. It is "continental" in the most emphatic sense. Temperatures range in a mild year through 120 degrees; in a year with a real wallop to it, as high as 165. In consequence, the native of outdoor habits must maintain a wardrobe that includes everything from the shortest of swimming shorts to the longest of long woollens.

Lake Superior, it is true, tends to temper the winds of the region around it, but not to the shorn lamb; no, no. Thanks to the proximity of that deep reservoir of pure leewater, a grouchy visitor has been heard to complain that the coldest winter he ever spent was one summer in Duluth!

Nor are the blessings of ample rainfall to be taken for granted. Of late years the yellow triangle, commonly less rainy and much less snowy than the green, has involuntarily tried the experiment of getting along with next to no moisture at all. In fact, Minnesota has weather to please all tastes, in strong doses which, as a rule, stimulate rather than kill.

The Nineteenth century marked an immense change in Minnesota. The white man arrived in numbers to establish himself in a country where it was easier to make a living than in the one he had come from. This was not a very noble purpose in one way, and it led to many injustices to the existing inhabitants, both men and animals.

Yet the annals of the pioneer invasion reveal, too, a deep longing in those people for the good life, for they were certainly ready to undergo discomforts that were sordid and hardships that were killing in their high hopes for the future in a new land.

Its Animal Population.

There was much to be done, for the white man always insists on altering nature to suit his own views. But energy was the characteristic of the age. With rifle, ax, and plow, and later with money, miracles were wrought.

For one thing, the status of the native animals was drastically changed. In the yellow triangle, marvelously fertile for wheat, the buffalo, antelope, and coyote were agricultural impossibilities. The first two were exterminated; the remnants of the coyote tribe retreated to the green triangle, altered their habits to suit a woods environment, and became "brush wolves."

The deer, whose natural home was the diagonal woods barrier, also retreated into the green triangle. The lumberjack, by hewing down the greater part of the pine there, did the deer a favor, for the birch and aspen that supplanted it made a home to their liking; in fact, in it they thrive and multiply.

Though one would not slight the luscious meadows, vast potato fields, and other agriculture of the green triangle, it has in general been rebellious in the farmer's hands and so remains essentially a forest and game refuge to this day.

True, the trapper and sportsman have drastically diminished the numbers of its natural citizens, such as the timber wolf, otter, fisher, and lynx.

But the beaver still builds his dams there; the black bear may be spied, fishing with his paws when the fish run in the streams; the porcupine in large numbers yet gnaws the jack pine bark, and travels a path which, winding through the snowy groves, looks as neat and regular as if some one had rolled a heavy truck tire there. And the snowshoe rabbit, whose favorite diet is the pine seedlings set out by government foresters, travels the winter drifts on his padded legs.

The American elk, or wapiti, is extinct in Minnesota. The caribou is almost so; a herd is sometimes seen in the remote fastnesses of the great swamp of Beltrami county, north of Red Lake. But the moose, in the Arrowhead country, survives in fair numbers.

Canoe travelers often see the noble monster at lunch in some lake, his body submerged for protection against the flies, his lips curling around the water lily shoots that make a dainty hot-weather salad for this giant among American mammals. But he is wisely a shy animal.

Lots of Good Fishing.

Fish and fowl likewise have had to adjust themselves to their new neighbor, the white man.

A game-fish paradise has a way of retreating when the sportsman finds it. This greedy one must go to the border lakes to catch a boatload of pike in an afternoon. But this does not mean that there is not famous fishing elsewhere.

The muskellunge of such lakes as Mantrap, or the fighting small-mouth bass of White Earth, and the many other fish of a thousand waters, make tall fish stories annually, which, in spite of the low repute of fish stories, are essentially true. Certainly they reflect justly the fun that ancient sport provides.

And the Minnesota citizen almost anywhere may go out after supper and hook a black bass or a mess of crappies, or, in not more than a day's drive, reach lakes in whose 200-foot depths the noble lake trout can be caught on lines of spun Monel wire.

Of the original game-bird inhabitants of the state only the grouse can now be called abundant, and its abundance wanes and waxes in cycles. This ruffed grouse is the characteristic bird of the green triangle. Tame, richly speckled and ruffed, it provides a voice for the wilderness in the accelerating thud of its wings drumming on some hollow log, a mysterious music that the forest muffles as if to hold secret.

Thanks to ill-considered drainage and the advance of the farmer, the wild duck's breeding grounds in Minnesota are largely lost to it; the black V's of its spring flight go for the most part beyond the border into Canada. Nor has the prairie chicken been very clever in adapting itself to life on the farm and as a target.

But the introduction of a partly parasitic bird, the ring-necked pheasant, which does not scruple to help itself to the farmer's corn to pay for serving as his autumn target, has proved a huge success.