



THE MAIN STREET OF FOND-VERRETTES, WHEN FIRST VISITED BY AMERICAN DOCTORS

comes into view. On an abrupt hillside, perched above us, gleams a white church with a shrine containing three large crosses. Behind the village the hills dip, suggesting a pass to some land of mystery. Above the pine-covered heights the sky is an azure blue.

We dismount. The jaded horses, their pack-saddles removed, are led to pasture. But the doctors show never a sign of fatigue.

"Much sickness here?" queries one, addressing the native police inspector in Creole.

"Only—some," answers the inspector.

Even less pessimistic is a woman in the bazaars when addressed the same question: "Non." She smiles and shakes her head, arranging her small exhibit of fish and vegetables. Another woman is shelling a bowl of peanuts.

"What about this?" Dr. Kennedy points to the neck of a man about to make a purchase. He bends his head; there is a mass of raw sores. The woman smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

"Fever here?" questions the doctor.

"Non." Smiles and shrug from saleslady.

A girl passes by. She is clothed in ragged blue calico. The doctor touches a scrawny arm.

"Are you ill?" he asks in a kindly manner.

The young woman hesitates a moment, embarrassed.

"Not very well," she answers.

The doctor notes the swollen glands of the arm.

"Syphilis," he says to his companion; and to the girl, "You are sick, but we have come to cure you."

The girl laughs in a doubtful manner and runs away. Within five minutes she returns with a friend. The woman has a swollen foot bound up with a rag.

The doctor wrinkles his brow sympathetically.

"Sick?"

The woman nods timidly.

"Foot very cold," she explains on encouragement. "Can not keep warm."

A man, more bold, stands in the physician's path. He touches his chest. "Much pain here," he murmurs with a dull look in his eyes.

Bringing the Gospel of Health

Up and down the main street of that dirty village the news has spread: the doctors have come! The people leave their huts. They swarm over piles of fly-infested rubbish that lie in the street, they bring out human remnants that had been hidden away—children with bodies eaten by sores, old people propped in chairs.

Magnificent surroundings of pine-clad mountains, clear blue sky above. With all God's gifts of nature, was ever place so God-forsaken? After an afternoon's inspection it becomes evident that at least half the populace have syphilis, while the ravages of smallpox, malaria and intestinal worms are everywhere.

Why select this forlorn place, remote