

YOUR Good Health

DR. JAMES W. BARTON

PNEUMONIA DEATHS

Just as we are congratulating ourselves that physicians are not worried much about their pneumonia cases since the sulfa drugs have been shown to be so effective in curing pneumonia, thus saving many lives, we learn from physicians, hospitals and insurance companies that pneumonia is again increasing.

In the Statistical Bulletin, Metropolitan Life Insurance company, we read:

"The rise in the death rate in pneumonia was noted with surprise by many people who for the past 15 years have heard so much about the striking decline in the death rate following the use of sulfa drugs in the treatment of the disease."

The death rate was lowered from about 10 per cent to 3 per cent because the sulfa drugs were able to defend the body against what is called the coccal form of pneumonia (small round organisms seen under the microscope).

However, the type of pneumonia which is now causing so many cases is not the coccus (pneumococcus) but a virus type; that is a very tiny organism which cannot be seen under the microscope. Despite their ability to defeat the pneumococcus type of pneumonia, the sulfa drugs have no effect upon this type of pneumonia.

A point of interest is that a recent study of fatal cases of this type of pneumonia among policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company shows that a large proportion of the deaths were among younger persons. Of the 150 deaths recorded in the company's experience since last November, 36 per cent were between the ages of 15 and 44 years, as compared with only 1 per cent (of the total number) of pneumonia deaths in a normal year.

It has been known for some time that war conditions increase the number and severity of nose, throat and lung ailments; the influenza epidemic of 1918-19 is still in our minds, means that during the coming months of cold weather, the greatest health precautions should be taken.

Headache in Morning is Sinusitis Symptom

When a definite case of sinus disease is present with pus formation, there is no difficulty in recognizing it.

What about mild or early cases of inflammation of the sinus? In the Canadian Medical Association Journal, Dr. Keith Hutchison, Montreal, states:

"The symptoms of acute inflammation of the sinus—sinusitis—are definite and I always accept the morning headache as evidence of a true sinusitis, even though nothing definite appears on the first examination."

This midmorning headache is important because there are so many kinds of headache that the physician is grateful for any and every clue.

"When an intelligent patient reports that he felt well on arising and then about 10 o'clock in the morning a severe frontal headache came on which persisted till mid-afternoon then disappeared and the patient went to bed free of pain and discomfort only to go through the same symptoms the next day, a clear-cut diagnosis of acute catarrhal sinusitis may be made and treated accordingly."

The treatment outlined by Dr. Hutchison is to put the patient to bed, hot cloths on the face, ephedrine solution in the nose, plenty of fluids and a rigid rule of no smoking. Two to four days' rest generally effects a cure.

Because the symptoms are not severe, "just a little head cold," many patients refuse to go to bed, with the result that the cold "hangs on" and instead of there being simply a watery discharge from the nose, the discharge may become mucous and even pus formation occur.

The patient with an early or light sinusitis should go to bed and follow the treatment described if he wishes to prevent chronic catarrh or sinusitis.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—What causes neuritis? A.—There must be some cause for your neuritis—infected teeth, or other infection, possibly pressure on a nerve supplying the arm. See your dentist.

Q.—Would a half grain of saccharin in coffee or tea be harmful for an adult or a boy of 17? A.—Saccharin tablets (1/2 grain) 3 times a day will do no harm; but all right for boy of 17 to use. It gives more energy, of course.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY OHARA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin can ride any horse on his family's Wyoming ranch, but he wants a colt of his own. His father, a retired army officer, refuses to give him one when he learns that Ken has not been promoted. But his mother convinces Captain McLaughlin that the colt may be just what Ken needs. He has a hard time choosing his colt until he sees the yearling filly of a "loco" mare named Rocket. Loco is the horse breeder's name for a no-good, untamable horse. Now Ken has come to the breakfast table beaming with joy and simply dying to tell someone of his discovery of Rocket and her colt.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VII

If you can raise good calves and colts on it, I guess you can raise boys, Nell reasoned. And McLaughlin, with a long line of oat-eating Scotch ancestors behind his brown and toughness, agreed.

With the oatmeal there was always a big pitcher of yellow Guernsey cream and a bowl of brown sugar. Nell, smiling, pushed them toward Ken, noticing the unusual color in his face. The boy flashed a glance at his mother; his eyes were dark with excitement. His whole face was lit up—transfigured really—and she felt a slight sense of shock. What had happened? He had been different all week, more sure of himself, more alert and happy, but this—

Rob McLaughlin was looking at Ken too, not missing a thing. Something had happened that morning on the range—

"What horse did you ride?" asked he.

"Lady."

"And where is she now? On her way to the border?" jocularly.

"I put her in the Home Pasture. She's out there at the fountain now."

"Was she hot?"

"No, sir, I cooled her off coming home." There was a little smile of pride on Ken's face, and Nell thought, all the right answers, so far.

The examination went on. "Did you give her a good workout?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then don't ride her again today. Take Baldy if you want a horse."

"Yes, sir."

"Break anything? Lose anything?"

"No, sir."

Rob laughed. He leaned over and patted Ken on the head. "Good work, young man—coming along!"

Ken burst out laughing. He was so excited it was hard to sit still and answer properly. He wasn't going to tell about his colt yet—no till tomorrow when the week was up. But it was hard to hold it in, hard not to jump up and run around the kitchen, shouting and crowing. Anyway—he could tell about Rocket—

"I didn't lose anything, I found something!" He boasted, shoveling in big spoonfuls of oatmeal. "I found Rocket. She's back."

When Ken went to bed that night, he kissed his mother, and then threw his arms around her and held her hard for a moment.

Smiling, she put her hand on his head. "Well, Kenzie—" her violet eyes were soft and understanding.

He went upstairs, smiling back at her over his shoulder, having a secret with her. He knew that she knew.

He lit the candle in his room and stood staring at the flickering light. This was like a last day. The last day before school is out, or before Christmas, or before his mother came back after a visit in the East. Tomorrow was the day when, really, his life would begin. He would get his colt.

He couldn't quite remember the color of her. Orange—pink—tangerine color—tail and mane white, like the hair of an Albino boy at school. Albino—of course, her grandisire was the Albino—the famous Albino stud. He felt a little uneasiness at this; the Albino blood wasn't safe blood for a filly to have. But perhaps she hadn't much of it. Perhaps the cream tail and mane came from Banner, her sire. Banner had a cream tail and mane too when he was a colt; lots of sorrel colts had. He hoped she would be docile and good—not like Rocket. Which would she take after? Rocket? Or Banner? He hadn't had time to get a good look into her eyes.

Ken began to undress. Walking around his room, his eyes caught sight of the pictures on the wall—they didn't interest him.

The speed of her! She had run away from Banner. He kept thinking about that. It hardly seemed possible. His father always said Rocket was the fastest horse on the ranch, and now Rocket's filly had run away from Banner.

Riding down the mountain that day Ken had traced back all his recollections of her. The summer before, when he and Howard had seen the spring colts, he hadn't especially noticed her. He remembered that he had seen her even before that, soon after she was born. He had been out with Gus, one day, in the meadow, during the spring holiday. They were clearing some driftwood out of the irrigation ditch, and they had seen Rocket standing in a gully on the

hillside, quiet for once, and eyeing them cautiously.

"Ay bet she got a colt," said Gus; and they walked carefully up the draw. Rocket gave a wild snort, thrust her feet out, shook her head wickedly, then fled away. And as they reached the spot, they saw standing there the wavering, pinkish colt, barely able to keep its feet. It gave a little squeak and started after its mother on crooked, wobbling legs.

"Yee whiz! Luk at de little flicka!" said Gus.

"What does flicka mean, Gus?"

"Swedish for little gurl, Ken—"

He had seen the filly again late in the fall. She was half pink, half yellow—with streaked untidy looking hair. She was awkward and ungainly, with legs too long, haunches a little too high.

And then he had gone away to school and hadn't seen her again until now—she ran away from Banner—Her eyes—they had looked like balls of fire this morning. What color were they? Banner's were brown with flecks of gold, or gold with flecks of brown—Her speed and her delicate curving lines made him think of a greyhound he had seen running once, but really she was more like just a little girl than anything—the way her face looked, and the way her blonde hair blew—a little girl—

Ken blew out the light and got into bed, and before the smile had faded from his face, he was asleep—

"I'll take that sorrel filly of Rocket's; the one with the cream tail and mane."

Ken made his announcement at the breakfast table.

After he spoke there was a moment's astonished silence. Nell

groped for recollection, and said, "A sorrel filly? I can't seem to remember that one at all—what's her name?"

But Rob remembered. The smile faded from his face as he looked at Ken. "Rocket's filly, Ken?"

"Yes, sir." Ken's face changed too. There was no mistaking his father's displeasure.

"I was hoping you'd make a wise choice. You know what I think of Rocket—that whole line of horses—"

Ken looked down; the color ebbed from his cheeks. "She's fast, Dad, and Rocket's fast—"

"It's the worst line of horses I've got. There's never one amongst them with real sense. The mares are hellions and the stallions outlaws; they're untamable."

"I'll tame her."

Rob guffawed. "Not I, nor anyone, has ever been able to really tame any one of them."

Ken's chest heaved.

"Better change your mind, Ken. You want a horse that'll be a real friend to you, don't you?"

"Yes—" Ken's voice was unsteady.

"Well, you'll never make a friend of that filly. Last fall after all the colts had been weaned and separated from their dams, she and Rocket got back together—no fence'll hold 'em—she's all out and scarred up already from tearing through barbed wire after that wild mother of hers."

Ken looked stubbornly at his plate.

"Change your mind?" asked Howard briskly.

"No."

"I don't remember seeing her this year," said Nell.

"No," said Rob. "When I drove you up a couple of months ago to look them over and name them and write down their descriptions, there was a bunch missing, don't you remember?"

"Oh, yes—then she's never been named—"

"I've named her," said Ken. "Her name is Flicka."

"Flicka," said Nell cheerfully. "That's a pretty name."

But McLaughlin made no comment, and there was a painful silence.

Ken felt he ought to look at his father, but he was afraid to. Everything was changed again, they weren't friends any more. He forced himself to look up, met his father's angry eyes for a moment, then quickly looked down again.

"Well," McLaughlin barked. "It's your funeral—or hers. Remember one thing. I'm not going to be out of pocket on account of this—every time you turn around you cost me money—"

Ken looked up, wonderingly, and shook his head.

"Time's money, remember," said his father. "I had planned to give you a reasonable amount of help in breaking and taming your colt. Just enough. But there's no such thing as enough with those horses."

Gus appeared at the door and said, "What's today, Boss?"

McLaughlin shouted, "We're going out on the range to bring in the yearlings. Saddle Taggart, Lady and Shorty."

Gus disappeared, and McLaughlin pushed his chair back. "First thing to do is get her in. Do you know where the yearlings are?"

"They were on the far side of the Saddle Back late yesterday afternoon—the west end, down by Dale's ranch."

"Well, you're the Boss on this round-up—you can ride Shorty."

McLaughlin and Gus and Ken went out to bring the yearlings in. Howard stood at the County gate to open and close it.

They found the yearlings easily. When they saw that they were being pursued, they took to their heels. Ken was entranced to watch Flicka—the speed of her, the power, the wildness—she led the band.

He sat motionless, just watching and holding Shorty in when his father thundered past on Taggart and shouted, "Well, what's the matter? Why didn't you turn 'em?"

Ken woke up and galloped after them.

Shorty brought in the whole band. The corral gates were closed, and an hour was spent shunting the ponies in and out and through the chutes until Flicka was left alone in the small round branding corral. Gus mounted Shorty and drove the others away, through the gate, and up the Saddle Back.

But Flicka did not intend to be left. She hurled herself against the poles which walled the corral. She tried to jump them. They were seven feet high. She caught her front feet over the top rung, clung, scrambled, while Kenie held his breath for fear the slender legs would be caught between the bars and snapped. Her hold broke, she fell over backwards, rolled, screamed, tore around the corral.

One of the bars broke. She hurled herself again. Another went. She saw the opening, and as neatly as a dog crawls through a fence, inserted her head and forefeet, scrambled through and fled away, bleeding in a dozen places.

As Gus was coming back, just about to close the gate to the County Road, the sorrel whipped through it, sailed across the road and ditch with her inimitable floating leap, and went up the side of the Saddle Back like a jack rabbit.

From way up the mountain, Gus heard excited whinnies, as she joined the band he had just driven up, and the last he saw of them they were strung out along the crest running like deer.

"Yee whiz!" said Gus, and stood motionless and staring until the ponies had disappeared over the ridge.

Then he closed the gate, remounted Shorty, and rode back to the corrals.

Walking down from the corrals, Rob McLaughlin gave Kenie one more chance to change his mind. "Better pick a horse that you have some hope of riding one day. I'd have got rid of this whole line of stock if they weren't so damned fast that I've had the fool idea that someday there might turn out one gentle one in the lot, and I'd have a race horse. But there's never been one so far, and it's not going to be Flicka."

"It's not going to be Flicka," chanted Howard.

"Maybe she might be gentled," said Ken; and although his lips trembled, there was fanatical determination in his eye.

"Ken," said McLaughlin, "it's up to you. If you say you want her, we'll get her. But she wouldn't be the first of that line to die rather than give in. They're beautiful and they're fast, but let me tell you this, young man, they're loco!"

Ken flinched under his father's direct glance.

"If I go after her again, I'll not give up whatever comes, understand what I mean by that?"

"Yes."

"What do you say?"

"I want her."

"That's settled then," and suddenly Rob seemed calm and indifferent.

"We'll bring her in again tomorrow or next day—I've got other work for this afternoon."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THOSE SIXTEEN POINT BLUES

Butter! Ah, what memories! It is now Churned Gold, Yellow Wealth, the Golden Memory of Yesterday and the Bright Hope of Tomorrow, but we remember when it was just Butter.

Once he spoke of it as a routine foodstuff; now we speak of it as the pirates of old once spoke of buried pieces of eight.

Once we merely went to the grocery store and said, "Two pounds of your best butter"—just like that—and got it! No back talk, no arguments, no raised eyebrows. Once we wrote "Butter" on the grocery list and thought no more about it. We didn't associate it with prestige, influence, pressure, points or politicians.

There was a time when we even ordered butter over the telephone and met with no derisive laughter. Now if we order it over the telephone our wires will be tapped by FBI, OPA and the neighbors.

Yesterday it was one thing to be found in the icebox at all times, pristine, cold and gleaming like a brick of gold. Today we keep it in the bank.

We can remember when people put the butter dish right out in plain view on the table WITH VISITORS PRESENT!

Once upon a time the waiter made it a point to slip three more butter patties on your restaurant table the moment the original patties began to disappear; now if a waiter could get three patties of butter he would eat them himself.

Do you recall the time when the fellow who cooked up an oyster stew used to slip four or five slabs of butter into it without batting an eye?

Once butter came direct from the cow. Now it has to make all the intermediate stops at OPA stations, federal commissions, global war councils and miscellaneous gatherings of Washington lawyers.

You don't get butter from a cow any more; you get it from an administrator.

Butter, lovely butter, what a problem you've turned out to be!

Once mom slapped big slabs of it on the porterhouse—(Porterhouse: a choice cut of steak; see beef.—Webster Unabridged). She even put it on fish. And, boy, do you remember how she would stick a quarter of a pound of it into a baked potato! Today it's a prison offense.

She even read recipes which said, "Add four heaping tablespoons of creamy butter" and FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS! (Without a thought about penalties, too).

She fried the eggs in butter, put real butter on buttered toast and applied it to Junior's finger for a bad burn. (Never suspecting the day would come when it might bring the police wagon.)

And now SIXTEEN POINTS!

That can't be anything connected with butter. It's a FOOTBALL SCORE, AIN'T IT?

Oh Yeah!

"If I had an opponent of real military size I could calculate approximately where he would attack. But if one has before him military idiots one cannot even guess."—Adolf Hitler one year ago.)

Those military idiots— Ach, it's so hard to fight An enemy who isn't smart And never looks quite bright!

In full retreat and out of breath, My "blitz" transformed to "blot." I have this one consoling thought— They are such Idiots!

Vanishing Americanisms "Here's a dime; get yourself something to eat."

"Shut it off, quick! The tank's full."

"I'll take the 75-cent dinner."

"Go out and buy me two or three five-cent good magazines."

"Let's look over the meat specialties first."

"Our forefathers did without sugar until the 13th century, without coal until the 14th, without butter until the 15th and without tea, coffee or soap until the 17th. What was it you were complaining about?"—From the OPA Newsletter.

We were, since you ask, complaining about the waste of paper and ink.

Hollywood is making a picture based on Samson's life, "Victory Through Hair Power." It is said.

PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



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ASK ME ANOTHER? A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What year is generally considered to have marked the "passing of the frontier" of the United States?

2. Is one's blood pressure higher when awake than when asleep?

3. Which is the oldest national flag in the world?

4. What is the most severe blow that can be struck by an animal?

5. Approximately what part of the total area of the United States does Texas embrace?

6. How many square miles are in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?

The Answers

1. The year 1890.

2. Yes, about 20 points higher.

3. The flag of Denmark.

4. The blow of a whale's tail, which can damage a large boat.

5. Texas embraces more than 8 per cent of the total area of the United States.

6. Atlantic, 41,321,000; Pacific, 68,634,000 square miles.

STOP THIS TANK



31 tablepoonsful of used kitchen fat contain enough glycerine for a pound and a half of gun powder. Turn in for war use every drop of fat you can't eat.