

**PNEUMONIA PREVENTABLE**

(Continued from page 1)

This is the pneumonia season. The pneumonia toll for 1927 was 606. Pneumonia is one of the most prevalent and fatal of all acute diseases. As a cause of death it exceeds tuberculosis. Pneumonia is a communicable disease and is to a certain extent preventable. In this state pneumonia is a reportable disease and all cases should be placed in restrictive quarantine. Special quarters should be provided and the patient should be isolated from the other members of the family. If these restrictions are not followed the health officer may place an absolute quarantine on the premises. These conditions provide that if the family allow visitors in the sick room or if the family be so careless as to permit contagion to be spread, the case shall be promptly quarantined. However, if your case of pneumonia is isolated, and is kept isolated, you will not be quarantined.

This rule was not written as a joke or without forethought, for pneumonia is a contagious disease. It is not so much so as smallpox or diphtheria, but still contagious to a degree. It is just another one of those "germ diseases" caused by the "pneumococcus" in true pneumonia and by any one of a number of organisms in other types of the disease.

In common with other throat, bronchial and lung infections, pneumonia is characterized by coughing, defined as "sudden forced expiratory noise," expels by reason of its force not only solid or liquid matter that may be in the throat or lungs, but a fine spray as well. That fine spray, if from a diseased throat, is poisonous and to breathe it into your healthy throat is about as safe a procedure as jay-walking blindfolded across Broadway. You may get across without being pushed over of course. The law of averages takes care of that, and the law of averages, qualified by the state of your health and resistance force, has a great deal to do with you if you breathe this deadly spray. Keep away from it just as you would keep away from other communicable diseases.

Sleep right, eat right, and live right, and get some joy out of life. You may miss a good time now and then, but you can't have everything. Build a good resistance to disease. Take care of yourself. Keep away from "sneezers" and "coughers" and you and pneumonia will very likely remain strangers.

**EYA, THE DEVOURER**

One day an old woman while gathering wood found a little baby in the forest. She took the baby home and gave it to the chief's pretty daughter. The tenderhearted girl took the baby and cared for him like he was her own. She fed him often, but he was never satisfied.

When he cried his mouth would stretch from ear to ear, and down his throat there seemed to come sounds of people struggling in confusion. The chief's daughter told no one, but cared for the child as before. When the baby cried at night and awakened the chief's daughter and her ear would be near the mouth of the baby she would hear some far off noises as of voices of many people in great trouble.

At last she awakened the chief one night and told him about it. He went, listened, and exclaimed, "This is Eya, who devours all things, even whole villages. These people you hear crying are the people he has swallowed. He has now taken the form of a baby and has come to destroy us."

The chief awakened the people and broke the camp without disturbing the baby who was sleeping in the Chief's wigwam. They traveled all night and just as dawn was breaking they came near a wide river. Here they met Unktomee (Spider, or sly one).

Unktomee found out why they had fled and was willing to help them. The people were afraid of Unktomee, for they thought he might play some trick on the Indians. Unktomee persisted and went to meet the Devourer.

Eya was following the fleeing ones. His mouth was wide open and his feeble legs tottered under their weight.

Very pleasantly "Unktomee," or Sly Spider, said, on meeting Eya, "Those foolish ones whom you are after are camped on the banks of the river quite close to you now. They cannot escape. Why not rest and eat those nicely dried human ears for your meal?" As he said these last words he pointed to a pile of mussel shells that lay on the hilltop. Eya was so hungry he hastily swallowed the shells. They caused him so much pain that he was helpless. He was easily killed by the people of the village.

The village people cut open his body and out jumped the people, including many friends of the villagers. A big dance followed, then a big feast.

This was one good deed done by Unktomee, who was always getting people into trouble. He had killed Eya, who was going about swallowing people. Eya had been left for dead, but the people he held had never been freed; so upon their freedom he would be dead. When they were freed Eya was dead, and dead forever.—JOHN CADOTTE.

Alex Melovidoff, who left Chemawa more than ten years ago to start his career in the wide, wide world as a violinist, has more than "made good." He has had many experiences, with their accompanying ups and downs, but, like a cat, Alex has usually landed on his feet. As a professional violinist Chemawa can well be proud of him. Just at present he is leader at the Imperial theater in San Francisco, a position of great responsibility and not without musical honor.