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Editorial Correspondence

PARADENA, Cal., Jan. 17.—The doctor joined Santa Barbara, and in a heavy rainstorm we started for Pasadena under his expert direction. The matchbox he used that year as a measuring stick was discarded and a brand new automobile map secured at a real estate office with all sorts of intricate diagrams showing short cuts, paved, macadam and dirt highways. This map was consulted at Ventura, and the director decided we should take one of the cut-offs, saying a number of miles and revealing the running time by several hours.

Some of the party demurred slightly on the ground it was raining hard, growing dark and it might be well to stick to the main highway, where most of the cars seemed to be going. The man, however, indignantly favored the short cut, with large red lines leading in almost a straight line to Pasadena, through a place called Sunland—marked "the most direct route to Los Angeles and Pasadena."

Passing through the country recently devastated by the St. Francis dam disaster did not brighten the spirits of some members of the party—particularly as in many places the highway was flooded, and in 20 miles at least half a dozen cars were observed either wrecked or stuck in the mud. One wheel off the pavement in this country meant disaster—that was very evident.

But it was too late to turn back, and it also seemed foolish not to follow the map as long as the doctor was so certain it would shorten the length of the trip—which was coming closer and closer every minute to a voyage—and a stormy voyage at that.

So there was another short cut selected, and once more the main highway was abandoned—the many being examined carefully beneath an arc lamp at a street corner for corroboration. In the dark and the deluge, it was naturally difficult to find a place called SUNLAND, but finally it loomed ahead in red lights hung across the street. There seemed to be a wealth of hot-dog stands and hamburger carts along the main strip as well as in the suburbs, but we didn't stop to examine them.

No Pasadena, however, and no Los Angeles appeared. We had left Santa Barbara at 2 o'clock and the wrist watches were all around 6 o'clock watches, it seems, never agree exactly less than 100 miles from Santa Barbara and the Good Ship Sedan had been hitting it up

around 22 most of the time. Strange!

On the caravan plashed, however, and at 7, or thereabouts, the pavement started to run down hill at a surprising rate, and curve after curve appeared, and then—in a glare of light that reached to the misty blue heavens, Pasadena appeared—and at 8 o'clock we were in Los Angeles, and the actual car was reached.

One of the most skeptical of the party examined the speedometer reading and then asked the doctor for a glimpse of the map. There it was, all right, heavy red lines leading to Sunland and down to Pasadena and on to Los Angeles. On the back page, in black letters near the bottom, the skeptical one also read:

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

It is a striking fact, and comforting to know, that the individual who fears he is going insane, or that he has a real psychopath, the actually crazy or demented individual, never for a moment suspects his own condition, what ever he may think about the mental state of the rest of the world.

I am more certain now than ever before that I am right about the so-called "cold" question, and all physicians, health authorities and laymen who believe exposure to cold or wet has anything to do with the respiratory diseases vulgarly associated with "taking cold" are wrong. I state this boldly, not as some critics insinuate, merely to be sensational and different, but because I think it is the most important principle of public health education that confronts us today, and I assure you I do not take such an arbitrary stand on such a vital question without long and thoughtful consideration of the responsibility one in my position as a teacher or expert owes to those who place confidence in the health teachings they find here.

If, as I am certain, exposure to cold, wet, drafts, change of weather, insufficient clothing and all that, never causes actual illness (except frostbite), although trifling changes of this kind in the environment unquestionably do bring on sniffing, stuffing up the nose, sneezing, coughing and perhaps sudden increase of secretions in individuals who have some chronic sore, throat or chest disease, it follows that the familiar term "cold" is a misnomer. If you mean by it any actual illness or indisposition, it is not a cold.

When I set out on my long cherished avocation of showing these mysterious story writers how scientific murder should be done, I'm going to select among my earlier victims people who recite Shakespeare's line about a rose by any other name at this juncture. If it were merely a question of nomenclature I should be the last to complain about the "common cold." But it is infinitely more serious than that. I would reject the use of this term because it is misleading, because it tends to put people off guard because it is a grave obstacle in the way of recognition of the respiratory infections, which class or group of diseases, the public health statisticians find, are responsible for three-fourths of the illness physicians attend.

There are a score or more of diseases recognized as common respiratory infections—measles, mumps, epidemic meningitis, to name typical instances—and as a general rule when one is coming down with any of these respiratory infections neither he nor the doctor can tell which it is going to be—if any. That makes the situation worse in that all of these infections are most readily communicated in the stage of invasion, before the actual diagnosis is made. Well, what are you going to call your illness in this stage, pending a diagnosis? Not "a cold" unless you are criminally inclined; if you pretend it is any thing as innocuous as that you give your friends and associates no fair warning. You pepper everybody within range with whatever you've got, and that is a contemptible thing to do. Be fair and square about it. Call it the "cuff" (krook); that is an honest acknowledgment that you suppose it may be communicable but as yet you don't know just what you are developing. That gives your friends and associates fair warning; and they may keep beyond range or not as they see fit. Anyway, you play fair.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Sweating Feet
I am greatly troubled with odorous sweaty feet. (K. W. G.)
Ans.—Repeat complaint, enclose stamped envelope bearing your address and use your name by title.
Very Good Remedy
I am wondering what sort of a remedy you have to offer for dandruff. (L. M.)
Ans.—Some readers tell me it is a good one. But I never offer a remedy unless the correspondent tells me he or she has dandruff.

Storage Battery Work
Please inform me whether the fumes from storage batteries in charge are harmful to health. Will this cause the hair to become dry and fall out? (H. E. L.)
Ans.—The experience of men in such work is that they presently become accustomed to the irritation and they apparently suffer no ill effects. So far as I can learn it does not cause the hair to fall out.

THE BABY'S EYES
Our three and one-half months old baby likes to look at the light bulbs. I think he should be permitted to do so if he desires. They are the ordinary 40 and 50 watt bulbs. (W. W. K.)
Ans.—So long as the light bulb is not near the baby's eyes, a baby naturally follows a light with his eyes when he is learning to control his eyes. The baby's sleeping room should be dark or without visible light.

BRISBANE'S TODAY
(Continued from Page One.)
enough to reach that sun, we should see only things that happened 100,000 years ago. And from the "outside universe" beyond the borders of our Milky Way, light travels 1,000,000 and more years to reach us.
Why try to limit a universe like that?

Another Frenchman, D'Assas de la Tour D'Anvergne, suddenly surrounded by enemies with long lances, tried out to rouse and save the camp of his friends, and kept on shouting until the lances all loved him.
His regiment exists still, and the

oldest soldier in the regiment once every year answers, when the name of D'Assas is called, from the ranks, saluting, he says, "Dead on the field of honor." D'Assas will not be forgotten.

THE BOY ON THE BURNING DECK
The man that "fought upon his stumps" after his legs had been cut off, in the battle of Chevy Chase, the man that ate 30 quails in 30 days and the other that ate nothing for 40 days, all had their hour.

Dr. Adler, Vienna psychoanalyst, says much crime is due to inferiority complex in the criminal. He wants to prove that he amounts to something, so he robs, or kills, someone.
In this country crime is also a complex that tells the criminal, truthfully, that capture is doubtful, and punishment uncertain.
Not one murderer in ten is punished.

NEW YORKER
AT LARGE
By G. B. Seymour.
NEW YORK.—Panhandlers in the streets of Broadway tread in number at Christmas time, their ranks swelled by many who find holiday better in that line at the holiday season than in the employment which sustains them the other 11 months of the year.

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The Bystander suggests that the former secretary is contemplating an addition to his published memoirs. He was at the congressional library and it cropped up that he had been greatly amused to read the concluding language of a sketch of his own career by a volunteer biographer. It was written, presumably, during his navy days, but before American entrance into the world war, it wound up by saying that Secretary Daniels "has introduced unexpected innovations into the service" and Uncle Joe gleefully made a note of that observation.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The goat who swapped a stucco house for an auto last fall, is now stucco.

Yesterday was a raw day. Many were chilled to the well-known marrow.

The Kelloog pease pact is hailed as "ushering in the millennium." The pease pact proposes to put a quietus on war, with a world full of peppers and carrots.

Galshevski are wearing espadrilles. They associate no responsibility and at least one button should be replaced by a platinum nail, with an emerald imbedded in its head.

THEN HE WEAKENED (Red Bluff News)
One of our recent editorials referred to the members of the legislature as "law breakers" instead of law makers. We apologize, at least for the time being.

Dr. Roche, an eminent aviator of France, deeply versed in the sciences, and adorned with long white whiskers, up and pronounces that there is no such thing as luck in the lives of humans. We have long suspected as much, but Dr. Roche has in one fell swoop demolished a theory and tender hope that some day Luck might come to our house, and pour upon a forgotten devotee until 28 per cent drawdown, treasure, etc., etc. No luck! Somebody lend a gun, lest there be a suicidal leap into the icy Rogo.

A world without hell would be a dreary world, and all of Miss Weimack's blues just below the ground. Luck takes the place of Santa Claus, and to many she has been a marvelous pal, the deep and profound thinking of Dr. Roche to the contrary notwithstanding.

The fool and premature robin who has been skylarking about the city, clucking campus, was out this morning singing, but what he had to sing about was not ascertained.

LACRS SAPIENZY (Eugene Hogester)
Dear Annie Laurie:
A girl that I love dearly has promised to be my wife.

What do you think of a girl that promises as much as that, and then she does not want to go with her prospective husband for fear that people talk about her?

WONDERING.
The pictures show John Coolidge, son of the President, in a Major's uniform. It is a low and sneery opinion that he has tied his law in a cowboy hat.

The Detroit police took a photograph of 4 murder, and the intended victim, three policemen, and the camera escaped.

It is gathered from all the ads that most of "the mental financial directors" are in "homelike funeral parlors."

When better cars are made, the bootleggers will not buy them.

A REFORMER REFORMS (Independence Monitor)
For some thirty years now I have been trying to regulate the world and reform a part of the terrain and have not succeeded in wholesale lots. This new year on my first day I am making a solemn resolution to quit entirely the reforming business and to refuse to attempt to regulate anybody. I am going to try to attend to my own business strictly and let somebody else run things.

More suffering for the women-folks. Spring shoes will feature "La Arche Moderne."

Seems journeyed Sunday to the steep and slick places for skiing. Some made the plunge on skis, and others elsewhere.

A reconciliation clinic was staged in the case of the Vactor Boys' Industrial Depository last week which no gentleman would gawk at. The main clincher had no hat and no overcoat, and when they departed, the lesser clincher did some walking.

The J. Fog Health is coming along fine, and the muscles of his arms are beginning to get brawny. He cracked his Dad back of the ear with a stinging left hook, and staggered him.

Classified advertising gets results.

Communications

A Florida Beech
To the editor and readers:
I don't know how well the people I sent samples seed to succeeded, but if anyone wants more, I will send them some.

I have seen a vine said to have come from Japan. I never saw but the one. It has a rapid growth and when it is two or three years old the seed, which looks like so many small fish scales, comes on the vine from three to six feet or more from the ground. The writer has seen these potato-like bulbs here as a hen's egg. My friend who owns the vine sells the large potatoes in her store at 14 cents each, the smaller ones she gave to me last week. They are in size from a white bean to that of a small marble. Oregon has a mild climate and no doubt will grow them as well as Florida. Anyway, try it. I will send two or three of the bulbs to anyone who sends a plain address and postage.

So you can grow the monkey vine too, so-called from the fancied resemblance the large bulbs have to the human face. Last year I sent one of the bulbs to a lady in Michigan. She planted it in a kitchen window box. She wrote me it had run to the top of the window and was full of the queer little buds that were blighted only grew larger until they looked like little potatoes. I wrote her explaining them; hope to be the one to get them growing in Oregon.

MRS. ALICE WARNER,
Briston P. Jacksonville, Fla.

KAY ADVOCATES THRIFT

By THOMAS R. KAY,
State Treasurer.
This Week reminds us of the necessity of accumulating a reserve fund to provide for emergencies and to insure against disaster in later years. If each individual in the earlier period of his life could be sufficiently impressed with the importance of saving a portion of his earnings, poverty in general would not exist.

Incentive to save is accentuated by the fact that wages are still high. If history repeats itself, the inflated dollar of today will have a much greater purchasing power in the future. Those who save now will be highly rewarded as money approaches its pre-war value.

Little to Quit
ANN ARBOR, Mich., Jan. 21.—(AP) It was learned authoritatively today that Dr. Clarence Cook Little, one of the youngest heads of a major American university, will resign as president of the University of Michigan tonight.

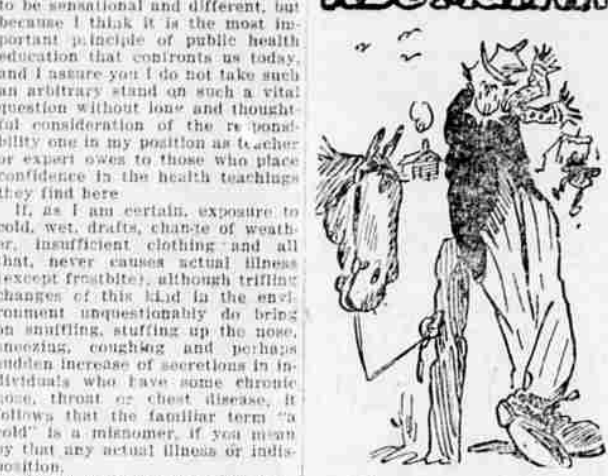
More Grain Shipped
BERLIN, Germany, Jan. 21.—(AP) The newspapers are stressing the fact that grain shipments from the Gulf of Mexico and Pacific American ports have greatly increased, while shipments from Argentina are fewer than in past years.

Gold Beach—Extensive repairs made to Chinook theatre.



Copyright John F. Dille Co.

Abe Martin



A feller has to be mighty ornery or mighty great to be missed these days. Dr. Heskens has withdrawn from the King George case. Copyright, John F. Dille Co.

Brisbane's Today

(Continued from Page One.)

enough to reach that sun, we should see only things that happened 100,000 years ago. And from the "outside universe" beyond the borders of our Milky Way, light travels 1,000,000 and more years to reach us.

Why try to limit a universe like that?

Dr. Joseph Goldberger, public health expert, conqueror of the destructive disease pellagra, a native of Washington, son of Dr. Worth Bagley Daniels, found time to carry the torch of Democracy about the hobbles of senate and house a bit.

He seemed little dismayed by North Carolina's defection to the Hoover column and utterly opposed to suggestions that the democratic party needed reorganization.

Incidentally, it's hard to realize that 10 years have gone by since Joseph Daniels stepped into national prominence as navy secretary in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet. The years sit very lightly on this veteran of journalism and politics.

Another good definition would fit Dallas H. Wilson, a well-known lawyer, recently shot by his wife, presumably in a tantrum. Tells the court she did not mean to do it, it was an accident, and anyhow, he had given her great provocation.

There are many ways of gaining fame. Labrie, French fighter, tried to rescue Joan of Arc, best man of the British, fought all his life. He is mentioned now because, when he fought a big bear, he prayed, "Lord, I do not ask you to help, but I only ask you not to help this bear."

Another Frenchman, D'Assas de la Tour D'Anvergne, suddenly surrounded by enemies with long lances, tried out to rouse and save the camp of his friends, and kept on shouting until the lances all loved him. His regiment exists still, and the

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Talks With Democrats.
Daniels quite agrees with the party precepts laid down by Governor Smith in his post-election radio broadcast, holding that the democrats must offer a constructive program and not trust to obstructive tactics in congress if they expect to get the votes some day to return to power. That was the burden of his talks with senators and members of the house. He is completely out of sympathy, however, with Johnnie Haskob's theories of reorganization conferences and such-like, and, incidentally, with Haskob's tariff notions.

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