

OGDEN, UTAH, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916.

When Gen. La Grippe Declares War on the U.S.A.

First a Scout Germ Lodges in Your Throat, Then if You Are Weak and Hospitable an Army Quickly Gathers, Just as It Did in the Days of the Imperial Caesar.

BACK in the homespun days, when men used snuff and chewed tobacco prodigiously and indulged their convivial spirits in hard cider, a brand of humor obtained that found the ludicrous in the painful.

If a man fell down a flight of stairs after stepping on a banana peel, it was considered screamingly funny. If it was a man's mother-in-law who did the fall, it was rich.

Sickness, too, was inherently funny. If a man had a bad cold a laugh could always be brought from his stricken conversation.

So Tom's got the grip. That's good! That's rich! Tom always lets me about being careful. He said he didn't have to watch out.

And the next morning when he had to get up, he did it, by George. And, furthermore, he milked four cows and fed the chickens, and then walked that delightful ten miles to school.

The General Does the Hearing. Yes, perhaps we are soft and degenerate race. No longer can we live on salt pork and



It is the rush hour and a mass of humanity is jammed into the seats and packed in the aisles. At every crossing the car stops jerkily and waits for a minute while more shivering humanity climbs in and further packs the aisle.

Damp, chill air is what the privates in the army of Gen. La Grippe detest. Damp air is the best sort of air for them. Into the car on one of the blasts rides a scout germ and finds lodgement in your throat.

You may go to work that day and in the office or in the street car be joined by more of the scout germs. There is quite a merry little party of you, now. Only, the germs are enjoying it more than you are.

You climb in and every bone aches separately and completely. Your fever goes up to 100, perhaps 104. Your chest hurts and when you cough, which is frequently, every rib protests.

You have the grip, man! The general has marked you for his own. That's how he marshals his forces.

It seems logical to presume that this is precisely the sort of weather that Gen. La Grippe finds suited to an invasion. Give him a day or two of brisk, snappy cold and you balk him. Give him dry heat and his hosts are turned back.

And now in this winter of 1915-16, while the forces of grip are still rampant in our land, physicians and health authorities are uniting to repel the invasion and put in force such a program of preparedness that future invasions will be made impossible.

There is an awfully lot of comfort in this for you and for me. It's bad enough to know that we and Bill Jones and Tom Smith are pretty likely to get the disease at some time during a damp winter, but how much worse would it be if means of combating the grip were ineffectual?

No, the general may attack vigorously and all along the line, but he doesn't use poisonous gas or dum-dum bullets. He wounds but he doesn't kill.

This may sound contradictory, when increased death rates are recollected. But it must be remembered that increased deaths are due to the fact that so many persons get the grip. Of the many that get it only a small percentage die. But even this small percentage is large, in numbers.

Still, you and I don't like to think that we'll even be wounded. It's so much safer to avoid the grip altogether.

Do so. Not by your old-fashioned, homespun remedies or preventives, but by following the rules that doctors who have studied the grip's methods find to be best.

Dr. Starkloff, health commissioner of St. Louis, gives the following rules:

- 1. Avoid kissing (Hard, but sensible. Be firm, yield not. Think of the grip germs when you are about to grab her, and weigh them well—the kiss and the germ. May the best man win!)
2. Walk one mile in the open air twice daily and you will not only avoid the grip, but will add ten years to your life as well.
3. Try to avoid riding in crowded cars.
4. Avoid large assemblies of people and poorly ventilated rooms.
5. Leave whisky alone, not because it causes the grip, but because it weakens your resisting power.
6. Become a fresh-air fiend.

Dr. Clarence W. Westerman has a great respect for the grip, not only for its own characteristics, but because it so readily leads to pneumonia, which he considers possibly the most dangerous of diseases.

Dr. Westerman is a firm believer in fresh air, fresh clothes, as a preventive and even a cure for grip. He says that often a brisk walk of a mile or so on a cold, frosty morning will completely cure one who has been suffering from a mild attack of grip.

Dr. Westerman finds that the disease does not always mark its victims lightly, but rather often lays a heavy hand on them. He has known frequent cases in which the effects of the grip, general lassitude, weakness, lack of "pep," lasted for fully three months after the patient was pronounced cured.

mustard, or if you don't like salt pork, mustard by itself. No longer can we like those ten miles to school, truly a most unroyal road to learning.

As a matter of fact it is the general who does the heaving. For, homespun philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding, Gen. La Grippe is a most formidable foe.

Grip a joke? A most grisly one. Recently Philadelphia had 947 deaths in a week. This was the highest death rate in the Quaker City, for a similar period, in the last fifteen years.

Grip funny? Very. Chicago is in the clutches of a grip epidemic now that is killing its hundreds every week. St. Louis had its grip epidemic several weeks ago, and may have another, and several others, before the hot weather sets in.

So this invasion of the United States by Gen. La Grippe is but periodical, as are all wars and all the visitations of trouble that our human flesh is heir to.

To go back a little: Dabblers in the annals of medicine have tried to track the general to his lair, to find out his origin. They have burrowed back through the dusty pages of time to find that the general still eludes them.

Certain it is that the old Greeks and Romans suffered from the influenza. Small wonder, that. What with their bare legs and scant togas and insufficient mantles, artistic, doubtless, but blameworthy, they were a fair prey to the general.

Yet, shatter our illusions as it will, the truth remains that the ancients had bad colds and the grip. Hence, in one of his odes, tells Athenians to imagine one of them wrapped in blankets and sipping a hot toddy.

But ask another physician. He will tell you that while this germ is found in many cases of grip, nevertheless there are often other organisms, parasites in crime, associated with it in the work of making the grip patient feel that life isn't worth living.

One Time It Was a Mystery. Down through the middle ages marched Gen. La Grippe. His coming was clothed by the romantic men of the middle ages with a tinge of the mysterious.

Gen. La Grippe seems to have started all of his forced marches from Asia and then to have proceeded across Europe in a westerly or northwesterly direction and finally into the United States by way of Newfoundland.

Now what is the grip? Ask your physician and he will tell you that it is a disease that first attacks the mucous membrane of the throat and nose.

What does the attacking, you want to know, a germ, he will tell you, first isolated and described by Pfeiffer and named by him Bacillus Influenzae. Pfeiffer, your physician will tell you, laid all the blame at the door of this germ.

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ter work, if you can call it better work, when allied with other ruffianly germs.

A third doctor may tell you that it is a streptococcus that is the real mischief-maker, that it prepares the ground for the bacillus influenzae and then B. I. comes along and does the dirty work.

And then, several days after that memorable car ride, although perhaps you thought it far from memorable and very stupid at the time, you note that you feel bad.

First, cautiously. The general believes in scouts, plenty of them. So that, some day, when you are riding home in a crowded street car, one of the scouts can grab you.

slightest hospitality shown him.

More Scouts Join. If you are out of sorts, run down, you are hospitable. Your "opsonic index" is low, which means that your resisting power to disease is weakened.

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