HAVING MEASLES NOT A NECESSITY AT ALL

Exposing Children to Infection Is a Crime That Parents Often Commit.

RESULTS ARE DANGEROUS

General Health of the Patient Permanently Injured as Least of Complications.

By DR. A. R. LEWIS.

It is unfortunately true that measles was this spring and still is prevalent in many sections of Oklahoma. The ill not alone of sickness, but of death has been greater than is generally appreciated. As a matter of fact measles is one of the worst of all diseases in its cumulative results of the diseases to which children are subject. It is a serious disease in itself; it is only too likely to have complications far more serious. Something may be done by health officers and physicians to avoid protecting children against measles, but even more can be accomplished by parents. The first step, however, is for parents to realize that measles is not a trivial disease.

When diphtheria or scarlet fever break out in a community the parents of all ages, especially mothers, take instant alarm. Quarantines are demanded, rigid health regulations are put in force with the support of public opinion in the community, sometimes the schools are closed. It is right and proper that such precautions should be taken. But parents make a great mistake when they consider measles a trivial disease, an illness which "children must have anyhow, and the sooner they have it and get over it, the better." Such a viewpoint exposes children to serious, sometimes fatal illness. It is not at all necessary that a child should have measles. The child who never has measles will be healthier and stronger than the one who has had it and survived its attack. Even if the illness seems to pass away with no complications, the child will be weaker, his or her body resistance to disease will be weakened. It is especially important that children under 7 years of age should be in every way protected from measles.

Measles Complications.

One of the most unfortunate features of measles lies in the serious complications which too often result from an attack of the disease. In children under 7 there is especial danger that measles will affect the ears, sometimes causing troubles which are a handicap through life. The most dangerous complication, however, arising from measles is found in the ear. Just why the measles poison attacks the ear is not known, but that it does is shown by the large number of cases of inflamed ears and the consequent deafness in later life. Probably one in 10 of all deaf persons are so because of measles. Daily examinations of the ears of the patient should be made by the physician in charge. Unless the ear is inspected every day the first sign of danger may be a running ear. No time should be lost in operating on the ear of the patient if there are signs of danger. The operation is made with a small instrument prepared for the purpose. It is a slight operation and almost painless, but it is essential that it be done in time.

As yet there is no other practical way of preventing measles except by keeping children who are well away from those who are suffering from the disease. It should be remembered that measles is catching before the eruption appears. Teach your children to wash their hands and faces, keep their noses clean, brush their teeth and when they are sick to keep away from other children, and when they are well to keep away from other children with a cough.

Cracked Music.

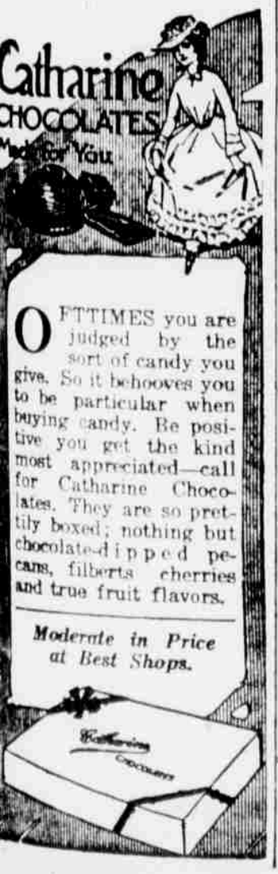
Private Vamper (to volunteer vocalist at a recreation room): It's no use. I've tried yer on the black keys, and I've tried yer on the white keys, and I've tried yer on the black and white keys mixed. Yer must be singing between the cracks.

"Your father was pretty rich when he died, wasn't he?" asked the young man in search of an heiress.

"Oh, yes!" replied the worldly-wise maiden.

"Did he leave your mother much?"

"About twice a week!"



Different Men To Whom I Have Proposed

By A TULSA GIRL.

For some perverse reason or other it has been my lot, ever since I first began to remember things, to fall in love with and propose to men. They never fall in love with me. I have a pretty face, but it is a baby face and men seem to prefer the faces of women. At first I worried about this.

I can never seem to know what men like. They are so contradictory. They will tell you they would love a little woman who worshipped them and then they will fly to the woman who disdains them.

Does he mean this or does he mean that? I never know when he is talkin about the way he wants a woman to be. These things worried me always. I dont mind being happy or unhappy, even. Its the terrible question as to whether I should be or not that worried me. It is so with everything in life. There is always a question. And there you are.

To avoid the worry, early in life I said to my Fate. "Fate, here I am. I do not know if I am ordained to be startlingly brilliant or what you might call lacking. (Just another question, you know), but anyway, I am here, through no request of my own, be it conceded, and I think it is up to you, Fate, to see that I do the right things, the things I was put here to do. There are times when I do not know whether a thing is right or wrong. Fate, and I don't think you think me shiftless if I say to you, Fate, you'll have to show me the way. In fact, I'd rather you'd take me and decide it all for me. Then, you'll know it's done right—my living, you know."

And so, perhaps I am doing the will of Fate and perhaps I am not. Fate knows. And anyway, I'd rather not worry about it. Fate put me here. I think I shall leave the rest of the thing to Fate, whoever he is.

And so, again, alas—I am Fate's. If I have done wrong in proposing to men, I can only say, "Perhaps I am utterly foolish, perhaps I am utterly wise; perhaps I have found the real secret of being unattainable—who knows. Fate does."

To make a long story begin to lengthen:

Here's the Story.

My first affair had as its object a dear little red-haired boy but 6 years old. His father was owner of a saloon and my father was a prohibitionist. Did that make any difference? No. I kept it a secret, but I was infatuated with him. It was Fate again. I loved him passionately. All my day dreams were of him, and I sat and gazed at him for hours at a time. Finally, I could stand the suspense no longer. I could not sit and gaze at him and day-dream of him forever, and he flirting with all the other girls. And Valentine's day came and I sent him a valentine. I put a lot of care in the making of it. I cut out a big heart and painted it red. And then—he laughed at it. Why, I do not know. It broke my heart, but I threw up my chin and dreamed of being rich and beautiful—and loved. I left it with Fate, you know. Today he is a necktie clerk—a silly baby.

My second affair took place during high school days. Of course, I worshipped him. He had shiny black curls and a brain and freckles and lots of what you would call "pep." He was delightful. We used to flirt in front of the teacher's nose and behind his back and by his side and over his head. We had a signal code, a sort of "I love you, do you love, how much, with all my heart" code. It worked beautifully. I doubt if any other child ever had so wonderful a time working it out. We dropped desks and tapped pencils and coughed—and everything else. But he did not take me to class parties and dances. He took other girls but not me. I began to be very unhappy—I wanted so desperately for him to care. Then I wrote him a little reckless, pretending letter, a helpless fairy sort of letter, and dared him to ask me for a date. I didn't sign it. And the next day he came to school wearing a safety pin in his coat lapel. Imagine it! As if he didn't know who it was. He was very happy about it for awhile and he smiled at me sweetly. Where is he now? I do not know. Still wearing the "safety first," I suppose. He isn't married.

Hotel Clerk This Time.

In my third affair, I fell in love with a hotel clerk. He was a very pretty boy, with big brown eyes and soft wavy brown hair and an alabaster brow and waxy cheeks. And such a sweet, appealing expression. He was the most lovable boy. He would make you feel that you were the most wonderful, sweet, understanding little person. But he was that way with all the girls. He adopted my declaration of love calmly and sweetly. He seemed to appreciate my caring. After it was all over, and he overheard me one day telling proudly how I used to love him so, he caught my hand with a little rush of gratefulness. "Dear little girl," he whispered. "Dear little sweetheart." I always know he was proud of it, though he never took my caring seriously. And somehow, I appreciated that. I do not know why.

My fourth was a swift one the object a vaudeville artist. He was a big man, oh, terribly big, and not exactly handsome, but like a knight come riding. He seemed entranced when he first met me. He was a man of the world, an irresistible actor, and a soda clerk when I met him, and he wooed me by way of a talking machine record. Within five minutes after he had seen me first he played the song, "The Sunshine of Your Smile." It was a perfect case of love at first sight. And when I told him I loved him, he believed me. But he wanted me to prove it in divers ways. Aren't men funny. As if it needed to be proved—by caring. I suppose he was playing with me. My only consolation was that it took two girls to cut me out. But afterwards when he went away and came back again an actor, he wanted me to come and see him play. He wanted to show off to me. And he played for me alone when I was there. I suppose he did that with others, too, but he did watch, almost wistfully, for my approval.

Fifth One an Artist.

My fifth affair was based on my uncontrollable admiration for cleverness. It ended in a feeling of pity. There was an artist, a dear, dear boy, with wonderful eyes. He was clever, oh, so clever. He was so clever it hurt. You could see the drops of blood falling from his heart, and envision them clearly every time he made a brilliant remark. When I told him I cared, he railed at me. He said I was a "vamp"—he even went so far as to say I was an "obvious vamp." And ever I could see the blood dropping from his heart. I dared not touch his hand. It was as if I touched a tender hurt. It would have made it worse. At first I wanted to be more clever than he—and then I wanted to say something comforting. I wanted him to know I cared. But he didn't believe me—or he didn't want me to care. He distrusted me for a "vamp." How do you ever forget a first love affair? I asked him once, prodding cautiously the wound in his heart. I should not have thought of it if I had not been wondering about the question, though. "I guess you'd forget soon enough if they married someone else," he said. And I felt silent. Now I say silent whenever he cries. He would not believe I sympathized. Perhaps he may want a silent sympathy. That is the way I feel.

My sixth—my last affair—was a surprise. I had not thought I could care for any man and cared for him. I even forgot my fate theory. He was temperamental, a musician. He listened to me talk of other men and I listened to him talk of other women. And he was a philosopher—a sort of fatalist like myself, only his fatalism led him at times to things I could not understand. You might have said he believed in the "wine, women and song" theory of fatalism. Mine led me always to silly, worshipful sacrifice. I was so sacrificing I even willingly sacrificed myself the pleasure of his company when he had to go home early nights when he had "worked hard" all day. Of course, he could have thought of taking me with him, but he didn't. I decided that he was afraid to ask, and I declared my love to him. He had told me he always believed in absolute sincerity. That tempted me. He took the affair very seriously, and gave me an affectionate, brotherly little talk that entirely covered the situation. He settled the matter to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, including mostly himself. I was just a child. I didn't know what it really meant to really care. He was a wonderful brother. But he began to think I was trying to be clever and say exactly what I told him to. And then he began to be afraid of the things I said. And when I wanted to worship him as a big brother, even that he did not want. Then he wanted me to forget utterly—and I played at loving a soldier, who was away at war. I am still wondering whether he was too good for me, or whether I was too good for him.

Begins to Question.

But when I wonder too much—I begin to question. And I mustn't question things. It doesn't really matter. Fate knows why. Fate sets me to unhappy or happy whenever I want. And Fate doesn't criticise. Why should I worry about it? Fate doesn't mind what I think or do. Fate likes me always, always. Even when the others don't. And I worship Fate. I like myself that way, and I think Fate likes me that way.

Perhaps when that Fate, if he is a man, finds out that I worship him, he too will tell me I am a baby and let me go to fight my way alone.

But no, Fate won't. I've given myself to Fate already. And Fate took me. Fate knew. Fate understood. Fate cared. Ah, my Fate, my Fate, do with me what you will. Why should I care? Why should I worry?

I wonder if Fate will ever grow tired. I wonder—but no.

Should I break the shackles of my dependence on Fate and abide by my own decisions? No, I am too selfish at heart. Perhaps I am selfish to leaving it all with him, the worry of all of this. But Sweet he doesn't worry about it. I cannot conceive of Fate worrying about it.

No, I will not give up my Fate. That I will never. If Fate ever tells me I am just a child and don't know what it means to care, I know then I will be independent. Then, for a minute, I will be A grown up woman. I will dare to dispute. I will make him admit that I'm right—that I know when I care.

And then I'll go back to being a child. He'll have to accept again. I'll never give up my Fate.

Sorority Plans Memorial.

Special to The World.

NORMAN, Okla., May 24.—Phi Gamma Delta, national Greek letter college fraternity, has started a campaign to raise $200,000 to erect a suitable memorial building in New York city, according to word received by the chapter in the University of Oklahoma from national headquarters. Forty per cent of the entire membership of the fraternity, or 6,600 of 17,000 members, were in active military or naval service in the war. This, it is claimed, was the best showing made by any college fraternity. Of this number 129 lost their lives, 100 received American or allied decorations for bravery, and about 75 per cent were commissioned officers. Newton D. Baker, secretary of war, and three brigadier generals are among the members.

Mrs. Parsons—"By the way, why is it that you always address your congregation as brethren and never mention sisters in your sermons?"

Vicar—"My dear madam, the one embraces the other."

FEARED THE SIGHT OF FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS

Deserted in Siberian Wilds, Lost Russian Children Are Reduced to Savagery.

"If all the terrible revelations of human misery that have seeped out of Russia, none wrenches the heart as does the story of the thousands of helpless children abandoned in the Siberian wilds, the fate of many of whom is still unknown but can be conjectured. The rabbles have carried fragmentary accounts of how these helpless little ones were sent out of Petrograd and Moscow last year in the hope that they would find food in the rural districts, now when their guardian teachers sought to take them back to the cities the holders-of-food stood as a barrier, and how maddened to find inability to find refuge for their charges, the teachers finally deserted them. But it remained for Louis D. Kornfield to reveal the full horror of the plight that killed hundreds of these innocents and reduced the terrified and starving survivors to a state more than bordering on savagery. Telling of the rescue of some of these pitiful victims of what Russia is today, Mr. Kornfield writes in the June number of the New Red Cross Magazine:

"Near the Urals peasants ran across flocks of them suddenly trailing over a hill, ragged, dirty, staring children running from human approach in fright and clinging to each other for protection like sheep by the wind. Hundreds were captured—wild, uncontrollable creatures who had lost all sense of intimacy with human touch. Red Cross workers with great difficulty assembled them in factories, in houses, gave them food, clothing and medicine, but could not win their confidence for rather than children being cared for, after such suffering they acted like tired little animals suddenly tricked into some sort of captivity, from which they would willingly escape if they only had the strength.

"Being cold and hungry they seized, at the food and clothing and ran off into corners, afraid of the very hands that would caress them. Kicking and screaming they would resist any friendly approach as though in mortal fear that it would end in deception. . . . Some of them soon died of disease, wracked with fever and distrust, under the very hands that would save them. Others, whose whereabouts are not yet known, are hiding somewhere—starving with hunger—and suspicion."

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were reading the Sunday papers. "One wife too many!" she explained, as she glanced through the headlines of her section. "I will read that. I suppose it is the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without lifting his eyes from the paper.

Aroostook Arrives.

PLYMOUTH, England, Friday, May 23.—The U. S. S. Aroostook, one of the mother ships of the American trans-Atlantic seaplanes, arrived here today from Trepassey, Newfoundland.

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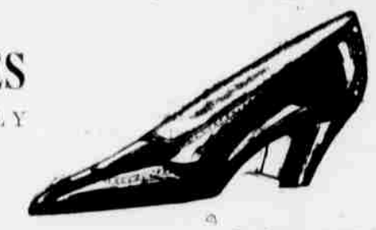

Brown calf, military heel; a good value at $9; this week $6.35

Black kid, military heel; a good value at $9; this week $6.35

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