

The History of Vaccination

This is the first of a series of Thirty Articles on Health, Secured by Your Newspaper for Weekly Publication and Compiled by the Canadian Social Hygiene Council in Co-operation with Many of the Most Outstanding Public Health Authorities in Canada.

Sir William Osler, the famous medical man, once remarked that "There is always a group of individuals in every community of that peculiar order of mind which renders them incapable of sane judgment and who seek in every way to disseminate infection and vaccination not only for themselves but also for others."

We have found this to be so in Canada, and we have not the slightest doubt that if a small-pox epidemic were to make its ghastly presence felt tomorrow there would be the usual hurra of approval for a hue and cry against vaccination.

Yet vaccination is recognized by all public health administrators as being the only efficient means by which this disease can be combated. And it is equally true that vaccination is the only method of absolutely avoiding danger to life or health.

Let us look back into the pages of history and find out what was going on before vaccination was introduced. We find that not ten years passed during the seventeenth century without the occurrence of devastating epidemics of small-pox in Europe. Small-pox was the king of diseases prior to the discovery of vaccination in 1798. A French writer, Monsieur de la Condamine, said that it was the cause of one-tenth of all the deaths among infants in the eighteenth century. The English historian, in writing about a million in his country says: "The havoc of the black plague had been far more rapid, but the plague visited our shores only once within the living memory, but the small-pox was always present, and the casualties were enormous, leaving the thousands of its power, and turning the babe into a changeling at which the mother shuddered; moping the eyes and cheeks of the bestrodden maiden objects of horror to her lovers."

In fact, Malabar concludes, "Small-pox is the most terrible of all human ailments. It has been a scourge since the sixteenth century, and 3,500,000 of its inhabitants died, leaving scarcely enough people to repopulate the earth. The historian Geoffrey records that 2,000,000 citizens of Russia died of small-pox in a single year. Whole tribes of American Indians were wiped off the face of the earth by the scourge. Before there was vaccination in the history of the world, it is estimated that one-third of the population of the world died of small-pox. In 1653, whole tribes of men in Brazil were cut down. The disease was introduced by the disease seventeen times prior to 1707. In 1721, a history of 15,000 people died of small-pox out of a population of 50,000. The death of the streets, houses were depopulated misery was everywhere.

Coaching for Health

Canadian National Red Cross Hospital on Wheels

Serves Pioneers

By Anne Anderson Perry

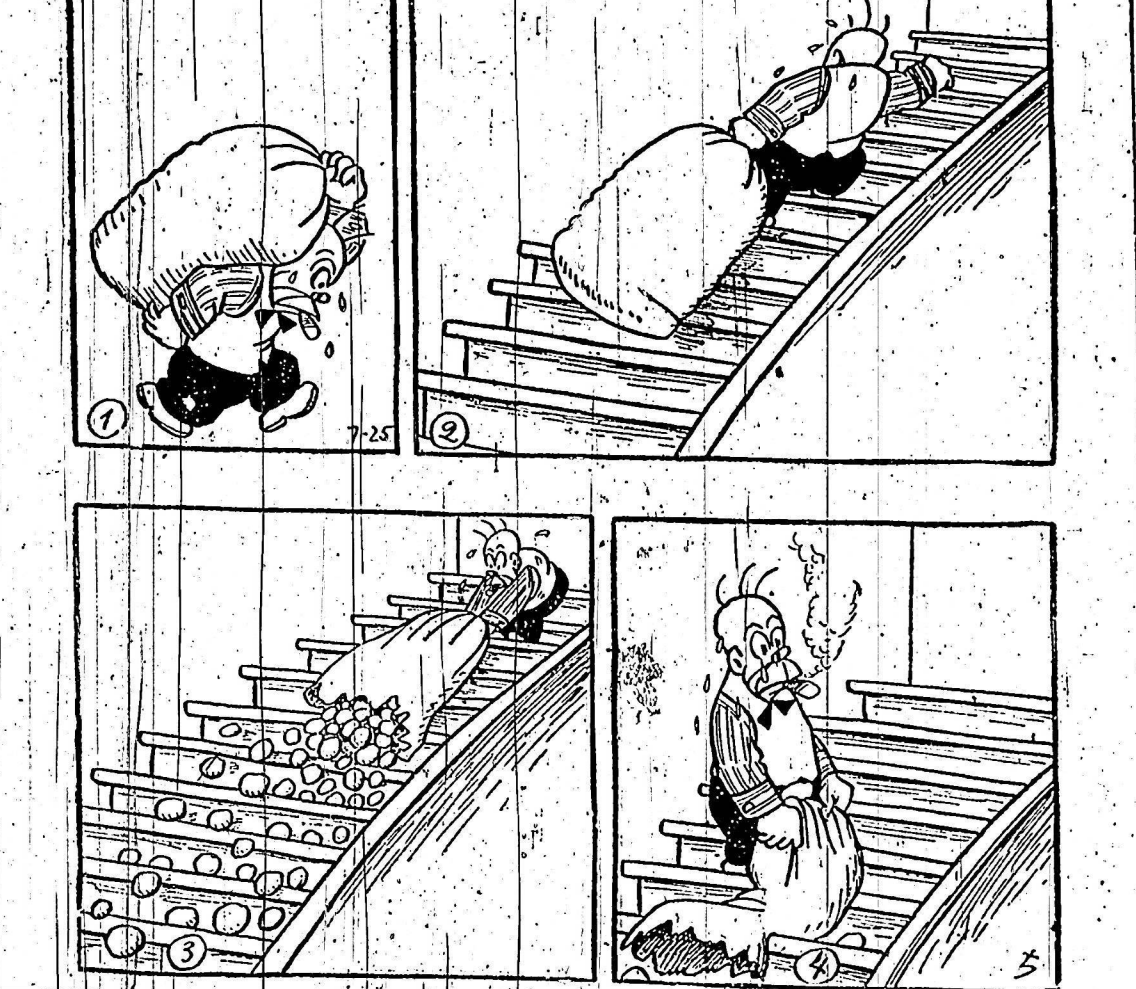
Every since the days when Dick Turpin or other picturesque highway villains made of executing a romantic, adventurous and hazardous undertaking the very word "coach" has been associated in our minds with danger and the perils of the open road. To be sure, now that horse-drawn vehicles are almost a thing of the past and our "hack" drivers have taken to the far more progressive profession of shoving up banks, smothering the flavor of romance and down from the coach, but even still, coaching promises to carry on all for more of the old tradition of hazard.

Not a day passes that the news about a fat record incidents on the highway is spread with adventure, and the word "coach" has played a preponderant part. We have become accustomed to this, but who ever thought that a mere railway coach, in its day after day ordinary service could stand as a symbol of the deepest thrills of life and death? Yet that is exactly what a unique Canadian National coach in the Thunder Bay District has been doing for the past three years, where it has travelled slowly on its beneficent way through hamlets to hamlet and on to pioneers in that sparsely settled section of Northern Ontario in which, heretofore, doctors, nurses and hospitals have been almost unknown quantities.

The Canadian National Railway has not attempted this work alone. The Red Cross has been its handmaiden of humanitarianism; the Red Cross nurse, resident in the coach, has shown what that word may mean in terms of succor from suffering when the dangerous adventures of pioneering life resulted in accident, illness or tragedy.

"I'm very sick down the track at No. 7, Sister," announced a section hand at the door of the hospital coach in the late hours of a frosty night last winter when the thermometer registered many degrees below zero. The nurse responded quickly to the call, though it meant a lonely three mile walk to the shack of the foreigner who was reported ill. On arrival she found a heart-breaking scene. A huge man, with face contorted by pain, lay moaning in delirium on a cot beside which sat his distressed wife trying to hold quiet his hands, which were swathed in oil-soaked rags. She could speak little English, but from the frightened children some idea of what had happened was gathered. The man, two days previously, in attempting to light the fire with the aid of

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.



room. The baby ward was furnished entirely by the Kiwanians of the Twin Cities, many other furnishings were donated liberally and today the building stands with only a debt of six hundred dollars against it. From the small boy who raffled his pet rooster to raise a few dollars for the Outpost to the largest givers the whole community has shown that it was "solid" in its entirety to the idea that a hospital is indispensable in any and all places.

So the Coach Hospital is getting ready to move to other fields of labor in frontier sections. An engine will carry it away just as soon as the new Outpost is in full working order. But in another sense it will never "move" as it has done its work in a double sense. As a hospital it has well served the people for whom it was intended. As a missionary it has spread an idea and educated a whole community and into permanent Outpost which has taken its place, and which will grow with the needs of Kakabeka, it has left the best kind of heritage.

Ships and Stars

As soon as I began to name a star, or judge a ship by rising, mast or spout, seeking mark with eyes, then with my mind, that tears that I would soon go beauty to hand.

But how, not caring if the ship that a schoolboy picked a harp of bright notes, I look beyond my eyes to where she rides.

Under a rainbow, beautiful, or glides before the wind, on one side of her white and wholly.

Trace the stars in one flock nibbling at the Heavens, whose names I will not know in the New Solomon.

Labor and the Australian Government

Sydney Morning Herald: (The Australian general elections will be held on October 12.) Though Labor will endeavor to elude the issue, there is only one point the electors have to settle—the whole future legislative control of Australian industry. We believe that the people understand the urgency and importance of reform and that the Government will return with an undoubted mandate and freed from fractionaries within its own ranks.

With the gradual settlement of the Red Lake district the need of the Coach Hospital passed, but the C.N.R. was so greatly pleased with the services it had been able to perform during the gold rush that the coach was offered to the Red Cross permanently for use where needed. From this generous offer has arisen the travelling hospital, which, after a survey of the Thunder Bay District, has disclosed how urgently such a utility was required in that area of widely scattered and scattered settlements. The coach was brought to the two or three thousand families in the locality that actual help and sense of security which come only when hospital facilities and nursing care are available. With its few beds, its medical supplies, its comforts for the sick and its hard-working nurses, it has spelled safety for men, women and children. Nor has it ended within its own borders. During the time it has been travelling to and fro the nurses have made 549 visits to the homes of settlers, have visited 13 schools and examined 263 school children and have met all emergencies in the district.

But now has come a further evolution. Just a year after the Coach moved into Kakabeka, in December, 1928, the people decided that they must have a permanent Outpost. The District, in its support, has taken up this is an accomplished fact. On August 21st the Kakabeka Hospital was opened. It has two wards of four beds, a baby ward and a reception

Towser, Dog of Mine

By GARLAND WEST

Towser, Towser, dog of mine, With his wings and howling whine, I can hear the grating plow And the storm dogs growling oh! But in here 'tis snug and fine, Towser, Towser, dog of mine.

"Twas not so that night of snow, In the wild woods lost was I, Darkness reigned and overhead Not a star was in the sky, And the howling wolf was near, And there was the sense of fear.

And those eyes I see them yet, Glimmering from the fallen tree, As the great cat croaked and set Forth his cry, they rang at me, Sprang to rend and tear and kill, I beheld her fury still.

But she didn't count on you, As you met her strength and you, On the instant then she turned, With what for the most once, Fight more sudden, fierce and then Seldom has the forest seen.

She fought to protect her whelp, And her tawny young ones whelp, You fought not and might you fear, To protect some one you fear, Then you tossed the crisp, you head, She escaped, and I was glad.

Still the storm's loud voice, But its cry here, old friend, With his great fire roaring oh! Books that peace and comfort, And your love, so true, so true, Towser, Towser, dog of mine.

Increased Demand for Homestead Lands

Winnipeg—In the first eight months of 1929 a total of 19,481 homestead entries have been made in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, an increase of 1,866 over the corresponding eight months last year. These free homestead lands, in quarter sections of 160 acres each are offered to settlers who are British subjects or who declare their intention to become British subjects, in the four western provinces. The total acreage taken up in homestead lands from January 1st to August 31st, 1929, is 1,677,410, compared with 1,395,560 acres in the first eight months of 1928, an increase this year of 281,850 acres. The province of Alberta leads in the number of entries, with 6,013 for this year. Saskatchewan next with 2,140, then British Columbia with 511 and Manitoba with 450.

These homestead lands, although located mainly at some distance from the railways, are of very great fertility. A registration fee of \$10 is required from each settler and he must also do a certain amount of cultivation and build other improvements within three years.

Inter-Empire Trade

West Australia: There are two lines of hope for better fiscal cooperation. First, the fuller realization by the British people of the great possibilities of dominion markets, especially now that America and the Continent are endeavoring more and more to exclude British manufactures; second, the Australian recognition that tariffs must act as encouragement to efficient industries rather than as expensive stimulants to inefficient ones.

Mutt and Jeff

By BUD FISHER

OH, BOY! WHAT A DELICIOUS EYEFUL!

GEE, WHAT A FEAST FOR MY EYES!

BOYS, THIS IS RICH! HE WISH YOU COULD SEE IT BUT I DON'T DARE OPEN THE DOOR!

OOWAH! M-M-M!

MUTT, IF YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR THE LOVE OF YOUR PUP CALL OF YOUR PUP!

Pathe's Tells Stories of King Edward's Days

When a lady of fashion spent 20 minutes putting on her hat

King Edward's days of fashion spent 20 minutes putting on her hat. A great-niece of the ex-king, in her attractive new book, "King Edward's Days," published with a foreword by Mr. Robert Blythe, tells the story of the young king's life from the time he was crowned in London. No smart, snooty, without her, and a lady to her unending shame.

Pathe's tells the story of the young king's life from the time he was crowned in London. No smart, snooty, without her, and a lady to her unending shame.

Pathe's Tells

Pathe's tells the story of the young king's life from the time he was crowned in London. No smart, snooty, without her, and a lady to her unending shame.

Mutt's Certain Getting

Mutt's certain getting for the love of your pup. Call of your pup!

Mutt and Jeff

By BUD FISHER

OH, BOY! WHAT A DELICIOUS EYEFUL!

GEE, WHAT A FEAST FOR MY EYES!

BOYS, THIS IS RICH! HE WISH YOU COULD SEE IT BUT I DON'T DARE OPEN THE DOOR!

OOWAH! M-M-M!

MUTT, IF YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR THE LOVE OF YOUR PUP CALL OF YOUR PUP!