

IS SPREAD BY BOOKS

SCHOOL EPIDEMICS CAUSED BY SECOND HAND BOOKS.

Evidence That Cannot Be Disregarded—Smallpox Epidemic in Kentucky.

Cincinnati Letter: How many thousand American school children are to be killed during the school year just opened? The word is chosen advisably, for the meaning is, that these young people will die of diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever, malaria, tuberculosis, etc., through neglect to take certain precautions that are now, happily, within the reach of every school board in 45 states, three territories, the District of Columbia, Alaska, Porto Rico, the Philippines and (in so far as we may continue to be partly responsible) in the Pearl of the Antilles, Cuba Libre. In this imperial domain the one really priceless possession is the army of children whom we started for school the other day.

"As I walk the village street,
A satchel'd lad I meet,
With the same blue eyes and curly hair."

As many another lad who went to first days of school this time twelve months, and who, "in some mysterious way" contracted diphtheria during the term. We know, of course, that the prevalence of children's diseases during the school year is due to a variety of causes, and that all of them are not entirely within the control of those who can and ought to act, in an official capacity, for the removal of such causes.

But, let us suppose that by taking a certain course, quite open to school officials everywhere, the lives of many school children will be saved. Will officials adopt that course? It is only one of the causes of the spread of disease through the schools. It is nevertheless so easy to get at, that it should be eliminated at once from the list of wrong conditions in the school room.

The Chicago Public Library board last winter put a special committee to work on the subject of infected books. The eminent scientist, Dr. W. A. Kuflewski was chairman of the committee which examined fifty volumes taken from the library. When the committee reported, the doctor displayed several small glass tubes containing countless germs of disease taken from the books, not one of the fifty being free from them. He was convinced that books spread contagion.

Now a person who takes a book out of the library in town, city or village, always does so of his own free will; but when parents and school boards put second-hand books in the hands of the young pupil, they are practically master of the situation, and if diphtheria or other dangerous disease attacks those children, their elders become responsible. An adult need not go to a public library; we compel our children to go to school. We have no right to endanger their lives by making them use second-hand books.

But is disease communicated by second-hand school books? Here are two facts to be looked at, separately and conjointly. From some cause or other second-hand school books have found their way into nearly every neighborhood and school in Kentucky; so have smallpox and other contagious diseases. Scarcely a county in the state has escaped the ravages of this contagion, and in most instances the manner of its approach is mysteriously unknown.

Dr. J. N. McCormack of Bowling Green, secretary of the state board of health, who has treated a great many

HAS MISS LONG REGAINED HEALTH?



The Secretary of the Navy hopes to find the native air of her Massachusetts's home so far benefit his daughter's health that she will be able to resume her place in social life.

cases of smallpox in the last three years, says: "It is easy to see how the use of second-hand books might become a source of contagion in our schools, especially with scarlet fever and diphtheria. The practice with some of our book sellers of dealing in second-hand books is very objectionable."

Dr. A. J. Andrews, of Lexington, director of the gymnasium of Kentucky university, and a practitioner of wide experience, says: "The use of second-hand books certainly might become a fruitful source of contagion. Pupils in our public schools should not be allowed to use second-hand books at all, especially when they do not know who used the books first, unless the books have been thoroughly disinfected; even then it is possible that some books will be overlooked. Better discard the use of them altogether."

Health Officer Healey, of Lexington, who has had the evil to fight in the concrete, has this to say: "There can be no doubt that dirty second-hand books can convey contagious diseases. Some Chicago houses are buying them in states which have recently adopted new lines of text books. They rebind them and brush them up a little, and sell them all over the country. I find that there is really no economy in buying them, as the difference in price between second-hand and the new books is only ten cents per book, on an average. The saving is too small, and the risk is too great."

Public spirited medical men in Cincinnati declare that the practice of indiscriminately using second-hand books would be a constant menace to the public health, and, as evidence, they cite innumerable instances where contagion has resulted from books exposed to infectious diseases, sometimes after a period of fifty years. Books are considered one of the best natural cultures for disease germs known, and no mode of sterilization will cleanse them. This fact has been recognized by health department experts for a long time. Where books have been exposed even to the atmosphere of rooms in which contagion has been present, they have been promptly ordered destroyed.

EMMA GOLDMAN ON RACK.



EMMA GOLDMAN

The alleged notorious instigator of assassins now has reached the most perilous crisis of her career and may find seditious literature a dangerous fire to have handled.

It is not possible to tell what any second-hand book bought of a dealer has passed through. The custom that once prevailed among neighbors known to each other, under which school books were interchanged, is far safer than buying them of second-hand dealers; still, most communities have long since abandoned the former practice. It is a safe rule to buy and own and use your own school books; then you know what you have. You can keep them out of the hands of your own sick, out of the sick room, away from every source of contagion.

Disinfection is, indeed, practiced by the dealers; and it is their only justification, in the eyes of all who conscientiously adhere to and practice the precautions inculcated by the germ of disease, which, we remark with emphasis, is no longer a debatable, but a well-established law. But disinfecting is, a great benefit, it does not often infect. The outside of books, for instance, may be thoroughly disinfected, and yet the germ within—between the leaves—remains unharmed unless the leaves, one by one, be subjected to the most necessary fumigation. This process would necessarily be so slow, and therefore expensive, that it would be cheaper to buy a new book than to sterilize an old one.

To the man of normal mind, accustomed to accepting the truth and the facts, and acting upon them vigorously in all cases that immediately concern him; it is not necessary to offer additional inducement to take hold, in this matter of second-hand school books. Enough has been said on the moral vital point, namely, that second-hand school books can and do destroy the lives and injure the health of school children. We may insist also that the purchase of such school books is poor economy.

There is need, however, of concerted action. Let these agents of the "mysterious" be gathered together in every school district; let them be put in a heap and burned, in the name of true enlightenment. From the flames will go out innocuous the full spirits of diphtheria, smallpox, malaria, tuberculosis, scarlet fever; and if the neighborhood is visited by these diseases, it will not be on account of books that are not fit to go into the hands of children anyhow. What self-respecting child wants an old book to begin school with? New books are not dear; and no child will take as good care of an old book bought for him second-hand, as he will of a new book. The difference in the care he takes in each will more than make up the difference in the cost.

The mortality caused by such school books must be responsible for a very considerable percentage of the deaths among school children for ten months. Sanitary and hygienic regulation of schools has attained respectable proportions in this country; health boards are vigilant; school boards and teachers are co-operating with a zeal known only to those who are convinced of the importance of the new regulations. It would be strange if such a scheme as the second-hand school book trade were allowed to introduce the "mysterious" element into school district epidemics, after all that has been proven against the use of such books in the Kentucky smallpox cases.

The time to stamp out the evil is right now, at the beginning of the school year; the place to do it is everywhere, the object of the movement is to save the lives and protect the health of a great many children.

RANDALL HARE.

THREE COLLECT FOR CHURCH.

Proceedings Practiced by Primitive Holland Village Congregation.

Youths' Companion: A Sunday among the staid burghers of Holland gave Clifton Johnson an opportunity to see three church collections taken up in rapid succession. He had asked to be directed to a characteristic country church in an outlying village. As a result, he went by train from Leyden to a little place where there was a church as severe in its simplicity as the meeting-houses of colonial New England.

It resembles them, too, in its chilliness, for there was no attempt at warm-



(Copyright, by Luelia Lathrop.)
Roanoke 1.01 1/2
Coteau Queen 2
Prairie Belle 3
Wild Rose 4

This appeared on the bulletin board of the jockeys who had ridden the heat of the running race wheeled their horses, and riding before the judge stand, waved their hands in signal. The blatant country hand began to blare. The race track was a mass of jostling, swearing, sweating, betting men. Gold clinked against silver. There were waves in the air, everywhere cries of "2 to 1" or "5 to 10 on Roanoke."

Buckskin Jones, a saloonkeeper, seemed to be the only taker for the long side. He had staked a small fortune on Coteau Queen, and bet against Roanoke freely.

The jockeys were leading their mounts to and fro, wetting their mouths and rubbing their limbs. Many hands were stretched forth to pat the winning Roanoke, a black, Kentucky-bred mare, whose slender, reared beauty in some subtle way suggested the Gibson pictures of American women. She seemed proudly conscious of her triumph; her nostrils dilated and the pupils of her eyes widened.

Beside Roanoke stood her jockey, Bud, and her owner, Jim Harcourt, clean cut, like the young ranchman, pressed about them, paying the horse the American is so eager to render to his god—success.

A grim faced, thin lipped man sat quietly beside Roanoke, passing his hand admirably over her glistening flanks and slender limbs.

"What'll you take for her?" he asked in an undertone.

"Not for sale," replied Harcourt. "I'll give you \$2,000 if she wins."

"I'll give you \$2,000 if she wins," murmured the grim man without giving a muscle of his face. "Two thousand dollars!" Jim thought rapidly of a neat cottage on the shore where he could take Jessie, in spite of the disapproval of her stern old father, Judge Osborne, but the caution of a natural horseman was strong. He puffed his cigar a moment in silence, while the grim man watched closely, and murmured carelessly: "See you after the race."

The Dakota sun beat down mercilessly on the grand stand where gathered the shoddy aristocracy of a boom town on the fringe of farm wagons of the enclosure, whose occupants crowded their necks to see the race with money and without price, and a single Indian tepee standing near the course. The last was occupied by Shunka Li, who had set up his

on. But interest in this event is all Anxiety—and cash—are centered the second heat of the running race the next on the program.

At last the hideous, goggling blankets are removed and the sun glances on shining flank, bridled stirrup. Jim Harcourt, standing beside the Osborne carriage, in suits Jessie, dainty, patrician and enough to turn the head of any man sees Buckskin Jones press through the crowd and slip a folded paper in the hand of Bud, Roanoke's jockey, who already mounted. Fear, anger, indignation are plainly written upon his browed, dissolute face as he reads. With a sinister smile he tears the paper in bits.

Jim whispers to Jessie: "I am \$2,000 for Roanoke if he wins. You know what that means for us, don't you?" Jessie's face flushes.

"You know he will win, but w

ing it, and the people were dependent upon foot stoves of the old-fashioned type that was beginning to go out of vogue in America 100 years ago. Several scores of these little boxes in the church empty, neatly against the wall, ready to be filled with smoldering peat and supplied with worshippers as they came in.

When the time for the collection arrived a man started out from the side of the church, and the space was occupied by the elder with a black pocket at the end of an eight-foot pole proceeded to his work. With this accessory he could reach the end of a pew, only he had careful not to hit some worshiper with the butt end while making his rounds.

Everybody in the congregation had something and the collector little bow every time a coin fell into the pocket. He had gone about half way round when another elder stepped out with another bag and pole. The writer wondered he had not started before. His purpose, however, was to help his fellow collector finish his work. Indeed, he started just as the other had begun and passed to the same people, and everybody dropped in a coin as faithfully as had done the first time.

Nor was this the end, for the collector had no sooner got a good than a third stepped out from the front with bag and pole and industriously over the ground two others had done. He was successful as his predecessors.

Things were getting serious. A stranger had put silver in the collector's hand but fearing that the collection

ALL BETS DECLARED OFF

by Luelia Lathrop.) help matters? Nothing will make father feel differently about it, and I will disobey him."

There is the usual friction of starting, but now they are off. Roanoke forges steadily ahead. But see, something happens! She rears—wheels. Coteau Queen gains. Again Roanoke plunges and rears. Great beads of sweat start on Jim's ashy face. By heavens, Bud is holding her in, and a breast ahead forges Coteau Queen, her slender body all iron and fire. She's under the wire.

"Hurrah for Coteau Queen!" is the cry of Buckskin Jones and his satelery lites. The infuriated men gathered round the judges' stand. They bid fair to tear it down, and with fierce cries of derision is mingled the name of Bud, the jockey, who barely escapes rough handling through the intervention of Buckskin Jones.

What Jim Harcourt said to his jockey is not a matter of history, but when the third heat is called Bud has disappeared and Jim is mounted on Roanoke.

"Win her and the two thousand is yours," whispers he of the grim face.

A voice shouts: "Don't disappoint your friends, Jim. We've put our money on that mare of yours."

"You fool, don't you see they've changed riders?" cries another.

As he passes the Osborne carriage Jim catches just a fleeting glance of a fluttering fichu, and he knows, without looking, how white and tense is the face above it.

Roanoke responds to the magic of his touch and voice. They are one length—two lengths ahead. They are almost home. The two thousand will be his.

But what is that in the course? A pappoose, a tiny, dusky bit of humanity that has strayed away from the tepee of Shunka Li, and is playing contentedly in the dusty course.

The horses are forging almost abreast. There is no time to hesitate. It is certain death to the child if it remains, defeat for him if he rescue it, but there is only one thing to do.

The crowd takes in the situation, and after one alarming groan, is silent. Then in an instant Jim swings himself out of the saddle and seems to cling as if by magic to Roanoke's side. For one awful second Roanoke's hoofs thunder in his ears, then he grasps the bare, brown arm of the shrieking child and is back again in the saddle. Earth and sky reel before him. The shouts of the people reach him like the far-off echo of another world. He is dimly conscious of the tiny brown body tightly pressed against him, but Roanoke never swerves.

Coteau Queen's driver is lashing her mercilessly. They are almost home. Faster! Faster! Now Roanoke is

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