

nasty-looking pustules all over his body. He visits twenty saloons, parades the crowded streets, and sleeps in a room with fifteen other men. Of the citizens vaccinated one-hundredth of one per cent. take the disease and one-thousandth of one per cent. die of it. Of the valiant anti-vaccinationists fifty per cent. are laid low and seventy-five per cent. of the fifty per cent. die. Thereafter, in that community at least, the anti-vaccination crusade languishes and the official vaccinators, when they make their rounds, are no longer denounced, barred out, and deluged with hot water.

And so it goes. The more vigorous the opposition, the better. When it is vigorous the general public becomes aware of it, and is forced, willy nilly, to observe its results. If it ends in the overthrow of some outgrown scheme of medication, well and good. If, on the contrary, it ends in proof positive that some new scheme of medication is efficacious (no matter what the cost to the dissenters), well and good, again. For the fact that smallpox is almost unknown to-day in civilized communities we have to thank the Rev. Edward Massey, the Abbe Filiatrault, and other theologians who combated prevention, and the dupes who died in following them, as well as Lady Montague and Dr. Jenner, who fought the first battle for vaccination. The same war was made upon anesthetics, and it is being made to-day upon the diphtheria antitoxin—and the result always has been, is to-day; and always will be, the same.

The history of medicine's final defeat of diphtheria, when it comes to be written, will be more dramatic and impressive than the story of any of Napoleon's campaigns. Fourteen years ago diphtheria was a universal and terrible plague. It killed hundreds of thousands of children every year, in all countries, and the doctors were helpless before it. It had been raging in the world for twenty-five centuries—the ancient Egyptians knew its heavy hand, and the Greeks called it Egyptian ulcer, but no progress whatever had been made in combating it. The average mortality was seventy-five per cent., and in some epidemics it reached nearly one hundred per cent. Gargles, applications, sprays and internal druggings were useless. Of the hundred "cures" and thousand theories, not one was worth the time it would take to describe it. The cause of the disease, the tiny bacillus diphtheria, had been discovered as far back as 1883 by a German named Klebs—but no one knew how to kill it. Then, one day in 1893, a man named Behring invented the diphtheria antitoxin, and the death rate dropped from seventy-five per cent. to less than ten per cent.

It is rather difficult to make the tremendous result of this discovery plain, because the figures showing the number of cases of