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LECTURE

By Dr. Carolyn Geisel

THE STUDY OF "BLOOD"

I feel in addressing this audience as if I were among friends of long standing. This afternoon, if it pleases you, we shall have a lesson on the "Blood" and I shall endeavour to bring you back to your college days. Many of you, wives and mothers, have long since left college, but it behoves us of the medical profession to be students—always. For twenty years I have been practising physician and in order to keep abreast of the times I have found it necessary to study always. There are many things which you did not know when you left college; I shall try to expound some of these facts and I shall be most happy if you on your part carry away even one particle of benefit from our talk this afternoon.

We shall deal chiefly this afternoon with the family of Phagocytes—not the whole of them—certainly not—the family is too numerous to permit of that; but we shall deal with two only, the Macrophages and Microphages. With a word about Microphages—the family of Phagocytes—listen—I do not like Cromophages, you see they have been at work in my hair. Again, I repeat I do not like Cromophages; they put on the badges of old age, robbing the hair of its coloring and so leaves one looking middle aged.

I have here a picture, do not say a word, for it is one of my own artistic productions—(here Doctor Geisel unfolded a chart showing very clearly the blood, composed of its white cells, red cells and serum)—and like a friend of mine who once painted a picture and inscribed in large letters—This is a Butterfly Not a Moth—I now declare loudly that this represents the blood as seen through that wonderful instrument, the microscope. The blood contains white cells—those marvellous little Macrophages and Microphages—of which we are going to talk.

Macrophages And Their Work

There are five thousand little Macrophages and Microphages in every drop of blood in every healthy person's body—think of it—the all-seeing Father made it possible for us to be well if we would only co-operate with Him. I trust and shall feel most happy if you, my dear friends recognize His hand in the work which Macrophages do for our bodies. It has been said that physicians go into the laboratories denying God Almighty, and come out—their courses finished—permeated with the same idea. I speaking from experience, fail to see even a glimmer of truth in this statement. Oh, those wonderful little white blood cells, how they speak to us of the kind thought of a loving Father.

Seen under microscope, Macrophages and Microphages are very small and flat in experience. How small they must be cannot be easily described, but the fact that there are 5000 of these little white blood cells in every drop of healthy blood will help not a little to determine their size. The work of the Macrophages is to heal. How does this little creature do its work? When a finger or any other part of the body gets cut—oh, you should see the Macrophage, which has been taking things so easy, sauntering along leisurely, oh, you should see him rush to do his work. First one comes and wriggles himself into the edge of the wound, then another follows and clings to him, and then a third and a fourth and a fifth and so on until there are enough to fill up the space made by the wound—and what do they do then? They contract, just as in darning when one has the space caused by the tear filled up, one gently draws the threads together, so also does this plucky little Macrophage draw all his brothers together, and leave the flesh just as it was before it received the nasty wound. Is it not wonderful, is not a most fascinating study, and does it not impress the mind with the omnipotence of the Great Father?

The work of the Microphage is, if possible, even more important than that of the Macrophage. When asked at one time why these little blood cells got such funny "little Irish names," I replied and with truth too, that Mike is the sturdy little policeman, who arrests all the germs that find their way into our bodies. If the Microphage is in proper working order, the instant he detects the presence of these death-dealing germs, or tuberculosis, malaria, or typhoid, you should see him get on to his job—he races literally, punctures the wall of the blood vessel and folds himself round the death-dealing germ of tuberculosis, who stripped like a criminal looks what he is, a thief who would steal your life away, again I say the Microphage gathers up these germs, and hustles them off to jail. You have heard of the Spleen? In my student days, we used



Dr. CAROLYN GEISEL.

to think that the Almighty just put the Spleen into our bodies to keep the other parts contained there in from rattling about, so we decided to try a little experiment. We got a number of little dogs on the dissecting table and removed their Spleens, and then passed them over to the under graduates to be cared for. What happened? The poor little dogs died, and we of course declared that they had been neglected; however, we now know that even if we clever seniors had looked after dogs they could not have lived. My friends, the Spleen is the lock-up to which Mike hustles these prisoners of his. A patient suffering from Malaria, or ague sometimes has a swollen spleen, this is caused by Mike bringing into many prisoners for the accommodation provided—consequently the Spleen swells.

When a Microphage is in proper working order, it can pick up eight germs, but Mike absolutely refuses to work unless he has the right atmosphere. Impure water, impure air, and alcohol, all put Mike out of commission. I remember an incident which occurred in Paris, which clearly illustrates how the lack of pure air influences the blood. We were French Govt. gives to the clinic the rif raff, the refuse of the streets, for experiments and we were at work one morning, on this motley crew, when Professor De Land, strolled in to the Clinic. He was a big, strong, clean man, muscular and healthy, and he exclaimed: "Why do you waste time, why do you not try an experiment on a Man?" "Because," we replied

"no man has ever offered before," he agreed to let us experience on him, you should have seen us swarming round him, we tapped his fingers, we tapped his ears, and ran with the drop of blood to our microscope. There were the five thousand little Microphages picking up the eight germs in every drop of blood. "Professor De Land" we said to him "go home and sleep to-night in a room with the windows and doors tightly closed." "What are you trying to do with me," he said. However he came to us next morning, without his bath, and without his breaking fast and I never saw a crosser man. We eagerly his hands and ears, and ran to the microscopes. Mike was lazily picking up one, two, and in rare cases three or four germs, not one Microphage was picking up more than four. "Professor De Land" we said, "you are in danger, don't go near the smallpox hospital, keep away from that tubercular patient—go out and walk, breathe deeply, breathe long, and come back to us in five hours." The Professor went out and he walked for five long hours, and when he came back, once again we tapped his hands and ears, and lo! Mike was back on his job again.

Professor De Land asked us why we, who were so eager for experiments did not come forward and offer ourselves for experimental purposes. We, to whom such a thought had not occurred, eagerly pressed forward when the idea was presented to us, and offered our hands to be tapped for blood. Now, said the Professor, for today you are to abstain from water. We groaned, no soup, for there was water in it, no fruit, there was water in it, no milk, no vegetables, almost nothing could we have for water must be done without. The next morning we were cross, and under the microscope it was seen that Mike was having a holiday. "Now," said the Professor, quickly to the fountains, and drink, drink, drink." We did drink, and faithful Mike went back to work again. If our talk to day will drive you, my friends to drink, I shall be more than happy. Two and a half quarts a day, that is what we must drink—all at once? Oh! no, at meals! no; we must drink in the morning, during the day, and before going to bed. In one of the schools which it is my privilege to visit and give a lecture occasionally when I am at home, a little tot, was heard calling another little one, one morning, the other, angry at being disturbed, asked sleepily, "what do you want? said the tot, "I have brought you water for your Microphages." "Alcohol puts Mike out of commission," it says the energy and weakens

the foundation of the body, consequently Mike is not able to pick up his compliment of germs and the dread tubercular criminal steals the life from out the body. Only one out of every ten who have died from tuberculosis, it follows that there are at least seven who have successfully combated it. Twenty years ago I fought the dread disease. Do you know that direct sunshine, God's sun-shine kills tubercular germs in 10 minutes. You mothers, who fear contagion for your laddie, have him to sleep in the open air, give him air, and without his breaking fast and I the institution which I have the honor to be associated, our tubercular patients prepare for the night as follows:—They first put on a large woolen shirt, with a pair of socks, big roomy socks, and a pair of mittens, and a bonnet covering the ears but leaving the nose free to breathe, then we get into a bag made of woolen blankets sown together and tied into the neck with a string. We then go to the roof, and with the snow falling softly on us we sleep, and let God's air do its work in killing the dread germ. You mothers, will you not fight this white plague which threatens to invade your island, let the laddie or the lassie, whom you love and for whom you have fears, sleep in the open, let them have plenty of God's sunshine.

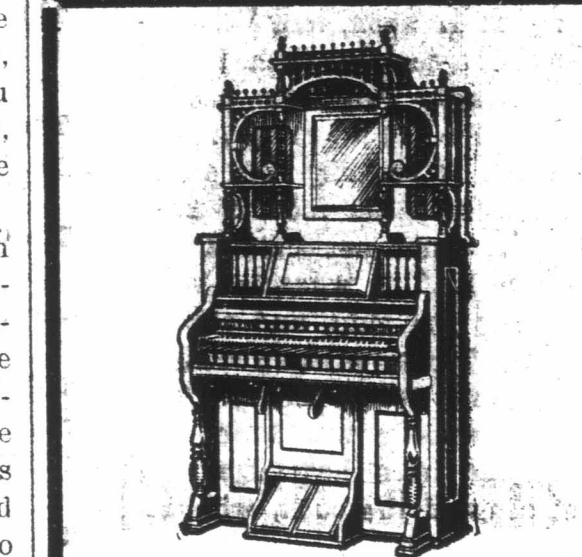
In order to have the Microphage in perfect working order you should cover the germs in a sauce made of sodium salt—organized soda salt. The serum of the blood contains phosphorus organized soda, salt and potash. We would not think of feeding our boys at the front with "Angel Cake," and we must take equal care to serve to our boys at home the proper kind of food. Let me beg of you to boil the potatoes with their jackets on for they contain a wonderful amount of potash between the jacket and the potato proper, other vegetables are rich in potash and grain abundantly in this valuable substance. Let me beg of you to use more Graham Flour, it contains a much greater quantity of potash than white flour, serve also oatmeal porridge on the breakfast table, it will supply potash in abundance. Fifty-six thousand (56,000) more middle-aged men died in the States last year of heart disease, chiefly due to the lack of lime. Your only obtain one half of a gram of lime from one pound of beefsteak, whilst from one pound of old-fashioned Johnny Cake you may get twelve grams of lime. You will easily see that longevity may be secured by using the proper food.

The red blood cells are the retailers of oxygen, they carry the oxygen straight from the wholesale department (the lungs) to the outposts. The human body cannot assimilate the necessary amount of iron in drug form. In extreme cases Mother Nature makes an effort and allows the body to take a small quantity, but ordinarily the body cannot take iron in drug form. How then, are we to take a sufficient amount of iron. Oh, you mothers, you wives, who see your loved ones with pale faces and colourless lips, will you do what I say? Give the anemic person, give those under your charge who would have a good supply of red blood, give them all the coloured vegetables and fruit. Turnip-greens, Dandelions and Beet-Greens, Red Currants, Oranges, Purple Grapes, are all rich in iron, besides containing a good supply of Phosphorus. While the season is in, you mothers, preserve the fruits from your own gardens, pay special attention to red currants, and avoid the jellies and preserves which you may get at the grocers. There is enough in the yolks of seven eggs to supply iron to the human body for a whole day.

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In conclusion, I beg to say that there are a few and only a few points to be kept in mind, and I shall feel tremendously happy if this kindly audience, who have listened to me with so much patience this afternoon, will try to remember them. Let the little laddies and lassies, for whom you fear the dread white plague, let them sleep in the open, under God's own blue sky, serve up on your own table food which will keep Mike, the sturdy little policeman in perfect working order—potash, chiefly found in potatoes—(remember to boil them in their jackets)—but also found in grains. Feed up your boys and girls on iron, give them coloured fruits and vegetables, which will put the colour into their cheeks and the iron, necessary for circulation, into their red blood cells.

Let me bring you back to the old book, the Bible, let me point out to you what the Great Father says: "The Blood is the Life." He has given us those wonderful little white blood cells to help us to keep well, and strong, to help us to have good red blood, let us co-operate with Him.

Let me thank this kindly, patient audience for the patience with which you have listened to me this afternoon, and if I have helped you even a little I am more than repaid. Again I thank you.