

The Wayside Philosopher

ABRACADABRA

Why We Have Compulsory Vaccination

Many of our readers have no doubt wondered what lay beneath the surface of the Vaccination Agitation in Vancouver. Most people had learned better than to dread smallpox with the terror it once held for all. Many, if not all, recognize that with reasonably proper care, the smallpox is less troublesome than many other ills to which we are more subject.

The writer had the smallpox under conditions which did not tend to give effect to the precautions and cares of nursing. In a mountain shack with a miner for a nurse, but competent medical attendance, it inflicted far less discomfort than the influenza, the measles or pneumonia—and left no weakness to combat as did one, at least, of the others.

Knowing then that the number of cases, if any, were limited, that doctors abounded and hospital attention was easy to secure, we, in our innocence, were perplexed as to why Dr. Underhill and Dr. Worthington should be so energetic in their vaccination propaganda.

We now know the reason. Dr. Worthington has unbosomed himself. It was not because the disease in itself was a menace. It was not because the people of Vancouver considered that it was a danger or might become one. The reason lies in State necessity. No less a body than the League of Nations is responsible, according to Dr. Worthington, for the circumstances which made vaccination a necessity where it otherwise was idiocy.

We have read with sympathy of the up-hill struggle of the League of Nations. We have read regretfully of the disinclination of this, or that, great nation to unite with the League and aid it in its programme for securing the peace of the world. We were inclined to think that some nations were too selfish, others too suspicious and some too ill-informed in their attitudes regarding the League of Nations and its programme.

As it turns out we were the ill-informed. No wonder the United States refrained from joining a body whose cares are so multifarious and so varied as to embrace not only the greater question of spheres of influence or mandates to this or that country, but such matters of world-wide importance as compulsory vaccination in Vancouver. The only comparison we have for such a varied set of duties is the British House of Commons which, we read, has this moment to consider a problem of primal international importance and the next moment, to vote money for some purely local undertaking such as a bridge, road or matter of that sort, in some of the districts of England, Scotland or Wales.

Well might a nation tremble to select representatives who, in addition to the wining, dining and social life of such a representative, have got to be at the instant prepared to say whether the refusal of a mandate by the United States in Western Asia should be met by a division of the proposed mandate among certain European powers or whether the Doukabours of British Columbia should be vaccinated as a means of aid to the general health of British Columbia.

Readers are kindly requested to note that the writer is not available for appointment to duties which, according to Dr. Worthington's announcement, must be almost illimitable.

Easter Tide

Easter Tide has come and gone bringing to the hurried rush of modern life those moments of contemplation, that detachment, for the time being, from commercial pursuits of which it stands so much in need.

We are altogether too hurried, too worried, too over-bustling, in this busy life of ours. Our sense of values becomes confused and we cease to see clearly the distinctions between right and wrong in many of the situations which confront us. To all this the Easter Tide is a welcome and much needed corrective.

While Easter Sunday has, perhaps, received more and more emphasis as time goes by, yet, after all, the outstanding picture of the Easter Tide is not the Resurrection but the Crucifixion.

There, amid the agonies of dissolution, we see the recognition of the eternal duration of life. The Resurrection is only the expression of that realization.

It may give our worldly-wise pause. It may cause those, who place too implicit confidence in the leadership of intellectuality, in the finality of religious environment, to think when they consider that, out of the great crowd that thronged around the Cross on that occasion, the recognition of the Saviour's kingship, of the finality of his mission and the certainty of his future rule, came, not from the leaders of the Jewish Church, not from learned and aristocratic Roman rulers and commanders, not from the scholars, savants, men of culture or commercial greatness, who, no doubt, constituted elements in the throng, not from the close disciples of the dying one, not even from the keenly interested—mother love of her who watched with the beloved John opposite the Cross—but from a dying thief concerning whose antecedents we are told nothing and about whom we can only weave theories derived from the imagination let loose to play upon the scene.

Was he a zealot? Perhaps. Had he an early religious education? We know not. It may have been. What type of ruffian was he? Of this we have no knowledge. We only know he was crucified as a thief. Yet he, alone, sees through the apparent failure which oppresses mother, kinsmen, friends and disciples of the crucified one, which deludes and deceives the onlooking throng, the glory and the kingship of one whom the Church was deriding or abandoning and whose only royal trappings consisted in the mocking adornments derisively allotted to him by his executioners.

When we look for great faith, when we look for the supremest confidence that man has yet shewn in the Mission of the Saviour, we thus find it, not in Church dignitary, not in Apostle or Disciple, but in the dying thief.

This subject and the lesson it teaches are well worth our consideration. Let this be the teaching of this Easter Tide.

A Criticism and An Offer

The Wayside Philosopher has been handed a letter addressed to the Editor of the B. C. Monthly in which exception is taken to certain remarks contained in the writer's article on Graham's wonderful speech in New York. We quote: "Abracadabra's patronizing remarks on the hearts of the rank and file of the Liberal Party cause resentment coming from an Old Country Tory and his uncalled for reflections upon the