

was the only one who knew what to do and how to do it. Though both legs were crushed, and he was bleeding to death, they hoisted him up, and he cut in on the wire and pounded his key for ten minutes before he got an answer. Then he sent the life-saving message: "Number 17, terribly wrecked . . . send hospital train." Tenderly his crushed body was cared for by his comrades, but he had passed away before the hospital train had been rushed to the spot. He saved others, careless of his own dying agony. Only God knows how he had been trained by years of unselfish service for that glorious death.

God gives us the schooling required, and every act of service, done for His glory and not for our own, will make us stronger. We can't afford to waste His precious schooling by working for our own glorification.

We want to improve, therefore let us try to be glad when other people find fault with us. If the faults are there, we want to get rid of them; and our task is made easier when they are pointed out to us. A leader once said about a girl he had been carefully observing: "She is a pretty good worker, but she can't bear to be criticised; therefore she will never be first-class." When criticism angers us, and we are too thin-skinned to endure a shadow of blame without vexation, it must be because we care more about reputation than character, would rather be admired than learn how to climb higher.

When ridicule, or even a little good-natured teasing can turn us from the way we feel to be right, it is a proof that we are more eager to win the praise of men than the praise of God. As a matter of fact, the people who are always afraid of doing something that is not not "quite the thing," or of wearing something that is "not correct," or of saying something which may be thought "out of date," are seldom respected or admired. Everyone respects a man who has the courage to act as he thinks right, no matter what his fellows may say. It is not easy to stand alone. The other day I saw a young girl standing, leaning on crutches, where others were kneeling at the Communion rail. It was a small act of courage, perhaps; but it made her appear conspicuous, and she was too shy for the position to be an easy one. It was an outward sign that she was brave enough to stand alone. She could not kneel like the people beside her, and Christ Himself had told her to come to the Holy Communion. By simple obedience, she glorified Him and inspired others to obey Him, too.

"If you've got a song in you—sing it. Though all the critics jeer, Out from the soul of you bring it, And those who need will hear. Though some say 'it's a trite one,' And loudly their laughter fling, Your song will reach to the Right One. Lo sing!"

DORA FARNCOMB.

### "THE NEW PUBLIC HEALTH."

The Farmer's Advocate Bureau of Public Health Information.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, AND COMMENTS.

Conducted by Institute of Public Health, London, Ont.

[Questions should be addressed: "New Public Health, care of 'The Farmer's Advocate,' London, Ont." Private questions, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, will receive private answers. Medical treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.]

Most people think that health officers are "stuffy" people, always trying to find some fault with the backyard or the drains, or criticizing the cleanliness of the house, the neatness of the children, the order in the kitchen, and sniffing for bad smells wherever they go.

And this is just what the old-fashioned health officer was, twenty or thirty years ago. If he found any old rags under the cellar door, or a deposit of bones that Fido had half-buried in the garden, he was delighted, because he thought he had found a leak in the health of the community that he could stop. Very promptly and scornfully he

would remove those smelly things to some safe place for burial or burning, and go home, conscious of a public duty done faithfully and well.

But this picture of a health officer is no longer correct. Bad smells are disagreeable enough to all of us, and may nauseate some of us. But they do not produce typhoid fever or diphtheria or tuberculosis. Nor does the dirty thing which makes the bad smell produce these diseases, or any other, unless it has the actual germ of that particular disease on it or in it. This very seldom happens, unless the dirty thing came from a patient having that particular disease, or handled by someone who had the germs in them or on them.

This is not a plea for dirt. Dirt is disgusting, disagreeable, possibly harmful in minor ways. But dirt does not breed disease in the ordinary sense, although it helps to breed flies, which may carry disease germs if they get the chance, and it does not develop of itself the germs of smallpox or scarlet fever, or such like. Even should such germs, shed by a patient or infected person, get into or on ordinary dirt, they do not breed and flourish there.

Many germs do, but not disease germs. Disease germs cannot stand roughing it in or on casual dirt. They are delicate little plants, and require special food, and a special temperature in order to grow, and their requirements are seldom met in nature outside the human (or animal) body. Hence it is that the new public health, although objecting to dirt for its own sake, does not object to it as a cause of disease. It is infected persons, not infected things, that do most of the damage.

True, the germ of some diseases in humans will grow and flourish in animals as well, and vice versa. Glanders in horses is due to a tiny germ or plant which grows in the horse's nose, and often in his lungs; sometimes in his skin, producing then what is called "farcy." This germ of glanders in the horse may grow also in the human; and when a horse, with glanders in the nose, snorts into a man's face, the man may get the germs into his nose or mouth, and so develop glanders himself. Also the same may happen if he gets the discharges from a glandered horse's nose, or from the skin in "farcy," into a cut or scratch.

Fortunately, the human body is not, as a rule, a good breeding ground for this little germ or plant that causes glanders in the horse. Because of this, most of the glanders germs that enter human bodies from glandered horses die out, and no harm follows. But every now and then some man caring for glandered horses, and getting the germs from them, develops glanders himself; and almost always dies, within a week or two.

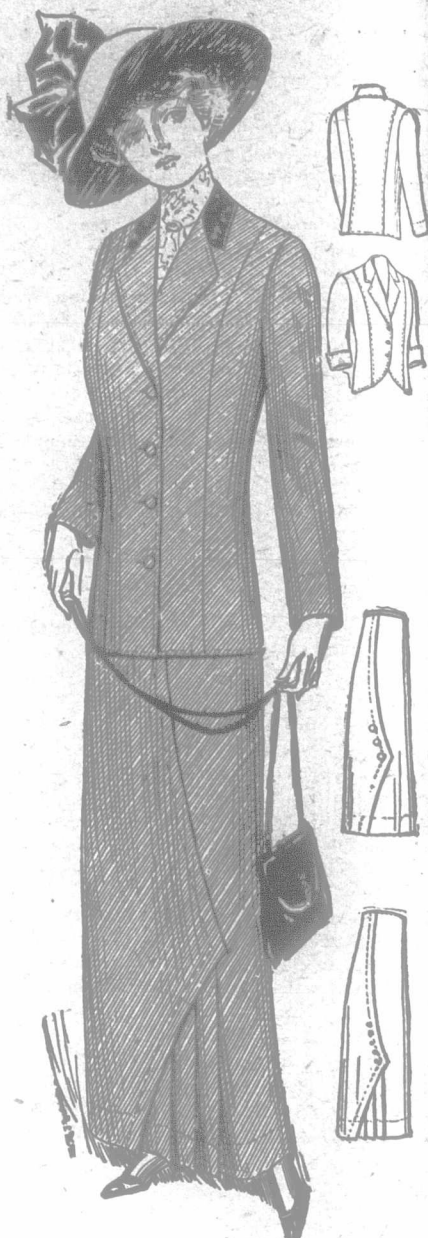
We know that the same sort of thing is true of the germ of cattle tuberculosis. This germ, when it reaches humans, often fails to grow, especially if the person who receives it is over sixteen years old. When it reaches children, however, it finds them better soil, and about one-fourth of the children who die of tuberculosis owe their deaths to the germs they received from cattle, through milk from tuberculous cows, and from the manure of tuberculous cows, when, as almost always happens, manure gets into milk.

Tetanus (lockjaw) is also due to a germ—a germ which finds its chief breeding ground in the intestine of some horses, and sometimes in cows. This germ does no harm in the intestine, but if horse manure, etc., containing it, enters a wound, especially a deep, narrow wound, like a puncture from a nail, the germ may develop in the body and produce lockjaw. Both man and animals may contract lockjaw thus. Hence the danger of soil-contaminated wounds, when the soil is well manured, especially with horse manure.

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness." True, and the New Public Health ardently advocates both cleanliness and Godliness. But neither cleanliness nor Godliness will prevent a child, exposed to measles, say, from catching it. The child of the archbishop and the child of the burglar are alike in this—dirty or clean, Godly or un-Godly, neither can suffer an infectious disease unless the germs enter the body—and both have equal chances to develop the disease, if

the germs do enter. To prevent disease, cleanliness helps, but only if the cleanliness includes exclusion of the germs.

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