

THE NEW PUBLIC HEALTH

The Advertiser Bureau of Public Health Information.
QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, COMMENTS.
Conducted by Institute of Public Health, London, Ont.

Questions should be addressed "The New Public Health," care The Advertiser, London, Ont.
Private questions accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope will receive private answers. Medical treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.

CONSUMPTIVE.

What is the earliest record of the tuberculous germ?

Answer.—Tuberculosis as a disease has been known from the very earliest times. Medical historians believe that the disease was known to the ancient Egyptians, and that reference is made to it in portions of the Bible written about 1500 B. C. (Lev. xviii, 16; Deut. xxviii, 22.) Hippocrates' description of the disease about 400 B. C. is classic, and there is no doubt as to its accuracy.

The causative germ of the disease was first isolated and cultivated outside the body by Robert Koch in 1882. E. FIDLAR.

W. B. (12 Years Old).

I was at one of your lectures and I enjoyed it very much, but there was one question I did not understand. What is the Indian subject to consumption more than the negro or the white man? W. B. (12 years old).

Answer.—Thank you. As to not understanding why the Indian, who lives outdoors, has much more consumption than the white man, who lives indoors, this has puzzled many people.

One explanation is that white people have had consumption for so many thousands of years that they have become "used to it," or partly immune; while the Indians have had it only since the white man came to America, and are not "used to it" yet.

Against this explanation of gradual immunization or "getting used to it" is this: Consumption was a great cause of death in Hippocratic times, 2,400 years ago, and is so YET! How, then, could immunization of any account have developed? Again, actual records show that in the white race consumption has dropped 50 per cent. in the last one hundred years. It would be an extraordinary thing, indeed, if "gradual immunization" extending over 2,400 years of time, had no noticeable effect until the last 100 years of the period!

Another explanation is that among all peoples there were originally certain families who were much more ready to yield to the disease than other families, and that these families have now died out largely, among the white race; but that the similar

families among the Indians are occupied in dying out now. This argument has the same objection as the previous one: Why has the improvement among the white race not taken place gradually instead of chiefly in the last 100 years? A generation lasts only about 30 to 40 years. In a disease so widespread and deadly as consumption, it is hardly likely that 2,400 years for the susceptible families to die out! But if it did, it seems evident that they would die out at a more or less even rate, not at a rate so slow during the first 22 centuries, and so fast during the 23rd century, that consumption would not be materially decreased until the 24th century!

Remember this, too—every person living now has at least 100,000,000 direct ancestors; fathers and mother (two), their fathers and mothers (four), their fathers and mothers (eight); that is fourteen already, only back to great-grandparents, and each of THEM had a father and mother, which makes sixteen more! It would be pretty hard to sort out from the people now living those who had tuberculous ancestors and those who had not.

The explanation I believe in, worked out also independently by Benjamin Moore, of Liverpool University, is this: Consumption is due to a little plant growing in the body. It will not grow anywhere in nature, except in the body. You cannot get maple seeds anywhere except from maple trees. You cannot get the germs of consumption from anyone except those who have the germ growing in them. You cannot receive the germs of consumption from those in whom they are growing until the germs leave the body of the person in whom they are growing. Now, the germs do not, as a rule, leave the bodies of those in whom they are growing in dangerous numbers or condition unless the lungs are affected; and not then until the lungs begin to discharge the germs.

Practically, the human tuberculosis in the world comes from consumptives, just as all the maple seeds come from maple trees. The more careful that people are in associating with advanced consumptives (that is, without taking any precautions to prevent getting the germs from them), the more sure consumption is to spread. While people know this better and

take more pains to avoid infection than Indians do, that is the whole explanation.

This applies equally well to "dangerous occupations"; dangerous, that is, so far as catching consumption is concerned. No trade is "dangerous" in this sense, unless the people already in it have consumption, and unless carelessness in passing the germs on to new workmen exists. Coal miners, living in dirt and damp, deep underground, do not have consumption, simply because the previous miners did not have it. So there is no one in a mine who can give it to the new miners.

Why did not the previous miners have it? Because no consumptive in an advanced state could be a miner. If a miner contracts consumption, he has to "quit." He leaves the mine and therefore cannot give it to the other miners. But a stonecutter who has consumption can work at his trade until he drops. So the stonecutter with consumption does remain at work, and the new stonecutters catch it from him.

Every trade which is now "dangerous" because of the risk of getting consumption, could be made as safe as any other, by simply keeping out the advanced consumptives.

Other measures, like reducing the hours of labor, increasing pay, giving more room to each workman, so that the germs cannot go from one to the other so readily, preventing spitting on the floor, etc., all help a little; but the best way, the only way to get rid of the disease, is to prevent new cases developing from the old ones; and that means providing jobs where the old ones may go, places where they cannot spread the germs to other people.

This is a long answer to a little boy, but it is a most important question, and I think you will understand it; if not, write again. H. W. HILL.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Postgraduate courses for Physicians, Dentists, M. O. H's, Bacteriological, Chemical, Public Health, May and June, 1913. Diagnostic and Analytic service as furnished heretofore by the Provincial Board of Health, begins April 14, 1913. Institute of Public Health, London, Ontario.

and surely to God, I know!

Wrote them beside the hot-plate, or under the chilling skies, or Some of them true as death, is some of them merely lies, Some of them very foolish, some of them otherwise.

Little sorrows and hopings, little rugged rhymes, Some of them may be distasteful to men of our times, Some of them marked against me on the Book of the Many Crimes.

These, the Songs of the Navvy, bearing the taint of the brute, Unasked, uncouth, unworthy, out to the world I put, Stained with the brand of labor, the heel of a navvy's boot.

There are words in these poems which Kipling never knew; I daresay many of them have never appeared in type before. Notice the diction in this first stanza, of an extremely vivid poem, "Paddling It":

Hashing it out like niggers on a two and a tanner sub, Everything sunk with our uncle, little Fifty and six were our hours and never an extra shift, And whiles we were plunging at banker and whiles we were studying

Sewing and patching the trousers, till their parts were more than the whole, Tailoring, cobbling, and darning, grubbed on a sausage and a nut, Thrift on a fourpenny hour, a matter of nineteen bob, But we glanced askew at the gaffer, and stuck like glue to the job, We of the soapless legion, we of the hammer and nod.

There are scores of poems in this language and reflecting this mood, verse narratives of blood and tears and grime and toil, but here and there are sprinkled lyrics which contain that Celtic beauty, melodious and melancholy, the same exquisite dreaming which lies behind Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and so many other poems which have welled out of the warm Irish heart. This poem, "Going Home," is one which any living writer might be glad to own, and it is prophetic of the great things we may expect from the pen of this young genius:

I'm going back to Glenties when the harvest fields are brown, And the Autumn sunset lingers on my little Irish town, When the gossamer is shining, where the moorland blue is shown, I'll take the road across the hills I tramped so long ago, 'Tis far I am beyond the seas, but yearning voices call; "Will you not come back to Glenties, and your wave-washed Donegal?"

I've seen the hopes of childhood stifled by the hand of time, I've seen the smile of innocence become the frown of gloom, I've seen the wrong rise high and strong, I've seen the fair betrayed, Until the faltering heart fell low, the brave became afraid, But still the cry comes out to me, the homely voices call, From the Glen among the highlands of my ancient Donegal.

Sure I think I see them often when the night is on the town, The Braes of old Strassia, and the homes of Carrigdon— There's a light in Jimmy Lynch's house, a shadow on the blind, I often watch the shadow, 'twas Mary in behind, And often in the darkness, 'tis myself that sees it all, For I cannot help but dreaming of the folk in Donegal.

"All right, sir, I'll take the case. I feel assured that I can get you justice." "If that's the best you can do I guess I'd better get another lawyer or compromise."—Houston Post.

How the Americans Won Land Beyond The Great Mississippi

The story of how Americans won the land beyond the Mississippi is an engrossing narrative. It has all the elements of romance; it is an Odyssey with as rich a flavor of adventure and as picturesque a setting as Homer's tale of ancient enterprise. Scores of journals and books, some of them dating back to 1800, treat of this big subject, but it is safe to say that the whole story has never been told with greater thoroughness, or with more skill, than in Katharine Coman's two-volume work, "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," just published by the Macmillan Company, Toronto. Miss Coman, professor of history in Wellesley College, was given four years' leave of absence in which to engage in the immense amount of research work necessary to the writing of this valuable book. A lion for the lion has been obliged to refer to political and diplomatic features of her story, the author tells us in her preface that her purpose has rather been to suggest the underlying economic factors which determined the outcome of war and treaty and race competition and to reveal the bread-and-butter struggle that must ever result in the survival of the fittest. She is of the opinion that the economic side of history should take possession of the claims of the original owners, the Indians, and the American frontiersmen had to fight for the land. She is of the opinion that the economic side of history should take possession of the claims of the original owners, the Indians, and the American frontiersmen had to fight for the land.

square which served as a corral for the animals and a shelter behind which to fight in case of need. The camp fires were built outside the corral, and there the sentries paced their watches. The freight wagons were similar in design to the old-time conestogas, though of larger proportions. A cover of stout Osnaburg canvas was stretched over the top frame to keep off rain and dust. The wagons were scientifically packed as a peregrine, for there must be no displacements on the long, rough journey. So skillful were the men of the trail at this delicate business that cottons, silks, china, glass and hardware reached Santa Fe in as sound condition as if the goods had been conveyed over the smooth eastern post roads. On the journey the caravan relied on game for meat. The trip usually took five or six weeks, and when they arrived in Santa Fe it was the big day of the year for the Mexican city. The traders were always able to sell their goods at a profit of 100 per cent, but they had to give one-third of the profit to corrupt officials and another third went in customs duties. By 1830 the best days of this trade were over; so many traders went into it that the Santa Fe market was glutted and it was necessary to carry the goods on to Senora, and even to California before they could be sold. But during those earlier years what fights with Indians, what hardships, what privations, what dangers were enacted along that old trail which is hidden by rich corn fields today!

"COFFEE-TEA" AS A REFRESHING BEVERAGE

"Coffee-tea" sounds as though it might be some concoction made from both tea and coffee, but in reality there is no tea in it. Nor are there any coffee berries in it. It is made solely from the leaves of the coffee bush.

As everyone knows, tea is made from the leaves of tea plant, and coffee is from the ground berries of the coffee plant. But the fact that a beverage of many merits is made from steeping the coffee leaves just as tea leaves are steeped, led to the name of "coffee-tea."

This drink may never become popular, but there are many advantages claimed for it. In the first place, it is said to be far less harmful than either tea or coffee. It contains scarcely any caffeine, which is said to be that portion of coffee that lessens efficiency if taken in too great quantities. At the same time the coffee leaves contain nearly as much theine as real tea and far less tannin, the tannin being the objectional part of tea.

Coffee-tea is made the same as tea. The dried leaves are made into a remarkable degree. An infusion of the leaves is made just as with tea, and a notably aromatic beverage results.

THIS FINE OLD GENTLEMAN ANSWERED 187 LETTERS IN REGARD TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

People in All Parts of Canada Wanted to Know More About These Wonderful Tablets Made From Fruit Juices.



N. JOUBERT, ESQ.

"I heartily recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to all who suffer from Constipation and the painful consequences—Piles. I am now over 74 years old and suffered for over 26 years with Constipation and Piles, I tried all kinds of remedies, saw the doctors and took their medicines but nothing cured me. About four years ago I tried 'Fruit-a-tives'—found they were doing me good. Then I procured an additional supply and was much gratified at the wonderful good they did me. After taking four boxes I felt well—my bowels were regular and the Piles had disappeared."

My wife was troubled for three years with Asthma, and Eczema on the hands, which made her hands almost useless. The doctor gave her several ointments to use, none of which had any effect. He also advised her to use rubber gloves (she wore out three pairs). I persuaded her as a last resort, to try 'Fruit-a-tives.' The effect was marvelous. Her hands are cured and the Asthma has also left her. We both attribute our present good health to 'Fruit-a-tives.'

Whether it was the fine, honest, straightforward face that inspired confidence or the simple language, which rang true as a silver bell, that made so many people think over this letter, is hard to say. But the fact remains that one hundred and eighty-seven persons have written Mr. Joubert to let him know more fully about 'Fruit-a-tives.' And this delightful old gentleman who is now 74 years old—happy in his release from pain—grateful for his cure—took the time to answer every inquiry. Take his advice and try 'Fruit-a-tives.'

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

It must be admitted that it is bitter, far more bitter than either strong coffee or strong tea, but people who have tried it for a while claim they get used to it and like it better than either straight tea or coffee. It has been suggested that this coffee-tea, while by no means quite so agreeable to the taste as those not used to it, may become an important article of diet, since it is really wonderfully refreshing and restorative in its effects, and it is also believed that people who are unable to drink ordinary tea or coffee might get used to it.

The Book of the Week Ireland's New Genius

[By W. T. Allison, M. A. "Ivanhoe"]

Just when all the critics have told us that no new poet may be expected to arise, because all the thoughts under the sun have been expressed in song, there steps upon the literary stage a brand new genius with fresh melodies and absolutely original ideas. I refer to Mr. Patrick MacGill, who calls himself the navvy poet. He is sealed of the tribe of Bards, it is true, and loves to use "ye" in his verse, but there is a spontaneity and color in his work which mark him as the greatest singer that has yet emerged from the pick and shovel variety. Mr. MacGill is a terrible realist; many of his lines reek with profanity some are positively alcoholic, and the mark of the beast is unpleasantly apparent. But while I shudder at the poet's crudity, I cannot help but say to myself, "After all, this is life; these are true pictures of joys and sorrows of human beings degraded and brutalized, but withal generous in their impulses, pitiful in their trials, and in short, our brethren." Mr. MacGill's new volume is entitled, "Songs of the Dead End" (The Year Book Press, London), and is far and away the most vital and compelling collection of poems that has appeared in England for many a day.

Patrick MacGill is a bright-looking Irish lad, twenty-one years of age. He has been delivered from the serfdom of navvy life and is now earning a living by deciphering and copying ancient manuscripts in the Chapter Library beneath the towers of Winchester Castle. But young as he is, and refined as he is in appearance, he has come through the horrors of grinding poverty and brutalizing toil. Years ago he left his home in Glenties, a little village in the wildest district of Donegal, on the north coast of Ireland. Nothing could be more vivid than his own story of his life since then, and nothing could serve better as an introduction to the awful realism of his poetry. "I am," he said to an interviewer recently, "the eldest of a family of ten, and I went to the National schools at Glenties. I left at

ECEZMA



Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Weeping Scabies, etc. ECEZMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—CURED TO STAY. I have picked up for a while, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting twelve years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime nearly half a million cases of this disease. I am not a doctor, nor do I care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, but I ask is just I am talking about, if you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in months. If you are disgusted and discouraged, just give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it, and you will see I am telling you the truth.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1004 Court Block, Sedalia, Mo. References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema? Ap. 5, 12, 19, 26

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