

# CAMPAIGN IN STATES AIMED AT VACCINATION

Speakers at Meeting Say Time is Ripe for Unseating of Medical Aggression.

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 24.—An anti-legislative campaign against compulsory vaccination was started by the Medical Liberty League with a public meeting in Springfield last night. That the time is ripe for a popular rising against autocratic control of public health as administered by a few was stressed throughout the meeting. Besides members of the league, supporters of the league's purposes were in attendance from many nearby places. Henry D. Nunn, general counsel of the league, in opening the meeting, declared that the time had come when the opponents of medical aggression in Massachusetts must show their voting strength which, he said, had been heretofore very much underestimated. He said that the friends of medical liberty and of the State should be aroused by the statement of Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, chairman of the Massachusetts Medical Society, recently published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, which, he asserted, clearly showed that, for years, there could have been no fair hearing of the question of vaccination by the joint Public Health Committee of the General Court.

It was not surprising, Mr. Nunn said, that the medical liberty forces that the most professional group working for vaccination should have done their utmost to control the appointments to the important committee on public health, but they were very much surprised that Dr. Woodward's statement should have been not only attempted to control the committee, but that they had regularly succeeded in doing so.

The speaker quoted what he characterized as "Dr. Woodward's confession," in part, as follows:

"The so-called vaccination bills are, in common with most health bills, the result of the committee on Public Health, and the committee of this committee is of the utmost importance, for the Legislature is generally prone to follow its recommendations. It is, therefore, important to get in touch with the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House, in whose hands the appointment to this, as it were, is placed. I have, for the past three years as your president, always did, finding understanding and co-operation in my endeavor to have men with medical training and of the highest character appointed. The reason for this co-operation was not, however, always a desire for the improvement of health conditions in the Commonwealth."

C. Augustus Norwood of Boston, a member of the executive committee of the Medical Liberty League, also addressed the meeting, relative to some of his own experience. He was a minority member of the Senate Committee on Public Health. He said that the time would speedily come when the State would declare its independence of a small group which assumes to speak for the entire population.

## Provides Music As Digestive Tablet

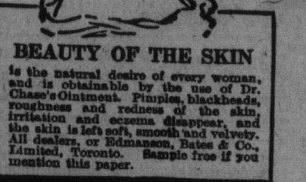
London, Jan. 24.—The humorous complaint of the chronic diner-out that restaurants nowadays served more music than food has been met with the serious dictum of a London specialist that putting in better for the enjoyment of a good meal and its subsequent digestion than music—provided that it is the right sort of music. Sir James Dundas-Grant is the authority referred to here. He swears by his theory and has musical scores of his own mixing for everything from a light luncheon to a full-course dinner.

"It is not realized what a tremendous help to the enjoyment and digestion of a meal music is," he said. "But the music must suit psychologically the meal throughout its various courses."

"My idea is that the dinner should start with something light and fanciful and gay, and end with the horns d'oeuvre. The soup should be taken with something happy and frolicsome, the fish with a soothing and pleasing melody, which should be followed at the entire stage by a return to the sprightly mood, for here the diners are warming up to the meat and becoming comfortable and at ease. An amorous tune should go with the joint."

"Game" should always be accompanied by some beautiful waltz, the sweet, with something delicate and dainty and the savory with a bright yet reposeful dance measure."

"The only epicureal rite which calls for silence, in the opinion of Sir James, is the time when cigars are being lighted and smoked."



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## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

### Weekly Chat

My Dear Chums—

No doubt all my young friends will be pleased to know that Willie Logan, Harry Leonard and Tommie, of St. John, performed remarkably well in the skating championships at Elizabeth, N. Y., this week, the two former managing to win prizes, and just think they were competing against the fastest skaters in the United States and Canada.

I have received a number of very interesting letters from the boys and girls who are members of the Children's Corner; also a couple of short stories. One letter received from a boy named Mark, in Albert County, should prove a great lesson to all other boys. This young fellow informs me, that very early every morning he lights the fire in the house and has everything ready for his mother when she arises to prepare the breakfast and while he is waiting for breakfast he and three younger brothers look after the house and the horses, and then they have to walk two miles through the snow and in the cold before they reach the school. This kind of a boy, who is not afraid of work, and will also attend school regularly, will certainly grow up to be a great man.

He sends in a question which will perhaps give other members of the Children's Corner a chance to answer. He asks that a school teacher tell him that the earth is round like a ball; then he says that he reads in the Bible, in Revelation, chapter 1, "And these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth." Harry says that the Bible is wrong, and the teacher says the earth is round like a ball, and the Bible says it has four corners.

In other letters received from members of the Children's Corner, I am informed that they are not attending school for the reason that there is no teacher. This is too bad, for it will keep them back in their studies.

I suppose all my nieces and nephews are taking all the enjoyment possible out of the skating, coasting, and sleigh driving this winter. It is great fun after school.

One little boy informs me that he is very lonely and requests a few names so he can correspond with other members of the Children's Corner. You will see his name and address in the answers to Letters, and I hope that members of the Children's Corner will write to him.

What a great thing it is to be industrious! And I am sure that nearly every boy reader of the Children's Corner can find something to do outside of the work about home, by which he can earn a few dollars. One member of the Children's Corner in the country informs me that he and his brother had snared no less than one hundred and twenty rabbits this winter, and they will be able to make a few cents each, and the man feeds the rabbits to the foxes on a ranch. Just think, these boys have earned twelve dollars so far this winter, and will earn more money before the winter is finished. It would be well for other boys in the country to think of something like this, and while they enjoy the fun in the woods with the snare, and the money they would be making money, and would not be obliged to bother mother or father for change to purchase things with.

While I have been telling you boys good news of the boys, I must not forget that many of the girl members of the Children's Corner are proving a great help to their mothers about the house, and are indeed little mothers when it comes to house-keeping, they perform a great deal of work before and after school.

Trusting that every boy and girl is good to mother and father, and that everyone is enjoying the best of health. I remain your chum.

**JAMES AND PETER**  
By GENEVIEVE MAXWELL,  
Member of C. C.

Once upon a time there was a little boy, his name was James. He was a good boy and a very kind one. He was very kind to his mother and father and to his pet rabbit which he named "Peter" and the rabbit being very fond of cabbage James always saved plenty for his pet. Wanting a comfortable home for Peter James father built a nice cage and the boy filled it with straw which made a nice bed and also put cabbage and roots in it for Peter to eat. It was a large cage and Peter had plenty of room to play. Occasionally James would allow Peter out of the cage to ramble about, for through the kindness of the boy the rabbit became very tame. One day James saw Peter enjoying himself in the cabbage patch eating the leaves. On one occasion the boy's mother allowed Peter out of the cage and the rabbit knowing its kind young master so well ran right up to him, and other times when James would call his pet by name it would come to him just like a dog would respond to the answer of its master. James was very fond of rabbits and every one he sees he calls "Peter."

**STONE TREES.**  
Petrified Forest on an island.

Many thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years ago there flourished in the island of Sardinia, which lies in the warm Mediterranean off the olive-clad Italian coast, forests of huge trees as large as those in California today.

Amid the geological changes which altered the earth's surface these forests disappeared, and no one until recently had any idea that they had left any trace behind. Now among the mountains petrified trunks have been found, and the discovery of these has led to the opening-up of whole forests turned to stone.

### Answers to Letters

**GRACE**—Well "Babs" I'm glad to hear from you again and I am publishing your nice little story in a "Bab" in the Woods. It must be nice to walk through woods and enjoy it like you do. It should certainly give a person like you plenty of subjects for short stories. Take your time and write a good story on the subject which you speak about, for I am sure it should prove interesting. I trust you will be successful in winning the prize that your teacher is offering, so try hard and you will undoubtedly win it.

**EMILY**—Because you have not sent me a letter for some time I think that I have forgotten you. I always think of my good little nieces and nephews. You should not give up taking music lessons so try and take them up again, for although they seem hard you should like them and become interested.

You had a good Christmas when you received so many nice presents. Santa Claus has had a good laugh when he placed the onion in your stocking. He is full of fun and likes to have a joke on the boys and girls. I'm glad that you are attending school regularly like I hope you like it. Don't forget to send me the snap shot of yourself as I would be pleased to receive it.

**EMILY**—Your letter was gladly received by me, and like Marion I wish to congratulate you on your excellent penmanship. I thank you for enquiring about my health, and in reply wish to say that it is very good at present with the exception of a slight cold, and as there are many hundreds of people in the city with colds at the present time to you and I am quite in style. You are certainly kept busy corresponding with so many people, and if you notice above I have given James Appleby your address, and he is a lovely little boy who would like to correspond with some person. I'm sorry that you don't think that your music lessons are interesting. Now don't look at it in that manner, you must keep on and after you have mastered all the lessons given you, then you will find that it will be easy to play and you will enjoy it thoroughly. For a good musician must go through a long and hard study, and when it comes to entertaining, let alone the enjoyment that you will have in knowing that you have become an expert, and you will be able to play in a while you might try some popular music, but it is the difficult music that a teacher gives the pupil that makes her efficient.

**JAMES L.**—I was very glad to hear from you and I am indeed sorry that you find it so lonesome. It is too bad that your sister is ill and I trust that she will soon be better. It is unfortunate that you have no school to attend this winter, and it is a shame that boys and girls have not the privilege to attend school regularly and obtain an education. If a school in a city is closed for even a short time the people think it is awful, but I would advise you that during the time your school is closed that you study lessons at home just the same as if there was a teacher there, ask your mother and she will surely help you, so when the school opens again you will not be far behind. Obtain all the knowledge you can while you are young and when you become a grown-up you will find that an education is well worth having.

You ask me for the addresses of a few members of the Children's Corner to whom you can write letters, so I will give you a few and I'm sure they will be pleased to correspond with you. You can write to the following: Emmie Good, Salmon Beach, N. B.; Marion Johnson, Blackville, N. B.; and Grace Davenport, Peshawar, India. Try these for starters and I'm sure they will be pleased to answer your letters. These letters should be addressed to James Appleby, Lawndale, care of Georgetown Post Office, Queens Co.

**MARION**—Your letter received and it was a fine long one and very interesting. I am happy to learn that you continue to learn your lessons and I hope you like going to school like all other good girls. Your aunt knows good judgment, keeping you at home while you are suffering with a cold, but with the kind attention which you undoubtedly receive you will soon be well and then you can enjoy the basketball games and attend school. It is nice that you are a member of the "Loyal Helpers." I think that the name of your class is a most appropriate one, especially when you do so much to help the poor little children far away in foreign lands.

You must enjoy the antics of those little rats "Felix" and "Sylvia," but you should watch close for perils, because they are pet rats and kill them. I am indeed sorry to learn that your Minister has been killed. I sincerely trust that he will fully regain his health.

The little boy whom you say you were glad to learn was the race here from a New York boy, is now in New York and has been successful in winning a prize there, he is a fast skater and is doing well. You must have your father purchase you a pair of skates, and after you learn you will find it one of the finest winter past times. Of course you like snowshoeing and coasting, but in my mind there is nothing more enjoyable than skating.

**MURRAY R.**—I was, indeed, glad to receive a letter from you and I trust it will not be another two months before you write again. Thank you for the picture; I think it is lovely. You must make your little brother very much, for according to his picture he



## CHILDREN'S CORNER

### A TURTLE'S SIGNPOST

One of the things that puzzle us in regard to the travels of animals is the way in which baby turtles find their way to the sea.

The adults told the sea only at breeding time. They swim up to a sandy island, crawl far inland, lay their eggs, cover them carefully with sand, and return to the water.

The eggs hatch, and the little turtles march insensibly to the sea and forthwith go adrift. How do they know the way? Instinctively, of course; but through which of the turtle senses does instinct act? Is it sight, smell, or sense of direction?

**Colored-Paper Test.**  
Scientists of the Carnegie Institute at Washington have been making experiments with young turtles in the case of the sea. When the young turtles hatch the investigators tried them with sheets of colored paper—red, yellow and blue.

When red or yellow was placed between the little traveler and the sea the turtle turned in another direction. But when a sheet of blue paper was held up, the turtle walked toward it, following it in the direction of the sea or away from the sea.

We have not had the verdict of these investigators, but American writers have suggested from these facts that color is the guiding star of the turtles.

Such a verdict will be received with caution by scientists. All the evidence goes to prove that the young turtle moves from the first step straight for the sea. It may be lured in the way from where the sea is invisible; it may begin its march at night when colors have vanished. Color, one

It seems impossible in the presence of facts like these, so much more wonderful than the fog-rot of the turtle from sand to sea, to believe that a mere sense of color is responsible for this march of the juvenile reptiles.

The alligator's first move from its sandy cradle on land is toward the river, and though we turn its head away from water it will instantly reverse and scuttle for dear life in the way it should go.

No; there is something in migration less easily demonstrated than a sense of color.

### Jewelled Caters To Hummingbird

"I can't for the life of me see why Mrs. Jewelled always closes her doors to Billy Bumblebee." Mrs. Goldenrod said to her neighbor, Mrs. Ragweed.

"Oh, I don't know," replied her neighbor. "She probably has a good reason I tell you, you can't be too careful around a woman who takes into your confidence."

"Well, she doesn't need to bother about me calling on her!" buzzed Billy Bumblebee, who had happened upon her in time to hear the last remark.

"I'm sorry you folks feel that way about me," said Mrs. Jewelled sadly. "But I want to relieve your minds right now. I don't cater to Billy Bumblebee to a very good reason. He may call once or twice, but he never calls again. You see that large, clumsy, clumsy creature suspended directly over my entrance? It bears so much white pollen that instead of getting it on his feet, as he should do, Billy Bumblebee gets it on his back. He couldn't deliver it to his sister. If he wanted to, for his great broad back covered with pollen never could conceal beneath my sister's stamen, nor could he bring me any message from any of my relatives."

"But you cater to!" Mrs. Goldenrod began, when Mrs. Jewelled laughingly interrupted her.

"Certainly I cater to Mr. Hummingbird. He has such a long, slender bill that he can reach to the very bottom of my honey well and just enough of my pollen to deliver it to his sister. He may call once or twice, but he never calls again. You see that large, clumsy, clumsy creature suspended directly over my entrance? It bears so much white pollen that instead of getting it on his feet, as he should do, Billy Bumblebee gets it on his back. He couldn't deliver it to his sister. If he wanted to, for his great broad back covered with pollen never could conceal beneath my sister's stamen, nor could he bring me any message from any of my relatives."

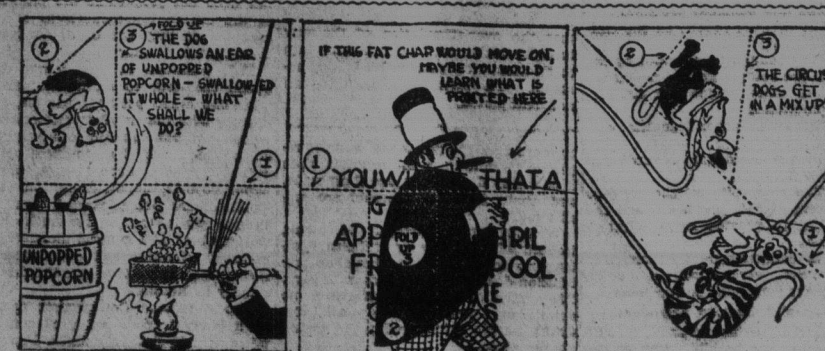
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make quite a neat sum of money for your work. You are a good boy to get up early in the morning and light the fires in the stoves. It was a good joke on you when you forgot to look at the clock and started the fires at midnight instead of the morning. I'll bet you will be more careful in the future.

Regarding the question you ask me to answer about the Earth, I must suggest that you have your school teacher explain it to you.

Write again when you can find time, as I will be very pleased to hear from you.



## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

### The Green Door and a Good Boy

When the farmer caught sight of Tom peeping in at the stable door he called out to him: "Here, young man! Will you run a little errand for me?"

"Why, yes," answered Tom. Then he crossed to the big house by the side of the pond and asked if they would like a couple of ducks. I've got some plump little chicks just ready for cooking."

Tom nodded and went off. He knew the house, and he knew the big green door with the long bell chain that hung down by the side of it.

"Tom wouldn't have been surprised that the chain gone. The old gentleman had threatened to have it taken away many times, for the boys couldn't resist giving it a pull as they passed to and fro. 'Clang! Clang!' it would cry. It made him so angry."

"Tom had heard all about it, and just as he turned the corner and came within sight of the house he passed a group of laughing schoolboys who seemed to be having a good joke. 'Where there's a will, there's a way,' they were saying. 'There's a way to get hold of the chain and pull it.'"

To his astonishment it fell down. While he was staring at it the door opened and an old gentleman darted out, caught hold of him, and pulled him in.

"Now I've got you," he said at last. "You young villain! What have you got to say for yourself?"

"If you please," stammered Tom, "would you like a couple of ducks?"

"Did you pull it?" said Tom. "But I didn't break it. I've come with a message from Farmer Brown."

The old gentleman burst out laughing.

"I believe you," he said at last. "I was going to give you a good thrashing; but if you come into the orchard you shall have an apple instead."

### TWENTY MINUTES AGAINST ETERNITY.

Have you ever seen a good man and a woman who were married? This was one experience the other day. A notable scholar was showing us one of the most precious books in the world. It is 1,200 years old, and its journey down the ages is full of adventures which link it up with Saxon, Norman, and English history.

Most lovingly and reverently did he turn the pages, and point out to us the valuable and strange characteristics of the ancient monks' Latin.

An then, turning back to the early pages, he suddenly exclaimed in a voice of anger and ringing indignation: "Now look at this! Did you ever see anything more abominable?"

The pages were covered from top to bottom with a blackish smudge. "Someone in the past," said the scholar, "poured gall over these pages in order to decipher them more easily. It took him twenty minutes, and then he blots it out for ever. He must have known that. No one now will ever be able to read these pages. Can you imagine a more wicked smudge?"

What a terrible! We thought at the time, and still think, of those who do not care how the rest of the world may fare so long as they get what they want. All the troubles of the world come from men and women who count their twenty minutes against eternity.

### A MIGHTY HUNTER.

By Her Papa.

In her picture-postcard album there are boxes of cats and dogs. She's collecting snails and beetles. She'll go miles to play with frogs. Birds and insects, fish and mammals, fill her album from dawn to tea. And it's only for a story.

That she ever comes to me. All her games are of the jungle. She is a huntress, a wild beast. She sees tigers in the bushes. Snakes and wolves behind the chair.

She has a whole herd of lions. She has tamed a chimpanzee. But a tiny bleeding finger. Brings her back to mother's knee. Oh, but when she is a reader. Won't my humble stories pall? Will she need her mother's kisses. When she scorns to mind a fall. She is growing, she is spelling. Pulls out teeth without a fuss. In the days so swiftly coming. What will bring her back to me?

**POWER BY WIRELESS.**  
Electricity Carried Over a River.

For a long time past experiments have been made in different countries to transmit power by wireless, and at last success has been attained and factories are working with power transmitted to them without wires.

The Germans have erected two great towers on the banks of the Elbe near Dresden, each over a hundred feet high, and from these they transmit a powerful radio beam across the river, and as I am about to turn back to the same side as the towers. The current thus sent, without the aid of wires, is strong enough to work machinery for industrial purposes.

So successful has this preliminary attempt proved that other installations are being fitted up in different parts of Germany to supply electric current for factories by wireless.

**Arkansas Society Note.**  
Mangolia News—Miss Elvina Winkfield was the night-end guest of Miss Reid Hall on Saturday night.

**Old Man Coyote Runs Away**  
No matter how you'd like to stay. 'Tis often best to run away. —Old Man Coyote.

Old Man Coyote just couldn't keep away from Farmer Brown's dooryard. He knew he had no business there. He knew that sooner or later he would be discovered. But he just couldn't keep away from there. You see, the memory of that half of ham he had found there before sunset on New Year's day, half a ham which Farmer Brown had considered as his but which Old Man Coyote thought was the finest dinner a Coyote could desire, kept his mouth watering for more.