Aug. Oct, Dec

Herald of Health

JANUARY, 1917

THE FAMOUS ST. SOPHIA MOSQUE IN CONSTANTINOPLE

HERALD of HEALTH

The Indian Health Magazine

Registered No. A 457

Published monthly by the International Tract Society, 17 Abbott Road, Lucknow

Terms

One year, post paid, Rs. 2-8. Single copies of this calendar year, four annas.

Change of Address

Notice should be given of both the old and the new addresses. If for any reason you fail to receive the paper, inform the publishers at once.

Contributions

All contributions for this paper should be addressed to the *Managing Editor*, and are subject to approval. *Anonymous contributions* are not accepted.

Advertisements

We guarantee the reliability of every advertisement inserted in the *Herald of Health*. We advertise only those things that are in perfect keeping with the principles advocated by the magazine. Advertising rates will be sent on request.

Contents, January, 1917

Vol. VIII No. 1

My New Year's Resolutions

Resolved, To live with all my might while I do live.

Resolved, Never to lose one moment of time but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

Resolved, Never to do anything which I should despise or think meanly of in another.

Resolved, Never to do anything out of revenge.

Resolved, Never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

—*Jonathan Edwards*

Health and Success

¶ Any person with a balanced mind and good health has ninety-nine chances of a hundred to make a success of life.

¶ Proper diet and exercise, purity of life, happy temperament, patience, system, self-education, piety, all help to keep the mental and physical powers efficient.

¶ We wish this to be the happiest and most prosperous year of your life.

¶ Therefore we devote our paper this New Year to those subjects which we trust will make you a successful man or woman

¶ If you are benefited, we have but one request. Pass the benefit on to others; help them to make a success of their life.

¶ In this way we shall all enjoy that which we crave again for you.

A Very Happy New Year

GENERAL ARTICLES

What Is True Success?

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK

ONE is inclined to place an interrogation point after this title, and pass it on as a query to the next man. One feels reasonably sure he knows what true success is, but, nevertheless, he is anxious to have another, perhaps many others, speak their little pieces before he is called upon to deliver his. After all it's a very personal affair. At first sight success seems a simple enough term, while in truth it is susceptible of as many logical definitions as there are answers to the query. To one it means the possession of more or less wealth, dependent upon the individual's environment and acquisitiveness, and to others it means the "empty praises of the world." How many there are who would willingly barter their soul's salvation for a column puff in a great newspaper! To one nation true success spells domination over the world; to another it means excelling in all the arts of peace; under an equatorial sun it means a blissful existence, a "sipping of sherbet and gazing into eyes of midnight darkness;" under polar skies it means the possession of much blubber and dried bear meat.

Who is there among us to say authoritatively and uncontrovertibly what really constitutes success in life? At court a judge has the laws of the land, endless precedents, and an accepted equity upon which to base his opinion, and even then it is liable to reversal; but what criterion, what standard, what law or precedent, is there to justify any one in asserting that his notion is the only true test of final and ultimate success?

However, I ask permission to give my readers the result of a rather strange and long continued investigation of the sayings of dying people, which has had a most potent influence in molding what was at first a mere notion into a firm conviction.

No matter how wealthy a man may be, and how earnest his pursuit of wealth may have been, when death comes he is never glad nor proud of his conquest in that field; he will talk about that money, dispose of it in a will, and all that, but it is merely a care, the performing of an irksome duty; there is no satisfaction about it. He may speak with pleasure of some good he has done with it, but the chances are that the greatest satisfaction he has at that supreme moment is that he has helped someone. I have never heard of a rich man's expressing any satisfaction at the last for having founded colleges, built churches, or made other such gifts; but many and many, at the crucial moment, have thanked God they had not defrauded widows and orphans, or that they had led cleanly lives.

Great statesmen, generally, when the end comes, forget their honours and the glories of leadership; the affairs of nations seem trivial to them, and yet it is not the fear of their future that dims all else in their eyes; usually they meet the grim messenger bravely, even willingly, but it would seem that some intensely human yet soothing influence was at work, for it is most often that some simple little kindly act of their lives pleases them most. A great Russian who died recently was more solicitous about the happiness and welfare of two young people, no kin of his either, whom he had helped to marry and to make comfortable, than he was about the whole empire. Another's only worry was that he could not complete some reforms he

had begun in the taxation of the poor. And another, a Norwegian, grieved sorely that the task he had set himself as an amateur bacteriologist, the destruction of certain harmful germs, was left undone; and when told that a French doctor had been working along the same lines and had succeeded, he seemed well content, and when dying repeated again and again how glad he was that the discovery had been made. No jealousy in that, was there?

Great soldiers generally dislike being in any way reminded of their victories, or even of their profession. I know of one whose last wish was that a faithful horse be well cared for; another was sorely worried because he had unwittingly injured another's character twenty years before, and had never been able to repair the wrong.

Great scientists, doctors, or clergymen seem to die happier in the knowledge of the good they have done in the world than in the satisfaction of honours conferred upon them, distinctions gained, or in any of the other of what we generally call successes of life.

Men of lowly station, who have had to skimp and pinch and work hard for every penny, are most solicitous for the welfare of their families; if these be only moderately provided for, or in position to be easily self-helpful, then is the battle well won, and a peaceful, resigned death is theirs.

A brutal murderer was hanged some years ago,—not a passionate man, but a cold-blooded wretch, who did not hesitate to take life when it stood in the way of his robberies. A few hours before the execution, he told me that the thing that gave him the most pleasure then was that he had once taken the blame and the imprisonment for a theft, in order to shield the memory of a dead man whose good wife knew not of his wrong doing. It was not that he hoped that one good act might help him hereafter, (he had scant notion of a hereafter at best. He told me, not in bravado but as a natural conclusion he had reached, that if there was a hell, he supposed he would go there, for he certainly merited it) but just simply a wee, small spark of true humanity, left still glowing in a mass of very dead ashes. And, by the way, just such tiny sparks may be found in the vilest natures. Examine such lives well, and you will always find some little redeeming feature that will prove to you that the wickedest is not wholly bad through and

SUCCESS HERE REQUIRES STRENGTH AND GOOD NERVES

through; that that tiny spark is what is left of, perhaps, a glowing fire, and that under proper care that same tiny spark could at any time be fanned into a very generous flame. O, ye uncharitable ones, ye self-righteous and undefiled! there is but a very fine line separating you, at the point of departure, from the scorned and defiled; a trifling accident, one faltering step, has made the whole course of life this way or that. One's own volition has had but little to do with it. A rubbing up with all kinds of people, good and bad, studying their lines, appreciating their limitations, witnessing their death, makes one wondrously charitable, unexacting, and tolerant.

I believe that what we term successes in life—honors, wealth, happiness, power, and what not, commendable and legitimate as their pursuit may be—are, after all, ephemeral in the extreme, mere adjuncts to life, extraneous matters; that one's nobler impulses, the exalted ideals of adolescence, the higher ambitions of young manhood and young womanhood, are the true, lodestones of our lives. We may be all unconscious of their very existence, or at least indifferent to their attraction, yet there is that within each of us—we see it most fully revealed at death—that makes that particular point or ambition our Mecca; and the nearer we approach it, the more truly may we be said to be attaining or to have attained our particular goal of true success in life.

I am speaking now of our race and time. What that success is, is purely personal. It assumes different forms with different individuals, but always along those lines of the finer human feelings, Our education, our civilization, the prejudices, the religious ideals of ages, are responsible for them; whatever their cause, we can hardly dispute their existence. The yellow man and the red man may have different ideals,—we are not concerned with them just now,—and yet neither is a stranger to self-sacrifice, to the nobler impulses, the finer traits of humanity.

There is a time in youth, however sordid its environment, when the mind, or call it the soul if you wish, yearns for something not of the earth, earthy. In some lowly natures, that something may seem to us of a pitiably inferior standard; still it is an ideal. It will impress itself upon that mind, however groveling the mind may be. It will crop out in the most unexpected times and places, and that individual will make attempts to reach it, feeble ones perhaps, but attempts nevertheless, and I feel certain that even to that lowly soul that particular point is, after all, his highest ambition, his final measure of success.

To do something for some one else, to better the world in however slight a degree, to shed light upon some obscure and useful truth, to point the way, to forget self, to follow at however great a distance in the footsteps of Him who even upon the cross prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," is, I firmly believe, what really leads to, and, if accomplished, actually constitutes true success in life.

Efficiency Rules

STOP talking. Learn to speak only in such a way that you and your friends will somehow profit thereby.

Stop worrying. When you can handle the present as well as God will handle the future you will laugh at your worries.

Stop wishing. A wish is a confession of weakness. Want what you want hard enough to get it, or else feel superior to the need.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, AN EXPONENT OF EFFICIENCY

Stop criticizing. Only an ass wastes energy in braying.

Stop hesitating. It is the plunger who goes to the bottom of things. And whether gold or mud is at the bottom, the man who has found it has rest.

Stop imitating. A real ruby is worth more than an artificial diamond.

Stop idling. Either work or play, sleep or travel; in short, make even your rest period a thing of ambition, volition, system.

Stop hurrying. When you teach your brain to outrun your body, your body will stay quiet.

Sit up straight, walk with your chest out, look every man in the eye, and declare yourself as good as the best. Humility is not hump-shoulderedness.

Go to the open window and take a dozen huge breaths, deeply and slowly, stretching your legs and arms at the same time, and feeling the purified blood leap through your veins and arteries. Do this whenever you have a headache or a grouch.

Read books that build, not the rot in the six "best sellers." Read the writings of men who produced food for the minds of real men. And of all literature of action, biography is best. You can judge the progress of your neighbor on the achievement path by the heroes whose lives he studies.

Eliminate idlers from your acquaintance. This includes all who enjoy play more than work.

Lose yourself in your work. Come early and stay late. Use every spare moment in developing methods, first to work better and then faster. If there is a man higher up in the same business, devote an evening a week to studying how he got there.

Analyze your average day, and find how many hours a week you waste. Then consider that your time outside of working hours is worth twice as much, because that belongs to you, while the other is only your employer's. Thus, if you earn ten rupees a day, every hour outside the office routine is worth at least three rupees—too much to squander.

Line your walls with portraits of the world's conquerors. Traits of character map themselves on the face. The countenance of a winning pioneer is of itself a heaven-born stimulus.

Picture yourself in absolute command of the place you aspire to, in permanent posses-

sion of the thing you want, with every ambition satisfied and every aspiration met. Failure is a fool's name for lack of grit; not being a fool, you will not talk of failure.

Face to the front, unceasingly and unqualifiedly. Consider that the past never was, except in the lessons it has brought. No man regrets while he marches on.

Attack the hardest job in sight. Do this first. A little reflection will show what it is—probably a slipshod habit or ugly propensity or chronic weakness that needs handling without gloves. The man of might is he who was merciless to himself.

If you have done all these things, and whatever else occurs in the doing, then look for a chance to help somebody who is down, lift a burden that has grown too heavy, whisper a word of love and sympathy to the lonely, the forlorn, the misunderstood. For the sad and poor and helpless can most appreciate, and will most bless, the prompt and generous nature of The Man Who Acts. —*C. E. Purinton.*

First Aid in the Home

OF all injuries likely to occur in the home probably burns are most common and most painful as well. Often serious burns may be prevented by the exercise of care and forethought. If there are young children in the home, always guard an open fire with a fire screen. In preparing a bath for a child, always pour cold water into the tub first, and then add the required quantity of hot water. Do not leave boiling saucepans on the stove with the handles projecting out into the room. A child may so easily catch hold of the handle and upset the boiling contents upon himself. Do not leave matches lying about in places accessible to the children. Teach children the danger of fire. Let them light a candle or set a match to a laid fire under supervision, but teach them never to play with matches or light a fire when alone. However, in spite of all care, accidents will happen. Much depends upon prompt and correct treatment of a burn. If the burn is but slight and the skin unbroken, there is no dressing better than picric acid. Have a bottle of saturate solution of picric acid in the medicine cupboard. Pour a few drops of the acid into a saucer and add an equal amount of water.

Now moisten a piece of muslin or linen with this solution and lay it over the burn, holding it in place with a few turns of bandage lightly applied. Picric acid very quickly eases the pain and hastens healing. While this acid is not caustic in its action, poisoning might occur through absorption from the skin if it be applied to a large area with broken skin. In the case of a severe burn, if the part be covered, the clothing must be removed very gently to prevent doing further damage to the tissues. A doctor should be sent for, but in the meantime the part may be covered with strips of clean linen wrung from olive or salad oil, or from the well-known caron oil, which consists of an equal mixture of linseed oil and lime water. After applying the oil, cover well with cotton wool or clean, dry cloths, and hold these coverings in place with a bandage. It is the contact of air with the burned surface which causes so much pain. If there is no oil at hand, clean muslin or linen wrung from boiled water containing a teaspoonful of table salt may be wrapped gently round the part, and held in place with a bandage. If there are blisters on the burned surface great care must be taken not to rupture or break them. A needle which has been sterilised by passing through the flame of a match may be carefully inserted under the edge of the blisters, to draw off the fluid. In case of a large or severe burn, the patient may suffer from shock. Hot bottles should then be applied to the feet and legs, and a hot drink should be given.

Herald of Health--Vol. 7

INDEX

Should a person's clothing catch fire, he should lie down and roll himself in a rug or blanket. To run out into the open air is the worst possible thing for him ot do.

If a person is burned by a corrosive acid, bathe the part with a weak solution of washing soda, baking soda, or magnesia, before applying the dressing. If the burn is caused by a corrosive alkali, bathe the part with diluted vinegar or lemon juice, then apply a soothing dressing.

A GRAIN HARVESTER: CUTS, THRESHES, AND SACKS GRAIN IN ONE OPERATION

Character Formation

WE admire a great personality, and sometimes we wish we might attain to such a character; but such wishes amount to nothing, for, after all, character is but the sum total of one's tendencies—of one's ways of reacting to the circumstances that come to him; and one's tendencies are but the result of his past life.

As Liddon has said: "What we would do on some great occasion will depend on what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous self-discipline."

Like fire, habit is a faithful servant, but a fearfully hard master; and he is wise who forms habits which will be his friends rather than his enemies. As Marden, in "The Making of a Man," says:—

"Habit is practically, for a middle-aged person, fate; for is it not practically certain that what I have done for twenty years, I shall repeat to-day? What are the chances for a man who has been lazy and indolent all his life starting to-morrow morning to be industrious; or if a spendthrift, frugal; if a libertine, virtuous; if a profane and foul-mouthed man, clean and chaste? . . .

"After a man's habits are well set, about all he can do is to sit by and observe which way he is going. Regret it as he may, how helpless is a weak man bound by the mighty cable of habit, twisted from the tiny threads of single acts which he thought were absolutely within his control!"

What the child of five does partly determines what he will do at seven; and the repetition at seven makes it doubly sure that he will do the same things at ten, twelve, twenty-five, and fifty years of age. "As the twig is bent the treeis inclined." What a pity parents can not realize this to the extent that they will give more care to the training of the children in their early years! And yet the parents do as they do because of their own early training. They allow their children to form haphazard habits because they themselves are the slaves of such habits

and find it impossible to get out of the rut.

As Marden says in another place:—

"A man's entire life is spent writing his own biography. Beyond his control is the photograph of the soul, which registers faithfully every act, however small, every sensation, however slight, every impulse, every motive, every aspiration, every ambition, every effort, every stimulus, on the central tissue.

"If a young man neglects his mind and heart,—if he indulges himself in vicious courses and forms habits of inefficiency and slothfulness,—he experiences a loss which no subsequent effort can relieve."

And yet we must not excuse ourselves because we perchance were allowed to form careless or evil habits. For the sake of our children we must arouse, we must force ourselves to action, we must discipline ourselves, so that we may be the better able to discipline and guide the young shoots that depend upon us for their future character.

The Optimist's Resolve

I will endeavour to be kind at all times, both to mankind and animals.

I will be courteous and considerate to the aged, realizing that the weight of their years makes the lightest burden seem heavy.

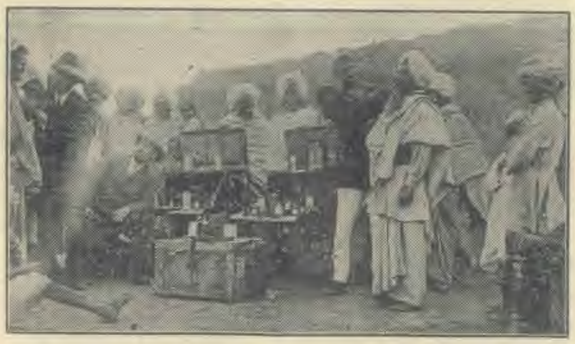
I will be gentle to women and little children, with due regard for their weakness and frailties. To the sick and afflicted I will be merciful and kind.

I will keep my trouble and heartaches to myself, so that other hearts will not be burdened by the weight of my misfortunes.

I will endeavour at all times to be cheerful, and smile, so that my smile may be an incentive for others to smile. I will endeavour to be unselfish, not striving for more than what is mine in all fairness, and realizing that other people have rights, and deserve consideration.

I will earnestly try to avoid saying unkind things to people and about them, realizing that slander is a blow from behind, and the act of a coward, and I know that kind words have eternal life. In short, I will try to make this sad old world less sad, because I shall never pass this way again. Every influence, ignoble or unkind, goes out from me like the vapour from the bottle and can never be recalled.

This is my resolve, and may the Power that rules the world keep me steadfast.—*William J. Robinson.*



ONE WAY TO HELP OTHERS

Cataract

By A. G. Simmins, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

Cataract is the name given to a not uncommon disease of the eye which may occur at any age. In this condition the lens of the eye becomes opaque or cloudy, and in consequence the sight becomes dim or entirely lost. The lens of the eye serves the same purpose as the lens in a camera. The light passing through it is focussed on the retina, the light sensitive membrane at the back of the eye, just as the camera lens focusses the light onto the photographic plate and so forms a picture. In health the lens in the human eye is as clear as glass, but sometimes, through accident or disease, it loses its clearness and the light cannot readily pass through it. There is then said to be cataract of the lens. Cataract may be partial or complete, according as to whether the whole lens or only a part of it is affected. In an eye with well-marked cataract it is usually easy to see the whitish spots or lines in the lens, which is situated in the centre of the eye just behind the pupil. In complete cataract a white mass is seen through the opening of the pupil. Sometimes no cause can be found for the cataract; in other cases cataract, often in both eyes, is found at birth.

This form is known as congenital cataract. It also may be complete or partial. Sometimes the child can only just tell light from darkness. On the other hand vision may not be affected if the cataract is toward the edge of the lens and not in the centre. Between these two extremes there are a thousand different degrees of dimness of sight. Where the sight is very bad it is often observed that the eyes are kept constantly moving from side to side. The only treatment for congenital cataract is operation. If the sight is fairly good nothing need be done; if it is bad an operation is necessary, and there is every prospect of the patient having moderately good sight afterwards with the help of glasses. In the case of an infant having complete cataract in both eyes, they should be operated on, one at a time, when the baby is about a year old. The operation that is performed in all these instances has for its object the removal of the useless lens; consequently afterwards its place has to be supplied by glasses, or the sight would be even worse than before. There is another simpler operation used for slight cataracts.

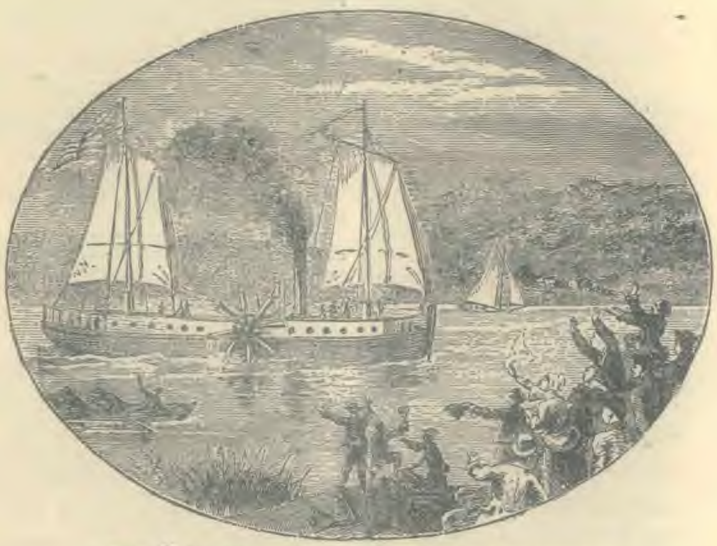
When cataract comes on in later childhood or in adult life, it is known as "acquired cataract" as distinct from "congenital." If complete, i. e., affecting the whole lens, it is commonly a result of diabetes or kidney disease, or it may follow inflammation of some other part of the eye. After the age of forty-five or fifty cataract may occur for which no cause can be found except "old age." Work which entails exposure to heat and glare makes people more liable to cataract. Injury to the eye may affect the lens in several ways. If, for example, a long thorn pierces the eye and pricks the lens, a cataract may develop, either complete or partial, or the whole lens may dissolve away and disappear, just as through an operation had been performed.

Partial cataract may remain as such or it may progress until it becomes complete. A cataract in which the whole lens is involved takes months or even years from the time at which the first changes are noticed until the lens becomes absolutely white and useless. During this period wonderful patterns picked out in white can often be observed in the lens. These gradually disappear and the whole lens looks like chalk. The operation for removal of the lens can be most successfully carried out only when the cataract has fully developed; it is then said to be "mature." As this takes time, people who have cataract and failing sight are inclined to grumble when they are told that the operation for their relief must be postponed for months or pos-

sibly a year or two. They must remember that by waiting they are giving the surgeon the opportunity of doing a more successful operation for them.

It may be a long time before a cataract can be seen in the eye after the first symptoms have been noticed. The eye often becomes slightly short-sighted, and there may be black spots seen when any light-coloured object is looked at. These black spots or dots do not move about, but are stationary and follow the eye as it moves. Sometimes people complain of seeing several objects, for example, several candle flames when there is really only one. It is only later that the sight begins to go. When this happens vision is sometimes better at night; or in other kinds of cataract it is much worse, relatively, in the dusk than in the daylight.

Nothing can be done to cure the acquired form of cataract except operation. Of course ordinary care should be taken and all eye strain avoided. Sometimes the wearing of special glasses will make life pleasanter, but it will not stay the course of the disease; or the doctor may prescribe drops to be put into the eyes to improve the sight in certain cases. If kidney disease, diabetes, or any other general disease is present these must be treated by a medical man. In most cases where the sight is bad an operation is to be recommended, though in each individual instance it should be done only after the patient and the ophthalmic surgeon have discussed its advisability. Is the sight so bad that an operation would undoubtedly improve it? Are both eyes affected? Is any other disease of the eye present besides cataract? What is the age of the patient? his work? his general health? All these things should be considered, though at the same time it ought not to be forgotten that the results of the operation in a suitable case are so good as to certainly warrant the taking of the slight risk, which all know attends every operation.



THE "CLAREMONT," THE FIRST STEAMSHIP

MOTHER AND CHILD

What Really Happened

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy. He was born with all sorts of advantages, among which were a number of very desirable forbears, from whom he inherited a good brain, an excellently strong body, and a very delicately and accurately adjusted set of nerves. At first, when he was a little, little baby, there was, of course, as with all little babies, just *Himself*, and nothing else of any importance. But by the time he was three years old, there was Himself and the World; largely Himself, of course, with the world for a treasure house from which he incessantly fished out new impressions and sensations for his lively, strong intelligence to arrange in order. He found this the most fascinating occupation possible—as indeed it is.

Also he found that by watching grown-ups, he could widen his ideas immensely on things to do. Grown-ups were always doing something different. He watched all the members of his family, and immediately tried to copy their actions. This was considered extremely entertaining. When he put a spoon in his cup of milk, and stirred with exactly the gesture his father used in stirring sugar into coffee, his mother cried out, "Oh, isn't he the most adorable little monkey?" and kissed him a great many times. And when he stuck his curly hair full of his mother's hairpins, she led him all around the house to show him to his aunt and his father, and even to the cook, so they could laugh with her over his funny little notions. Although he had no idea what was amusing, he laughed, too, with all his little face, because he could no more help imitating the cheerful, laughing expressions about him than he could help copying everything else he saw.

He had been three years old for a few weeks when, one morning, his mother said to his father that they really must have the guestr-oom repapered and done over. "I've chosen a rather expensive bordered kind of paper," she went on, "because I can get some perfectly fascinating imported French cretonne to match—the kind that has those adorable little wreaths that you cut out and applique on white. I thought I'd do the whole room over fresh. Bella Parsons is coming to visit me next month, and since she married into that wealthy Parsons family she's terribly critical."

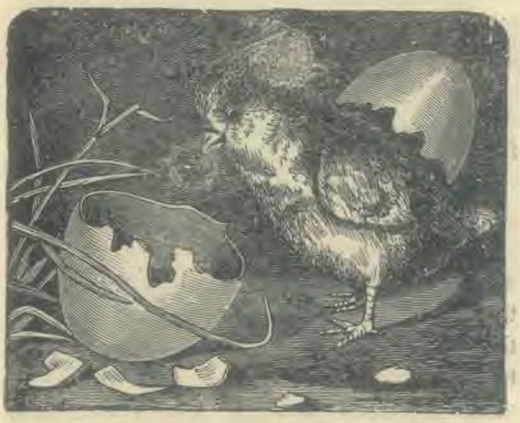
The little boy was playing with a woolly lamb on wheels and wasn't paying any attention, because he thought what his mother was saying wasn't worth listening to. And he was quite right.

Although his father didn't say anything, you could tell by the expression on his face that he had listened. He got up from the table, put on his overcoat, and went away. What he said was: "Good-bye, dear. Good-bye, Buster boy," as he kissed them both. What he thought was that he guessed he'd better be getting along to business to make the money to pay for the wall paper and the cretonne to match, which were to impress his wife's old acquaintance.

So it was that after a while two strange men came to the house with a step-ladder, and a long board, and a big pail, and rolls of paper, and a little roller-thing, and ever so many such fascinating objects, and papered the guest-room all afresh. The little boy didn't like strangers very well, and he felt rather shy of these overalled men whose faces didn't look at all like those of his much-educated family. But the men were so interesting he couldn't keep away from them. He loitered around the door to the guestroom and looked shyly in; and when he found that

the men were too busy to grin at him, or chuck him under the chin, or ask him what his name was,—when they knew already,—or poke him in the ribs, the way most of the much educated callers did, he stood boldly in the doorway, with his chubby legs wide apart, and watched them, his eyes shining like stars with interest.

The joy of this adventure so emboldened him that when two strange sewing women came to the house, after a brief preliminary survey of them from a distance, he took his little stool to the guest-room and sat down to watch them as they worked. They paid as little attention to him as the overalled men had done, and they were even more



HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

interesting. In fact, he had never seen any grown ups amuse themselves so sensibly. Why, anybody would like to do what they did! They had beautiful shining scissors, which flashed in the light, and hour after hour they played with the scissors; they cut and snipped and slashed away at the crisp cretonne. They never seemed to grow tired of it, for as soon as they had cut up into little bits all they had in their laps, they reached down to the big pile of the stuff, pulled up a fresh supply, and began again, while their scissors blades made the most delightful, thin, whispery sound as they sheared through the fabric. The little boy's strong, eager fingers fairly itched to do it, too; but they were quiet strange women, and he felt too shy to ask them to lend him their scissors.

At noon the women opened lunch boxes and began to eat their lunches, while the little boy was taken downstairs to eat a carefully balanced meal, which gave him exactly the food elements he needed. His mother was very careful about his food, and was bringing him up according to the rules of an excellent book on child feeding. His grandmother said it was all nonsense, but it really was a great success. The little boy had never had a single stomach ache in all his life, and—although she wouldn't admit it—this was something before unheard of for his grandmother.

His mother was rather silent and abstracted during this luncheon. She was figuring up on the back of an envelope the cost of the numerous yards of imported French cretonne, and adding to it the considerable expense of having the two sewing women cut it all up and then sew it together again. Although she persistently recalled to mind that nothing was more *chic* than to have wreaths of French cretonne appliqued on curtains and bedspreads, and on chair covers and bureau covers, the sum total of her calculations made her frown and forget to enjoy her luncheon. She also almost forgot the little boy, although with a few cells of her brain she automatically told him to chew his food fine and not to take large mouthfuls. She was very careful about his eating, and anxious to lay the foundations of future health for him.

After luncheon the little boy had to have his nap; and after his nap a young lady working her way through college came and took him for a walk. His mother followed closely the excellent advice of her book on the care of children, and always provided for a daily outdoor walk for her little son. The arrangement also left her own afternoon free.

So it happened that he did not go back to the guest-room until the next morning, and then things had changed. The two women

were sewing now as fast as they could. They were sewing upon white cloth the little snips and pieces of the cretonne they had cut up. There was a certain pleasant monotony about the way their needles flashed in and out, but nothing to compare with the delicious sight and sound of their scissors in the cloth.

After a while he saw the scissors lying on a chair, and very shyly put out his hand to them. The older woman glanced at him, guessed that probably he wouldn't run the points into his eye if he sat still, and made no objection when he picked up some scraps of the cretonne from the floor.

The little boy did not care what she might think, and did not pay any attention whatever to her. The scissors blades were very sharp, the cretonne was very crisp, and the combination was to a little boy of three what perfectly performed Wagnerian music is to a musician—a joyous riot of delight. He was a clever little boy, and he very soon mastered the necessary motions, although he had never been allowed to hold scissors before. His thumb and forefinger opened and shut, opened and shut, till his hand ached. But he did not know that it ached, because he was so entranced with the resultant sensations. To see the cloth fall apart into two halves before the onslaught of his blades, to see the clear, sharp line of cleavage where an instant before there had been none, to feel the threads of the firmly woven fabric give way as he contracted his muscles—no yachtsman on a day of brisk wind and blowing spume ever braced himself to more tingling, tantalizing pleasure!

After a time the older woman looked down at him as he worked, chewing his tongue, breathing hard, his head on one side. As she saw his shining eyes and brilliant cheeks, she laughed and said: "My! don't they get a lot of comfort out of their little tricks? Ain't it funny how crazy children are about cutting with scissors? When they get about so old, every last one of them has to have the cutting-out fever."

Then came the not-to-be-avoided sequence of luncheon, nap, and walk. The walk was longer than usual. It was late when the little boy came in, and he was very hungry and tired, but he started at once upstairs to the guest-room to find the strange women and their scissors. He tried to run up, but his legs felt so heavy that he had to toil along, one step at a time. But his grandfathers had handed on to him plenty of grit and perseverance, and he never thought of giving up to his fatigue, baby fashion, not even when his mother, coming downstairs as he went up, offered to carry him down and hold him in her lap. He shook his head and plodded on, set upon accomplishing without any assistance what he had begun.

It was getting a little dark in the guest-room, and the little boy didn't like shadowy corners very well, but he wasn't a "'fraid cat," and he went boldly in while he mastered his fear, as one of his grandfathers had gone forward on a battle field.

But nobody was in the guest-room. The strange women had gone. The little boy was bitterly disappointed, and drew down the corners of his mouth. But just then he saw the scissors, bright in the dusk, still lying on the chair, and as his eyes grew used to the twilight, he could see across the bed great quantities of the stuff the women had been sewing. It was all right, after all. With the scissors in his hand, he climbed up on the bed, and gathering into his little lap an armful of the material, he set to work manfully.

Of course he couldn't do it as fast as the women had, but it really went very well, he thought, breathing hard, and cutting and slashing. The material the women had sewed their pieces upon was thinner than the cretonne, and having it in such big sections made cutting easier for him. None of the length of the big scissors was wasted on air, as when he had cut the scraps, but every inch of them counted as the blades buried themselves to the nose. When he cut through a part where some cretonne had been sewed on, it was harder, and he had to grip the handles hard—and then, all of a

sudden, clip! he would be through, and tearing out over a big section of the white.

Steps came down the hall, but he did not hear them, happy and absorbed as he was. He was really very tired by this time, but he would not give up. He chewed his tongue as he worked, and his eyes were like stars, they shone so brilliantly.

His mother came to the doorway, and seeing him there in the dusk, said, "What are you doing here, darling?" But he did not hear her. He had just mastered the technique of making a really long slash with the scissors, quite as the women had. For an instant his mother strained her eyes to see what her little son was doing. Then she pressed a button, a prettily shaded lamp blossomed into light, and—she saw what he was doing. For just long enough for the little boy to turn about and see her face, she stood perfectly motionless.

She thought she was standing safe and sheltered in the guest room of her pleasant, tasteful house, but she was really standing under the great windy sky of eternity, facing two diverging roads, which went farther and farther apart as they stretched before her into infinity.

At the sight of his mother's eyes and mouth, the little boy's happy, tired, triumphant face was stricken with panic and terror. What horrible, unthinkable thing had happened to make her look so? He screamed and ran toward her for protection. Yes, toward her. He was only three, you know, and he still felt his mother to be what saints feel God to be.

In a loud, angry voice she said many loud, angry things, to the effect that she had never heard of anything so naughty in all her life, that her little boy was the worst little boy in the world, and that she would make him remember to have more sense the next time. When, frightened into hysteria, he began screaming and struggling, she raised her voice, and she showed him, with a finger trembling with emotion, the great gaping cuts he had made in the cloth; but as that was just what the little boy had meant to make, he had not the slightest idea of what was the matter. And as he continued to scream, and she to talk louder and louder, she undressed him so that his tender flesh would be quite unprotected from her rage. Then she beat him with her hands, with her strong, nervous, well-shaped, and carefully manicured hands.

That night, when the little boy's father came home, he asked, "Where's Buster?"

His mother said: "He's in bed. I couldn't let him stay up to dinner. He did the naughtiest thing to-day! I had to give him his first spanking. I hated to—and I didn't after the very first do more than just the lightest taps. But you just have to once in a while. They have to be taught to use their sense."

Her husband inquired, "What'd he do that was so fearfully bad?"

She felt the note of skepticism in his voice, and resented it. "You know the new curtains for the guest-room?"

He nodded. He had thought more than once about those curtains, and what they stood for. And when he heard what had happened, there was no note of skepticism in his voice as he said, "Oh, children are the limit!" And he asked, anxiously, "How much harm did he do? Will they have to be all done over?"

His wife said: "Well, I should think they would! He simply made mincemeat out of all they've done in the last two days—let alone all the cretonne spoiled!"

The little boy's father frowned and began doing mental arithmetic. His wife knew by the expression of his face what he was doing, and it made her nervous. She was nervous enough already without that. In a moment she said, in a dry tone that fitted the words, "You'd better go up and look at it yourself, if you don't think—"

Her husband answered, rather somberly, "Oh, I take your word for it." Then he went on doing mental arithmetic, and show-

ing it. For the moment they had both quite forgotten the little boy.

But later the little boy's father asked, apropos of nothing, "Do you suppose the little tike knew he was doing something bad? He's such a little shaver still."

His wife said decidedly: "Oh, if you'd seen the guilty look he had the minute he saw me. He positively turned pale to be caught at it. Of course he knew. A great big boy like that! Anybody'd have more sense than not to know." *(To be Concluded)*

EVOLUTION

IN ITS

INFANCY

DISEASES AND THEIR TREATMENT

Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia, Etc.

BY W. HOWARD JAMES, M.B., B.S.

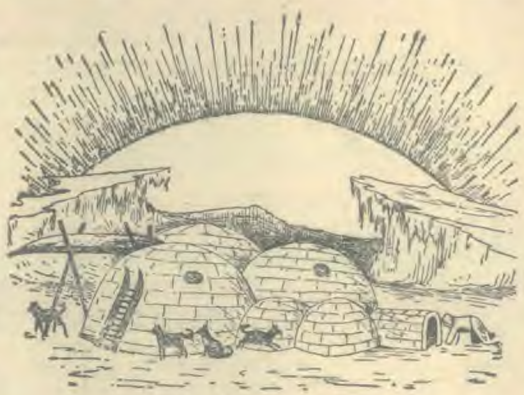
EXPOSURE to draughts and wettings is not by any means the chief cause of colds, influenza, bronchitis, and allied troubles. Some people are very susceptible to these inflammatory troubles of the respiratory tract, while others escape although exposed to all sorts of adverse conditions of the weather. In fact, in the cold northern regions these complaints are said to be almost unknown. In perfect health our systems are prepared for unfavourable climatic changes and exposures to draughts and wettings. It is the man of sedentary occupation, who spends his time in warmed rooms, and who eats more than his system really requires, that is so liable to develop respiratory troubles. Some find they can readily dissipate an on-coming cold by a fast, or by the partaking of very light meals. The work of the blood is thus lessened; it can rid itself of its waste products, and is thus enabled to better overcome the intruding germs of influenza, pneumonia, and ordinary "colds," for all these troubles are due to specific micro organisms. We constantly hear of colds being "catching", and so they are to a large extent. These seeds of disease would rarely develop their poisons if it had not been for poor ventilation, close, stuffy rooms, overfeeding, and want of outdoor exercise.

A very common method of treating respiratory troubles in the present day consists of the application of antiseptics to the respiratory tract in the form of nasal douches and sprays and inhalations; but it is very doubtful whether they can be made sufficiently powerful, without unduly irritating the mucous membranes, to destroy the microscopic organisms of disease. It is a very difficult matter to thoroughly disinfect the whole of the respiratory tract. Some amount of good, however, is done in these procedures. Douches, sprays, and inhalations, however, can only reach a comparatively small part of the infected areas. Apparatus is now made by which antiseptics are introduced by compressed air with considerable force into the respiratory tract; this is more efficacious.

Undoubtedly the best method of attacking these invaders is to remove the weak points in our fortifications, and thus enable nature to do the work. One means of doing this we have already mentioned, the cutting off of our food supply. This especially applies to rich and highly nitrogenous foods. When disease is of more than a few days' duration, food of course is required to make blood, which will produce its own special germ destroyers; but a primary abstinence from food, or the partaking of very light food, such as fruit, will often help to abort the trouble.

One of the primary conditions in these respiratory troubles is congestion of the mucous linings of the respiratory tract. The mucous membranes not only contain more blood, but also many impurities; thus a suitable soil is produced upon which the disease-producing germs can multiply, and produce their special poisons. If this overladen blood can be diverted from the mucous membrane in which the invaders have settled, they will lose more or less of their virulence, and in fact may perish, and the attack will be repulsed. This can be accomplished by sweating procedures, such as a Turkish bath, fomentations to spine, throat, or chest, very hot baths immediately before going to bed, hot blanket packs, the electric light bath, and the drinking of large quantities of hot water, which may be advantageously flavoured with lemon or other fruit juice. By these means, not only is the blood diverted from the congested respiratory tract, but the poisons are thrown off in the sweat, and also through the kidneys, for undoubtedly in diseased conditions a profuse perspiration will enable the kidneys to do their work more thoroughly. In health, profuse perspiration lessens to a slight extent the amount of waste products excreted by the kidneys, but in diseased conditions the work of the kidneys is increased, and becomes more effective.

After sweating, the body should always be sponged with cold water. To bring the blood to the surface of the body, and then allow it to return to the internal organs, will produce no good effect. Cold sponging will cause a healthy reaction, and will keep the blood in the skin, especially when the individual is kept in bed or in a warm room. Undoubtedly in ordinary colds, outdoor exercise, such as long walks or chopping wood, will help to dissipate the internal congestion. Exercise has the advantage of keeping the blood in the muscles as well as the skin; the cold sponge, however, should never be omitted. When the system is attacked by influenza, pneumonia, and debilitating disease, exercise is not advisable, as it fatigues and lessens the fighting powers of the system. At the beginning of all infective diseases, of the respiratory or other systems,



WHERE COLDS ARE UNKNOWN

the bowels should be well opened; this rids the blood of impurities, and prevents poisonous products being absorbed from the intestines.

The mechanical effect of diverting the blood from congested parts is worthy of consideration. By keeping plenty of blood in the feet, legs and abdomen, there is less blood for the internal organs. In the early congestion which precedes pneumonia, great good can be done by diverting the blood from the lungs. The patient is feverish, the breathing is short, there is more or less pain and cough, and most likely shivering and headache. A hot foot or leg bath, fomentations to thighs and abdomen, will all help to

lessen the pulmonary congestion. A cold compress on the affected side will help this action. About four thicknesses of gauze or cheese cloth should be wrung out of cold or iced water, and applied to the affected side. This should be covered with flannel and removed when warm, say, every ten or fifteen minutes. Warmth to other parts of the body by fomentations, hot-water bottles, hot drinks, etc., will prevent any chilliness from the cold-water applications. A hot fomentation every two or three hours over the parts previously covered with the cold compresses will help them to retain their nerve power. A good rubbing with a rough towel and the warm hand will have a similar effect. Congestive conditions about the throat may be similarly treated.

In all treatments of the respiratory tract it is essential that the feet be kept absolutely warm, that the shoulders be free from chills and draughts, and that the parts subjected to wet treatments should be perfectly dried.

THE WAY WE THRESH GRAIN IN INDIA

TEMPERANCE

The Prohibition Campaign in Glasgow

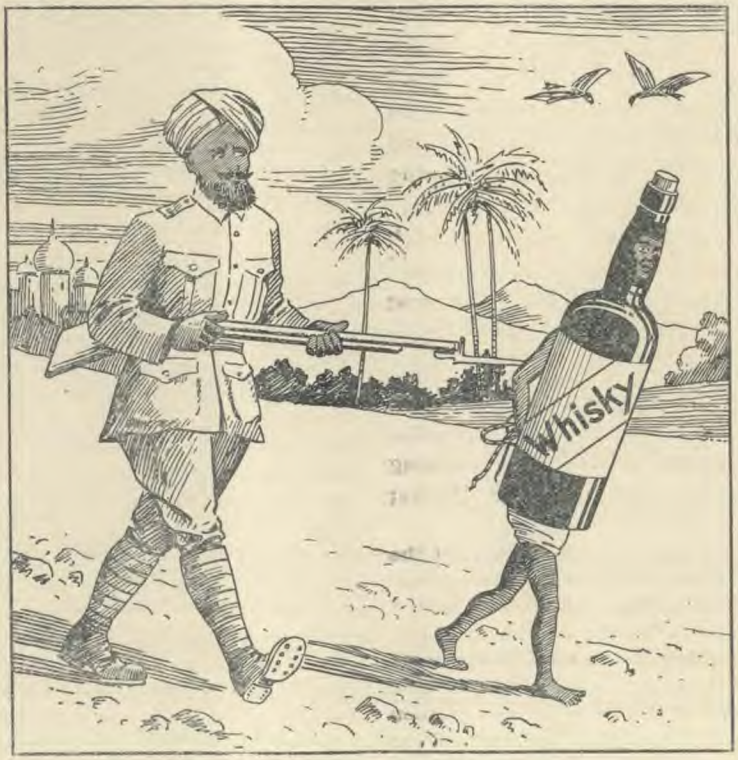
LAST March the well known temperance lecturer and founder of the "Catch-my-Pal" movement, the Rev. R. J. Patterson, L.L.B., gave an address to the women of Glasgow and urged them to "start a rebelion against drink and organize a parade through the city such as Scotland never saw." As a result of this inspiring address "The Women's Patriotic Crusade" was started, and in the middle of May a procession numbering fully thirty thousand women with fourteen bands and numerous banners marched through the city of Glasgow. After the procession the women gathered on Glasgow Green at five different platforms and after silent prayer addresses were given.

At platform No. 2, presided over by the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, wife of the Bishop of Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. Patterson gave the following address which we quote from the Belfast "Witness."—

"The men have risen in rebellion against the Germans and have set their teeth in determination to get rid of German militarism; and I think it is now time for the women to rise in rebellion against the drink and to set their hearts in determination to get rid of British alcoholism. (Applause) And as you women have come so magnificently to the help of the men in fighting the Germans, I believe the men will come magnificently to the help of the women in fighting the drink. The men are out to prohibit, not merely to regulate, but to prohibit Kaiser William. You women are out to prohibit, not merely to regulate, but to prohibit Kaiser Alcohol. We are not going to enter into such a patched-up compromise with Germany that we shall always be in dread of another war; and we are not going to enter into such a patched-up compromise with drink that we shall always be in dread of its regaining its ascendency. We are out to throttle Germany. We are out to throttle drink. (Applause)

"We have a 'Kitchener's Army' to fight the Germans. We are mustering a 'Kitchen Army' to fight the drink, and to-day that Kitchen Army is taking Glasgow by storm. (Applause) Whatever may have been our views of the drink question before the war we are now unanimous that it cannot be satisfactorily settled by anything short of prohibtion. And, if we cannot get prohibition for all time, we demand, in the name of womanhood, of childhood, of purity, of citizenship, prohibition, at least for the period of the war, and for six months after the declaration of peace. Prohibition for even that brief period would make such a revelation to our legislators, as well as to ourselves, that we could never think of going back to the old condition of things. If the pubs are open 'when the boys come home' there will be hell all over the country. And are we not all afraid that when they come back they will be outflanked by drink? Must we ask them to fight the Germans abroad and then to turn and fight a greater enemy at home? And they will be outflanked unless you women do your duty. If we get prohibition we shall have empty pubs and empty wine cellars. But I would rather have an empty pub than a full grave. I would rather have an empty cask than an empty chair. I would rather that the rats should run riot through my wine cellar than that my children should run riot with wine. I would rather my son should die at the hands of a German Hun then that he should die at the hands of a British publican. The great dread that is almost snapping the heart strings of mothers, fathers, sisters, children, lovers, all over the land to-day can be removed by prohibition and by prohibition only. You women have done great things for your country, but the greatest thing you can do still remains to be done. And I am convinced that if the women will arise and lay their hands on the throat of alcoholism, this tyranny will soon be driven from the land. Now is the time of women's greatest power. They have risen so nobly, so unreservedly, so self-sacrificingly, so lovingly, at the call of Empire, that the spirit of Britain is now willing to say, 'Ask

what you will, and it shall be given you, to half of the kingdom.' And I advise you women to pass this resolution and ask for Kaiser Alcohol's head in a charger. If you don't arise and act and demand now, your opportunity will soon be gone. The fascination of to-day will become a commonplace to-morrow; and after a very short time the country will be so accustomed to what you women are doing for it that you will fascinate along this line no more. So now is the accepted time. There is a tide in the affairs of women which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; and now is the



ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME?

time for you to rise for your country's salvation. If you are at a tea table it is said you can tell what nationality your hostess belongs to by the answer she makes when you ask for more sugar in your tea. If you say to an English woman, 'May I have a little more sugar in my tea?' she will say, 'Will you please hand up your cup?' If you say to an Irish woman, 'May I have a little more sugar in my tea?' she will hand you down the sugar bowl and say, 'Just help yourself.' If you say to a Scotch woman, 'May I have a little more sugar in my tea?' she will say, 'Oh I am afraid you have not stirred it properly' (Laughter) We want our national life to be sweetened. There is plenty of sweetening material in our national cup. But we have not stirred it properly. The stirring process is, however, begun to-day. The nation's sweetening element, woman hood, is on the move. Let us sweeten our national cup by a thorough arousing of our womanhood. And if the news goes to the trenches that while the men are fighting your battles to keep you from being ravished by German Huns, you are fighting their battles to keep them from being ravished by drink, what an inspiration. What an out look for the men! Oh sisters, rise to the great occasion! Have a pure, bright, sweet home and home-land for the brave men when they come back! (Applause)

"It was decided to send a memorial to the Prime Minister 'demanding prohibition to safeguard the homes and children of the nation, to prevent criminal waste and inefficiency, which delay victory, and to hasten the coming of a righteous peace."

If the women of our nation would only start such a rebellion against "Kaiser Alcohol"

they could not fail of success, and the benefits and blessing that would result to the people and to the country would be even greater than victory over Kaiser Wilhelm. Let the women of England, yes, and Wales and Ireland too, join Scotland in this magnificent movement and let them persevere with a determined will until success has crowned their efforts. If the women are united in this campaign and give themselves wholeheartedly to it they can be certain of victory.

CURRENT COMMENT

Aviation Sickness Due to Pressure Changes

SEASICKNESS is more familiar than pleasant to many. Aviation sickness, for obvious reasons, is known practically to comparatively few. According to Dr. Laumoniers in *Larousse Mensuel* (Paris) the symptoms of flying sickness vary according to the period of ascent, of descent, or of landing.

In ascending there is noted at an elevation of 1,200 to 1,500 meters (4,000 to 5,000 feet, or nearly a mile) an acceleration of respiration and pulse, with slight headache and an indefinable discomfort, but no nausea or vomiting. At 1,800 meters, the hearing is less distinct, there are hallucinations, and the muscles are slow in obeying the will.

On descending there is marked palpitation of the heart, a feeling of anguish, intense head ache, a sensation of heat of the skin, especially of the face, and an almost uncontrollable desire to sleep, notwithstanding the peril. On landing, these troubles are increased. In addition to the headache and sleepiness, the eyes are bloodshot, the extremities blue, the pulse is rapid, and the blood pressure is high. Sleep is almost an absolute necessity on landing, but is fitful and non-refreshing. Headache may last for some hours, or even for a number of days. The intensity of these symptoms is greater when the descent is rapid. Aviators differ in their susceptibility to the symptoms, and in some cases there is a tendency for the symptom to become less marked with experience.

Aviation symptoms are caused probably by the great changes in the atmospheric pressure on the surface of the body. Though the symptoms are transitory, and seem to leave no permanent injury, yet they may so cause loss of control as to be dangerous, especially during descent; hence it is advised that fliers be young, robust, resolute, cool-headed men, with sight, hearing, and nervous and vascular systems perfectly sound.

Those having the least tendency to heart trouble, epilepsy, tuberculosis, hardening of the arteries, or nervous troubles should not attempt to fly.

Aviators, according to Laumonier, should have a methodical and progressive training, a nourishing but not a bulky or fermentable diet, must be abstainers from alcohol, and must not abuse tea and coffee. Clothing, while warm, should not be heavy enough to restrict movements. In order to minimize the symptoms, it is advisable to mount slowly and descend even more slowly.

Disease and the Balanced Dietary

THE swift-spreading ravages of the disease known as pellagra, especially in the Southern States of America, has awakened the medical profession to the absolute necessity of ascertaining the cause of the disease and providing a remedy. The United States Public Health Service has taken the problem in hand, and has arrived at definite conclusions both as to cause and remedy. For years mouldy maize was considered the cause; but the disease progressed where no maize at all was eaten, and the theory had to be abandoned. Some laid the blame on the bite of the buffalo gnat, but this had to be given up when the disease increased in localities where the buffalo gnat was never seen. Some blamed faulty sanitation; and in certain localities where the death-rate was as high as 54 per 100,000 and improved sanitation reduced the rate to 30 per 100,000, pellagra continued to increase, going up in four years from 28.5 to 64.6. This seemed to demonstrate that faulty

sanitation was not the cause. Eliminating these supposed causes, the Public Health Service has now come to the conclusion, from studying the habits and the dietary of the victims of the disease, that an unbalanced dietary is the true cause. The Department of Education and the Department of Agriculture have been enlisted in the work of eradicating the cause of the disease, the former by giving daily instruction in the public schools and the latter by teaching the wisdom of keeping cows, raising chickens, and growing beans and peas—all food materials that kill pellagra by preparing the system to withstand its attacks.

But if an unbalanced dietary is at the root of this dread malady, we may know that that same cause is working detrimentally in the system in other ways even when pellagra does not result. The system is required, under such conditions, to work constantly under a great and debilitating handicap. Look to your dietary. Does it contain a sufficient variety of basic food elements not only to preserve the system against positive attack, but to give you that physical efficiency which your work demands of you?

Recipe for a Happy Life

The composition of Margaret of Navarre in 1500:—

Three ounces are necessary first of patience.
Then of repose, and peace of conscience a pound is needful.
Of pastimes of all sorts, too, should be gathered as much as the hand can hold.
Of pleasant memory, and of hope, three good drachms
There must be at least; but they should moistened be
With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice the heart.
Then of love's magic drops a few—
But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame
Which naught but tears can drown.
Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an ounce,
To liven; yet all this may not bring happiness,
Except in your orisons you lift your voice
To Him who holds the gift of health.

Herald of Health,

The Indian Health Magazine

Printed and published monthly at and for the International Tract Society, 17 Abbott Road, Lucknow, by W. S. Mead.

Registered No. A 457 - - - - - - 675/16

Gunnery a Temperance Advocate

LOOKING back over the past, I often wonder which can really claim the greatest credit for breaking the navy of its old hard drinking habits. Gunnery is the Temperance advocate. At first sight there doesn't seem much connection between Temperance and gunnery, but there is a closer connection than many people think.

Thirty-five years ago no navy man ever thought of calling for less than a "post" (quart) of beer if he went into an inn for a drink. If several went in together, and it was drinks all round, it was "post round", and very often the round was repeated several times. That was the custom and the mode of the service of that day.

But at the same time that this was going on right through the navy, the very reverse was the case on *H.M.S. Excellent*—the great gunnery school. Here, three parts of the grog issued daily was flung overboard, because no one would drink it; while at night, instead of the uproar one usually hears on a mess deck of an evening, men were sitting quietly in their messes studying gunnery manuals; it was, in fact, a school as well as home.

Gradually the study of gunnery spread right through the service, and as gunnery came in, drink went out. Good shooting and drink do not go together.—*Naval Expert in "Navy and Army."*

In every moment of his life man is the joint product of his inherited tendencies and the adjustment and education or habit of his life.—*Forel, in "Nervous and Mental Hygiene."*

Books

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Uncle Ben's Cobblestones

Talks with boys and girls about the wonders of nature and the things of everyday life. Useful, attractive, interesting. Bound in Cloth,—Rs. 3 8 0

Bible Child Life

A book to direct the young mind into the right channel. Bound in cloth,—Rs. 2-8-0

Boy Wanted

Written especially for boys. Something to inspire them to noble deeds. Bound in cloth,—Rs. 4-0-0

The Coming King

Interesting and convincing.
In cloth binding, marbled edges,—Rs. 5-8-0

The New Testament Primer

Illustrated alphabet. Sketches of birds, trees, and animals.

Post free per V. P.—As. 14.

Order from The International Tract Society, 17 Abbott Road, Lucknow