

SOURCES OF VACCINE VIRUS

Was Inquired Into By a Medical Journal

And Some Remarkable Statements are Made By a Responsible Publication-- Medical Talk

The Journal prints below an indictment of the use of vaccine virus for the reason that the laws and medical authorities are at present on the side of compulsory vaccination of children against small-pox.

When vaccination is legalized and a state board of health may take it into their heads any day to order all the children in Oregon vaccinated, it is only the press can give the other side a hearing.

Hence we publish following statements against vaccination from a reputable Medical Journal edited by C. S. Carr, M. D., Columbus, Ohio.

If you are a physician and differ with him, have it out with him.

We are not prepared to say that vaccination has not been a benefit to some, or that it has not checked smallpox.

But we are prepared to say that there is a difference of opinion among scientific men as to its being a benefit or an injury. Under those circumstances no one has a right to be dogmatic.

There are many intelligent physicians who are not cranks on the subject of vaccination.

There are many other intelligent physicians who sincerely believe in vaccination as a preventive for smallpox.

There are many physicians and citizens who are in doubt on the subject.

No one will deny that we are living in an age of intelligence and progress on this subject as on all others, and that a great deal of sentiment has grown up against vaccination of children.

Any adult has right to vaccinate or not to vaccinate as he sees fit, but when we assume by law to say that children must be vaccinated and should happen to be wrong and do them an injury, how make good?

Following article is from Medical Talk for November.

In "Modern Medical Science," of August, occurs an interesting account of an attempt to gather some facts concerning vaccination. It seems that the above medical journal, wishing to obtain something besides mere assertion, tried to draw out some of the most eminent authorities in the State of Massachusetts what they know about vaccine virus. They procured the consent of a member of the board of health, of Philadelphia, some months ago, to write an article on vaccination, giving his reasons for believing it to be a protection against smallpox.

After waiting some months for the article, and it did not come, Mr. J. M. Greene, of Boston, made an effort to get at the same facts in another way. He addressed some questions to eminent medical gentlemen of Massachusetts, fourteen in number.

Only two of these eminent gentlemen answered the letter at all, and one of these made no attempt to answer the questions asked. The only remaining one dodged around and contented himself by talking on some side question. The questions were fair ones, and ought to be answered. The people have a right to know what it is doctors inject into their systems by force. These eminent gentlemen ought to be obliged to make a rational answer to the questions. They have not done so, and for special reasons they will not do so until compelled to by some higher authorities. The questions were as follows:

First. What is the original source or sources of the so-called vaccine lymph, now used in Massachusetts?

Second. Did not Dr. Martin, of Attleboro, Mass., inoculate a cow's udder with smallpox matter, and by inoculating children with the virus thus cause an epidemic of smallpox with fatal results? Did not similar experiments of Chauveau, in France, and others, have the same result?

Third. Are not the characteristics of the vaccine sore the same as those of syphilis, and entirely different from smallpox pustules? In other words, is not cowpox really syphilis of the cow?

Fourth. Is it not a fact that the seed of syphilis, cancer, and some other diseases, cannot be detected when present in vaccine virus, by any means known to science; and has

not syphilis been transmitted by arm-to-arm vaccination as in the case of Dr. Cory, of England? Inasmuch, then, as one modern method of producing vaccine lymph is to inoculate the first animal of a series with human smallpox virus, what ground can exist for the claim that it is impossible for syphilis to be conveyed in a lymph thus produced?

According to our view these are very fair questions, and ought to be answered. The state has a no right to compel people to submit to vaccination and then refuse to answer such important questions.

The facts are, that no one, except the manufacturers themselves, has any specific knowledge as to how vaccine virus is produced. Each manufacturer of vaccine virus knows what he inoculates the cow with to produce this virus. Each one knows for himself, and he is the only one that does know. It is exactly like the manufacturer of patent medicines. No one but the manufacturer knows the formula. Each one of those who make vaccine virus has a process which the others do not know of. The doctors who use this vaccine lymph know nothing whatever as to how it is made.

All that is known about it is, that the cow is poisoned with something or other, and this poison causes sores to appear on the cow's udder and teats. From these sores is extracted this stuff known as vaccine virus. This vaccine virus is punctured into the flesh of the people. What it is the manufacturers use to poison these cows with no doctor knows. No one knows but the manufacturer himself. One manufacturer probably uses one poison, and another uses another. The doctors assume that the poison used is smallpox virus. But this is by no means certain. Some think it is syphilitic virus. Others believe it to be an infectious disease of horses, known as grease. Whatever it is, it is a foul animal poison, and produces a foul, dangerous stuff known as vaccine virus.

Medical Talk is financially responsible for every word it utters. We have no hesitation in offering any physician in the United States \$50.00 if he will inform readers of Medical Talk exactly what it is any manufacturer of vaccine virus uses to inoculate the cows, from which vaccine virus is made.

Here is a chance, now, for any physician to earn \$50 easily. The physicians pretend to know all about this matter. We do not believe they know anything about it. We are willing to pay for the first satisfactory reply on this subject.

We have no hope, however, of receiving such a reply. The physicians will treat this challenge exactly as they treated the one above referred to. They will simply ignore it. This is the best way to crawl out of a bad mess.

Say nothing. Lay low. Wear gum shoes. Get laws passed to compel the people to submit, but never come out in the open and give the people a frank and honest explanation of what the stuff is, known as vaccine virus, or a rational explanation for the notion that this virus injected into the human system, will protect against smallpox.

Lay low. Say nothing. Lobby laws through legislatures. Shoot opponents in the back. These are the best tactics for the advocates of vaccination.

Little Stories of Journalism.

I once made a tour of the almshouses of the state of New York, describing them exactly as they were. Every emotion that can be awakened by sorrow was felt during that trip.

The most pathetic incident occurred at the poorhouse of Essex county, located at the hills beyond Whallonsburg, near Lake Champlain. I should say that the trip was made at the request of a state commissioner of charities who desired that the truth should be told.

After inspecting the wards for the aged women and insane, I walked across an open court, deep with mud, to visit the children's quarters. While there a small red faced, red headed lad attracted my attention. I patted him on the shoulder and asked his name. He gave it readily, told me he was 10 years old, and that his father and mother were dead. I felt deeply touched by the child's words. Soon after I left the miserable shed in which these children were herded together and started to recross the yard. I felt a tug at my coat and found my little friend behind me. His eyes looked up into mine so pitifully that I asked:

"What can I do for you my boy?"
"I want you to kiss me."
"Certainly; but why?"
"I never was kissed in my life."

When I came to write that story for publication I developed its full pathos, giving the name of the fatherless and motherless lad. As a result, he was adopted by a wealthy family near Saratoga. He has been well raised, given a college education and is today heir to a fortune.

THREE GREAT OFFERS

Daily Journal Will Give Away Hundreds of Magazines

And Makes a Special Subscription Sale Day-- Heavy Reduction on Daily Nov. 26th.

No. 1.

Journal subscribers will this year be given a special bargain day and it has been set for Thursday, November 26th. On that date you can get The Daily Journal for one year, cash in advance, by mail, for \$3, or by carrier for \$5. This is a flat reduction of one dollar, not only for the use of your cash, but to save us, as well as our subscribers the time and trouble of numerous payments during the year. It saves us work and it saves the subscribers cash. Remember the date, November 26th. All who pay up arrears, if they have any, can on that date get the benefit of this offer. Even if your subscription is paid up to the present time or in advance, you can get the benefit of an additional year on that date. If you can't come to the office on that date, send it in sooner, and the credits will be made on that date, November 26.

No. 2.

To new subscribers we will give a sample subscription to The Daily Three months for one dollar, and in addition present them with the great Metropolitan Magazine free for that period. This is one of the greatest magazines in America and will be given free for three months to new subscribers only.

No. 3.

To any of our subscribers, old or new, who pays a year in advance, \$6 by carrier or \$4 by mail, this great magazine will be given free for one year. See the announcements of this wonderful magazine elsewhere in this paper, and prepare to profit by our great offer.

Latest Literary News.

The Criterion has a splendid original paper on Thomas Carlyle, and it throws not a little new and humanizing light on the old Scotch growler whose cutting, evaporating dissections of error will be cherished as long as men have to consider human problems. The last number of the Criterion is a grand one and ranks it among the periodicals that have an enjoyable individuality. Sold by the news dealers.

Outing for November caters to the love of nature in the fall of the year in rich variety. The automobilists are provided for, the wingshots have a few special articles, the happy nutting time for children is remembered, football, driving and turkey hunting are given spaces. The editorial review of sports by Caspar Whitney, is lucid and entertaining. 239 fifth avenue, New York.

The craftsman for November published by United Crafts, Syracuse, N. Y., has a splendid series of illustrations and articles. Howard Crosby has an interesting discussion, Was Jesus a Carpenter? He concludes he was not. There is an able article showing Browning's relation to the crafts. There are illustrated papers on house decorations of the greatest interest.

Education for November has a high-toned catalog of contents--rather shooting over the heads of many educators, but a fine publication for all that. The Palmer Co. 50 Bromfield street, Boston.

The Kindergarten Magazine for November has a richly illustrated article on Indian baskets. There is also an Indian Corn-song with music by Maria Ruef Hoyer, dean of the faculty of music of Teachers college, Columbia University, New York.

Amused Only the Actors.

In his "Random Recollections" Charles H. E. Brookfield, a highly esteemed actor on the London stage, says: "I remember a piece which we produced at the Comedy theater, written by a popular author and very strongly cast, which amused us all so much that we could hardly release it. Charles Hawtreys used every now and then to warn us: 'Now, don't speak too soon on that. There's certain to be a big laugh, and we don't want them to miss the next line.' We rehearsed for six weeks. On the first night nothing went wrong--but the piece. There was not one laugh nor one round of applause from start to finish. We took off the comedy in ten days, during which we rehearsed as a stop gap a conventional three act farce with no literary pretensions. I think it ran for a year."

An Animal Story For Little Folks

Mary and Her Little Lamb

You have all heard of Mary, haven't you? I mean the Mary that had the little lamb. Of course you have, and I am going to tell you a story about her and her lamb that you have never heard before.

Well, once upon a time Mary thought that she would go into the fields and catch some of the beautiful butterflies that were flitting about from flower to flower. She had a net that her big brother had made for her, and with this she tried to capture the pretty creatures that sailed about in the air among the flowers.

But, mercy me, they were all so shy they never allowed her to get within reach of them.

"I do believe that had lamb is frightening the butterflies away!" cried



RAN AWAY AS FAST AS HE COULD.

Mary, stamping her pretty little foot on the ground. "I shall just punish him severely for it."

But the lamb saw that she was angry and ran away as fast as he could, with Mary right at his heels.

You would never have thought that a little girl could run so fast, and it was unfortunate for her that she did, for suddenly the lamb came to a pool of water, and he stopped right still as suddenly as he could.

What happened to Mary? She went heels over head over the top of the lamb and plunged up to her waist in the pool of water.

Of course she got wet to the skin. "But it taught me a lesson," she said the next day. "I shouldn't have wanted to punish that dear little lamb of mine."

And she gave him a real tight hug and made up.--Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Mosquito Is Found

The greatest excitement prevailed in Mosquitotown, for Eugene Mosquito had lost himself. Eugene was a stylish young fellow, who was last seen sitting on a cheese box in his mother's kitchen. Everybody started out to find poor Eugene, and his mother wrung her hands in anguish as she thought of what terrible things might have happened to her boy.

But, search high and low, no one could find him, and the mosquito's father's hair turned gray when some one declared that Eugene must have been run over by an automobile and stuck to the wheels.

"We will not give up the search!" cried the lightning bug gravely. "Come on, fellows! I'll lead the way."

They were gone a long time, but presently a loud cheer was heard, and



HE WAS A STYLISH YOUNG FELLOW.

they were all soon back at Mr. Mosquito's house, and there was Eugene in their very midst.

"Where did you find him?" asked the mother as she wrapped her arms around the truant.

"The lightning bug found me!" cried Eugene.

"Yes; he crawled into a keyhole, where Eugene had hid from a big spider," added the water bug.

"After I got in I couldn't see to get out," said Eugene.

"Until I came in and lit my trusty lamp," said the lightning bug.

"Hurrah!" cried everybody.

Then they gave a grand ball, and everybody praised the noble lightning bug, and the next day he married the mosquito's cousin, and it was a grand affair.--Atlanta Constitution.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Terrier's Sad Fate

Willie Terrier was very proud when he had dressed himself up in his new clothes, and he was anxious to take a run downstairs and show himself off.

"I wish my master would send me an errand," said he.

But his master did not wish to send him anywhere, although there was a letter that had to be taken to the police station by some one.

"I want Charlie Cur to take that letter," said the master as he stopped at the kennels and laid the letter on a box.



HE TOOK THE LETTER.

Now, Charlie Cur was not around at that moment, and Willie Terrier began to think it over.

"Here's a chance for me to show off my good clothes!" he cried. "I'll take the letter to the police station."

So he seized the envelope and away he went.

"Now, wait until I read the letter," said the policeman as Willie placed the envelope in his hand. The policeman read, and this is what he read:

"Dear Mr. Policeman--The bearer of this letter, one of my dogs, is no longer of any use to me. Please knock him in the head and throw him overboard."

Of course it was all meant for Charlie Cur, who was an old dog and had seen his day, and it is sad to think of Willie Terrier's fate.--Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

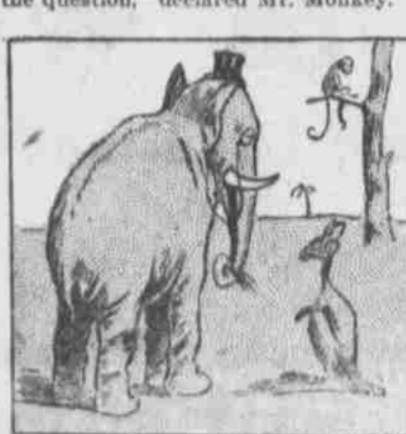
Why The Animal Schools Failed

I wonder how many little boys and girls know why there are no schools in animal land?

Well, wherever there are schools there are school commissioners or a school board, which has charge of the schools and makes the laws to govern them.

When the animals decided to establish schools they selected a school board, consisting of Mr. Elephant, Mr. Kangaroo and Mr. Monkey, and these fellows held a meeting to agree upon their plans.

"What shall the animal children be taught in the animal school? That is the question," declared Mr. Monkey.



THE SCHOOL BOARD HELD A MEETING.

"Yes, that is the question," exclaimed Mr. Kangaroo and Mr. Elephant to gether.

"They should be taught to climb trees," said the monkey positively.

"All my relatives will serve as teachers."

"No, indeed!" shouted the other two in chorus. "That would never do."

"They should be taught to jump!" cried the kangaroo with emphasis. "All my relatives will be glad to teach them."

"No, indeed!" yelled the other two in unison. "That would never do."

"They should be taught to look wise," said the elephant, "and all my relatives will act as teachers."

"No, indeed!" howled the other two together. "That will never do."

"Well, what will do?" they asked as they looked at each other in perplexity.

"Teach them to climb," said Mr. Monkey.

"Teach them to jump," said Mr. Kangaroo.

"Teach them to look wise," said Mr. Elephant.

And so it was that none of them would yield, and when they saw there was no chance to agree they all became angry and decided not to have any animal schools at all.

Between you and me, I expect the animals are just as smart as they would be with schools run by the elephant, monkey and kangaroo. What do you think?--Detroit Journal.

An Animal Story For Little Folks

The Monkey Who Was Not Observing

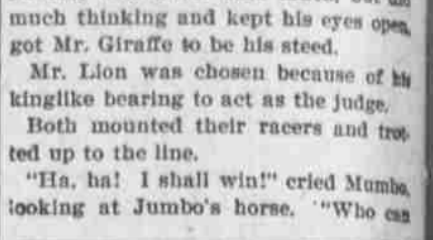
Mumbo and Jumbo were two gay monkeys who had a reputation in the jungle of being "sports" who loved racing and climbing and tall swinging and rocanut throwing contests and all that sort of thing. Once they had been present at a horse race, which so excited Mumbo that on reaching home he challenged Jumbo to beat him just such a contest. Each was to get one of his four footed friends to act as horse without telling the other which he chose.

Mumbo, who counted himself a very cunning fellow, chose Mr. Camel, and after many flattering words of praise for his speed in crossing the desert, persuaded him to be ridden in the race. Jumbo, who never said much, but did much thinking and kept his eyes open, got Mr. Giraffe to be his steed.

Mr. Lion was chosen because of his kinglike bearing to act as the judge.

Both mounted their racers and trotted up to the line.

"Ha, ha! I shall win!" cried Mumbo, looking at Jumbo's horse. "Who can



TROTTED UP TO THE LINE.

run with such a long neck as that to carry? And, besides, I have heard that to win a race one must 'hump' himself, and my camel is just the one for that. Don't you see his hump?" said he as he nearly slid off when the camel moved.

Jumbo smiled. He knew a thing or two. The starting word was given. Down the race course they came at full speed. Mr. Camel was humping himself bravely, Mr. Giraffe puffing loudly. All the animals cheered. When they reached the last lap Mr. Camel was ahead. Mumbo grinned with joy.

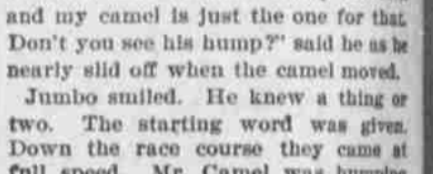
"I shall win, sure!" he cried. "I knew it." But just as they reached the tape Mr. Giraffe stretched out his long neck, stuck out his long tongue, touched the tape first and won the race.

"Jumbo wins!" cried the judge.

"Tain't fair," whined Mumbo. "I never thought of his neck."

"It is best to keep your eyes open," cried the crowd.

I think they told the truth. Don't you?--Pittsburg Dispatch.



IS THAT THE SAME HAT YOU WORE LAST YEAR?

"Is that the same hat you wore Easter?" asked Mr. Rabbit of Miss Hippo, who was going to attend the theater with him.

"Yes," answered Miss Hippo; "this is the same hat, and isn't it beautiful!"

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Rabbit. "But don't you think that it would be far prettier if you had a little rabbit on your hat instead of that feathery old bird? Rabbits are so much more beautiful than birds, you know."

"Do you really think so?" asked Miss Hippo.

"Oh, my, yes!" answered Mr. Rabbit.

"And do you wish me to have a rabbit on my hat instead of the bird?"

"Oh, my, yes!"

"I'll do anything to please you," said Miss Hippo coquettishly.

"I feel flattered," responded Mr. Rabbit.

"And so I shall just run a baton through your body and stick you on my hat," declared Miss Hippo as she made a grab for the frightened rabbit.

He gave one jump and barely managed to escape her. Then he started to run, and--well, maybe he is running yet.--Detroit Journal.