

RESEARCH INTO THE MALARIA CARRYING MOSQUITOES WAS CONDUCTED COURAGEOUSLY

(By J. B. Firth in London Telegraph)

A great benefactor of the human race lies sorely stricken at the Institute which he founded at Putney Heath, London. It is Sir Ronald Ross, the medical scientist who first discovered—in popular phrase—the secret of malaria.

His name is celebrated throughout the world; his fame is secure for all time. Yet I would suggest that if some public expression of national appreciation were conveyed to him now it would comfort him in his hour of trial.

Sir Ronald Ross in his time has broken many a lance with officialdom. He has flung his challenges gallantly, sometimes, perhaps a little recklessly but never with a thought of personal ambition. Recognition there has been for it could not be withheld. But it would rejoice thousands if a graceful act of homage were paid to the genius of one who has deserved so well of his country.

Malaria is endemic over one-third of the world's surface. It is one of humanity's most terrible scourges.

It has debilitated where it has not destroyed, whole races of mankind. It probably contributed first to the decadence and then to the overthrow of the great ancient civilizations even more than the vices which sapped the strength of one strong and martial peoples.

Disease Enfeebles

The physical debasement of the most degenerate tribes of Darkest Africa, the enfeeblement of vast native populations in India, which still pays annual toll to malaria in more than a million lives, the collapse of and virtual extinction of almost forgotten races in Central and South America, are directly traceable to malaria.

Need more be said to justify the assertion that a supreme discovery was made by Surgeon-Major Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, when on August 21, 1897, after years of detective labor, he found the para-

site of material, in the stomach of an Anopheles mosquito?

A French army surgeon Laveran, observing certain conical parasites called Plasmodia, in the blood corpuscles of a malaria patient, had established that malaria was due to a parasite and not to miasma or effluvia as medical science had believed for centuries. Patrick Manson had suspected mosquitoes of conveying this parasite to drinking water. It was Ross who detected the actual species of mosquito which conveyed the parasite direct to the blood of the human victim.

Ross has told his own story in pages charged with an enthusiastic—even religious—real for humanity, unique in the annals of medical research.

He had to work in the teeth of official apathy and discouragement which at times amounted to persecution. He had to combine his research work with his ordinary routine duties as medical officer in the military stations to which he was attached.

Worked On Undaunted

His brother called him clever, but rather mad. His superiors were sure that, whether mad or not, he was troublesome, and should be kept in his place. Any excuse was judged good enough to deny him the opportunities he sought for the more intensive prosecution of his researches.

Ross and his mosquitoes were a familiar joke at a core of regimental messes. A Chimean veteran, the chief medical officer of one district judged his theories flat blasphemy and suggested that Headquarters should find occasion to remove him from the Indian Medical Service as being of unsound—and impious—mind. That he was also a poet and a novelist added other counts to the indictment.

Nevertheless, he worked on undaunted, and in conditions like those of the "laboratory", where at last success rewarded his untiring search;

"Well do I remember that dark, hot little office in the hospital at Begumpet with the necessary gleam of light coming in from under the eaves of the veranda. I did not allow the punka to be used because it blew about my dissected mosquitoes, which were partly examined with a cover-glass and the result was that swarms of flies and of 'eyes-flies'—minute little insects which try to get into one's ears and eyelids—tormented me at their pleasure, while an occasional stegomyia revenged herself on me for the death of her friends. The screws of my microscope were rusted with sweat from my forehead and hands, and its last remaining eye-piece was cracked."

Failure Seems in Sight Again

Ross had dissected hundreds of mosquitoes, of all species, in the hope that at last he would find the parasite-carrier. Then, one broiling afternoon, his head aching with the heat and long application to his microscope, he came to his last specimen. The moment of reward had arrived.

"The dissection was excellent and I went carefully through the tissues now so familiar to me, searching every micron with the same passion and care as one would search some vast ruined palace for a little hidden treasure. Nothing. No, these new mosquitoes also were going to be a failure; there was something wrong with the theory."

"But the stomach tissues still remained to be examined—lying there, empty, flaccid, before me on the glass slide, a great white expanse of cells like a large courtyard of flagstones, each one of which must be scrutinized, half an hour's labor at least."

"I was tired and what was the use? I must have examined the stomachs of a thousand mosquitoes by this time."

"But the Angel of Fate fortunately laid his hand on my head, and I had scarcely commenced the search again when I saw a clear and almost perfectly circular outline before me of about twelve microns in diameter. The outline was much too sharp, the cell too small to be an ordinary stomach cell of a mosquito. I looked a little further. Here was another and another exactly similar cell."

GOOD CHANCE TO STUDY THE IMPASSE DUE TO THE UNION OF ANGLO-SAXON AND ITALIAN MINDS

(New York Sun)

An Italian ship is certainly one of the best proving grounds on which to study that curious impasse which results from the union of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon mind. In matters of morals, drink and food there appears to be no common soil upon which the two races can find complete understanding.

This incident, which occurred at sea in the Conte Biancamano, bears out the theory:

An Englishman boarded the ship at Genoa and the first morning out prepared to partake of his accustomed breakfast, kippered herring. Now while the kipper is eaten, according to an advertisement we saw somewhere, by millions of people in the British Isles and America, it is not one of the morsels which attracts the rising Latin gentleman. As a consequence the Italian ships have little call for it.

The afternoon kept very hot and overcast. Ross recalls opening the diaphragm of the sub-stage condenser of the microscope to admit more light and then changing the focus. The great discovery was close at hand. In each of the cells was a cluster of small granules, "black as jet and exactly like the black pigment granules of the Plasmodium crescents."

"As with that pigment, the granules numbered about 12 to 16 in each cell and became blacker and more visible when more light was admitted through the diaphragm. I laughed—and shouted for the hospital assistant—he was away having his siesta."

So the theory was proved, and the secret of malaria had been found at last. The means of salvation for millions of the human race had been suddenly revealed on the side of that sweaty microscope with the cracked eye-piece, and Ross there and then took his place in the authentic line of Prometheus among mankind's greatest deliverers.

Results Prove Widespread

For, when the cause was found, the road to prevention was obvious. To prevent—or rather to reduce—malaria, the recipe is simple and sure. It is to wage war against the breeding places of the mosquito.

Gorgas pursued this policy in Panama and stamped out yellow fever. The construction of the Panama Canal was then, thanks to Ross, easy.

Sir Malcolm Watson, thanks to Ross, in five years, reduced the deaths from malaria in two towns of Malaya from 300 to 45. Mortality among the natives in the copper mines of Rhodesia was halved at once on the introduction of Ross's methods.

The West African Coast is no longer "The White Man's Grave." The fever-haunted Alban Hills, shunned for centuries are now providing new and healthy suburbs for the population of Rome.

Mosquito reduction is now the prime rule of sanitation in the tropics. In 100 years incalculable results, not merely hygienic and economic, but political, will have followed. Ham may yet recover the lost birth-right of which he was robbed not so much by his brethren as by a poisonous bug.

Why did the Colonial Office turn so dull an ear to the enthusiastic projects which Ross laid before them? The great Lister had recognized a kindred genius, and hailed the discoverer in the most generous terms. The most strenuous application of the new knowledge was passed for and was, in effect, coldly declined.

Officialism hampered and delayed at every turn, and if Ross was sometimes stung into writing strong letters of protest, who can blame him? But authorities do not forgive strong letters, and their memories are long.

Nevertheless, it is time to forget all else but the genius of the discovery and the plight of the discovered. A message of national sympathy would fall like music on the sick man's ear and be worth more to him than a dozen posthumous statues.

"Bit of fruit," the Briton said to the steward, "most and marmalade and tea. Yes, and a kipper," he added as an afterthought.

Steward Much in Doubt

"Si, si, kippur," the steward repeated in a very unconvincing manner as he beat a hurried retreat.

Several minutes passed. The Englishman gazed pleasantly out a port-hole at the blue Mediterranean and considered the kind Providence which evolved the sea and the fish, like the kipper, for which his palate was at that moment doing a nip-up.

Very unexpectedly his steward reappeared with the fruit, the toast and the tea—but no kippers.

"The kippers?" the British gentleman inquired.

"Si, si. The kippur. One moment," the man replied, as he again raced for the kitchen door.

The Englishman had moved well through the fruit course when the chief steward stopped at his table, inquired.

"The gentleman wants keppur?" he inquired. "I say, old boy," the Briton spoke, "am I ordering or am I taking part in some sort of Maritime ceremony? Yes, in a word, I want kippers."

And with that the chief steward departed, albeit with a look of bewilderment.

Seconds sped into minutes and minutes into what seemed to the Englishman to be hours.

Gathering Descends Upon Him

Finally a rather large gathering took form at the kitchen door, and descended on his table. The chief steward took the floor.

"Signor," he said, "you ask for keppur. We do not know quite what you mean but we in the Italian Liner we give service all the time. We have here every keppur in the ship."

And with that the servants placed before the startled Briton first a large, steaming plate of capers; second, a delicious order of kippered herring which had been lying around somewhere, and, third, a gentleman in uniform who was introduced as a keeper. He was a gentleman assigned to caring for the animals on board.

Well, the Englishman ate the kippers.

FIVE YEAR PLAN IN NEW YORK

(New York Sun)

When a New York family has to go on a five-year plan things look sort of bad. Still it has been only five weeks to date since a West Side family started it. It is going good so far, because it is a game and the women and the children like it.

The ingenuity of the desperate master of the household hit upon the plan after all efforts at sternness had failed. Budgets seemed merely dry, appeals for economy brought yawns, but the game struck the fancy of the wife, the mother-in-law and the two children.

The title of the master of the household is director-general. His wife is chancellor of the commissary. The mother-in-law is high chief of discipline. The ten-year-old son is custodian of playthings and his seven-year-old sister is commissar of tidiness.

The chancellor rations everything, including cigarettes, and is proud of the way she has cut down smoking among the adults. The high chief of discipline sees that lights not in use are turned out and such things compelling the guilty ones to make amends. Playthings not only are not abused so much any more and thrown away, but are repaired. The commissar of tidiness makes herself a general assistant to all the other dignitaries of this communistic experiment. And the director-general just smiles and smiles, and the other big wags of his staff think he is merely amused.

Still, a \$2,500,000 fire makes wonderful publicity for the Coney Island Money talks and small change chatters.

It's the perfect crank that's hardest to turn.

LOWER PAY FOR STARS

Hollywood, California, August 9—All stars and feature players at Warner Brother-First National movie studios who have not taken salary cuts will be asked to do so, beginning August 15, Jack L. Warner, vice-president of the concern said today.

Several of the star players, including Richard Barthelmess and George Arliss, Warner said, already have volunteered to take pay reductions. Barthelmess agreed to make three pictures a year instead of only two, for \$300,000.

Warner did not name any players who will be affected, but among the higher salaried stars are Ruth Chatterton, \$7,500 a week; William Powell, reported to receive a like compensation and Barbara Stanwyck, \$5,000 a week.

You might buy a copy of Pepy's Diary and read it, but its novelty is long since worn out.

If we do the best we can today the chances are we can do better tomorrow.

GOOD PROGRAM TO BE ON THE AIR THURSDAY

Following is the radio program in Atlantic Standard time for Thursday evening for stations most easily picked up in Fredericton and vicinity.

- WRAF, NEW YORK
- 7.30—Barbasol Program.
 - 7.45—Rise of the Goldbergs.
 - 8.00—Fleishmann Hour.
 - 9.00—New York Orchestra.
 - 9.30—Concert Orchestra.
 - 10.00—Lucky Strike Orchestra.
 - 11.00—Paul Whiteman.
 - 11.45—Orchestra.
 - 12.00—The Dream Singer.
- WJZ, N. Y.
- 7.00—Amos 'n' Andy.
 - 7.15—Royal Vagabonds.
 - 7.30—Swift Program.
 - 7.45—Gene Austin.
 - 8.00—Regimental.
 - 8.15—Rin Tin Tin.
 - 8.30—Goldman Band.
 - 8.45—Skillet Sisters.
 - 9.00—Danger Fighters.
 - 9.30—Thompson's Corner.
 - 10.00—The Country Doctor.
 - 10.15—Absorbine Jr.
 - 10.30—Matrimony Skit.
 - 10.45—Orchestra.
 - 11.00—Pickens Sisters.
- CMAC MONTREAL
- 7.00—Vittel Features.
 - 7.15—Semaine Economique.
 - 7.30—Dance Orchestra.
 - 8.00—National Conservatory.
 - 8.30—Guards Band.
 - 10.00—Montaguards.
 - 10.30—Mount Royal Orchestra.
 - 11.00—News Events.
 - 11.05—Kilt Kat Orchestra.
- CFNB FREDERICTON
- 8.30—Weather Forecast, News, Musical Programme.
 - 9.30—Mus-Kee-Kee.
 - 12.30—Columbia Records.
 - 1.30—Royal York Orchestra.
- CNRA MONCTON
- 12.30—Musical Program.
 - 1.55—Weather Report.
 - 6.15—Diner Period of Music.
 - 7.10—Weather Report.
- WLW CINCINNATI
- 7.00—Amos 'n' Andy.
 - 7.30—Bob Newhall.
 - 7.45—Old Man Sunshine.
 - 8.00—R. G. Dunn.
 - 8.15—Old Program.
 - 8.30—Melody Moments.
 - 9.00—Musical Dreams.
 - 9.15—Skillet Sisters.
 - 9.30—Real Folks.
 - 10.00—Swiss Garden Orchestra.
 - 10.45—Peanut Metro.
 - 11.00—Male Octette.
 - 1.30—Blasquik Band.
 - 11.45—Headlines of Yesterday.
- WABC NEW YORK
- 7.15—Orchestra.
 - 7.30—Street Singer.
 - 8.00—To Be Announced.
 - 8.15—Orchestra.
 - 8.30—Midsummer nights.
 - 8.45—Joe Palooka.
 - 9.15—Mills Bros.
 - 9.30—Love Story Hour.
 - 9.00—Columbians.
 - 10.00—Music that Satisfies.
 - 10.15—Musical Fast Freight.
 - 10.30—Columbia Orchestra.
 - 10.45—Palm Beach Program.
 - 11.00—Irene Beasley Contralto.
 - 11.00—Royal Canadians.

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a real good cup of tea.



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There's ECONOMY in its strength.

The New Brown Label

40^c lb. 20^c 1-2 lb.

Red Label 50^c lb. 25^c 1-2 lb.

Orange Pekoe 75^c lb. 38^c 1-2 lb.

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