

WAR ON SOCIAL DISEASES IS BEING MADE IN UNITED STATES

Dr. H. G. Irvine, Cousin of Dr. W. H. Irvine of This City --- Urges Frank Discussion to Educate the Public

Dr. H. G. Irvine who comes of a family of doctors and who is a cousin of Dr. W. H. Irvine of this city, is urging a war against social diseases and is urging a frank discussion of such matters in order to educate the public to the importance of controlling such matters.

A nationally recognized authority and organizer of California's state board of health, Dr. Irvine urged frank discussion of the diseases, and their widespread damage in order to wage a successful fight.

This Dr. Irvine is the son of the late J. Hamilton Irvine, M.D., who was born in New Brunswick, and the son of the pioneer physician of Kings county, John Currie Irvine, M.D., whose other son, Walter Irvine, M.D., formerly of Carleton county, all of whom are deceased, a cousin of our local Dr. W. H. Irvine.

Dr. H. G. Irvine is associate professor at the University of Minnesota, of which the Mayo Clinic is a part. Dr. W. H. Irvine visited them some years ago.

The so-called social diseases or venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhea. One of the first things that had to be done in the early days of the fight waged against tuberculosis was to accustom people to the word tuberculosis because no person wished to have such a case reported in the family, and even doctors used the word consumption and consumptive. Now few would know what that would mean, we have become so used to the proper term.

Exactly this same thing needs to be done with the words syphilis and gonorrhea. For many years we have known nearly all that we need to know about these diseases so far as stamping them out is concerned, but it has not been considered correct to print articles about them in the public press, and even yet there is some hesitancy.

Educational Work Vital

The fact is that this educational work is the thing we need most of all.

There was a time when at least some elementary physiology was taught in high school, but at present nothing is taught about sex beyond some botany and biology. Even our universities fail to give the proper amount of instruction in social diseases as compared to the importance these diseases play in our lives.

One may well ask how many cases of these diseases there are.

We must reply that we have no really accurate records; but based upon excellent studies made by the U. S. Public Health Service and all the facts available, it is estimated that there are no fewer than 500,000 new infections of syphilis each year, and that there are no fewer than 5,000,000 cases in the United States. Gonorrhea is estimated to be about four times as prevalent as syphilis. Such cases have been required to be reported in Minnesota since 1918. Over a period of years there have been 10,000 to 12,000 cases reported a year, but during the past two years there has been almost a 25 per cent. drop.

Helps Fill Asylums

Syphilis is responsible for all the cases of paresis that go to our asylums. When you think of these people, think also of the millions of dollars our state board of control has to ask to run the state institutions. Syphilis is responsible for about 50 per cent. of the still births. There used to be almost 1,800 of these a year in Minnesota. Last year there were 1,250, a reduction which again means we are gaining here.

Syphilis is responsible for practically all cases of hemorrhage of the brain in people under 40, and it is responsible for many of the diseases of the arterial system. In addition it is the cause of locomotor ataxia, as well as some blindness and some deafness.

Kills Many People

Directly and indirectly it probably kills as many people as tuberculosis and cancer. The costs in loss of time and medical service run into the millions.

Gonorrhea causes much blindness, formerly about 10 per cent., now not so much because of the laws requiring the use of silver nitrate in the eyes of the new born. It causes a considerable amount of disability by infections of joints. It is the greatest single cause of sterility in both the male and the female, and of a large per cent. of all operations upon the female pelvic organs and in this connection probably is responsible for some deaths.

Much Can Be Done

In spite of the dark pictures these diseases present to us, we must realize that much can be done. We can definitely diagnose each of them with the microscope and many cases of syphilis with blood tests.

The state department of health laboratory does tests free, for many years averaging about 16 per cent. positive, regardless of increased numbers done. Last year with more than 80,000 tests, the percentage of positives was under 6 per cent. Here again I think we can see the results of work done in Minnesota.

Early treatment is essential of success. The treatment for syphilis is fairly well standardized and can be given successfully by most physicians, but it must be taken regularly and for a long time. Gonorrhea is more of a problem and frequently if treatment by a specialist is started early can be cured; many of the old cases can be arrested, but in many cases damaged tissues cannot be restored. Practically all cases of gonorrhea can be cured, especially if the proper treatment is started promptly. Of course, with neglected or poorly treated cases, damage may result that is permanent.

One thing I should, particularly like to emphasize in connection with any effort to wipe out these diseases is that success depends somewhat upon reducing and preventing exposure just as it does with any infectious disease.

THE SENATE ON GUARD

New Westminster, British Columbia

The supreme duty of the Canadian Senate, as of other upper chambers, is to guard against the errors, to give them no harsher name, which from time to time are committed by elective bodies for reasons that need not be enumerated. Passages of the Combines Act of the Mackenzie King administration at the session of Parliament just closed affords an illustration of the sort of error likely to be made and demonstrates that the Senate is not unmindful of its duties in that regard. As originally conceived the Combines Act was a drastic measure. It would have conferred on the combines, commissioner authority to enter a business establishment, seize books and documents, compel attendance of witnesses, and punish drastically for any failure to comply—and all without due process of law.

In its amended form the act requires the commissioner, before he enters any business establishment for purposes of seizure or compulsion of witnesses, to secure judicial permission, either from the chairman of the trade and industries commission, providing that official is a judge of 10 years standing, or else from a judge of the exchequer court.

It is thanks to the Senate that the Dominion statute book does not now contain this particular piece of legislation invading the rights of citizens and the liberty of the subject; and it may be due to the lack of a second chamber that the statute books of two provinces have recently been cluttered with two similar measures. A member of the House of Commons recently linked communism in Russia, nazism in Germany and fascism in Italy with the padlock law in Quebec and an amendment to the securities act in Ontario. The Quebec measure gives the attorney-general of that province power to padlock any premises used for propagating communism or bolshevism and makes the propagation of communistic ideas in any form illegal. No matter how much one may dislike communism, it is obvious that this legislation is a definite interference with the established right of free speech.

The Ontario legislation has a certain resemblance to that which the Senate denatured. In a recent issue The Financial Post had this to say about it:

"Bill 110 had an innocuous enough label. It was an act to amend the Ontario Securities Act. . . . In a few tyrannical sentences, it sweeps away the personal privileges of the citizen. . . ."

Communism, nazism, fascism—after all, these are but names. The essence of them all is dictatorship, and the depriving of the individual of his liberty to speak or act within the law as he will. And people who allow legislation of the raid-and-seizure type to go through "like an act to divert Smith's Creek" may have cause to repent their apathy.

ZONA GALE'S NEW NOVEL

There are three novelists in America who are different in every way but one—they are absolute masters of the art of writing short novels. Now the length of a book is not what counts; a bad novel of 20 pages is too long. Yet "Gone With the Wind" I did not find too long, because every page of it was interesting and I felt that every chapter was necessary to the narrative.

That book is the great exception; nearly all novels are too long.

Therefore I salute novelists who are able within a very few pages to give us a complete life history. The three Americans who lead in this difficult art are Thornton Wilder, Robert Nathan and Zona Gale. Mr. Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey," and his "Heaven's My Destination," Mr. Nathan's "Autumn" and his "The Enchanted Voyage," Miss Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" and her latest book, "Light Woman," are admirable illustrations of stories that come in the open space between the technical short story and the full-length novel.

Zona Gale writes only for readers who are intellectually mature; and there are, I believe, many more of these in America than some of our purveyors of trash seem to think.

Her literary style is always masterly; she knows the precision and beauty of words, and it would be a delight to read her books, even if the plot and narrative were not interesting.

But this new book, "Light Woman," is comendably interesting; and it is amazing that she, within so short a space, can give us such complete and vivid portraits of every member of a large family that when I finished the last page, I felt as if I had been living in that household for many years.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

MAGNETIC HILL NEAR MONCTON MYSTERY TO VISITING AUTOISTS

Cars With Motors Off and No Gear Will Run Up Hill Automatically

(By Frank . McKnight in Canadian Magazine for April)

It was three years ago while touring the northern part of New Brunswick that I first heard of the Magnetic Hill, as it is popularly called. At that time I read a short item in a newspaper that urged all motorists to drive to a particular section of Moncton and experience a distinctly new thrill in motoring. The item went on to say that any car, out of gear, no brakes on and motor cut off, would go uphill!

"The idea is," the item read: "Drive your car to a point down the road between two hills. Shut off the motor, release all brakes and throw the gears in neutral. The machine will then start moving uphill. How far it will go before stopping evidently depends upon its weight."

I mentally decided then and there that the weight of the car couldn't have much to do with it. More probably it depended greatly upon the quality and quantity of the liquid refreshment imbibed before taking the drive.

Needless to say, however, I was fascinated and wondered what the catch was for, obviously, this was impossible. I determined to find out for myself the first time I passed through Moncton.

Finally my chance came during the summer of 1935. I was sitting with two friends, killing a few hours before leaving the city. Conversation centred around this and that.

"Say!" I suddenly said, "Any of you birds been to see this Magnetic Hill?"

Neither one had but they were all interested. I told them what I had read about it amid the scoffing and wide grins. At this moment a chap we knew leisurely drove along in his car. We halted him.

"Hey! How about taking us out to the Magnetic Hill?"

As we got under way I questioned him. "Is there anything to this ridiculous story?"

Our friend fished for a cigarette. "Whaddya mean—ridiculous story? Say!—There's plenty to it as you'll soon see. Some say there is a large mineral deposit out there which acts like a magnet. I can't vouch for that, of course, but it's danged uncanny."

Soon he stopped the car and turned to us.

"Now, boys, heres' the Magnetic Hill. You know there's no trickery about this car and you're all satisfied the engine is not turning over. Likewise, it's out of gear. Now, watch! I'm letting off the brakes!"

We were all eyes and ears. As I heard the brake pedal thump against the floor-boards, the automobile began to move backwards, slowly, uphill until it came to rest near the top! Once again the same procedure was followed. Once again the car went through the same motions.

I could hardly credit the experience. But it was true. The car had actually gone uphill. At that point we had to go back to Moncton, unable to further investigate this crazy demonstration which, seemingly, defied Nature's laws.

A few months later I again visited Moncton with one purpose in mind. Get the lowdown on Magnetic Hill. After making inquiries I drove up Highfield Street to Moncton Road where I turned left. I halted a man sauntering down the street and was advised to keep on for three miles to reach the hill.

As I drove briskly along the dusty gravel road that hot August afternoon, I reflected that, this time, I was going to take time to be more observant. Last year it had been touch and go. I was going to try that hill both ways and look at other things I had been thinking about for the past year.

The three miles turned out to be five, but, presently, I approached the spot. I reached a slight bend, on both sides flanked by rolling farm land fringed with tall grass, ahead with dust, at the road sides. Caked the road seemed to decline for a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet. This section is the famous hill. At a point where the decline ended was a signboard: "This is the Magnetic Hill!" Then the road suddenly rose in what seemed to be a gradual incline about twice as long as the decline.

There was a car ahead of me trying out the hill. I parked and watched. He stopped and soon was com-

ing up the hill backwards. I could see the driver's head out of the window guiding the car and the other occupants' wide grins.

Another car hove in sight from the opposite direction. He, too, tried it only coming up front first. This chap proved to be an American tourist from Rhode Island. He stopped abreast of me.

"What do you think of it?" I replied. "A lot of humbug somewhere." "Yeah! It ain't really a hill. It's simply a continuation of the hill I just came down but the surrounding country gives it the appearance of an incline."

This was a new angle to me. May be right at that.

"So that's it," I grinned. "Well, thanks. I see the other chap is gone, so here goes!"

Starting my motor I gave the car a little run in low then quickly shifted to high as, it seemed we were on a decline. The motor was laboring. I shifted to intermediate and the machine acted the same as it would in climbing. Comical, to say the least.

I stopped before the signboard. Dubiously I allowed the car its complete freedom. I waited, perhaps a little tensely. No, it couldn't be. As a youngster in school, I recalled the laws of gravity. According to this, my car should remain immobile on the spot.

Almost immediately the automobile started backing up, gaining momentum until it gradually came to rest where I had just talked to the Rhode Islander!

I experienced a queer sensation last year but nothing compared with this trip. Everything seemed topsy turvy. I had allowed the car to go its way, simply controlling the wheel with my head out the window looking behind.

I got out and looked around me. The road, about a dozen or so feet wide was not a whit different from any other secondary road in that part of the country. Telephone poles placed at regular intervals on one side of the road seemed to graduate downward then abruptly graduate up where the signboard was placed. The road, I could swear, was downward to the signboard. The surrounding country was all hills and valleys. I wondered if the Rhode Islander had not the right idea.

I walked over and looked in the grass-covered ditch. There trickled a thin stream of water. It was going uphill! I felt unable to check a hearty chuckle. What was this? An optical illusion? Something was screwy.

I drove back to the signboard and looked around. I could see the longer hill ahead and looked back at what looked like a shorter one—the Magnetic Hill.

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CITY BUS SERVICE ---

On May 24th the week-day bus schedule will not be operated; in its place the Sunday schedule from 12.05 p.m. will be operated with the exception of the 6.00 p.m. trip to Lincoln Crossing; but with the addition of the following trips over the regular city route:

Lv. Bus Station—6.40 a.m. for Experimental Farm.
Lv. Experimental Farm—7.20 a.m. for Bus Station.
Lv. Bus Station—7.45 a.m. for Lincoln Crossing.
Lv. Lincoln Crossing—8.15 a.m. for Bus Station.
Lv. Bus Station—8.45 for Ryans.
Lv. Ryans—9.05 for Bus Station.

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