

U. S. Cuts Island Mortality More Than Half



"Fido, have you had your vitamins?"

Well, we're in for it again—another energetic spinster has been visiting our islands, she wants something done about them, something respecting health. Her name is Sally Lucas Jean. Tall, well poised, cultured to her finger tips, the fire of a consuming cause in her brown Maryland eyes, her imperious will will be obeyed: things will be done, more things than have been

done heretofore, respecting health. Besides, she has left a valiant lieutenant behind, right in our midst and on a two-year contract—Miss Edna Gerken: who hails from Kansas and is as persistent as a prairie settler or a Kansas breeze. Spinster, again—irrepressible in trimming the tapers of civilization.

The single-blessedness of these ladies is not cited derogatorily, but only to explain them. Talk to either of them, or rather, listen—they soon persuade you: they are devoted, as a mother to her child, to the careers they have espoused, and the islands are to benefit from the fact. Miss Jean is a health education consultant, the only one in the United States, if not in the world; she is the pioneer in a profession her own talent created. Miss Gerken has been associated with her in this work elsewhere, and has now taken on with the Philippine government for two years. Miss Jean is secretary of the health education branch of the world federation of education associations; as such, she is familiar with what is being done in health education throughout the world; she describes what has been done here as *marvelous*, what remains to be done as *stupendous*. She's a mistress of ready palaver, what southern girl isn't? Besides, she has to be—she has to get her oar in first and set the stroke: she has to

lead peoples and officials along with the enlightening and encouraging word.

But she finds in Manila another efficient spinster, Miss Elvessa Stewart, head of the home economics division of the education bureau, whom she praises as Miss Stewart deserves to be praised. "Why!" she exclaims, "We find so much to build on! So much that we would have recommended is already done! Miss Stewart is a remarkable woman, not half enough appreciated in Manila, I'm afraid. I could place her where she would get four and five times as much as she is receiving here, she is so capable."



"Now wash your teeth!"

Now, it's mighty pleasing to meet an itinerant expert such as Miss Jean, and have her say such worthy things about an oldtimer in the civil service here. For most *perdiemists*—may they be called that?—seem to feel that their principal duty is to deprecate everything that has been done here in their line, particularly everything done by an oldtimer and regular incumbent.

Miss Jean proposes to tear down nothing, but to build on the *marvelous* foundation she finds already in position for the super-structure. The job is, *health education*. It involves coordination of the health service with the education bureau; and with the agriculture bureau, especially with the research work of Mrs. Sherman; and with the science bureau in many of its activities. It seeks approval from the press, the free use of column space; it counts upon hearty cooperation from community leaders, from the governor general and the senate president down. It expects sufficient funds, which have been promised. It relies upon right examples being set, of which it has been assured.

To what end? To the end that children generally will be better cared for in the Philippines, that men and women will maintain higher standards of health—that lives shall be prolonged and the yearly mortality rate reduced.

Isn't that an old story to you, oldtimer? How often have you heard it, first from *Doc Heiser* and *Dean Worcester*, always from the missionaries, now from these embattled spinsters. For more than twenty years the domestic science teachers have been harping the same chord. All right, what if they have?—what if the tune is old? You too, on occasion, have gone about the provinces with a kit of medicine amongst your dunnage; and you yourself, a hardboiled *hombre*, have stopped and told a worried *tao* woman how to care for her fevered child. Don't deny it, there's nothing shameful in it. Besides, it's nothing you could help: the journalist who visited the Philippines and returned to his paper to say that *all* Americans in the islands are missionaries, struck a stout nail square on the head. They're different kinds, that's all. But it is the pride of all of them that the islands' population has doubled from natural increase alone, during the past thirty years. They also hail insular champions where superiority depends upon physique or involves healthful living.



"Now don't go licking all-day suckers!"

Actual accomplishment will fall short of Miss Jean's and Miss Gerken's expectations: Miss Stewart may not be equally sanguine. But there will be progress in the task of educating girls to be more intelligent mothers: to provide really wholesome meals as housewives, to contrive a diet for children between the ages of 1 and 5. For here is where, it is understood, emphasis will be placed—on the diningroom regimen and the dietary of children.



If you lack pep and energy—
you are dull and listless—
you cannot concentrate—

WAKE UP!

The fault may rest with your diet, if so

Discard those heavy indigestible meals and

- (1) Eat sparingly of meat—
- (2) Let fresh vegetables and ripe fruit form the bulk of your diet
- (3) And, above all, drink plenty of rich nourishing

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Port Area

Balderdash! one is tempted to say, seeing scarce any change in household customs among the people. But there is change. When America began, mortality in these islands was more than 50 per 1,000 yearly. Now it is just over 20. Literally, therefore, millions of lives have been prolonged. This phase of American culture has taken hold of the people in a remarkable way. It isn't a vain spinterian notion. Miss Jean expects that beriberi may be conquered in five years; it now claims 20,000 victims a year, mostly children. Malaria causes 24,000 deaths a year; its depredations can be minimized by simple household precautions—a matter of health education. Tuberculosis is increasing, it takes off 30,000 persons a year; yet it is an easily preventable disease; everyone has it, that is, gets it repeatedly, but proper diet and hygienic measures throw it off. The number of deaths from it in Manila yearly is 2,000. Many are children. Yet Dr. Rebecca Parish at Mary J. Johnston Memorial hospital (whose name ought never be mentioned in Manila save with a benediction) has nursed back to health the most stubborn cases—with the help of her untiring staff.

Miss Jean was here three months; she had only her expenses from the government, and she has gone to China and Japan, on her way back to America, on similar missions. Miss Gerken is of course on salary; she's a *Belo girl* among the several *Belo boys* on the payroll. Miss Jean's suggestions, made after wide travel in the islands, merely to observe, have been reduced to memoranda and conference talks, and lectures she gave prior to her departure. In the light of them the health education course in the education bureau will be revised, and it is understood she will make a biennial visit to keep in touch with what is being done.

Lives are still literally wasted in the Philippines, children are still the victims by thousands, of parental ignorance. Poverty intervenes exceedingly, to prevent even the care that uneducated mothers know how to give. Total deaths are 230,000 a year. Take Occidental Negros, for example, that feudal principality where one would expect better things; for it is

Colonel Stimson's *beau ideal* among the provinces, whence he drew the barons to head the agriculture department. Its population is 400,000; its deaths are 12,277 a year; which is upward of 30 per 1,000 inhabitants and some 50% above the average mortality for the islands. Other details are regrettable, but maybe giving some of them will do some good; 2,772 Negros babies die under one year old; 870 more die before their second birthday arrives; 1,440 more die before reaching their third birthday; 977 more die before reaching their fourth birthday; 680 more die before reaching their fifth birthday; 888 more die between their 5th and 10th birthdays, 307 more between their 11th and 14th birthdays, and 255 more before reaching their 20th birthday. Here are 8,189 boys and girls a year, permanently disposed of before attaining an age fitting them to work in the cane fields. It's an industrial waste which the celebrated prowess

of *Negrenses* hasn't got round to as yet. It indicates, besides being utterly astounding, what obvious talking points there are for health education.

If such conditions prevail now, what must they have been in 1898. It's a task to plug away at incessantly. The devotion of many women must go into it. Miss Jean has the faculty of inspiring them to effort, being so downright honest and earnest in what she says and asks for. She has asked the governor, the senate president, the university president and many other bigwigs of officialdom to set the fashion in using unpolished rice at their own tables. They have meekly promised to do so! Thus she begins the assault on beriberi. Five years hence. . . well, who knows? The women marshalled, and they know what they want. It would be a rash prophet who would say they won't get it.

Ipo Gulch Thirty Miles From Manila Is El Dorado

A new gold strike! On the headwaters of the Angat river, thirty miles from Manila, where the roaring stream has excavated through the mountains the Ipo gulch, through which it pours toward the sea, they have found upward of twenty veins of *pay dirt*! The ore assays indicate this to be a fabulous strike, even the ore taken at the surface is high-grade (some of it so rich that men hesitate to believe), while it is a proved fact that the deeper mines go in veins of Philippine ore, the richer the ore becomes. Some of the veins are very wide, their depth is not known. Some of them are no more than arm's length in width, and their depth is not known. But break up a piece at random, pan it, and there is gold. The veins seem to spread fanwise, and converge fanwise toward a prominent peak. Be not surprised if here be found an El Dorado.

The discoverers are convinced of it. T. Euwaki, mining engineer, who knows the Benguet mines—Balatok and Antamok—and knows the Syndicate mines in Masbate, is the engineer on this project and confident it is the biggest

strike made thus far in the Philippines. He thinks it may prove to be the biggest gold mine in the orient; he will not be surprised if it runs half a billion dollars. How busy he is! How excited he is! With his geologist's hammer, his panning outfit, his transit men, scouting about on the hills—finding new outcrops, new veins, and staking new claims!

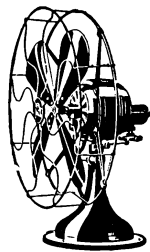
The gold already in sight will pay all the expenses of developing the mine and return dividends besides. The road being built for the Metropolitan Water District, gives access to the mine site with only the addition of a short spur. Even if this were not available, the site would be comparatively accessible. Here every fortuitous circumstance combines in a most romantic discovery.

George Cushing, who made the discovery, found that the very boulders in the river are gold, running \$7 to \$10 a ton, well above the minimum for profit.

All things in the Philippines being *sui generis*, there has been no gold rush. Manila has been

**“Whew!
But it's hot”!**

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