

Health Notes for the Farm

Contributed by the Department of Health

Hints for the Holidays

Give me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me;
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me,
Give the face of the earth around,
And the road before me,
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE best antidote for mental and physical dullness, provided this does not arise out of definite illness, is to be found in a vacation that will offer a change of environment and make it possible to get away for a time from the accustomed work.

Rest, recuperation, and the storing-up of energy is the purpose of a holiday. To many, the out-of-doors naturally proves a great attraction. It is well for those planning such a holiday to remember that there are various precautions which are well to keep in mind, and that some forethought is necessary to secure the maximum of health and happiness from the long-looked-for vacation.

Sunshine, for instance, is beneficial and is a health-producer. However, the coat of tan so coveted by some holiday-makers cannot safely be acquired in a few days. Prolonged exposure to sunlight may only result in painful burns or blisters of the skin, which may cause serious ill health. However, this will be dealt with more fully in our next article in the "Journal."

First-aid

Then there is no more healthful exercise than rowing or swimming, but the

holiday period has its annual toll of those who "rock the boat" and those who misjudge currents or depth of the water. Numerous drowning accidents occur because of chances taken in unknown waters. It should be a general rule never to swim alone or to overtax one's ability as a swimmer. The closest supervision should be exercised over children at the seashore or in boats.

It is not difficult today to obtain information concerning first-aid, and everyone should learn how to apply artificial respiration in case there is need to restore breathing to a companion or someone else who is apparently drowned. Artificial respiration has served to revive many persons who would otherwise have drowned.

The Schafer method is based on sound physiological principles, and is explained and illustrated in the accompanying instructions on restoring animation to the apparently drowned.

Frequently there occur during camping trips various minor injuries which, if properly taken care of by first-aid methods, will not result in serious infections. One should therefore learn the fundamentals of first-aid. First-aid kits are easily obtained and are so convenient for emergencies that they should be part of one's holiday equipment.

Drinking Water

One of the prime necessities of healthy holiday camping is a safe supply of drinking water. As a general rule, it is safer to boil water unless it is from an assured source, as is fortunately done in the popular pastime of tea-making.

Milk, like water, if not pasteurised and protected from possible contamination, offers an ideal method of transmitting disease. Pasteurisation destroys

disease-producing germs. If pasteurised milk cannot be obtained it is safer to boil the raw milk before use. The

Swat That Fly NOW

Consider now the little fly!

Come, listen, and I'll tell you why.
He has his birth in the manure,
Crawls forth and loiters in the sewer;
And, smeared with deadly germs,
He leaves his brother maggot-worms,
Unfurls his dainty wings of silk
And dumps his microbes in the milk:
Where their huge numbers mount and
mount,
Increasing the bacterial count,
Until they reach the food supply
Some mother gives her "baby-bye."
The fly comes gaily unto us,
His feet all gummed with poison
pus;
And, singing clear his song so sweet,
Alights and cleans them on the meat.
He is not proud and oft will stoop
To wash his tootsies in the soup.
Oh! do not call him indolent!
He calls that summer-day mis-spent
In which he's failed to load the breeze
With the live germs of some disease;
And if he finds them not, though hurt,
He'll be content with just plain dirt.
The early fly's the one to swat;
It comes before the weather's hot,
And sits around and files its legs
And lays at least ten million eggs,
And every egg will bring a fly to
Drive us crazy by-and-bye.
Oh, every fly that skips our swatters
Will have five million sons and
daughters,
And countless first and second cousins,
Nephews and nieces, scores of
dozens;
And thus it goes, an endless chain,
And all our swatting is in vain
Unless we do that swatting soon,
In Springtime and in early Decem-
ber,
Lo, men and women, let us rise,
Roll up your sleeves, and swat the
flies!
—Anon.