



DR. KENNEDY AND THE VILLAGE TAILOR

The American-made sewing machine on the chair in this picture was one of the few evidences of the Twentieth Century found in Fond-Verrettes by the American naval doctors.

from the world, to bring the gospel of sanitary living? Are there not nearer, larger, communities in need of it?

"Fond-Verrettes," explains one doctor, "is the last outpost in our campaign. The Haitian Sanitary Service, under Capt. C. S. Butler of the American Navy, has been spreading its net gradually over the Republic; Fond-Verrettes, at the end of this wild valley, is being reached only to-day.

"Even then," I ask, "are there enough inhabitants in this one village to warrant a clinic?"

"You should see the town on a market day!" replies the doctor. "Thousands of people swarm down from the mountains. The whole district might be cleaned up in a short time if a clinic is established here."

An Essentially Moral People

The presence of disease in loathsome forms, it seems, does not necessarily indicate immorality. Through centuries of war and unrest, syphilis has spread among this primitive people, who had no medical knowledge to protect themselves. The Haitian peasants are essentially moral. Each man usually takes a wife after the biblical formula, although the marriage ceremony is not always performed by the

Church. Catholic wedlock has been an expensive luxury in the past. To be married signified comparative plutocracy.

Here is a man with a face disfigured by black eruptions.

"Yaws," says the doctor, and tells him, "Come to Ganthier next Tuesday, nine o'clock."

A young mother brings a baby, its mouth eaten with ulcers: "Come to Ganthier, next Tuesday, nine o'clock. We will cure the baby." The woman's eyes smile gratitude, and she nods in faith.

A Promise of Health to Come

Some men have been grinding *petit maiz*, the native corn. They leave their work and cluster around the doctors, whose tour has become a triumphal procession. Dr. Kennedy stops on a mound behind the church where a woman is pounding seeds in a crude mortar.

"To make oil for lamp," she explains, pleasantly. But she ceases to pound and gazes up at the stranger.

A large girl in a faded pink dress hurries into a doorway and immediately reappears helping an old woman. She arranges her on a chair with sturdy arm while the old crone shakes like a leaf. Her skin is warped by disease, but there is no trace of displeasure in the doctor's manner as he touches this wreck of humanity with deft and kindly hands.

"Sick?" he queries.

The woman's hopeless nod tells the story.

"Come to Ganthier, Tuesday, nine o'clock. We will make you well," is the cheerful promise.

She shakes her head. "Too old, too old," she moans.

"She can not come," explains the girl. "She can not walk."

"On muleback," suggests the doctor hopefully.

"Too old, too old," mutters the crone.

But the doctor is still cheerful. "Never mind, in two months we shall come to Fond-Verrettes."

The woman smiles faintly.

Now the doctor distributes cigarettes, and there is a joke or two. The crowd is laughing.

Meanwhile the quick tropic night is closing in. No drinking water has as yet been available for the thirsty strangers, but water was set boiling the moment of arrival and now it is cool enough to drink.