

State to Begin Issuing Vaccine This Morning

SACRAMENTO, October 25.—The total number of cases of influenza reported in California since the outbreak of the epidemic mounted to approximately 35,000 today, the State Board of Health announced.

Reports from Dunsmuir, one of the first places in the State in which the outbreak became serious, indicated that the crest had been passed there, only three new cases having developed in the last twenty-four hours.

One thousand doses of influenza vaccine will be distributed by the State tomorrow, it was announced, and the supply will be increased daily.

RED CROSS ASKS MORE WOMEN

Another Thousand Can Help Fight Epidemic, Declares Chairman, Britton.

"In its fight against the influenza epidemic the Red Cross could have used the services of at least a thousand additional women last night as emergency nurses, housekeepers and in other capacities," said John A. Britton, chairman of the Red Cross. He continued:

The call sent out by the Red Cross to the women of the community is a patriotic summons to volunteer in a crisis, and it should be responded to in that spirit.

There is absolutely no occasion for alarm about the epidemic, and it will be well in hand if the people obey the injunctions of the public health authorities, and exercise the precautions which the newspapers have been reiterating almost daily.

There is likewise nothing to fear about the situation as it has existed for the past forty-eight hours. The desperate cases that are being reported to the Red Cross exist largely among poor families who have had no one to care for them since they were stricken with the disease. Prompt medical attention, and in many cases ordinary care and nursing, would have prevented the disease from making such inroads on these families.

The Red Cross repeats its summons to the women of San Francisco to volunteer their services immediately in a spirit of community welfare. As members of the civilian home army, the women of San Francisco could not be engaged in more patriotic work than in aiding the Red Cross to stamp out this epidemic.

Red Cross Has Influenza Creed Ambulance Corps Is Kept Busy Folks Are Winning Over Here

BY ANNIE LAURIE.

I BELIEVE in fresh air, plenty of good nourishment, lots of rest, carbohic acid, Dobell's solution, and Down with the influenza. That's the creed of the Red Cross workers in San Francisco today. And it's working out practically, which is more than can be said of one or two creeds not unknown to fame.

Also, they smile—the Red Cross people—and they ask everybody else to smile, even with a "flu" mask on, and that isn't so easily done as it might be. They're moving to bigger offices and more of them, and getting things into quicker working shape down at 30 Montgomery street.

The Ambulance Corps is on duty day and night and busy as ever—going all over town, from Telegraph Hill to Twin Peaks—and everywhere in between. They took a young man and his bride out to the Mission yesterday—both dying, as they thought, when the Red Cross people got there. But when they were given milk and beaten eggs and carried to the hospital they rallied and today it looks as if they might live.

They had not had a mouthful of food or anyone to wait upon them, and had been desperately ill and perfectly helpless for three days.

The Red Cross ambulance took a mother and seven children from a home out Potrero way yesterday morning—all in one bed, all faint with hunger and trembling with terror, and two of them dying.

The rest will be saved. They could all have been saved if they had had a nurse, just a common, everyday sensible woman who would have kept them in bed and kept them warm and made them a little broth.

There are two hundred more nurses needed—at least two hundred. Five hundred would be better.

I went out with a visiting nurse and a Red Cross worker yesterday. The visiting nurse went into the houses, took temperature, took respiration, opened windows, gave plain directions if there was anyone there to direct—and phoned to the main office if a special nurse was needed immediately. They don't phone for those nurses these days unless it's a plain case of life and death—and many times when they do phone there is no nurse to answer the call.

Yesterday afternoon out in the Richmond there was a man with his two sons—one 16 and one 7—and they were all desperately ill.

The priest went there to give the man the last sacrament and found them utterly alone—without a drop of nourishment in the house or a soul to open a window or hand one of them a sup of cold water. The priest sent to his parish house, which is also a relief station, got soup, eggnog and asked for a nurse. The two boys lived. Their father is gone. No nurse had arrived late last night. There was no nurse to go. Out at the Star of the Sea School, the good sisters are busy making soup and eggnog, which they send to all who need it.

Up on Telegraph Hill the outdoor school is turned into an outdoor children's home, and they are taking care of thirty or forty children there, whose mothers or fathers have influenza at home and who are not particularly well themselves.

The town is being carefully districted and Miss Felton of the Associated Charities is working on a half dozen plans to take care of the terrified, helpless children who know something is wrong at home, but who do not quite understand what all the weeping and the whispering and the hurrying is about.

The Business Woman's League is working nights at the Red Cross headquarters, giving their services, helping to card index the situation. An elderly woman who has a trained nurse at home all the time phoned in to say yesterday that she would send down the nurse to go to work and do the best she could with an old servant who thinks she can make out for a week or ten days anyhow.

Trained nurses are at a premium. They are working like Trojans night and day, some working for money and some for nothing, and there isn't much to choose between them so far as the work goes.

The Red Cross is paying for the work whenever it is necessary to do so. They pay regular trained nurse wages, when they must, and good practical wages for practical nurses, but some of the very best workers they have are working for nothing and working more hours a day than it is pleasant to think of when you are sitting idly in a comfortable chair wishing the theatre would open again.

Little Miss Jean Ward, daughter of Dr. Florence Ward, for example. She's the daintiest, sweetest little girl in the world, and she is doing ambulance duty, and doing it as if she were under military orders in France. She brought a dying woman and a sick baby down from the hill back of the Potrero some time between dark and daylight and talked baby talk to the baby all the way, when she wasn't giving first aid to the dying mother.

Two girl scouts appeared at the headquarters yesterday and wanted to adopt a baby till the epidemic is over anyhow. They and their mothers were well known there, so they went out to a house where the mother was very ill and brought back a six-month-old baby and a child of 3 or so. I hope these babies like petting. They're going to get plenty of it in the next few days.

Old and young, grave and gay, rich and poor, the great heart of this city of great hearts is beating steady and true. And true and steady is the measure that is carrying us through this season of grief and worry. The two new ambulances bought by subscription since the epidemic began will be ready and running Monday.

The Downtown Association is sponsor for the second one. "Everyone wanted to be in on it," said the man who collected for the association, and from the way I saw a little chubby woman with a heart that isn't overly good climbing the steepest hill in town to get money for that fund, I believe him.

What a glorious thing human nature is, to be sure, and how sick we have to be sometimes to find it out.

Hands across the sea, oh, brave boys in American khaki over there in France, your "folks at home" are fighting like brave soldiers, and winning over here, too.

