HEALTH NOTES.

SOAP AND SUNSHINE

Sunshine, fresh air, hot water and soap, liberally and conscientiously applied, are recommended by the Maryland State Department of Health, for the cleansing of rooms and of articles that have been usd by a person who has been ill from an infectious disease.

"Two kinds of disinfection concurrent, while the disease is running its course, and terminal, at the end of the siege, must be carried on "Dr. R. H. Riley, Director of the State Department of Health, said, "to prevent the spread of infectious diseases from the sick to the well."

As instance of "concurrent" disinfection, he said: "The person who takes care of a patient who is ill with typhoid fever or with any similar disease, is warned by the famly doctor or the health officer, that the discharges from the kidneys and the bowels are a source of danger and must be disinfected or sterilized before they are disposed of. Various disinfectants are used for this purpose.

"For the same reason, the person who has a cold, or is suffering from influenza, grippe, sore throat, diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough, infantile paralysis, or any other disease that is accompanied by discharge from the nose and throat, is warned that these discharges are sources of danger, and is urged to use paper handkerchiefs, or cheese cloth, or some other soft material that can be destroyed by burning, or can be disinfected or sterilized by boiling. Sterilizing dishes and utensils used in the sck room, by boiling, after each use of them, and the disinfection of sheets, towels, pillow cases, gowns and other bedding or clothing used in the sick room, by boiling, are other examples of 'concurrent' disinfection.

"Terminal disinfection, as its name indicates, is the general cleansing and sterilization of the room, bedding and personal belonging of the patient, at the end of the illness, after the patient is up and out or is released from quarantine. There was a time not so long ago, when it was felt that the best way to disinfect a room was to close all the doors and windows, stop up all the cracks and burn some sore of disinfectant. Now we believe that even better results can be obtained by the use of the things that are within the reach of everybody—soap and hot water, sunshine and fresh air—by opening up the rooms to the air and sunshine; by sterilizing the sheets, blankets and other bedding by boiling; and by a vigorous cleansing of the floors and all other washable objects with soap and hot water."

MILLINGTON

Mrs. Listen Pennington entertained the Ladies Aid of Trinity M. E. Church, South, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary H. King, of Wilmington, is the guest of Mrs. Annie Burris and Mrs. Fannie J. Moore this week.

Mrs. Florence E. Lockwood, wife of John T. Lockwood, of Millington, died at her home at 7 a. m. Friday last and was buried last Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock in Crumpton cemetery. Services at the grave were conducted by Rev. R. H. Nelson. John A. Tobin & Son were undertakers. Mrs. Lockwood is survived by three small children and her husband.

Reese Ford, died near Wyoming, Del., on Monday morning at 5 o'clock, aged 75 years. Funeral services were held at Crumpton M. E. Church on Wednesday at 1 p. m. conducted by Rev. Strickland. Interment was made in Crumpton cemetery. Mr. Ford is survived by four sons, William, of Grasonville, Ernest, of Kenton, and Joseph and Norman, of Baltimore.

Mrs. C. A. Turner and son, Don, have returned home after spending several weeks with friends and relatives at Salisbury, Md.

Miss Irma Lawyer and Miss Francis Fisher, of Willow Grove, Pa., are spending the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Rasin.

Mrs. Fred C. Numbers is slightly improved at this writing at her home.

Mrs. Joseph F. Compton, of East Orange, N. J., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Higman spent Sunday with relatives and friends in Dover, Del.

Mrs. Franklyn Palmatory and son are still on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Taylor, Mrs. M. J. Young and Mrs. Joseph F. Compton spent Sunday with Mrs. Drucilla Pollett and family in Dover, Del.

The Faithful Workers Sunday School Class was delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Ella Manning with Miss Ada Cumerford in charge of devotions. The following members were present: Pauline Jones, Florence Gale, Margaret Moore, Florence Moore, Catherine Lee, Louise Turner, Ada Cumerford, Ella Marmery, Elizabeth Bottomley, eacher.

HOME DEMONSTRATION

MONDAY, MARCH 9—Children's Clothes, at home of Mrs. Wm. Medders, Still Pond at 2 p. m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10—Betterton Women's Club at school house at 2.00 p. m. Demonstration, One Dish Meal, Mrs. Elmer Thomas, President.

TUESDAY, MARCH 10—Still Pond Girls Club after school, sewing, Clara Jones, President.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1z—Meeting at Fairlee school house at 7.30 p. m. for anyone interested in children's clothes.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11—Galena Women's Club at school house at 2.00 p. m. One Dish Meal.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11—Sassafras Girls Club at school house after school. Maryland Quick Breads.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12—Rock Hall Women's Club at Star Life Insurance office at 1 p. m. One dish meal, demonstration.

FRIDAY, MARCH 13—Longwood Gardens Trip, leave Chestertown at 9.30 a. m. Get other details of the trip from Project Demonstrator or Helen N. Schellinger, Home Demonstration Agent.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14—Galena Girls at Mrs. Thomas Cruikshank's at 2 p. m. Sewing.

WORTON

Miss Louise Wolf, of Baltimore, was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Marion Rash last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Coleman and son, George, of Rock Hall, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Rasin.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Rash entertained at a Turkey dinner Saturday evening it being Mrs. Rash birthday. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Carter and children, of Wilmington, were there over the week end.

Miss Rachel Parsons is spending sometime with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Biggers, of St. Michael.

Mr. George T. Williams, Jr., of Baltimore, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Williams last week end.

We are very sorry to report Mrs. Mary Miller quite sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Louis Parsons. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Lowrence Lee, of Wilmington, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lee over he week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Korycki, of Baltimore, spent last week end with the latters parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Duyer.

Mrs. James Matthews was the guest of her son, Mr. and Mrs. Ford Matthews, of Wilmington, last week.

Mr. Willard Dodson, Jr., has been very sick with grippe is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Lee entertained a number of friends at cards Monday evening.

Mrs. John Duyer entertained at an old fashioned quilting party and turkey dinner Wednesday, March 4th those present were: Mrs. Blanche Loller, Mrs. Margaret Duyer, Mrs. Charles Ford, Mrs. S. J. Lee, Mrs. B. R. Cooper, and Mrs. H. S. Rasin.

Archery Practice

Butt shooting is an old English term which means the same thing as target shooting. In the olden days the shooting grounds were equipped with banks of dirt, covered with sod, which formed the so-called butt. Over this sod was usually placed a piece of paper to act as a target, and the term "butt shooting" was used to distinguish it from rovers. Roving consists in shooting at various targets placed in fields at varying distances. The archers shoot from one to another, which helps develop their judgment of distances, and in the olden days meant quite a lot to the yeomen, whose business was shooting the bow and arrow, and on days when they were not fighting they were in the fields practicing roving. — Montreal Family Herald.

Hedge's Many Uses

One of the most important uses of hedge plants is for screening purposes and dividing the grounds into different parts. For instance, the service yard, drying yard, vegetable garden or garage court might well be set apart from the rest of the grounds with a tall growing hedge.

Hedges for this purpose, if to be clipped, can be grown from such plants as buckthorn and honeysuckle. These two plants adapt themselves to clipping and make a dense, impenetrable barrier. Wherever a screen, head-high, is needed and there is little space available, plant a hedge.

"Prosperous" on $100 a Year

A prosperous Chinese farmer in the Shanghai region supports a family of six on an income of $100 a year, American money. He spends 22 cents a day to feed the whole family. In this district the farm averages two-fifths of an acre, and most of the farmers own the soil either in whole or in part.—World's Work.

Why we spend $2,000,000 to put CAMEL cigarettes in the new HUMIDOR PACK

WE have been in the tobacco business a long time down here at Winston-Salem and we take a lot of pride in the quality of the cigarettes we make.

While we have spent a good many million dollars advertising Camels, we've always held to the old fashioned idea that the thing that really counts is what we put into our cigarette and not what we say about it.

If we know anything about tobacco, and we think we do, Camels contain the choicest Turkish and the mellowest, ripest domestic leaves that money can buy.

In fact we have every reason to be proud of the quality of Camels as they come from the factory, but the remark of an old friend of ours from Denver some time ago emphasized a point that has been the problem of the cigarette industry for years.

As he inhaled the smoke from a Camel we gave him in our offices one morning, he sighed with very evident enjoyment and then asked jokingly, "What is this, a special blend reserved for Camel executives?"

"Certainly not," we told him. "This package of Camels was bought at the corner store this morning."

"Well," he said, "I've been a dyed in the wool Camel smoker for a good many years, but upon my soul I never got a cigarette as good as this in Denver. If you would give the rest of the world the kind of Camels you sell here in Winston-Salem, you ought to have all the cigarette business there is."

THAT statement simply emphasized again the cigarette industry's most important problem. The more we thought about it, the surer we were that he was dead right, and that *somehow*, something must be done.

Denver *wasn't* getting a fair break. Neither in fact was any other town. The only people who really knew how good Camels could be, were the folks right here in Winston-Salem.

That was due to a factor no cigarette manufacturer had ever been able to control.

Naturally there is no difference whatever in the quality of the tobacco in Camels, whether you buy them in Winston-Salem, Denver or Timbuctoo. But up to now there has been a very real difference in the *condition* of the cigarettes by the time they reached the smoker.

The flavor and mildness of fine tobacco depend upon the retention of its *natural, not added, moisture content* which is prime at about ten per cent.

In spite of our great pains always to make sure Camels left the factory with just the right amount of natural moisture, no cigarette package had ever yet been designed that could prevent that precious moisture from drying out.

THERE are three things about a cigarette that can sting the tongue and unkindly burn the throat.

(1) ***Cheap tobaccos.***

(2) ***Particles of peppery dust left in the tobacco because of inefficient cleaning methods.***

(3) ***A parched dry condition of the tobacco due to loss of natural moisture by overheating or evaporation.***

Always certain of the quality of our tobaccos we had already made Camel a "*dustless*" cigarette by the use of a specially designed vacuum cleaning apparatus exclusive with our factory.

Now, if we could perfect a package that would actually act as a *humidor* and retain the natural moisture content, then Yuma, Arizona, could enjoy Camels as much as we do here at Winston-Salem.

We knew what we wanted. We tried many things. We asked the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory to help us.

After many experiments and humidity tests covering all methods of packing cigarettes came the detailed report of which this is the net:

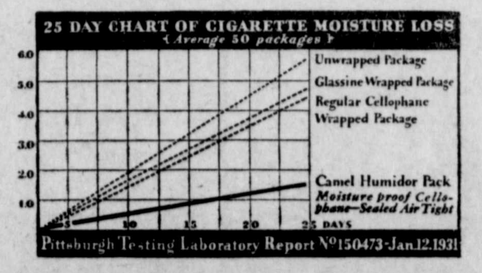
(*A*) *No existing cigarette package, including those wrapped in glassine paper or ordinary cellophane,* gives anything like adequate protection against evaporation.

(*B*) *All cigarettes so packed tend to dry out rapidly* from the day they are released from the factory.

(*C*) *Only a waterproof material with a specially devised air-tight seal* could give the desired protection.

(*D*) *This measure, while costly,* could be relied on to keep Camels in prime condition for at least three months in any climate.

If you have a technical bent, the graph below made by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory will show you the exact results of their exhaustive study.



Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory chart above graphically shows you that only the Camel Humidor Pack delivers cigarettes to you in prime condition

YOU may be sure we gave this report a lot of careful study. We checked it and re-checked it and then we went ahead. We tried this device and that. At last we met success. The air-tight wrapping involved the designing of special processes, special machines.

That costs a lot of money, more than $2,000,000 the first year, but after you have tried Camels packed this modern new way we are sure you will agree it is a fine investment.

For some time now every Camel that has left our factory has gone out in this new Humidor Pack.

We have said nothing about it until now, to make sure your dealer would be able to supply you when the good news came out.

Camel smokers of course have already discovered that their favorite cigarette is better and milder now than ever before.

If you aren't a Camel smoker, try them just to see what a difference there really is between harsh, dried out tobacco and a properly conditioned cigarette.

You can *feel the difference*, you can *hear the difference* and you certainly *can taste the difference.*

Of course we're prejudiced.

We always *have* believed that Camel is the world's best cigarette.

Now we know it.

Just treat yourself to Camels in the new Humidor Pack and see if you don't agree.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE MISSES MITTEN

By Fannie Hurst

(©) by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

THE Misses Mitten kept one of those neighborhood notion stores that are a panacea for housewives. There, at around-the-corner distance, were needles for that emergency, tape, red-and-white checked gingham to fit a last-minute determination to make kitchen curtains, rubber teething-rings, baby-ribbon and sewing-silks that matched.

Even in the heart of an enormous city, with an elevated railroad banging past its door and the roar of traffic on four sides, the notion store of the Misses Mitten had managed to become a sort of neighborhood rendezvous. People from the tall surrounding apartment houses, little housekeepers, men whose business brought them home at three o'clock in the afternoon, the youth of the block, had formed the habit of dropping in for a few moments' chat with the Misses Mitten.

They were precisely what you would suppose them to be from the nature of the calling and from the name itself. Mitten. Neat-mouthed, neat-minded, neat-bodied little persons who had grown up in the neighborhood, who had inherited the business from their parents and whose faces were stamped with a starved kind of virginity.

Minna was forty and Bella was forty-two and, as is almost inevitably the case in such relationships, the younger, although even slightly so, had kept the fluffier. Minna was like a little kitten. She had a high, incessant little laugh like a small bell ringing. Her pale hair had fuzzy ends and she had the innocent ways of a little girl—she was given to clapping her hands in surprise or tilting her head askance or pouting prettily if crossed.

Bella, who was heavier set and whose brown hair did not friz, had inevitably taken on a maternal attitude toward this kitten sister. She babied her, worried about droughts and diet and her habit of wearing too light clothing in the winter. They were sweet together and a nice example of sisters managing to live harmoniously.

Of course—do not mistake it—there was nothing particularly exhilarating about the lives they lived. Indeed, there had been a time when such a state of nervous depression had settled upon Minna, that Bella, sick with dread, had feared for her sanity. The routine, the dullness, the lack of social opportunity and diversion had done it. Bella herself, when much younger, had passed through the same troubled waters. Their youth had been a shut-up, starveling youth, without any of the gayeties natural to it.

Bella had fought through alone. Minna had fought through to the understanding ministerings of her older sister.

All that was past now. The Misses Mitten, ostensibly at least, had become resigned to the fact that there are gray moths and emperor moths in the scheme of things, and that their role apparently was gray.

And just about this time, there came into the life of Bella, the elder, a good-natured, good-humored, middle-aged bachelor, a retired stock broker who lived in the neighborhood and who liked to while away idle moments in the notion store. With what incredulity these two sisters met the situation is past the telling. Here was something so unforseen, so outside the pale of hope, so fantastic in its possibilities, that the Misses Mitten, between the two of them, could scarcely scare up the realization to take it in.

Romance was leaning a shy, half-reluctant head into the narrow little world of the Mittens.

The kind of life that had passed by these two sisters with never a glance in their direction was slowing as it flowed by their stoop.

It was nothing short of breath-taking to have the shop door pop open and a florist's boy, carrying a square corsage box, or a long one with the end cut out for still longer rose stems, burst in with the words, "Miss Bella Mitten?" on his lips.

Flowers for a Mitten!

Then, too, the new excitements. Concert tickets (three) for Sunday in the Stadium. A two-pound box of nut-filled chocolates every Wednesday night. One Saturday afternoon while Minna remained in the store, Bella and Dodge went shopping. Shopping, mind you, for a black fox neck scarf which Dodge had seen in a shop window on Madison Avenue and was determined to see around the neck of Bella in order that he might decide if it became her. That was to be his birthday gift.

A Mitten receiving a fur scarf birthday gift from an admirer!

Small wonder that a new excitement purred through that menage. Small wonder that two timid, mouse-brown women, inured to routine and petty pastimes, suddenly found themselves rushing about on feet that scurried.

There was an air, in the tiny household, of some one always about to catch a train. Every opening of the shop door, or ring of the bell, was the occasion for a start or a jump. Every minute held its potential thrill. Its potential heartache.

Bella knew that, and sometimes a fear settled on her, chilling and threatening her. Was her happiness about to cast tragedy over the life of her sister? Well Bella knew the old familiar situation. Two women, grown as they had grown, into middle years, dependent upon each other in a hundred ways. Afraid even to contemplate a life which did not contain the old regime. Women who had missed somehow, the love of men, and who clung to the mutual solace of each other.

Bella knew the dangers that lurked for Minna, and she knew, too, the dangers that lurked for herself. Mistaken renunciation. Futility of sacrifice under certain conditions. It took courage to realize that. Sometimes there crept into Bella's heart the impulse to cast aside this impending opportunity for happiness, and let her destiny flow along with her sister's. But most of the time Bella kept her courage in hand. Why wreck her own chance of happiness and possibly Myron Dodge's when she was not even sure of achieving happiness by such a renunciation, for Minna?

And so when Myron Dodge, fifty, hale, hearty, wholesome and astonishingly well-to-do, actually proposed marriage to Bella Mitten across a counter where, for twenty years, she had dispensed needles, spool-thread, invisible hairpins and huck toweling, a heart-hurting situation was created.

There enters the familiar complication of an older sister impelled to renunciate, in the name of the younger. And it must be said that Minna, perhaps because she was frailer, fought off, if not in actual words, then with the terror of her manner, this marriage of her sister's. Minna was frightened, desolated, panic stricken. It seemed impossible that she could go in a world that contained Bella, married.

And the marvel of it is that Bella did not make the stupid sacrifice in the name of sisterly love. After a struggle, it is true, a long heart-breaking one, and with Minna's unspoken attitude making it all the more difficult, Bella decided that the really generous act toward her sister and herself, to say nothing of the man she loved, was to marry Myron Dodge.

It meant heartache, it meant heart-hurt, it meant a residium of fear and pity in the heart of Bella even as she stood a bride. But deep within her persisted the instinct that not to have married Myron Dodge would have been one of those purposeless, sentimental sacrifices which in the end only embitter all concerned.

If there had ever lurked in Bella any fear that Myron might not rise to the occasion of treating his sister-in-law with the pampered indulgence to which she was accustomed, that fear was quickly dispelled.

For the first two years of their marriage, the Myron Dodges traveled abroad, accompanied every inch of the way by the smaller and frailer Minna. And if she had been indulged by Bella, before this marriage, twice that kindliness, twice that forbearance was expended in her behalf by Myron. It was his way of paying Bella a tribute he knew would mean most to her.

The three of them finally decided to settle down in a lovely old Sussex cottage in England for a year or so. Life is pleasant there. Almost unbelievably so. Tranquil. Full of beauty and happiness.

Bella never has any regrets over her wisdom in not making the sacrifice in behalf of her sister. Indeed, on the contrary, she often figures pleasantly to herself that, if she had not had the strength to ignore her scruples and make this marriage, Minna, from the fastnesses of the little notion store, would never have met up with Cleveland Aley.

Cleveland Aley is a prosperous squire in Sussex whose attentions to Minna are becoming more and more marked.

Chinese Ban Dancing

"Here all evil tending to encourage degradation must be suppressed," says the preamble to a formal order issued by the Nanking (China) government, which prohibits foreign-style dancing in hotels, cafes or cabarets in the city of Nanking. "Dancing," the order continues, "is an evil, and not a healthy recreation. The practice of dancing by men and women throughout the night is detrimental to public health and public morality. It has been learned that some hotels and cafes in the capital have sold dancing tickets. This must be strictly prohibited in order to prevent our young people from going astray." The order concludes by notifying all officials, city, government, garrison commander and others, to "pay special attention to festivities of this nature, and take prompt steps to prohibit and suppress them."

Cliff Furnishes Medicine

Beachy Head is being swallowed by patients at St. Thomas' hospital, London, at the rate of two tons a year, says an article in the Montreal Family Herald. The chalk of this famous cliff is the chief ingredient of a new powder that has reduced the number of operations at the hospital for the relief of certain stomach troubles from one or two a day to one a month. In the out-patients' department a hundredweight of the powder is used every month by two hundred or more patients. The powder consists of a mixture of bicarbonate of soda, magnesia, bismuth and chalk. Bismuth costs the hospital 9 shillings and 9 pence a pound, while chalk can be bought for 11 shillings a hundredweight. And chalk gives just as good results as bismuth.

Sees Future for Sudan

One cannot help admiring the courage and the optimism of those men who made possible this "desert mail," who opened up the Sudan, laid out cities, built irrigation dams, blew up the Sudd, and made the Nile navigable—in short, made the Sudan not only a country fit to live in, but a country with a future. For a future it undoubtedly has. Cotton and irrigation are its slogans. And it is only through the optimists who came in with Kitchener in 1898 that the Sudan—"the country of the blacks" and of the Arabs—has become a white man's country with a great future.—W. J. Luyten, in the New York Times.

Needy Mother

A high school girl and her mother were shopping and the young woman could not be led away from the jewelry department.

"We can just as well move on. I really don't need those beads," said the mother.

"Now you know you need them, for I have none fit to wear to the junior party," replied the designing daughter.—Indianapolis News.

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