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We give to all users of our DAIRY FEEDS a $1.00 per ton rebate. Same will be due our customers at the end of the year.

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New Crop Timothy
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Ceresan a dust disinfectant for the control of SMUT in wheat.
Ceresan is convenient, economical and easy to apply.

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Second-hand outfit for one room, heating stove, wood or coal, Bed complete, single preferred, small table and few chairs, Floor covering 9x12. all or any of above. Name cash price, address,
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in a great state of agitation.

"Come at once," he said, "ma wee bairn has swallowed a sixpence."

"How old is it?" queried the doctor.

"1894," was the reply.

Negatiotions are being concluded for the introduction of natural gas into Havre de Grace, Bel Air and Aberdeen.

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Will cry sales of all kind on short notice.

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ATTENTION, FARMERS!

It is better to be glad than sorry, therefore do not neglect to place insurance on your HAY and WHEAT as soon as in stack or barn with
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MILLINGTON

Miss Margaret Bowers, of Elkton, Md., was a week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Bowers.

Mrs. Tilden Brice, Sr., of Baltimore, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Merritt Brice on Monday last.

Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson is quite sick at her home on Sasafras St.

Mrs. George Higman and son, of Milford, Del., spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Alenda Smith.

Mrs. Hanson Horsey and Mrs. John B. Phillips spent last Friday in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Burris, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Harry Freeman, of Chester, Pa., were Sunday afternoon visitors of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Burris.

Mr. Corbet Jones, of Pennsgrove, N. J., spent the past week with his family in Millington.

While returning from Chestertown on Saturday night, Mr. John H. Tobin and Mr. C. A. Turner met with quite a serious accident while standing in the road trying to avoid an automobile that was coming directly at them Mr. Tobin slipped and fell breaking three ribs and Mr. Turner got a mark on the face. The driver of the car got away without stopping to investigate.

The Millington Volunteer Fire Company was called on Sunday afternoon to the home of Mr. Wm. H. Burris on account of a chimney fire which was soon extinguished with slight damage. The same company was called on Tuesday morning to Crumpton where there was an early morning fire on the property of Mr. Wm. R. Bowers. Some one had knocked out a window glass and saturated a room with coal oil and lighted it with a match then set fire to a large chicken house that stood near. The chicken house was burned to the ground but the dwelling fire burned the oil off and went out after damaging the room slightly. The Fire Company saved several other chicken houses on the place. The fire bug has not been apprehended up to the present time.

Mrs. F. C. Numbers who is seriously ill at her home is no better at this writing.

A play will be given in Millington High School, Thursday, March 19th, by local talent for the benefit of Asbury M. E. Church, entitled "How the Ladies Earned their Dollars." The characters of the play is as follows: Mrs. Harmoh Smart, Mrs. Roland Nelson; Mrs. Maranda Knowall, Mrs. Hurlock Gale; Mrs. Thriffty, Mrs. Leo Gale; Mrs. Martha Easygoing, Mrs. Earl Powell; Mrs. Samantha Blunt, Mrs. Walter Myers; Mrs. Maria Doolittle, Mrs. Raymond Edwards; Mrs. Betsey Toploft, Mrs. Howard Kennard; Mrs. Rhebous Righteous, Mrs. Harold Stauffer; Mrs. Prudence Wise, Mrs. Hanson Horsey; Miss Octavia Prim, Miss Edith Jones; Miss Mollie Sensiable, Miss Elizabeth Bottomley; Miss Dorothy Uptodate, Miss Luceil Massey; Miss Millie Hormaline Franchaise, Miss Clara Bollinger.

Pilgrims Attracted to Historic Swiss Church

The wanderer in the heart of the "Franconian Switzeraind" sees from afar the two towers of the "Church of the Pictures of the Holy Trinity," which celebrated its two hundredth anniversary recently. It is one of the most famous goals of pilgrims in Europe. For two centuries these have been coming to pray before its wonder-working picture of the Virgin. Most of the pilgrims still wear the costumes of an earlier day When one of the Franciscan monks of the church dies the body is tied to a board and carried through Gossweinstein before being placed in a small niche in a catacomb-like cave dug into a cliff. The place in Gossweinstein is said to have served Richard Wagner as a model for the Gralsburg in "Parsifal."

NOT A DRAB STORY

By Fannie Hurst

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THIS may seem a drab story. Certainly it is not a gilded romance of life lived in the gayer moods of things-as-they ought-to-be. But since the heart is the source from which life drains its happiness and the heart of Ella was in its own way to find its own fulfillment, what may seem drab to the outsider was not that to this slim, sometimes grim girl.

There is no doubt that she was one of those persons born to carry more than her share of the world's responsibility. At seventeen, she was earning half the upkeep and expense of her home which consisted of a five-room flat in a two-family house on a presentable street. This she shared with her mother, a gay, rather childish woman who had never caught up with her years, and with her father, a building contractor, who was, even then, beginning to lose his sight.

From the point of view of many of her friends, Ella's mother was a trial sufficient to tax her endurance beyond limit. She was an airy person of rather good Eastern family connections who had never become reconciled to what she regarded as the cruder aspects of Middle-West life. The city in which she lived bored her. There was an air of patronage about the little lady.

Her habit was to lie abed mornings, leaving her daughter and husband, both of whom she adored, to scuttle about the kitchen for breakfast before they hurried away to work. More than often she waited for them to prepare the evening meal when they came from their work. She was the sort of woman who willfully creates within herself inefficiency, thereby at the same time forcing those about her to acquire skill at chores which would naturally be outside their realm.

There was no reason why Ella and her father should have been carrying on their business lives and at the same time carrying on their shoulders the responsibilities of the home. But that was the case. It had been, ever since Mrs. Lee was married to her husband and ever since Ella was tall enough to stand shoulder-high to a kitchen sink.

John Lee, long ago reconciled to this unequal balance of power in his home, and devoted in spite of himself to this airy little woman, his wife, carried on stodgily, relentless in his routine, even when the grim fear of impending blindness began to descend upon him.

At seventeen, Ella Lee, too old for her years, was assistant in a dentist's office. She was a quiet girl, far too slender, with a mouse-like face, taupe-colored hair which in a bobbed-hair age she wore in two mats against her ears. In Mrs. Lee's eyes, Ella, in her thin, pallid way, bore the imprints of the aristocracy of the world "back East," a semi-mythical world by now, which Mrs. Lee's imagination had embroidered as the years marched on. She was fond of visualizing grandeurs of her girlhood back East that had never existed. In all sincerity, she cherished the belief that she had made the supreme social sacrifice in marrying John Lee and migrating to this Middle-Western city.

Meanwhile, endowed with the sometimes surprising vitality of the slender in body, Ella began to assume more and more the affairs of that household. Inevitably, there came the day when her father, blind, parsimoniously pensioned by the corporation that had employed him for the forty middle years of his life, was obliged to surrender his activities. It meant a severe kind of pinching for the household. Only the facts that Ella, through a stroke of incredible good fortune, obtained a better-paying position in the office of a nose-and-throat specialist, and that a newspaper advertisement had brought in a lodger for the best room in the flat, were the Lees able to make both ends meet.

It was hard, rutty sledding for a while, and it looked as if Ella's frail shoulders could scarcely bear the load. First, her father, along with the collapse of his eyesight, suffered a nervous breakdown. Then, for one reason or another, the lodger they had been able to obtain left almost without warning for reasons that had no bearing upon satisfaction or dissatisfaction at the Lees'.

Mrs. Lee, ineffectual as ever, tried to put her shoulder to the wheel; tried her hand at making fancy candies for the Woman's Exchange and even attempted to do a bit of sewing for the neighbors. But it was no use; she was a futile, spoiled woman. And much of this condition was due to Ella herself. She babied her mother, catered to her inefficiencies and willingly assumed a load that might have staggered a far more robust person.

Her father, feeble in strength, nervously gone in resistance, and tormented by the first years of learning his lesson of reconciliation to blindness, came slowly and unconsciously to demand more and more of Ella. The fact that she was carrying a load that not only obscured her youth but jeopardized her health, failed to make its impression on him. He only knew that he loved her and needed her; that she was indispensable to his darkness and irreplaceable in his plight.

The pathos of this gaunt old man, empty-eyed, empty-handed, was almost more than she could bear. No labor of love was too much. She got up at dawn because he was sleepless then, and she could give to him the few precious hours before her departure from the house. Her return from the physician's office where she was employed was made in breathless, hurried fashion so that she might give to him a few extra moments before the preparation of dinner. Throughout all this, Mrs. Lee, well-meaning, bleeding sympathy for her husband, agonizing for her daughter, succeeded only in making herself more and more of an impediment.

Her cooking was so bad. Time and time again the luncheons which she served to her husband while Ella was at her work came scorched and tasteless to the table, irritating the nervous old man almost beyond endurance. Finally, it became Ella's chore, before she left the house in the morning, to prepare her father's lunch, place it in the icebox and leave written instructions to her little scatter-brained mother precisely how the food should be warmed.

"Poor Ella," said the neighbors, "I don't see how she stands it."

Neither did Ella, for that matter, but fortunately there was not much time to wonder about it.

The days were all too short for what she had to accomplish during them; the nights all too brief for the amount of sleep her tired body required.

The matter of lodgers, one of their major sources of income by now, was a troublesome and nerve-racking one. It was not that they did not seem satisfied, but almost invariably, once they obtained one, he or she would be called out of the city on the death of a relative or a change of position or some incident over which they had no control.

A young man named Nestus Nevins was to be the ultimate lodger who remained. He was a shell-shocked fellow of about thirty-two who found himself, because of physical disabilities, forced to live on an income which amounted to about ninety dollars a month. The capital representing this money had been left him by his parents, in trust, when he was only nineteen. It required care and discretion, in this day and age, to live on it.

He was a pale-eyed, timid fellow, by no means unintelligent, but a boy whose delicate health, both in childhood and later, owing to shell shock, had developed certain inhibitions and a lack of aggressiveness. He liked books and was capable of lying five or six hours of the day and reading. He was not averse to puttering about his room, trying his hand at composition and writing or doing a bit of carpentry for Mrs. Lee, throughout the long bright days, without so much as leaving the house.

He was the first young man who had ever cast a second glance at Ella. Over night, as it were, here life had taken on a turbulence. Excitement for this pale, lustreless girl that was without precedent in her entire experience. The days had come flamingly alive. Everything had taken on a significance that it had never claimed before. It was one thing to be just alive. It was another thing to waken to days that suddenly were tipped with the strange beauty of a strange meaning.

Mrs. Lee saw it happening. She saw the young Nestus begin to cast the magnetized eye of attraction upon her child. Strange tumults beat in her. She was the mother ambitious for her offspring. Romance had come even for Ella who, somehow, up to now, had seemed immune.

It was a strange enough courtship. The pallid youth, lying around the house all day, only perking up enough strength to put on his collar and smooth his hair as the hour of Ella's home-coming approached. Evenings, they sat in the stuffy little parlor, Ella reading to her father, or the four of them, aided and abetted by a system which Ella had worked out for the blind man, playing bridge.

The moments of the young people alone together were so rare and sporadic that when the engagement of their troth finally came, Mrs. Lee, for the life of her, could not figure out where and how the words of tryst could have taken place. But they had.

Ella and Nestus were married in the little parlor one Sunday afternoon so that the occasion need not interfere with her office work.

The household goes on as before, only there is the addition of Nestus Nevins now, who, in his way, is as much to be babied as Mrs. Lee or her husband.

But this is not a drab story. Ella, in her squirrel cage of service, is happy.

Gardens on the Mountainside

Negotiating the Jungfrau from Interlaken, and especially at Eigerglotscher or other wayside stations of that mountain's wonderful railroad, visitors are amazed at the wild flowers, many of which are anything but wild when they grow in our sheltered gardens and hothouses. Right up to the snow line and the rim of the glaciers you will find alpenrosen, as they call our azaleas; violets, forget-me-nots, foxgloves, thistlebloom, anemones, gentians, clover and cornflowers, if that is what you call "bachelor buttons." The far-famed Edelweis is rarely seen here, fortunately for tourists, for as the old guides will tell you, it grows in soft rock and brittle slopes, which are dangerous to climbers.

Phrases Now Familiar Traced to Their Source

Speaking of "getting the sack," in the Seventeenth century mechanics carried their tools in a big bag. When a man was fired, his sack was handed back to him that he might pack up his belongings and hunt a new job. There is another story of the origin of the phrase, and it's somewhat horrendous. A certain sultan, upon tiring of a wife, would have her tied in a sack and cast into the sea.

"Humble pie" comes from England, and it's a pun. The umbles are the heart, liver and entrails of the deer. When the lord of the manor dined on venison, the umbles were made into pie for the servants.

"Humbug" is straight Irish. It comes from "uim bog," pronounced humbug, which means soft copper or worthless money.

And we say 'by hook or crook" because in feudal times tenants were allowed to collect firewood by hook or crook. They were permitted as much of the underwood as could be cut with a crook, and as much of the loose timber as could be collected from the boughs with a hook.—Golden Book Magazine.

What the NEW HUMIDOR PACK means to Camel Smokers*



COMPARE a package of Camels with any other cigarette and note the difference in the technique of packing.

Note that Camels are completely enclosed in an outer transparent cover of moisture-proof cellophane and sealed air-tight *at every point*.

We call this outer shell the Humidor Pack. It differs from the ordinary cellophane pack and while it is egg-shell thin, it means a lot in terms of cigarette enjoyment.

It means, for instance, that evaporation is checkmated and that Salt Lake City can now have as good Camels as Winston-Salem.

While Camels are made of a blend of the choicest Turkish and mellowest domestic tobaccos, it is highly important, if you are to get full benefit of this quality, that these cigarettes come to you with their natural moisture content still intact.

The Humidor Pack insures that. It prevents the fine tobaccos of Camels from drying out and losing any of their delightful flavor.

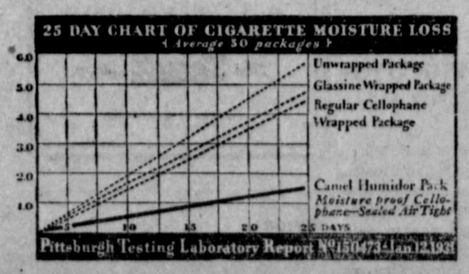
Aside from cheap tobacco, two factors in a cigarette can mar the smoker's pleasure:

Fine particles of peppery dust if left in the tobacco by inefficient cleaning methods sting and irritate delicate throat membrane.

Dry tobacco, robbed of its natural moisture by scorching or by evaporation gives off a hot smoke that burns the throat with every inhalation.

We take every precaution against these factors here at Winston-Salem.

A special vacuum cleaning apparatus removes dust and now the new Humidor Pack prevents dryness.



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

Check the difference yourself

It is a very simple matter to check the difference between Humidor Packed Camels and other ordinary dry cigarettes.

First of all you can feel the difference as you roll the cigarettes between your fingers. Camels are full-bodied and pliable. A dry cigarette crumbles under pressure and sheds tobacco.

If you will hold a cigarette to each ear and roll them with your fingers you can actually hear the difference.

The real test of course is to smoke them. And here's where the new Humidor Pack proves a real blessing to the smoker.

As you inhale the cool, fragrant smoke from a Camel you get all the mildness and magic of the fine tobaccos of which it is blended.

But when you draw in the hot smoke from a dried cigarette see how flat and brackish it is by comparison and how harsh it is to your throat.

If you are a regular Camel smoker you have already noticed what *proper condition* of the cigarette means.

But if you haven't tried Camels in the new Humidor Pack you have a new adventure with Lady Nicotine in store.

Switch your affections for just one day, then go back to your old love tomorrow if you can.

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

*smoke a Fresh cigarette!

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