TYPHOID FEVER

HOW TO PREVENT ITS SPREAD

ISSUED BY THE

State Board of Health

OF MARYLAND.

When TYPHOID FEVER appears in a family the source of the infection must be looked for in drinking water or food taken within the preceding twenty days. The patient may not have been infected at home, but if a second case occurs this second infection will in all probability be traceable to the first patient. In a majority of instances the drinking water has become infected. Your first business, therefore, is to find out the quality of your drinking water.

You can do this by asking your local health officer for instruction about shipping us samples of your drinking water. *The daily supply of drinking water should be boiled.*

The infectious material of typhoid fever is produced in but one way. It grows always in the bowels and sometimes in the bladder. It, therefore, escapes from the sick person in the stools and urine. If we kill the germs in the stools and urine as soon as they are passed, there can be no spread of typhoid fever. These discharges should, therefore, be disinfected as soon as possible. You will need a large quantity of a good disinfecting solution.

RECEIPT FOR A GOOD DISINFECTANT.

To four gallons of water add enough salt to make a strong brine. Put this in a five gallon demijohn or jug and add a quart of crude carbolic acid. Shake it up well and you will have a good disinfectant for stools and urine.

The crude carbolic acid, known as U. S. P. 90 per cent., is very good, and a quart will cost about 50 cents. There is a cheaper grade, known as a 36 per cent. acid, which is nearly as effective.

About a pint of this solution should be put in the chamber or bed pan before it is used, so that the discharges will begin to be disinfected as soon as they leave the body. There must always be at least as much of the disinfecting solution as there is of the discharges, so that more of the disinfecting solution may need to be added after the discharges are passed. If the stools are thin and watery their disinfection will be accomplished in half an hour or so, but if the stools are thick or formed very much more time will be required. On that account it is best to have a covered jar or bucket into which the bed pan can be emptied, and to empty this jar only once in 24 hours. If the discharges cannot be finally thrown into a sewer, they should be buried in the soil at a convenient spot where there is no chance of their fouling a water supply. The discharges should never be thrown upon the surface of the ground, for you will hardly be successful in killing all the typhoid bacilli, and you must not place them where those not killed by the acid may be blown about in the dust or carried away by flies to infect other people.

In spite of every precaution those who wait on the sick person will get their hands infected, and it is, therefore, necessary to wash the hands every time one does any service about the patient's bed or body. Whoever waits on the patient must not prepare food or drink for other persons in the house, or if it is impossible to mind this rule one must most carefully and thoroughly cleanse the hands before performing any household duty outside the sick room. Good scrubbing with soap, water and a brush, and then rinsing well in fresh water will suffice for cleansing the hands.

If anyone else in the house falls sick within two weeks after the first patient, the probability is that the infection was lodged before the precautions were taken in regard to drinking water and the disposal of discharges. But if the second case occurs more than 20 days after the first case that will signify that we have made a mistake somewhere in our precautions.

DR. GEO. H. JONES,
Secretary Local Board of Health of Kent Co.,
a16-tf. Galena, Md.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The law is positive that persons must not leave trash in the ditches along the public roads. One-half of the washes on the roads are caused by farmer's leaving weeds in ditches and thereby preventing water to flow in natural channels. The law says:

167 L. "Any person, or corporation placing any obstructions of any kind whatsoever upon the public highways or bridges, roads, lanes, streets, avenues, or alleys, of Kent County, or interfering with or obstructing any of the ditches or drains thereof, or encroaching upon the same with fences or other obstructions or any person or corporation, its agents or employees, exercising the business of a common carrier, permitting his or its vehicles, steam or other engines or cars to obstruct any crossing for more than five minutes for any one time, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to prosecution at the instance of any tax-payer of said county, and upon conviction by any Justice of the Peace exercising criminal jurisdiction in Kent county shall be fined in an amount no less than One Dollar nor more than Twenty-five dollars for each offense."

ISAAC GIBBS, JR.,
Road Engineer.

AUCTIONEER

THIS IS TO NOTIFY THE PUBLIC THAT I HAVE REMOVED TO CHESTERTOWN AND AM PREPARED TO CRY SALES IN KENT AND QUEEN ANNES COUNTIES ON REASONABE TERMS.

JOHN T. JESTER, Auctioneer,

an. 18'13-tf CHESTERTOWN, MD.

G. B. TAYLOR

SURVEYOR.

Farm surveys for area, division lines and recovering lost lines.
Leveling for ditches, drains and grading.
Maps, plots and blue prints.
High-class work, moderate charges.
a5-tf. P. O. Chestertown or Millington, Md

HARRISON W. VICKERS, JR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Md.

Will practice in Kent and Queen Annes Counties

S. SCOTT BECK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

ffice—Kent News Building.
Special attention given to all collections.

HERBERT E. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Chestertown, Md.
Office on Cross St., oppo. Court House

Confections Have Social Standing

as well as the people that buy them. There is one particular kind that goes into the most exclusive circles and is regarded as the candy of quality.

Belle Mead Sweets
Chocolates and Bon Bons

in their beautiful gold seal box. Are recognized everywhere as a synonym for class—tone—exclusiveness. Made in the "cleanest candy kitchen in the world."

No purer, more delicious, more relishable candy has ever been made.

PHONE NO. 30

The Stam Drug Co.,
Chestertown, Md.

Insurance
Best Companies,
LOWEST
Currant Rates.
James G. Beck,

A CARD TO MY FRIENDS in Kent County.

After careful consideration of my candidacy for the Sheriff's office, I have concluded that since I have no family, nor anyone who can assist me in properly keeping the county jail in the cooking, attending to prisoners, &c., that it is best for me to withdraw from the contest in favor of Mr. Robert J. McWhorter.

I wish to thank my friends most warmly for the encouragement they have given to me and to earnestly request them to unite with me in supporting the entire Anti-Organization ticket and especially Mr. McWhorter for Sheriff and defeating the Organization candidate for this office.

ADDIE STARTT.

INDIAN TAR BALSAM
the one remedy that really cures a cold.
A superior preparation, compounded with rare skill, under the supervision of experienced chemists.
Coughs, Colds, Grip, and similar troubles quickly disappear after a few doses.
Small and palatable doses, quick and sure results.
Unconditionally guaranteed. Your dealer will refund your money if it fails.
TRY IT.
25 CENTS EVERYWHERE
Indian Tar Balsam Co.
BALTIMORE.

L. A. Pennington & Co.,
Kennedyville, Md.
DEALERS IN
All KINDS of LUMBER
—AND—
Building Materials,
INCLUDING
Mill Work, Fencing Material, Siding, Flooring, Shingles, Roofing Felt of all kinds, Galvanized Iron Roofing, Lime, Hair and Cement, Putty, Glass, Builders' Hardware, Farm Gates always on hand.
Give us a call.
L. A. PENNINGTON & CO.

ROCHESTER RADIATORS
FOR SALE.
Put up Free when bought of us.

DR. CHARLES RICHARD TWILLEY.
GRADUATE OF THE BALTIMORE COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY.
Having enlarged and otherwise added to the conveniences of my office on Main street, I am prepared to perform operations in advance Dentistry in the most approved style.
EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN

TAPPED THE WIRES.

The Good Housewife Had a Pretty Keen Nose For News.

People who would normally think it a disgrace to eavesdrop or spy on their neighbors seem utterly without conscience when the telephone is in question and will rush to the instrument every time the bells ring, whether it is their call or not.

As an evidence of the extreme to which it can be carried I well remember a case where for some unknown reason the bells beyond one of the stations seemed in constant trouble. One time they would operate perfectly, five minutes later they would ring so faintly that it was hard to distinguish the call. The manager was on the verge of prostration, as he had gone over the line a dozen times, trimmed every tree that could possibly have been in the way, adjusted bells—in fact, done everything he could think of.

In despair he came to me and told me his troubles. I suggested that we drive out to the last "good" station and, to his surprise, asked him if he dared walk in without rapping. He said he could, and the two of us entered very unexpectedly, the telephone being in the kitchen at the back of the house.

The picture we found was, to say the least, amusing. The good housewife in her craze not to miss anything had actually rigged up a clamp to hold the receiver on the back of a rocking chair and spent her leisure time in comfortably listening to every word that went over the line. She had even gone so far as to devise a method of opening the primary circuit on her own instrument so that the batteries would not run down.

This is an extreme case, but shows how far some folks can go. The remedy: Just plain common decency and honesty, a bylaw authorizing the manager to take out any telephone whose user is guilty of such dishonesty and a manager with backbone enough to do his duty.—Farm and Fireside.

HE PASSED IT ON.

The Diplomat Saved Himself by a Quick Witted Ruse.

The passing of the court fool as an institution did not mean that kings had ceased to take pleasure in the sort of nonsense that the jesters had been licensed to perpetrate. King Frederick William I. of Prussia was an incorrigible joker and greatly enjoyed testing the cleverness of his ministers and advisers by planning embarrassing situations, from which they could extricate themselves only by the exercise of the quickest wit. However, "Das Buch Fur Alle" declares that the king was almost as ready to enjoy his own discomfiture as that of his intended victim.

One day at a small dinner the king, happening to be in the mood to play a prank, chose as his victim one of his ministers seated at his left. After a moment's thought his majesty leaned toward the courtier on his right and, giving him a gentle slap on the cheek, said, "Pass it."

As the tap was passed from guest to guest round the table, the king's intentions became apparent. The minister at Frederick William's left would either have to commit lese majeste by slapping his sovereign or admit himself beaten and be the laughing stock of the table.

Although the company was already in a gale of merriment at his expense, the minister was not at all ready to acknowledge a defeat. Just as the blow was passed to him he let a knife fall clattering to the floor between the king and himself. Immediately a servant sprang forward, picked the knife up and handed it to the minister, but what was the lackey's astonishment to receive, instead of a word of thanks, a tap on the cheek. The minister by his wit had saved the situation without violating the rules of the game. The king was the first to join in the laughter and applause that greeted the minister's cleverness.

PERSIAN RIVERS.

They Take a New Name at Every Town Upon Their Banks.

In Persia a river is generally called by the name of the town on its banks and therefore changes its name at each town it reaches. "This," writes Colonel Stewart in "Through Persia In Disguise," "makes it very difficult to learn the right names of the rivers.

"My groom was an Armenian and very much more intelligent than ordinary Persians, since he had been educated at a mission school at Ispahan. One day he was swimming about in some water we passed, and I said to him, 'No doubt you learned to swim in the Zayendeh Rud'—the river that flows by Ispahan. 'No, sir,' he replied 'I did not learn to swim in the Zayendeh Rud, but in the Ispahan river.' He actually did not know that the large river passing his native town was called the Zayendeh Rud, or, in other words, that the Ispahan river and the Zayendeh Rud were one and the same.

"Another instance of this confusion is shown by what people call the Abrishmi river. The name of the river is the Kal Mura, but the majority of Persians and also Europeans cross it on the main post road between Meshed and Teheran by a bridge that was built by a silk merchant and that is called 'Pul-Abrishmi,' or the silken bridge; so they call the river the 'Abrishmi' or the silken river, which is certainly not its name. The river, which flows by Khusf, although at this point very slightly brackish, lower down becomes very salt indeed and finally is lost in the desert.

"Karez, or underground canals, carry the water of this river in every direction over the country. I think the wonderful patience shown by the Persians in the labor of excavating these underground channels for water is surprising. Every drop of water has to be bored for and tunneled through miles and miles of ground before the precious liquid reaches the crop for which it is intended."

Liberty.

Liberty may be defined as that condition of things which does not permit us to take liberties with others.—Puck.

Good only is great and generous and fruitful.—Bailey.

STAGE FRIGHT.

Not Even a Veteran Is Wholly Free From the Disease.

It is said that there are really few public personages who are free from liability to stage fright. The veteran is as likely to be affected as the novice. Frequently the attack comes when least expected, and, no matter how often the speaker or the artist may have faced an audience, he can never feel quite certain that he will not undergo the tortures of this form of nervousness.

It is a curious fact nevertheless that stage fright sometimes stimulates instead of hopelessly confusing the speaker or performer. There is a story to the effect that a friend of Canning once observed to him just as that great man was about to address the house of commons on an important measure: "Why, your hands are cold and clammy. You are nervous."

"In that case," Canning is reported to have replied, "I shall make a good speech." And the prediction was fully verified, since the orator was at his very best on that occasion.

For obvious reasons musicians are among the worst sufferers from stage fright. One artist trembles, another perspires excessively, a third suffers from headache, and a fourth is consumed with a terrible thirst. Its most embarrassing manifestation, chiefly among those performing upon stringed instruments, lies in the nervous trembling of the bow when sustained notes are attempted.

Pianists, too, have their troubles in this respect, and many artists have told of cases wherein "their fingers ran away with them." Singers experience a "catch in the throat" that is deadly, to say nothing of a twitching of the lips, fatal to clear enunciation.

It is related that Rubinstein, in the height of his powers, gave over the profits of a lucrative engagement for no other reason than that he suffered an attack of this curious malady.—Harper's Weekly.

ANCIENT MONOPOLIES.

A Corner In Corn In the Early Days of the Egyptians.

The evil of monopolies and rings was known to ancients, Aristotle referring to them in his "Politics," and then, as now, it was found necessary to hold them in check by legislation. The monopolist was in Roman law called a dardanarius and punished under the Lex Julia de Annona. Monopolies of clothing, fish and all articles of food were prohibited by the Emperor Zenon under pain of confiscation and exile, so that it is certain that the rings of the ancient days were as mischievous as they are now. At Athens a law limited the amount of corn a man might buy. The earliest recorded instance we have was a corn ring.

There is an ancient tradition that the king who made Joseph his prime minister and committed into his hands the entire administration of Egypt was Apepi. Apepi was one of the shepherd kings and ruled over the whole of Egypt as Joseph's pharaoh seems to have done. The prime minister during seven years of remarkable plenty bought up every bushel of corn beyond the absolute needs of the Egyptians and stored it. During the terrible famine that followed he was able to get his own price and bartered corn successively for the Egyptian money, cattle and land and, taking one-fifth for pharaoh, made him supremely wealthy. It was not merely a provident act, but a very politic one, his policy being to centralize power in the monarch's hands.—London Answers.

Dangerous Golf.

One of the rules of the Weston super Mare (England) Golf club reads, "A ball may be lifted and dropped with the loss of a stroke when played within the railings surrounding the powder magazine." There appears to be an element of danger in this kind of golf which reminds a London writer of a certain golf course on the West African coast, where the eighth and ninth holes are always optional, as several golfers are said to have been lost there owing to the proximity of the jungle, which is known to be a favorite lair of the lion.

A Dish For the Gods.

Liver and onions, artistically blended, produce a fragrance that, wafted to the summit of Olympus, would cause the jovial Jove to kick over the ambrosia kettle and come thundering down the craggy steeps in quest of a new dish for the gods.—Kansas City Star.

Cause For Worry.

"I feel very uneasy. It's pouring with rain, and my wife went out without an umbrella."

"No doubt she'll take refuge in a shop somewhere."

"Yes; that's just what's worrying me so."—Pele Mele.

Safe.

There are a thousand ways in which a man can make a donkey of himself, but he can never go wrong by telling the young mother that the baby looks like her and is beautiful.—Galveston News.

Tide and Tied.

Son—Some one says, dad, that there's a tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune. What kind of tide is that? Practical Father—Tied down to business.—Boston Transcript.

Piling on the Agony.

Editor (to artist who hasn't had a square meal for a moth)—Your cartoons are too serious; we want pictures that make people laugh.—Life.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority when all my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."

Still Worse.

Penelope—It's dreadful! Papa wants me to marry a man I have never seen. Perdita—That's nothing. My father wants me to marry a man I have seen

SAVING THE SCENE

An Emergency For Which Actors Must Ever Be Prepared.

ACTS NOT ON THE PLAYBILLS.

Presence of Mind by Which Clara Morris Turned to Advantage a Canine Interruption In "Miss Multon" and a Feline Intrusion In "Camille."

An experienced actor is supposed to be able to cope with any stage emergency, no matter what is lacking or what happens. Cool, self possessed, it is expected of him to turn the ridiculous into a source of applause rather than of disapproval or laughter.

And among the necessary acquirements for the actress is an unshakable self control, no matter if by some carelessness she is thrown into a situation almost without precedent. She must never fly off at a tangent because of some unrehearsed incident. She must not scream when the perennial gallery idiot yells "Fire!" If something is forgotten she must try hard to hide its absence or invent a substitute.

If anything unusual occurred I always tried to incorporate it into the play if possible, as when in the schoolroom scene of "Miss Multon" I was astonished to see a large water spaniel come trotting on to the stage, waving his tail at me as if we had been bosom friends for years. I don't like to recall all the things I thought about that dog for a moment or two.

Then I rose, and, thanking heaven and a generous master for the collar he wore, I grasped it, and, having stroked his silky ear with the other hand, I said to my pupils: "Children, I do not wish to curtail your pleasures, but I have told you before that I cannot permit you to have your pets in this room during lesson hours. Now, don't force me to remind you of that again."

And the little girl who played Paul quickly and cleverly responded to my wink. "Oh, excuse us this time, Miss Multon, and we won't do it again." And, taking the dog from me, she led him off into the retirement of private life, while in the morning one newspaper remarked that "among the prettiest of the lighter touches of the performance was the scene at the Christmas tree in the first act and the dog scene in the third act."

Another time, in Baltimore, when I was playing "Camille," I had a similar experience. In the fifth act I had staggered from the window to the bureau, nearing that dread moment when I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self in the looking glass. The house was all attention, watching dim eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman. Just then I heard the quick indrawing of the breath that startled womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh.

My heart gave a plunge. "What is it? Oh, what is wrong?" And I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore very little in that scene. "What is it?"

Then came a titter, and evidently it was growing. In agony I turned quickly about and found myself facing a monstrous cat. Starlike, he held the very center of the stage, his two great topaz eyes fixed unflinchingly upon my face. His tail stood straight and aggressively in the air, twitching with short twitches at the very top.

Alas, no wonder they giggled! But how to save the approaching death scene was what went through my mind.

Clinging to the bureau, I slipped to my knees, and with an earnest prayer that he would not resist my appeal in a faint voice I called him to me. Thomas looked suspiciously at me, hesitated, then approached gingerly and sniffed at my fingers. Then he rubbed his dingy body against my knee, and in an instant my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head. What a sigh of relief went like a wave over that audience! I had won!

I then called Nanine to relieve me, and the applause that swept the house was as balm to my great distress. I said to Nanine, "Take him downstairs; he grows too heavy for me to pet." And Sir Thomas was carried off reluctantly, imagining perhaps that I was envious of the hit he had made.

My manager, who was somewhat of a wag, of course made the most of the saved situation. A gentleman met him on the street the next morning and was anxious for him to settle an argument between himself and wife.

"My wife, who has seen the play several times in New York, insists that the beautiful little scene with the cat belongs to the play, while I don't recall it, nor do any of our acquaintances whom I have asked this morning. Won't you kindly set us right?"

"Willingly," replied my manager. "Your wife is in the right, my dear sir. That cat scene is always done. It is a great favorite with Miss Morris, and she hauls that cat all over the country with her."

May heaven forgive him!—Clara Morris in New York Press.

Inquisitive.

"What is your name?" asked one five-year-old miss of another.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the other "You are as bad as grownup folks. They are always asking my name and a lot of other silly questions until I am actually ashamed of them."—Chicago News.

If you know how to spend less than you get you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

A Hungry One.

"Your stomach is so affected that I fear we shall have to operate for its removal."

"All right. Remove it. I never use it anyhow."

"You never use it? What business are you in?"

"I'm a poet."—Houston Post.

A Parallel.

Mr. Merry—Jack Jones, I am told, laughed while he was being married. Mr. Grouch—Well, haven't men been known to joke on the scaffold?—Baltimore American.

STAVELY & BOWERS'
Large LUMBER YARD
and Hardware Emporium
At LYNCH'S, MD.

Va. and Ga. Flooring,
Va. and Ga. Framing,
Va. and Cypress Siding,
Va. and Cypress Dressed Boards,
Cypress Fencing and Va. Fencing,
Va. Barn Boards,
Shingles, Shingling Laths, Plaster Laths,
Sash, Doors, Blinds and Frames.

John W. Masury & Son's Paints and Leads.
John T. Lewis & Bro.'s Paints and Leads.

All Kinds HARDWARE
FARM GATES kept on hand.
AMERICAN WIRE FIELD FENCE,
1047, 1041, 939.
American Garden Fence, 1948, 2053, 2158.
Wire Staples and Barbed Wire, Brace Wire.

ALL KINDS ROOFING
LIME by the barrel.
CEMENT AND HAIR:

We have recently added a BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING DEPARTMENT, and we are ready to do all kinds of Blacksmithing and Repairing.

STAVELY & BOWERS,
LYNCH'S, MD.

To the Traveling Public!

We wish to announce that in establishing our route from Chestertown to Tolchester we do so expecting to live up to our advertisement, i e

Make the Trip Rain or Shine

Good Roads or Muddy Roads and we will meet every boat from Baltimore, including the Moonlight Trip after the season at Tolchester opens up.

We ask your support in this enterprise, i e: RIDE IN THE CAR that will be there at all times to meet you.

YOURS FOR BUSINESS,

Graham, Clements & Sutton,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

P. S.—MICHIGAN CARS are making the route.

Fare 75 Cents Each Way.

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of administration upon the personal estate of

EMELINE PIERCE, Colored,

late of Kent county, Md., deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the proper vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 30th day of February, 1914, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand and seal this 19th day of August, 1913.

W. FRANK JARRELL,
a23-4t. Administrator.

LIGHTNING
DOESN'T WARN US OF ITS COMING.
The damage in done before we realize it—Building struck and Live Stock killed.
And then who suffers loss?
Are you taking chances?
At the usual minimum rates we cover Live Stock against LIGHTNING *anywhere*.
Are you sure your policy reads that way?
JOS. N. WHEATLEY & CO.
PHONE 29. CHESTERTOWN

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc6000_32_1-0728