

DR. SPRUILL'S ADDRESS TO THE HIGH SCHOOL

Edna Conrad, '23.

Last Monday morning Dr. Spruill, of the State Sanitarium, spoke to the pupils of the Lexington High School about tuberculosis.

He said that tuberculosis is a very contagious disease and is caused by germs that are coughed up and spit out by persons who are afflicted with the disease. Only those who breathe the germs into their air passage get the disease, so it is by careless people that it comes to us.

Many people believe that tuberculosis is inherited. Dr. Spruill said that this is not true, but there are two things that are inherited—religion and politics.

There are also people who believe that it is a non-curable disease, and when one gets it, the only thing to do is to go home and die. Of course that is all wrong.

The cure of this disease has been summed up in one little word, "care." The essential thing for the cure of tuberculosis is rest, which can only be obtained by going to bed. This no one will do at home, therefore, he must have a place where he will have to stay in bed.

Dr. Spruill said that the disease in its earlier stages has five symptoms which are as follows:

- (1) Laziness.
- (2) Slight cough each morning so mild that it is hardly noticeable.
- (3) Poor appetite.
- (4) Losing weight.
- (5) Spitting up blood.

If anyone has these symptoms the best thing to do is go to a physician.

In this State there are 30,000 cases of tuberculosis and only 400 beds that can be used.

Now the question is asked, "If you have no place to care for them, why go to the trouble of telling people that they have tuberculosis?" Because when you have told a person that he has tuberculosis it will get him to thinking, and his friends to thinking, and when the people of this county wake up, conditions will not be like they are now. They will build a hospital and provide for the ones that have this disease. Shall such a condition as this exist in a county like ours? Let's decide the question and say, "No."

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" A true story

The campers sat around in a circle listening to the Councilor's story.

"With a terrific yell the creature ran across the moor, and was swallowed up in the inky darkness."

Soon the story was finished and each girl, with many apprehensive glances over her shoulders, went for her lantern, and upon reaching the tents the braver ones went outside to roll down the tent flaps.

On three sides of our tent the flaps were tied securely, but as I am a fresh-air fiend when it comes to sleeping, my side was rolled up and my cot exposed to the mountain dews or anything else that might fall. In spite of the fact that we were all sleeping peacefully and the camp was wrapped in the darkness of a cool summer night.

It was about mid-night when I was awakened by a mournful sound upon the mountain side. I lay very still and for awhile heard nothing more, but finally my tense listening was rewarded by a strange noise—the sound made by something coming stealthily through the underbrush. Nearer and nearer it came, while I lay still in fascinated horror. Finally, I could hear the breathing of something, whether man or beast I knew not. I realized, in terror, that my tent flaps were up, but I dared not get up and lower them. By this time the thing was just outside the tent and I felt it lift itself and crawl into the tent—and under my cot, where it lay panting heavily. Then I heard a whisper from another cot,

"Martha, Sam's under your bed."

At that I jumped up and turned my flash-light and there under my bed wagging his friendly tail, was the camp's friend and loyal guardian, a harmless old hound dog.

I stole a kiss the other night

Now my conscience hurts, alack!

I guess I'll go again tonight

And put the blame thing back.

G. E. D.

Plenty of room for jails and courts,

We all are willing enough to pay,
But never a cent for the lads to race,

No, never a cent for play.

—Anon.

TIME TO LAUGH

Teacher—"Frank what is the next letter after h?"

Frank—"I don't know."

Teacher—"What have I on the side of my nose?"

Frank—"I don't know, teacher, but it looks like powder from here."

—Exchange

Son—"Father what is the Board of Education?"

Father—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."

—Exchange

Griffith—"Miss Wilson, are you going to get married?"

Miss Wilson—(holding ring measure in her hand and blushing)
"What is it to you if I am?"

Teacher—"So your name is Katherine Kale and your mother's name is Mrs. Hunt. How is that?"

Katherine Kale—"You see, it's this way. Mother married again, and I didn't."

Miss Wilson—"Dwight come to the front."

Dwight—"What did you say?"

Miss Wilson—"Come to the front."

Dwight—"I didn't understand you."

Miss Wilson—"Do you want me to write it on the blackboard so you can hear it?"

Algebra teacher explaining example
—"Now, watch the board carefully while I go through it."

—Exchange

Mr. Grissom—"How did you hurt your hand? Been fighting?"

Bruce—"Yes, those were awful sharp teeth Dwight Pickard used to have."

Teacher—(After putting examinations on the board) "Now do any of the questions bother you?"

Student—"No sir, it's the answers that bother me."

—Exchange

Bob Sink's announcement: "We are going to have a base ball game this afternoon. It costs a quarter to get in, so we hope everybody will be out."

Honesty is the best policy.