

# Hertford County Herald

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## FRESH AIR

By Mollie Parker

An old subject is usually boring. A subject is no new one. In fact, quite old. It is taught in all the schools. One reads about it and hears about it. One should read and hear about it. Yet, in this enlightened and progressive age, it is amazing how few consider it seriously or practically. I find from my own experience that some things have to be hammered in before they are formed. Now, since the cold days have set in, this subject of Fresh Air and ventilation is a very important one to be considered. With the first cold snaps seem to be the habit of nearly all to go in, start a fire, close the doors, lower the windows with the assurance that all is well. What a pity it is to not realize to just what unnatural and dangerous extremity we are acting ourselves. Do you wonder that children, after being in the air and sunshine during the summer months, should begin to manifest unhealthy symptoms when they are suddenly shut up in a close room and allowed to sleep with fresh air?

In the living rooms of most homes, the fire and steady heat is kept during the winter. The windows are closed and the doors are closed. No one can enter, except possibly through the key hole if the key happens to be turned.

A great change is compelled to place within the physical organism. Small wonder that epidemics—such as colds, sore throat, influenza and other diseases—start up. Why, in an atmosphere is often the start of such troubles.

When fresh air is thus shut from the foundation is being laid for future trouble which will manifest itself later. Often children grow physically and mentally warped and handicapped without knowing the cause. Millions die every year directly from oxygen starvation.

How long will this vitally important matter be disregarded? The child in nearly all the churches and public meeting places one confronts the same amazingly distressing situation. Air starvation! The same air is usually on hand from one place to another. It is a wonder how many attend church and do not wonder how they remain through services. Think of a room or a dining room heated to the nth power—crowded with people without any ventilation. In winter most churches are roughly heated. The doors are closed, the windows are lowered from the top. Life's pure air is shut out. The churches are not thoroughly ventilated after service, consequently the same dead air is on hand to be breathed again at the next service. The same is also true of other places of meeting.

It is a perfect wonder how one can endure such extremes. The human body is a wonderful piece of mechanism or it never could stand the unnatural extremes exposed upon it. In an atmosphere is a menace to health, strong, say nothing of the weak. Its effect is felt and manifested in many ways.

There is much said and written about germs, and we dodge them hither and thither. Still we attend places, crowded from the lack of ventilation, where the air is vile, to say nothing of the germs and very few seem to be conscious of it.

It is pathetic to know that so many children, and not so often from necessity, are allowed to sleep in rooms without any fresh air and awake in the morning with headaches—dull, listless and cross—when they might be healthy, well and happy.

The trouble is, that many grown-up people are afraid of fresh air; and a fear—this bugaboo, which is a handicap to all progress, that is the cause of nearly all the ill effects that are supposed to result from the fresh air treatment. The subconscious minds of the children, as a rule, are full of impressions of fear and of danger. Along such lines, unless they have been suggested or strongly affected to them.

Children may sleep with all the windows up and even in a draught, and if they are, and suffer no ill effects. In any means, they must be carefully wrapped and kept warm, especially the feet. Where there are no sleeping porches—front and back porches if large enough—would make



dandy sleeping porches when screened and protected against winds and heavy rains. They should be snugly wrapped in plenty of warm covering but not too heavy. As canvas is heavy it should be used only as protection from rain, or very severe winds.

In the living room at least one window should be up or better, lowered from the top, all day and kept so all during the winter, rain or shine. If this is begun early and continued, it will be surprising how few colds there will be and how much more happy and cheerful everyone will feel. But as in accomplishing anything worth while, it will require invincible will and determination—and a keep-at-it-ness.

It has been the habit so long to live in close rooms during the winter, and a race belief that it would be impossible to live otherwise, that one does not realize that it has become a very unnecessary second nature. We are all subjects to habit.

"There was a saying among the old Greeks: 'Ugliness is a sin.' I agree. But is it also not true that to possess a diseased body is a sin? For, generally some one was responsible. You, or some one before you. In laying the foundation something was neglected. And it may have been fresh air. Think of the awful handicap of having weak lungs—tuberculosis!

To the parents, I would repeat, again: Care for the children. See that they have plenty of fresh air in the sleeping quarters and a plenty of nourishing food during the day. There never was a time when the world needed strong manhood and womanhood than it does today. Only the strong and efficient physically and mentally can be of much use to themselves or to others.

Since this is chiefly in behalf of the children, the following case of a little child whom I knew at the State Sanatorium will illustrate a certain principle. This little girl was a little under eight years of age. She was very bright and unusually developed for her age. Her lung trouble was very slight, if any. In fact, she was considered only a suspect. Her condition was a little below normal. After her first examination, she was told it would be unnecessary for her to stay six months and at the end of that time, if she took the cure faithfully, she would be well. Being the only child at the Sanatorium, it fell to her lot to be closely associated with grown up patients, some of whom were very sick. I was with this child a good deal and it was really pathetic to hear her speak of herself. What a beautiful strong woman she wanted to grow to be and how many beautiful and useful things she wanted to achieve in life. But, at times, she seemed burdened with the fear that she might not stand her final test and would develop "T. B.", and be handicapped for life. Then she would become very serious and would say "But I know that I can do it—I know I can stand it for six months." I said: "Yes, you can. Some stand it for 6 years." I might have told her that with some it was a lifetime sport.

She took the cure—took it beautifully and wonderfully—and she won out. Not once, did I see her cry, complain or say she was cold. The at times, one could see that there was anguish in her soul, especially when her mother would come and leave her. She was heroic.

At the end of the 6 months, she was examined and pronounced well, for the time, at least; but was cautioned to keep up the treatment. She went home. In less than two weeks I received a cute little note from her saying how well and strong she was in her new sleeping porch. And how happy she was that she had entered school again.

Just one case of desperate effort! In the State of Mass. I knew of a few cases more pathetic and which were really tragic in their wonderful efforts and perseverance.

When one thinks of such perseverance as this, it does seem that parents would make more effort and encourage their children to make more in behalf of their future welfare.

I recall instances in other states as well as this—where I have been invited in houses where upon entering the room, I felt that half my life was going out. Oppressive heat! Not a window or a door even cracked. And I thought how could little children who should develop beautifully and naturally like the flowers of the field, be strong in such close rooms. After trying to talk and failing, and after unconsciously manifesting what must have been distressing symptoms some one would invariably ask: "Are you warm enough? Shall I make more heat?" And, I felt like saying: "No, but for Christ sake raise a window". Pure air is the breath of God.

I have been asked several times by some to give something of my experiences. I felt it would be useless. In fact, my experience has been so varied and I have tried out so many different ways and seen others do the same that I would scarcely know at what place to begin. The truth is—what is best for one is not always best for all. One has to work out their own salvation in everything. I have tried to emphasize some important truths and bring out some principles. And have touched where it seems most needed.

It seems that most anyone could make a beginning. The main point is to have plenty of fresh air at all times and to use common sense with it. There is nothing to fear, except Fear. Then get rid of fear, and, do not tell the children fresh air will give the colds or make them sick. And, don't express your fears in their presence: it will affect them.

I have put special emphasis on the needs of children. Grown people should be able to care for themselves. I will simply say this: The fresh air treatment will wonderfully increase your health and happiness and add recuperative power and years to your life. Taking the cure does not mean every time that you have tuberculosis. It means you do not intend to have it. Fresh air is really more of a preventive than a cure.

I might say three times as much. But it would be very gratifying to know that what I have said with all kindness and earnestness, and good

will might be taken seriously.

—The End.—

## MOONSHINE SEEMS TO BE PLENTIFUL HEREABOUTS

New York City, with all of its Crime Wave, has nothing on Ahoskie, with its population of less than two thousand. Within the past week Ahoskie has been the scene of several fights.

On last Friday two negroes engaged in a lively scrap, that resulted in one having his arm broken by the blows inflicted by the other.

On Saturday, the following day, two negroes "monked up" engaged in a series of cursing in the store of R. G. Williams and Bro. Being called down by Mr. Lucius Britton of the St. Johns section, they resented interference and cursed at Mr. Britton, who, handing his young baby to a bystander, proceeded to put the negroes to sleep. He succeeded in "fixing" one of them by a series of blows upon the head. The other fled when Mr. Britton was about to get him down. The negro hurt was Jim Freeman, employed by the Ahoskie Light Plant. He was remanded to the jail in Winton, later being released Monday to come to his home here and receive the attentions of a physician. The case has not been tried yet, owing to the condition of the negro.

While the scrap was going on, officer Jenkins of the Internal Revenue Department, was pouring out a quantity of "monkey rum" which he had captured in Gates County.

—A FEW MORE DAYS LEFT—

The HERALD this week mailed out about two hundred expiration notices to subscribers, who are either slightly in arrears or whose subscriptions expire before January 1. We hope to be able to continue each one as a subscriber; and, in order to continue the paper, renewals must be in this office not later than January 1.

"About the cheapest article on the market" is a newspaper; and this paper has not increased its subscription price while we have seen newspaper steadily and swiftly climb from three and four cents per pound to the present price of thirteen to fifteen cents per pound. The Herald last week paid thirteen cents per pound for a supply of newsprint.

MENOLA NEWS

Mrs. Spencer Boyette and little daughter Pauline, of Warsaw, N. C., are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Eley.

Miss Deborah Brown who is teaching at Pleasant Garden is at home for the holidays.

Miss Annie Brown, a student at Guilford College, returned on Wednesday to spend the holidays.

Robert Brown, principal of the Winton school, is at home for the holidays and so is his sister, Miss Janie Brown, County Supervisor of Schools.

Clevie Vinson and Ribert Brown left for Norfolk on Monday to spend a day.

—The End.—

## COLERAIN NEWS

Sheriff Cowper was in town on last Tuesday.

Doctor Nowell made a business visit to Windsor last Wednesday.

Mr. Long, an employee of Deleo-Light Co., was in town last Tuesday and Wednesday, installing a deleo electric light plant for Dr. Nowell.

J. S. Deans spent Tuesday and Wednesday at New Bern.

Mr. Edgerton of Hertford was in town last Tuesday in the interest of insurance.

Miss Annie Pierce and daughters of near here moved to Ahoskie last Wednesday. They will be missed in the church and in this community.

Claude Pierce of Windsor was in town last week, doing some repair work on the Baptist Church heating plant.

The Methodist ladies had their Aid Society at the home of Mrs. W. H. Beasley last Wednesday afternoon. D. R. Britton went to Ahoskie on a business trip last Thursday.

J. C. Mizelle went to Suffolk on last Thursday.

Doctor L. A. Nowell went to Winton last Thursday.

Messrs. J. J. Beasley, Cecil Beasley and M. R. Montague went to the town of Windsor last Thursday.

The school has closed for the holidays, closing last Friday.

Mrs. John Mizell, who has been at the Lakeview Hospital in Suffolk, returned last Friday, after a four weeks stay and is much improved.

Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Nowell went to Norfolk last Friday.

Misses Ruth Shaw Britton and Nell Deans, who are at school at Meredith College in Raleigh, came home last Saturday for the holidays.

Miss Rose Nowell, who is teaching in Danville, Va., came home Saturday for the holidays.

J. P. Deans went to Ahoskie last Saturday.

Miss Mabel Claire Morris, who is attending school at Cary, N. C., is now home for the holidays.

There was a large crowd in town Saturday to attend the sale at E. White and Sons.

Starkey Jernigan of Harrellville was in town last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Beasley with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Beasley went to Windsor last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Lineberry filled his pulpit here Saturday and Sunday, giving us some good sermons.

Mrs. Clarence Beasley was in town last Monday.

Exom Stokes and C. B. Morris went to Windsor last Sunday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Holley a boy on Sunday, December 19.

E. White went to Norfolk last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Shields of Merry Hill were visitors in town last Monday.

We are glad to report Mr. Nephery is improving and hope he will soon be entirely well.

Rub-My-Tiam is a powerful anti-septic; it kills the poison caused from infected cuts, cures old sores, tetter.

Watch that label on your paper

## HERTFORD COUNTY BOY POPULAR AT UNIVERSITY

They Are Taking Full Academic Course and Make Unusually Good Grades

### TWO WILL PRACTICE LAW

Chapel Hill, Dec. 18.—Of more than 1,400 students who will leave early next week for their homes to spend the Christmas holidays, none has more reason to feel satisfied with his or her work for the past term than the three blind sophomores, B. B. Worsham of Reithbend, Va., Sam Cathey of Buncombe County, and W. M. Holloman of Hertford County. These men entered the University on last year and made exceptionally fine grades in all branches of their work and their record in their freshman year seems likely to be equalled or even excelled by their sophomore work.

All of the work which these young men do, and they are taking the regular academic work which is required of all students, is worked out in their heads. Even the complex work in mathematics and the theoretical work in physics and read to them by a fellow student and they seem to grasp the work almost instantly. Not only do they take interest in the scholastic side of college life but each of them is greatly interested in all branches of sport. Neither of them has been blind all of his life and they are, therefore familiar with baseball, basketball and football. They are always on the sideline when Carolina meets an enemy on the diamond or on the gridiron and each play is explained to them as it is made. They state that they can visualize the game by this method much as a crowd "sees" a world series game on the bulletin in front of the newspaper office.

These three young men graduated from the State School for the Blind in 1919 in the autumn of that year they entered this institution.

Cathey and Worsham plan to practice law in Asheville and both are taking the A. B., LL. B. course. Holloman is taking the straight B. A. degree and intends to teach. Every student is betting that they will graduate with the class of '23 and that they will all be near the top of the class in honors.

It would be hard to find three more popular men on the campus than the three men. Even the stars of the varsity teams have to make way for the men. The genuine pluck which the men have shown, their interest in everything that is of interest to all college students and their invariable cheerfulness and good naturedness have endeared them to the student body and given them a position of esteem of the college town which few students have ever enjoyed.—Greensboro News.

Moses Holloman, the W. M. Holloman referred to above, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Holloman of Ahoskie, and well and favorably known here.

Like 'Em in "Civilian Clothes"?

Many a girl has discovered that a fellow who looked like Beau Brummel in khaki uniform is quite an ordinary looking person, now that he has doffed his O. D. for "civies". If the girl happens to have married the fellow in the meantime the discovery may be a real tragedy. In "Civilian Clothes" in which Thomas Meighan is appearing at the MAJESTIC THEATRE, Wednesday and Thursday, December 29th and 30th, the situation develops into a jolly comedy. The hero proves very emphatically that clothes don't make the man and, in the end, the pretty heroine, played by Martha Mansfield, is quite ready to agree with him.—advertisement.

Be sure to see this picture.

—A LAUGH—

A laugh is just the sunshine. It freshens all the day—It tips the peak of life with light, And drives the clouds away.

The soul grows glad when it hears it And feels its courage strong; A laugh is just like sunshine, For cheering folks along.

—Selected—