

The New Public Health.

The Farmer's Advocate Bureau of Public Health Information.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, AND COMMENTS.

Conducted by Institute of Public Health, London, Ont.

[Questions should be addressed: "New Public Health," care of "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont." Private questions, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, will receive private answers. Medical treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.]

Flies in the Country More Dangerous than in the City.

Ques.—You say flies are much more dangerous in the country than in the city. Why?

Ans.—Because, in rural districts, the toilets are generally outdoors, and are not fly-proof: so every summer, as soon as flies appear, the regular diet has added to it, the contents of outdoor closets. This fact is the chief explanation of the typhoid fever, dysentery and summer complaint found in rural districts in the summer. Most of these diseases can be avoided in the country, as a rule, by having fly-proof toilets, and this is the time of year to fly-proof them. See that the vault itself is built up with earth, or the house built down with boards, so that no opening at front, rear, or sides, is left by which flies can go directly to the deposits within. Then stop all knotholes, cracks, etc., with boards, or tin, or even tar paper—anything flies cannot get through—and tack fly-net or fly-screen over the window or vent or other needed opening. Then see that the door fits snugly when it is closed, and put a spring on, or a weight hung on a cord running in a pulley or hook or staple on the door-frame, to insure that the door is closed. These precautions will take all of fifteen minutes to carry out, and may cost as much as fifteen cents as well, but they will often save hours and days and weeks and months of nursing, many dollars for sickness, and often hundreds of dollars for funerals. Of course, once you have provided a fly-proof place for these discharges from the body, don't make your work useless by allowing people, help, etc., to leave their discharges in the stables or about the premises.

So much for preventing most of the diseases that flies carry. But, of course, flies are a nuisance, even when they are harmless, and no one wants to eat human or horse, cow or hen manure, with their food, even if typhoid fever does not result therefrom. Therefore, keep flies from the kitchen and dining-room as much as possible by screening the doors and windows, and by keeping the garbage indoors until you are ready to burn it or take it to a fly-proof place outside. Throwing slops on the ground outside the kitchen door keeps a damp spot dotted with bits of food, etc., attractive to flies, and then if the screen door is open for a moment, some of them dodge inside. Of course, some flies will get in, no matter what you do, but

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Letters from Abroad.

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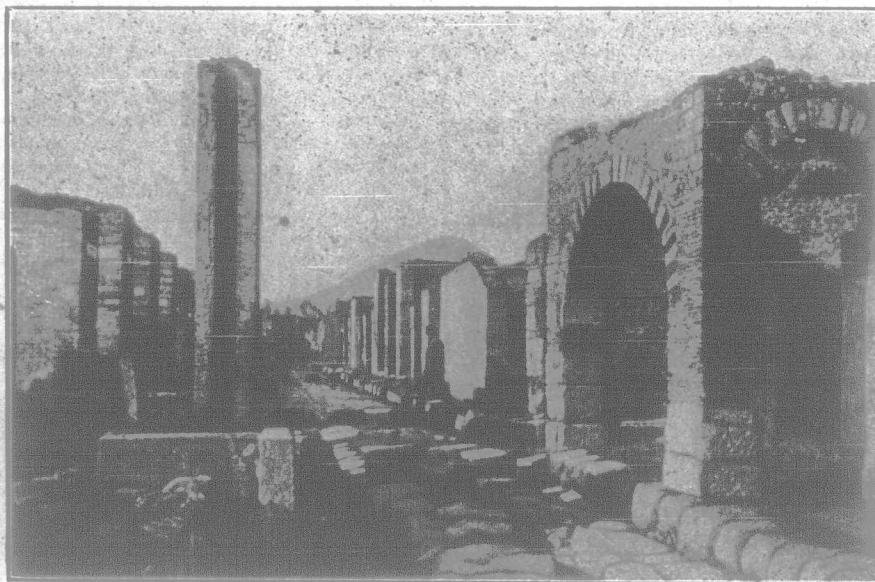
ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES.

Naples, April 19, 1913.

My dear Jean,—I candidly confess that I don't like Naples. In my mind, I have always pictured it as a sort of dream-city of incomparable loveliness, circling a sapphire bay, with Vesuvius rising in the background dark and high,

very badly, but we heard of many people who were. One unfortunate lady had her trunk forwarded to Naples, and when she opened it, all it contained was one stocking and a cake of soap. It was very thoughtful of the thief to leave the soap, for one requires so much of it in Naples. However, I think the story is slightly exaggerated, although its truth was vouched for by the person who told it.

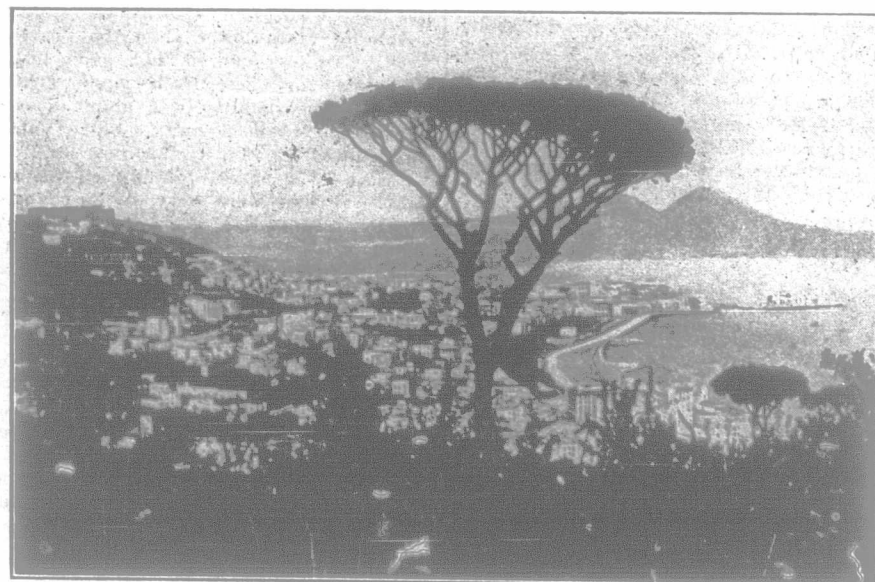
The Neapolitans are a very emotional people, and are always making a noise



Excavated Street in Pompeii.

with great clouds of smoke hovering over its summit. I suppose the alluringly-bright ads. of the steamship companies are responsible for this mental picture. Anyway, actual experience has shattered my dream. I have been breathing dust ever since I landed. The streets are dirty and noisy, and everything seems to be in a state of muddiness and disorder. As for ragged urchins—the streets are fairly littered with them, and all the lanes and back alleys swarming. They

about something. Their ordinary talking voice is a scream. One would suppose the whole community was deaf. In addition to their vocal speech, they have a complicated language of signs, and can express a whole paragraph by a movement of the fingers. Two men conversing peaceably on the street, gesticulate so much with their arms and hands that they look as if they were having a violent quarrel, and might come to serious blows any minute.



View of Naples and Vesuvius.

play happily in the rubbish heaps, or gamble with cards on the pavement. Gambling is a passion with the Neapolitan, and at any hour of the day one may see groups of men sitting in the street playing cards on a makeshift table, and surrounded by a crowd of idlers looking on. They are a lazy lot, and have the reputation of being the biggest cheats in Italy. They certainly "do up" the innocent tourist whenever they get a chance. We were not stung

I could forgive the Neapolitans a good deal if they would only be kinder to animals. Their brutality is revolting. One can never go on the street without witnessing scenes of cruelty that make one boil with indignation. Also, one can never wander in the byways without passing shops festooned with fringes of macaroni drying in the sun—and dust, with all sorts of rubbish in the near vicinity. One's appetite for macaroni is not so keen after a ramble in the

back streets where one can see this necessity of Neapolitan life in process of manufacture.

In France they call a tip "pourboire"; in Germany they call it "drinkgeld"; but in Naples they say "macaroni."

All tourists in Naples go to Bertolini's—ostensibly for afternoon tea—but really to see the other tourists, and the famous view of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. Bertolini's is an immense hotel, high up on the hill. To reach it, you go through a long tunnel bored into the hillside, then up in a high lift; when you emerge, Naples is at your feet. There is a long, broad terrace, where you may promenade or lounge, or sit at a table and drink and be merry with your friends, while you criticize your neighbors and admire the scenery.

The predominant tongue at Bertolini's is English. There are usually about twice as many Americans as English; a sprinkling of Germans and French, and a few Italians. The Italian waiters harvest the tourists' coins, and give in return poor tea and worse cake—and take a long time to do it.

But there is an excellent orchestra, some fine singers, and—the view. Even the most prosaic persons grow rhapsodical over the view. It is certainly magnificent, especially at sunset, when there is a glory over land and sea. You would be bored to death if I tried to describe the view, so I will kindly refrain. But I will say that as a feature in the landscape, Mount Vesuvius doesn't hold a candle to Mt. Etna, viewed from Taormina, and as for the far-famed beauty of the Bay of Naples—it is quite eclipsed by the scenic grandeur of the harbor of Vancouver, B. C.

When we reached Naples, we found Mrs. Russell waiting for us there. She looked quite beaming, and seemed to have entirely recovered from the lame knee which prevented her from going to Tunis with us. But she seemed to be terribly absent-minded, and at the dinner table I discovered the reason. He sat next to her. He is quite good-looking, and something in the archeological line. We met him casually in Taormina, prowling among the ruins there. He seems to have been consoling Mrs. Russell during our absence, and she has become perfectly daffy about old rocks and antiques and all that sort of thing. I'm afraid Jack's chances are rather slim unless he hurries over here and cuts out the professor.

We have added a new member to our party—a very charming, pretty, American lady, whom we have christened Harmony, because she is so amiable and optimistic, and has such a mellowing effect on us all. Four is really a better travelling number than three in some ways, but when it comes to ordering rooms ahead it has its disadvantages. The following letter was received by Miss Morris from an Italian hotel manager in answer to a request for four single rooms for a certain date:

Dear Madame,—Your exquisite letter received. I am sorry to you inform that to not suppose to have so many single room vagrant. With all respect. J. PAJOLLI.

The nicest thing about Naples, to my mind, is the ease with which you can get away from it and visit charming and interesting places near by. We were terribly disappointed to have to give up the Amalfi drive, which is said to be the finest in Europe, but we did manage to get to Pompeii and Capri, and they quite repaid us for any discomfort we endured in the city.

Capri looks deceptively near, but is really nineteen miles across the bay. We left early in the morning, and made one stop on the way, at Sorrento. The cliffs there are enormously high and im-