

Democratic Watchman

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THE TREACHEROUS CIGARETTE.

By L. A. Miller.

Ah vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways; While boyish blood is mantling, who can escape The fascination of thy magic gaze! A cherub hydra round us dost thou gape And mould to every taste thy dear, delusive shape.

A highly respected old lady criticized me on my recent article entitled "Fragrant Weed." She said it was all right as far as I went, but I failed to say one word against the most fatal product of tobacco, the cigarette, the "kind that kills." I would like your views on that disastrous subject.

Do cigarettes kill? It was said that young Prince Napoleon was rapidly declining in health on account of their excessive use before he joined the British army, and went to fight the Zulus. His mother and friends were hopeful that the habit could be broken if he were removed from the temptations and engaged in something that would fully occupy his mind. The sequel shows that the asaga of the heathen Zulu promptly consummated the half-finished work of the cigarette.

There is no doubt that the Prince was in delicate health, and the conclusions of the eminent physicians whom he consulted, that the excessive use of cigarettes were the cause of his untimely decline ought to be satisfactory. How much his other habits, his dainty diet and hand-box style of living had to do with it will never be known. The facts as given to the world are that he was growing thin, listless and stupid, and that he smoked on an average three cigarettes an hour, except when asleep which was only about three hours out of twenty-four. Had the Zulus not interfered he might have been of some use to the world, even if it was only to pass as a horrible example for the benefit of other young men.

Probably there is not one cigarette smoker in a hundred who has not had the sad fate of John Morrissey's son held before him. After the champion prize fighter had reformed he resolved to raise his family right, as well as to be a good man himself. The fates seemed to be against him, for he went to Congress soon after his reformation, and his son, who had sworn with him never to drink intoxicating liquor, fell an easy victim to the seductive cigarette.

The boy found no trouble in resisting the demon of drink, but the fawning, insinuating devil that lurks in "Lone Jack" crept upon him while he lounged on luxurious divans or strolled listlessly in the cooling shades of evening. When the sly devil was discovered its fangs were so deeply sunk and firmly set that no power short of death could effect his release. He died, as the doctors declared, from the excessive use of tobacco in the form of cigarettes.

Aside from the fact that the boy had been tenderly raised, lived an aimless, idle life, but little is known of him, therefore it cannot be determined satisfactorily whether the weakened condition of his nervous system was due primarily to cigarette smoking, or the uncontrollable habit to the state of his nerves. It is a fact, however, that he died on the threshold of manhood and eminent physicians said the cigarette was the cause. It is awful to contemplate; there is no doubt in my mind that thousands of our youth are daily going to their graves from excessive use of cigarettes.

Were the cigarette to confine its operations to the rude element of society alone it might be tolerated, but instead of doing so, it has invaded our schools and colleges, taken prisoner the flower of the land and the hope of the nation. The boys are wild and thoughtless and have an idea that it is the proper thing to do, and therefore do it, regardless of the advice of their teachers and in the face of horrible examples. Not only are the boys addicted to the habit, but the boarding school girl takes a whiff on the sly. She does it to drive the mosquitoes out of the room in summer and to cure the toothache in winter. When she gets home she smokes because she is lonesome, and after she is married (woman-like) because she wants to and isn't afraid.

It is not generally known to the uninitiated that cigarette smokers inhale the smoke, taking with it into the lungs no more air than is necessary to carry it down; by this means they experience the narcotic effects sooner and more sensibly than by merely drawing smoke into the mouth and blowing it out again. In the lungs it comes into almost immediate contact with the blood, which it must vitiate more or less. Veteran inhalers retain the smoke until scarcely a trace of it is visible in the exhalation.

Those who have formed the habit of smoking cigars seldom change to cigarettes, while a cigarette smoker finds very little satisfaction in a cigar, probably because the smoke is too strong to inhale and the poison absorbed by the mucous membranes of mouth and throat does not produce so sensible and satisfactory effects as when taken into the lungs. It is something like a change from whiskey to beer.

The cigarette antedates the pipe and cigar by many years, and, as nearly as can be determined from history was the original method of using tobacco. Christopher Columbus, on his first voyage of discovery, said the natives on the Isle of Cuba had a filthy habit of rolling up the leaf of a noxious weed, setting fire to one end and inhaling the pungent and nauseating fumes from the other, which they called tobacco.

It is probable that the word "tobacco" was equivalent to our word smoking; referring to the act or habit, rather than to the plant or roll. The worst effects of cigarette smoking are found among the young. Prominent physicians who have given the matter studious attention, say that they know that it checks physical development, retards growth, impairs the nervous

system, dulls the mind, and indirectly at least, leads to early decay and death.

They have found that not a few of their lady patients who complain of general debility, nervousness and loss of flesh are in the habit of smoking cigarettes on the quiet.

One of the worst features of the cigarette habit is the hold it takes on its victims, especially if they are young. The appetite is more like that of opium than tobacco. An ordinary cigar smoker can break off at will, or at least with a little effort, but not so with the cigarette smoker, and what makes the condition more pitiable, he feels and knows that he is doing himself a fatal injury and yet cannot stop it. His will power is gone, and he flounders around despairingly and hopelessly.

Teachers, parents, the church and Sabbath schools should make an individual effort with a view of calling a halt to this distressing calamity. The cigarette ought to go.

U. S. Farmers Will Profit on Wheat.

Unfavorable weather in foreign countries and a cut in the world's wheat acreage are putting money into the American farmer's pocket. "While it is impossible to forecast market prices," say officials of the department of agriculture, "with a smaller crop than usual in the northern hemisphere, the world price and the domestic price will tend to remain at a high level."

Recent attempts to place the price for an advancing wheat price upon the achievements of political parties, however, are misdirected, officials say. Not politics, but world conditions are responsible for the cheering news. Political parties don't govern the rain and sunshine of Central Europe; neither do they bring droughts to the lonely steppes of Siberia and the rolling plains of Little Russia.

Fears had been entertained for this year, as a result of the large world crop of wheat in 1923. It reached the astonishing mark of 3,500,000,000 bushels, excluding the product of Russia, which was once more a factor for the first time since the war. But the great crop was consumed much more rapidly than any one had dreamed, and the carry-over this year is not materially larger than that of last, according to a review of the wheat situation by the department.

State Prosecutes 1195 Food Dealers.

Six thousand six hundred and ninety-three samples of food products were collected and analyzed and 1195 prosecutions were brought for violations of the State's pure food laws in 1923, the report of the bureau of foods, department of agriculture, made public recently, disclosed. Receipts from licenses issued and fines collected during the year totaled \$432,521, while expenditures were \$83,133.

Prosecutions were conducted against 155 dealers for the sale of stale eggs as fresh eggs. Other prosecutions included eighteen where fruit syrups were colored with coal tar dye, thirty in which cakes were colored with the same dye, ninety where cherries contained sulphur dioxide, 318 where milk was low in butter fat and total solids, 143 where the non-alcoholic drink law was violated, twenty-six where milk was watered and nine for the sale of sausage unfit for food. In addition the bureau issued 4070 oleomargarine, seventy-five cold storage and twenty-nine eggs opening establishment licenses. Its sixteen field agents made 19,894 inspections and investigations and its chemical section analyzed 3881 samples of fertilizers, feeding stuffs, paints, oil and other materials.

Black Ants.

Few people in North America realize what a terrible nuisance ants can be. In some parts of the Argentine, people spend half their time in defending their food and goods from the attacks of the black ant. At certain seasons of the year when these insects are most active, the folks have to take the most extraordinary precautions. Here are a few of the things that are commonly done. Every chair and table and bed has to have its legs standing in small tins full of kerosene. No carpets can possibly be put on the floor for the ants would soon eat every scrap of the material. From chairs and beds nothing is ever allowed to hang down so that it touches the floor for the ants would soon climb up and destroy everything. All food has to be kept in vessels stood in large bowls of water so wide that the ants cannot reach it. Once a jar of sugar was left standing on a shelf and, in the morning, it was found that every trace of the sweet stuff was gone. Seeing that the jar was in a bowl of water, no one could understand how the robber ants had got into it. Then a single strand of a spider's web was found leading from the wall and it was over this that the ants had passed.

What He Wanted.

Wouldn't you like to be able to do this every so often? A somewhat timid looking stranger was walking slowly down the store. The floorwalker didn't like it. "See here, my man. You've been walking around here a long time without buying. Now, what do you want?" "Guess I want a new floorwalker," stated the old gentleman addressed. "I'm the owner of this outfit. I bought it yesterday."—Gas Magazine.

Stands Poor Show.

A Denver man's first wife is battling his second and third mates for a rich legacy he has just received. When three wives set in to fight for a man's pocketbook, he'll wind up feeling like a European war debt.—New Orleans States.

True Love.

Wife—"Didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in last night?" He—"You might have. It started to strike eleven, but I stopped the thing so it wouldn't awake you, dear."—Cougar's Paw.

CRABBED OLD SILAS FINALLY SAW LIGHT

Reformation Really Got Him Out of Two Holes.

Silas Atkinson was as industrious as he was vindictive and crabbed. His only daughter, Martha, who lived with him in their brush home in the hills, was falling a victim to his tyranny; she bade fair to go overworked and starved to the grave as her mother had gone.

Martha found favor in the eyes of big Ben Thomas, a neighboring lad who was seldom too busy to come over for a visit; but old Silas soon stopped such nonsense.

"Now lookee here, Ben," he said, "I need Mgrthy's help, and I'm a-going to have it. If you'll come and hire out to me you kin see her, pervidin' you'll promise never to say a word of love or anything to keep her off her work. I'll shoot you if you play false! Will you come?"

Ben agreed and became a member of the household. Martha gained new sprit and new color, though her toll was not lightened.

"Guess he's given up marryin' and takin' her away," muttered old Silas, chuckling grimly. "Why, she's worth twice as much as she was, worth a whole man's wages and not cost a cent! I got Ben cheap too. Those two lovin' fools makes a good bargain for me!"

One June morning the two men were digging a well; Ben was working the hoist at the top, and Silas was at the bottom, digging.

Finally Ben pulled the bucket out of the hole. "Old man," he called down the well, "I've quit! Marthy and me has some important business to look after downtown. You ain't hardly safe to be trusted out just now, so I'll keep this rope up here. Now don't yell too hard; it's bad for the throat. Good-by!"

The angriest man in all the history of the hills stayed down in the well that afternoon, for no relief came in answer to his shouting.

At sunset Ben's smiling face appeared at the opening. "Old man, we've just been married. I toted fair, and I haven't said a word to her about love while I was workin' for you, but I quit this mornin', you know. It was all arranged before I come. You've stole her youth and her money all these years, but now she's goin' free and safe. You'll sign a release of your daughter and your promise to be good before you ever get out of that hole. Will you sign now?"

Old Silas would not sign! Never, never, never!

Ben yawned. "Well," he said, "I'm goin' back to the house for the night where Marthy has our weddin' supper. Say, but it's grand! I'll come out here in the mornin' and see if you're reasonable."

He came in the morning and again at night and once more on the second morning, but Silas was still firm.

On the second night, however, the man capitulated. "I was an old fool," he said. "I robbed and was killin' her with overwork. I'll pay her up honest, though I reckon you ought to leave me here in this hole forever for what I done in the past. But say, Ben, I'd sure like to taste Marthy's weddin' cake! Do I get out?"

He got out; and the Grandpa Atkinson of later years couldn't have been finer if he had been born with a halo!—Youth's Companion.

Baby Tours in Suitcase

A customs inspector examining baggage when the Cunard liner Albanian arrived recently opened what he thought was a suitcase and to his surprise a four-month-old baby smiled contentedly up at him. The extraordinary nary crib was well ventilated and the youngster was giving part of his time to the contents of a nursing bottle.

The parents, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Lewis of Los Angeles, explained that their young son was very much at home in his new quarters. The doctor said the baby was born in Vienna. A he and his wife had to do much traveling it was a burden to carry the young son in their arms, so they had had the special case made for him. The special case is 12 inches wide and 36 inches long. The doctor said it was a safe and sanitary method of transportation, says the New York Times.

King's Train in Museum

The court train of the late King Ludwig II of Bavaria has been repaired and redited in the state railway shop here and returned to Nuremberg where it is kept in a railway museum. The train cost a fortune, the car used as the king's drawing-room has fittings were wonderfully furnished. The tables are of marble and the chairs of blue silk with heavy gold ornaments. The ceiling of the car, too, is of gold while the coat of arms of the Wittelsbach family and the initials of the king are displayed freely on all the cars in gold relief.

Most Prized Order

Prior to June 20, 1902, the day upon which King Edward VII would have been crowned, but for a sudden attack of appendicitis, the highest honor in his gift would, in most people's estimation, have been the Order of the Garter, and it is still the premier order of chivalry in the world. On that day, however, a new "Order" was instituted, which, for real distinction takes precedence of any other. It is the Order of Merit, which is limited to 24 men and women of extraordinary eminence.

Icy Mountains, Coral Strands, Contribute to Electric Light.

Pennsylvania school teachers, ever alert to present new ideas in an attractive manner to their pupils, may care to clip out this article for use next month when the schools reopen, says the Pennsylvania Public Service Information committee.

Ships must sail the Seven Seas, and far-off ports from Greenland to Brazil must gather cargoes for the ships, because the United States uses nearly a million electric lamps a day, and because the simple looking filament and bulb and base of a modern electric light contain elements from almost every land under the sun.

The tungsten filament is mined in Australia or China or Norway, and the pure metal must be drawn through diamond dies before it becomes the tiny coil that glows in the bulb. To counteract the formation of gases in the bulb, the filament is dipped in a solution containing phosphorus from Canada, and cryolite, a mineral from Greenland's icy mountains. The slender wires that support the filament at the top and bottom are made of molybdenum, from Australia or China or Spain, and the lead-in wires, to which the ends of the filament are joined, are made of nickel from Canada.

The joinings in the base of the lamp are soldered with tin from Cornwall or from the Malaysian tin mines north of Singapore, and the heat deflector at the base is made of white mica, which comes from India.

The copper wires that lead through the wall to the electric switch are insulated with a covering of Canadian asbestos, French ochre and carnauba wax from South America, and the insulating material that comes in sheets is based on rice paper from Japan, kraft paper from Sweden, or buriap paper from Scotland.

Electric conductors for high voltage, and those elements subject to heat, are insulated with mica from India or China, which, in turn, is varnished with Indian shellac, copal gum and kauri resin from New Zealand.

Marriage Licenses.

George Bowman Smith, The Counts Mills, and Effie Jane Shaw, Clearfield. James M. Stover, Zion, and Sarah Mulbarger, Pleasant Gap.

Malcolm J. Brown, Centre Hall, and Bessie B. Shope, Howard.

Larry Bliss Faulkner and Katherine M. McAllister, Morgantown, W. Va. David O. Dunn and Esther Behrens, Altoona.

Clair G. Vaughn, Altoona, and Edith M. Casher, Sandy Ridge. Oliver D. Snyder, Tyrone, and Emma M. Vaughn, Sandy Ridge.

Often Efficacious.

"Bunks used to think the theatre was demoralizing," remarked the manager.

"Has he changed his views?"

"Yes, I converted him."

"How?"

"Sent him a pass."

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Some men have the talent of expressing themselves so clearly that their exact intentions are understood. But many have not this faculty. It is better, however, to consult your lawyer and ask him to write your will for you—naming therein the First National Bank your Executor—one that can always be depended upon for trustworthiness and efficiency.

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