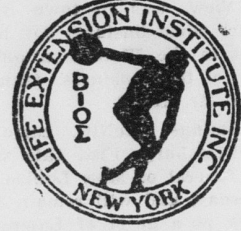


Your Health,

The First Concern.



THE HEALTH GNOME SAYS—

Christmas comes but once a year There is no doubt of that. But there's little use, and no excuse To be foolish o'er that fact.

Now, Johnny Jones, a friend of mine Did just that very thing; He celebrated with bootleg stuff, That had an awful sting.

Mary Ann, she too went wild And danced her young head off. A nervous breakdown was the cost, Methinks that head was soft!

Another fellow, Willie Wake, Tried to eat it all— And Willie Wake, in consequence, Isn't eating now at all!

The moral to this short tale of woe Is plain, it seems to me. In celebrating Christmas time, Make use of sanity.

—As it is understood by many of us heart disease is not so alarming as it often appears to be. This "disease" can be divided into three kinds; functional, when the heart is not damaged but does not do its work properly; slightly damaged, when the heart can "carry on" for years; and badly damaged, calling for close observation and no over-exertion. These three conditions can be likened to a chair which can not be used because it seems to be, or is, too weak.

A chair wobbles when used, but on examination it is found that one or more screws are loose. A screw driver can promptly correct that fault. A functional "heart disease" can often be as easily cured. The "screw" that is loose can be tightened or an unstable nervous system due to financial or family worries. Correct the conditions and the heart becomes normal. This, therefore, is not heart disease as physicians view it, although the suffering and discomfort is just as painful.

One functional disturbance of the heart is called "acute indigestion." This produces sharp, often agonizing pain, shortness of breath—gasping for air describes it better. The heart becomes rapid and irregular, both in time and force. The face becomes pale and clammy. The patient is cold and chilly. This is what happens: Something eaten causes an excessive amount of gas which distends the stomach to such a degree that it takes the place that belongs to the heart. It struggles against this barrier, beating rapidly to make up in the number of beats what is lost in force.

The duty of the heart is to pump the dark red or venous blood through the lungs. This blood carries the poisons produced by the blood, circulates through the tiny blood vessels surrounding the lung air-cells, there is an inter-change through the microscopic sieve-like membrane of these cells. The air we breathe gives up its oxygen, which passes into the blood stream and the blood gives up its poison—carbonic acid gas. If the blood passing through is lessened in quantity the oxygen in the air is not taken up in sufficient amount to make us comfortable. No matter how much air we breathe if the oxygen does not pass into the blood stream our breathing does us no good. Another thing happens because of this hampered heart action. The chemical changes necessary for life are still going on producing carbonic acid gas which, remaining in the blood, brings about a heavy dull stupor. If not promptly relieved the situation will become serious. I hope that this picture has been so drawn that my readers can appreciate that this condition no matter how alarming is not heart disease.

To repeat, something eaten forms "gas" which distends the stomach. The stomach presses on the heart which struggles to do its work in a small cramped space and loses force. The blood can not pass freely through the lungs, keeps its poison, and does not take up enough oxygen. Distended stomach causes pain. Lack of oxygen and poison retained cause shortness of breath, dullness and stupor. What is the method of relieving this situation?

Let the suffering person assume the position of most comfort, as nature unconsciously directs that this be done. Mix one teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in one quarter glass of cold water. Take about one quarter of this mixture at once, then sip of the rest until all is taken in about ten minutes. If this does not relieve in fifteen minutes repeat the dose—that is, one teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia mixed and taken as before. If this is ineffective then call a physician. In any event have a thorough examination to prevent a recurrence and to correct a correctable defect. Do not forget we are just using a "screw driver" to tighten up the loose screws.

It must be emphasized however that a heart disturbance due to an unstable nervous system caused by worry is not a medical problem. It is an individual problem to be solved by the individual.

Let us now go back to our broken chairs. We have easily fixed the screws but we find another chair where the legs and rounds have become loosened because the glue is not holding, again easily fixed, but takes longer and must be watched more carefully.

(To be continued)

Ad Writer's Idea of Great American Home

According to the advertisements it is a private residence and gentleman's estate and built of certified lumber and southern pine, the aristocrat of soft woods bought direct from the mills, and colored stucco, hollow tile, concrete for permanence, sheet steel for every purpose, the inherent charm of stone, and brick that is cheaper in the long run, and it is covered with everlasting shingles, lined with cork insulation, appointed with correct hardware, painted with imperishable colors, heated with an absolutely silent oil furnace and radiators from a world institute of heating that blankets the nation. It has artistic interiors made so with lacquer, beautiful ceilings, screens that last, a modern breakfast nook inspired by Old world craftsmanship, the secret of world oak floors, the last word in living room style, the recognized leader of all coal windows, the utmost in sanitary engineering, instant hot water from plumbing fixtures with finest quality of brass pipes that contain more copper, and bathroom luxury used on Park avenue yet priced low enough for the most modest cottage, and is desirably located in a fast-growing community with rising values and filled with period furniture, genuine linoleum, and music from radios, phonographs and grand pianos used by the immortals and bought on the installment plan with a small down payment or what have you?—Kansas City Star.

Kept Within Law

Cot His Shaft Home

A Mount Vernon (N. Y.) lawyer had lost but one case in a practice extending over 25 years. This particular case should never have been lost; the lawyer knew it and was correspondingly angered at the judge, whom he blamed for the loss of the case. Arising from his seat the lawyer addressed the court:

"Your honor, is it against the law to think?"

"Of course not," replied the judge.

"Is it against the law to tell what you think?"

"Of course not," replied the judge.

"You know very well that it is not."

"Is it against the law to say at all times and anywhere what you honestly think, your honor?"

"Now, Mr. —, your experience teaches you that you can say at all times and anywhere what you really think," said the man on the bench.

"Well, your honor," said the defeated lawyer, "I think that the decision just handed down was rotten."

And he "got by" with it.

Peach Grower's Friends.

The ladybird beetles are perhaps the most beneficial of the several insects that act as a check on the peach tree insects. They prey upon scale insects, aphids and thrips. The twice-stabbed ladybird beetle is usually prevalent on peach trees that are heavily infested with the San Jose scale. It is jet black in color and has two orange or red spots on the back. Ladybird beetles take their nourishment by sucking scale insects dry. They also assist materially in checking infestations of the rusty-brown plum aphid or other aphids. Syrphus flies, lacewing flies, tachina flies, ground beetles and some of the assassin bugs and praying mantis are other insects that are beneficial to the peach grower.

Indians Good Swimmers.

The Bureau of American Ethnology says that the Indians were remarkable swimmers and some of the tribes were in the water as much as were the primitive Polynesians. They swam six or seven different ways, including treading water, and would dive to the bottom of deep water. A common institution among the Indians was the sweat bath. They would sweat in a specially constructed sweathouse, which was closed up to keep the heat in, and when they thought they had sweated enough would suddenly run outdoors, giving warwhoops, throw themselves into the cold water, and after a while re-enter the sweathouse to dry off, since they had no towels.

The Lombards.

Lombard street, the principal bank quarter of the city of London, takes its name from the "Lombards," so-called Italian goldsmiths and money-lenders, who settled there in the beginning of the Twelfth century. They were then commonly called "Longbeards," and the name of the thoroughfare was spelt indifferently Longbord and Langebord. A century or so later it had become corrupted into Langbourne—that is, "long brook"—and this misleading title is still retained for the ward in which it is situated.

Daring Air Thieves.

Explorers in Abyssinia report that there are many birds of prey in that country, the most daring of which, and the most common, is the kite. Flocks of them will sit for hours in the trees near the camp waiting for an opportunity to steal a meal from the cook tent. In this they will often take great chances and they have been known to dart across the cook's fire and steal food from his pans on the stove. They have no hesitation in stealing the food from any wild animal they encounter which happens to be enjoying a meal.

THE LOVELY LADY

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MADGE MEREDITH called him up that morning on the telephone.

"Come over tonight for a game of bridge, Guy, and meet our guest, Miss Angell. She's perfectly lovely. You'll fall in love with her, I know. I'm simply crazy about her. Mother first met her at the Woman's club in Delfield, and she hasn't rested till she got her here to make us a little visit. You'll come?"

"Sure, I'll come, Madge. And thank you for the chance to meet the lovely lady." Guy Holding laughed as he waited politely for Madge to hang up first. Then he went back to his desk and forgot about everything but what he was doing. He even forgot about Madge whom he had reason to think liked him a good deal and who came nearer to being his ideal of what a girl should be than any woman he had ever met or was, perhaps, likely to meet.

He lunched downtown and went home rather late to dinner, remembering as he entered his mother's house that he had made a promise to Madge.

His mother met him in the hall. She was plump, gray-haired and faded but a nice woman for all that, as Guy often told her. He adored his mother. And she worshiped him. Her husband hadn't amounted to much, but her son was entirely satisfactory. He took after her side of the family when it came to go-getting, but for all his business acumen he was terribly ingenuous. Mrs. Holding suffered a good deal on that account.

Calla waited upon them at dinner. Calla was colored and elderly, but a perfect maid. She set Guy's soup before him like a caress, and he smiled at her out of frank, boyish brown eyes.

"Going out this evening, dear?" Mrs. Holding inquired.

"That's so, I am. Madge asked me." His mother smiled in a pleased way. "I'd rather planned to take you to see a play, but if you don't mind waiting till tomorrow night—"

"I'm rather glad. I've got a whole basketful of your socks to mend."

Mrs. Holding said.

"You best of mothers!" Guy blew her a kiss across the table and she blew him one back again. After that the roast fowl warmed up from yesterday tasted ever so delicious.

Guy walked down the moonlit street under the denuded maples to the Meredith house, which was at the extreme end. He thought about seeing Madge and wondered what she would be wearing. No matter what it was it would be sure to be the right thing.

Madge met him at the door. She had on a little cocoa-colored frock trimmed with a few bands of skunk fur, very becoming to her fresh, dark coloring.

"Now prepare to be overwhelmed," she bade him as he laid aside his hat and coat. "Miss Angell is perfectly lovely."

"So are you." He laughed at her, noting the color that rose in her smooth cheeks.

Mrs. Meredith was in the living room with the guest who sat in a deep winged chair by the fireside. At a word there rose out of that winged chair the most beautiful woman Guy had ever seen.

She was tall, slender, yet exquisitely rounded, with no suggestion of bone or muscle in her white arms and shoulders. Her hair had the ashen gleam of white gold, her face was a flower, her eyes dark, wonderful. She wore a gown like a bit of dawn-rose and lavender and silver, and when she spoke her voice was like the call of a bird to its mate.

Guy tried not to stare, but he could think of nothing nicer than just to look his fill at her. And when Madge brought out the card table and they sat down to play he was glad to be nearer to her.

Before the evening was over he had fallen victim to that glamor which attacks a man once only perhaps in his whole life. And all night he lay awake, his head whirling with dreams of Miss Angell and plans to see her again.

He was not himself next day. That afternoon he got leave from his boss and took Miss Angell for a ride in his roadster, and that evening he made a theater party and invited the Merediths and his mother—and her.

The following day he sent her a sheaf of tea roses to carry with her when she went away. He had one more glimpse of her as she took the train and then the pall descended.

How was he going to live without her? No, rather how could he keep on seeing her, wooing her until he could break down every barrier and make her his? He moved as one in a dream, and when he ate his Lady's Delight—the marvelous dessert which it took both his mother and Calla to achieve—as if it were sawdust he could no longer conceal the state of his feelings.

"What's gone wrong with Madge?" Mrs. Holding asked. "She looks so wan. Are you going over there as much as usual, dear?"

"I haven't seen Madge in two weeks," Guy replied unthinkingly. "She was here today," Mrs. Holding ventured. "I thought maybe you'd ask her and me to go somewhere tonight?"

"Oh, all right," Guy accepted the proposal patiently.

Between acts he tried to find out from Madge something about Miss Angell.

"She wrote the nicest bread-and-butter letter! She has asked me to visit her," Madge said.

Madge was going to visit her! That made Madge interesting, and he turned his attention to her.

Another week passed. He had sent flowers to Miss Angell and had received a creamy-tinted note from her—cool and sweet as parfait. It wasn't much, but—it was something. Then he did a bold thing. He went to see her—but she was not at home, and he came away uncomfortable save for a sight of the old pillared house and the sharp-eyed servant who had answered his ring.

Now the awful desire for sympathy so controlled him that he sought his mother. He got out of bed, put on his lounging robe and slippers and went into her room in the dead of night. There by the faint, golden-shaded light he told her all that was in his heart.

Mrs. Holding sat up in bed with the extra blanket about her shoulders. She had been awakened from a peaceful sleep and she looked old, frumpish with cold cream on her face and her gray hair skewered on curlers.

"I'm so glad you told me this dear," she said. "I've known, of course, what was going on, but I had to wait until you were ready to give me your confidence. Guy, you believe what I tell you, don't you? You have never found me lying to you or using the slightest subterfuge."

"Never, mother."

"Then, my dear, painful as it is I shall give you the truth. Miss Angell—"

"She's not going to be married!" Guy leaped from his chair.

"Oh, dear, no. If she was ever going to marry she would have done so years ago. She has had lovers enough. Why, I remember when I was first engaged to your father meeting her at a party—you see I've always known about her. She was always pretty as a picture, but since she inherited all that money and took that course at a beauty institute—"

"Mother! What are you saying?"

"I'm trying to tell you, my dear son, that Lavenia Angell is exactly one year and nine weeks older than I am."

She had produced a cataclysm, but because he had always believed her he managed to do so now. Wasn't she his own mother and hadn't she always told him the truth? Besides, as he looked at her, the conviction seeped in.

Madge could have told you, but she wouldn't," ended Mrs. Holding.

Six weeks later Madge Meredith showed Mrs. Holding a diamond and platinum ring.

"You don't mind," she whispered.

"Dear!" Mrs. Holding kissed her.

"You know I think Guy has always liked me—except once—for a little while," Madge said.

Mrs. Holding smiled joyously.

"Well, I shouldn't let that worry me," she replied.

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A. FAUBLE

Pointed Suggestion

An old farmer, who was attending a church convention, chucked to himself as he read the subjects on the program. "See here, parson," he said to his pastor, "you've had papers and discussions all day on how to get people to attend church. I've never heard a single address, at a farmers' convention, on how to get cattle to come to the rack. We put all our time on the best kind of feed. I sort of have a notion that if you put more time on discussing what to put in the rack, you wouldn't have to spend all that time discussing how to get your folk to attend church."—Montreal Family Herald.

Ancient Superstitions

Coins worn as pendants or amulets were common in the ancient world, because of their likeness to the moon; and it is probable that medallions, and hence medals, were originally circular for the purpose of introducing the lunar element and thereby counteracting the blighting effects of admiration or envy. Spitting is mentioned by many ancient authors as a protection against the evil eye, and this explains the custom of spitting on a coin, which is still widely practiced.