

Your Health, The First Concern.



The mushroom growth of camps and free camp sites has presented a definite sanitary problem to health officials throughout the country.

It is not enough to arrive somewhere at the end of the day erect tents for the night's stay, and assume that the Health Department has fully protected you.

However there is a surprising number of camp sites that are to be found in more remote sections, many of which, even if the road has been covered by the sanitary engineer, have come into existence after the survey has been made and consequently have been missed.

The lure of such a camp is strong. The seclusion of a wooded tract far from the maddening crowd sometimes overcomes all consideration of personal health.

Deep in the mountains, spring water is likely to be entirely safe, but when using such a source, investigate the immediate neighborhood for possibilities of infection.

The following rules are for the guidance of those more adventurous spirits who spurn established camps or the approved camp site:

1. Always investigate the source of your water supply. If a spring, see that contaminating factors are absent; if a stream, then invariably boil the water.

2. Do not throw any garbage or refuse into a stream, open well or spring—bury or burn it.

3. Bury body eliminations.

4. Avoid swampy or mosquito infested areas.

5. Leave the camp site in neat and sanitary condition. There are others who will likely follow you. Make sure that all fires are out.

Back to nature is a splendid idea. Observe the rules and live to enjoy such an outing again next year.

"As this is the season of recreation it is most natural to turn one's attention to that direction. Fishing, bathing, camping, motoring, hiking and golf, all are justly popular provided that due regard for one's health is given when indulging in them.

"It is positively surprising the number of people who apparently under a misguided notion of enjoyment develop and maintain a fever complex in relation to their well-being.

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"It's grand, dear," Nelly said. "But what's that building on the right?" "That's the Weston Memorial Library. A beauty, eh?"

"Of course it is only wise to have a proper regard for physical manifestations that are out of the usual order. But it is decidedly no matter to define every slight indisposition as a fore-runner of serious illness or death and outte another to assume a sensible attitude regarding common conditions which are merely temporary manifestations.

"However fine and wonderful present day life may be, there is yet a sufficient amount of legitimate trouble and worry meted out to all of us without adding imaginary ones to them.

"It may be a fine sport in the estimation of many superstitious to regale members of their families and their friends with their personal suspicions of this and that disease, but it certainly is not good sense nor is it good psychology.

JUST A VILLAGE WOMAN

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

NELLY WARD pinned on her simple black hat that Kate Collins, her longtime milliner, had fashioned for her and peeped into the glass with a critical frown upon her gentle brow.

Her husband was waiting for her in the newest car—a black, long-nosed brute built for climbing the mountain between their village and the large adjoining town where his business interests were located.

From windows and doorways her neighbors waved her farewell. Mrs. Eckert flapped her check apron. Mrs. Cowan flirted a dust-rag. Letty Dimmick signaled with a handkerchief crisp and scented, as Nelly Ward knew, with rose leaves.

The great car ate up the road. Hosea did not talk much; he was reviewing the speech he was to make at the big dinner that was to follow; Nelly sat holding the bag, thinking deep, grave thoughts.

Over the mountain they went and down the other side into the sparkling town where Hosea's big factory belched black smoke. Yet, in spite of the smoke, Weston was a beautiful place with its fine residences, smooth streets and glittering business section.

There was a flock of cars before the Weston house, and Hosea maneuvered the black brute into its place among them. His manager was there and his directors, the president of the bank, prominent club men and women, representatives of all the big firms in town, all gathered to do Hosea honor—an honor in which his wife was to share.

Nelly knew only two persons besides her husband, and during the splendid banquet that followed she felt lonely and a little shy. The food, too, puzzled her. She liked simple home cooking, and these extravagances of food aroused in her a faint distrust. Although she was essentially healthy, she wondered if such a mixture as lobster, alligator pears and strawberry ice could possibly set well.

The banquet lasted for hours, and Nelly was heartily glad when it was over. Hosea's speech had made her more nervous than it had him. A good man, Hosea, her husband for thirty-five years and the father of six children, who were all either married or away from home with affairs of their own.

"Well, Nelly," Hosea said as he helped her into the black car. "That's that. Now I'm going to show you the house I've picked out for you."

It was a splendid house, vast, towering, set in the midst of beautiful grounds. A millionaire had built it and only a millionaire could live in it. It had garage room for Hosea's four cars, a rose pergola, a fountain and a drawing room that could hold seventy people.

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"If we move to Weston Sarah won't go with us," she said. "Why not?" Hosea struck a match on the heel of his shoe and lit his after-supper cigar.

"She won't leave her daughter and grandchildren. I don't blame her. But—I wouldn't know how to keep house without Sarah."

They sat down on the porch, Hosea smoked and Nelly crocheted. A catbird poured out his native imitation from a nearby sycamore.

"Say, you'll miss all this when we get to Weston," Hosea said. He turned and looked at his wife. Her face was averted, but she put up her hand to her cheek.

"Nelly! If you don't want to go tell me so," he said tenderly. "It isn't a question of what I want, dear, it's a question of how I can help you most," she replied.

They sat in long silence. Suddenly Hosea slapped the arms of his chair with his palms.

"I see how it is. You've lived here all your life," he said.

Her hands trembled as she attempted to take a stitch with her crochet-needle. He did understand more than she had ever dreamed he could—that it would be tearing her heart out to leave her home, her old neighbors.

Mrs. Eckert came running across the lawn with an offering of flowers. "I want you to have some of my black tulips, Nelly," she said. Then anxiously stating the real errand: "Did you decide today about going to Weston to live?"

Nelly didn't answer, but Hosea did. "She's going to stay here," he said. "I'm going to stay here, too, all the time I don't have to be attending to business in Weston."

"I'm so glad!" Mrs. Eckert replied. "I've been just about sick all day for fear Nelly would go."

"Hosea is going to me," Nelly said, shakily. "I hate to say it, Helen, but even if I am Hosea Ward's wife I'm just a village woman who loves her neighbors—" she could get no farther.

For Hosea had quietly risen, gone to her and kissed her.

Immense Variety of Colors in the Stars

Poets write of the silver moon, but as a rule the moon's light is as nearly white as it can be.

There was a scare at Bombay when the moon appeared a Cambridge blue color, and later turned vivid green. This freakish color was not due to anything in the moon itself, but to moisture in the atmosphere previous to the breaking of the monsoon season.

Sometimes at sunset in winter, when it is quite clear and freezing hard, the western sky opposite the sunset will show a beautiful pale green instead of blue. When you see this you can be sure the frost will break within twenty-four hours and be followed by heavy rain.

The sun seen through a fog often appears a dull crimson hue. In the Arctic region a halo is sometimes seen around the sun, with three or four mock suns in the halo. This phenomenon has been noticed even in England, and was seen by observers at Tonbridge one winter day twenty-six years ago. Over one mock sun was an inverted rainbow, while all three mock suns were of an intense white.

The real color of the sun is blue. Our atmosphere makes it appear yellow or golden. If you could rise above the earth's atmosphere the sky would appear black and the sun a blazing blue.

Few people except astronomers have ever noticed the amazing variety of colors in the stars. Most of us are aware that Mars is red—it may be that the vegetation of the planet is of that color—but there are other stars much redder. One of the constellations Cepheus has been called the Garnet star, and is almost the color of a ruby.

While the majority of stars shine with a pure white light, there are no fewer than eighty-five of those visible to the naked eye which have tints of red, blue and even lilac.—London Tit-Bits.

Saws Without Teeth

Many persons unfamiliar with industrial advance will be unable to understand that there is such a thing as a toothless saw, but nevertheless smooth-edged metal disks are used extensively for cutting materials which could not be severed by the usual toothed saw. These saws are coming into greater use every day, being made possible by the high speeds which are attained by the use of electricity. One of these saws, revolving at a low rate of speed, would be shattered instantly when applied to a piece of hard metal, but revolving at a very high speed it cuts through steel like a kitchen knife going through a piece of cheese.

Herbal Remedies Some people still use old herbal remedies. I was talking to a field worker whom I knew very well, writes "Looker-On" in the London Daily Chronicle. He said his liver was inclined to be sluggish. "I know what to do," he said. "I shall dig up a root of burdock, scrape it, add a leaf or two of coltsfoot, and put the lot into a cup of tea. That's never failed me yet." "Burdock is often called 'dock.' It grows everywhere. Coltsfoot, too. As my friend says, 'It's cheaper than doctor's stuff.'"

Renovating. His Wife—"We ought to have a new car. This one looks disreputable. Hardy Upton—"Can't afford it. But I'll fix up this old bus—wash it up and put a fresh mortgage on it."

SEEK COMPENSATION FOR PRISON YEARS

Friends Move to Aid Man Wrongfully Jailed.

Madison, Wis.—An effort is under way here to obtain legislative compensation for John A. Johnson, sixty-five, who served ten years in prison for a crime it now generally is believed he did not commit.

Although Johnson confessed in 1911 to the murder of seven-year-old Annie Lemberger, he repudiated his confession just before he entered the gates of Waupun prison.

In 1922 he was pardoned by Gov. E. L. Phillip, who had been convinced the man confessed because of a morbid fear of mob violence.

There are more than 3,000 Madison citizens who now are certain society "robbed" Johnson of ten working years of his life and who have signed petitions asking the legislature to compensate him, as far as possible, for that which was taken.

Johnson, an employee of the city, has aged rapidly and is in none too good health. He still works, but his earning power is small and he and the wife who trusted him during his years of imprisonment are not enjoying the comforts they might have had.

Annie Lemberger, daughter of Martin Lemberger, was put to bed by her mother about nine o'clock the night of September 5, 1911. Several days later her body was found floating in Monona bay. She had been beaten to death.

Johnson was arrested three days later and was questioned by a detective. For hours he maintained that he was innocent—until the detective struck the vulnerable spot.

The officer, falling in all other efforts to make Johnson confess, told him that a mob was outside clamoring for his life.

Saw Man Lynched. Johnson once had seen a man lynched at Darlington and the moment he heard that he was in danger of meeting a similar fate he became a cowering, terrified wreck. He confessed, begged protection, and when arraigned in court pleaded guilty, with the additional plea that he be hurried to prison and saved from the mob.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Johnson and two daughters, Stella and Bertha, testified that Johnson had gone to bed about nine o'clock the night of the murder and never left the house during the night, the man's plea of guilty was accepted and he was sentenced to Waupun for life.

Use X-Ray on Diggers to Halt Diamond Thefts

Cape Town, South Africa.—Observation posts with searchlights and special X-ray apparatus are stated to be among the means which the South African government is adopting to end the diamond smuggling in Namaqualand, in which women are said to be largely employed.

No stones have been produced from the state diggings since last February and the work is not proceeding until all the precautions against illicit diamond smuggling are completed.

The X-ray apparatus is said to be such as to make it possible to detect diamonds on or in a man passing an observer. While smuggling is admitted, the government denies that the stones are coming from the state diggings.

Sweeping of Jewelry Shop Floor Yields Gold

Cincinnati, Ohio.—An effort will be made to recover several hundred and probably thousands of dollars' worth of gold and other precious metals believed to have accumulated under a floor of a jewelry manufacturing firm here during the last quarter century.

The firm will move into a new location soon and officials are going to make sure they remove all their belongings, even to the tiny bits of metals in floor cracks and other inconspicuous parts of the shop.

Employees wash their hands in a sink that has no outlet and about \$1,000 worth of precious metals is recovered this way each year. Sweepings from the floor yield about \$200 worth a month.

Monks Work to Divert Traffic From Monastery

Cumberland, R. I.—The strange atmosphere which pervades the Cistercian monastery will become even more pronounced with the completion of a new stretch of highway under construction here.

Without outside aid, the Trappist monks of the monastery are building a new road, three-quarters of a mile long, to divert traffic from the main highway which now runs close to their retreat.

In carrying out this novel project, the monks are following the example of Henry Ford, who had a similar road constructed to divert traffic from his Wayside inn at Sudbury, Mass.

Will Dress Statue

Kovno, Lithuania.—Kovno's statue of the Greek god, Apollo, will be officially clad in a bathing suit henceforth. When a group of women protested against the statue's comparative nudity, the town council refused to remove the work of art. A compromise to dress the statue in a bathing suit finally was reached.

Eskimo Children Have Toys of Rare Beauty

Eskimo youngsters possess tiny spears and fish hooks cut from walrus bones, small crossbows with ivory-tipped arrows, beautiful little kayaks about a foot long, cleverly fashioned from skins and manned with carved ivory hunters. Each one holds a paddle of bone, a bone harpoon, a wee float of seal skin and delicate hide-lariats.

Little sleds of ivory, only a few inches long, yet perfectly formed, with several ivory dogs hitched with reindeer hide harness, are treasured possessions of Eskimo boys. Deer, whales, bears, seals—all sorts of quarry fish and birds—are carved from pure ivory and given to the children at Yuletide.

Beautiful little ivory birds of the Far North, penguin and the murre, are cut so delicately from ivory as to astonish the examiner.

There are ivory thimbles for the girls, tiny ivory pins for their coarse, black hair, toggles or clasps for fur belts, shopping bags of white fur from the Arctic hare.

Some boys have a marvelous drum made of a thin strip of whalebone bent to form a circle. Both sides are covered with tightly stretched shark skin. Two little walrus bones are drum sticks and no snow igloo can contain the noise that radiates from the instrument.

Many of these toys reach American cities but are sold in curio shops and are far too expensive for Santa Claus to distribute.—Boston Herald.

Investment in Pearls Brought Rich Return

Some years ago a woman received as one of her Christmas presents a pearl necklace from her husband. Not being in opulent circumstances, he was unable to spend more than \$25 for them, but their luster pleased his wife, however, and for some years she wore them many, many times until recently the string broke and she carried them to the same jeweler to be restrung.

She had hardly reached her home when she received a telephone call from the senior partner of the firm, who asked her to call the next morning. To her amazement, she found that what she thought were excellent imitations were the real thing and valued at about \$5,000. They had been sold by an inexperienced salesman, it appeared.

Leaving the jewels she returned home and several days later was the recipient of a letter from the jeweler containing a check for \$1,000 and a box containing another string of pearls worth three or four times as much as the original price paid for her first necklace.—Springfield Union.

First English Bible

John Wycliffe, first man to translate the Bible into English, was sixty years old when he finished his task. The work belongs to the final period of his life, that time during which he was greatly persecuted by both the church and state. The Wycliffe version was addressed to the entire English people, high and low, rich and poor. This is proved by the character of the copies that have survived. About thirty of these remain and some are large folio volumes, handsomely written and illustrated in the best style of the period. Others are plain copies of ordinary size for private persons or monastic libraries.—Detroit News.

Beryllium

The bureau of mines says that beryllium is a rare metal and is found in considerable quantity only in one mineral—beryl, which contains only the most about 5 per cent of beryllium. The process of extracting the metal is expensive and difficult. At present it is quoted at about \$200 per pound. There is no market except for experimental purposes. If there were a definite market it is possible that it could be made for \$15 or less per pound. It is not magnetic. It is a fair conductor of electricity, and is not stronger than good steel. As it is easily oxidized by heat, it would be difficult to cast.

Modern Methods

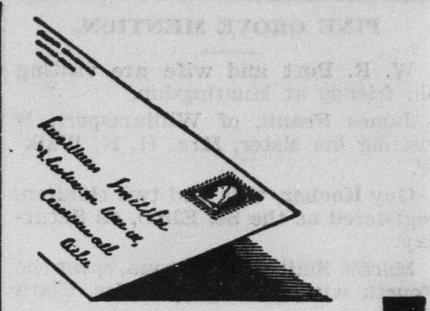
Middlecombe was one of the very latest model villages, and all the houses were brand new. A prospective resident was being shown over a small "Old-world cottage" she hoped to buy by a very enthusiastic estate agent.

"But where is the kitchen?" asked the woman, after making a tour of the place.

"The estate agent consulted his plan of the first floor. Then he looked up quickly. "Oh, you provide that yourself!" he answered blandly. "Any really good shop will sell you a combination kitchenette and dining table."

Ambergris Loses in Value

While ambergris is still quite valuable, it does not possess the value it did years ago. There is not the demand now for it that there used to be. Ambergris was chiefly used in the perfume-making industry, some of the most fragrant odors being produced from the evil-smelling stuff; but the advances of synthetic chemistry in recent years have not only made it possible for chemists to imitate exactly the composition of the compound, but also to produce artificially other and better aromas at the one hundredth part of the cost of ambergris.



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