

Your Health

THE FIRST CONCERN.



At the recent meeting in New York of the American College of Surgeons some of the latest developments in science presented were:

Dr. Truesdale of Fall River, Mass., urged general removal of appendicitis in early childhood—as tonsils are removed now as a preventive of the steady increase in this country of deaths from appendicitis.

Dr. George W. Crile, distinguished physician of Cleveland, told of marvelous operations on the human heart and of nerve surgery, relieving pain, prolonging life. He proves that you are indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made."

Your "power station" in the adrenal glands, just above your kidneys, sometimes drives the sympathetic nervous system too hard, causing "soldier's heart" and other ills.

Also the frontal lobe of your brain, just back of your forehead, in which your intellect dwells, is the "drive driver" of the mind.

Dr. Crile, in twenty different operations, has cut nerves leading from the adrenal glands to the sympathetic nervous system, preventing supply of too much power and producing important cures. It is as though a tired office boy should cut the wire leading from the bell on the desk of his employer. In conclusion he said:

"During the past four centuries the average span of life has lengthened from less than twenty years to more than fifty-eight. But why has expectancy of life halted at 58? This is the principal problem which confronts medical science and the individual today.

"Adult diseases are mostly caused by infections and emotions. Nature combats infections by speeding the body's chemical activity. This increased speed causes strains. The body as a whole may be damaged by the chemical defense."

Dr. Charles H. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., Mayo clinic, urging health instruction in schools and colleges said:

"All the mass destroying diseases have largely come under control, and now each adult must fight his own individual battle. We must learn to take care of our health early in life; otherwise we are going to find our account in the bank of health withdrawn. Do not disregard disagreeable sensations of pain, which is nature's semaphore."

Dr. Mayo paid tribute to newspapers as "the greatest educating, thought-moulding enterprise in the world," and as "bulwarks that stand in support of scientific medicine."

A clinical demonstration of the newly developed alcohol-derived anesthetic, witnessed by the visiting surgeons is herewith described by Leigh Matteson:

HEAVY NATURAL SLEEP INDUCED BY ANESTHETIC AFTER EFFECTS RESULTING FROM ETHER AVOIDED.

In one of the new York hospitals a young woman of 24, suffering from exophthalmic goitre was operated upon.

The anesthetic used in this extremely dangerous case was averted of ordinary alcohol, first altered by chemical processes three years ago by a German physician.

Since then it has been used in operations on some 300,000 persons in Germany, and, in recent months, on about 175,000 surgical patients in this country and Canada.

This anesthetic had been administered to the young woman, 15 minutes before she was wheeled into the surgical amphitheatre of the hospital. She did not know it had been administered to her in her room.

She came into the amphitheatre apparently in a heavy natural sleep. She did not breathe heavily or bubble from the mouth as most persons do when under the inhalation of anesthetics, ether and gas. Her breathing was natural, her expression unagonized.

As the new anesthetic is known as a "basal narcotic" ether or other gases are usually administered to bring about complete relaxation. A cone was placed over the sleeping face and three drams of ether was administered to bring about this complete anesthesia.

This amount of ether is not enough in ordinary circumstances to make a person drowsy. Then the anesthesiologist stepped away, instead of standing by to reapply gas as in the usual inhalation method of anesthesia. For 45 minutes, the surgeon of international repute, who performed the operation, expounded his methods and deftly did his work. Not once was a pain response noted in the patient.

With this new anesthetic there is no nausea, which usually accompanies ether operation. There is only the actual shock of the operation to distress the patient.

And, perhaps most striking of all, the patient does not remember anything in connection with the operation or the administration of the anesthetic.

The new chemical produces complete amnesia, forgetfulness, from about two minutes before the anesthetic is administered to a few minutes after awakening. Only hyoscine (twilight sleep) produces similar results.

All the business of watching doctors place the ether cone over the face, and memories of the operating room equipment and occupants are avoided.

In the case of this young woman, the new anesthetic was used partly for the purpose of preventing the shock of these visions, as such patients are over-sensitized by their disease.

In cases of exophthalmic goitre (literally, the goitre that makes the eyes bulge from the face), the bulk of the abnormally swollen thyroid gland must be excised, cut away, from the throat.

The disease gland has poisoned the blood stream and set up palpitations of the heart. Ordinarily the pulse beat is 80 per minute. In these goitre cases rates of 200 per minute are recorded. The rate has to be counted by machines.

The victims in advanced stages lose weight, grow nervous and irritable. A clink of a glass against a pitcher is enough to send the pulse rate up 100 beats.

Inhalation anesthetics often cause coughing spells in the unconscious state. This lead is taken off the heart by the new chemical.

In addition to all these features, a chemical was reported recently that has the property of being an antidote to the new anesthetic.

This antidote is epinephrine, commonly used in jellies for colds of the nose. Administered in the veins of a patient under the new anesthetic, the individual will "wake" to normal sleep. This antidote is important when patients relax to a point where they "swallow their throat" and strangle.

During the operation there was not even a faint symptom of strangulation, although the anesthesia was complete.

The new product is ordinary grain alcohol with three hydrogen atoms removed from its chemical chain and three atoms of bromine, an element added.

—Vote for John L. Wetzel for Register. He is a fine christian gentleman who has every requisite for the office. If he had nothing more than the fact that he is a brother of Frank we think Centre county would be recognizing a debt it owes the Wetzels if it were to select John for Register. The Wetzels, Frank, aided by John, have devoted their lives to luring the boys of the county from probable mischief into the elevating influences of music.

DOE DEER UNDER 40lbs WILL BE ILLEGAL GAME

Although a weight limit of 40 pounds, with entrails removed, has been set for antlerless deer during the coming season, the Game Commission is hoping that hunters will prove their sportsmanship by making an honest effort to keep within the 60 pound weight limit which was prescribed during special deer seasons of previous years.

The 40 pound limit, according to Charles G. Stone, secretary of the Commission, was established primarily for the purpose of meeting the sportsman's half way.

Inasmuch as everyone knows the difficulty of judging the size and weight of a running deer, the Commission is of the opinion that the reduction of the weight limit to 40 pounds will be more than ample protection for the hunter who is likely to misjudge his quarry. Mr. Stone believes that deer hunters for the most part will appreciate this attitude on the part of the Board, and will do everything in their power to effect the killing of only such antlerless deer as are of good size and weight. If hunters concentrate on the larger animals there will be very few does weighing less than 50 or 60 pounds taken; also, fewer violations are likely to occur.

—Vote for D. A. McDowell for Recorder. That position would fix a man who is physically incapable of doing anything but clerical work up for life. His opponent is young, physically fit and sitting pretty in a good job that he can hold as long as he wants it.

COLLEGE PRESIDENT WILL HEAD STATE COUNCIL

Appointment of president Ralph D. Hetzel, of the Pennsylvania State College, as chairman of the Greater Pennsylvania Council was announced last week by Governor Pinchot.

Dr. Hetzel will head an executive committee of fifteen and a general committee of 150 to be appointed later to carry out the provisions of an act of the last Legislature for this group to promote the economic, social, industrial, agricultural, educational, civic and recreational welfare of the State and its citizens.

Direction of the council activities is in the hands of Dr. Charles Reitel, formerly of the Universities of Pennsylvania and Pittsburgh, who was appointed last January.

In cooperating with this movement Dr. Hetzel sees an unusual opportunity "to perform a constructive public service." He will, of course, continue his duties as president of Penn State, and his record of 25 years in land grant or public college service gives a most adequate background for assistance with this state-wide project.

—Vote for Spearly and Brumgar for County Commissioners. Let us have men managing our business who will manage it for us instead of whatever political machine happens to be in power.

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

(Continued from page 2, Oct. 2.)

least his every thought isn't for Gloria these days," she informed herself—and her conscience.

In the meantime November drew toward its customary close. Warm days and cold, sunshiny, rain, snow and sleet. Joan ignored her mother's pleas that she wear overcoats and went her customary way. She was breaking her successor in. The latter was competent—but homely. Joan had felt that for her peace of mind—the successor, not Joan's—she should be.

Then the last week. Thanksgiving and after that only two more days.

"What—what does your mother think of your marriage?" asked Mike abruptly, on the next to the last day.

Joan knew what was in his mind—something he could not say himself. "I haven't told her," she confessed. "She thinks I'm leaving to better myself."

This was at least part truth. Joan had merely told her mother that office conditions made her want a change.

Mike, accordingly, got nowhere with that question. And then came Joan's very last day. Morning and afternoon, and then five o'clock. Joan was through.

The day was bitter cold and she had a nasty cold in her head. Her nose was red. It would be at a time when—being feminine—she wanted to look her best.

"As if it mattered," she reminded herself drearily.

The farce she had staged was played out. She'd say good-bye to Mike and—

Mike was in his office. He came to his feet as she entered ready for the street. "I—just can't believe you're leaving," he told her hoarsely, and yet as he minded terribly.

Joan took a firm hold of herself. If he played that record she'd weep. "I think you'll find Miss Bacon is going to be very good," she assured him practically—Miss Bacon being her successor.

"I suppose so," he admitted, with no enthusiasm. "But when I think of all the years you've been with me. Why, we've practically built this up together."

Joan choked at little. She couldn't help it.

"I feel as if I were losing my right arm," he went on. "It was going to be darned hard, being practical. But Joan did her best. She reached out an unglorified hand."

"I'll—I'll always remember," she said, although that wasn't at all what she meant to say. "You've always been sweet and—and I wish you everything good in the world."

"And I wish you the same," he said. "If you ever need anything I have or can get for you—"

He meant it, too. But the one thing she wanted from him was not his to give. The girl in the silver frame had it.

"I may need a reference some day, you never can tell," she said. She could tell—but not him just now.

"If you ever need a position you come straight to me. Your job will—"

"No; that wouldn't be fair to Miss Bacon," said Joan.

He was still holding her hand. "Let me hear from you, anyway; perhaps I can be of assistance in other ways. If he—the man you're going to marry—wants to get paid for, for instance. He—I suppose he's not here in—"

"Oh, no! he's in Chicago," said Joan. She wriggled her hand a little. She could not stand for much more of this. "I—good-bye and good luck!"

He said nothing for a second. Instead, he looked as if for two cents he'd kiss her good-bye. But Joan did not offer the two cents. Instead, she sneezed. "I would," she wailed inwardly. She retrieved her hand, reached for her handkerchief.

"I was lying on the couch in the living room."

"You go right back there," he commanded.

As it was evident he was coming, too, Joan obeyed. He picked up the comforter and tucked her in.

"I—I was afraid you might have left for Chicago," he said.

Joan had the grace to blush. He, however, did not guess why. He merely dropped to his knees beside the couch and—Joan began to glow and palpitate, and that had nothing to do with her cold.

"I—I simply can't let you marry a bootlegger—or anybody," he was saying desperately. "I can't!"

Joan said nothing for a second; an exquisite second. Then, "This is so sudden," she murmured, using inextinguishably Joan, even at such a moment. "Especially when—when you're engaged to somebody else yourself."

"I'm not," he said violently. "That's all off. That was only a crazy infatuation. I didn't even know her."

He paused, but Joan said nothing. So: "I suppose I sound crazy," he said, "but I can't help it. I can't help feeling that you are spoiling your life. It's not just selfishness. I felt that way even when I thought I was in love with Gloria. Why, Gloria herself said—"

"Gloria herself said?" suggested Joan helpfully.

"That the way I fussed about your getting married sounded as if I were in love with you and not with her," he blurted out. "And—last night she said that my giving you a check for a thousand dollars simply proved it. I—I never dreamed she could be that way. You can't imagine the things she said."

Joan could—perfectly. "I never slept a wink last night," Mike went on. "I had to come. I know I sound like a raving maniac. But—"

He rose and Joan felt panic. Suppose he should rush off as impetuously as he had come, before he knew there wasn't any bootlegger? "I—there isn't any bootlegger," she confessed hesitantly. "I made him up. I couldn't stay around and hear you rave about her. And I—"

"Their eyes met.

"You—you couldn't stand hearing me rave about her," repeated Mike. "Why, that—does that mean that—?"

He took a swift step toward her, gathered her in.

"You certainly jump at conclusions, but they're good ones," babbled Joan.

He tilted her face upward masterfully, with obvious intent.

"You'll catch my cold," warned Joan.

As if anything could stop him! Or Joan either, once he got started. Else she would have caught the sound of the back door opening and suspected her mother had returned from church.

Her mother had. She was moving toward the living room. When she got there she intended to say: "I worried so about you that I had to come back."

Her mouth was open to say it when she arrived at the threshold. But she did not say it, although her mouth opened wider still. For there was Joan wrapped up—milk pajamas and all—in the arms of a man. She had no idea who he was, never having seen Mike.

"She'll probably sue me for breach of promise," Mike was saying.

"She would," Joan retorted. "But what of it?"

"Joan!" exploded her mother. Joan, without making the slightest effort to free herself, turned a flushed face toward her mother.

FATHER ASKS PARDON FOR AN ERRING SON

Abraham B. Merker, publisher of New York city, appeared before the Pennsylvania State Board of Pardons on Wednesday of last week, to plead for the release of his only child, Lottie Merker, 23, from Rockview penitentiary.

Young Merker was convicted of larceny in Beaver county last March 2nd, and was sentenced to serve one to two years in the penitentiary and on May 25 escaped from the prison farm. Upon his recapture he was sentenced to serve two to four years, his sentence being doubled for escaping.

The young man told authorities that he decided to leave the school where he was a student and started to hike westward. Upon reaching Beaver he became stranded and conceived the idea of breaking a jewelry store window, taking some jewelry and surrendering to the police to receive food and shelter. He executed his plan, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to the penitentiary for larceny. He assumed the name of Murray Wilson to prevent his parents from learning of his whereabouts or predicament.

Soon after his incarceration, he said he feared his parents would hire detectives to trace him and would find him in the penitentiary. This fear led to escape from the prison farm.

The father said Mrs. Merker, the prisoner's mother, suffered a nervous breakdown from worry over the disappearance of her son and had to be confined in a sanatorium. He added that he was able to care for his son, and would be glad to provide shelter, care and employment for him if the board permits his release. He said his son had never been away from home before and admitted that he had not realized the seriousness of his offense when he committed the larceny.

—Vote for S. Claude Herr for Frothingtonary. A competent and courteous official is entitled to a second term and he certainly is that.

"I do hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said Mrs. Newlywed as she paid the milkman.

"Yes, madam," replied the milkman, "of course, we keep them in a pasture."

"I'm so glad," gushed Mrs. Newlywed. "I have been told that pasteurized milk is much the best."

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