

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW P. CURRIER, M. D.
SUBACIDITY OF THE STOMACH.—II.

No organ of the body gives more trouble and distress than the stomach, though it also gives much pleasure and satisfaction.

Its troubles range from the simplest dyspepsia to the serious ulcer and the fatal cancer.

Especially after maturity, when people are constantly indulging in all sorts of improprieties in eating and drinking, the stomach is prone to be rebellious and refuse to submit to maltreatment.

The stomach is at work so many hours out of the twenty-four, it is not strange it should give out and show its exhaustion by disease.

All kinds of food pass into this organ, but it digests only the proteins or albuminoids.

The means secured by the glands give moisture and alkalies to the food mass, and the hydrochloric acid and pepsin digest or liquify it.

These substances may be in excess, they may be deficient and in rare cases they may be absent.

Sub-acidity, or hypochylia, means there is not enough of them for digestive purposes, just as in super-acidity there is too much.

Sub-acidity is less common than super-acidity, occurs oftener with those who have some kind of nervous disorder and is unattended by inflammation or gastritis.

It comes and goes and alternates with periods when there is too much hydrochloric acid.

This fact is determined by examination of the contents of the stomach removed when digestion is at its height.

Connected with sub-acidity is a condition known as "atony" of the stomach, which means that the muscular coat is more or less paralyzed and does not contract and churn its contents about, which is an essential part of the digestive process.

The conditions causing sub-acidity may continue until they result in cancer at all is secreted, which would mean

that some of the tubules which produce gastric juice have atrophied or withered, and will be of no further use.

If there is only moderate sub-acidity, there may be no urgent symptoms of any kind; but if the condition persists, anaemia may develop, with possible termination in cancer; hence the matter must not be neglected.

The ordinary symptoms are discomfort and a sense of weight and fullness when digestion is going on, want of appetite, belching, headache, dizziness and constipation.

In treating it, the general condition should be improved by simple food, a glass of hot water before meals, sleep in abundance, out-door exercises, sunshine, and freedom from worry if possible.

Should the disease become very troublesome, the contents of the stomach should be examined and a course of treatment instituted by one who is familiar with stomach diseases.

Questions and Answers.

M. S. A.—Am a girl of sixteen and troubled with pimples and enlarged pores on my face. I walk to business four times a day and am not an excessive meat eater. Can you tell me what I can do to relieve this trouble?

Answer—You are suffering from acne, which is one of the most common and persistent troubles from which young people suffer. Very many methods of treatment have been used for this trouble, including the use of vaccines; but I do not know of anything which can be said to be universally helpful. The important thing to remember is to have a very simple diet; to take plenty of exercise; and to keep the bowels freely open.

J. G.—B. P. F.—If you will send me some acid reply will be sent to you in response to your inquiry.

ALLEGED HUMOR

Umson leaned back in his chair at the dinner table, held a corky between the thumb and first finger of his right hand, and eyed it closely.

Mrs. Umson looked but did not smile. Pinching the corky and moving it up and down as if to carefully ascertain its weight, Umson continued his inspection.

By this time Mrs. Umson was glowing.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you are going to poke fun at my cooking again."

"Far from it," her husband answered.

"Then what in the world are you doing with that corky?"

"I was testing its resiliency—"

"Its what?"

"And also taking note of its strength."

"Isn't that making fun of it?"

"My dear, you may have unwittingly made a great discovery."

"How's that?"

"This thing may not be much of a success as a cork, but it might make a wonderful substitute for a rubber heel."

On the Transport.

Bill—This blinkin' sea's awful!

Arry—Oh, I dunno. It's nice to see the froth on something these days!

Husbandry.

Bolby—"When a single woman believes in practicing economy she husbands her means."

Dawson—"And when a married woman believes that economy should be practiced she means her husband!"

A policeman named Pat was called before his superior officer and summarily discharged. Naturally Pat wanted to know the reason for such precipitous action.

"A store was looted in your district last night," severely explained the superior. "Did you meet anybody on your beat?"

"Shure, an 'Ol did," answered Pat. "Ol met wun man who stopp'd an' talked wid me, an' told me he was goin' to open a jewelry store."

"That is just what he did," declared the superior. "He opened it and got away with about \$5,000 worth of goods."

"Well," thoughtfully commented Pat, "he might have been a thief, but begorra he was no prevaricator."

A Distant Relative.

Dodson—So your name is Watson?

Related to Bill Watson?

Datson—Very distinctly. He was my mother's first child and I am her tenth.

Old Mother Hubbard.

She went to the cupboard.

As always had been her habit; But bones there were none.

Reef coats too much "mon."

So she made the poor dog a rabbit.

KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

ALOYSIUS P. McGINNIS: "SURE! WHO EVER HEARD OF A FARM WITHOUT A COW? WHATEVER! Y'SEE THIS COW, SHE'S A PIPPIN!"

SHE GIVES SIXTEEN QUARTS OF RICH MILK A DAY! OH SHE'S A REGULAR COW CLARICE!

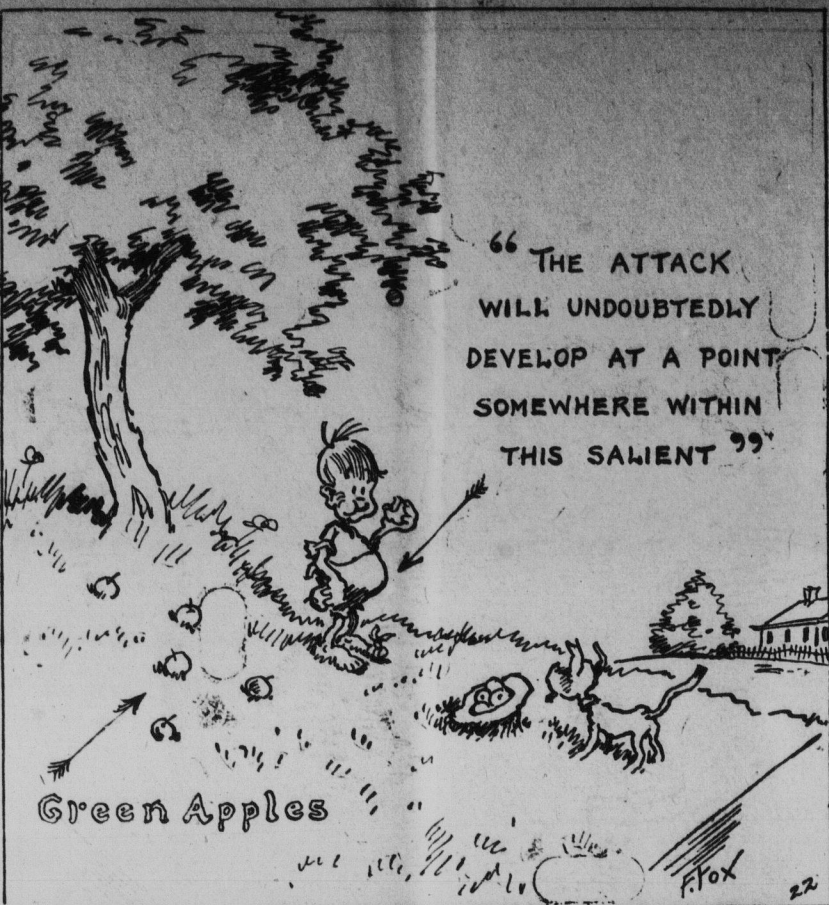
SIXTEEN QUARTS A DAY EH? LET ME SEE THIS COW!

TH QUESTION IS HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO GET THOSE SIXTEEN QUARTS? NONE OF US KNOW HOW TO MILK A COW!

BY GOLLY! I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!

POP.

Illustrated War Phrase



INDIAN PRINCESS AIDING PALEFACES

Wife of Richard Croker, Former Tammany Chief, Active in Red Cross.

Palm Beach, Fla., Sept. 26.—When the young Indian princess married the venerable political chieftain all the world recognized a supreme triumph of romance. And the romance has lasted. Richard Croker looks younger and happier than he did twenty years ago. And Princess Ketaw lives a kind of life. She may not believe in fairy tales, but she believes in some Indian equivalent.

Many, many years ago, when Andrew Jackson's task of keeping the world safe for democracy consisted chiefly in trying to keep the Southern Indians in a pleasant frame of mind, the Seminoles roamed the fields of Florida. It was not until the time of the Seminole war that the Crokers had portions of Georgia and Alabama for their hunting grounds and they had a lively notice that the paleface was not to be tolerated in that neck of the woods.

It was quite true that the Seminoles and the Crokers did not always agree on tribal matters, but they were in agreement on the one point that Old Hickory's legions constituted the chief menace to mankind, as mankind appeared through Indian eyes.

Society and the Princess.

But the other evening Florida, so long away from the day of the Seminole and the Jacksonian troopers who pursued them, found the chief figures in society grouped in the most fashionable hotel in the state's most fashionable center to hear the descendant of an old Cherokee chief tell of Indian glory and of tribal glory for the benefit of what do you think?

The Red Cross.

This prelude introduces a new and remarkable combination of Indian romance and Florida enchantment, for the Indian woman who made possible an added fund for the greatest of paleface humanitarian activities is the wife of Richard Croker, famous the world over as the one-time boss of Tammany Hall. In his political career he was known as "The Chief" and the bill from which he operated is known as the Wigwam. Its officers have titles borrowed from the Indians, and its councils are based upon the customs that obtained among the tribes when the first families of America were in the ascendancy and the tomahawk was the busy Bertha of frontier warfare. So that it is not so strange after all that the old leader, now retired

from active life, should be passing his days in a Florida home, south of West Palm Beach that is known as the Wigwam, and that a young and comely squaw, a daughter of the famous old Cherokee, should be bossing the boss in his new and interesting surroundings.

But, however, that may be, it was the surprise of a year for New York when Croker married at the age of 73 a talented young woman who was 50 years his junior. When he went out of Tammany Hall to leave the reins of power to his son-in-law, he had established an estate. Racing claimed his attention chiefly, with now and then a trip over the water to see how the boys were making out with the new government that dealt kindly with Indians.

It was on one of these trips that he met Miss Bula Benton, a young woman who was born in Muscogee, Okla. She was the descendant of an old chief, and her name in Cherokee was Ketaw Sequoyah. The hand of time and of the government had dealt kindly with her, the poor Indian. Under government grant he had come to be the richest citizen of America—and of the world, for there was more per capita wealth among the Indians of the territory than among any other folk on the whole globe. It so far exceeded the per capita wealth of the paleface that he seemed a mere pauper in comparison.

Career of "Miss Edmondson."

Thus it happened that his children had advantages that were only measured by their capacity to accept them, for culture follows the dollar as surely as the constitution follows the flag. And Miss Edmondson had cultivated a voice of rare sweetness, had made artistic progress, and was a poet and a lecturer at an age when most girls are hardly starting.

She had been at Boston studying music following her graduation from the Wisconsin University, and had already won note as a lecturer on Indian folk lore, much of which she had learned from her uncle, T. A. Tully. Croker was at once attracted to her. She told him of the customs of her people and he listened for hours as she gave him an insight into the way real Indians ran politics in the days before Tammany came into being.

The old man and the young man heard what was said in the other. When the young man finished his talk the old man went to them as an ambassador and learned what they thought should be done. Then he returned and reported to the old men, and they took the rough edges from

the suggestions and put them into effect.

"It was wise," commented the old Tammany leader, "because old men always want to do things in the same old way."

Falls in Love.

Then, verifying his statement, the chief proceeded to fall in love in the good, old-fashioned way, and asked the descendant of the Crokers to share his home and his fortune. And she did. The wedding took place in November of 1914. They went abroad to his Irish estate for a time, and then the lure of America called them home.

Still the Indian maiden, Mrs. Croker had garments fashioned after the traditions of her tribe. She wore them only at the home place, and she likewise demonstrated her skill with bow and arrow just to show that the art was not lost. At the Florida place they have a yacht, automobiles and horses, but they often leave their horses, as they go for long side trips, and walk along the roads hand-in-hand.

More than once the Indian nerve has shown in emergencies. Once when an automobile she was driving threatened injury to a pedestrian, she promptly swung the wheel and ran her car into a telegraph pole, regardless of danger to herself, but mindful only of the safety of the person in the pathway.

And in the twilight she continued teaching the old chief the ways of the wigwam, and among them the nine Indian commandments that came before the days of Moses, probably, for they make up the common law of the redskin life and no man knows when or where they originated.

Here are the commandments as the chief's squaw taught them to him in the palatial wigwam on the Florida estate:

Indian Commandments.

- 1.—It was a sin to neglect the old in any manner, or to refuse to share with them the fruits of the chase or the products of the fields, and it was especially sinful to neglect or disregard aged or infirm parents.
- 2.—To speak in derision or lightly of anyone who might be lame, blind, idiotic, insane—cripples in any manner or to refuse to give them aid or shelter.
- 3.—To refuse to share food or shelter with any one, who might apply for either, or to fail to care for the sick, dear to his wife, and together they are drifting along over life's rapids toward the sunset.
- 4.—To break any treaty or agreement made at the council fire when the pipe of peace had been smoked, or after the parties making the treaty had partaken of food together.
- 5.—To harm any woman.
- 6.—To kill animals for any other purpose than for food or covering and for

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON
TOO MUCH HAPPINESS.

How much happiness we crowd out of our lives by trying to crowd too much in.

A club of young married women came down to a cottage near ours which is owned by one of their number one day last week. Their program was to open it up for the day and have an all day picnic. They had planned half a dozen things to do—bathing, lunch, a walk, a short motor boat trip, etc. Had they had the full day at their disposal that would not have been so bad, but they did not arrive until ten o'clock, after a two hour motor trip down, and they had to start back in the middle of the afternoon as several of the girls had dinner engagements. The result was that they rushed steadily all day. I want with them so I don't know how much they enjoyed it, but I am sure I should not have. And then think of going home and dressing for a dinner engagement! All in the name of pleasure! Surely if they had planned half as much they would all have had a better time.

Both Work and Pleasure Spoiled.

When you are hurrying you are always thinking of the thing you are going to do next instead of the thing you are doing. The result, if it is a question of pleasure, is that you never savor the present and really enjoy yourself. When it is a question of work, you never concentrate wholly on the work of the moment and hence never put your full efficiency to use.

A Poorly Phrased Letter.

I was writing a letter in a great hurry the other day. My impatient mind pushed ahead of what I was going to write next. I could feel myself thinking of the next sentence to the detriment of the present one. The result was a very poorly phrased letter.

Every time you try to crowd too much into your life either of work or play you crowd peace and poise out of it.

Does It Pay to Break the Box?

Of course there never was a time the temptation was so great to crowd oneself. One wants to do so many new important things and one does not want to give up one's pleasure altogether. Which is sane and normal. But suppose you wanted to get a larger number of important things into a box or basket or suitcase than would go in, which would be better—to compromise and give up the least important or to break the container so that it would hold nothing at all?

Just Folks

THE TEXAS RANGER.

I've heard the English Tommy make his after-dinner speech, I've heard him tell what happened when the shell burst to shreds. I've heard the brave Canadian describe the tangled heap of men who died for freedom at that little town of Ypres. And I've heard a gallant Frenchman in his cap of blue and red—And each one of them has told me what some Texan did or said.

Oh it seems some son of Texas, long before our flag was there. Heard the summons to the trenches, and went out to do and dare. It may be he heard the shooting, it may be alone at night. As he rode the misty ranges that he saw the star shells bright. But the fact is that he travelled hand and water, rail and ship. And the Germans found him waiting, with his gun upon his hip.

Every mile of trench has had him, every dugout's heard him swear. Not a raid or fight has happened, but the raw-boned Yank was there. And those heroes of the battles, who've come back to us, relate how the ranger out of Texas won new laurels for his state. And they thrill us with his courage or his humor never hid. As they make a point of something that a cowboy said or did.

There are thousands of 'em going, these are thousands of his kind. That have quit the days of pleasure, and have left their joys behind. Every star that gilds Old Glory has her finest on the way. And the raw-boned Texas ranger has good company today. In the trenches and the craters, till at last the Germans quit. They will scatter Yankee humor and will show their Yankee wit.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN SOUTH AMERICA WILL BE RESUMED

Preparing For Work When Seas Are Opened Again — document Is Offered Youths—German Kultur Through Scholarships To Argentine's Young Men.

The Neue Zuercher Zeitung is informed that according to all reports the German economic organizations interested in trade with South America are very busily occupied in making preparations for the re-establishment of trade connections with that continent directly the seas are again open to traffic. It is realized in Germany that South America is today the sole economic sphere not confessedly hostile, and it is felt that everything must be done to prevent its falling economically into the hands of the United States.

The protection of growing crops or human life.

7.—To tell a falsehood, even though it be of the most innocent character.

8.—To show cowardice in meeting any kind of danger or to shrink from exposure, pain, suffering, sickness or death.

9.—To take human life unless it was a protection to himself.

To the statement of these savage doctrines by as fair a savage as ever came from the tepee, Croker gave grave attention. Surely they offered no code of procedure that one of a newer faith might not accept, and they formed but a small part of the Indian lore that came to him from his young wife.

Persons who have seen them in their Florida home say that they make an ideal couple. The frost of seventy-eight years has not brought any chill to Richard Croker. He is able to take part in outdoor exercises that are so dear to his wife, and together they are drifting along over life's rapids toward the sunset.

Mrs. Croker is fervently interested in the war. Her sympathies and patriotism are shown in devoted labor for the Red Cross and for every agency contributing to victory that comes to her hands.

Commission to Visit.

The commission to be sent to South America will get into touch with leading politicians and also with the German residents. As a market for German manufactures and as a source of raw materials for America now enjoys an importance far above that of pre-war days.

For the purpose of carrying out this scheme, the German government has ordered thousands of marks to be collected from those interested, and it is expected that there will be no difficulty in obtaining the amount required. But, the Neue Zuercher Zeitung remarks, it is open to question whether the Germans have sufficiently made allowance for certain difficulties.

Mistress—So your matrimonial life was very unhappy? What was the trouble? December wedded to May? Chloe Johnson—Lan' sakes, no, ma'am! It was Labor Day wedded as de Day ob Rest.

The Millennium.

The Dominie—"I'm glad to see you realize what our country is fighting for. This war will make the world a better place to live in."

Bethsura life it will, boss! De wimmin are beginning to do all de work."

—By POP.

WEDDING.

ANNE SAID MEET ME AT SEVEN O'CLOCK BUT FIND HER NOT.

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