

YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. GURBER, M. D. CONSTIPATION.

None of the ills to which human beings are subject has more victims than constipation.

It is therefore a matter into which everybody ought to look rather carefully.

The intestinal tract or tube is that portion of the human machinery in which starches and fats are digested and dissolved, and digested foodstuff absorbed and its proceeds nourish and sustain the body, and it also is the sewer through which flows the current of waste matter.

It is very important in any kind of a sewer that this current should move freely and without obstruction and the human sewer is no exception to this rule.

When obstruction occurs in the sewer of your own you are well aware that the consequence is an effusion of foul gases into your house, overflow of offensive material and injury and damage in a variety of ways.

In the same manner when the human sewer is obstructed, foul gases are generated, waste and poisonous material is absorbed and distributed over the body of the blood current, skin diseases break out, you are beset over with pain in your abdomen and the resisting power of your body to infectious and other diseases is lowered.

Many diseases which have a fatal ending trace their beginning to this common and so often neglected ailment—constipation.

It is quite as important to keep the intestines free from poisonous material as it is to supply it with the food which is essential to life.

What is the situation—here is a tube thirty feet long the last third of it the large intestine, the reservoir for waste matter, two or three times the caliber of the other two thirds, the small intestine.

In the large intestine also are valves and folds, greatly increasing its capacity while the entire intestinal tube is so elastic it can easily be made to hold gallons of material.

If this material is poisonous you can make it take a piece of sugar from her lips.

"I could do that," said Jack audibly. The fair lion tamer overheard.

"Could you?" said she. "Rather—r-r!" said Jack, jauntily. "Quite as well as the lion!"

"And so you are the noble fellow who rescued my wife at the risk of your life?" said Mr. Tightfit.

"Take this quarter as an expression of my thankfulness." "All right, gov'ner, thankye," said the hero, and then he added softly: "You know better'n I do what your old girl's worth."

Taking Joy Out of Life. The fellow who grins when he sees you going hunting.

The fellow who reminds you of that four bits you owe him.

The fellow who sticks in a big pot on nothing, when you have two kings showing, and catches the big boy on the last card.

The fellow who says some of your paragraphs sound mighty reminiscent.

The fellow who insists on telling you the cute things his kids say.

The fellow who carries a snapshot of his girl in his watch and wants your candid opinion of her.

The Dog Hill church has a new member in the person of St. Francis, but a new bench will not be added until it is seen whether he is going to stick.

BETS HE'LL WALK 100 MILES IN DAY WHEN DAN O'LEARY, the famous old pedestrian, made a peculiar bet with well known Chicago physician.

They are both possessors of \$100 worth of Liberty bonds. Dan was telling the physician that he is 77 years of age, and he added that on June 29, 1921, which would be his eightieth birthday, he intended to walk 100 miles inside of twenty-four hours.

Dan has already walked 100 miles in eighteen hours. The physician, who does not want his name made public, told Dan that no man ever lived who, in his eightieth year, could walk a distance of 100 miles in twenty-four hours.

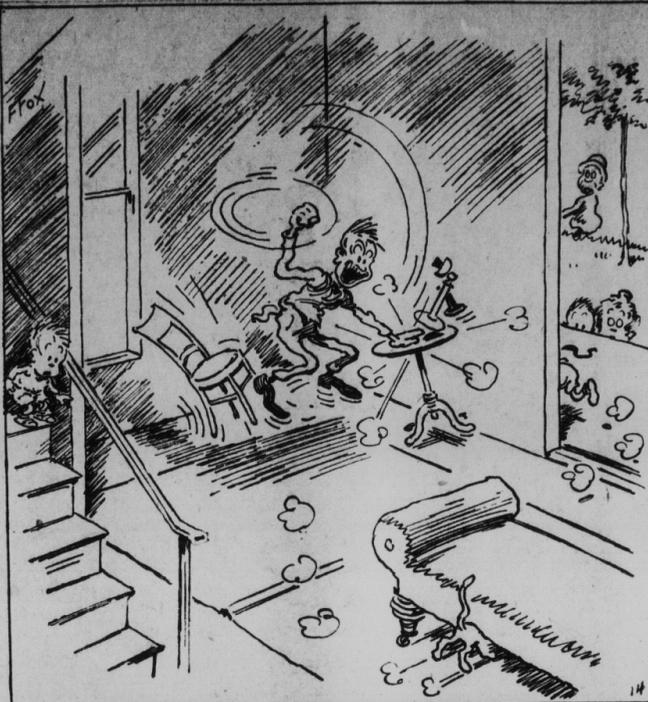
The argument ended in their wagering their \$100 Liberty bonds. Should Dan die before the date named the bet is off.

NOT YET. NO, Maude dear; we have never heard of any universities growing so old as to lose their faculties.

A battleship cruiser built almost entirely by women was recently launched in the River Clyde.

Miss Margot Potts, of the Home Economics Department of State College, has charge of the food demonstrations in Philadelphia public schools.

When the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Goes To Call Up a Number and the Phone Book Is Not There.



Arctic Explorer Finds The World All Changed to Him

Stefansson, Back From Five Years in Frozen North, Overshadowed By War—Where Thousands Bade Him Bon Voyage, Few Met Him When He Returned.

Rudolph M. Anderson, a zoologist of the University of Iowa; Capt. Robert Bartlett, former Rear Admiral R. E. Peary's noted sailing master; Dr. Forbes Mackey, a prominent Canadian scientist and explorer, and James Murray, a well known biologist.

Party Broken Up. Some of Stefansson's party—about seventy—had died in the cold North, others have come back to the United States and Canada while a few have come "outside" and have gone on to France where they are fighting in the Allied ranks.

However, it is probable that Stefansson cared little whether he came back alone or whether he was greeted on his arrival or not. He is a big man, too big, probably, to notice such things. If he did notice it, he gave it little thought. His heart and soul are tied up in his Arctic work, not in public acclaim.

War has crowded Stefansson off the front pages and almost out of the minds of the people of the outside world from which he isolated himself for so many years.

When Stefansson left the European continent he had not been lighted. So the outside world followed the explorer with great deal of interest. The world still remembers how he reached Nome, Alaska, and split his party up into two sections, one under his personal command on an old whaling steamer, the Karluk, and the other on the steamer Alaska under Dr. Anderson.

The world will never forget the tragic story of the Karluk and Stefansson's disappearance. The Karluk, it will be recalled, was caught in the ice soon after it rounded Point Barrow. Stefansson, thinking the boat frozen for the winter, as he planned it would be, went ashore to hunt for meat.

When he and the live men he took with him returned found the Karluk gone. Later news came down from the north that the Karluk was carried westward in the ice and crushed near Wrangell Island, off Siberia's northern coast. Captain Bartlett, in command of the Karluk, led part of his men ashore and over the ice and snow on a thrilling journey back to Nome in search of help. The other men left the ship and some were never heard from again. Eleven of the Karluk's party of twenty-four perished.

The world admired Stefansson's pluck when, after finding the Karluk gone, he set out eastward instead of returning home, as some explorers probably would have done had they found their ship and equipment lost. The loss of the boat didn't seem to bother Stefansson. For a period everybody

thought he was lost, but later he turned up at Coronation Gulf, where he found Dr. Anderson's party. Later he purchased part of a new outfit at Point Barrow, up at the corner of the continent, and continued his work.

About that time, early in the year 1914, two things happened. Stefansson disappeared into the barren white lands marked "unexplored" on the map, and the war started. The world turned its eyes from the north and instead of trying to follow the explorer, it watched the German hordes sweep across Belgium and into northern France.

During the next several years more was heard of the war and less of Stefansson. The nifty Canadian was busying himself with his assigned task, that of exploring the unknown areas north of Canada and adding land to the domains of the British Empire.

He bought more ships, among them the Polar Bear, the Mary Sachs and the Challenge, and established a base at Cape Kellett, Banks Land. In 1915 he planted the Union Jack on brand new lands northwest of Prince Patrick Land. First reports said Stefansson found a new continent. On his arrival last week Stefansson asserted they were only islands, one about as large as Ireland. He also found coal and copper in abundance, he studied the natives, the plants, the channels, the tides, and busied himself generally.

He was not out to find the pole; he was out to work. And now Stefansson has come back. After juggling French war names for over four years, it is probable part of the world has to pause a minute to recall the explorer's venturesome exploits. But Stefansson evidently expected this, for one of his first questions, according to the Vancouver newspapers, was whether or not there was enough interest in his tale to warrant much of a news story.

As a news story Stefansson probably has been exhausted. News of most of his findings was sent out ahead of him. Some news came from Herby Island up off Canada, other reports from Fort Yukon, where the explorer was ill last spring and others from Nome, Fairbanks, Dawson and other points fringing the southern Arctic.

To Help in War Work. Although the war had not started when he left and although it robbed him of his old positions in the newspapers, Stefansson intends to plunge into civilization's great task and by giving lectures for the benefit of the Red Cross help along the cause. Probably Stefansson has his old good health—typhoid and pneumonia almost

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

MIRACLES

Does the truly miraculous character of many of the things we have come to take for granted ever come to you in a flash?

We have recently had electric lights put in our summer home. The first morning that we cooked our breakfast on the little electric stove I had one of those flashes of realization in which for an instant I saw the miraculous character of a convenience we usually take for granted, just as one sometimes for an instant sees familiar things in a totally unfamiliar aspect when one catches sight of them in a flash of summer lightning.

aside and talking to the wall instead of sitting down in a booth as one usually does, seemed to put me in a new relation to the phenomenon I had so long taken for granted and I saw the familiar set in a new light. "Just think," I said to myself, "I am seized with a desire to talk to my sister and all I have to do is step up to a hole in the wall, drop in a dime, and talk into that wall and she hears and answers me from fifteen miles away. Truly there are now more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than even were dreamt of in your philosophy."

A Scrap of Colored Paper. Another day the Authorman was posting a letter and as he pressed the stamp on, he said whimsically, "Funny thing, isn't it, I put that little scrap of colored paper on my letter and it carries it seven hundred miles on the train and then to a certain house on a certain street—all in a day and a half. And instead of being thankful to it, all I do is kick if it's a few hours late. We don't want much do we?"

The Heat Comes Twenty Miles To Cook My Breakfast.

I had thrust a little black plug into its socket, and at once the bacon had begun to sizzle and then it came to me,—isn't this a miracle, here I simply thrust in the plug and straightway all the way from P. (twenty miles away) comes that heat and cooks my breakfast for me.

Talking to a Hole in the Wall.

I had a similar flash one day last winter when I wanted to telephone a friend from a shop and there being no booth vacant I was directed to the open telephone on the wall of the store. Something in the enunciation of standing out there in the

service is somewhat different from the wonder of the telephone and the electric light, and yet is not the civilization that the passage of one letter connotes, just as such a miracle is evidence of standing out there in the

Of course the marvel of a stamp's service is somewhat different from the wonder of the telephone and the electric light, and yet is not the civilization that the passage of one letter connotes, just as such a miracle is evidence of standing out there in the



THE LODGE OF DEATH.

"Halt!" said the sentry at the Lodge of Death. "Who stands without and seeks admittance here?"

"A pilgrim soldier from the Land of Breath." "The outer guard replied in accents clear: "Is he of age and properly prepared?" "He stands erect. To death his breast is bared."

"What does he seek from us that men dread?" "And is it of his own free will he comes?" "What with his life, does he expect to buy?" "And has he ever marched to living drums?" "He answers that his life he waits to give. That other men in happiness may live."

"And he has marched for many dreary miles Sustained alone by love of truth and right. Hungry and footsore still he bravely smiles. Admit him to our company this night. I vouch for him. He well deserves our trust. Long has he fought against the tyrant's lust."

"Pilgrim, it is my duty now to say That ere you join this splendid Lodge of Death There is a price supreme that you must pay: For freedom you must leave the Land of Breath. There yet remains one cruel bitter test. Are you prepared to die for what is best?"

"I am!" "Remove the hoodwink from his eyes! Receive him, brothers, as his life he gives! Pilgrim, from death's dark cavern now arise. And learn that he who dies for freedom lives. Behold the splendid souls who died for truth. And take your place among them, noble youth."

PEPPER TALKS

By George Matthew Adams.

BE NATURAL AND UNAFFECTED

Bacon once wrote that "some men's behavior is like a verse, where in every syllable is measured."

That's about the best description of many men's ways. There is only one true law for conduct and that is the law of your best impulse. To do what your heart suggests and your brain decides.

I love to watch a child because it plays and talks and thinks naturally and is unaffected.

To watch some women come out of a public dining room or some men at their jobs, you would think that some mysterious dispensation had been put abroad in the world just to "watch them go by."

I am reminded, from observation, that most great men and women are natural and unaffected. That is what made and keeps them great.

The world is little concerned how you strut or dress (as far as style is concerned) so long as you ACT and put to work all that you are.

People of achievement have little time to note the effect created by their presence here or there. They deal in "futures." And they prefer to keep their "objectives" concealed until they have won their points.

Remember that, as you are, there is not another in all the great world. And that your development along natural, unaffected lines is the surest road to your largest stature in the world.

These days is expressive of simplicity and of moderation in expenditure, lingerie is finer and more exquisite than ever before. Woman's love of prettiness in clothes must have an outlet somewhere and the outlet just now seems to be in underwear of special beauty and daintiness. The newest garments are white and pale blue, instead of pink—for pink has begun to pale a little now that cheap nightgowns, envelope chemises and even corsets come in the once distinctive flesh pink tint. White nainsook undergarments of fairy fineness have inserts of pale blue organdy, combined with medallions and insertions of Val-lace, and these new "undies" are not only the daintiest but also the most exclusive models of the season.

VOGUE FOR EXQUISITE LINGERIE. Though the outer garb of women

Mrs. Rummage.



OBIDIAH, I MUST HAVE SOME MONEY FOR BARGAINS! WHY DO YOU MAKE ME BEG FOR EVERY CENT I NEED?

Is She Extravagant, Or Is Obidiah a Tight-Wad?



PLEASE GIMME \$12

YOUR EXTRAVAGANCE IS SUPPIN' TURBIBLE! WHEN I'M DEAD YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO BEG!



ONLY \$19 I BEG OF YOU!

WELL, I'D BE LOTS BETTER OFF THAN SOME POOR WOMAN WHO NEVER HAD THE PRACTICE!!



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Hill Notes.

ck, who is a prospective Office, was seen to take a tree Saturday afternoon they came out the looking a cigar. Down

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who has been hiding at half past ten for an audience at the school house Friday

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