

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS

Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally subject to proper limitation, where a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

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Noontime Is Playtime.

"I would like to know what makes me so drowsy after I have my lunch," T. D. R. writes. "I do not eat heavily, and no meats whatsoever, simply light lunch, consisting of a sandwich, baked apple, etc. Still I can hardly keep my eyes open when I get back from lunch."

REPLY.

A lunch consisting of a sandwich, a baked apple, etc., may not be a light lunch.

For the average worker a sandwich and a baked apple, without the "etc." is enough for a lunch.

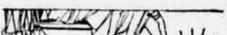
The cause of mental heaviness after lunch is lack of pep—when you are running without much steam in your boilers, your brain slows up as the needs of digestion switches an extra supply of blood to your abdomen.

Abraham Lincoln often told a story about a Sangamon river steamer that had a 10-horse power boiler and a 15-horse power engine. When it whistled, it had to stop paddling.

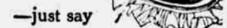
Now, you are more interested in the cure than you are in the cause, especially since the cure is easy.

At lunch time spend a little time in eating, and use the remainder of the period in getting off steam.

Play ball. Knock flies. Pitch. Do



Corns?



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From: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 112 for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."

anything of that sort. Any kind of a pep inducer that is convenient and that fits your anatomical pattern. Some are built to throw, some to run, some to kick. Pick whatever suits you and is convenient.

As I write, a couple of fatties are playing what they call deck tennis just below.

In one street some men are pitching ball; on the street at the other end a group are playing some kind of rounders with an indoor baseball. A block down the street still another group is pitching horseshoes.

If you happen to be a woman, you can find some form of face reddening play, though the task is more difficult. I do not know why proprietors have done so little to encourage noontime play near the plant on vacant lots or in the street.

Such play is the antidote for afternoon drowsiness. It means fewer mistakes in arithmetic and fewer errors in spelling.

It means more speed as well as greater accuracy.

I wonder still more that floor bosses and chief clerks have not taken it up with the front office. Of course the front office people could easily overlook the point, but the clerk and the floor boss is bound to see evidence of the added help.

Good Results Likely.
Mrs. B. W. writes: "Will a child of 22 months, who had a slight attack of infantile paralysis when 3 months old, with no wasting of the limb, but abdominal muscles on the right side affected some, ever walk naturally?"

"These reputable physicians have told me that she has all the muscle reflexes in the right limb, which seems weaker than the left, but there appears to be quite a bulge on the right side, otherwise her body is absolutely symmetrical.

"She is just beginning to stand, and takes steps very well, but is very wobbly and does not seem to have the proper support at the waist.

"Will this adjust itself in time, and will it seriously affect her walking?"

"Is there any special treatment to be given and should I encourage her standing and walking?" Would like to have your opinion."

REPLY.
On your statement of the case, I think you can expect a good outcome. Keep her under the direction of the physician.

Be very careful not to crowd her. That is the usual mistake in recent years.

Get one of the little books on after care of infantile paralysis to help you carry out directions.

"Your Grocer Has It.
Z. P. Q. X. writes: "1. What kind of bran is eaten for consumption?"

"2. What is best to eat it with?"

"3. Is it especially put up for this purpose?"

"4. From whom may it be obtained?"

REPLY.
1. Anykind. Cow kind is good.

2. Eat with sugar and cream on fruit—or cook into muffins or bread.

3. Yes, in admirable shape.

4. Any grocer.

Water Cress for Goiter.
Mrs. C. Y. B. advises people with

a tendency to goiter to raise water cress and to eat it in quantities.

Outdoors for That Boy!
Anxious writes: "I have a little boy 3 years old, who sweats so much that he takes one cold on top of another. This keeps him in the house so much and makes him very pale."

"Is there anything you would advise me to give him to build him up? He eats and sleeps well."

"Would rubbing the chest with alcohol be of any benefit?"

"2. How much should a boy of 14 weigh?"

REPLY.
1. Get him out of doors. I expect that will be all he needs.

2. Depends on his height. If he is 5 feet, he should weigh 107 pounds. If he is 6 feet 5, he should weigh 177 pounds.

Thomas Seeks to End Injunction

Prays Federal Court to Dissolve Order in Lion Bonding Receivership.

Amos Thomas, ex-receiver for the Lion Bonding and Surety company, and the Department of Trade and Commerce of Nebraska filed a motion in federal court yesterday to dissolve an injunction granted June 1. The injunction restrained Thomas from doing anything with the books and records of the concern.

The federal court had no jurisdiction to grant the order, the petitioners set forth, because the records are in the hands of the department of trade by a prior order of the district court and because the department is exercising a governmental power in administering the affairs of the defunct company.

Suit against it, instituted by A. J. Hertz and John L. Levin, present receivers, in Minneapolis, is in reality a suit against the state of Nebraska, the petition points out. Hearing is set for July 7.

Blair Bank Receiver Sues Mrs. Castetter

Suit to recover \$36,000 worth of stock of the Banking House of Castetter of Blair, Neb., from Mrs. Anna C. Castetter was filed in district court yesterday by James E. Hart, receiver for the bank.

In his petition Hart states that he has liquidated the assets of the bank and that they are insufficient to pay deposits and claims.

Hart seeks to recover this stock under the state law governing liability of stockholders. Mrs. Castetter, Hart charges, has refused to turn over the stock. The stock, he says, was willed to her by her husband, Francis Castetter.



SLEEPY TIME TALES

THE TALE OF REDDY WOODPECKER BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XVI. A Sly Trick.

This was the truth of the matter: Old Mr. Crow was jealous because he couldn't join Reddy Woodpecker's new club, The Redcaps. For days the old gentleman could speak of nothing else. He went grumbling



"Then I resign!" cried the Red-winged Blackbird.

and sneering up and down Pleasant valley, stopping to talk with anybody he happened to see. It must be confessed that the neighbors found his ill humor very tiresome.

Meanwhile Reddy Woodpecker's club grew in number daily. It made Mr. Crow snort when anybody told him that The Redcaps had another new member.

Then all at once Mr. Crow's manner changed. He became quite sprightly and even winked an eye and cracked a joke now and then. His neighbors wondered what had happened to him.

They soon found out. For Mr. Crow announced that he had discovered a new member for Reddy Woodpecker's club. Strange to say, the old gentleman seemed to take great pride in helping The Redcaps.

"I'm going to take my friend to the meeting of the club this afternoon," Mr. Crow told everybody.

"But you're not a member. You can't go to a meeting," his friends objected.

"Can't I?" said Mr. Crow wisely. "The air is free. I can go anywhere I please."

So that afternoon Mr. Crow flew down to the lower end of the meadow, where The Redcaps were gathering. He took a friend with him, whom he left hidden in some reeds at the edge of the swamp.

To Reddy Woodpecker Mr. Crow

said, "you'd like another member, I dare say."

"Certainly!" Reddy replied. "The more the merrier—provided they wear red caps."

"I think," said Mr. Crow, "when you see the gentleman I have in mind you'll say he has a red cap."

"Bring him up," Reddy Woodpecker ordered.

"I can't. He is shy," Mr. Crow explained. "But if you'll come with me you can take a look at him."

So Reddy Woodpecker followed Mr. Crow down to the place where the reeds grew, near the swamp. And there Mr. Crow pointed out a gentleman who did indeed appear to be wearing a red cap.

"Good!" exclaimed Reddy Woodpecker. "And to the stranger he called, 'I don't know you. But I invite you, sir, to join the Redcaps.'"

The stranger answered in a muffled voice, "I accept."

Then Reddy took another—and closer—look at him. Reddy couldn't help feeling there was something queer about the fellow. Half hidden as he was among the reeds the stranger was not easy to see.

Suddenly Reddy Woodpecker turned upon Mr. Crow and called him a fraud.

"This person hasn't a red cap," Reddy declared. "I won't have him in my club. I know him. He's hiding his head under his wing. That patch of scarlet isn't his head. It's

on his shoulder. He's one of that Red-winged Blackbird family that lives in the swamp. And his head is as black as your own, Mr. Crow."

By this time Mr. Crow was dancing up and down and cawing at the top of his lungs.

"He's a member of the Redcaps!" he cried with great glee. "You invited him. And he accepted the invitation."

"Very well!" said Reddy Woodpecker. "But if he belongs to my club he'll have to keep his head under his wing."

"Then I resign!" cried the Red-winged Blackbird.

"Oh, don't do that!" Mr. Crow begged him.

"It's too late," Reddy told the old gentleman. "Your friend is a member of the Redcaps no longer."

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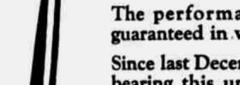
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