

CURING CONSUMPTION.

A leaflet, entitled "Curing Consumption" has been prepared and sent out by Karl de Schwinitz, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and is as follows:

"Can consumption be cured? Thousands of persons are still asking this and it is largely because of ignorance upon this subject that there are so many deaths from tuberculosis.

"That consumption can be cured if he takes treatment soon enough and keeps it up long enough. No doctor can cure typhoid fever, pneumonia or appendicitis if the disease has progressed too far. The same thing is true of tuberculosis. Therefore, if you are losing weight and have no appetite; if you are suffering from night sweats, a persistent cough and a general run down condition, see a doctor at once.

"If he tells you to go to a sanatorium by all means go at once. If you are obliged to take the cure at home follow all of your doctor's directions minutely. Live in the open air as much as possible. Take plenty of milk and eggs. Sleep outside. Rest all you can. When you feel better don't think you are cured. It takes years to make a cure permanent.

"Above all things remember that there is no medicine that will cure tuberculosis. Avoid patent medicines—your doctor will prescribe the simple tonics you may need. The only way to recover is to build up the health of your whole body and the best medicine for this is sunshine, fresh air, nourishing food, regular living and rest.

ROCKWOOD

Miss Sara Wood and T. R. Kerrigan have been spending the week with the latter's mother, Mrs. Wm. Kerrigan.

Misses Marie Boyer, Marion Groff and Edna Walker of Berlin have been visiting their many friends and relatives in Rockwood.

Rev. J. H. Bridgum of Altoona, and William Mingle of Altoona, are here to attend the funeral of their grandmother and mother-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Koozts who died early Wednesday morning.

Mrs. E. C. Boose of Johnstown spent several days as the guest of her sister Mrs. H. G. Snyder of South Rockwood and her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Snyder of Leora avenue.

The following homes have been visited by the stork within the past four days: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Enfield, a baby boy; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Baine, baby girl; Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Snyder, a baby boy.

Mrs. Margaret Tedrow has returned to her home in Rockwood after a pleasant visit of several days at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Ramisier of Vanderhill.

Miss Florence Newman of Salisbury is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bepler of the Miller Block.

Mrs. Fred Koozts, who had been ill for the past several weeks suffering from pneumonia, succumbed at her residence on East Main street on Wednesday morning. Mrs. Koozts was 73 years of age at the time of her death. She is survived by the following children: Mrs. Mary Bridgum, Mrs. W. E. Beck, Charles Koozts of Rockwood and Mrs. William Mingle of Johnstown. The funeral services were held at the home Thursday afternoon with interment in the I. O. O. F. cemetery.

Thieves attempted to enter the store room of the Enterprise Hardware Company recently by boring holes in the rear door, but were frightened away by the police.

Mrs. Hattie Rhoades of Elk Lick has been spending several days as the guest of friends and relatives in Rockwood.

J. R. Shanks has returned home after spending several days in Pittsburgh on business.

MUST FILE STATEMENTS

All persons whose names were printed on the ballots at the November election are required under the law to file statement with the Clerk of the Courts showing what their expenses were. If their expenditures were under fifty dollars, that fact must be sworn to, and if over that amount, a detailed statement must be given. Successful candidates who fail to file statements are ineligible to take the oath of office.

CHURCHES MAY UNITE.

With the hope of ultimately bringing about a unification of the Church of the Brethren and the Brethren Church, a union meeting was held recently in the Roxbury Church of the Brethren, at Johnstown. A strong spirit of fraternalism was developed, and many who attended expressed the wish that the factional differences which divided the church thirty three years ago, might be healed. Another meeting will be held in March.

TRY RED RIBBON BRAND COFFEE AT BITTNER'S GROCERY.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

AMELIA'S FRIGHT.

Three little owls once found an old hay barn in a lonely field. It was half full of hay and very warm. On a wild winter's day they crept through a weath hole under the eaves and nestled together on a broad beam. The frozen sleet rattled on the shingles like bullets. The storm shook and pressed on the doors until the owls cried out, "Who, whoo, whooo?" And the storm wailed, "You, you, youuu!" This made the owls afraid to go out so they nestled closer and told stories to pass the time.

The owl with long feathers on his legs told "The Story of the New Shoes." The next owl told the story of "Amelia and the Gate," and this is nearly as he told it:

In front of the house where Amelia lives was a gate and close to the gate a large oak tree. One day as the owl was sitting on a thick branch of the tree Amelia came out to the gate, climbed on it and began to swing. She was such a little girl she could hardly climb up, but when she once began to swing she went back and forth fast enough.

Just then Nora came out of the house to see what Amelia was doing. Seeing the child on the gate, she ran over, lifted her down and scolded her. Nora was cross, but she smiled and said, "Good morning," to a man driving past on a load of hay. He stopped his horses and Nora asked him if he had come for a girl who was always climbing on gates. He said he did not want Amelia that day, for he had one boy already that he had just taken from a rate up the road.

As he said so a boy who had been lying flat on the hay rose up and looked over. Amelia was shocked. He was a big boy and she thought that must be the reason he did not cry.

Nora asked what he was going to do with the boy.

"Well," said the man, "it will be a long time before he goes back to his folks." Then he whipped up his horses and drove on.

Amelia stood looking after him with one hand holding Nora's apron. She knew he was Mr. Perkins' hired man, and she wondered if Mrs. Perkins would not feel sorry for the boy, and send him home. Amelia had gone down to her house many times with Nora to buy butter and she had given them cookies, so Amelia liked to go there, although the parlor chairs were covered with a black stuff that scratched the backs of her legs as she sat upon them.

Now she and Nora could see the hay wagon turn into the Perkins barnyard slowly, sorrowfully, taking the boy away.

Amelia playhouse was the little space between three large lilac bushes. Nora had put an old rug on the ground and made nice shelves by pressing small pieces of broken crockery, sea shells, and a few toys. A box in the back of the playhouse served as a cupboard. She had a box with two sides knocked out for a table, and two smaller ones for seats.

But today Amelia was most unhappy. She walked back to the gate, then went a little way outside. She could think of nothing but the boy on the hay wagon; thinking of him she began to run down the road so fast she was soon at the Perkins gate. Mrs. Perkins sat on the porch, fanning herself with a newspaper.

Amelia could only say, "Mrs. Perkins!" and then she was crying. Mrs. Perkins was a stout woman, but she got up nimbly enough and ran to meet Amelia. "What's the matter, Sissy?" said she.

Amelia had not intended to cry much when she began, but now that she saw how sorry Mrs. Perkins was she cried very hard indeed. She thought she might as well keep on crying, and then perhaps Mrs. Perkins would be more sorry and do as she asked her. So Amelia just stood still, looking up at Mrs. Perkins and crying so hard her mouth seemed to spread right across her face. But instead of being more sorry Mrs. Perkins leaned over, shook her and said: "Hush! Don't you make another sound till you let me know what's the matter!" Amelia was so surprised that she did hush and began to tell Mrs. Perkins what the matter was.

"Mrs. Perkins," she said, "won't you let that boy go home to his folks?"

"What boy?"

"That boy your big hired man took away on the hay wagon because he had been swinging on the gate."

Mrs. Perkins looked at her a moment and then said: "Have you been swinging on the gate?"

"Yes'm," said Amelia.

"Well, come with me and we'll see about it."

They walked around the house to the kitchen door, which was open. There inside Amelia saw the hired man eating his dinner, the boy sitting beside him.

"Darius, are you going home to your folks when your work is done?" Darius heard what she said, but he just looked at her and said: "Ma'am?" "Darius," said Mrs. Perkins, "you answer me. Are you going home to your folks tonight?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Darius, looking at Amelia's red eyes and grinning.

WORK FOR EVERY MAN.

"If any able-bodied man stops you on the street to negotiate a ten-cent loan or applies at your kitchen door for food with a hard luck story that he cannot get a job, give him the address of the nearest state employment agency."

That is the advice of Jacob Lightner, director of the state employment bureau of the Department of Labor and Industry, who declares that there is a dearth of laborers for Pennsylvania industrial plants.

"It is mainly a matter of geography, if an able-bodied man, who is willing to do any kind of work cannot find employment," said Director Lightner today. "If there is no work in his immediate locality, a postal card to the State Bureau of Employment, Masonic Temple, Harrisburg, will bring a reply that will outline definitely where he can find a job."

"The employment bureau can supply jobs to 200 laboring men. One firm wants skilled machinists. That company will pay from 32 1/2 to 35 cents an hour to machinists and will provide permanent employment."

"Farmers throughout the state are appealing for farm hands."

"The bureau has many applications from men who want managerial or other highly specialized positions. It cannot always provide such jobs, but it does want to hear from laborers and metal workers."

"Don't give a cent to the able-bodied panhandler who stops you on the street for a dime. Refer him to one of the employment bureaus of the state. They are located at Harrisburg; at 1519 Arch street, Philadelphia; and at Room 4, Hannan building Johnstown, Pa."

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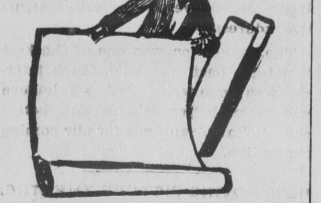
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Suppose you apply this same common sense when buying kerosene. What's the sense of paying for a poor quality kerosene when you can buy the best and pay no more for it? The next time you buy kerosene ask your grocer for

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Insist on that kind because you get the most for your money. You're buying kerosene that burns longer and brighter, and gives out the greatest heat. Because it is pure and high grade it will not char the wick nor cause soot and smoke. It does not create unpleasant odors when burning.



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OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Cardinal Gibbons
On Woman's Suffrage.

Equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and are sanctioned by the canons of society. To some among the gentler sex the words equal rights have been, it is feared synonymous with "similar rights." To debar woman from certain pursuits is not to degrade her. To restrict her field of action to the gentler avocations of life is not to fetter her aspirations after the higher and the better. It is, on the contrary, to secure her no equal rights so-called, but those supereminent rights which cannot fail to endow her with a sacred influence in her own proper sphere.

The insistence on a right of participation in active political life is undoubtedly calculated to rob women of all that is amiable and gentle, tender and attractive; to rob her of her innate grace of character, and give her nothing in return but masculine boldness and effrontery. Its advocates are habitually preaching about woman's rights and prerogatives, and have not a word to say about her duties and responsibilities. They withdraw her from those obligations which properly belong to her sex and fill her with ambition to usurp positions for which neither God nor nature ever intended her. Under the influence of such teachers we find woman, especially in higher circles, neglecting her household duties, never at peace unless she is in perpetual motion, or unless she is in a state of morbid excitement. She never feels at home unless she is abroad. When she is home she is irksome to her. Hence arise disputes, quarrels, recriminations, estrangements or the best act of the drama is often the divorce.

When I deprecate female suffrage, I am pleading for the dignity of woman. I am contending for her honor, I am striving to perpetuate those peerless prerogatives inherent in her sex, those charms and graces which exalt womanhood and make her the ornament and the coveted companion of man.

Woman is queen, indeed, but her empire is the domestic kingdom. The greatest political triumphs she would achieve in public life fade into insignificance compared with the serene glory which radiates from the domestic shrine, and which she illumines and warms by her conjugal and motherly virtues. If she is ambitious of the dual empire of public and private life then, like the fabled dog beholding his image in the water, she will lose both she will fall from the lofty pedestal where nature and Christianity have placed her, and will fail to grasp the scepter of political authority from the strong hand of her male competitor.

Though woman is debarred from voting she brings into the world and rocks the cradle of the nation's future citizens. She rears and molds the character of those who are to be the future rulers and statesmen; the heroes and benefactors of the country. Surely this is glory enough for her.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 25 years. \$1.00 per bottle.

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