

ORDER DRINKS BY SIGNS IN KANSAS

Here is Code of Distress Signals for the Thirsty Souls in That Dry State

LANGUAGE OF EMERGENCY

If You Hammer You Can Get "Coffin Nails" Too—Preacher, Ignorant of Custom, Twirled Thumbs and Got Two Bottles of Beer.

Topeka, Kan.—"Can I get a glass of beer or a little schnapps?" asked an Eastern man recently of a friend, just after he arrived in a certain Kansas town.

"Sure," was the reply. "Sure, if the signs are right."

To get a drink or a cigarette in Kansas during these parious times, you have to know the proper sign of distress and signal it to "some one who knows."

Distress Signals.
Here are a list of the most commonly used signs:

Two fingers up with hand turned in, a bottle of beer.

Left arm extended, thumb down, fingers straight out, drink of whiskey.

Two thumbs up, fingers closed, half-pint whiskey.

Twirling thumbs with fingers folded, two bottles of beer.

Finger in the ear, highball.

Pulling the lobe of the right ear, gin ricky.

Hands over the heart, whiskey and lemon.

Crossing of legs above knee, standing, royal gin fizz.

Crossing leg below the knee, silver gin fizz.

Both arms extended, Patsy Connor.

Finger touching tip of the nose, Manhattan cocktail.

Hands clasped behind back, Dutch soda.

Shaking hands with yourself, champagne.

Whirling fingers around temples, or making a motion like hammering, cigarettes or "coffinnails."

Some funny incidents have happened since this sign language came into common use.

A good old Methodist preacher who was in the habit of clasping his fingers and twirling his thumbs, while thinking over the problems of the ministry, stopped at a hotel in a Kansas town the other day and waited in the lobby while the porter did an errand for him. He got to thinking, and twirling his thumbs. Another porter noticed him, walked by the old patriarch and whispered:

"I'll leave them in your room."

"Wha-what?" asked the preacher, startled from his reverie. But the porter had gone on.

The preacher went to his room. He had been there but a minute when in popped the porter with a mysterious package. Opening it he placed a couple of pints of beer on the table and suggested that the preacher tip him 75 cents for the brace and the work of getting them.

"What!" shouted the preacher. "What do you mean by bringing beer into my room? What do you mean, you law-breaker?"

"What does ah mean, sah?" answered the surprised negro. "What does you mean, sah? What does you mean? Didn't you make signs to me? Don't gimme no guff now; you signed to me bo' beeh, an' here I done bring hit. Gimme six bits, sah."

Here is a story the truth of which is somewhat doubtful, but it is told that a certain official in Kansas who has a lot to do with the law's enforcement stopped in a drug store in a Kansas town some time ago. His ear itched, and naturally he poked a finger into the tantalizing auricle.

In about two minutes he got a highball—and in that way learned that there is a sign language in Kansas.

"OH, YOU KIDDER," WALLOPED.

Served Him Right, Even if It Was His Wife, Says Judge.

Pittsburg.—That a man who shouts "Oh, you kid," to a woman in the street, even though she be his own wife, should be whipped, was the ground taken by Magistrate James D. Walker in discharging George B. Stacy, who had knocked Norman Bradley down on hearing him use this term to a young woman.

The young woman proved to be Mrs. Bradley, but Magistrate Walker held that it did not make any difference, that hearing a full grown man say "Oh, you kid," to a woman on the street was enough to make any man fight. He complimented Stacy and discharged him, telling Bradley he might take his case to another alderman if he didn't like the decision.

A COLLEGE "GIRL."

Mrs. Winship Enters Ohio University at Seventy-eight.

Columbus, Ohio.—Mrs. A. D. Winship, of Racine, Wis., although nearing her seventy-ninth birthday, has entered Ohio State University for the regular collegiate course. For the last two years she attended summer school at the university, taking special studies.

She will study psychology and literature especially. She says that she has planned a course of study that will keep her occupied until she reaches her ninetieth birthday.

AN INNOCUOUS SMOKE.

By Means of a Holder, Some Cotton and Chloride of Iron.

In an article on the hygiene of smoking published in the Munich Medical Weekly, Dr. J. Bamberger says that the injury which may follow the use of tobacco differs with the manner of smoking. Those who use a mouthpiece, or if not are careful not to keep the end of the cigar saturated with saliva, are much less apt to suffer from the absorption of the various products of the burning tobacco.

"Dry smokers" run much less risk of harming themselves than those who chew the ends of their cigars. Dr. Bamberger suggests that a bit of absorbent cotton saturated with chloride of iron be placed in the holder, and he claims by doing this some of the harmful products of combustion are rendered innocuous.

Weighting Touch.

A wonderful instrument has recently been invented for the purpose of measuring the sense of touch. The device consists of a series of little disks, suspended by fine, delicate threads from wooden handles, the last being stuck into holes around a block. The lightest disk is taken out and brought into contact with the skin of the subject, the latter having closed his eyes. If nothing is felt a heavier disk is employed, and so on till the pressure becomes noticeable.

A touch of a disk weighing three-one-hundredths of a grain was observable on the temple; one weighing five-one hundredths on the nose or chin, and one weighing nine-one hundredths on the inside of the finger.—The Pathfinder.

Just Cause for Pride.

The man admired his wife just about as much as any man can admire a wife, nevertheless when he saw that she was devoting more and more time each day to mirror gazing he determined to take her down a peg. Said he, brutally:

"I wouldn't be so stuck on myself if I were you, just because people happen to notice you when you go out. It isn't you they're admiring; it's your clothes. I heard a bunch of women say so the other day."

For an instant the shock to the woman's vanity overpowered her, then, quickly recovering she said:

"In that case I am prouder than ever. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed the clothes myself."

And then the man shut up.

Ambergris and Amber.

There is some popular confusion of ambergris with amber; in fact, however, there is no relation between them. But for a long time the nature of ambergris was hidden in mystery. In ancient days it was commonly believed that it flowed up from the bottom of the sea. Sinbad the Sailor tells of a spring of ambergris that he found; but it was in a crude state. The fish swallowed it, and then disgorged it in congealed form, and in this condition it floated on the surface of the sea. This story harmonizes perfectly with the old Arabian belief.

Tommy Atkins.

The term arose from the little pocket ledgers served out at one time to all British soldiers. In these manuals were to be entered the name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, wounds, medals, and so on, of each individual. The War Office sent with each little book a form of filling it in, and the hypothetical name selected, instead of John Doe and Richard Roe (of the lawyers), or M. N. (of the Church), was "Tommy Atkins." Hence every British soldier became a "Tommy Atkins."

Deceptive Artificial Pearls.

According to the Daily Mail of Birmingham, the centre of England's jewelry manufacture, says that there are now made many imitation pearls which look so like the real thing that they deceive experts. They are made by means of a transparent glass shell, a little glue, and some essence of the Orient, a silvery, pearly substance, composed of fine scales rubbed from a small fish called the "bleak" or the "athlete," 17,000 of which require rubbing to get a pound.

For Future Dreadnoughts.

That the German government believes ships of war will be much bigger in the future is shown by the enlargement of the Kaiser Wilhelm canal, which is to be deepened at once to 36 feet, with provision for a later deepening, if necessary, to 46 feet. The width of the canal is to be doubled. The new dimensions of the locks will considerably exceed those at Panama.

Consider the Difference.

Statisticians inform us that the cost of living has increased 250 per cent. during the last 100 years. Still, it will have to be admitted that living is worth a good deal more than it was 100 years ago.

As the Twig is Bent.

There is some hope for the boy who has to be driven into the bathtub, but there is mighty little hope for the boy who has to be driven away from the mirror.—Aitchison Globe.

Almost Perfect Timekeeper.

The clock of the tower of Columbia university, New York, is said to be one of the most accurate in the world, varying but six seconds a year.

Wisdom from Uncle Eben.

"Nursin' a grouch," said Uncle Eben, "is like naglectin' de flowers an' vegetables an' puttin' in pok time tendin' de woods."

OYSTERS DIE OF OVERWORK

Others Have Grown Thin and Yellow, but Only Because of Blanket of Too Much Sand.

Trenton, N. J.—Oysters, like human beings, may die from overwork. They are likely to suffocate, too, if there is too much sand or mud on their gills. They overwork themselves trying to breathe and eat, and thus grow thin and weak and assume a dismal yellow appearance. Such are the conclusions of Professor Julius Nelson, the biologist of the State Agricultural Station, who has just finished his investigation of the so-called epidemic among the oysters in the Maurice River Cove district, on the Delaware, near Bridgeton.

There were alarming reports from the cove to the effect many of the oysters there were dying of a mysterious disease. The New Jersey Bureau of Shell Fisheries was skeptical and sent Professor Nelson to look the situation over. The learned professor went out in a boat with several experienced planters. He had sample clusters of oysters dredged up. He felt their pulses, looked in their mouths, noted their complexion—which was yellow in many instances—and examined their clothing. Most of the oysters thus examined had only one outer garment—a hard shell. In some instances the overcoat was there, but the owner, the oyster, had vanished.

Professor Nelson, in his report, says the Maurice River cove oysters have had no disease, no epidemic, no nothing except too much sand or mud, which was shifted and piled over their beds by the heavy storms of the spring and summer. Many oysters worked themselves thin and pale trying to get out from under their blanket. Their gills were clogged. They couldn't find their food. So some of them starved and wasted away until nothing was left but the shell. In the aggregate comparatively few oysters were affected by the shifting of the sand and mud.

Professor Nelson says that so far as he knows oysters are a very healthy lot and are not subject to disease, but they are exceedingly sensitive to surrounding conditions. They show it even when they have merely a headache. When the wicked typhoid germ alights on an oyster, there is nothing doing so far as the oyster is concerned. It simply passes the germ along to the first New Yorker it meets.

Woman Juror in California.

Los Angeles, Cal.—For the first time in California a woman was sworn in to serve as a juror when Mrs. Johanna Engelman of Santa Monica bowed to the Judge, answered the questions of the lawyers satisfactorily and took her place in the jury box of the Superior court, however, the lawyers had agreed on a compromise.

FIND ANCIENT TEUTON HOUSE.

Structure Unearthed Shows Close Kinship to Those of Troy.

Berlin.—The close kinship existing between the ancient Teutonic architecture and the Greek remains of Troy has been disclosed through the excavations carried out by Prof. Schuchardt of the Royal Ethnological Museum, at Nedditz, near Potsdam. The careful work of the professor during two years has laid bare a fortified dwelling dating from 300 to 200 B. C.

The principal structure measures 28 by 119 feet. It brings to light the first modern knowledge as to how the ancient Teutonic house was constructed. Among the fragments of furniture found during the excavations are a stone mill and a stone beater for pulverizing grain. There are also several iron knives and the bones of cattle, sheep, and wild boars, while the jaws of a catfish in which an iron fishhook is sticking have been discovered.

QUARRYMEN FIND MUSIC CAVE.

In It Are Stalactites that Make a Sweet Sound When Struck.

Mitchell, Ind.—Quarrymen blasting at the Mitchell Lime Company's quarry near here uncovered an opening to a large cave and by letting themselves down twenty-five feet with a rope found themselves in a dry cavern. Hanging from the roof were large stalactites. These were of different sizes and lengths, and by tapping a stick across them they gave forth musical sounds resembling the notes of a pipe organ. The room was large enough to turn a four-horse team around.

Further exploration resulted in finding another room through which a stream of cold water flowed. The bed of the stream was covered with black pebbles. Blind fish were found in the water. In the first cave was a large bone of some animal. The roof was covered with beads of water which reflected the light from the explorers' torches and shone like diamonds.

RATES POEMS LIKE FISH.

Policeman Arrests Writer Because He Had No Health Board License.

Everett, Mass.—Arthur A. Belyea, of Boston, a "poem" writer, by election as well as occupation, was haled to the police station by a policeman minus literary tastes charged with peddling without a license.

Post Belyea was making a house to house canvass with his literary wares when the policeman held him up. He was informed that he had had to get a license from the Board of Health for selling "poems" just the same as if he was peddling vegetables or fish.

FAKE SCHLATTER DEAD IN POVERTY

"Divine Healer" Imposter Who Deceived Thousands Identified as Dr. McLean

ORIGINAL PERISHED IN DESERT

Disappeared in Denver—No Trace of the Man Found After He Had Reached the Climax of His Mission—Some Cures He Effected.

Hastings, Neb.—A man supposed to be Francis Schlatter, the famous "divine healer," was found dead in a room at a local hotel and after his demise it was learned that he was Charles McLean, and that for twelve years he had been imposing upon thousands of credulous persons throughout the country by posing as the original Schlatter, who, it is now pretty well established, perished in the deserts of New Mexico in 1897.

A family album, containing a picture of the dead man, taken in 1871, was found in the room. It bore the inscription, "Dr. Charles McLean." Those who knew the original Schlatter say the dead man was not he, nor is the picture his.

The methods of Schlatter and McLean were totally dissimilar. Schlatter spurned money, while McLean sought it. In fact, he was arrested at Des Moines last June on a charge of misappropriating a large sum given to him in trust by a faithful follower.

The last great "healing" performance of Schlatter was in Denver on November 14, 1895. On that day he "treated" 5,000 persons. Special trains had carried the afflicted from many points in the Western States. All the Denver hotels were filled with cripples and "incurables" seeking relief from Schlatter, and several hundred unable to find lodgings, had taken shelter under tents. Schlatter disappeared when at the height of his Denver mission. The only explanation was in a note left in his room, reading: "My mission is finished; Father takes me away."

Search was made for the man over several States, but no trace of him was found. A couple of months after his disappearance it was reported that he had been lost in a sandstorm in New Mexico.

Schlatter was born in France, and was brought when a boy to this country with his parents. He was a blacksmith in Denver for many years. He went to New Mexico, and it was from there that the first word came of him as a "divine healer."

A Mexican girl, deformed and unable to walk, had been cast off by her parents. Schlatter took the girl back to the mother and offered to work a cure. Then he carried the child away in his arms, and the following day returned leading her by the hand. The girl was straight and active and completely cured. The Mexicans hailed him as a prophet, and Schlatter looked the part. He was tall and spare, with black hair falling over his shoulders. His face was full and soft in expression, with the eyes those of a dreamer. He wore a beard and his brow was high and intellectual. The Mexicans brought many cripples, and it was said that Schlatter healed them all. He went to Hot Springs, Ark., in 1893, and there was sentenced to three months in the chain gang as a fraud. When he was released he returned to New Mexico, and for two years went up and down among the Mexicans "laying on hands" and saying he was a new Messiah.

News of the man spread through the West, and he was invited to Denver by Edward Fox, an Alderman in that city. Schlatter prepared for the visit by fasting for forty days in Albuquerque. He was weak and hardly able to stand when he reached Denver. There were more than 1,000 cripples waiting for him in the railroad station and when he alighted men and women fell to the ground before him. The following day he began treatments in the Fox home. He saw persons in a constant stream for fourteen hours each day for two weeks. Then the patients multiplied until Schlatter arranged to treat them on the porch of the Fox home.

All classes were represented, and it was asserted that many wonderful "cures" were wrought. Crutches were built in a pile on the Fox lawn, and there was another pile of cast-off bandages. The sick poured into Denver until it was necessary to provide tents to accommodate them, and the Fox home was flanked with the tents on three sides.

Schlatter stood on the porch for about two weeks, while patients came to him in line. He took every one by the hand, placed his other hand on the head of the patient, and leaning over, moved his lips as if prayer. He also blessed handkerchiefs, canes and other articles to be used as instruments of healing.

Schlatter was offered large amounts of money, but he refused to take a cent. He said that he deserved no pay or fees, because he was only doing the work of "The Father." On the day he disappeared fifty cripples arrived in Denver from New York for treatment.

McLean came on the scene shortly after Schlatter's death. As recently as two years ago he gave "healing" demonstrations in New York City, Paterson, N. J., Boston and other Eastern cities.

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