

HOW MONT ALTO IS SAVING LIVES

This Case of Young Man From Huntingdon is Typical of Hundreds of Others.

IS WELL AND WORKING

Eighteen Months at the State's Free Tuberculosis Sanatorium, With Proper Care and Observation of Rules, Gave Him Back Health and Strength.

The following news story, which was published in the Huntingdon Globe of Aug. 10, 1911, gives an excellent idea of the kind of work that is being done by the State Department of Health for Pennsylvania's tuberculous poor under the supervision of State Health Commissioner Samuel G. Dixon:

Lemuel Adams, who was employed as a coatmaker in the tailoring establishment of F. W. Baldwin in Huntingdon, left here in April, 1909, presumably in the last stages of tuberculosis. He had fallen off in weight, was as thin as a match, as pale as death, and when he left here two years and four months ago none of his friends ever expected to see him in the flesh again.

But Lem was in town on Monday, and he wasn't in a box, either. He was here in citizens' clothes, looking as brown as an Indian, and feeling as frisky as a colt. From Huntingdon Mr. Adams went to Mont Alto, Franklin county, where he entered the state institution for tubercular cases and became an obedient patient under Dr. Johnston, the man in charge.

For three months Mr. Adams occupied a bed in the hospital, where it took mighty close watching to keep body and soul together, but Mr. Adams won out, and in midsummer he was sent to the camp, where he did nothing but eat and sleep and breathe the fresh air of the South mountains. He remained there eighteen months, and was in the open all the time. Many a day he rose from his bed with the snow on his pillows and blankets, but he improved right along, and in March he was discharged.

Mr. Adams is now selling lightning rods, which gives him constant outdoor employment. He will never resume the tailoring business for fear of a recurrence of his trouble. He now eats like a wood chopper, sleeps like a baby and is as strong and robust as a youngster in his teens. For years Mr. Adams' normal weight was 132 pounds. Now it is 137. When he left Huntingdon in April, 1909, he weighed 110.

The splendid condition of our friend is remarkable. Indeed, he is a living monument to the patience and skill of the men who have charge of the state institution at Mont Alto. Dr. H. C. Frontz, of Huntingdon, sent Adams to Mont Alto, and on Monday when he gazed upon the shadow of two years ago he could scarcely believe his own eyes.

An Island in a Cloud.

White Island, thirty miles to the northeast of New Zealand, is perhaps the most extraordinary island in the world. It is an enormous mass of rock nearly three miles in circumference, rising 900 feet above the sea, and is perpetually enveloped in dark clouds, which are visible for nearly 100 miles. The island consists almost entirely of sulphur, with a small percentage of gypsum. Some years ago an attempt was made to float a company to work the sulphur, which is of high quality, but sufficient capital was not subscribed. Therefore the export of sulphur from White Island is still very small. In the interior is a lake fully fifty acres in extent, the water of which has a temperature of 110 degrees F. and is strongly impregnated with acids. On one side of this lake are craters from which steam escapes with great force and noise. This steam and the vapor from the lake form the dark cloud that envelops the island.

West Indies English.

The moot question as to why English is spoken as she is apparently been settled by a colored mammy of the old school. In a recent visit to the West Indies she accompanied her mistress and after returning regaled her envious neighbors with vivid accounts of her travels.

"In dem Wes' Indies," she remarked, "dey don't talk Unahsted States. No, suh, dey don't. Dey talks foreign an' English—English, yes, suh. An' dat English dah ain't de same as what we all talks. No, suh. Dey says down dah, dey says, 'ahn't' for 'ain't' and 'cahn't' for 'can't' an' such like doins'. Yes, suh. An' you wan' to know how come dey talk dat fool talk? Why, suh, when he English done busted away 'um de Unahsted States dey was so 'shamed dey'd evah belonged to us dat dey trahd to get eben, an' jes' out'n spite dey done change de pronouncement of de whole language."—St. Louis Republic.

A Rule of Life.

We should meet each morning as from foreign countries and, spending the day together, should depart at night as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate.—Emerson.

Death From Imagination.
How faith may kill as well as cure is shown by one of the cases mentioned by Dr. Charles Reinhardt in "Faith, Medicine and the Mind." A convicted murderer had been banished over to the physiologists for the purpose of an experiment. He was told that his hour had come and that he had been decided that he should be bled to death. His eyes were bandaged and he was pinioned, opportunity for having been given him to see the formidable array of surgical instruments, the vessels to catch the blood and the other terror inspiring paraphernalia of the vivisector's laboratory. A blunt instrument was now drawn sharply across his throat and a stream of warm water was made to trickle from his neck into a vessel below the operating table upon which he lay. After awhile the sounds, which had previously been continuous and hoarse at hand, were gradually reduced until the patient, doubtless supposing that he was bleeding to death, gradually lost consciousness, fainted and expired.

The Panama Hat.

A popular comedian at a Lamba club gambol in New York told a panama hat story.

"A young clerk out my way," he said, "gave his girl a present of a panama hat last year. Then the day before the Fourth he got a couple of complimentary for a picnic, clam bake and corn roast down the river, and he wired the girl:

"Meet me at pier 13 tomorrow morning at 7. Picnic. Bring panama."

"The next morning as he stood on pier 13 dreaming dreams of love, imagining a long, sweet day of billing and cooing, he saw his girl advancing with her father and mother. He was terribly annoyed, and on the boat, as soon as he could get her alone, he hissed:

"What did you want to bring the old folks for?"

"Why, Will, you told me to," she said, and she showed him the telegram, which the operator had made to read:

"Bring pa and ma."

Whistler Before Whistler.
Mortimer Menpes told the following story of Whistler, who was to deliver an address one day to the Society of British Artists: "The master at length entered, faultlessly dressed, walking with a swinging, jaunty step, evidently quite delighted with himself and the world in general. He passed down the gallery, ignoring the assembled members, and walked up to his own picture. And there he stayed for quite fifteen minutes, regarding it with a satisfied expression, stepping now backward, now forward, canting his head and dusting the surface of the glass with a silk pocket handkerchief. We watched him open mouthed. Suddenly he turned round, beamed upon us and uttered but two words—'Bravo, Jimmy?'—then took my arm and hurried me out of the gallery, talking volubly the while."

King's Queer Present For a Queen.
In all probability the king of Dahomey's present of pipes and loin cloths never reached Buckingham palace. On one occasion, however, Queen Victoria had publicly to accept a gift of quite an embarrassing nature. This was in 1856, when the king of Siam sent a mission to England. On being presented to the queen, who received them seated on her throne and wearing her crown, the envoys crawled from the doors to her majesty's feet on their hands and knees and then each drew a present from the folds of his robes. The first object placed in the queen's hands was a silver spittoon.—London Chronicle.

Stagecoach of the Twenties.
Brooks Bowman commenced running an hourly stagecoach between Boston and Roxbury on March 1, 1820. He left the town house on Roxbury hill every day in the week except the Sabbath at 8, 10, 12, 2, 4 and 6 o'clock and, returning, started from the Old South church at 9, 11, 3, 5 and 7 o'clock. The fare was 12½ cents each way.

Her Good Advice.
They had been courting for only four years when Silas spoke as follows: "I think you oughter give me jest one kiss, Sary, you know; it's far better, to give than receive."

"You don't say?" said Sary coyly.

"Then it seems to me some folk oughter practice what they preach!"

Descriptive.
One little girl was telling her mother how another little girl was dressed at a party. "And would you believe it, mamma," she concluded, "her slippers were so tight I could see all the knuckles on her toes."—Chicago News.

He Was Playing.
First Actress—You say you are hard up. Isn't your husband playing this season, then? Second Actress—Yes, he is. That's just the trouble. First A.—Why, what's he playing—Hamlet? Second A.—No; cards!

The Other Extreme.
Parke—Poor Piltler! His wife is a spendthrift. Is there anything worse, I wonder, than a wife that's too extravagant? Tame—Oh, yes; one that's too economical.—Brooklyn Life.

This as a Rail.
"Is he as thin as I have heard?" "He's thinner. Say, when he tried on a double breasted coat one row of buttons was up his back."—Exchange.

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes difficult when you do it with reluctance.—Terence.

Gilded Teeth.
New Zealand native ladies adopt the ivory hue for their teeth, while Japanese maidens complete their toilet by covering their teeth with gold leaf.

Lace.
Lace was in use in Venice at an early period, and it was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Its importation into England was prohibited in 1483 to protect the domestic manufacture.

GEORGE HACKENSCHMIDT.

Who Believes He Will Defeat Gotch in the Coming Match.



New York, Aug. 17.—George Hackenschmidt, once champion wrestler of the world, came by the Olympic to try conclusions with Frank Gotch, with whom he is scheduled to wrestle on Labor day in Chicago.

"I weigh 225 pounds now," said Hackenschmidt, "and this time I believe I will beat Gotch. He is a rough customer, but I am not at all fearful of losing to him again."

He started at once for Chicago, where he will complete training.

GOTCH TAKES NO CHANCES.

Procures Three Policies to Insure Against Losses in Match.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Frank Gotch, champion wrestler, has taken out three policies to insure himself against loss in his match with Hackenschmidt on Labor day.

The first is for \$25,000 to protect the champion in the event of any accident, either in his training quarters or during his trip to Chicago. This policy terminates the minute Gotch steps into the ring. The second policy is for a like sum to insure the presence of Hackenschmidt in the ring and terminates when the two men begin wrestling.

The third is for \$40,000 to insure the champion against loss in the pictures.

THAW'S WIFE PETITIONS.

Wants Lunacy Commission For Husband Confined at Matteawan.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 17.—A petition for a lunacy commission for Harry K. Thaw, now confined in the State Hospital For the Insane at Matteawan, N. Y., was filed in common pleas court here on behalf of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, his wife.

Judge Davis admitted the petition after some discussion as to whether a Pennsylvania court had jurisdiction. Francis Rawle of Philadelphia, who filed the petition, asked for a rule to show cause why the commission should not be appointed, but this was refused.

Mr. Rawle said that Thaw's income was \$60,000 a year, and Mrs. Thaw, being without means, was entitled to a share of this amount.

BISHOP OF SALISBURY DIES.

English Divine Was Nephew of Wordsworth, the Poet.

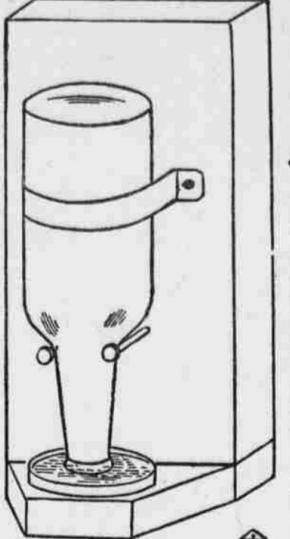
London, Aug. 17.—The bishop of Salisbury, the Right Rev. John Wordsworth, is dead.

He was a nephew of the poet and was born Sept. 12, 1843. He has been bishop of Salisbury since 1885. Recently he visited the United States, where he delivered some lectures and preached at various churches.

Evolution of the Nursing Bottle.
The original nursing bottle was a cow's horn, to the small end of which were sewed two pieces of leather, as a finger of a glove, and the infant drew its nourishment between the stitches. According to Dr. D. Forsyth, fifteenth century mothers used to nurse their babies for close upon three years, a duration still customary among the Japanese and Greenlanders. In the time of the Stuarts it had declined to between eighteen months and two years. In the time of the Georges it fell to one year, and now he reckoned the average as eight months. During the Hanoverian period the practice of feeding babies artificially became somewhat common. Cow's milk was not then considered just the food for a baby deprived of its mother's milk, and the substance called "pap" was introduced through the cow's horn. "Pap" was a mixture of crust soaked water and sugar. A baby that thrived on it was usually one of rare constitution. The nursing bottle with a long rubber stem succeeded the cow's horn, and by degrees the comparative sanitary feeding bottle of today was introduced.—New York World.

A CHICK FOUNTAIN.

Can Be Made by Anybody, and the Little Peepers Enjoy It Immensely. Here's an ingenious little fountain for keeping a constant supply of water for your youthful chickens. It is simple in the extreme to make, and any boy who can use a saw and drive a nail can make one in an hour. Just take two pieces of board, one six inches square and the other 6 by 12 and nail them so as to form a right angle. Get an old milk bottle and nail two thin



FOUNTAIN FOR CHICKENS.

strips of tin so that the bottle will slip easily in and out and remain supported head down.

Then nail the lid of a tin can under the mouth of the bottle, and enough water will escape to keep the little receptacle always full and be handy for the chicks to get at whenever they want to liquidate their little 'bills. It goes without saying that the contraption should be kept in a cool, shady spot.

WANT REAL PARCELS POST.

Entirely Too Much Energy Wasted on Roads From Town to Country.

As to some products of the farm, there is a difference of 40 to 50 per cent between the price that the grower receives and the price that the consumer pays. There are even cases in which this price difference amounts to 300 per cent. Part of the loss is due to a bad system of retail distribution, as when a dozen city milk wagons travel over the same route, each delivering one bottle here and another bottle there, when one wagon might as well make all the deliveries along the route. This same waste appears even more markedly between the farm and the town. How many fully loaded wagons do you pass in driving to town? From a dozen farms a dozen packages of butter, poultry or vegetables may go to town the same morning, each in a different vehicle. Every day a dozen parcels of merchandise are hauled out of town along the same road in a dozen different conveyances, and the time and labor of eleven men and eleven horses go for nothing. The rural free delivery mail wagon now comes to your house with a load that you could put in one or two bushel baskets, and it goes back to town with an even smaller load. Under present conditions it looks as if the postoffice department was not giving the farmer his money's worth.—Country Gentleman.

Witchcraft.

Mosaic law enjoined death as the penalty of witchcraft in 1491 B. C.

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Live Stock Notes.

Do you use the whip because you have it handy?

Are you humane in the treatment of the animals you drive?

A horse's pulse beats from thirty-six to forty times a minute when he is in health.

A mule is no more prone to kick than a horse unless he is taught to do so by bad treatment.

Are you one of the unthinking who starts a horse with a blow instead of using your voice?

Do you want a balky horse? You can easily have one by giving him too heavy loads to draw.

If the horse must be kept in the barn during hot weather keep all the doors and windows wide open.

Oats is the most perfect all round feed for horses at any time of the year. Barley is a close second.

It is a good sign to see a pair of scales in the stable, but you have to use them to get any good from them.

Carrots must be fed sparingly to working horses. Cut them in slices. They are a laxative, and affect the kidneys also.

Loaf off the ration of all kinds when the horses are doing little or nothing. They are too much like a man to stand heavy feed while lying still.

Stuffing the colt with hay or straw or any coarse feed will spoil its looks. Keep this ration down by the use of some grain and less coarse feed.

Watch the hired man with your horses. If they cringe, dodge or show signs of fear while with him, take my advice and "fire" him. A good horse is spoiled when he is a victim of fear.

Don't make your horse wait till he is cooled off before you give him a drink. Take a couple of quarts in a pail and give that. Then wait a while and give as much more. By this you will save a lot of suffering on the part of your horse and he will come out all right too.

The Sense of Smell.

"It is the upper part of the nose that smells," said a perfumer. "The lining there is very sensitive and brown in color, not red, as in the lower nose. Men are more sensitive to odors than women. Scientific tests have shown, I believe, that, while many men can detect the smell of prussic acid even when there is only one part of the acid to two million parts of water, the average woman fails to detect the smell if there are less than ten parts of the acid. Though the white man is much less sensitive to odors than the savage, a prolonged stay in a part of the world where smells are few puts a very fine edge on the sense of smell. Dr. Nansen has declared that when returning from the ice world to Franz Josef Land he knew when he was approaching the assistant he had left there by smelling his scented soap long before he saw him. He could, too, when approaching the hut have given an inventory of the stores there, as he smelled everything it contained separately and distinctly."

Ruled His Servants by Fines.

Sir Richard Newdigate, a seventeenth century Warwickshire squire, whose papers were published some years ago by one of his descendants, ruled his servants by a system of fines. The value at which he rated domestic crimes is shown by such entries in his diary as: "Nan Newton, for breaking a teapot, 2s. 6d.; Richard Knight, for pride and slighting, 2s. 6d.; William Hetherington, for not being ready to go to church three Sundays, 18 pence; Thomas Birdall, for being at Nunceaton from morning till night, 5 shillings; cook, dead drunk, 10 shillings." As his cook's wages were only £8 a year she paid pretty dearly for her lapse from sobriety. Sir Richard had a system of rewards as well as penalties. "To my three daughters," he writes, "because they came to prayers, 3 shillings," and "to Tom Cooper, who worked hard after he broke his head, 2s. 6d."

Crows and Parrots.

The sorrow of pet crows and parrots whose masters are removed by death is often noticed, and one very tame crow which was owned by a woman in Virginia would fly to the cemetery and sit for hours on a tree which stood near the grave of his beloved mistress.

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