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#### DR. DIXON WORKING FOR THE BOYS' INTEREST.

The season is at hand when a low whistle and a mysterious raising of the first two fingers of the right hand will cause any small boy to glide stealthily around the corner and stand set forth in company with his bare-footed tempter for the nearest swimming hole.

"Oh the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, hazy days When the hum-dum of school made so many run-a-way, How pleasant was the journey down the old dusty lane Where the tracks of our bare feet was all planted so plain You could tell by the dents of the heel and the sole They was lots of fun on hands in the old swimmin' hole."

The fashionable watering places may be well enough for the socially elect but the rivers and creeks must serve for the majority and the observant traveler can testify that the old swimming holes have not been deserted.

Of course every boy and girl should learn to swim and most of them do but sometimes the less skillful fall victims to their inexperience. Drowning accidents are all too common at this season of the year and there is scarcely a community in the state that does not have one or more to record during the summer season. Last year there were nearly 500 fatal accidents of this character throughout the state.

In the majority of cases, these occur in localities where it is difficult to obtain the prompt aid of a physician and every minute is of vital importance when a drowned man is to be resuscitated. Hence everybody should be familiar with the methods of reviving the drowned. They are comparatively simple and can readily be learned.

Dr. Dixon, Commissioner of Health, has issued a Bulletin setting forth clearly and concisely the methods of recovery and resuscitation in cases of drowning. It is profusely illustrated with excellent photographs. Everyone who loves to swim should obtain a copy of this valuable little pamphlet and add to his store of practical knowledge, the methods of reviving the drowned. It should find its way to every boat club, fishing and hunting camp in the state. A postal card addressed to the Commissioner of Health, Harrisburg, will bring a copy free of cost to anyone in Pennsylvania.

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## SEPTEMBER IS THE LAST MONTH FOR SWATTING FLIES IN THE CITIZEN CONTEST

### So Please Kill That Fly! HOUSEHOLDERS PLEASE READ BECAUSE

1. The fly is the most dangerous wild animal in America.
2. Flies breed in manure and other filth. Filth is the flies' food. Flies carry filth to our food.
3. Flies walk and feed on excreta and sputa from people ill with typhoid fever, tuberculosis, diarrhoeal affections and many other diseases.
4. One fly can carry and may deposit on our food 6,000,000 germs.

5. One fly in one summer may produce normally 195,312,500,000,000,000 descendants. Therefore kill the flies before they begin to breed.
  6. A fly is an enemy to health, the health of our children, the health of our community!
- A fly cannot develop from the egg in less than eight days. Therefore if we clean up everything thoroughly every week and keep all manure screened there need be no flies. Will you help in the campaign against the pest?

#### RULES FOR DEALING WITH THE FLY NUISANCE

Keep the flies away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases. Kill every fly that strays into the sickroom. His body is covered with disease germs.

Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises.

Screen all food and insist that your grocer, butcher, baker and every one from whom you buy food-stuffs does the same.

Don't buy foodstuffs where flies are tolerated.

Don't eat where flies have access to food.

Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.

Keep all stable manure in vault or pit, screened or sprinkled with lime, oil or other cheap preparations, as 98 per cent. of the flies come from stable manure and 2 per cent. from garbage and other filth.

Keep the streets and alleys clean. See that your sewage system is in good order; that it does not leak, is up to date and not exposed to flies.

Pour kerosene into the drains.

Burn pyrethrum powder in the house to kill the flies or use a mixture of formaldehyde and water, one spoonful to a quart of water. This exposed in the room will kill all the flies.

Burn or bury all table refuse. Screen all windows and doors, especially in the kitchen and dining room.

If you see flies you may be sure that their breeding place is in nearby filth. It may be behind the door, under the table or in the cuspidor.

Remove all refuse and filth from house, yard and outhouses and thus prevent flies from breeding on your premises.

If there is no dirt and filth there will be no flies.

IF THERE IS A NUISANCE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WRITE AT ONCE TO THE HONESDALE BOARD OF HEALTH.

"Health is wealth," and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

There is more health in a house well screened than in many a doctor's visit.

The only safe way is to keep out the flies.

## THE RED AND THE GREEN

A Story of Domestic Love and Squabbles

By EDMOND L. STANLEY

When Bob and Carrie Delafield were married they went, on returning from their wedding trip, to their own house, which was very large, containing several separate suits of rooms. Both had their ideas of decoration, and, having disputed over the colors for the interior of their bedrooms, they finally concluded that the bride should direct the decoration of one suit, while the groom should select the colors for another. The first suit was to be the bride's rooms, the second the groom's.

Mrs. Delafield—that was to be—chose for her apartments a very beautiful shade of green. Bob Delafield, who had no artistic taste whatever, but thought himself a connoisseur, especially in colors, put his suit in red. It wasn't even one of those rich reds which, when put in the right place, are often very attractive.

"By Jove! That's elaborate!" said Bob when he saw his decorations complete. "And appropriate," added his wife, smiling, "for a member of the fire department."

Since a bride and groom don't care to occupy separate apartments the couple agreed that they would use the two suits on alternate weeks. They tossed a coin for the first choice, and Bob won. So upon their return from their wedding journey they occupied the red suit.

Now, it happened the day after their arrival that Bob accidentally knocked a cut glass pitcher—a wedding gift especially cherished by the bride—off a table and smashed it.

"Dear!" exclaimed his wife in a tone of anger. "What abominable carelessness! I would rather have had you break anything in the house than that pitcher. It was Mollie's gift."

"Do you suppose I intended to break it?" replied the husband, with a fierce inflection on the word intended.

"Get away!"

Both had started to pick up the fragments, but at this order of his bride Bob desisted and left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Bob was so infuriated with what he called the old rose color of his suit that he had induced his wife to order their dinner there that same day. The pitcher was broken at noon. Carrie sulked all the afternoon, and when dinner was served her eyes were red, while on her face was the expression of an injured woman. Only monosyllables were spoken at dinner by either.

This is a sample of what frequently occurred during that first supposed to be happy week at home after the honeymoon.

On the beginning of the second week they removed to the bride's suit, each secretly vowing that should the scrappy condition continue—and they expected it would—they must have a rest by temporarily separating.

It was Sunday morning when they first awoke in their new quarters. A bit of sunlight had stolen in through the window, faintly illuminating the room. It seemed to Carrie that she had been sleeping under the rustling leaves of a tree and had awakened to look upon a meadow robed in the verdure of the lovely month of June.

It at once occurred to her that she had been very disagreeable to her husband, and she was heartily sorry for it. "Oh, Bob," she said, "what a horrid creature I have been for the whole of this first week of our homecoming!"

"You mean that I have been positively brutal."

"Well, never mind whose fault it has been. We won't do so any more."

"By Jove, sweetheart, I believe I like the decoration of your suit better than mine, after all."

"Yours is very beautiful."

"How lovely it is of you to say so! You said when you first saw it that it was appropriate for a fireman."

"Did I? How mean of me! I think it's lovely."

"What a clumsy brute I was to break that beautiful cut glass pitcher you thought so much of. My carelessness spoiled a whole week for us—our first week in our beautiful home."

"Never mind, dear; we'll make up for it in the second. We won't speak a cross word during the whole week, will we?"

"No, we won't."

They breakfasted in the green suit, as they called it, and with every mouthful exchanged endearments.

That day was a haven of rest to them after seven days of irritation. They lounged about their home reading the morning newspapers, putting little things that needed attention to rights and giving each other only words that sounded like the twittering of mating birds. In the evening they went to church, and every hymn, every note of the organ, seemed to strike a responsive chord within them.

"Oh, blessed seven days!" said the wife the next Saturday afternoon. "I'm sorry they are ended, but I doubt not that the next seven will be equally happy."

"They have been so delightful that I propose we continue right on in these rooms for another week."

"What difference can it make what rooms we occupy? I will not admit that we get on better in my rooms than in yours. The first week we were

tired from having traveled so long. Besides, that hotel food upset us both."

Now, the husband who had occasionally played poker with his friends was a great believer in luck. He considered that they were having a fine run of luck in the green suit and was very much opposed to the change. But Carrie was bound to give up to her husband in the matter, and when a wife makes up her mind to do that nothing can stop her. Bob used every argument to induce her to consent to remain in her rooms, but failed. When he found there was no use to struggle with her any longer he gave in.

Sunday morning Bob dreamed that he was in hell. About him was a lurid light covering all the firmament. Satan came to him and asked him why he didn't go to work at the furnaces, and when he said he was tired and didn't wish to work the arch fiend poked him with his pitchfork and woke him up. The lurid glare of hades dissolved into a lurid glare in his bedroom. A window shade had been left up, and the sunlight was pouring in, illuminating the red decorations. Then Carrie awoke and, sitting up in bed, shaded her eyes with her hands.

"What an awful glare!" she exclaimed. "I thought you lowered that shade last night. I told you to do so."

"I don't remember your telling me any such thing."

"You didn't."

"I did."

"What's the matter with you this morning?"

"Nothing."

"You're cross as a bear."

"First cast the beam out of your own eye and you will see clear to cast the mote out of mine."

"I always heard the devil is good at quoting Scripture."

He turned over, with a grunt, and tried to go to sleep again, but the glare in the room prevented. The wife lay thinking. Where was the loveliness of the past happy week? Their expectations of a renewal were disappointed on awaking the first morning. Bob tossed about for awhile, then got up and took his bath.

"Where the devil is the warm water this morning?" he yelled from the bathroom.

"Didn't I tell you yesterday that the range fire had gone out?"

"What did you let it go out for? Do you suppose a man wants to bathe in ice water, especially on Sunday morning?"

"Oh, shut up! You'll drive me crazy." Bob slammed the bathroom door.

Presently he came out with a razor in his hand and blood on his chin.

"Cut yourself, dear?" asked his wife.

"Oh, don't 'dear' me. Get me some court plaster quick."

She went to the medicine closet for the court plaster, but since she couldn't find it at once he hurled maledictions upon her. Finally she threw the court plaster at him, went to her own suit and shut the door. Bob didn't expect to see her again for hours. He was agreeably disappointed. In half an hour she came out, with an angelic smile on her face, and said:

"Don't you think I'd better have the breakfast served in my room instead of yours, dear?"

"No, I don't. You can have yours served there if you like. I'm going to eat mine in my own rooms."

"All right, dear. Did you cut yourself badly?"

"Little you care whether I did or not."

Carrie after fixing Bob's coffee handed it to him and let go of it before he had got a hold on it. The consequence was that cup and saucer fell to the table, the cup was broken and the coffee soured over the white linen tablecloth.

Bob burst forth into a torrent of profanity, and Carrie, with flashing eyes, left the table.

One hour later Bob, realizing that the blessed day of rest that came but once a week was likely to pass in misery, went to his wife's room to try for a reconciliation. She was sitting at a table writing some letters. It seemed to him that she had left him in hell and he had followed her to the garden of Eden. There was something delightfully verdant about the apartment. Carrie looked up at him lovingly. He bent down and kissed her.

"What the deuce were we squabbling about anyway?" he asked.

"I don't know, dear."

"Nor I. I only know I wanted to kill some one."

"And I felt as if I would fly out of my skin."

The next day the family physician was called in to see Mrs. Delafield and was received in the red suit. After giving her some minute instructions pertaining to her case he said:

"Have you other rooms in the house than these?"

"Yes. Why do you ask, doctor?"

"Because in your condition it will never do for you to occupy these. The red will have a very bad effect upon you. Red will drive some persons to insanity."

"How would green do?"

"The very thing. Red is terribly irritating; green is very restful. If you have a room decorated in green, move into it at once."

"Indeed I will, doctor."

When Bob came home his wife met him at the door and flung herself into his arms, radiant.

"Oh, Bob," she exclaimed, "there's no more need for us to quarrel! I've found out the cause. It's the red suit. The doctor has ordered me out of it. He says the green rooms are just the thing for me. Don't you know we've always been pleasant with each other there?"

"Come to think of it, I do."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"I expect it's the red in many couples' lives that sets them to quarreling."

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