CARING FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Thirty-Nine State and 114 Local Sanatoria Provided, but These Are Only a Beginning.

In spite of the fact that state sanatoria and hospitals for tuberculosis have been established in 31 states, and 114 municipal or county hospitals in 26 states, vastly more public provision is needed to stamp out consumption, says the Nationhl Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Nearly every state east of the Mississippi river has provided a state sanatorium, and west of the Mississippi river, state sanatoria have been established in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Oregon. There are 38 sanatoria provided by these states, Massachusetts having four, Connecticut and Pennsylvania three and Texas two. Including special pavilions and almshouses, there are 114 municipal or county hospitals for the care of tuberculosis patients.

Apart from these institutions, however, and a few special pavilions at prisons, hospitals for the insane, and some other public institutions, a grand total of hardly 200, the institutional care of the consumptive is left to private philanthropy.

PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 89 K, Boston.

Snakes in Prohibition Maine.

Snakes emptied two saloons in Portland of the crowds of customers a few evenings ago. A non-resident ordered a box of snakes sent to him from the south for the purpose of cleaning out a vast number of rats from his place. The snakes were given a chance to demonstrate their rat killing ability and the large snake destroyed 15 in a few minutes. The snakes were then taken to two different saloons and in a few minutes cleared them of the crowd—Kennebec Journal.

Sensitive.

"You don't like educated Indians!" "Oh, yes, I like them well enough, but I always feel a sense of shame when I meet one. He knows that my ancestors cheated his ancestors out of their land, and he knows that I know he knows it."

The greatest cause of worry on ironing day can be removed by using Defiance Starch, which will not stick to the iron. Sold everywhere, 16 oz. for 10c.

Modern Ethics.

Do not kick a man when he is down. Turn him over and feel in the other pocket.—Galveston News.

When you need a tonic, appetite restorer, a real digestive help and a preventive of Cramps, Diarrhoea, Costiveness, Malaria, Fever and Ague, take nothing but

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 28-1911.

Types of the Christian Life

By Dr. Hugh T. Kerr, Chicago

TEXT—Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.—John 11:5.

Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. Jesus loved them all. Yet he loved each of them, Martha and Mary and Lazarus. Each of them has a place in his heart. Yet they are so different. Jesus does not ask for monotony, but variety in his kingdom. The kingdom of grace is like the kingdom of nature. No two varieties are alike. In my Father's house are many mansions. One family, but many members. One home, but many hearts.

That was the revelation of God's character in the Old Testament. He was the son of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob. How different they were. Abraham—the faithful, the consecrated, the pathfinder. Isaac—the lackadaisical, the indifferent, the father of an illustrious son, the son of an illustrious father. Jacob—the Jew—crafty and cunning, yet tender-hearted and visionary, and God was the father of each and yet loved them all.

The fault with us is we want religion to level human nature at a dead uniformity, and we think Christians should all be conformed to our type, forgetting that Christ is the universal type—so universal that we may all be unike each other and yet all be like him. It is the fault that belongs to our education. We grind all our children through the same mill. Black and white, delicate and robust, brilliant and dunderhead, they must all submit to the same polishing process.

It is the fault of our church system, also. We want to level down the whole congregation to our own miserable level. We think Christ has conceived in us the true conception of the saint. There is the Sunday school type and the Christian Endeavor type and the prayer meeting type. There is the elder type and the trustee type. The W. C. T. U. type and the Y. M. C. A. type. The temperance type and the missionary type. There is the Presbyterian and the Methodist and the Baptist type. The Mary and the Martha and the Lazarus type. But the love of God is broader than the measure of man's mind, and all may be included in his all embracing love.

Let us remember that Jesus loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Mary the passive, Martha the active, and Lazarus the patient. Mary—satisfied to be. Martha—to do. Lazarus—to do without. Mary—the waiter. Martha—the worker. Lazarus—the watcher. Mary content to sit. Martha content to serve. Lazarus content to suffer. And Jesus loved each and he loved all.

Jesus loved Martha. That is what the record says. The active, busy serving Christian Martha. She is in the majority today and is greatly in demand. Sometimes she is apt to think she is the only one whom the Lord loves. She has much Scripture to quote in favor of her disposition and she has the authority of great men who favor the strenuous life. What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only."

Martha is everywhere respected and honored today because she does things. She is the Sunday school, the prayer meeting, the church services, the missionary society, the ladies' aid. She is cooking, praying, sewing, visiting, collecting for the kingdom of God, until when night comes she falls asleep too tired to say her prayers. And Jesus loved Martha. And we must love her too. A religion that finds its joy in service and in consecrated activity is apt to be a moral power. A religion that finds God nearer in moments of sentiment or musical ecstasy, instead of in moments of moral endeavor, is extremely dangerous. Jesus loved Martha.

Jesus loved Mary. Mary—the quiet, retiring sister who sat at his feet. Mary's claim to recognition came from being willing to wait upon his words. She is like the beautiful picture through which you look into the great far beyond. She is like whispering music singing comfort into troubled hearts.

In a world of sin and turmoil Mary sat in the confidence of a beautiful trust. She was like another beautiful girl upon whose tombstone her friends carved the words: "It was easier to be good when she was with us." That was Mary's tribute. "What interests the world in Mr. Gladstone," writes John Morley, "is even more what he was than what he did." What interests the world in Jesus is not so much his beautiful teaching as his more beautiful life.

It was a hard lesson for Elijah to learn. He was the child of the storm and the tempest. He lived in reformations and revolutions. "Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before Jehovah."

My dear friends, let us not take away from the boundless power the love of God. He loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus. All with their differences. And they all loved him. Mary sits at his feet. Martha hurries to supply his wants. And Lazarus is content to glorify him with his radiant resurrection glory. With all our differences and misunderstandings and selfishness we love him and each in turn is loved by him.

TALES OF GOTHAM AND OTHER CITIES

Footwear of Humming Bird Feathers

NEW YORK.—Women on this side of the big pond learned with interest that their sisters in Paris were wearing shoes made from humming bird feathers, the ridiculously low price of $2,500 a pair placing the fluffy footwear within reach of all. Realizing that it was only a question of a few weeks before the very latest fad in tootsie trappings would reach this city, and being aware of the fact that humming birds were none too plentiful, the young and old girls began figuring out how many of the gorgeous mites would have to be sacrificed to cover their spokes.

Married men read the article until they came to the line which told about the price of the new plumage, and then they dropped in their tracks. When they regained consciousness they equipped their wallet pockets with burglar alarms and hired detectives to watch their trousers while they slept. Many of them, unable to see a ray of hope, went straight to the bankruptcy court and gave themselves up. More than one happy home was rent with discord by the announcement. Women who had the temerity to ask their husband how many humming birds would be necessary in their case were generally told that a whole aviary would not make them a pair of shoe strings.

It was only natural that there should be much conjecture as to the possible adoption of the new fad by Chicago women. In view of the fact that it takes the whole southwest side of a cow to make one of them a pair of slippers it was generally agreed that one Chicago order would put the humming bird family out of business.

"I'm willing that my wife should have everything within reason," said a man whose cut glass display indicated that he was not dodging any creditors, "but I draw the line at $2,500 a pair for shoes. Just think of it! Shoes that cost $1,250 a foot. She cried and called me a tightwad when I refused to grant her the appropriation, but I told her she would have to stick to the leather kind or get another cash register."

"I've got a wife and seven daughters," said another man, "and when I went home to lunch they pulled this humming bird thing on me. Every one of them has feet like flounders, and when they insisted on being in style I turned over my bank books and reserved a place for myself in the bread line."

Burro Saves Its Master From Prison

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—That old story of a prospector's love for his burro, the companion and solace of weary, lonesome hours in a desert search for gold, won freedom from jail for aged Aaron Braunsheidt here.

Braunsheidt came into Los Angeles from the desert and mountain land along the Mexican border, riding a decrepit burro. Across his shoulder was slung a rifle. At his saddle, formed by an old frayed comforter, was his camp outfit, pickax and a shovel. His beard, long and straggling, and his long, gray sunburned hair was unkempt. As he passed along the street, P. A. Rambo, agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, saw him.

The burro's back and hip bones displayed recent scars. Braunsheidt was surrounded by a curious throng when, as the official placed a detaining hand upon the burro, he reached for his old rifle. A wire fastened to one end of the barrel caught in his tattered coat, affording Rambo an opportunity of disarming him.

At the offices of the society the old prospector told a story which won sympathy. It was repeated later to a throng of citizens who accompanied Braunsheidt and Rambo to a livery barn, where the burro had been stabled. Willing hands reached for pocketbooks and none desired to have him punished. He was released. As he walked away from the city hall building, one arm placed affectionately about the burro's neck, he was cheered by the men who contributed to provide him and his companion with food.

Braunsheidt, known to many pioneers as Aaron Brandt, has won and lost fortunes in search of wealth which he believes exists in his gypsum claims near Tucson. For forty years he has prospected. His wife and their only daughter conducted a confectionery in San Francisco. In the great fire Mrs. Braunsheidt and the daughter, Clara, were killed and their little property lost. Since that time Braunsheidt has been prospecting.

The only thing left of his family fortune was the burro, which his daughter had named "Mrs. Buffalo Bill."

City Gets 125,000 Post Cards Daily

CHICAGO.—If any one doubts that the friends of Chicagoans do not send them cards from all parts of the world during the vacation season, just ask the letter carriers. Chicago's postoffice is now receiving 125,000 cards daily, and when the postcard crop is at its height, the office will handle 200,000 cards a day.

If all of the postcards that come to Chicago each day at this time of the year from people jaunting throughout the country on vacations were placed end to end, the line would reach a distance of twenty miles.

Five hundred postcards laid on top of each other form a pile one foot high, and so, by careful figuring it is found that the total number of cards coming to Chicago daily will form a stack 200 feet high or equal to the height of some of Chicago's taller buildings.

One little innocent postcard often makes the postman walk two or three floors higher than he would go if he were carrying only "legitimate" mail. Frequently the postmen return to the offices and find that postcards have compelled them to walk one-third farther than the regular mail would have taken them.

The Chicago postoffice handles in one day more postcards than any other office in the world under one roof. The vacation period brings one-half as many cards to the city as does Easter or Christmas time.

A downtown novelty dealer declares he sells as high as $100 worth of postcards a day.

Of course, the postoffice has to be just as careful with a little vacation card as with a real letter. But one kind of card is barred, the variety that is covered with tinsel. Tinsel is poisonous and the clerks are not compelled to come in contact with it.

Children Swat Flies for the Bounty

BOSTON, Mass.—An endeavor to rid Worcester of flies through a fly killing contest is under way in that city and scores of children have entered the competition.

Many prizes, aggregating more than $600, are being offered to the children producing the greatest number of dead flies within the time limit of the contest, and during the few days the competition has been going on several hundred thousand of the germ carrying insects have been slaughtered.

The insects are measured by the quart as they are brought in and throughout the city the little ones are daily engaged in a wholesale fly massacre.

One boy tells of catching 10,000 flies in an old cow stable and thousands more around garbage cans. In their hustling for the prizes the children are invading back alleys, stables, markets, setting traps among garbage and dirt of all kinds, and patroling various insanitary places where the most flies are found.

Few contestants are confining their attention to homes, for they can gather comparatively few flies there. Some parents look at this feature of the contest with decided disapproval. They fear the children are very likely to contract diseases in invading such places and handling the flies.

Another feature is that each child must kill the flies and then dry them carefully before turning them in. In this way the children directly handle the germ-laden insects.

Traps of every shape and description as well as all manner of ingenious methods to kill the insects are being used. Fly catching devices are selling at a premium, and men and women appear as much interested in the affair as the children.

THEY DON'T WANT WRINKLES.

She—Mr. Smith advertises all the new wrinkles.

He—Fatal mistake. He won't get a woman in his store.

A Busy Place.

"Where is that spot you call the 'lovers' lane?'" diffidently asks the young man while the young lady waits on the hotel piazza.

"Right down yonder," replies the clerk. "Just keep going until you see the porter from the barber shop. Lovers' lane is so crowded now that we have him stationed there to give the guests checks, so that each may have his turn."—Judge's Library.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolisalve is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

A man can't always depend upon a grass widow to see that his grave is kept green.

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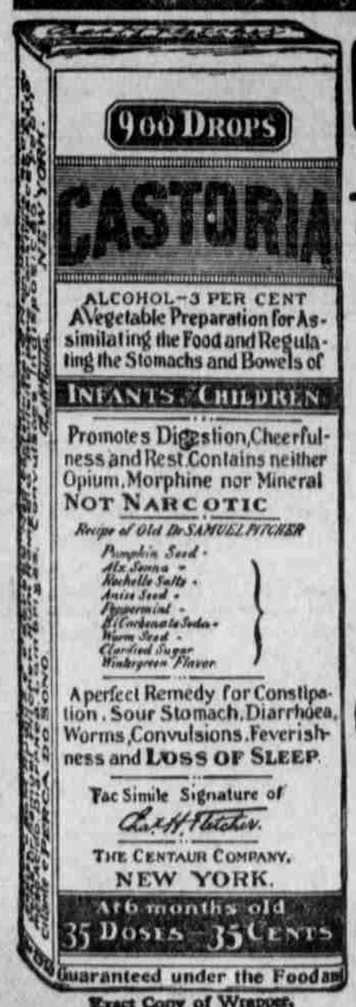

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