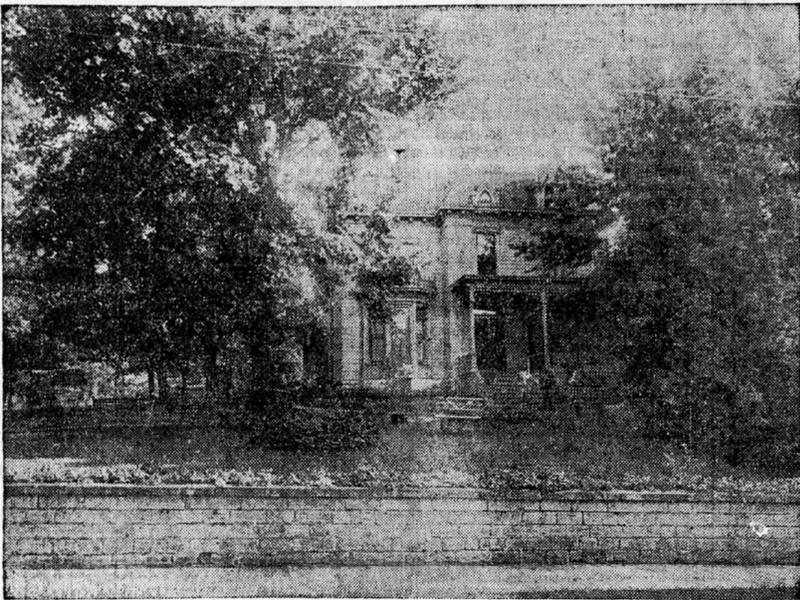


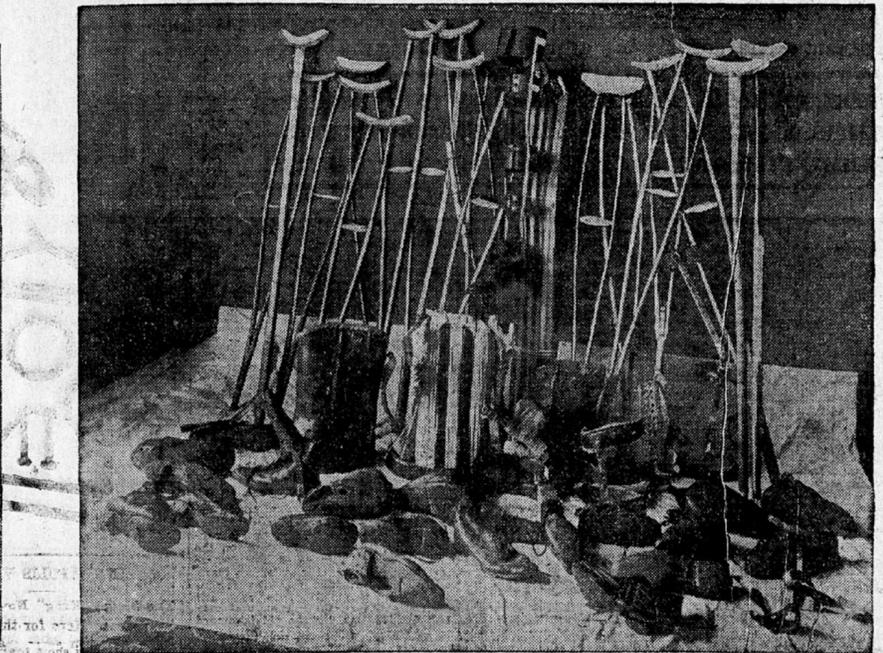
Wonderful Work Performed by the Bone-Setter

HUDSON, WIS., A VERITABLE MECCA FOR CRIPPLES.

"Rose Villa," Beautiful Office Home of Dr. Arons, Thronged by Unfortunates. He Cures With Bare Hands Cases that Baffle Ordinary Surgeons. This Wonderful Man is Doing a Great Work.



"ROSE VILLA," THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OFFICE OF THE BONE-SETTER, SHOWING ONLY A PORTION OF THE GROUNDS.



THIS GROUP OF TORTURE PARAPHERNALIA HAS BEEN LEFT AT THE BONE-SETTER'S BY CURED PATIENTS.

The little city of Hudson, Wis., beautifully situated on the banks of the St. Croix, has become a veritable Mecca for hundreds of cripples whose homes are thronged the northwest. The curiosity of the stranger visiting this thriving city is bound to be aroused if he remains there but a few hours. He notices the arrival of unfortunates by every train. His wonder grows. He imagines for a moment that this little city is most peculiar in its physical make-up—so many lame and crippled. Then he inquires:

"What is the meaning of all this? Is there a convention of cripples in town?"

Then the native Hudsonian smiles knowingly and plies the stranger's ignorance.

"No, sir," is the reply. "Don't you know that this town is the office headquarters of Dr. Arons, the Bone-Setter? And it draws upon the stranger that he has often heard of the Bone-Setter, and that, logically enough, Hudson should be the Mecca for cripples."

"Rose Villa" is the name of the beautiful home that has been converted into the Bone-Setter's offices. One of the doctor's admiring patients christened the spot and "Rose Villa" just describes it. The residence is a magnificent one, built on the good, old-fashioned architectural plans, and the surrounding ground is a veritable hower of rose bushes, hydrangeas and other beautiful flowers. There is an acre and a half of ground in all, and the patients who come to see the Bone-Setter are always loathe to leave this quiet, beautiful, fascinating "Rose Villa," whose very atmosphere seems to have curative power and where Dr. Arons plays such a leading part.

Hundreds of Grateful.

There are hundreds of grateful men, women and children throughout the coun-



Brace Used by a Patient Who Had a Bad Case of Spinal Curvature.

try that are to-day singing the praise of this wonderful man who has made their lives worth the living. They have come to him lame and crippled and have left cured, grateful, happy. In this phenomenal doctor's office home one meets cripple after cripple who can hardly wait to tell you what Dr. Arons has done for them. There is gratitude and joy in their every face and they almost worship the man who has made them well.

All one has to do, to get some idea of the magnitude of the Bone-Setter's work is to glance at a sort of "closet of torture" just off the main operating room. This little room is piled high with "instruments of torture" in the shape of crutches, steel braces and supports, leather corsets, club-footed shoes (of all sizes and descriptions) left behind by those who have visited "Rose Villa." A picture showing a pile of these relics, associated with no end of pain, appears with this article.

The Bone-Setter's own method of curing cripples, in every way crippled is one of the wonders of the century. He does it with his bare hands and without the least pain to the patient.

In many cases he rights the wrong almost in the twinkling of an eye. His work is exclusively confined to the many wrongs of cripples and deformities, whether from birth, disease or accident. Crooked or Club Feet of any variety he cures straight, natural and useful. His method is mild and painless, and the result satisfactory in every case. Spinal Curvature, even in long standing cases, he corrects without plaster cast, felt or leather jackets; stays or braces he never employs.

Dislocated Hips and Hip Disease he cures without surgical operation or confining the patient to bed. Abscesses, shortening deformity and loss of motion and lameness, he prevents by correcting the wrong with his bare hands. Crooked and Diseased Knees or ankles, deformities of all kinds, he treats successfully without pain. Paralysis and Resulting Deformities, rendering one a cripple, he corrects without surgical operation. Spine Trouble with children of various ages, rendering them helpless, he cures, and the results are little short of a miracle. Tuberculosis of the Joints, of long standing, he cures without surgical operation or pain to the patient. And so along the list of deformities. There is not a surgical instrument in "Rose Villa," and Dr. Arons never gives a drop of medicine.

The Bone-Setter does not claim to have "discovered" bloodless, painless, orthopedic surgery. Such a claim would be absurd upon its face. But he does claim, and rightly, to have improved its methods, perfected the science of specific adaptation to each individual case, to meet the particular requirements of the condition to be righted. He does not etherize his patients or use a plaster cast, stay, brace

or other mechanical appliance. The results of his methods are startling to the average layman. They are almost miraculous and there is no questioning their complete correctness. The Bone-Setter has hundreds of testimonials of his wonderful work. There is no doubting their genuineness, for they are signed by the giver in each case. Then he has letters, great files of them, attesting his expert skill. These are from people all over the country, in every walk and calling of life—lawyers, doctors, merchants, officers in the U. S. army, artisans, etc.

A Talk With Patients.

But best of all is to talk with those who have come under the care of the Bone-Setter. "I walked like this before I saw Dr. Arons," said a well-known Minneapolis lady to a Journal man at Rose Villa the other day, and the elderly lady, for she was past the three score and ten mark, hobbled across the room with a pair of crutches that she picked up. "Now look at me," and she dropped the crutches and walked as perfect as you please. "For sixteen years," continued the delighted lady, "I was crippled with a dislocated hip. I traveled the country over for medical help and advice. Sixteen years, mind you, every step I took was a torture—awful pain, it seems unbearable now. I spent thousands of dollars in treatment that left me no better. For a hundred nights I packed my limb in clay. For forty days and nights I lay on a hard bed, with my feet elevated, no pillow, and with a weight attached to my limb. Almost as a last resort, and with but little hope, I must say, I paid a visit to the Bone-Setter. He made an examination and told me he could cure me. But others had told me that and I still had my doubts. 'Come to me to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock and I will remove your disability.' While, as I thought, he was making another examination of my hip, I asked him, 'If it would hurt me much. He said, 'Bless you, my dear woman, it is all over now. You can get up.' And I did get up and walk and I have walked ever since without the slightest pain or trouble."

This lady was Mrs. Charlotte A. Secombe, who resides at 25 Grove place, in Minneapolis, and who was paying a social visit to "Rose Villa." "Just to thank the doctor again," as she expressed it.

There are an number of cases just like Mrs. Secombe's, and all are just as willing to testify to the wonderful power of Dr. Arons.

Miss McMurdy's Case.

Another interesting case at "Rose Villa" was that of Miss Mary McMurdy, who is a patient now. Her case has attracted much attention because of its extreme rarity and the strikingly peculiar features in connection with it. Miss McMurdy accidentally dislocated her neck while turning over in bed, it is supposed, for the next morning she arose with what is

commonly known as a stiff neck. Well, it was stiff, indeed, for she could not turn, raise or move. Her head was turned completely around, and there it was, as firm and fixed as if it had grown that way. This was Miss McMurdy's condition when she applied to Dr. Arons for help, only her condition was further complicated by a spinal curvature. A dislocated neck is, as one can readily imagine, a most critical condition, for there is a complete displacement of the bones of the neck, with the spinal cord running up thru them. There is naturally great tension upon the spinal cord, by the bones pulling it sideways in their displacement.

Miss McMurdy could hardly eat, sleep or drink. The least jar or jolt to the head or neck caused her almost unbearable pain.

Now Miss McMurdy is almost completely cured. Her head is in its natural position and the curvature is almost a thing of the past. Miss McMurdy walks everywhere now without even the aid of a friendly cane, and she is the happiest little girl in the state of Wisconsin.

This is the second case of a dislocated neck that has come under the supervision of Dr. Arons' remarkable skill. The other was that of John Moseler of Brotherton, Wis. He was cured six years ago.

The cases mentioned, and a few of the many interesting ones to be found at "Rose Villa." To one interested in this sort of work there is no more fruitful place of observation in the country than the Bone-Setter's beautiful Hudson home.

Honest Principles.

Dr. Arons readily admits that there are cripples beyond help. He does not claim to be able to cure all of them, but where he believes he cannot cure he invariably tells the patients so, for the doctor believes there is nothing so cruel as setting up false hopes to the afflicted. Every crippled person who begins an investigation of the Bone-Setter and his work is confronted at the very start with the plain, simple principles of everyday honesty.

First, he or she reads the testimonial in the paper from some cured patient. The specific address of the patient is always given with the printed signature. This stamp is done perfectly honest, as it is. The inquirer then writes or goes to see the patient who has been cured. The published statement is found to be absolutely true in every particular. The next step is to write to the Bone-Setter and describe how they are crippled. In response they receive an honest reply, for if the Bone-Setter has good reasons for believing that nothing can be done for them, they are so written, plainly. If the description of the condition is such as to lead the Bone-Setter to believe that he can give the desired help, they are written favorably and invited to come to Hudson, Wis., at once. After the examination is made the applicant is told "just what may be done, approximately, how long it will take, and the cost. If the applicant becomes a patient, the work of righting the wrong is commenced at once. Every promise made is faithfully fulfilled, and truth and honesty characterize the whole professional and business transaction, and sooner or later the patient gives his or her testimonial for publication, and thus the good work goes on.

How He Cures Cripples.

While Dr. Arons is a graduated physician and surgeon, with a mind naturally bent to the mastery of anatomy, still he is more than the ordinary or average doctor. Nature has rarely and wonderfully,

in a mysterious way, blessed him with many rich endowments that make him to his chosen calling "to the manor born." While Bone-Setting, in its strict sense, is the happy blending of that anatomical skill, knowledge, science and art in operating upon the boney structure of the human body, with the bare hands, without the use of knife, medicine, osteopathy, hypnotism, electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, psychology, christian science or other occult powers, to perform that painless operative surgery that does cure cripples in every way crippled, as he does it, requires that indefinable something that is only given to the extremely favored children of nature, with only one appearing in many generations of time. It is not something that can be learned or acquired, or there would be a surfeit of such operators. Of all the fountains of knowledge, there is not a single fount where this knowledge may be obtained. There is no teacher. He cannot teach others, for the life of him he cannot tell how he does it, much less impart his knowledge to another, any more than the poet can catch an inspiration from nature that breathes and wafts through his soul, and impart that inspiration as he feels it, to another. Or the musician who touches the strings of the lyre and sound fills his soul with music. The orator, as he feels the gathering force of his mighty eloquence that from him reverberates down the annals of time. The mysterious. This man, the Bone-Setter, genius as he is, like all other geniuses, is touched by the magic wand of nature, time and again, is wont to ask, "Whence comes this mighty power?" That mysterious, subtle force that enables him to handle the sore, inflamed leg or arm, that for others to touch

is like death, without giving the least pain? Who can tell? Taking the deformed member in his hands, the misplaced bones at once take their proper places with almost seeming human intelligence. You cannot do it. I cannot do it. See him operate! The shades of time! No wonder the people are slow to believe it. It is astounding. One does stagger human belief and one is wont to discredit their own eyes. Marvellous does not describe it. It is awe-inspiring. If you doubt it, go to Hudson; see for yourself.

The four lines of hacks in Hudson, each separate line having a number of hacks, all make each train day and night, for the depot is quite a ways from the town, and every incoming and outgoing train brings in and takes away from Hudson its burden of cripples. It is a common daily sight to see a line of hacks drawn up in front of Rose Villa and cripples getting in and getting out of the hacks.

It is an animated scene and simply shows how the Bone-Setter is largely sought day and night by the lame, crippled and halt from every section of the union. From California to Maine, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, people of all conditions in life.

Hundreds from all over the northwest have written to the Bone-Setter of their coming to see him during the state fair, because of the reduced rates from all over the state of Minnesota to St. Paul and Minneapolis and return. Those who have long contemplated seeing him will avail themselves of this opportunity. Hudson is only 18 miles from St. Paul and 22 from Minneapolis on the North-Western, or Omaha road. There are five trains a day, each way, with no change of cars. Take hack at Hudson depot for "Rose-Villa."

**Department of the Interior,
United States Indian Service.**

Leech Lake Agency,
Onegum, Minn., Apr. 25, 1903.

My Dear Doctor:—

On Jan. 14th last, after examination, you agreed to cure my daughter of curvature of the spine, and I placed her in your care. On April 19th you returned her, without a trace of curvature or its attendant, nervous complications. How you accomplished it I do not know nor care. It was done without pain or the least inconvenience at any time, without medicine and in the short space of three months. No other physician would even promise a cure. I am grateful to you for the interest you took in the case and the uniform kindness and attention bestowed upon my daughter while a patient under your charge. I honor you as a man for doing just what you agreed to do. I bow to your professional skill, which appears to me only a little less than magic. I shall remain your debtor through life for your work, the value of which to me I am unable to compute in dollars and cents. I gladly testify to your professional skill and hope to be numbered among your warm personal friends.

Sincerely and Gratefully Yours,
N. L. SCOTT,
Major 10th Cavalry,
U. S. Army.

Dr. Arons,
Hudson, Wis.