

## THE SAFE LAXATIVE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE

Most elderly people are more or less troubled with a chronic, persistent constipation, due largely to lack of sufficient exercise. They experience difficulty in digesting even light food, with a consequent belching of stomach gases, drowsiness after eating, headache and a feeling of lassitude and general discomfort.

Doctors advise against cathartics and violent purgatives of every kind, recommending a mild, gentle laxative tonic, like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, to effect relief without disturbing the entire system.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the perfect laxative, easy in action, certain in effect and, withal, pleasant to the taste. It possesses tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and is a remedy that has been for years the great standby in thousands of families, and should be in every family medicine chest. It is equally as valuable for children as for older people.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and he will be very glad to send a sample bottle for trial.

There's music in the squall of a baby—to its mother.

Which wins? Garfield Tea always wins on its merits as the best of herb cathartics.

**His Pose.**  
Mrs. Hewligus, what is your husband's attitude on the woman suffrage question?"

"One foot in the air, of course. He's one of the chronic kickers."

**Easy to Lick Russia.**  
A couple of little newbies stood in front of the Youngstown (O.) Telegram bulletin recently reading the printed lines and making comments on the press reports.

"Gee, it says here 'at there's liable to be some o' troubles 'th Russia on account ob de treaty," said one.

"What's de difference?" said the other. "Dis country don't need to worry."

"Oh, I don't know," said the first speaker, "it might bring on a war."

"Huh!" sniffed the second boy. "Uncle Sam could lick Russia wid de Salvation Army."

**Joke on the Doctor.**  
The physicians in Mankato had agreed that during their Chautauqua assembly they would employ a call boy, and each was to pay his share of the expense. This boy was to call any doctor who was wanted, without disturbing the speaker, as it was embarrassing to him and looked as if they were doing it to advertise without expense. So it all went well until the afternoon when Strickland W. Gilliland spoke. As he was talking away a certain doctor had a call from the platform, and he walked out rather ostentatiously. Some of the people who knew of the arrangement laughed or sneered, and the speaker got it. He said: "Don't laugh, folks. That is the way my brother got his start." And everybody roared.

**Lamb's Tenure of Life Not Long.**  
A party of privileged sightseers were admitted to a private view of a menagerie between performances, and among other things were shown what was called a "Happy Family," that is to say, in one and the same cage there was a toothless lion, a tiger, somewhat the worse for wear, and a half-famished wolf. Beside these wild animals, curled up in one corner, was a diminutive lamb which shivered as it slumbered.

"How long have the animals lived together?" asked one of the party.

"About twelve months," replied the showman.

"Why," exclaimed a lady, "I am sure that little lamb is not as old as that."

"Oh," said the showman, quite unmoved, "the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

**DIFFERENT NOW.**  
Since the Slugger, Coffee, Was Abandoned.

French Strother, writing in the World's Weekly about C. F. Rodgers' transatlantic flight, says that financially the trip was a disappointment. He received \$5 a mile for his flight from New York to Fort Worth; and from Fort Worth to Pasadena, \$4 a mile and all the purses he could arrange for on the side. He thus received about \$20,000 from his backers and about \$3,000 or \$4,000 prize money. But his machine cost \$5,000 and repairs cost about \$17,000 more, so his net return was small.

But he unconsciously summed up the significance of his flight, at Pasadena, after he had heard the last of the applause and received the last congratulations and had left the American flag that had thrown across his shoulders, when he placed his hand on his mother's shoulder and said:

"Never mind about the money. It don't amount to much that way—but I did it, didn't I?"

**Gratifying.**  
The Rannunculus bulbosus now adorns the meadow lot. And the Arctostaphylos ornaments the hillside. While the little Tomtomosus overflows the window-pot.

The Viola Cucullata peeps above the brooklet's bank. And the gentle Sagittaria blooms in lonely spots and banks. Also the Trillium is becoming long and lank.

All of which is but conclusive that the days are going by. With the elements conducive to caloric of July. And that we can shed our flannels quite with safety, you and I.

—May Lippincott's.

**Perverseness.**  
How are those cork shoes you got?"  
"Great! Why when the water gets in the cork keeps it from getting out."

## The Infinite Motherhood

For, thus saith the Lord, . . . As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—Isaiah, lxvi, 12, 13.

From the Philadelphia North American. It seems strange, when one stops to think of it, that the race always has been "fathered" by "Divinity" and "mothered" by the material earth, whereas the attributes of the human father and mother, if appropriately applied, would reverse this order.

For the father and the earth support, and the mother and the Infinite Being love, guide and comfort, albeit, in many instances, the father loves as much as the mother, and in many an instance the mother does more to support than the father.

But these exceptions do not alter the more general order, and the greatest among the Hebrew prophets tells us it is the voice of the Almighty that spoke, saying:

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."  
"Fathered" also in the Bible is there to be found a more sublime and satisfying picture of the Omnipotent One than here, where we are made to see the mother in the most frequent of her noble roles—that of the comforter.

From the first days of babyhood through the years with their growth of care and burden, it is the province of the good mother—and most mothers are good mothers—to smooth out the wrinkles in the trouble-creased brow and smooth over many of the rough places in the oft-tossed and rocky road.

With that witchery which is to be found only in the voice of one who speaks of care and burden, and blood of her blood, the voice of the mother is like an answer to a call for help; the touch of her hand is like the thrill of new hope; the smile that she looks though it be less reasonable than logic, opens a new door to endeavor.

How often, in every land and clime and

even among uncivilized peoples, is the mother a comforter? Perhaps when we can count all the stars in the skies and all the leaves on the trees of earth, we may be able to answer, but surely not until then.

And so, in this divine attribute she evidences to us "the very best of the essence of Divinity. For the God of our being is no longer a God of wrath, as the old days, but a loving Comforter, knelt down to as children kneel at a mother's knee.

It may always remain the "Fatherhood" of God in words, but deep in our hearts, where meanings may enter without the knock of words, it will be the "Motherhood" of God. Indeed, unless our relation to Infinity be in most ways that of a child, it is not a child at all. For the material bond between God and man can grow to be as strong as it should be; as it surely will be in times to come when the fulfillment of the promise that the material shall have opened our minds to the greater need for mastering the spiritual.

We are children—very young children, when one considers the antiquity of this planet and the brief time it has been peopled. In knowledge we are "babes and sucklings" not yet capable of understanding, but we are to let the things which are real and everlastingly worth while.

The most we can do now, despite our frequent and furious boasting and all our display, is to let the Divine One guide and lead us, through love, into those paths which will some day bring our undressed children into light and knowledge.

Even as our mothers have led us here, so will He who is all-merciful lead our souls to such places as will give us greater opportunities for rising, till at length we come to the glory of the eternal gates.

**How quickly these first associations begin and attain strength any nurse or mother well knows. Persons experienced in the care of children know that it is important to establish the feeding and sleeping habits of an infant from the very hour of its birth. By the end of a fortnight such habits should be well fixed in the normal infant and it will forever be the gainer thereby. Probably in this region of distant pastures the act of association is more rapid than in the regions more distant from the child's immediate necessities. In every place, however, the tendency toward association goes on with terrific rapidity. It is nothing short of astounding how much really takes place in the mind of a child during the first year and again during the second and third year.**

At first the associations group themselves about different centers. The eye is one such center. The feelings from the muscles of the eyes when they are moved are at first undoubtedly without any connection with the sensation of light which is derived from the retina. When this feeling from the muscle occurs at the same time as the flash of light there is the condition for an association. If these two experiences occur together for a number of times they will become so related that each time when one occurs it will tend to revive the other even though that other may not at the time be present.

Thus the child will come to expect the flash of light when he feels the movement of the eye muscles. By an elaborate act of association the eye will come to work together and by further extension of this center of association the things which a child sees will come to be related to the things that he feels with his hands. He will through this process come to know that the rattle which he hears when he sees a rattle that he sees with his eyes, any by a still further extension of the process he will come to understand that this rattle which he sees and feels is the same as the one that makes the noise which he hears. These extensions of child experience are the first steps in the outward behavior of any growing child.

**World Pours In On the Child.**  
As the child grows from day to day the world outside pours in upon him through his sense organs its myriad motions, and these he must relate to these association groups, which he has begun thus early in his life. This is no always an easy process, and the imperative growth he makes often comes with severe inner struggles. New forms, new sights, new sounds, new odors, new objects, new persons and new ideas come to him in such profusion and complexity that the unity to his mind is often easily disrupted. He sees a new object and tries to relate it to the things he already knows. It will not fit. What experience he has accumulated in the past he may have been able to reduce to a consistent whole. Here is the new thing that stands over against the old fund of experience and is easily disrupted. He sees a new object and tries to relate it to the things he already knows. It will not fit. What experience he has accumulated in the past he may have been able to reduce to a consistent whole. Here is the new thing that stands over against the old fund of experience and is easily disrupted.

Possibly through the common element he is able to make the new object a part of the development of the wheel in motion, but although the framework is built so that one can see every part of it, no machinery can be detected.

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**Carouso To Get a Raise.**  
From the New York Times.  
Enrico Caruso, who is now in Paris, told an interviewer that he had a four-year contract to sing in America.

"Hitherto," he says, "I have been content with \$30 a night, with a guaranteed minimum of 40 performances for the first months, but now I am to receive more."

Caruso was asked whether he intended to appear in the West, and in reply he said: "Later, much later," he replied, "when my voice is aged, I shall be able to shout as loud as I like. Then I shall be able to put in my repertoire 'Die Meisler' and 'Siegfried' and 'La Favorita' and 'Il Trovatore' require a young, fresh, pure voice. Those rich metallic voices are disappearing. Alas, the eminent tenors who have proved that the race is degenerating."

Caruso's salary, although never officially announced, has been generally believed to be \$2,600 a performance.

**In Prison Until Wedded.**  
From the New York Herald.  
The Rev. George Brown, D. D., who has passed many years of his life in the South Sea Islands, endeavoring to stamp out polygamy and cannibalism among the natives, says in some parts of New Britain the natives have a custom of placing young women in strict seclusion before marriage by imprisoning them in cages until they reach a marriageable age. Doctor Brown describes how, on one occasion, he inspected some of these human cages.

"The cage was quite clean," he said, "and contained nothing but a few short lengths of bamboo for holding water. There was only room for a girl to sit or lie down in a crouched position on the bamboo platform, and when the doors are shut it must be nearly or quite dark inside. They are never allowed to come out except once a day to bathe in a wooden bowl placed close by."

**Never Solved.**  
The Sphinx propounded a problem. "Why does man make it rain to wash the windows or get a suit pressed?" she asked.

## RAPIDITY IN MENTAL GROWTH OF INFANTS

SPRINGTIME EMOTIONS OF A CHILD OF THREE.

(By M. E. Haggerty, Director Psychological Laboratory, Indiana University.)

The beginning of mentality in the child is very simple. A flash of light, a feeling of warmth, a sensation from a moving muscle, the feeling of contact of its lips, the taste of food, the visceral sensations including hunger, thirst and possibly pain, the motions of the lips, tongue and cheeks in feeding, the unco-ordinated movements of hands, feet and eyes, the faint response to auditory stimuli, a glint of odor and a transient taste—these passing in rapid flow and with little or no connection between succeeding stages of the stream make up all that can be called mind in the first days and weeks of childhood.

Very soon, however, begins the process of fusion of succeeding or contemporaneous states with one another. The flash of light is welded with the feelings from the activity of the eye muscles; the touch of the lips joins the taste of milk; the movement of the arm and hand is caught up into relation with the touch of the end of the fingers and the palm of the hand; the sight of the mother or nurse grows together with the anticipation of food; the sound of a familiar voice is connected with pleasant experiences that have followed that sound in the past; the cry so characteristic of infancy gets to be the connecting link between a state of discomfort and the relief of the annoying state.

**Infant Habits Quickly Formed.**  
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emphasis a little while ago when the first 3-year-old turned loose on the out-of-doors after the long winter housing. The narrow walls of the house broke before his eyes as he went through the open door and before him stretched the wide expanse of field and sky. The light filled space invited him with impelling solicitation and one ecstatic shout spoke his rapturous acceptance. Over the board fence and he stopped to see the flicker drumming on the roof. A shout of joy and recognition and then the swing that had hung neglected through the tortuous winter called him to stop for old friendship's sake as well as for the delight of motion.

But not for long; out into the field where the clover was just showing its first shoot and then a robin whistling in the naked top of the maple tree called forth the shout of "mocking bird."

This much he had saved over from his first summer when the mocking birds had been numerous about the place. Every bird was a mocking bird; sparrows, robins, thrashers, meadow larks, were all the same to him. He greeted them all as old acquaintances and welcomed their sight with joy, which was always turned to partial pain when he was told the real name of the bird, and that it was not a mocking bird.

Across the field to where the other children had been getting the early blood root and his eager hands gathered in great bunches of the creamy blossoms. About, and the spring beauties were growing at his feet. Down the hillside and the old walnuts molding in the grass brought back the memory of the last year's harvest, and he filled his rolled-up sweater, as he trudged up the next slope he spied the robin's last year's nest, now hanging bare amid the straggling boughs of the hickory tree. Then back along the fence and under it he came dragging his heavy boots up the back porch steps and panted out, "I'm hungry." He dropped his walnuts on the porch and his flowers upon the kitchen table. With hat and sweater off, his head in steaming curls, he looked the picture when he said, "I'm tired."

**Exhausted By the Rush of Newness.**  
In truth there was reason. The daily round of indoor playthings had made life quite the same and his mind was well organized and unified on blocks and books, on rocking horse and paper dolls, on chairs and rugs, on pictures, tables, fireplace, telephone and the members of the family, on the daily course of meals and sleep, but here the summer is gone, the day's events was blown up by the influx of a new world of things. A score of times the old familiar forms of thought were interrupted and new adjustments must be made and always in that most expensive way, to the accompaniment of sleeplessness. The vital energy that went into that morning's run is comprehensible to an adult only when he thinks what it meant to him to take his first trip to New York or into the mountains or to the distant college.

Yet day after day as the season advances this rebirth into a new world of things takes place for the child. New birds, new bugs, new blossoms, make life for him one continuous voyage along the season's current, all this varied scenery along the way demanding new adjustments, new associations, the whole amounting to a genuine reconstruction of the mind's place for the summer is gone, the day's events was blown up by the influx of a new world of things. A score of times the old familiar forms of thought were interrupted and new adjustments must be made and always in that most expensive way, to the accompaniment of sleeplessness. The vital energy that went into that morning's run is comprehensible to an adult only when he thinks what it meant to him to take his first trip to New York or into the mountains or to the distant college.

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