

Onions Are Cheaper.

Mrs. Hetty Green on her seventy-eighth birthday anniversary told a reporter that she put more faith in onions than in doctors. An onion was her recipe for colds, coughs, insomnia, nerves and many other maladies.

"An onion," she added, "is a better friend to you" socketbook than a doctor, too.

"A young lady was studying to be a nurse, and she said one day to a popular surgeon:

"What did you operate on Mr. Soets for?"

"For \$3,000," the surgeon answered.

"The young nurse smiled.

"No," she said; "I mean what did he have?"

"Three thousand dollars," was the surgeon's reply."

SCALP TROUBLE FOR YEARS

268 Harrison St., Elyria, Ohio.—"My case was a scalp trouble. I first noticed small bunches on my scalp which commenced to itch and I would scratch them and in time they got larger, forming a scale or scab with a little pus, and chunks of hair would come out when I would scratch them off. It caused me to lose most of my hair. It became thin and dry and lifeless. I was troubled for over ten years with it until it got so bad I was ashamed to go to a barber to get my hair cut.

"I tried everything I could get hold of, _____ and _____, but received no cure until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment when the scale commenced to disappear. The way I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to wash my scalp twice a day with warm water and Cuticura Soap and rub on the Cuticura Ointment. I received benefit in a couple of weeks and was cured in two months."

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

At the Boarding House.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

Looks That Way.

"If we are good we will come back to earth a number of times."

"Some people prefer to take no chances on that possibility."

"How's that?"

"They prefer to lead double lives now."—Courier Journal.

Of a Wild Nature.

Just outside the entrance to the yard at the Naval academy is an apartment house where many young officers live, and baby carriages are a not infrequent sight in this vicinity.

Not long ago the commander of the yard had a notice posted on one side of the gate forbidding automobiles to enter, because they frightened the horses. Shortly afterwards the following unofficial notice appeared on the other side of the gate:

"Baby carriages and perambulators not allowed in this yard. They scare the bachelors."

Best of All Gifts.

A little boy in a big metropolitan Sunday school listened eagerly while the superintendent talking of missions urged every one present to contribute to the cause.

"Give what you can, not what you want," he concluded his exhortation.

"Give generously and of your best."

Little Joseph, taking the exhortation literally and being penniless, wrote on the slip passed out for depositing in the pledge box:

"Please, sir, I give myself."

WONDERED WHY.

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it."

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum."

"When it was made right—dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

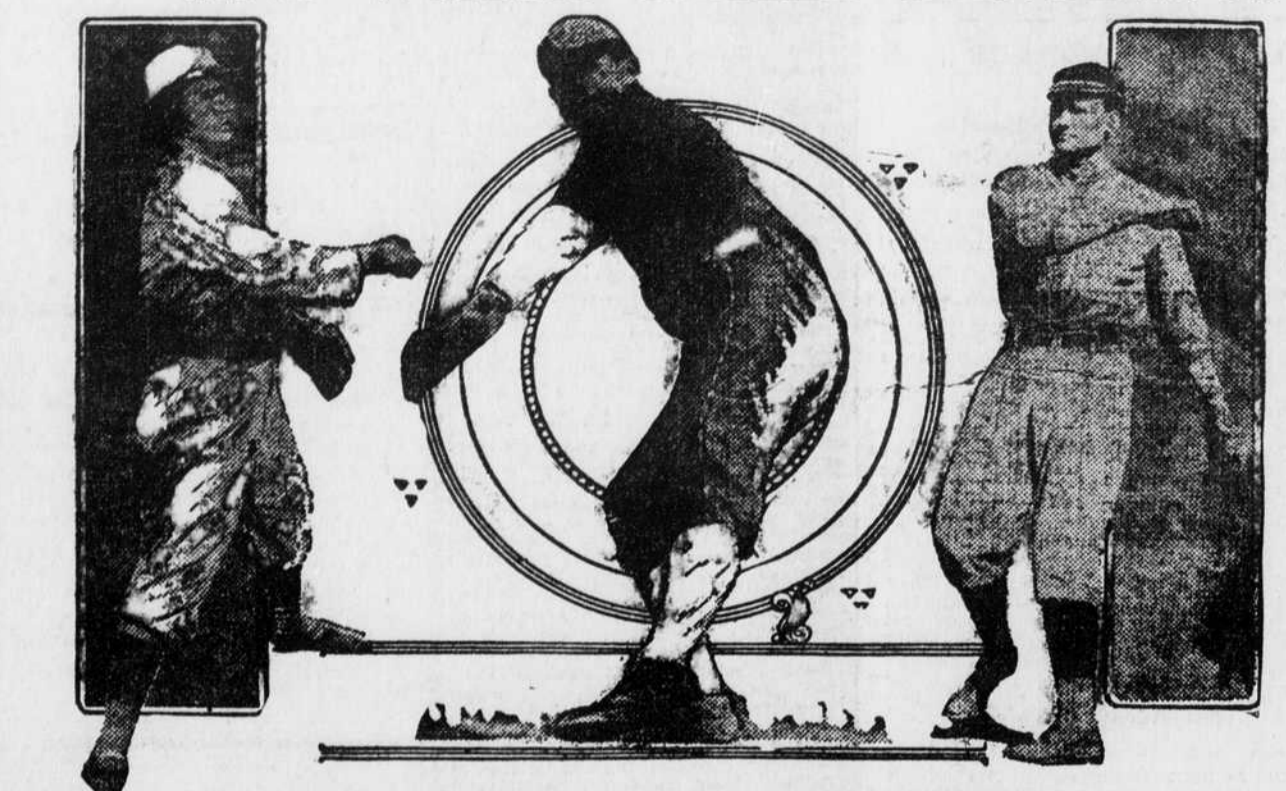
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being" in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

JOHNSON, WOOD, WADDELL, JOSS AND WALSH CALLED DANGEROUS



LEFT TO RIGHT—JOE WOOD, ED WALSH AND WALTER JOHNSON. Larry Lajoie, of the Cleveland Naps, in ranking the pitchers he has faced during the last 18 years, placed Walter Johnson, of Washington, at the top of the heap. Joe Wood and Rube Waddell are tied for second, and Addie Joss and Ed Walsh are tied for third place.

FEDERAL LEAGUE IS STILL AN UNCERTAINTY

Outlaw Organization Is Not So Much of a Sure Thing as Some Would Believe.

MACK'S SPORTING LETTER

New York, Special: Information from an authoritative source is to the effect that the Federal league, despite high sounding declarations and proclamations, is not so much of a sure thing as some persons would have us believe. The powers that be in organized baseball are better aware of the real situation than appears on the surface, which accounts for their failure to "worry aloud."

The fate of the outlaws hinges entirely on the attitude of one man, according to word from the inner councils of the organization. His name is Otto F. Stifel. This wealthy St. Louis brewer is the one man connected with the league who has really opened up a purse of any considerable size, and last year he was "in up to his neck," not only in the St. Louis club, with which his name was associated publicly, but in nearly every other club of the circuit. He was the "life insurance" of the outfit and came to the rescue whenever first aid was called for.

Several names known more or less as those of men with money have been coupled publicly with the outlaw league but it is now learned that in every case one or two conditions exist. Either Mr. Interested Party has not as much coin as he gets credit for having, or he refuses to open up to an extent necessary to make things go properly, but Stifel has "produced" in the past, and the conditions are such now that if he does not continue to pour out the golden stream, things will go to smash with the Federalists—either the league will go out of existence entirely, or it will subside to the low grade affair it was in its infancy, to stay there until it dwindles to nothing.

When baseball men not in the know wonder whether there is enough money behind the outlaws, all they need to do to set themselves right is to take a look at the procession of wagons carrying bottled and keg beer from Stifel's brewery in St. Louis. Enough money is earned for that one venture alone to finance the entire league, which was just what happened last year.

Now comes word that Stifel is thinking of quitting the Federalists. It is declared he has lost his enthusiasm in the affair and that he has changed from an extreme optimist into a rank pessimist. As a matter of fact, he made up his mind at one time during the recent meeting of the league in St. Louis that he was through and would get out. The other "magnates" of the league talked to him until they were blue in the face. They could not persuade him to promise he would stay in for good and all to the bitter end, but he did agree to reconsider. He has been reconsidering ever since, but just now his intentions, it can be stated positively, are to quit. He may change his mind again and decide to stick it out, and it is a sure thing that every effort will be made to keep him in line. But he has arrived at the point where he has to "be shown," having been born and raised in Missouri.

A tip from Ed Barrow, president of the International league, is to the effect that Hugh J. Rorty will be big league umpire by the middle of next season, or 1915 at the latest. Rorty officiated in the New England league last summer and now is signed to work in the International during the coming campaign. Rorty is unusually well recommended, and Barrow is giving him the International league job to school him a little more in the duties of an umpire until properly primed for service with the majors. According to reports from New England way Rorty looks more efficient now than Klem and Evans did when at a like stage in their careers.

It seems ridiculous to speak of Connie Mack's bashful and retiring disposition when one thinks of Johnny Kling. Kling is about the most retiring man in baseball history. His announcement a few days ago was his seventh annual one.

A glance over the official averages of the American association reveals the fact that Jack Powell, the former star of the American league, has not lost his speed as a baserunner. Powell, who was with Louisville last year, stole his annual base just as he had done for many years. His batting eye also was about as good as ever, for he hit .181. Probably one mistake was made in the averages, however, for Jack's name could not be found in the list of the 10 leading sluggers.

Still Powell always could pitch some and is a mighty valuable man to have hanging around.

After being called the Clark Griffith of the Southern league, Otto Jordan has been fired by the Atlanta club, to take hold as manager of the Dallas club

enjoy just about as well as playing single handed against the Harvard football team under an agreement that, if we win, we could play Notre Dame.

With thoughts of colleges and billiards rattling together, the question begs up: Why not an inter-collegiate billiard tournament? Not a college in the land is without several dozen enthusiasts at the cue game. Let any one who doubts this visit a billiard parlor and see the excitement and learning and take a look around. Generally there are three or four who outclass all their fellow students in prowess on the green cloth, and who can play good enough billiards, representing their alma mater, to attract a gathering which would fill any auditorium where such an intercollegiate match could be staged. Some booster of the game in one of the big cities ought to get busy and sound the sentiment on the question. Let the students would be willing and eager to go to it.

Mr. Bryan and Happiness.

From the Washington Star.

Introduced for an address at a dinner in Philadelphia Saturday night as "the next president of the United States," Mr. Bryan put aside the compliment and gently chided the toastmaster. He characterized the compliment as mere habit, as, indeed, it was. So many times in the past 17 years has that compliment been paid, and many times it was agreeable. But not now.

Nobody sees more clearly than Mr. Bryan that if the next president of the United States—the man elected in 1916—is a democrat, his name will be Woodrow Wilson. He is doing his best to bring that to pass. All that in him is—as executive and as orator—is at Mr. Wilson's service; and if the administration scores and has a release of power lengthened, nothing will be more likely than the retention of Mr. Bryan in the state department. As to 1920—but that is too distant for purposes of speculation.

But if the toastmaster jollied Mr. Bryan, Mr. Bryan retorted, and jollied the company. "Take this from his address: 'I am happy to see a nation of people change its point of view and adopt those things which have always been close to my heart.'"

We may believe Mr. Bryan is happy. He ought to be. The country—although a minority vote—did adopt last November many of those things which have always been close to his heart. Moreover, he elected president a man he had copied to an acceptance of those things. It was Mr. Bryan who, single-handed, turned Mr. Wilson from Clevelandism to Bryanism, and then bestowed upon him the Baltimore nomination. And, so far, Mr. Wilson in office has been steering by the chart of Bryanism.

But is Mr. Bryan happier in seeing Mr. Wilson thus perform than he would be if performing in the White House himself? He is human. For 18 years he pulled every string he could reach in an effort to direct in person the inauguration and the carrying out of the Bryanite policies. The ambition was altogether honorable and did not ignore even Tammany, and Tammany responded. Under both Prophet Crooke and Prophet Murphy, Tammany did all it could by Tammany means for the party ticket.

Mr. Bryan must have been bitterly disappointed in the refusal of the electorate three times to accept his policies from his own hands; and that feeling cannot have been transferred into one of complete happiness by the acceptance of them from the hands of a substitute. He may be happy, but he cannot be supremely happy. And the toastmaster simply "got the best" of him, and went him one better.

HERE'S NEW SPRING HAT FROM PARIS



This photograph, the first to be received from Paris, gives an idea of what the creators of fashionable spring millinery are showing now in advanced spring hats.

A model of black straw trimmed with a cascade of black taffeta and two large jet pins.

RIGHTS OF CHILDREN

Mary Mortimer Maxwell Tells in London Chronicle How Hungary Cares for "Forsaken Ones—Humanity Nation's First Concern.

BY MARY MORTIMER MAXWELL

A baby lay in a little white box-bed, its blue eyes lighted with one of those wonderfully beautiful smiles which sometimes take us by surprise in an infant so very young, for this one was but 2 months old. It smiled and smiled and smiled, it seemed, for the very joy of having been born, and its tiny fingers clasped and unclasped themselves over little drops of water that trickled down upon them. What a jolly game was this—these little spatters and splashes upon the baby's hands, and the baby couldn't seem to catch a single one of them as it fell.

A girl of 17 or 18 leaned over the baby in the white box-bed. The baby was pretty, but the girl was not. The baby was fair, and the girl was dark. The baby wore dainty white and the girl wore coarse plink. She was an ordinary looking little Hungarian peasant girl, and mother to the baby. The drops of water that fell upon the baby's hands, that made such a game for the baby to play, were tears welling from her eyes. What a sight—the baby so brimming over with jollity, the mother so full of sorrow, that while she wept above the baby, her lips were moaning and her shoulders shaking.

I could not speak to the girl in her native Hungarian tongue, so I asked her through an interpreter why she was so unhappy with such a wonderful baby for son and for companion, and the interpreter answered:

The State and the Child.

It was at the Budapest State asylum for forsaken children that I saw this mother and her baby. If you know nothing of the state's care for children in Hungary, you will wonder how a child cared for by its mother in this way could properly come under the descriptive term "forsaken." Well, in Hungary, where the children of the poor are better cared for than in any other country in the world, the term "forsaken child" includes the following:

The child of a poor widow.

The child of a forsaken wife.

The child whose mother is dead and father unable to provide for it.

The child of parents who cannot work and who will not work.

The child who is uncontrollable by parents or guardians.

The child of a poor unmarried mother.

Under the latter description came the smiling, blue-eyed baby, beloved of its mother, unrecognized, perhaps even unknown, by its father. Through the interpreter the peasant girl told me that she had hoped to keep her baby and feed it by the bottle. She had lived with her mother, who worked by the day, but now both she and her mother were out of a situation, and she could not tell if she could even continue to buy milk for the baby by the bottle. She would like to go to the colony with the baby. The state was good, and wished very much that she could. So much did the state wish this that it would provide both her and the baby with a nice home for nine months until the baby could be weaned. The state would pay for her board, and lodging while she nursed the baby and made it big and strong, but alas, it was a bottle baby, and the state could not be expected to pay for mothers to go along with their babies, just to feed and wash out their bottles. The little peasant mother did not complain. The state, indeed, was good to her. It would pay her expenses to accompany the baby to its foster parents, so that she could see what sort of people would bring up her baby; the state would allow her to visit the baby at her own expenses as often as she could do so, and when she was able to provide properly for the baby, she might have it back for the asking. Yes, the state was good and kind, but still the little peasant girl dropped tears upon the baby's hands, and the baby went on smiling.

Baby Colonies.

Yes, Hungary is kind to its forsaken babies, and in that country there is no talk of "charity" in regard to the care of the children. They talk there of "children's rights," and this system of looking after children's rights was established in 1898, the idea being originated by Szabolcs Kalmari, a lawyer, what we would call home affairs. Before the year 1899 there were many child-murders in Hungary. Married parents who either had not the means or the will to provide for their children, worked their children into the hands of others, to rid themselves of both the inconvenience and the shame, killed their children. Now, I am told, child-murder is almost, if not entirely, unknown in Hungary. From the age of one day and 15 years the state has become a provident father.

At the present time 60,000 children are being cared for by the state, and during the past year \$300 were received into the Budapest asylum alone. This particular asylum is more of a receiving station than anything else. The healthy children come in one day and are sent away the next, some to certain other asylums which are not overcrowded, and some directly to the foster-parents who are waiting ready to take them. Scattered throughout Hungary there are 17 of these asylums. From these asylums the children are sent out to the various villages, where special arrangements have been made for their reception, these villages being known as "colonies." When a baby of any age is brought to an asylum it is first weighed and measured and then given a bath. If accompanied by the mother she also is given a bath. If the child is an infant under the age of nine months, every effort is made to induce the mother to accompany it to its new home in order that she may suckle it, and during the period of her nursing the child the state pays out for her maintenance and that of the mother from 18 to 20 kreuzers, or about 1 1/2 per month. For the child alone \$6 is paid per month until it is two years old. Children from two to seven years of age are paid for at about the rate of 75 per month, while those from seven to 12 return to the old infantile rate of \$8 60.

The Right of the Child.

In this way the state provides for the child up to the age of 12, after which he or she is supposed to earn board and lodgings by the assistance rendered the foster parents. Yet the state keeps a fatherly eye of supervision upon each girl and boy till the age of 15, and during all these years inspectors from the state are specially sent out twice yearly to visit every home where a child has been taken to see that it is well and kindly treated, and that its education (for it is stipulated that the child shall be sent to school) is progressing. If a child, either boy or girl, shows great talent or gifts of an extraordinary nature in any direction, the state continues to pay for it even after it has passed the age of 12, the boys being

sent to the higher schools to continue their education and the girls to boarding schools. The thought of forsaken children to rise even to heights of fame is recognized by the state.

Sixty per cent of all the children are boarded in the home of small farmers, 20 per cent with artisans, 11 per cent with agricultural laborers, 3 per cent with small shopkeepers, and the small remainder with people in other trades. The majority of the boys stay on the farms or become artisans, while many of the girls remain for years with their foster-mothers assisting in the household work. Some of them, however, take situations as domestic servants in the homes of the well-to-do Hungarians. Refractory boys and girls are put in reformatory or industrial schools.

It will be seen that almost every contingency has been considered and provided for. The various homes to which the children are sent are chosen by a state official and a physician, while in each colony there is a state physician and a state nurse to care for the children in times of illness. It is also the duty of the state nurse to visit the homes where the children are boarded, to give instructions in the matter of hygienic feeding and cleanliness, and to see that the children are not kept from attending school and do not play truant. This nurse must also see that where the children are given tasks to do their strength is not over taxed, for it is the desire of the state to foster healthy, strong, able bodied boys and girls. This state nurse also studies the child's aptitude for an special trade or avocation, and reports to the state upon it.

Where young infants are sent to these various colonies, in 57 cases out of 100 during the year, the mother went with the child and suckled it, and it has been noted that in such circumstances only 15 per cent of the children have died. The state, therefore, makes strong inducements to the mother to remain with her child, providing her not only with board and lodging, but sometimes even paying her for her services as nurse to her child, and in the asylums where she remains with the child for some time, she is hired to suckle another child, if her strength and health permit of it. The feeding of any babies who are only tolerated when it is absolutely essential. When the mother does not accompany her child during the early months, then care is taken to place the child in the home of a woman who has a young child of her own and is willing to nurse both her own child and the foster child.

Amongst those who study the Hungarian state system of providing for forsaken children there are, of course, some who, while admiring it, yet shake their heads over its possible results in encouraging the propagation of the unfit both amongst married and unmarried parents. Certain it is that large numbers of mothers return again and again to the state asylum, bringing with them newly born babies for which they declare themselves unable to provide.

"Why are you doing all this?" I asked an Hungarian who was speaking with pride of the state's care of its forsaken children. His reply was frank in the extreme.

"Because," said he, "Hungary wants people and people and more people, especially men to become soldiers to fight. Shall we ever be free from Austria without more soldiers? So we take care of the children that the boys may be soldiers and the girls breed more soldiers."

"But what about the unfit children, the weak and diseased ones?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I am sure that the weaklings might be induced and the other weaklings will die off, and the rest will be soldiers and breed soldiers!"

After all an investigation into this question gives one most profoundly to ponder upon certain aspects of it.

Busy Railroad Terminals.

From Engineering News.

The busiest railway terminal in this country is the South station of Boston, which handles more trains, passengers, baggage and mail in a day than any other station. The largest station in this country in point of size is the recently complete Grand Central terminal in New York city. These two stations are at the terminus of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, which railroad shares the former station with the Boston & Albany railroad, and the latter with the New York Central railroad. The total number of passengers in and out of the South station as at the Grand Central, but the number of cars a train is greater at the latter. In spite of this tremendous traffic, the passenger facilities of the Grand Central are far from taxed; although at the present time about 62,000 persons use it daily, when completed the station will have capacity to handle 70,000 an hour. Twenty-one tracks have still to be completed at this station, whereas at the South station in Boston all the tracks are now in use, with the exception of the two sub-terminal loop tracks, whose operation must await electrification.

Re-Educating the Subconscious Mind

Walter De Voe, in Nautlius.

The practice of writing out one's thoughts daily is a splendid means of psycho-analysis whereby one can discover many things that are hidden in the sub-conscious mind, and uncover hidden talent as well as the morbid things which must be traced up in order to be dissolved. The process of writing holds the attention to the subject, and thus develops mental concentration and overcomes mind wandering. If one uses it as a means of formulating original thoughts, he can give a deep realization of the conscious wisdom of his soul, and uncover talents which articulate his physical existence—memories of soul powers developed in former lives. But its greatest usefulness is as a means of developing the mind to think into clear expression those qualities of the supra-conscious which lie latent and ready to spring forth through all the sub-conscious and conscious channels of the nature as a mighty healing vitality, fresh from the eternal source.

Stepping Off Car Backward.

From the Electric Railway Journal.

In a Kansas City court Judge Bird has in the suit of Alice L. Hulien against the Metropolitan Street Railway for \$20,000 that she can collect no damages because she stepped off a street car backward. The court stated that there was no uncover talents in the woman's act in view of the wide publicity which the correct method of alighting from cars had received.