

GERMANY AND CANADIAN WHEAT

LOOKS TO THE CANADIAN WEST FOR HER SUPPLY.

A dispatch from Winnipeg, Manitoba, dated March 18, 1910 says: That Germany is "anxious to secure a share of Canadian wheat to supply her imports of that cereal." The recent adjustment of the trade relations with Germany has made it possible to carry on a Canadian-German trade with much fewer restrictions than in the past, and considerable development of trade between the two countries is now certain. The great men of the United States are alive to the wheat situation in this country now, and there is consequently the deepest interest in every feature that will tend to increase and conserve the wheat supply. With its present 650,000,000 bushel production of wheat and all efforts to increase it almost unavailing, and the rapidly growing consumption of its increasing population, there is certainly the greatest reason for the anxiety as to where the wheat is to come from that will feed the nation. The United States will be forced as Germany is to look to the wheatfields of Canada. One province alone raised last year one-eighth as much as the entire production of the United States, and but a twelfth of the wheat area has yet been touched. The Americans who have gone to Canada, are to-day reaping the benefit of the demand for Canadian wheat and they will continue to join in the benefits thus reached for a great many years. Splendid yields are reported from the farms of that country, and from land that the Government gives away in 160 acre blocks, and from other lands that have been purchased at from \$12 to \$15 an acre. John Munter, near Eyebrow, Saskatchewan, a former resident of Minnesota says:

"Last fall got over 30 bushels of wheat to the acre and had 30 acres of it; also 20 acres spring breaking on which I had flax of which I got almost 20 bushels per acre. Had 20 acres in oats and got 70 bushels per acre and 500 bushels potatoes on one and three quarter acre, and can therefore safely say that I had a fine crop and am well satisfied with my homestead."

He is considered but a small farmer, but he will be one of the big farmers, some of these days. There are many others, hundreds of others, whose yields were beyond this, and whose average under crop was vastly greater. The story of the experience of American farmers in the Canadian West is a long one. The time to go, would appear to be now, when splendid selections may be made, and where land can be purchased at prices that will be doubled in a couple of years.

Queer Attribute of Salmon.

Only about 20 per cent. of salmon spawn before they return up the river from the sea, and those that do return after spawning are coarse, and, when cut up, white in the flesh; in fact, are known as bull trout, for so-called "bull trout" are not a different kind of fish, but are plainly salmon which have spawned.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

From the first to last, and in the face of smarting disillusion, we continue to expect good fortune, better health, and better conduct; and that so confidently, that we judge it needless to deserve them.—R. L. Stevenson.

CUT THIS OUT

And mail to the A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they will send you free a 10 day treatment of NATURE'S REMEDY (No. 1 tablets) Guaranteed for Rheumatism, Constipation, Sick Headache, Liver, Kidney and Blood Diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Better than Pills for Liver. It's free to you. Write today.

Automobiling.

"Did the repairer cause you any embarrassment by his charges?"
"No. He consented to take the car in part payment."—Cleveland Leader.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

No, Cordella, rain checks never check the rain.

It's a Wrong Idea

To suppose that Nature alone will correct any disturbance of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Very often assistance is needed, and it is then you ought to take the Bitters. You'll find it Nature's best aid in cases of Poor Appetite, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Biliousness & Malaria. Always insist on having

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTER



WHAT HAPPENS TO UNWELCOME BABIES

By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

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In a niche above a doorway in a great house in New York city a marble statue of a woman holds a little child close to her breast. Beneath her, through a swinging door that has not been locked in 40 years, women pass in to the Foundling hospital with their babies in their arms and come out with their arms empty. A single white cradle in the entry of a bare reception room receives and rescues nearly 2,000 babies a year. Two thousand men and women are the number of a village community. Here in the home of deserted children are the things which are eternal—the tears, the laughter and the joys.

"It is the little children we must save," one of the matrons said. "We keep them from privation, from cruelty, even from death—the little babies nobody wants. We are just trying to give them their chance. We hope to preserve the mothers from greater sin, from the life of the streets, from the doors of prison, but it is the babies that count. We must save our babies."

The law of this country will not permit the giving or selling of little children, but it cannot protect them from desertion. The foundling hospitals in our big cities are the state's efforts to play the part of universal motherhood, to care for the children who are thrown on her mercy and who will help make her future.

The room where the mothers relinquish their babies is called the saddest place in New York. There is nothing in the receiving room but the little cradle, and no one in sight. A matron is always in waiting near by. She never forces a mother to confession, but, if possible, persuades her to tell why she wishes to desert her child, and perhaps influences her not to give it up, but to begin life over again. A mother must understand that the choice is with her—the matron may give the mother 10 or 15 minutes in which to decide—but the choice is final. If the mother wishes it, and it can be arranged, she is often taken into the hospital with her baby and allowed to nurse it, by having charge of another of the tiny children and helping with one older child. There are now 300 mother nurses working in the New York home, and there have been as many as five or six hundred at other times. The mother who comes into the hospital to work can often prove her fitness to have her baby back again. But once she puts it down in the rescue cradle and goes out the ever open door the baby belongs to her no longer; she may never see or hear of it again. The child belongs to the state. No prayer nor entreaty, no pleading of circumstance, will afterward avail. The child has entered a world that shall never know its origin. Somewhere a future waits for it, but the baby is to have no knowledge of its beginning outside its adoption in the Foundling home.

A bath and clean clothes are the first signs of the baby's adoption in the Foundling home. A doctor next inspects the little person to see that it shall not carry a contagion to any of the thousands of small brothers and sisters who are waiting for it outside the walls of the reception ward. Two or three weeks the baby may be detained in the reception quarters—the smaller the baby the less danger of contagious diseases—or as many days. Then it becomes either an indoor or an outdoor baby.

There are 600 indoor babies being cared for inside the New York City Foundling home. It is necessary to board on the outside 1,200 more. Seven thousand four hundred and twenty-four little foundlings have been looked after in the past two years, and there are relatively as many in Boston, in Chicago, in Philadelphia—in every large city in America.

In Europe there are an even greater number of foundling babies. The European states take charge of the deserted waifs, but the mother is only permitted to bring her child to an entrance way, ring a bell and give it into the arms of the attendant who opens the door—and go away without a word.

In the homes of love, of wealth and happiness there are no sounder, sweeter babies than the deserted children of the foundling homes. The babies are so far untroubled by their situation in life and have not the institution look of older children. What is the institution look? It translates itself; the expression of a cramped individuality, of a longing for a more personal expression; the look of too much routine, of drilling, of the law without the spirit.

But the babies know of no difference between themselves and other children, and many times before they wake to the thought a home has been found for them. Nearly 500 babies a year from the New York Foundling home are adopted by private families in all parts of the country. They prove in their lives that it does not matter in this world how we are born, "it is just the way we're educated."

"Nobody but a baby lover would adopt one of our babies; older children may be taken by families and made into drudges, but who would adopt a tiny child except for love?" one of the sisters at the hospital said.

There is a wonderfully wide choice in babies, for they are taken into the home without regard to nationality, to creed or color; so there are pink and white blond babies, brown-haired, black-eyed babies, girls with curls and boys with round, close-cropped heads.

The children wear no kind of uniform. The little girls have as big bows of red and blue and pink ribbon on their hair as the most fashionable little person who lives round the corner on Fifth avenue.

The clothes of several thousand children are an important consideration. Think of what a single baby's trousseau means at home. Fortunately, home babies outgrow their clothes and pass them on to other babies. There are all sizes to be fitted at the Foundling home. In the last



A GROUP FROM WHICH A SON OR DAUGHTER MAY BE SELECTED

two years New York's outdoor babies have received 100,000 little garments and inside the poor mothers and babies have been equally well supplied.

How many buttons do you suppose need to be sewed on? Here is a charity no one can dispute—sewing for the babies. Sisters and nurses can only look after their health and happiness.

Deserted babies can count on friends, if other things in life have failed them. Hundreds of rich society women in New York, who have seamstresses to sew for their own children, work for the Foundling babies. Sewing classes meet in private homes, their sole purpose devoted to the wants of the hospital's children. Twelve hundred little garments were the gift of a single class. The babies have every-day clothes, and dress-up clothes when visitors come, like the rest of the world. The churches also have sewing circles devoted to the trousseaus of the deserted babies. Money for materials for their clothes comes from women who find this the simplest way of helping with such extensive wardrobes. Occasionally a shop will send something to help clothe a baby.

New York gives a quarter of a million dollars a year to look after her foundling babies, and forty thousand more is contributed. The Foundling hospital extends from one end of a long block to the other, and besides its nursery buildings has a quarantine hospital and a hospital for operations and for the treatment of ordinary diseases. The Foundling hospital must not only care for the waifs deserted at its doors, but also for the babies sent by the department of charities, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the courts.

There are three groups of babies, from the few weeks old to those three or four years, and they have their separate quarters; the runabouts are the children from 18 months to two years old; and the grown-up babies, as old as three or four, are the kindergarten children. The reception room is the schoolroom—a long room full of tiny desks and tables, the walls lined with pictures and corners filled with splendid toys. In the middle of the room is a parrot in a gold cage who talks and sings like the children.

The foundling babies who are brought up inside the institution know nothing of the perils and joys of the street. In connection with each of the nurseries there is a roof garden, where the children take their air and exercise. The Foundling baby has a scientific bringing up that may give it a better chance for health than the home baby reared in affectionate ignorance. Doctors, nurses and matrons study its life from hour to hour. The most vital principle in modern thought is the effort that is being made in every direction to start the child on the right way.

With all its wealth of babies to care for, the Foundling hospital does more for the baby's health than the average mother. As each child is received at the hospital its weight is registered, together with the name and number of the baby, on a weight chart. The weekly weighing of all babies is an established feature of the hospital care. Physicians regard the weighing of babies as of utmost importance in the proper care of a baby's health. The sick baby is judged by its loss of weight; the well baby by its increase. Sick babies are weighed oftener—sometimes every second day. Notes of the baby's illness are kept on the back of its weight card.

The Infants Science Academy, which is now discussed in New York city as a possible way to save the babies from the ignorance of mothers, wishes to establish the same scientific method for the care of all little children that is applied in the Foundling home. Each mother is to be taught to keep a chart of her baby's condition, not in any special class of society—rich and poor alike—and this chart is to be submitted weekly to a baby's academy to be inspected by boards of baby specialists.

Foundling babies are always in charge of specialists. Important books on children's diseases have come from the study of the unwelcome babies. Not only do the students and physicians on the staff of the hospital work with the children, but nearly all the city's prominent doctors have served the hospital as consulting or attending physicians. In special cases physicians come from the outside to study the mysterious causes, the mysterious expressions of baby diseases, which are borne in silence, or expressed only in inarticulate sounds.

The outdoor baby is the surplus baby. Not always because the Foundling home has no room for it, but because the baby often needs what the hospital cannot give.

"Little babies live on love. I don't mean this as a sentiment; I mean it as a fact; a tiny baby lives on the love that cuddles it, that warms and feeds it. To take it into the hospital without a mother means it may die. If an outside nurse is found to care for it, the baby often grows healthy, strong and happy in her charge."

Women who have lost their own babies, or respectable women who desire to earn a small living by nursing, are the foster mothers of the



THE RIVER'S ALTERNATIVE

foundling babies who are brought up outside the hospital. They must be able to show a clear record of health and character and obey the rules of the hospital for the care of the child. Once a month the outside nurse comes to the hospital with the child in her charge to be examined by a physician, but in case of sudden illness she must make an immediate report.

One hundred and forty thousand dollars a year goes toward paying for these outside nurses—at a rate of \$10 apiece—nearly one-half of the foundling babies' income. When the child is three or four it must be returned to the hospital; one of the rules of the institution is that no child may be adopted by the woman who acted as

its nurse.

"Italian women make the most successful mothers for the delicate babies," one of the head matrons explained. "There is something in their warm-hearted temperaments, in their natural sense of motherhood, that helps the frail baby to thrive."

Colored children are taken care of by colored women until they reach the required age, when the girls go to a home in Baltimore and the boys to Nebraska, where they are educated to trades.

Sixty-six babies boarded a car for New Orleans a few weeks ago and started gaily off on a voyage of discovery. They were on their way to find their mammas and papas. The babies are taught through the years when they are kept in the foundling home that somewhere waiting for them in the world outside are mothers and fathers, and some day they are to go to find them.

Many years ago, on a cold winter night, a physician sent to the New York Foundling hospital for the youngest baby who was healthy and promising. He only wanted to borrow the baby for a few weeks. A patient had given birth to a child and the baby had died. The mother was desperately ill, and the news of the death of her baby would possibly cause her death.

A beautiful baby boy two weeks old had that day been left at the Foundling home. The baby was wrapped in blankets and taken away to one of the wealthiest homes in New York. For a month or more the sick mother nursed this baby, thinking him her own. When she was well enough the truth was told her, but the borrowed baby was never returned. In the weeks of her suffering, the touch of its little lips and the clasp of its hands had made it in truth her baby.

This year the boy graduated with honor from an eastern college as the oldest son of a prominent man; a large sum of money for the foundling babies came as a gift from an "unknown friend."

Two agents, whose work it is to find mothers and fathers for the waiting babies, are a part of the regular staff of the Foundling home. They work through other agents all over the country, through churches and missions and children's aid societies; the appeal is universal. Do you want a baby? Here is a lost baby looking for a mother and father. You may have any kind you desire. Descriptions and requirements may be written to the staff at the hospital, and you may have just the baby you are looking for.

You may require the color of hair, eyes, or even specify the disposition. Usually the asylum has more than it can fill. Girls are asked for in about twice the ratio of boys. Blue-eyed girls are the greatest in demand, and a "sweet" disposition is almost always one of the specifications.

One woman wrote to the asylum from a town within easy travel of New York. "We are plain people," she began. "The height of our ambition has been to have a house of our own. Now we have it, all furnished as we have wished. Yet we are not content. Our home is so perfectly orderly that we have decided that we need someone to make it sweetly disorderly."

Four or five times a year, 40 or 50 babies start off in a little band in quest of homes. The babies are sent to any part of the country.

Nurses and attendants travel with the babies, who are distributed to agents who wait to place them in homes along the way. But the child is not to lose its connection with the Foundling home. Until the children are grown they are still looked after, and their care and future guarded by the supervision of the agents who make yearly visits to their homes and the matrons who keep in constant communication with them through letters.

Many times the adopted baby comes to mean to a family all that their own baby could have meant. Thousands of letters come back to the matron from the foster mothers and fathers of the babies.

"After God, dear sister," an adopted mother writes, "it is to you I owe my darling child, so I will ask him to bless you forever."

"Dear sister, I feel it my duty to let you hear from us, in regard to our little boy and girl. My husband and I often wonder can it be possible that they are not our own children, when we see their sweet, loving faces. If God will spare us to raise them, we feel confident that they will be a credit to all and a comfort and pride to us in years to come."

Children write home to the sisters of their happiness and growing outlook on life. In most cases the child is made to understand its connection with the Foundling home.

A little girl in the busy days of her school life wants to tell of her success. "As it is so long since I heard from you, I thought I would write and tell you that I am well, and that I have just completed my first year at school. I have the highest average in my class, it being 93 per cent. for the whole year. As I was the only girl in the high school perfect in attendance I received a pretty gold medal as a reward."

Happy endings come of many stories with tragic beginnings. The unwelcome baby finds a welcome somewhere, makes a place for itself somehow, in a world that failed it at the start.

The Important Problem

confronting anyone in need of a laxative is not a question of a single action only, but of permanently beneficial effects, which will follow proper efforts to live in a healthful way, with the assistance of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, whenever it is required, as it cleanses the system gently yet promptly, without irritation and will therefore always have the preference of all who wish the best of family laxatives.

The combination has the approval of physicians because it is known to be truly beneficial, and because it has given satisfaction to the millions of well-informed families who have used it for many years past.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

Treatment for Lump Jaw.

Lump jaw is due to a fungus which is usually taken into the animal's system in feed consumed. Lump jaw is liable to affect the glands of the throat or the bones of the head, writes Doctor David Roberts in American Cultivator. It is not advisable to keep an animal thus afflicted lingering in a herd. On the other hand it is advisable to either treat such an animal or kill it, as such animals invite diseases into the herd, owing to the fact that they are so reduced in vitality that they have no resisting power. A remarkably large per cent. of such cases can be successfully treated if taken in time by opening up the enlargement and washing it out with a strong antiseptic solution, like five per cent. carbolic acid in water, and putting the animals on a tonic. In this way the afflicted animal is not only saved, but the entire herd is protected against disease.

Good Law That Should Be Enforced.

Anti-spitting ordinances, laws and regulations in more than five-eighths of the cities and towns of the country are not enforced as they should be, alleges the National Association for the Study of Tuberculosis in a recent report. While most of the larger cities of the United States have such laws on their books, in the great majority of cases they are ignored or overlooked. The report covers in detail the enforcement of the anti-spitting ordinances in 80 of the largest cities in the country. During the year 1909 in these 80 cities, 3,421 arrests were made for violation of the laws regarding spitting in public places. Over 2,900 convictions were secured and \$4,100.87 was collected in fines.

Where She Scored.

Sheldon Kerrush tells this story on his esteemed father:

"One day a long time ago, a number of children in our neighborhood were talking about the bad habits of their parents.

"My father smokes 15 cigars a day," said a little girl, boastfully like.

"My father swears something awful when supper is late," said another.

"My papa came home tight the other night," remarked a third.

"It was my little sister's turn next."

"You just ought to see my papa read Cicero," she said, and all the other little girls retired in confusion, gladly admitting that sister had won the prize."—Cleveland Leader.

The Fippancy of John.

Mrs. Mott—What is a sympathetic strike, John?

Mott—A sympathetic strike, my dear, is being touched for a quarter by a beggar with a hard-luck story.

Don't try to mold another to your ideal, but remold your ideal according to what he is.

MISCHIEF MAKER

A Surprise in Brooklyn.

An adult's food that can save a baby proves itself to be nourishing and easily digested and good for big and little folks. A Brooklyn man says:

"When baby was about eleven months old he began to grow thin and pale. This was, at first, attributed to the heat and the fact that his teeth were coming, but, in reality, the poor little thing was starving, his mother's milk not being sufficient nourishment.

"One day after he had cried bitterly for an hour, I suggested that my wife try him on Grape-Nuts. She soaked two teaspoonsful in a saucer with a little sugar and warm milk. This baby ate so ravenously that she fixed a second which he likewise finished.

"It was not many days before he forgot all about being nursed, and has since lived almost exclusively on Grape-Nuts. Today the boy is strong and robust, and as cute a mischief-maker as a thirteen months old baby is expected to be.

"We have put before him other foods, but he will have none of them, evidently preferring to stick to that which did him so much good—his old friend Grape-Nuts.

"Use this letter any way you wish, for my wife and I can never praise Grape-Nuts enough after the brightness it has brought to our household." Grape-Nuts is not made for a baby food, but experience with thousands of babies shows it to be among the best, if not entirely the best in use. Being a scientific preparation of Nature's grains, it is equally effective as a body and brain builder for grown-ups.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.