

HOW AUSTRALIA CARES FOR ORPHANS

A Real Home for Every One, with the State Acting as a Supervising Parent

HAVE NO ASYLUMS OVER THERE

Chicago Physicians Contrasts the Two Systems to the Great Disadvantage of Ours—The State's Guardian Band—Reasonable and Humane.

Chicago.—Dr. Bayard Holmes, a Chicago physician, in an article entitled "A Continent Without an Orphan Asylum," attacks the methods of caring for orphans in the United States and lauds the Australian system as ideal. He says in part:

"In all things, social as well as geographical, is the Commonwealth of Australia antipodal to us. The common law of England prevails there, modified by 301 years of English and a less number of Australian common sense. Our statutes, if not our State Constitutions, make our common law rest where the English common law was in 1667. But more than this, Australia has a flexible Constitution, and a people who demand decent and reasonable legislation and its honest execution.

"This is illustrated most comprehensively by the treatment of the fatherless and motherless infant. In all this great continent embracing 3,000,000 square miles and this federation of seven commonwealths there is not an orphan or an orphan asylum, there is not a baby farm or a founding asylum, there is not a private eleemosynary body exploiting the fatherless and motherless. No community in that great continent has its feelings, sentiments, or complacency outraged by periodic exposures of the enormous death rates in monastery-like structures where children are huddled in the name of charity.

"It is this way: Every fatherless and motherless child is a child of the State. The Children's Council, which is a department of State, at once provides a father and mother for the child of the State. Suppose a baby is found by the police. It is at once taken to the home of a woman designated by the Children's Council for that service in that precinct. The next day the child is taken before the judge of the Juvenile Court, when the necessary legal records are made. The proper officer of the Children's Council then places the child in the arms of a foster mother, who cares for and nurses the child.

"Every week the officer of the council visits the infant, and at regular intervals the council physician and a voluntary organization sends also its visitor with delicacies in the way of clothing. Records are kept at the office of the council, and the foster mother is paid from the treasury of the council a weekly stipend.

"As the infant grows older he is placed in a home, preferably in the country, where the same inspection continues and a smaller stipend is paid. The child goes to school and the teacher reports to the Children's Council as to a parent. At last the child hires out to work a part of each year. The salary is deposited in the Postal Savings Bank to the child's credit. The regular schooling continues, however. The child becomes ambitious, wishes to go a trade school or to a preparatory school. He applies to the Children's Council for permission to draw his savings from the bank for that purpose. The Council acts as a parent would.

"No more interesting or heart warming literature can be read than the formal and perfunctory reports of the Children's Council. But we go on here building stone and brick orphan asylums in which the death rate is incredible among the children. The Baptist, the Methodist, and every other Christian denomination still has its orphan asylum, conducted by a board, and funds are called for in the name of charity, if not in the name of Christ. The reports do not show the death rate, the terrible condition of the survivors mutilated by the infectious diseases and dwarfed by institutionalism.

"When these same children brought up in hotel-like structures arrive at an age when they ought to be self-supporting they are forced out into a world of which they know nothing. They cannot build a fire, fill or light a kerosene lamp, cook the simplest meal, or do the commonest chores. The boys cannot do the barn work, the girls cannot do the housework of a common home.

"Neither make good servants, and in the factory they can run only the simplest machines. They are neither strong, quick, nor well. They are irreparably unfitted for modern or other life.

"We are richer than Australia. Can't we be as reasonable and as humane? Every child is entitled to a mother, a father and a home."

Lives in Two Towns at Once. Winsted, Conn.—Burr Beecher pays one-half of the taxes on his house to this town and on the other half to the town of Norfolk, because his home stands in both. He eats in one town and sleeps in the other. His bed is so situated in an upstairs chamber that oftentimes he goes to sleep in Norfolk and awakes in the morning in Wals town.

TIGHT LACING CAUSES DEATH

Doctor Ascribes Appendicitis to Disregard of His Warnings Against the Wasp Waist.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Tight lacing caused the death of Elsie Gasser, 18 years old, daughter of John J. Gasser, a prominent lawyer here. She was operated on for appendicitis, and failed to rally from the operation. Dr. G. Strohbach, the family physician, says that the pernicious effects of the evil practice of tight lacing in all probability had much to do with her death. He had warned her many times that if she persisted in the tight lacing she would pay dearly for it. She laughed at his warnings in her light, girlish way. After she had died the doctor said:

"All girls should heed the constant preaching of physicians against tight lacing. Elsie Gasser's death was caused partially by the fact that she had injured herself by tight lacing. That fact should go home to every girl."

Elsie and her sister went to a picnic. They ate heartily. It was a happy day for them. When they returned home they said they never had had a finer time. That night Elsie complained of being ill. She told her mother she was in great pain. Mrs. Gasser applied home remedies. They did not give relief. Next morning Dr. Strohbach was summoned. He told Elsie's parents he feared it was appendicitis from which she was suffering. Upon his advice an ambulance was summoned and she was taken to the German Donor's Hospital. In a few days the surgeons announced that Dr. Strohbach's diagnosis was correct. Five of them performed an operation. The girl had injured herself so badly in her efforts to have a small waist that she could not rally from the shock of passing under the knife.

Of Interest to Women

A Rap at Girls' Finishing Schools—The Word "Finishing" Applied to An Intellectual Training, is Unfit—Reginald W. Kauffman's Ideas—The Young Girl a Mystery to Him.

Reginald Wright Kauffman in Hampton's Magazine is very hard upon the finishing schools for girls. After reading what he says, we wonder why these schools should be called "finishing." The word can hardly be applied to an intellectual training which seems never to have begun. Whatever "education" may have been imparted to her in the earlier grades has made no impression either upon mind or heart. She knows exactly what is expected of her in the social game, and whatever remains over and above she ignores.

One student of my acquaintance has, after a three years' course, managed to choke down enough French to translate, if there's a dictionary handy, the original Gallic phrases encountered in a popular novel; she knows what the menu is trying to say, though, of course, neither she nor anybody else can translate that verbatim. If she would take time to complete it—but she never takes time to complete anything—she might be able to make a fair copy of a Charles Dana Gibson line drawing. She can recite certain chapters of the Bible by heart, but knows about as much concerning them as the average actor knows about the lines of his part. And as for literature, she has acquired the exact date of every great English author's birth and death without having any conception of what any of them wrote, and without assuring one half's breadth from her allegiance to the contemporary mangled mallow school of fiction.

The ignorance of the average girl is certainly appalling, and we can well wonder what she has done with her time during high school days. She has acquired books enough to save a store, thanks to the entire confusion that exists between the schools and the publishers. But if we try to draw out any of this information, we shall lamentably fail. She seems to know absolutely nothing that is worth knowing upon any conceivable subject. She has studied civics—or says she has—but she has no glimmering of an opinion upon any civic or political subject. She has ploughed her way through books on history, geography, mathematics, and literature, but she is entirely dumb when any intelligent subject is on the carpet. But there are some things, Mr. Kauffman tells us, that the girl does know:

The last time she was home I tried to talk to her; we used to make mud pies together and, later, she chewed the spitballs that I threw at the teacher in the fourth reader; but now I am a mister to her and she is a mystery to me. Well, we talked, or rather she did, and what I received from her was simply a rapid running description of all the season's plays on Broadway. It appears that the school is often taken to the theatre in a body, provided the drama to be produced is not too serious, and that the whole student body go as individuals to Saturday matinees. Consequently, this girl has twenty photographs of Robert Edeson, each in a different pose, on the dressing table, which she used to call a bureau, and knows the private history and matrimonial record of all the idols of the stage.

And this is the equipment for "society" and later on, perhaps, for other and more serious things. It's rather sad when one comes to think about it.

New Collars and Laces.

The turnover collar has taken a strong hold upon popular fancy and will no doubt continue to be the prevailing style until the return of cold weather. It is the most comfortable idea we have had given us in many seasons, and we should be humbly grateful. Last summer we suffered in collars with abnormal points, stiffly boned and ear high, and one hesitates to criticize even the elderly person for wearing the new collar, even if it does add years to her age.

For young people the newest and prettiest design is the collar on the style of a sailor, finished with a four-in-hand tie at the front. It is shown in all colors and combinations. White linen is edged with a band of pink, blue tan or lavender, or each of the colors forming a collar is edged with white. The model sketched is designed in star effect and trimmed with rows of soutache. Many girls make cuffs to match and wear them with plain linen and percale waists.



BATHING WITH MOTOR TIRES.

Chauffeur Starts a New Fashion in the Surf at Ostend.

London.—A new bathing fashion has been started at Ostend by a chauffeur who, dressed in scarlet and with a Phrygian cap, entered the sea with the inflated inner tube of a motor car tire.

First he trundled it as a child does a hoop. Then sitting on it as in a life buoy, he paddled about, propelling himself with his hands or lay basking in the sun. His enjoyment was so manifest that in joke a party of women swimmers borrowed the tire and, with shrieks of laughter, imitated his antics.

The idea has taken and scores of persons now disport themselves in the sea on the tubes of their motor cars. Impromptu races attract many competitors, and not to take a tube sun bath is to be out of the mode.

ELECTIVE AFFINITIES.

An Excerpt from Artemus Ward of Contemporaneous Apocrypha.

The eccentric female clutched me frantically by the arm and hoarded: "You air mine, O you air mine!" "Scarcely," I sed, endeavorin to git loose from her. But she cling to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!" "What upon arth is that?" I shout-ed. "Dost thou not know?" "No, I doestent!" "Listen, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female: "for years I has yearned for thee. I knowed tuon wast in the world, sumwheres, tho I didn't know where. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty. O, 'tis too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I ansered, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!" "Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin' her hands like a female play-actor.

"Not a yearn!" I bellered at the top of my voice, thru'in' her away from me.—Artemus Ward, His Book: Among the Free-Lovers.

His Group.

"For years and years," grousched the Old Dodger, in his usual pessimistic way, "we have been sending misadventures to the Chinese—plant-topped and tub-shaped ones, both with side-whiskers, who speak in nasal tones and acted with the chartered intolerance of hyenas; young, doped-up cuds with weak eyes and weaker intellect, all shiny, sliding ones, who were gathering material from which to learn, and with which to furnish a lesson or two when they got back; old-fashioned ones that looked like Egyptian mummies or old fashioned charms, just as it happened; and a glorious list of empires, all of whom needed the money and cost us a great deal. And, still, in spite of our benevolence to themward, the ungrateful Chinese 'pear to be just as unregenerate and almost as peculiar as they were in the first place. What say?"

Professional Query.

Among the papers of H. H. Stoddard that Ripley Hitchcock called there is a letter which Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, is said to have received. This letter was written many years ago by an ignorant country practitioner, and it is interesting because it shows the low level to which it was possible for medical education to fall.

The letter, verbatim, follows: "Dear doek I have a pashant whose physical sines shows that the windpipe is ulcerated of and his lung has dropped into his stomach. He is unable to swallow and I fear his stomachic tobe is gone. I have giv him everything without effect his Father is wealthy honble and influenshal. He is an active member of the M. E. church and God noes I don't want too loose him wot shall I do?"

Poor Uncle Ed.

A Baltimore man was recently showing his nice new opera-hat to his little nephew, and when he caught the top-knot to spring open three or four times the youngster was delighted.

A few days thereafter the uncle, during a visit to the same household, brought with him a silk hat of the shiny, non-collapsible kind. When he was about to leave the house, he encountered the aforesaid youngster running down the hall with what looked like a black accordion.

"Uncle Ed," observed the boy, "this one goes awfully hard. I had to sit on it; but even then I couldn't get it more than half-shut."

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.



"Dotte's case of brain fever lasted a long time, didn't it?" "Yes, the brains lost a lot of time finding his brain."

How Strange.

A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an attendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell?" "I have been looking all around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, mndam," replied the attendant. "We've never had one."

"How very odd!" she exclaimed: "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

A Shifted Burden.

"So you said that miserable old mule of yours?" "Yassir," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley: "foh real money."

"Doesn't it weigh on your conscience?" "Well, boss, I's done had dat mule on my mind so long, it's kind of a relief to change of an' git him on my conscience."

Division.

"The automobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes."

"Yes; the quick or the dead."

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"It is the little bit within the little which ever widening, makes the music mite." It is just a little in the health of a woman often, which gradually takes the spring from her step, the light from her eyes, the rose from her cheek, and the music from her voice. Perhaps the bug-bear which has frightened the woman from the timely help needed at the beginning, has been the dreaded questions, the obnoxious examination, the local treatments, of the home physician. There is no need for these. Nor is there need for continued suffering. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can be relied on by every woman, suffering from what are called "female troubles," to renew the health and cure the disease. Women are astonished at the results of the use of this medicine. It not only makes weak women "robust and rosy cheeked," but it gives them back the vigor and vitality of youth. This is not a "patent medicine" but a prescription of known composition in which pure, triple-refined glycerine is used instead of alcohol. Each bottle-wrapper bears a full list of ingredients upon it.

Forty of the constables of Bradford county have held a meeting in Towanda, and organized the Bradford County Constables' Association. A committee of three was appointed to employ counsel and bring a stated case to test the legality of the County Commissioners' ruling that the new zee bill does not apply to constables and justices in office, the constables contending that as they are paid by fees, and not by salary, the Constitution does not prohibit them from enjoying the benefit of an increase of fees during their term of office.

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