

## MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

No woman talks all the time. When she is doing up her hair her mouth is full of hairpins.

In Philadelphia a baby is born on an average of every twelve minutes during the day and night.

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

A ring with a glass set in it will make any little girl happy until she meets another little girl with a ring that has two glass sets in it.

### Progress Reported.

"Have you learned that new dance?" "Well," replied Uncle Flopsolo, "I haven't quite learned it, but I'm getting on. I don't feel exactly graceful as yet, but I've got over being afraid that I'll fall down."—Washington Star.

### Designation Needed.

Will not Professor Lounsbury, Ambrose Bierce, Mr. Herrick or some other watchdog of the linguistic treasury, invent some word to designate accurate an assemblage of persons who go to see a moving picture show. "Audiences" is presumably taboo for such a company, and "crowd" doesn't sound right or natural, while "assemblage" and "company" are wide of the mark. Probably the scope of the commonly accepted and familiar "audience" will have to be extended for the purpose.

### How Unreasonable!

Many business men actually believe that spelling ought to be an accomplishment of the average college graduate. A young bachelor of arts was recently put to work running a small printing press in the back room of a banker's office. He was to set up and print a number of circulars to be sent out to customers of the house.

When the work was finished, it was found to differ decidedly from the standards of spelling set by the late Messrs. Webster and Worcester. The young man was summoned to an audience with his chief. The interview was not pleasant, and the young man showed as much by his face when he rejoined the rest of the office force.

"What's the matter, John?" some one asked him.

"Matter enough," replied John. "The boss expects an educated man to spell just like a blooming stenographer."—Youth's Companion.

## The "Meat" of Corn

—the sweet centers of choice Indian corn; cooked, seasoned just right, rolled thin as paper and toasted until they become golden brown flakes—crisp and delicious!

That's why

## Post Toasties

are better than ordinary "corn flakes."

Toasties are packed in an inner container inside the tight-sealed, familiar, yellow carton—keeps the food fresh and crisp for your appetite—

## Superior Corn Flakes

—sold by Grocers.

# TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL KNOWS EIGHT TONGUES

By ROBERT A. MOULTON



She is a clever dancer.

AMAZING have been the intellectual achievements of Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr., a ten-year-old Pittsburgh girl, that investigators persuaded her mother and chief teacher, Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner, to write the whole story of the child's education in a book.

This unusual little girl is already prepared for college, in addition to studying astronomy and some other branches. She speaks eight languages; she can recite a thousand poems and she has written nearly five hundred poems and jingles herself.

Winifred plays the piano well. With no lessons, except the game of "making up stories on the piano," she can read over a page of Schubert's "Serenade," close the book and play it accurately and with much expression. She can also hear a difficult selection played and so keen is her concentration she can immediately sit down at the piano and play it. Winifred draws well and paints admirably. Like Browning, one would imagine she will hardly know which to choose for her life work, music, art or writing, but she is very decided as to what she expects to do. Winifred is going to earn and buy and be the editor of a great children's magazine.

In tracing Winifred's development chronologically it may be said that she:

Used polysyllables in conversation at the age of one year; read at the age of sixteen months; wrote her own name on hotel registers and began keeping a diary at the age of two; learned the musical notes and played simple airs on the piano and amazed adepts at spelling at three; learned the Latin declensions and conjugations as singing exercises and received a diploma in Esperanto at four; wrote stories and jingles for the newspapers, spoke eight languages, translated Mother Goose rhymes into Esperanto, learned the waltz, two-step and three-step at five; learned the outlines of Greek, Roman and Scandinavian mythologies at seven; composed a poem naming and locating all the bones in the human body at eight; and was elected president of the Junior Peace League of America at ten.

How can readers account for the fact that Winifred is a perfectly normal, happy child, romping, singing, loving and lovable, gay as the canary she is giving the freedom of the entire house and teaching to whistle and to keep perfect time to all the music that she whistles? Winifred has a hundred dolls. As fast as she learns anything she imparts it to her dolls and pets. She is ardently devoted to sports. She swims, races, plays ball, dances and physically she is as well as she is mentally. Her little muscles are strong as armor bolts. She is as large as an ordinary twelve-year-old girl and can walk five miles without the least fatigue.

Winifred's father is a colonel and a surgeon in the Marine hospital service of the United States. Now he is stationed at Pittsburgh. From him Winifred undoubtedly gets her splendid physical care, and she is a perfectly well child. She is practical, like her father, and possesses all her mother's love of art and music and the gift of writing.

No less remarkable is the little girl's mother, Mrs. Stoner in her book, "Natural Education," seems to find nothing in little Winifred's development that might not be attained in any healthy, naturally bright child. If this is conceded for the sake of argument, it would have to be admitted that very, very few children would have the advantages of the extraordinary cleverness of a born teacher, such as Winifred's. In fact, Mrs. Stoner has employed methods peculiarly her own.

It might be said that Mrs. Stoner has given ten years of constant labor to the education of her daughter, labor that was not merely constant, but that was intelligent and imaginative as well. For the whole secret of Winifred's learning has been the play spirit. Whatever she was taught,

### STRATEGY AT DINNER TABLE

Brilliant Piece of Headwork Procured Steak Portion of Pie for Hungry Brothers.

"War," said Major Jansen, "war is like the steak and potato pie."

"The steak and potato pie" murmured a mystified lady.

"War," said Major Jansen, "goes on for while all in one party's favor; then comes a stroke of brilliant strategy, and the tables are turned."

WINIFRED AND SOME OF HER PETS



WINIFRED AND SOME OF HER PETS



WINIFRED RIDING HER BURRO



MRS. STONER AND WINIFRED

It came to her not as toll but as play. She lived in a land of fairies and giants and gnomes.

In explaining her system, Mrs. Stoner starts out with the assumption that every child is born with a distinctive tendency or talent and that this will always bear fruit, if discovered and cultivated in babyhood. It is the mother's part to discover this in infancy and to try to develop it just as much as to keep its body clean and see that it has the proper food. The mother's obligation begins before birth and imposes upon her the duty of keeping herself so healthy and serene, both mentally and physically, that the baby will not have to start out with handicaps on its very first day.

Not being able to sing, Mrs. Stoner chanted the lines from Virgil's Aeneid to put the baby to sleep and taught the child's negro nurse to do the same. She declares that the meter is very soothing and that she has seen many another child yield to the soporific influence of "Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris."

When Winifred was six weeks old her mother began reciting selections from the English poets. The baby's favorites seemed to be Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Macaulay's "Horatius at the Bridge." By the time Winifred was a year old she could repeat "Crossing the Bar" and scan the first ten lines of the Aeneid. The mother invented a game in which she would roll a ball to the baby and say "Arma." Winifred would roll it back and say "Virumque," and in this way the Latin words and meter were fixed in the baby's memory.

From the very beginning the mother would carry her baby about the house, point out chairs, tables, etc., and pronounce their names carefully. She found it was just as easy to teach the baby to say "train" as to say "choo-choo car," and just as easy to teach her to say "dog" as to say "doggie." She surrounded the baby with colored pictures. To teach her colors Mrs. Stoner would take a box of variously tinted yarns. She would play she was "Mother Red," and baby would be "Mother Green," and they would look into the yarn for their children, those of green tints, of course, being the babies of "Mother Green."

Winifred's first toy was a red balloon, which was tied to her wrist where she could admire it. Each day thereafter for several weeks there would be a balloon of different color and shape, until the child speedily came to know whether a balloon was light, round, red, green and would go up and come down. She was never permitted to hear anything but the best English, although the mother was not flinching about vigorous, expressive slang.

As soon as the child had learned to speak English reasonably well her mother began teaching her Spanish. By the time she was five she had learned to express herself in eight languages. Mrs. Stoner declares, however, if she had it to do over again she would teach Esperanto first.

"At last Tom said to Sam one Sunday morning:

"Look here, Sam, no matter what I say to you at dinner today, don't take offense, will you?"

"No, Tom, of course not."

"Well, dinner time came; the pie, steaming hot, was set as usual on the table; the wily host and hostess took their places on the steak side, and the hungry boarders fell as usual into chairs opposite the potatoes."

"But, then, just as the boarding mistress was about to thrust carving

Throughout all this preliminary instruction, Winifred was encouraged to take all the outdoor exercise possible, and soon was the peer of the boys of her age in the neighborhood at wrestling, or throwing or catching a ball.

From that time, Winifred's life became a prolonged play of the game of "Let's Pretend." Sometimes she and her mother would "be somebody" and often each would be herself and an alter ego. That is, Mrs. Stoner would play one minute that she was herself and the next minute that she was her dear friend Nellie and Winifred would alternate between being herself and her dear friend Lucy. In this way they often could get up rather a sizeable party when about to make some new exploration into the realm of knowledge.

Perhaps nothing is more illuminative in Mrs. Stoner's book than her account of how she taught the child mathematics. Winifred had failed to get any sort of grasp on the subject, she says, until the mother was in despair, fearing the child's mind might be lopsided. At a chautauque meeting in New York, however, the mother met Prof. A. R. Hornbaker, a woman mathematics teacher, who soon put her on the right track.

Professor Hornbaker explained that Mrs. Stoner had been successful in teaching music, art, poetry, history and languages because she herself loved those studies and had failed to teach mathematics because she had not brought the "fairy interest" into it. She volunteered to send weekly outlines of work, which Mrs. Stoner was to employ according to her own ideas.

Mother and child then began playing games with small objects, such as beans and buttons. These objects would be placed in a box and they would take turns drawing them out, to see which could get the most at a single grab. When helping the maid shell peas they would try to see how many peas there were in two or more pods. In this way rudimentary lessons in addition were taught.

To make greater progress they played parhesei with small dice and got practice from adding up the spots. First they used two dice, but finally they used five and Winifred was soon able to add all the spots without conscious effort. They played all sorts of games which would require simple addition and multiplication. In learning subtraction, they would have battles with tin soldiers and marbles, and whenever a "cannon shot" would topple over a given number of soldiers, Winifred was able to decide how many were left standing without stopping to count.

Cancellation became a battle, one of them playing the numbers on one side of the dividing line and the other playing the other. There never were any quizzes, because Winifred was taught to get results and was not taught rules. She learned the values of money by the actual use of coins and the values of market products by going to market herself. To learn pharmacology, weights and measures, Winifred played at keeping drug store and sold things to her mother. And so it went through the whole subject, until at last the girl became fascinated with the funny doings of Mr. X and got interested in algebra.

Winifred never suffered the humiliation of physical punishment. When she did well, the good Fairy Titania would hide goodies under her pillow and when she was bad the fairy failed to appear. If she was ten minutes tardy about some task, that meant ten minutes lost which had to be taken out of her next recreation time. She soon learned that offenses could bring about their own unpleasant consequences, while good behavior meant tangible reward. She was never permitted to stay at a single task when the point of fatigue had arrived.

A striking instance of Mrs. Stoner's methods, as well as an illustration of the child's intellectual bias, is the story of Winifred and the bumblebee. In her zeal to study the insect at first hand, she picked one up. The natural consequences followed. While she was yet suffering, Winifred described her experience in these lines:

One day I saw a bumblebee, bumbling on a rose, and as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose.

My nose in pain it swelled so large it looked like a potato.

So daddy said; but mother thought 'twas more like a tomato.

And now, dear children, this advice I hope you'll take from me,

And when you see a bumblebee just let that bumble be.

Like her mother, Winifred believes in woman suffrage. She has written several poems in behalf of equal franchise rights, which have been published in various newspapers and magazines. Her "Valentines for Suffragettes" are decidedly clever and have helped the cause.

In the past ten years the Carnegie Hero Fund commission has bestowed awards to 54 women for heroism.

### BASEBALL GAINING IN FAVOR

Result of Games Figure in All Sporting Pages of the Leading Papers in Three States.

Reports from Australia indicate that baseball is growing steadily in popularity. The game was greatly helped by the visit of the American professionals last year. Whereas ten years ago but two of the states of the commonwealth could boast teams, South Australia has joined New South Wales and Victoria is fostering the game.

Baseball reports now figure in all the sporting pages of the leading newspapers in three states, and that is of more moment schoolboy teams are playing, which is a most hopeful sign. The game is played in Australia in the rainy season, and notwithstanding the air is often raw, the sky threatening and the diamond muddy, the contests scheduled among the clubs in the various divisions by means of which the players are ranked in skill, are carried out with enthusiasm. A feature, also, of the accounts of the games in the newspapers is the employment by the writers of American baseball slang. But it is rather curious to note that a shut-out is called a "Chicago," which is a word practically obsolete here.

As indicating the hold that the American national pastime is gaining upon the Australian sporting world there was an interstate baseball carnival in Sydney from August 1 to 8, and New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia competed against each other in numerous games between boy nines and between adult nines throughout the week.

### CUBANS PLAY SAFETY FIRST

Reports of Cobb's Speed Induce Short-stop to Throw Home Instead of Getting Ty at Third.

When the Detroit Tigers went to Havana, the Cuban ball players had heard so much of the wonderful speed of Ty Cobb that they really expected some supernatural being with legs like an antelope. They had been led to believe that it was impossible for a catcher to throw him out on a steal. So an intricate set of signals was evolved to stop him.

In the first game between Detroit and the Almaranides, Cobb got on first base and the Cubans were watching him with awe and suspense. Crawford hit a grounder and it would have been easy for the shortstop to have caught Cobb at third. Instead of that he shot the ball to the catcher, who held it with a deathlike grip and finally planted



Ty Cobb.

ed his foot on the home plate. Of course, Cobb stopped at third, but did not score.

When the side was out, Cobb walked over to the man with the mask and pad and through an interpreter asked him why he did not throw the ball to third.

"No, no," replied the excited Cuban in Spanish. "I heard he was so fast we got a signal to stop him. When he is on base, the fielder, no matter who he is, is instructed to throw the ball home, always. I get it and hold it. Cobb can make second and third, but cannot come home, for I am waiting for him with the ball. That is what we call playing it safe."

### COLLEGES REACH AGREEMENT

Baseball Authorities of Yale, Harvard and Princeton Acquiesce on New Spring Schedule.

Harvard, Yale and Princeton will play three games with each other in baseball next spring, according to a new agreement which has just been reached by the authorities of the three universities.

Heretofore Princeton and Yale, and Harvard and Yale have played a best two out of three games series, while the Harvard-Princeton supremacy has been decided by a single game. The championship of the three universities will be decided on a percentage basis under the new agreement.

A tentative schedule has been drawn up as follows: May 22, Princeton vs. Harvard, at Cambridge; May 29, Princeton vs. Yale, at New Haven; June 5, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton; June 12, Yale vs. Princeton, at New York; June 18, Harvard vs. Princeton at New York. The Harvard-Yale series will be played on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday of the following week.

Nitrocock Wants to Umpire.

Nick Nitrocock aspires to a position on President Johnson's staff of umpires. The American league head might do worse, and Nick at least would be able to keep fans in a good humor even when he pulled a bad decision. He has been in the public eye enough, also, not to feel that he owns the earth, as some of the gentry seems to feel when they get into an umpire's uniform.

Browns Made 12 Errors.

In the Browns-Yankee game of September 23 at St. Louis, the Browns made 12 errors according to one scorer. Manager Riskey became so disgusted that he jerked all the men in the game and sent in an entirely different team made up of recruits, and it is said the rookies put up much the better ball.



### IN A GIRDLE OF GARDENS

Beautiful German City of Frankfurt Compels the Admiration of All Visitors.

Can the new world learn from the mistakes of the old? It is a question one constantly asks, says the Chicago Examiner. A thousand years and more ago, when the houses began to spring up beneath the shelter of a castle, and these for further protection were girded by walls, it was not possible to foresee the modern city with its teeming millions.

We are free. We are free to deliberate, to choose, to plan for long generations ahead. We are under obligations to plan for posterity. Opportunity confers obligation. It is interesting to contrast one of the oldest cities in Europe with one of the newest; Frankfurt, in Germany, with Letchworth, in England.

The medieval Frankfurt grew up on the foundation of an old Roman settlement. In the twelfth century it demanded for itself more space and ramparts were erected. Streets today run the course of those ramparts. In one of them it may be mentioned in passing, Goethe was born.

In the fourteenth century Frankfurt had to be enlarged again—its walls built round a wider circumference. In the nineteenth century its walls were broken down. The land on which fortifications had stood became public gardens; or, if sold to individuals, carried with it the stipulation that on a given area only one building should be erected, leaving the remainder for garden.

This is the explanation of the belt of public and private gardens by which Frankfurt is surrounded, the pride of her citizens, the surprise and delight of all visitors.

### URGES CITY TREE PLANTING

Professor Francis Finds Room for 10,500 on Upper East Side at New York.

Prof. H. R. Francis of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University, who has been making a detailed survey of the street in Manhattan for the Tree Planting Association of New York city, has just completed the survey of the streets east of Fifth avenue between Eighty-sixth and Fortieth.

In this area there are nearly sixty miles of streets, 40 miles of which are capable of sustaining tree growth. At present there are only 541 trees, while it is possible to have 10,500. In certain sections trees are really needed, where there are thousands of children who have no place to play other than in the streets. Other cities, such as Buffalo, Newark and New Haven, are successful where conditions for growth are as adverse as those found in this part of Manhattan. New York city could have trees if sufficient appropriations were made.

Professor Francis finds that the few trees which have been planted the past two or three years are dying either from dry soil conditions or from the attack of insect pests.—New York Times.

### Keep the Streets Clean.

Carefulness on the part of everybody is necessary to keep the streets clean. A careless boy, throwing scraps of papers in the highway, can make a tidy city block untidy in thirty seconds. But it is not alone children on whom the responsibility rests. Many a grown person has the reprehensible habit of casting into the streets all sorts of unwanted articles—pieces of old newspapers, cigarette boxes, candy bags, banana skins and the like. Such thoughtless persons should be forced to a sharp realization of their offensive practice. The city suffers seriously from their aggregate carelessness.

### Five Stitches in His Heart.

With five stitches in his heart, M. Nigo walks into the office of District Attorney R. B. Goodell, and announced that he wished to swear out a complaint against a fellow countryman, B. Nakao, who, on July 13, stabbed him in the heart during a quarrel at East Highlands. Nakao was captured on Ontario, and has been held in jail since, pending the outcome of Nigo's injuries. The surgeon sewed up the wound in his heart, and today the Japanese seems as much with the living as ever.—San Bernardino (CAL) dispatch Los Angeles Times.

### Rapid Fire Movies.

The cinematograph is speeding up. Photographs at the rate of a hundred thousand a second is its latest triumph. This extreme rapidity was necessary for recording the trajectory of a pistol ball and showing in detail how it penetrated a thin board. At the instant of firing an electric coil giving sparks at the rate of a hundred thousand per second is set going and the views of the film are taken on a ribbon film. Since this film is mounted on a wheel making 900 revolutions per second, the individual images are different and can be projected as slowly as desired for the analysis of the motion.—New York Independent.

### His Gifted Son.

"I don't know what I'm ever going to make of that son of mine," said a prominent citizen of the city of good will the other day. The P. C. it may be said, is a self-made man, graduate of the university of hard knocks, etc. And it naturally grieves him that his son is not aggressive.

"Maybe your son hasn't found himself yet," we consoled. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted? I should say he is. That's the trouble. He hasn't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."