

CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Cold Cured by Cold.

"Without having gone anywhere near either pole," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "I have had my experience of the fact that intense cold outside stops the cold in the head. We were six men, essaying the ascent of the Grand Combin, in the Alps (over 14,000 feet). From our first attempt we were driven back by a thunderstorm and a stay of some hours to dry in the hut with the stove going woke up all the microbes. When we returned to the hut next day from the valley there were at least four severe colds among us, with sneezing and sore throats. On the third morning we traversed our peak, slowly cutting snow and ice steps in weather memorably bitter even for that height. On the other side it suddenly occurred to me that I had no 'cold' left and the others made the same discovery.

ECZEMA SPREAD OVER BODY

Roxbury, Ohio.—"When my little boy was two weeks old he began breaking out on his cheeks. The eczema began just with pimples and they seemed to itch so badly he would scratch his face and cause a matter to run. Wherever that matter would touch it would cause another pimple until it spread all over his body. It caused disfigurement while it lasted. He had fifteen places on one arm and his head had several. The deepest places on his cheeks were as large as a silver dollar on each side. He was so restless at night we had to put mittens on him to keep him from scratching them with his finger nails. If he got a little too warm at night it seemed to hurt badly.

"We tried a treatment and he didn't get any better. He had the eczema about three weeks when we began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed him at night with the Cuticura Soap and spread the Cuticura Ointment on and the eczema left." (Signed) Mrs. John White, Mar. 19, 1913.

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

Modern.

Winifred was the guest of a country gentleman of sporting proclivities. She was walking with her host through the park one morning when a fox leaped from the covert and darted across an open space.

Winifred clung to her companion's arm. "Heavens, Mr. Tubbs!" cried she, "what was it? You don't mean to tell me that red fox can run about all by itself?"

SUFFERED FOR 25 YEARS.

Mr. R. M. Fleenor, R. F. D. 39, Otterbein, Ind., writes: "I had been a sufferer from Kidney Trouble for about 25 years. I finally got so bad that I had to quit work, and doctors failed to do me any good. I kept getting worse all the time, and it at last turned to inflammation of the bladder, and I had given up all hope, when one day I received your little booklet advertising your pills, and resolved to try them. I did, and took only two boxes, and I am now sound and well. I regard my cure as remarkable. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any one who is suffering from Kidney Trouble as I was." Write to Mr. Fleenor about this wonderful remedy.



Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for Household Hints, also music of National Anthem (English and German words) and recipes for dainty dishes. All 3 sent free Adv.

Skeptic's Question.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the eminent English divine, said that, as soon as a man loses his religion, he wants to know who Cain's wife was.—The Congregationalist.

It is human nature to want the biggest half—just as if there was such a thing.

SOME EXCERPTS ON J. PIERPONT MORGAN AND HIS ART TREASURES

Present Head of House Similar in Some Characteristics Made Famous by His Father, But Hopelessly Dissimilar in Others—Disposal of Great Collection Left by Elder Man Is Question That Agitates Many Minds.

New York.—Is J. Pierpont Morgan a Philistine? The art lovers of America have asked themselves this question many times in the last month. What is the attitude toward the rare and the beautiful of the man who owns the most stupendous private collection ever assembled—the objects which have raised young New York to the first rank as a museum city?

When J. Pierpont Morgan the elder died he left his son a great deal of money, but with it several very onerous burdens. He left him the duty of explaining a series of colossal financial operations in which the younger Morgan had been little save a spectator. He left him the chieftainship of the greatest financing concern in the western hemisphere, and perhaps on the globe. He left him church duties, philanthropic duties and social duties,



J. P. Morgan.

as head of the house of Morgan, but most perplexing of all, he left him this weighty burden, this gigantic white elephant, art.

Why weighty—why a white elephant?

Because the American people has come to believe in some way or other without especial rhyme or reason that these art treasures belong to it. Perhaps it is an intuitive feeling—a feeling that American dollars, the sweat of American brows, the straining of American muscles and the collective thinking of American brains bought this hoard.

The elder Morgan fostered this idea, undoubtedly. He is said to have expressed the wish to make New York the leading art center of the world. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to stand as one of the reception committee at a function of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and meet the art aristocracy (far different from the aristocracy of wealth) which crowded in.

It was then that he relaxed the most, that his too infrequent smiles most often grew expansive, that he seemed truly the grandson of the hospitable Hartford innkeeper, whose progeny have become America's banking dictators.

Then did he most enjoy the great fortune he had amassed. It was as the modern Maecenas more than the modern Croesus he liked to consider himself and would have liked to be remembered.

Is J. Pierpont Morgan the younger a chip of the old block?

He is no longer a young man. He is now forty-seven years old. In build, personal appearance, manner of dress, he greatly resembles his father at the same age. He has his father's imperative, forceful manner, if he lacks some of the Olympian gruffness. He has his father's habits of hard work, his love of yachting, even his ability as a trencherman. He has fitted so well into his father's niche that those who criticize the Morgan financial dealings often fail to discriminate between the works of the father and the works of the son.

But what of that other Morgan, the Morgan of the exquisite marble library, the Morgan of the Prince's Gate treasure house, the Morgan of the Copse of Ascoli, the Morgan who was the despair of Europe?

Outwardly "young" Mr. Morgan has shown little interest in those things in which his father revelled. He has become officially identified with the Metropolitan museum, but this was to be expected ex officio—from the heritage of his father. No one has heard of this Morgan spending half a million for some one thing he must have. No one has heard of his adding a single article to his father's collection since the latter's decease.

Moreover—and this is the point so eagerly watched in art circles—he admits that he will sell part of his father's treasures. Part? How large a part? Will it be simply some of the old gentleman's unlucky purchases—the results of the incidents in which according to common report his shrewdness was bested?

Or will it be such disposal of intrinsic elements as will destroy the fabric of this wonderful collection—this assemblage so vast that hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent in cataloguing alone?

Above the art heritage of Morgan was referred to as a great burden. It

is such a burden as would bury and ruin a poor man, or even a moderately wealthy man.

Disregarding the care and worry, consider the financial drain. Here is a sum variously estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$125,000,000 tied up in beauty and rarity. It pays not a cent of interest. It may be increasing in value, but that is not income. It is insured for about \$34,000,000—and the annual premiums on this insurance amounts to \$102,000.

One hundred and two thousand dollars a year—simply for interest on heirlooms! This is enough to give any man pause. One would think Morgan would wish to turn over his collections to the American people simply to get it off his mind, to use a homely phrase. Also to get the annual premium payment off his profit and loss account.

What is the moving factor? According to many it is hot anger at the American people for assailing his father's memory at the same time as demanding the gift of \$50,000,000 in things beautiful to look at.

According to others it is his anger at the city of New York in the ill-housing of the collections, and dilatoriness in erecting further museum buildings. It is notorious that the elder Morgan was displeased at the city fathers' sloth. But would the latter have let this influence him to such an extent as to despise the proposed gifts themselves?

It must be concluded that the elder Morgan intended his enormous collections for the American people. It is inconceivable that he collected steadily and eagerly all the years of his manhood without some object in view. It is inconceivable that he expected his son to sell these lovingly assembled objects. He would not have wished to burden his son's life with the care and bother of them all. It is the obvious answer that he meant these things for his country.

And truly, a wonderful heritage it is which Mr. Morgan left, whether to his son or to the American people. The greatest collectors of Europe have left behind them stores which are shabby in the art sense when compared with the almost limitless collections of Mr. Morgan.

This colossal hoard was not collected hastily. It is not the product simply of lavish expenditure.

Mr. Morgan was ever a discriminating buyer, seeking "the best and getting it regardless of the cost. He was a genuine lover of art and a close student of its history.

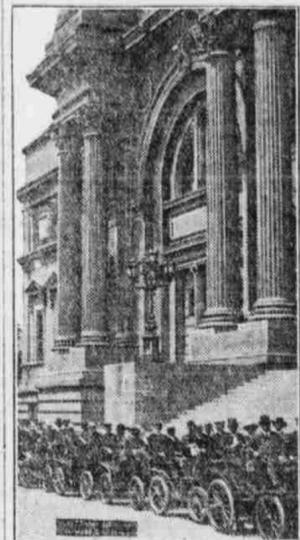
The agents who at his bidding ransacked Europe year after year in search of its rare and beautiful things operated under the direction of the master mind.

The part of the Morgan collection which has attracted widest attention is the immense treasure of beautiful things that was originally displayed in the Victoria and Albert museum in South Kensington, London. It is now housed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, much of it is still unpacked.

The collection contains almost priceless canvases of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, Romney, Raaburn, Constable, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphael, Millet, Troyon, Bugeonet, Villegas y Cordero, Nollier, Pater Duman and many other masters.

Particularly rich is the great collection of tapestries, bronzes and silver, Greek antiquities, jeweled miniatures, porcelains, ancient jewelry and wonderful books and manuscripts.

Some of the costliest and finest features of the Morgan collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art are



New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

grouped in the following list, with their known prices, which eloquently attest their worth:

- Raphael's "The Madonna" of St. Anthony of Padua..... 500,000
- Seventy pieces of Her Guttmann collection of old German silver..... 750,000
- Four Pragonard panels..... 500,000
- The two Hontschel collections..... 3,000,000
- Collection of 54 miniatures..... 1,000,000
- The Kabin collection of art subjects..... 5,000,000
- Jewels..... 5,000,000
- Perry collection of antique Chinese porcelains..... 600,000
- Herr Martell's (of Berlin) collection of hand worked watches..... 500,000
- Mazarin tapestry..... 350,000
- Collection of 18th century bronzes, marbles and bronzes..... 700,000
- Two portraits of Franz Hals..... 100,000
- One red Hawthorne vase..... 100,000
- One jeweled miniature..... 150,000
- French sculpture..... 100,000
- "Bought Kiss" and "Given Kiss" Gold plaques, representing David on throne, from the Church of Cyprus, during the first century..... 90,000
- 12th century silver reliquary, representing murder of Thomas a Becket..... 90,000
- Gold necklace from Cyprus, first century..... 50,000
- Two silver kanthari (two-handled cups) sacred to Bacchus, Greek antiquities..... 50,000
- Famous enameled silver shrine of Lachtenthal, Germany..... 70,000
- Medial hiboson, or smoking pipe..... 12,000
- 14th century ivory coffin..... 15,000
- Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Lady Betty Deane and Children"..... 75,000
- Fifteen Castles (books)..... 120,000
- Huth Gutenberg Bible..... 25,000
- King Charles I. Bible..... 40,000
- Two Limoges plates..... 70,000
- Three Charles VII. tapestries..... 70,000
- Two Louis XV. soup tureens..... 40,000
- Medieval bronze, triangular..... 100,000
- Black book of Revelations of St. John..... 19,000
- Poe pamphlet..... 2,500
- George Meredith MSS..... 4,000
- 16th Century drinking cup..... 51,375
- Greek bas relief..... 30,000
- Martin Luther's letter to Emperor Charles V..... 25,500

God's Appeal to the Backslider

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D. Dean of Moody Bible Institute Chicago



TEXT—"O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."—Hosea 14:1.

While but one verse is indicated as the text, yet it would be better to read carefully the whole chapter which is full of divine grace. The Israelites were God's chosen people and represent those who today profess and call themselves Christians. It is only such who can backslide. As Mr. Spurgeon once said, "No one can slide back who has not first slid forward," and it is only the believer on the Lord Jesus Christ who has taken that forward step. Alas! that there are so many backslidden Christians in the visible church, but thanks be to God that there is hope for them if they will return unto him.

Notice the text closely. God has not cast off his people, but they have cast themselves off. He still says, "return unto the Lord thy God," calling himself their God although they had forsaken him. And furthermore, "Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Were it not for their iniquity there would have been no separation between him and them. But his grace does not end here, since he tells them how to return. "Take with you words and turn to the Lord." Not "works" but "words." This does not mean that the words will not be followed by the works, but only that the words must come before the works can really be done. They must be words of confession, "Take away all iniquity"; words of faith, "receive us graciously"; words of promise, "so will we render the calves (praises) of our lips"; words of repentance, "Asshur shall not save us, we will not ride upon horses, neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, ye are our gods"; words of trust and confidence, "for in thee the fatherless findeth mercy."

That allusion to "Asshur," or "Assyria," is interesting. In her affliction at the hands of the heathen Israel had turned to Assyria for help, instead of Jehovah, and this had been one of the causes as well as one of the effects of her backsliding, but Jehovah now calls upon her to cease trusting in that arm of flesh and to trust in him. And so the reference to "horses" is an allusion to her confidence in Egypt, a nation that used horses in its warfare. Israel was no longer to trust in the horses of Egypt if she would have God's favor, who could bring victory to her arms without such material assistance.

How God Meets the Backslider.

And how comforting are the words of Jehovah that follow later. On the supposition that Israel will return as he has indicated, he exclaims: "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely, for mine anger is turned away from them. I will be as the dew unto Israel." The backslider is like a sheep which has wandered from the fold and become torn by the briars or the wild beasts, or suffered injury by falling over the rocks. He is wounded in soul and needs healing and binding up of his wounds, and this God promises him. But think of the next promise—"I will love them freely," or "eagerly," as the word might be rendered. It is the picture of the father in the story of the prodigal, who seeing his son afar off runs out to meet him in the gladness of his heart. Oh, what a God and Father we have. Who would not return to him! And yet, God does even more than this for the returning prodigal, for he says, "I will be as the dew unto Israel." The dew was everything to the land of Palestine in the absence of such rains as we experience in the occident, and it is the type of the Holy Spirit in the believer's heart and life. As God gave the dew to Israel, keeping her fresh and green and fruitful, so he gives his Holy Spirit to those who come to him in Christ for like spiritual blessing.

The Believer's Blessings.

Carrying out the type, God says of the backslider who has returned to him, that "he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine. The scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." We cannot dwell on all these beautiful figures, but they speak of growth and strength, and extensive influence. They speak of the beauty and the fragrance of the Christian life, and its beneficence to others in the highest and truest sense, and all because the favor of God is resting upon him. If you are a backslider, no matter how long or how far you have wandered from God, be comforted today to return to him in the faith of Christ and start again in the path of a holy pilgrimage.

DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Cynical Inference. "I know a man who has no time to make money." "Why? Is he doing time?"

Only One "BROMO QUININE" To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of B. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 15c.

Light Talker. "What sort of conversationalist is Whipple?" "He ought to preface every one of his remarks with, 'Apropos of nothing in particular.'"

A Scholar. Bacon—Don't you think that man looks like a scholar? Egbert—Sure thing. Looks like one who would be at the foot of the class all the time.

Pearls as Medicine. Scotland still produces pearls, found mainly in the fresh water mussel. Cleopatra was not the only person who swallowed a dissolved pearl. Until comparatively recent times they were used medicinally in Europe and still appear in the materia medica of China. According to one Chinese authority, a pearl, after being treated with pumice stone and honeycomb, mixed with the gall of a serpent, "might be drawn out to the length of three or four feet. Make it into pills and swallow them—henceforth food will be unnecessary." The suggestion is not that the patient would be finished off, but that he would live, foodless, forever.

Rebutting a Libel. John D. Rockefeller, talking to a Cleveland clergyman, said one day with a whimsical but rather sad smile:

"From the stories that are told about my love for money and my disregard for humanity, you'd think I was some such monster as the criminal of the anecdote.

"A judge once said to a terrible criminal: "And you actually had the heart to murder this poor man for 50 cents!" "Well, your honor," said the criminal, with an injured innocence air, "well, your honor, what do you expect! Fifty cents here—and 50 cents there—it soon mounts up!"—Washington Star.

SCHOOL TEACHERS. Also Have Things to Learn.

"For many years I had used coffee and refused to be convinced of its bad effect upon the human system," writes a veteran school teacher.

"Ten years ago I was obliged to give up my much-loved work in the public schools after years of continuous labor. I had developed a well defined case of chronic coffee poisoning. "The troubles were constipation, flutterings of the heart, a thumping in the top of my head, and various parts of my body, twitching of my limbs, shaking of my head, and at times after exertion, a general "gone" feeling, with a toper's desire for very strong coffee. I was a nervous wreck for years.

"A short time ago friends came to visit us and they brought a package of Postum with them, and urged me to try it. I was prejudiced because some years back I had drunk a cup of weak, tasteless stuff called Postum which I did not like at all.

"This time, however, my friends made the Postum according to directions on the package, and it won me. Soon I found myself improving in a most decided fashion.

"The odor of boiling coffee no longer tempts me. I am so greatly benefited by Postum that if I continue to improve as I am now, I'll begin to think I have found the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. This is no fancy gladder but stubborn facts which I am glad to make known."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of "The Road to Wellville."

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.

MRS. ROBERT GOELET SUES FOR DIVORCE



Society folk were interested though not surprised when Mrs. Robert Goelet of New York began suit for divorce from her millionaire husband. Our illustration shows Mrs. Goelet with one of her children, and, inset, Mr. Goelet.