EXPERIENCE OF MOTHERHOOD

Advice to Expectant Mothers

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once childless there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

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.

Everybody's Doing It.

The premier of Servia once upon a time had a round of official calls to make in the ministry building. His first visit was at 11 o'clock and he had allotted 15 minutes to it.

He called on a certain high official and stood talking to him for what he thought was his 15 minutes, and then proceeded across the hall to the office of another minister.

On the way there he sought to look at his watch. It was gone. He burst into the other minister's office and exclaimed:

"This is too much. Here I come to this place and call on a high official, and when I come out my watch is gone. I will not stand it!"

"Excellency," said the other minister, "pray be calm! I will see what I can do."

Presently the second minister returned and handed the premier his watch.

"What did the thieving rascal say when you made him return my watch?" asked the premier.

"Oh," replied the other minister, "he did not know I took it."

Wanted to Be There.

Tony came over from the old country and obtained employment in America as a section hand. Some time afterward he went to his foreman and said: "Boss, I like haf vacashun."

"Tony, you don't need a vacation," answered the boss.

"Yes, boss, I like haf vacashun," repeated Tony.

"What do you want with a vacation? If I give it to you, Tony, you will go back to the old country, blow all your money, and then come back broke. You had better stay here."

"I like haf vacashun, boss," stolidly repeated Tony. "I'm going to get married and I'd kinder like to be there."

Saloon Closed by Cat.

"Closed on account of the loss of Scotty's cat 'Nigger.'"

This sign on the door of Scotty's saloon at Ninth and Elm streets, Cincinnati, caused much comment. Two days ago the cat disappeared.

When the cat did not put in an appearance, Scotty hung out a sign draped in green tissue paper and bordered by carnations to tell his customers that he had closed the saloon in mourning for his pet.

Red Cross Ball Blue, all blue, best bluing value in the whole world, makes the laundress smile. Adv.

He Makes a Point.

"Women will never get the upper hand. Men are too smart."

"Can you point out one instance of men being smarter than women?"

"Well, man don't handicap themselves with clothes that button up the back."

NOTICE

We offer, subject to prior sale, a limited number of Dominion Trust Company shares at $140.00 per share.

For the past five years the Dominion Trust Company has earned

24½% ANNUALLY

on its average paid-up capital. This Company has paid

8% DIVIDENDS

to its shareholders annually, for the past seven years, in quarterly installments.

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Forty per cent of the shares of the Company have been purchased by residents of Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine, New Hampshire and Eastern Canada. Twenty per cent was taken by European investors.

CONDITIONS

Not more than twenty-five shares will be allotted to any one subscriber. Application may be made for less than twenty-five shares. Draft or money order to accompany each subscription.

UPON APPLICATION

annual financial report and further particulars will be forwarded. WRITE TODAY.

BRITISH CANADIAN SECURITIES, LIMITED
DOMINION TRUST BUILDING
VANCOUVER
BRITISH COLUMBIA

FANS

Motto: May the best team win; But ours is the best

By Hugh S. Fullerton

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman)

"Wow! Wow!! Great eye, Eddie! Make him put it across! Bust a fence! You can do it! Wow! Wow!! Wow!!! ROBBER! All right, Tough luck, Eddie. Two and two: Make her be over. Home run Eddie, old scout. Break the gate. Wow! Wow!! Wo——"

The red-faced, apoplectic young man in the front row made a trumpet of his hands and yelled until the veins in his neck turned purple. In the middle of the final "Wow" he collapsed, looked disgusted and turning to me said:

"What do they keep that hunk of cheese for? He can't hit. Never could. Striking out in a pinch like that!"

This fan howling encouragement or bawling abuse at the ball players is the spirit of the town. Just how great an influence this spirit exerts upon the playing strength of the team representing the town or city is impossible of calculation, but it is certain that it is part of the national game. He and his fellows exert almost as much influence upon the team as does lucky and this spirit is so intricately mixed with the element of luck that it is impossible to determine cause and effect. There are cities in which the loyalty of the fans has waned and turned to gibes, and in these cities no player does well. There are crowds that remain loyal in victory and in defeat. These inspire the players to give their best efforts to win. Ball players will tell you that teams invariably play better with friendly crowds applauding. The fan invariably will respond that he would be loyal provided the club would win games enough to justify loyalty. The players accuse the fans, the fans accuse the players, and both are in a measure right. The majority of patrons will "root" when the home team is winning. Any team will play better ball and win oftener if the patrons are loyal. The fan, voicing the spirit of the town, is a power for victory or defeat.

Conditions in different cities comprising the circuits of the major leagues assert a powerful influence over their teams. Players will tell you they would rather play for the Chicago White Sox or for the New York Giants than for any other teams. They will assert that twenty Cobbs could not win a pennant for Cincinnati under conditions which the management is now striving to change. The fanatical loyalty of the White Sox rooter and the Giant patron, the angry abuse of players by the annually disappointed Cincinnati public, the sarcasm and raillery of Washington crowds, trained for years to expect nothing but defeat, have an immense effect upon the players and teams. They make or mar players, and weak men win for one type while brilliant ones fail and lose for the other.

The baseball fan is an unique American species and the most rabid of all enthusiasts. Compared with him the golf fan, the bridge fan, even the bowling fan are mild. Baseball is the most serious pleasure ever invented.

Probably the most blindly loyal crowd in the world is that which follows the fortunes of the Chicago American league team, and no one who is disinterested the Chicago situation is acutely funny. The White Sox park is located on the south side of the city, the Cubs' on the west, and the city is divided into two great armed camps. In 1906 when these two teams, winners of the championships in their own leagues, met to contest for the world's championship, it was the loyalty of the south side crowd beyond doubt that won for the team. That fall the Chicago Tribune's composing room was about equally divided between the followers of the two teams and so bitter was the feeling that the foreman was compelled to separate them and send them to different sides of the building to maintain peace. It was civil war all over Chicago.

"Fans."

It is a magnificent crowd, wonderful in its spirit and in its intense loyalty. There are few things that shake an opponent like the incessant: "Get a hit!" "Get a hit," which is the war song of the Sox rooters when they scent victory.

One of the most dramatic displays of loyalty I ever saw was in 1907, when the team beaten and displaced from the championship came home to close the season. They had gone away in high hopes, and failed. It was Sunday, and as the defeated team marched down the field 17,000 men and women stood silent and uncovered for a moment, then broke into applause that swept the stands. It is small wonder that a team backed always by such loyalty won even during years when it seemed much weaker than its opponents.

I have heard opposing players declare they would rather face anything in the game than the grinding "rooting" of the Chicago south side fans. The only deplicable I know is the rasping, nerve-racking, long Yale yell.

Not all players are frank enough to admit that the rooting has any effect, indeed it is a common pose to pretend that they do not even hear. But they do. Even among themselves they pretend they do not care, but once in a while they tell their inner feelings. They know that half the men who quit the major leagues are driven out by the voice of the fan. I have seen men break and go all to pieces, rave and swear and abuse everyone after suffering a cruel grilling by a crowd.

Walter Wilmot one of Anson's famous old Chicago players, came to a game on the old grounds fifteen years after retiring. He looked across toward the left field and said:

"There's some of them out there now I'd like to choke."

Yet the roar of the crowd does not break them as quickly as does some sharp thrust of sarcasm or biting wit from an individual. Perhaps that shaft is only the last straw, but when a player is in a nervous collapse he usually rages at some individual who said something to him. Josh Reilly, one of the merriest, happiest players I ever knew, blew up one day and had to be restrained from assaulting three or four thousand men in the bleachers.

"Did you hear what he said?" demanded Reilly as the other players tried to restrain him.

"What did he say?" inquired someone.

"He said: 'Reilly, you're a disgrace to the Irish,' and then he razed again.

One of the quickest things I ever heard was a remark from a Washington fan which upset Frank Isbell, the veteran, completely. Isbell's head is as bald as a concrete pavement, and usually he kept his cap plastered tightly on his head to shield himself from the gibes of crowds. This time he tried to steal second and made a desperate, diving slide around and under the baseman only to be called out. He was so enraged that he ran at the umpire, grasped his arm, argued and raved and finally in sheer anger jerked off his cap, hurled it onto the ground and jumped upon it. His bald head glistened in the sunlight and the crowd roared. Then, above the roar came a voice:

"Put on that cap. They pinched Mary Garden here for less than that."

Possibly more trying than any concerted rooting is the incessant nagging to which players on the Polo grounds, New York, are subjected. The one great bit of rejoicing among the National league players last year when they saw the wonderful Brush stadium was that the crowd could not make itself heard on the field as it did in the old stands. The Polo grounds crowd is cold. Somehow fans who occupy box seats either are not as rabid as those in the cheaper seats or they are on their good behavior, and a fringe of box seats is an effective shield for players. Strangely enough the crowds on the New York American league park, although quite as noisy, are much fairer, than the crowds at the Polo grounds.

One would think that visiting players would like to play on grounds where the home team is unpopular thrugh defeat or other causes, but they do not. They rather resent the home crowd abusing the home men. In Cincinnati, Brooklyn and Washington, during most of the season, the crowds are bitterly sarcastic toward the home teams, although the Brooklyn crowds are decent except on Saturdays. St. Louis affords a queer study of the crowds. When the Browns are at home the crowds are ugly and vent their temper upon the players, yet half a dozen blocks away, on the rival park, there assembles a crowd wilder and more frantically in favor of the home team and more unreasoning in partisanship than almost any in the country. Just where this feeling arises is hard to discover. The crowd is violent in temper when the team is winning, worse when it is losing. Perhaps long years of bitter defeats have caused it.

In Boston and Philadelphia, on both major league parks, the home players and visitors are almost upon equal terms, and the spectators applaud good plays irrespective of the players. They see baseball under the best conditions with both teams encouraged and giving their best efforts to the work. Pittsburgh is bad because of the gambling that has become almost part of the game in the Smoky City. The temper of the crowd is ugly and the losing element is in evidence no matter whether the home club wins or loses. Detroit is a loyal, rather violent crowd, tamed now because the fans have learned to endure victory as well as defeat. The crowds were mad with enthusiasm the first year Detroit won and have since tamed down to a deep murmur of approval. Cleveland is a sullen crowd, and Chicago at least. The harder the leaders of the rooters worked the more apathetic the crowds became. It was an interesting phenomenon and I set out to discover the reason. The first bleacherite I met solved the problem.

"Dem guys ain't on de square," he said. "Usuns out in de bleachers don't want to rob nobody."

There was the solution. No matter how partisan a baseball fan may become, or how wild in his desire to see the home team win, deep down he wants fair play, and, after a time, he will insist upon it. The rooters' clubs died.

There are few of the noted fans now, chiefly because the papers seldom mention them. Perhaps they exist. In the old days almost every club had one or two such followers. Probably the best known was "Hi Hi." This was Genial Dixwell, of Boston, who for many years followed the fortunes of the famous old Boston club. He is wealthy, intellectual and a cultured gentleman who became completely absorbed in baseball. He followed the team wherever it went and became a familiar figure all over the country. He occupied a front seat in the stands, kept a careful score and studied the game with a seriousness that was appalling. He maintained a deep silence during almost all the game, but when a really great play was made he emitted two sharp staccato barks: "Hi! Hi!" and then dropped to silence again. His

"They Pinched Mary Garden for Less Than That."

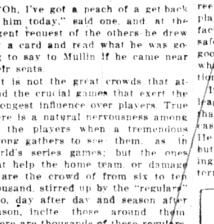
one of the queer things in that city is the batting of George Mullin, the veteran pitcher. Mullin is a jolly, quick-witted joker and years ago he began talking back to the bleachers. He was warned that the bleacherites would put him out of the business, but persisted. Every afternoon he would walk down in front of the bleachers and engage in a verbal skirmish with the crowd, trying to hold his own at rough repartee with hundreds. He abused the crowd, laughed at them, accused them of quitting, and enjoyed it. If he had taken it seriously the result might have been different, but after a time it became part of the game and now the spectators in the bleachers would not be satisfied if Mullin forgot to start a skirmish in the summer. Going out on a car in Detroit, three young fellows were talking.

"Oh, I've got a peach of a girl back at him today," said one, and at the urgent request of the others he drew out a card and read what he was going to say to Mullin if he came near their seats.

It is not the great crowds that attend the crucial games that exert the strongest influence over players. True there is a natural nervousness among all the players when a tremendous throng gathers to see them, as in world's series games, but the ones that help the home team or damage it, are the crowd of from six to ten thousand, stirred up by the "regulars" who, day after day and season after season, incite those around them. There are thousands of these regulars, self-appointed claques or cheer masters, and some of them feel as if they are doing as much to help the team to victory as if they were out there on the mound pitching. The large crowds usually are the fairest and most sportsmanlike, for in these great gatherings the rabid and partisan fan is lost and his utterances are smothered. These crowds police themselves and the players feel safe and assured of fair play, and after the first nervousness passes they play their best.

A baseball crowd is much like a mob. Without a leader it is just noise and turmoil, but with one recognized leader it can do much. A few years ago a number of Chicago men attempted to carry out a theory that the crowd needed leaders and the result was one of the most dangerous experiments ever attempted. The White Sox rooters organized, a band of men far above average intelligence, who laid daily plans for inciting crowds and stirring up enthusiasm. The Board of Trade Rooters operated at both Chicago parks, being organized primarily to attack McGraw and the Giants. They wrote and circulated songs, invented ingenious methods of harassing a worthy foe, and to force undeserved victory upon the home teams. The idea spread rapidly "Rooters' clubs" were organized in many cities and towns to help the home teams. For a few weeks it looked as if the new movement would seriously endanger the national game. The crowds grew more and more violent. Then, suddenly and without warning almost, the wildest efforts of the world, but sorrowful experience has taught most of us that it's safer to get that sort of editorial disclaimer of responsibility into print before looking up the copy, and perhaps—the world-enlightener who "knows" that he wrote "unfortunate," because that is what he intended to write, didn't rashly chance the discovery of his own guilt before he convicted the composing room of it.

Be that as it may, the meaning of the sentence was cruelly changed, and a friend was grieved or offended. Not so long ago a more astonishing error than this one crept into a book review of ours—a very solemn and scientific book. It consisted of the substitution of the word "caribou" for the word "carbon," in a paragraph dealing with the chemical composition of the stars. In that case the writer's fierce self explanation is at least highly plausible, as it seems hardly possible that he wrote "caribou" when he intended to write "carbon," but even he was cautious enough to make no deep inquiry into the matter.


The Baseball Fan Is a Unique American Species.

behind him. In fact, almost every outfielder has his own regular patrons, who attend games and seek seats as near to him as possible, and who defend him against all comers. To them he is the best in the world, a "Greater than Cobb," nor do they forget him; the player who displaces an idol has a hard time. I have known them to follow a player around the field when he was shifted from one to another position and to battle for him with the retainers of the other fielder who dared criticise him.

Biased, prejudiced and distorted in their views as most of them are, they are very human, and very lovable in their blind devotion to the game, and in their unreasoning hatred. And a word of warning: Never try to argue with a real, dyed-in-the-wool, thirty-second-degree fan. In the first place the chances are he is right, but even if he is wrong there isn't a chance to win the argument.

SOMETHING TO CAUSE LAUGH

Typographical Errors Not Infrequent. Seldom Give Rise to Feeling of Malfeasance.

Typographical errors come only too frequently from even the best regulated newspaper presses. They are always humiliating, often a cause of anger, and occasionally dangerous, but now and then they are distinctly amusing. This latter quality they are most apt to have when they are made in the office of a journalistic neighbor, a fact that probably explains why we can read with smiling composure an elaborate editorial apology which appears in the Hartford Courant.

In this political commentator tried the other day to say that "unfortunately for Connecticut," Ebenezer J. Hill is no longer a member of congress. Printer and proofreader combined to deprive the adverb of its negative particle! At least the able political commentator so declares, and we wouldn't question his veracity for

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FLOUR

Wherever the tree of benevolence takes root, it sends forth branches above the sky.—Sandi.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Dogs are the best friends; they are always ready with their sympathy, and they ask no questions.—G. Eliot.

She Liked Live Ones.

Patience—He's written a book about his ancestors.

Patrice—Who'd want to read a book about "dead ones," do you suppose?

Probably Doesn't.

Foot Lights—You know she married her press agent.

Miss Sue Brette—Why, I don't see how she can believe a word he says!

A Prerequisite.

"Where should you advise me to go for my vacation?"

"Why not try Shoreville?"

"Can I have a good time there?"

"Yes, if you take it with you."—Judge.

Progress.

"Thirty years ago," said a woman of middle age, "it was the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-gloved wrists crossed. It is now the custom of demure girls to sit in public conveyances with their silk-stockinged ankles crossed."—New York Sun.

Sugar From Wood.

Now they're making sugar out of wood. British chemists have found that they can take a ton of sawdust and get a quarter of a ton of sugar out of it.

The process consists of putting the sawdust into a closed retort and subjecting it to digestion with a weak solution of sulphuric acid under a pressure of from 90 to 100 pounds to the square inch. Eighty per cent. of the sugar thus obtained is fermentable. The product is called "saccholose."

It's Easy to Learn.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, hit on his marvelous discovery while studying and while teaching the deaf.

At a dinner in Washington, Professor Bell said, apropos of this fact:

"Yes, we can learn valuable secrets from the most unlikely sources. A Persian poet, famed for his wisdom, was once asked by his king where he had learned his philosophy.

"From the blind, slowly the poet replied—from the blind, who never advanced a step till they have tried the ground."

THOSE RHEUMATIC TWINGES

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp, changing weather is the work of uric acid crystals.

Needles couldn't cut, tear or hurt any worse when the affected muscle joint is used.

If such attacks are marked with headache, backache, dizziness and disturbances of the urine, it is time to help the weakened kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills quickly help sick kidneys.

A Michigan Case

Josiah Hoover, 806 S. Catherine St., Bay City, Mich., says: "My back got so bad I couldn't bend over. I often became so dizzy I had to sit down and rest. Doctors had failed to help me, and I was growing thin and weak. Doan's Kidney Pills went right to the spot, three boxes curing me completely. I have had no trouble since."

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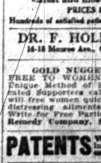

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