

# Letting Tortured Children Into the "Kingdom of Heaven"

Marvellous New Surgery Restores Health and Happiness by Grafting Sound Bone Onto Diseased Spines.

By Harry L. Burton

[Special to The Advertiser.]

New York, Oct. 5.—Tall, dark, earnest Dr. Albee stood on the high, sun-drenched roof of Sea Breeze Hospital at Coney Island. All about him swarmed little iron beds covered with netting.

And on each of these little beds lay a slim, tragic figure of a child—a helpless, tiny child, worn to terrible fineness by unceasing chafing of pain, pain, prodigious and overwhelming.

All of them were strapped to hard, cruel boards, from which they could never be unstrapped—no all human likelihood. And at every slightest move the little child faces winced. Tears lay in the corner of almost every baby eye, though brave smiles played about the lips.



Harry is straight as an arrow—now.

Dr. Albee's heart turned sick at the sight.

"AND OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN!"

The words seemed mockery to him. Dr. Albee laughed to himself. He was scornful of SUCH a kingdom.

Out in the sunlight it was very gay. Birds sang, flowers blew in green gardens, and sails spun to the breeze on the sea. In the sands scores of happy-faced children ran and danced.

HEALTHY children that came into the world with NO handicap to joyous living.

"For of SUCH is the kingdom of heaven."

The thought came again to Dr. Albee this time as he looked at these DIFFERENT children. But he saw now that it WAS a good thought—this thought of the Master's. And he began to see still farther—that it is OUR work to help make EVERY little child in it as sound as every other little child.

But how COULD these INCURABLE little children on the roof of Sea Breeze Hospital be made as sound and strong as other children?

A few weeks afterwards Dr. Fred H. Albee, young consulting surgeon of the Sea Breeze Hospital for Tuberculosis Children, performed the first of the operations that, world-eminent physicians say, will overcome at last the greatest enemy of little children—BOKE tuberculosis, the dire disease thrust upon them before birth by fathers who have not cared, or after birth by unfit food and bad environment.

And what is this great thing that Dr. Albee has discovered—which is to make anew and spines so rotted that they gnarl tiny bodies into grotesque images of pain?

It is actual BONE TRANSPLANTATION!



"Sunny Jim" will stay strapped to a board for six weeks, till the new bone has knitted into the spine.

It consists of cutting LIVE bone from one part of the body and GRAFTING it onto other bones from which DEAD bone has been cut away!

Out at Sea Breeze Hospital this summer Dr. Albee has cut from the shin bones of a full grown youngster

big pieces of healthy bone and grafted them onto spinal columns that were being slowly eaten away with tuberculosis. And every one of these youngsters is now digging in the sea sands of the hospital beach as care-free and as happy as any little child in the world.

And they now BELONG to the kingdom of heaven!

The first little hunchback—for tuberculosis of the spine curves backs almost double—who came to the hospital to be "grafted," was Harry. Harry is just 9, and is as straight as an arrow

"But I wasn't always straight like I am now," says Harry. "Last winter I was all crooked. And every time I moved it hurt me. I was all sore inside and now I ain't sore at all. Dr. Albee fixed me so's I can be a carpenter when I grows up."

The last completed case is that of Kenneth, who is scarcely 3 years old. Doctors thought he would have to go out of the big, bright, beautiful world before he was 5, but now he will not. Instead he plays in the sand all day long with a pail and shovel, and this winter he will go back to his mamma and papa in New York a brand-new baby boy!

Just last week Dr. Albee took bone from the leg of 6-year-old Jimmie Carnes—"Sunny Jim," they call him at Sea Breeze—and put it into his spinal column. Jimmie is strapped to a long, straight board and will stay that way for six weeks until the new bone has completely knitted into his spine. And then—when they take him out of his corset and off the long, hard board—he will not be a little hunchback any more, but a straight, little lad, as God intended he should be.

And Dr. Albee will have added one more jewel to the "kingdom of heaven."

from which there is no escape. All that lives must die.—To the British Association at Dundee.

Dr. M. D. Eder. Neither in love nor in war is forgetfulness ever allowed.—In T. P.'s Weekly.

Mr. F. J. Leslie. The public library is the workers' university.—To the Library Association.

Mr. F. W. Hirst. We want to have preparation for peace as well as preparation for war.—At Dundee.

Mayor of Sutton Coldfield. Stealing is a disease with starving men, and they cannot help it.—At Sutton Coldfield.

Prof. Schaefer. There remains the universal law

## UNHORSEING AN EMPEROR

The Glories of Ancient Rome Reverenced by Its Animating Spirit of Today.

(Copyright, 1912, International News Service.)

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

Every visitor to Rome will remember the huge bronze statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, seated on his bronze horse, in front of the old capitol. The pedestal was designed by the great Michael Angelo, but the statue is a far older work.

This summer they have taken the old emperor down from his horse, which he had bestrode for centuries, and removed him to the Capitoline Museum, where artists are going to "restore" him—for the ravages of time have made sad work upon him. In the long run, an emperor in bronze is no more immortal than one in flesh and blood.

A NEW PHOTO OF THE UNFORTUNATE CZARINA AND OF HER BOY—FEAR IS HER DAILY COMPANION.

It was a considerable undertaking to unhorse Marcus Aurelius, but the operation was successfully conducted, and for some time to come, tourists in the Eternal City will see only a big, dark, shaggy, and somewhat pathetic figure, from which he stretched forth his imperial hand with a gesture of command. With what some persons will regard as a fine sense of propriety, the emperor's face while taking him down, as if to prevent him from looking upon his own abasement. But the real reason was to save his finely moulded features from damage, additional to that which time had already inflicted upon him.

This unearthing, had it occurred in any other city, with any other old statue, would have been a matter of no importance only, but it really has a world-wide interest, partly because all nations have a certain pride in the antiquities of Rome, yet mainly because it reveals, in a very striking form, the growth of the new spirit of nationality in Italy. It is akin to the impulse which made the Venetians, when the company of the Campanile was felt, with a great crash a few years ago, immediately set to work to restore it, after the old model. It is also akin to the spirit which has produced the enormous monument of Victor Emmanuel in Rome, a work so vast and splendid that but for the prestige which covers them, the other monuments of the ancient capital of the world would seem diminished in its presence.

This spirit is now at work everywhere in Italy. It is pushing on the excavations at Pompeii, as well as in the Forum, and in many other places where the glories of old Rome lie buried. But it is not altogether a revival of the cultivation of art and history. It has produced a marvellous transformation in the plains and cities of Piedmont and Lombardy, where the traveller now sees long rows of smoking chimneys towering above the poplars, the flower gardens, and the cathedrals, and proclaiming the reign of modern industry. Nowhere has electric power been further developed than in Northern Italy. Nowhere are the latest results of practical science more promptly utilized.

Italy is awake—wider awake than it has been since the days of Caesar. Indeed, one is tempted to think that, somehow, the spirit of that wonderful transition now inspires the descendants of his legionaries, so long apparently submerged by the influx of foreign blood which came pouring in from every side after the fall of the empire.

That some, at least, of the Italians now dream of Caesar, as many Frenchmen do of Napoleon, is curiously shown by an incident connected with the unveiling of the statue of Marcus Aurelius. Now that the statue is down, the "Young Nationalists" have demanded that, instead of replacing it on its

pedestal, after it has been "restored," it be sent to some less conspicuous place, while a statue of Caesar be set up in its stead, on the plaza of the Capitol.

Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher. He could fight, and he did fight, when he had to—and he fought well—but his was not the spirit of a conqueror. He was mild and gentle in his thoughts and manners. He put conscience above everything else, and his true glory, for centuries, has consisted in his book of "Thoughts," one of the greatest moral treatises in existence.

This type of man does not fit in very well with the ambition of those who want to restore the military glory of Italy, to make her a great European power, with formidable fleets of battleships and armies that must be taken into account when the nations go to war. But Caesar was a man after their own heart. Seated on his bronze war horse, in front of the Capitol, he would, they think, better represent Italy that they dream of—an Italy to be feared as well as admired.

So, there are three aspects of the new Italy that are revealed by these recent events: first, the aspiration toward art and the cultivation of history; second, the determination to keep abreast of the modern world in practical scientific advance; and third, the desire to make Rome once more a name of never because of the weight of her mailed hand.

Eventually war, the chamber, has not yet lost its potency over the human spirit. The Gospel of Peace will have to be preached still for many centuries before it has altogether banished its rivalled foe.

Ann Lea, the foundress of the "Shakers," died one hundred and thirty-two years ago Sept. 9, 1780.

This remarkable woman was born in Manchester, England, Feb. 23, 1736. She was the daughter of a blacksmith, and early in life she was forced by the necessities of the case to become a "bread-winner," working for several years in a hatter's shop, and later on as a cook in a charitable institution in her native town.

At the age of twenty-six she married a blacksmith of somewhat peculiar character, who after Ann had borne him several children, deserted her for another woman.

Long before this, however, Ann had become the victim of the "searching" frame of mind which came very near driving her mad, for several years she was in deep mental distress, imagining all sorts of evil destinies for herself and the rest of mankind. She fell away to a mere shadow, had all sorts of "visions," and was about to be placed in a madhouse when the "light" came, revealing to her the fact that she was the "Prophetess of God," raised up to lead the human race to truth that saves.

In 1774 Ann and eight disciples emigrated to America, landing at New York Aug. 1 of that year. The little group "got busy" at once and began the work of "saving" the world. Societies were established at Waterbury, New Lebanon and elsewhere. By 1780, "Mother Ann" was succeeded by James Whitaker and others, and the work went on.

The result today, after a century and a quarter of progress, is, numerically speaking, anything but prodigious, there being not over five or six thousand Shakers in the entire country, scattered about in New York, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maine, New Hampshire and Ohio, in some sixteen or seventeen communities.

But maybe it is quality rather than quantity that tells, and if this is true, possibly the Shakers may be doing better than appears upon the surface.

For example, Shakers believe in industry. They all work. No idler or loafer is tolerated in their midst. "He that will not work shall not eat," is one of their unbreakable rules.

They are great believers in temperance. "The excise laws in no way concern them." The stuff that "steals away our brains" and "leaves us in the mire" never goes down the throat of a Shaker.

Another of their characteristics is honesty, honesty and thoroughness. They are strong believers in the idea that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and the Great Shaker's command: Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil," is strictly adhered to. What the Shaker tells you, you can believe, and what the Shaker does is done thoroughly and well.

And in the government of their communities, they are gloriously democratic. The only laws are those that are supplied by the public opinion of the community as expressed in its social meetings for mutual counsel and criticism.

Shakers are good Americans and most excellent citizens. They burden the state which no criminals or paupers, and furnish no recruits for the "army of tramps and loafers."

But alas! This excellent people must of necessity sooner or later become extinct. Their doctrine of celibacy, which cuts them off from the "propagation of matrimony," means that their history is to be a brief one.

## Mother Ann

[By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.]

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IN THE WRONG PEW.

[Toronto Globe.]

The Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada has inaugurated a campaign in favor of legislation requiring every applicant for a marriage license to present a medical certificate of physical fitness. It is told of a sturdy young Irishman who sought a marriage license in New York that he was promptly directed, or rather ordered, by a know-it-all policeman, who asked no questions, to a small, unpretentious office. The official at the desk made a record of his age, nationality and naturation, and then proceeded to take his weight, height, chest measurement and chest expansion. He was required to raise a fifty-pound

Jumb-bell over his head with either hand and to draw up his knees alternately toward his chest, the examiner noting the effect on his pulse. When asked to run around the desk ten times as a test for his wind and heart action he grew angry and refused, and the resultant altercation revealed the fact that he had been inadvertently directed to the medical examiner of applicants for appointment on the police force. The story suggests many causes of failure for the project of the Moral and Social Reform Council.

SIX YEARS USE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets she will always use them as long as there are little ones in the house. They are absolutely safe and never fail to cure constipation, colic, indigestion or the many other babyhood and childhood ailments. Concerning Mrs. E. Simmons, Zim-wilont, Ont., says: "I have not been without Baby's Own Tablets for six years. I have given them to my three little ones and find them excellent during teething and at other times." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

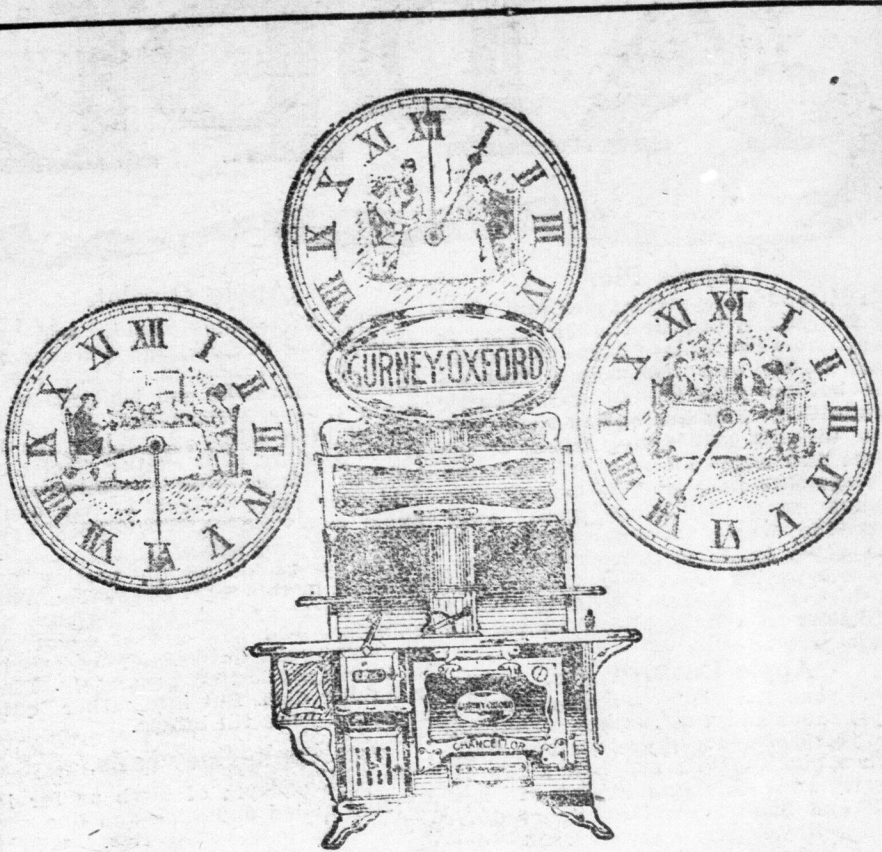
lence, whether committed by Protestants or Catholics, to do with home rule? History does not teach that a disposition to violence is created or encouraged by self-government. On the contrary, it shows that the responsibility of governing and making the laws for a community has a sobering tendency. Put Orangemen and Ancient Hibernians on the same committee of an Irish Legislature, let them sit together in the same ministry, and they will get along as peacefully as Dr. Pyne and Mr. Foy.

THE LAMB AND THE LION.

[Toronto Star.]

And what have these deeds of violence, whether committed by Protestants or Catholics, to do with home rule? History does not teach that a disposition to violence is created or encouraged by self-government. On the contrary, it shows that the responsibility of governing and making the laws for a community has a sobering tendency. Put Orangemen and Ancient Hibernians on the same committee of an Irish Legislature, let them sit together in the same ministry, and they will get along as peacefully as Dr. Pyne and Mr. Foy.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.



## The Gurney-Oxford is prompt

No matter what comes or goes—meals we must have.

The preparation of meals comes round three times a day.

Every housewife wants to know that she can depend on her stove absolutely; she wants to know that there is no element of chance or likelihood of mishap in her cooking arrangements; that meals will be ready promptly on time.

The Gurney Economizer is an assurance against accident and mishap in cooking. It is a simple device and found only on the Gurney-Oxford. One lever controls everything. The fire can be slowed down for hours and revived in a few minutes. An arrangement of flues makes the Gurney-Oxford Oven always uniformly heated—the Gurney-Oxford Oven is never to blame! It will make a good cook a better cook; it does more than its share towards making every meal a success and a pleasure.

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TRADE MARK

The "Onyx" Brand will give better wear than any hosiery known. For Men, Women and Children, from 25c. to \$5.00 per pair, in any color or style you wish from Cotton to Silk. Be sure to look for the trademark shown above stamped on every pair. Sold by all good stores. LORD & TAYLOR Wholesale Distributors NEW YORK

## Eddy's Silent Matches

ARE SAFE, SURE AND RELIABLE

NO SULPHUR, NO WASTE, NO DELAY.

For sale by all good grocers.

Please ask for these goods and insist on getting them.

"Just as good" are never as good as EDDY'S.

The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited

HULL, CANADA.

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## MONEY HAS WINGS

Break a dollar bill and the change flies away—how? You do not know. Start a savings account and the dollar will work faithfully in your interests. It grows quickly here— attracts the money you would be apt to spend freely, if not carefully.

We pay depositors 3 1/2 per cent. compound interest.

The Ontario Loan and Debenture Co'y

A. M. Smart, Manager.

CORNER DUNDAS ST. AND MARKET LANE, LONDON, CANADA.



These photographs of the Czarina of Russia and her only son, Alexei, have just arrived in this country from St. Petersburg. Reports say that this beautiful imperial Alice, who was a care-free princess of Hesse-Darmstadt before her marriage, is still afflicted with nervous melancholia because of her fears that her boy or one of her four girls will meet death at the hands of terrorists.

## SOME RECENT SAYINGS IN GREAT BRITAIN

Duke of Marlborough.

The more people who take to cultivating a small plot of land the better for the localities in which they live; and the better for England as a whole.—At Woodstock.

Rev. A. C. Hill.

Keep a boy from the world and its knowledge, confine his reading to Bunyan and Tupper, and in the end you will have a rake.—At Claremont Mission.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace.

The survival of man after death as well established as a large proportion of what we term "science."—In the Christian Commonwealth.

Rev. Silvester Horned, M. P.

The average person is not gifted with exceptional astiduousness.—In the British Congregationalist.

Mr. Winston Churchill.

The Government's acts have been the politics of action, not of faction.—At Dundee.

Mr. C. G. Weld-Blundell.

The day of the made-up picture and the studio-built subject is dead. The successful painter of the future must live with and for the people.—In the Art Chronicle.

Mr. T. W. Berry.

The same tune can be made to fit a religious hymn or a low song. The moral effect is all a matter of atmosphere.—At Llandrindod Wells.

Rev. A. J. Carlyle.

The world is, in the end, a reasonable world. The great principles of life will be found to converge upon the same point.—In the Christian Commonwealth.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

Science only the fringe of the realm of possibility.—In T. P.'s Weekly.

Mr. A. C. Benson.

The idea many people have of greatness is that it is the power of obtaining what many people want and only one can get.—In the Church Family Newspaper.

Lord Rotherham.

The disastrous effect of the rain on the crops is the only cloud on the horizon at present; and but for that we might look for a booming time ahead.—At the Textile Institute.

Mr. Gabriel Costa.

The worst dressed man is the master-tailor himself; the smartest one his presser.—Quoted in Men's Wear.

Canon Simpson.

Revelation of character, like happiness, is a by-product of existence.—At St. Paul's.

Councillor A. Barrett.

The happy and harmonious blending of personal service and wealth greatly enhance the value of a gift.—At Heywood.

Mr. Lloyd George.

One of Scotland's greatest gifts to the human race is golf.—In the London Budget.

Lord Selborne.

The only way to the heart of an Englishman is to have a real faith and to preach it to him, and to tell him, "You need not follow unless you like; I am going to lead you."—At the Chamberlain Day Banquet.

Mrs. Sophie Bryant.

Girls are much more social than boys in the sense of being more disposed to merge their individual interests in the interests of others.—At the Universities Congress.

Mr. Alfred Fawkes.

No term is used so loosely as the "Church."—In The Nation.

Mr. G. S. Street.

In so far as the workman resents the luxuries of the rich, it is largely because his own pleasures have been stupidly and heartlessly taken from him.—In the Saturday Review.

Mr. McKinnon Wood.

Only very few people with very rare brains and rare characters can make up for the lack of thorough training in the methods of learning in the first twenty years of their lives.—At Mill Hill School.

Miss Laurence Alma Tadema.

We are too apt to lose sight of the