

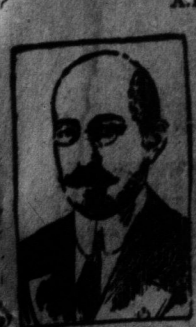
# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## A PROBLEM IN COURTESY

By Will Nies

### Secrets of Health and Happiness Why Every City and Town Should War Against the Fly

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG  
A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)



DR. HIRSHBERG

It is that fatal, malignant blood poisoning, called anthrax, disseminated by cheap furs, by hair brushes, shaving brushes, or by leather and hides? It is scattered in all these ways, and, furthermore, it is spread by flies.

In the warm months flies have not far to seek to find the deadly bacilli of infantile diarrhoea. The child's "second summer" has nothing to do with its troubles. It is the lone fly hovering around the cleanest, sweetest, purest milk that plants the bacilli of disease.

Not alone the plague and Asiatic cholera, sleeping sickness and elephantiasis, but other terrible diseases, which strike much nearer home are apportioned to innocent and healthful persons by the supposedly "harmless housefly."

Curious to relate, sore eyes are occasionally spread by these insects. Diphtheria, smallpox, ophthalmia, yaws and even leprosy have been spread by flies. Dr. Wherry, in 1901; Dr. Lehoucq, in 1912, and Dr. Minnet last year noted that ulcers of leprosy exposed to flies were sources of many streptococci bacilli later on found in the saliva and under the feet of flies.

Worms, and the eggs of the round worm, the pinworm and other larvae—seven magenta of the flies themselves—are occasionally found in the stomach, intestines, kidneys, ears and noses of children and adults.

You will agree that these facts are the shame of mankind. Not a single fly should be left in a civilized community. Legislators should pass laws against them. No lawmaker who opposes such sanitary legislation should be returned to his office. Campaigns against the fly should be started all over the country, and started at once.

The sick and the babies can be protected. Will you do so?

Food and refuse can be safeguarded until consumed. Flies and their breeding places can be eliminated by methods previously described in these articles. Catching flies one by one, and trapping and poisoning them wholesale should never be left up from one year's end to the other.



SUPPOSE you were the MAN—what would you do? Remember, all the evidence you have that there's a lady in the vicinity is the slipper. And if you're a good guesser, the slipper also tells you that she's YOUNG, perhaps, and PRETTY, surely.

Now, if you TAKE the slipper and search for her, you MAY embarrass her. And if you LEAVE the slipper right there in the path, she's SURE to find it, but after a WORRYING search. Which is the snare courtesy? It's MOST perplexing. What would YOU do?

### Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl BY SYLVIA GERARD How She Made a Charming Spring Dance-Frock

WHEN I heard a familiar song, sung in lusty, masculine tones, I knew that Dick Woodard was back from South America and was coming up the stairs to find me. I dropped the frock which I was finishing and ran out to meet him. Then I drew Dick into the sewing-room so that I could take a good look at him. A year and a half in the mountains of South America is apt to make a big difference in a man, but I was glad, very glad indeed, to find that the same old Dick smiled down—for he's six feet two—into my eyes.

"I stopped a minute to say hello to your mother, and she said that I'd find you up here sewing on a party dress. This day is too fine to waste indoors, sewing, so I want you to come with me to a ramble. I remember the good times we used to have in the spring before you left for the lake—you were such a splendid chum—you never talked too much."

I'm very fond of Dick, so even though I was pining to finish my frock I threw it aside and consented to spend the rest of the day in the country. But I first wanted to know what Dick had done. He extracted my promise that he would come to the May dance which Aunt Kate was giving for me. Dick hates formal parties, and when he agreed to come to mine he paid a big price for a day's outing.

He couldn't help admitting that my frock was pretty, for it is a springtime affair of apple-green, with a silver river lace. Mrs. Mathon helped me to make it, and we finished it yesterday all but the binding of the seams.

The skirt is a fluffy affair of three layers. The first is of finely pleated tulle cut to form a point at the front and at the back.

Over this Mrs. Mathon draped the silver lace in cascaded folds. Underneath tulle skirt this layer hangs longer at the sides.

A third layer of tulle, forming a full cascaded drape, completes the skirt.

The bodice is of silver lace arranged to hang free over a foundation of tulle. Accordingly, Mrs. Mathon veiled the shoulders and the top of the bodice with a cape-like collar made of two layers of apple-green tulle with a picot edge of silver.

We tried to introduce a touch of contrasting color by making the girlie violet or rose-colored, but it seemed more effective to keep the frock one tone.

Accordingly, Mrs. Mathon drew a piece of apple-green satin about the waist.

This is the first green dance frock I have ever had, and I believe that I am going to like it immensely.

Dick and I had a wonderful ramble, but I'm tired out. We walked so far and this is the first hike over country roads that I've had this season.

Avoid sowing seeds thickly. It is a waste of money and makes work later on if it does not spoil the plants.

### Little Stories Told in Homely Rhyme

**GRANDPA MINDS THE BABY.**  
Copyright, 1916, by the Author, Bide Dudley.

SHE'S sleepin' now, poor little thing! She's breathin' slow an' deep. To me there's somethin' holy in a little baby's sleep. She'll hardly know, in years to come, the loss that she has had. Her dad is left, but mother love can hardly come from dad. It seems to me she's criid so much she's kept herself awake, an' ev'ry little baby sob had made my old heart ache. I'm rockin' her while Gabe, her dad, is restin'; he ain't fur. We've took our turns for 'most a week at watchin' over her. I only wisht her grandpa could be here—to calm her fears. But what's the use of wishin'? She's been gone these twenty years. We'll watch the child the best we can. She's all in all to Gabe. The Lord seen fit to take Kate off. He won't desert her babe.

### The Amateur Gardener

BY RACHAEL TODD, M.D.  
Some Choice Pink Roses—Three of the Best.

THE three red roses mentioned in a former talk are each and all to be depended upon. So also are the pink varieties about which we shall speak today. And never forget that all roses need winter protection because our winters—who can tell? Just as there are red roses and again red roses, so are there pink roses and more pinks, and the list from which to choose is much larger than that of the reds. But from among them you may choose several real beauties, and ones that will give you great satisfaction with almost no trouble.

Many of the pinks are so deep that they might almost come in the red class, and these are unspeakably lovely. Others are so delicately pale that they might almost be listed with the creams, and indeed some do fade into creams. These are to be avoided, because a pink rose should be pink at all times, just as a red should be red. A bush that produces a fading rose is neither dependable nor desirable.

There are so many grand pinks that three range side by side in the first class. These are Mrs. John Laing, Paul Neyron, and Magna Charta.

Mrs. John Laing.

Now I am speaking of Mrs. John Laing from experience. I really do not know one single solitary rose that sends out larger roses than this fair rose. Very full, double and deep, the petals delicately curved, of satin the smoothest, and in shade the most exquisite pink, the whole rose is borne aloft of a strong, sturdy stalk, and the fragrance is heavy, and lasting. A free bloomer, Mrs. John Laing will after a few years send out dozens and dozens of blooms from late June into the end of July. The buds are too beautiful to attempt any description. Do not think of any other pink rose before you have tried Mrs. John Laing. And be sure to plant the bush where plenty of room for growth is allowed.

Paul Neyron.

No close second to Laing, but a neck and neck leader in the matter of size alone, Paul Neyron is reckoned by his admirers as a rose a trifle larger than his beautiful neighbor. I am not exaggerating in the least when I tell you

Magna Charta.

Magna Charta is a rose as old as the pink class, or "black" is among the reds, and takes an equally prominent place. It is a very old rose and there fore, like all old friends, very dependable. While the roses do not attain the immense size of Neyron, nor give off a fragrance quite so delicious as Laing, nevertheless, Magna Charta is one of our best old standbys.

The roses are many, especially if the bush is three or more years old, uniform in size, of a pink so deep as to be almost coral, very full and double, and last quite a while on the bush. The flowers are fine for table decoration, but not so lasting as those of Mrs. John Laing.

There are several other splendid pinks that run these three a close race. But I am able to speak from my own experience of these three and no amateur need hesitate about trying one or all of them.

## MOVING PICTURE FANS

HERE'S the thing you've been waiting for—  
A department in *The Toronto World* every morning devoted exclusively to news of the screen world, the plays, players, release dates, photographs and everything connected with moving pictures.

If there is anything you want to know about moving pictures or moving picture actors, moving picture theatres, writing moving picture plays, how moving pictures are made, and where the salaries paid to moving picture actors, or anything at all either directly or remotely connected with moving pictures, write a letter and it will be answered in *The World*. Make them short, and write on one side of the paper only. If you have an idea that you would like to see worked into a play, write it. If you see anything on the screen that you think could be improved, write that. Write anything you like, so long as it is connected with the moving picture business.

The moving picture news will appear in this space—  
**AND IT WILL BE HERE EVERY MORNING**  
Don't miss any of it. Send in your order to have *The World* delivered to you every morning, so that you will be sure to get it each day.  
This department is YOURS. There will be a theatre directory, by which you can tell at a glance what films are running each day, and where.  
If you want to know anything about moving pictures write—don't telephone—to the  
**MOVING PICTURE DEPARTMENT,  
THE TORONTO WORLD.**

### The Old Gardener Says

That it pays to sprout seed potatoes before they are planted, at least when an early crop is desired. It is only necessary to place the potatoes in shallow boxes and set the boxes in a sunny cellar window until the sprouts are well started. Of course, considerable care must be exercised at planting time not to break the sprouts off, but the plan will give potatoes for the table two weeks earlier than when they are planted in the usual way.

### RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

**Bread Pudding**

**METHOD**

Soak the bread in water until quite soft, drain and squeeze dry, then beat out the lumps with a fork. Chop the suet very finely and mix with the flour and bread. Add the beaten egg and the flavoring, put in a greased pudding mold, cover with a greased paper and steam for 2 1/2 hours. Turn out and serve with either a hard or jam sauce. This pudding can also be baked and in this case only requires half the time to cook in a moderate oven.

**INGREDIENTS**

1/2 lb. scraps of bread.  
2 tablespoonfuls sugar.  
2 oz. suet.  
2 tablespoonfuls flour.  
1/2 lb. raisins.  
1 oz. candied peel.  
1 egg.  
Flavoring.  
1 teaspoonful baking powder.