

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

YOUR BABY How and When the New-Comer Should Eat and Sleep

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG
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A BABY that is fondled too much usually cries a great deal, and is generally ill and peevish much of the time. The beauty and tenderness of a mother cuddling her baby to her breast, smothering it with words of love and sprinkling it with kisses, is a true demonstration of pride and love, but it is not a benefit to the baby. On the contrary, the little one, fragile and delicate during the first few months of its life, often is made irritable and nervous by these caresses. A baby must receive extreme care, which means that it should be handled as little as possible. No matter how intelligent the baby may seem, its little mind is a blank, and it gets no joy out of the affections being shown upon it. To a baby, the mother appears merely as a source of food, when its brain begins to work, satisfying a desire is probably the first definite idea or thought that formulates in a baby's mind. It naturally wants its mother to feed it, and before long, instead of merely crying for food, it cries for her.

The Routine Hours.—Eighteen hours of a baby's chief need is sleep, when it is not hungry. The twenty-four are required for sleep by the healthy baby. Rocking, swaddling, cradles and other things of the past along with soothing words, a solid, comfortable crib is the sensible baby's only support. Several days pass after the baby's birth before the mother's milk is fully nourishing and meets the needs of the child. On the first day the baby should be nursed but once, then given a drink of boiled water every two hours, and after that, because of the absence of air-bubbles, tasteless and insipid as it is, because of the absence of air-bubbles. However, a baby seldom notices this. Morning, afternoon and night of the second day, the baby must be nursed, and given the same amount of boiled water as on the first day. On the third day, the amount of boiled water as on the first day. It will be found that the second day's routine should be repeated, at which time it will be found that the child has lost a quarter or half a pound. Thereafter a steady gain in weight should gradually follow.

Need of Water.—The volume of milk and the baby's own idiosyncrasies will determine the length of time the child should be kept at the breast for each feeding. The mother should bear in mind that the stomach of the new-born baby is so small that it can hold only one ounce, or eight teaspoonfuls. However, it is safe to keep a child at the breast for more than ten to fifteen minutes, as the baby should be given no more than it can hold. The food passes into the bowels very quickly, where the more important part of the process is completed. A baby needs water as regularly as it needs food. It must get water at least three times a day. The water that comes from the average city mains or country day, fresh and sparkling. To eliminate these minute organisms, which are harmless to the adult, the water must be boiled 20 minutes, cooled and stored in well-corked and clean bottles which have been previously sterilized in boiling water for five minutes.

A thoroughly clean nursing bottle is best for the baby to use. Water should be offered to the infant every hour until its thirst is quenched. A supply of water for the baby should be boiled each morning, and under circumstances should it be kept more than a day.

Money In Turkeys

OR those who are favorably situated for raising turkeys a more profitable side line can hardly be found. Given plenty of range where the turkeys can find grasshoppers, insects, weeds and grasses, waste grain, acorns and nuts of various kinds, and a coat of raising them is very small and the profits large.

Brain and stock farms are particularly adapted to turkey raising, and the same is true of any of the large farms in the way of raising turkeys in confinement, and where the results have been discouraging. Fifty of range is essential to success in turkey raising.

In selecting turkeys for breeding, the most important factors to be considered are vigor, size, shape, bone, early maturity and color of plumage. The body should be deep and wide, the neck should be the breast round and full. The head should be of good size and of a clean, healthy appearance. A straight, sturdy skeleton is shown by thick, sturdy shanks and straight, strong toes. It should be the aim of every turkey raiser to have as many pure-bred turkeys, even though they are sold at market prices. The male at the head of the flock should be a large, early-maturing, strong-boned, and deep-bodied turkey of uniform color.

Fifteen turkey hens can safely be kept to a vigorous tom. If twenty-five or thirty hens are kept, two toms should not be allowed to run with them at the same time, but one should be confined one day and the other the next. When two toms are allowed to run together during the mating season, they fight badly and the stronger does practically all of the mating.

Turkey hens are wont to "steal" their nests in hidden places, such as a patch of weeds, tall grass or thick brush and often wander a half-mile or more from home before they find locations that suit them.

To find those stolen nests often the usual method being to follow each turkey hen as she separates from the flock and starts toward her nest, care being taken that she does not know she is being followed. A much easier and quicker method than this is to confine the hen early in the morning soon after they have come down from roost and let them out late in the afternoon. Those that are laying will then head for their nests in order to lay the eggs they have been holding.

If many turkeys are kept the use of a sufficient area to allow the turkey hens to exercise, an acre for fifteen birds being none too large. A hog-tight wire fence three feet high will hold most turkeys, and if they persist in flying out the flight feathers

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw

Isn't it funny—that Marie, who isn't to 'come out' until next year, has been, for several years, very much out, at all hours!

THAT DROLL SOCIAL PARADOX

Easy Cornstarch Desserts

Household Helps - - - By Isobel Brands

OF COURSE, we all get tired of the inevitable "chocolates" or "vanilla" puddings, no matter how much we are impressed with the wholesomeness of cornstarch, a really nutritious, even if simple dessert basis. But one of the good points about cornstarch is that it lends itself to an infinite variety of preparations, and is one of the easiest foods to disguise into most appetizing dishes.

Here are some easy cornstarch desserts that will tempt even the little boy who has insisted that he doesn't like and doesn't want cornstarch pudding even with a whipped cream dressing as base:

Orange Cream.
Line dessert cups with lady fingers and fill with this mixture:
2 cupfuls of sugar creamed with one-half cupful of butter,
2 tablespoonfuls of cornstarch,
3 eggs, well beaten.
Juice of two oranges.
Grated rind of one orange,
3 cupfuls of water.
This is cooked in a double boiler, and must be stirred constantly until it turns thick and smooth, and it is then poured into dessert glasses or custard cups.

Pineapple Pudding.
1 cupful of pineapple juice (from can of sliced pineapples),
1 cupful of water,
3 tablespoonfuls (level) of corn-

starch mixed with one-half teaspoonful of salt and cold water to make a paste.
3 eggs.
Slices of pineapple.
The pineapple juice and water are cooked to a boil, then the cornstarch paste is added, and the mixture stirred until thick and smooth, when it is allowed to keep boiling over a slow fire for 10 minutes. The whites of eggs are then beaten to "snow" and folded into the boiling mixture and cooked for three minutes more, when it is taken from the fire and poured into a wet mold. It is served topped with slices of pineapple.

Another humble, but very tasty and wholesome cornstarch dessert is made as follows by combining with stoned prunes:
1 cupful of stoned prunes,
2 cupfuls of milk,
1 teaspoonful (heaping) of cornstarch,
½ cupful of sugar,
2 well-beaten eggs.
To the two cupfuls of heated milk the moistened cornstarch is added and stirred in until smooth. Then it is taken from the fire, and sugar, salt and eggs are stirred in thoroughly, and the prunes are added. The whole is then put in a buttered mold and baked about 15 minutes.
It can be served with a chocolate or fruit sauce or topped with whipped cream and a few prunes stuffed with walnuts to garnish.

SIX SELECTED RECIPES

By ANN MARIE LLOYD

Creamed Potatoes.
Take one cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. The butter should be put in a small frying pan, and when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken, stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk. Have cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this, and let them gradually heat thru; a very little nutmeg grated over the potatoes before frying improves the flavor. More salt and pepper may be added if desired.

Tapioca Snow.
Four ounces of tapioca should be soaked in a pint of cold water, flavored with strained lemon juice. Simmer the tapioca until it is quite clear, mix it with three or four tablespoonfuls of red currant jelly, pour into a glass dish, and leave to become cold. Just before serving cover with beaten white egg, sweetened, and, if desirable, more lemon juice may be added.

Pickled Beetroots.
Take half a dozen teaspoonfuls of brown sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one large teaspoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, or a few grains of cayenne. Pour gradually into these a good half-teaspoonful of vinegar, and mix well. Boil some beetroots until tender, then remove the skins, and cut up in thin slices, and put in glass bottles. Boil the mixture, pour it hot over the beetroots, and keep it for a week, when it will be ready for use.

The Children's Pudding.
Pare, core and slice about six apples, and stew them till tender with the rind of a lemon, chopped finely, and about a quarter of a pound of brown sugar. When done add a little grated nutmeg. Previously prepare a nice rich suet crust; roll out thinly; spread the apples over it; sprinkle over them a few currants or raisins, roll up the pudding, tie in a floured cloth, and boil for at least two hours.

Arrowroot Blancmange.
Two ounces of arrowroot should be beaten up with as much cold milk as will make it the consistency of a thick cream. Have ready a pint and a half of boiling water, pour this over the arrowroot, stirring the whole time. Sweeten with sugar, and flavor with essence of lemon. Then stir into this the beaten yolks of two eggs, put all into a saucepan, set it over a slow clear fire, and simmer for 10 minutes. The beaten yolks of two eggs, put all into a well-soaked mold, and set aside until next day. Served with stewed apples or jam it will be found delicious.

Rice Cakes.
Soak a pound of butter or margarine, 10 ounces of sugar, five eggs, five ounces of ground rice, half a pound of

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT Homeless Babies and Babyless Homes

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Winifred Black

BLESS the babies! They're adopting them everywhere. Two hundred childless homes opened in a middle-sized western city on New Year's Day, and every other city in the United States is showing or beginning to show the same marvelous record.

Hurray for the babyless homes and the homeless babies! That's just the kind of combination that means health and happiness and the joy of living nine times out of ten.

I have three different friends who have adopted babies in the last year. One of the friends is a woman of thirty-five. Her husband is well-to-do, they are both devotedly fond of children and they couldn't wait another day to have one in the family.

The other is an elderly woman, the wife of a very rich man. She's never had a child of her own in her life, and on her fiftieth birthday she and her husband went to a foundlings' home and adopted the cutest little red-headed boy ever saw.

My third friend is a spinster. She's always said she was going to adopt a baby when she was thirty years old, and on the day she was thirty she took brown-eyed and gipsy-faced—lonely, wistful little girl, with something that is going to develop into a roguish dimple in her olive cheek the minute she gets a chance to develop anything besides tears.

The rich elderly couple adopted their baby because they wanted some one to inherit their money.

"I Wish I Dared." The middle-aged couple adopted theirs because the husband was away a great deal and the wife wanted some one to keep her company. Besides, the man in that couple believes that it is the duty of every well-to-do family to take care of at least one child. He would have preferred a son of his own, of course, but he didn't have one, so he did the next best thing and adopted one.

The bachelor maid says she's adopting her little daughter from a sense of duty and a sense of pity. She's alone in the world, she's never going to marry and she earns a very good living. Why shouldn't she share it with some one? And then she has theories she wants to try. Besides, she saw the little girl one day at an orphan asylum where she went to do charity, and the little girl held out her arms to the bachelor maid and the bachelor maid caught her close to her heart, and she's been there ever since.

We were talking it all over at the table the other day, some other women and I. There were four of us at the table and while we buttered our muffins we discussed the adoption idea.

"I wish I dare to adopt a baby," said the prettiest woman at the table, and the one with the saddest eyes. "But I'm afraid to. I've longed and longed for children of my own. I'd give anything in the world for a little daughter and a little son—just a little son—just a little son—just a little son." The prettiest woman turned her head away to hide the trembling of her beautiful mouth. She swallowed once or twice, to hide the quiver of her throat. "But how would I know about the parents of a child I might take? What if it should be the son of a drunkard or of a wicked woman? Wouldn't it be dreadful after I had spent all my hopes to find that it was bringing up a hopelessly hampered child?"

No Babyless Homes Some Day. "That's just it. How can you tell what they'd turn out to be? I don't see how any one has the courage to do it."

"Oh!" shuddered the gayest woman in the room. "I'm going to do it myself—no, I mean it. I have my own apartment and a lot of friends and all that, but I want something personal, something dearer. I want a little son fattened against the pane when I come up the steps with my latchkey at sunset. I want a little pair of feet patter to my room at sunrise. Yes, I want footprints on the clean floor. I want a cap on the hall floor. I want somebody whistling when the house ought to be still—and I'm going to have it, too."

"I'm tired of being clever and efficient and successful. I'm tired of being smart and modish and up to date. I want to be happy—just plain, old-fashioned happy—with some little child. I'm loving me and believing in me and trusting me, and I'm going to adopt a baby. I came to this tea today to tell you about it, and to get some of you to go with me somewhere and find the right child."

The two women who were afraid looked at her in amazement. But the woman who wants to be happy smiled and her eyes twinkled. I knew what she was thinking—the one who said how glad she and her husband would be to have children of their own. She is married to a low-minded, cruel, grasping scoundrel, a man known to be dishonest and untrustworthy in every relation of life. What kind of children would they be with him for a father? What worse inheritance could she pick up in any gutter?

The other woman who was "afraid" has three children of her own. Her oldest boy has run away from home and nobody knows where he is. Her second boy has been arrested twice for speeding, once for fighting, and he has just been expelled from high school. The girl is fifteen years old, a pretty little thing with big blue eyes like her handsome father, and a smile like her dissipated uncle and a taste in dress like her lively mother. I saw her at a matinee the other day, dressed like a chorus girl, and every man in the theatre stared at her when she pranced down the aisle. I wonder where the mother of these children got her idea about the power of heredity?

Bless the babies, and bless the generous-hearted men and women who are adopting them!

Some day, when we get more civilized, there won't be any such thing as a homeless baby in all the world. Hasten the hour, say I, both for the sake of the babies and for the sake of the people who have the good sense to adopt them.

Controlling the Pea Aphid. The most serious pest that attacks peas is the pea aphid. It seems to appear periodically, fortunately not being in evidence every year. Nevertheless, in some seasons when a pestiferous infestation of the insects may do considerable damage, not only by shortening the crop but by making the peas unwholesome. When the plants are severely infested it is a nasty job to pick the peas. Last year we had such an infestation and the peas were silny and wet, due to crushing great numbers of the insects in the fingers.

These lice attack principally the young, tender shoots of the plants. The grower should be constantly on the lookout for them and as soon as the first signs of them are noticed get busy with a spray; they spread rapidly, and once the whole patch is infested it will be found delicious.

ODD FACTS

Land now above sea level, 25,000,000 square miles, if uniformly spread over the globe, would make a crust 600 feet thick.

France's vintage in 1913 was 36,127,372 quarts, and that in 1914, 49,838,000 quarts, an increase of 12,710,628 quarts.

It is estimated that in Russia the farmers hold an average of 27 acres to each family.

When boiling beef add a few drops of vinegar to the water. This will make the joint more tender.

Oh, You Cooks!

WATCH THIS SPACE IN THE TORONTO WORLD EVERY MORNING

A tested recipe will be published here every day. Cut it out and paste it on a card index. Then have the cards arranged alphabetically. You will find it convenient and practical. The recipes are good.

CUT THEM OUT.

Amateur Gardeners and Poultry Raisers

HAS the "fever" seized you yet? Have you laid in your supply of seed catalogs, measured the space in your backyard and filed the edge of your old spade in preparation for an attack on the turf as soon as the frost is out of the ground?

HAVE you been reading the page devoted to amateur gardeners and poultry raisers in The Sunday World? There's a lot of good stuff there every week.

THERE'LL be more of the same good stuff in The World every morning from now on. Look it over. It will appear on the Daily Magazine Page. If you want to know anything about gardening, or have any problems that you would like solved, shoot.

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