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HE NEXT ISSUE OF

## THE SUNDAY WORLD

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## ILLUSTRATED SECTION

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ng soldiers during their  
of recreation at Exhi-  
camp. The section  
comprises a complete  
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## New Series Humorous Etchings

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## Breaking Into Toronto's Police Force

in this issue. Get the

## OLDIERS' FAVORITE PAPER

nd it to the boys at the

## ATULATIONS SENT FRANCE TO DOUMA

Feb. 24, 9:20 p.m.—The  
deputies today telegraphed  
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## errett

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## A LIL INCENTIVE FOR BLOOD

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# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## How to Make the Most of Your Own "Flower of Beauty"

By LUCREZIA BORI  
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera  
Company, New York.



Most every-  
lover of folk  
is familiar with  
the story of "The  
magic flower." This  
flower, out-of-the-way  
corner of the earth,  
and since it held the  
power to grant any-  
thing that the heart  
might desire, it was  
sought by all who  
heard of it. Men who were ambitious  
for honor, wealth or fame braved dan-  
gers and privations to seek the wonder-  
ful flower. Women tirelessly followed  
the long, rough high-roads and the  
bramble-strewn by-paths to discover the  
flower that would give them beauty,  
health and charm. But the thousands  
who sought the blue flower found it not.  
It remained for a simple maid of pure  
heart and devout spirit to find it grow-  
ing in the dooryard of her own humble  
home.

So it is today. The women who long  
for beauty are willing to travel over the  
world hoping to find the flower that will  
endow them with a loveliness equal to  
that of Cleopatra or Helen of Troy.  
They completely forget that the magic  
flower may be close at hand, and few  
would recognize it even if they saw it.

### Discover Your Weak Points.

Many times I have told you that every  
woman possesses within herself the seed  
of beauty. It only remains for her to  
nurture it so that it may develop into a  
strong, healthy plant that will eventu-  
ally bear the perfect flower of beauty.

Do not waste time longing to become  
the "most beautiful woman in the  
world," but begin today to water and  
nurture the seedling Mother Nature has  
entrusted to your care.

Do not be afraid to look at yourself  
with critical eyes. There are always two  
or three features that will console you  
for those which you find lacking. Then  
with this very good reasoning you can  
develop other latent beauty qualities  
that combined will make the perfect  
whole.

Stand up bravely before a long mirror  
and give yourself a searching gaze from  
head to toe. What do you think of your  
hair? Is it luxuriant, alive, and of a  
good color—is it a "shining crown of  
glory"? If so, pass on to your eyes.  
But if your hair is lifeless, scraggy and  
altogether unattractive, begin immedi-  
ately a course of hair treatment that  
will restore its normal beauty.

### Build Your Good Point.

Every woman knows that the eyes are  
one of the most important features of  
beauty. When I speak of eyes I include  
the surrounding frame of brows and  
lashes. If your eyes are brilliant, ex-  
pressive and clear of color, the brows  
shapely, and the lashes long and luxu-  
riant of growth, be truly grateful. Your  
flower of beauty is ready budded.

The next feature to be considered is  
your nose. If it is badly shaped you will  
have to make the best of it, and to exert  
every effort to perfect your other fea-  
tures so that your nose will be less con-  
spicuous.

About the corners of a pretty mouth  
marks a great deal of fascinating, allur-  
ing beauty. If you can boast of perfect

## Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

### How She Solved the Problem of a "House Party Nightie."

OUR great-grandmothers would hold  
up their hands in holy horror should  
they but see the extravagant bits  
of daintiness called undergarments worn  
by their descendants.

I can imagine my thrifty great-grand-  
mother, who placed the most worth-  
ful quilts from the tiny patches left  
from making her children's frocks,  
tossing upon the idea of using pussy

nightgown of washable Japanese satin.  
I copied it from an imported model  
which was so high-priced that I felt  
apologetic to my frugal-minded, great-  
grandmother for even daring to look at  
it.

However, the beauty of the nightgown  
haunted my memory. I tried to sup-  
press myself to find a reasonable excuse for  
making one just like it.

Finally I decided that when one is in-  
vited to house parties it is a duty to  
wear attractive garments to the Land of  
Nod. What a deplorable situation to be  
in if the house should get after in the  
night and you would have to face the  
eyes of the world clad in a plain muslin  
or "nightie" robe! A satin "nightie" is  
obviously the right garment to take  
to a house party, so I simply had to  
have one.

In selecting the satin I concluded that  
white was disappointing, because it will  
turn yellow after it has been laundered  
several times. For this reason I chose  
pink—a pale, delicate tint that is most  
becoming.

The satin is rather heavy in quality  
but very soft and supple.  
I also bought lace insertion, edging and  
square medallions of embroidered net.

Supplied with the material I began my  
house party nightie. First, I cut out a  
yoke pattern from paper and pinned it  
to the insertion and medallions until I had  
arranged them to form a charming de-  
sign. Between two rows of the lace in-  
sertion I used a row of the medallions.  
After sewing them together by hand I  
finished the lower and upper edges with  
a gathered ruffle of the lace edging.

The sleeves I made to correspond,  
using the lace edging, insertion and  
medallions.

Then I cut out the skirt, making it  
comfortably wide. French seams the  
sides by hand, and turned up a generous  
hem and stitched it in place.

It was a simple matter to join the  
yoke to the skirt and sew the sleeves  
into the armholes.

The yoke forms points in the front and  
back and over the shoulders. I saw that  
the garment could be improved by run-  
ning several rows of shirring from the  
pointed yoke in front, across the sides to  
the back. After I had shirred the shir-  
ring I added bows of pale blue ribbon to  
the sleeves and another with long,  
streaming ends to the front, and the  
nightie was ready to pack in my week-  
end trunk.

My friend said that it only needed a wide  
band of blue ribbon to make it an even-  
ing frock, while Aunt Kathryn ex-  
claimed: "What will you girls think  
about next?"

Very Latest Night Robe of Wash-  
able Satin and Lace.

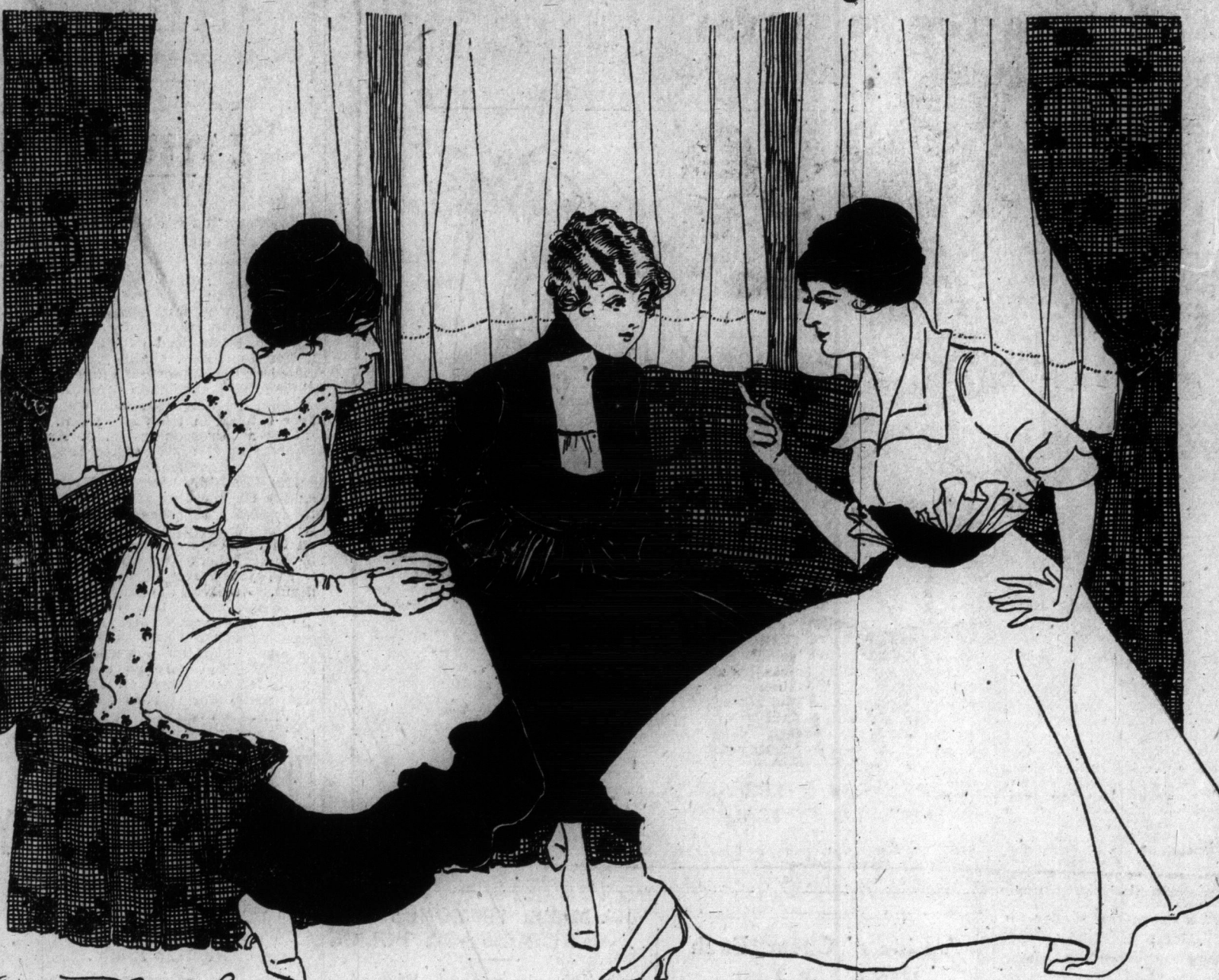
willow taffeta or crepe de chine to make  
nightdresses.

Her best and second best dresses were  
made of silk, but she never would have  
dreamed of wearing this precious ma-  
terial for everyday.

I've had crepe de chine "nighties" for  
three years, but the latest addition to  
my collection of undergarments is a

## FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



Annette Bradshaw.

At the Woman's Club After Hearing the Address on "The Evils of Gossip."

## REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

### Why Mrs. Stewart Said "I'm Going to Talk to You Like a Dutch Aunt."

I T was hard work for me to obey Mrs.  
Stewart's command to eat my supper.  
Every nerve was tense in anticipa-  
tion of the meeting between Dicky and  
Jack, which would not avoid, and which  
I so dreaded. What was happening?  
My home while I sat here, my hands  
tied by my own foolish act.

"Now just cut out pecking at this and  
picking at that as if you were a little  
bird instead of a strong, healthy, young  
woman." Mrs. Stewart's voice boomed  
heartily at me. "Remember, there's no  
trouble in the world that can't be faced  
better on a full stomach."

I could not agree with her philosophy,  
but in some queer way her homely words  
stealed and almost cheered me. I did  
not realize it, but the fact that Mrs.  
Stewart knew there was trouble was  
relief to me. I would never have told  
her gratuitously of any quarrel with  
Dicky, but I knew that I should be glad  
to answer her shrewd questions and get  
her sensible advice. Above all things in  
this crisis I needed mothering. Mrs.  
Stewart seemed heaven-sent for the pur-  
pose.

Mine is a healthy appetite, and I had  
eaten practically nothing since morning.  
At the dinner I had served to my moth-  
er-in-law I had been too nervous to do  
more than to pretend to eat. So with  
Mrs. Stewart's cheery voice urging me  
on, and her savory tempting viands be-  
fore me, I managed to make out a fair  
meal. But it was not up to Mrs. Stewart's  
idea of a sufficiency.

"There are times when," she  
grumbled when I had gently put aside  
her determined effort to pile my plate  
with a second helping. "But there, I sup-  
pose you can't help it with so much on  
your mind."

She stepped to the door and rang a  
tiny bell. Then she gathered up her  
precious pieces of china and put  
them in a tiny dish pan. While the maid  
who responded to her ring was clearing  
the rest of the table and restoring things  
to their usual order she did not utter a  
word, but looked at me with a steady  
china. She put the pieces in their places  
in the cabinet, disclaimed the maid, and  
came over to me.

"Now tell me about it," she said ten-  
tatively, as she perched herself upon the  
arm of the chair, looking for all the  
world like an energetic, motherly spar-  
row. She drew my head against her  
shoulder as she spoke.

"My answer was a flood of tears as I  
clung to her convulsively. The unex-  
pected caress, for I had always thought  
Mrs. Stewart to be the most undemon-  
strative woman in the world, upset me

more than anything else in the world  
could have done.  
"There, there, there," she repeated in  
a soothing monotone, patting my shoul-  
der until the storm had spent itself. I  
felt that she would have soothed a  
frightened baby in the same way.

"I ought not to tell you anything," I  
said at last when I had controlled my  
self sufficiently to speak. "It doesn't  
seem fair or dignified to speak of my  
husband to any one else."

"Nonsense!" she retorted energetically.  
"But what that's a mighty good  
rule to go on most of the time," she  
qualified. "But there come times when  
a woman simply has to speak, and I  
imagine this is one of them. You're  
probably making a mess of things right  
now, and I'm older than you, and I've  
been through a good deal in my time.  
I may be able to help you straighten  
things out a little."

"Keep My Mouth Shut."  
"How did you know anything was  
wrong?" I asked wonderingly. "Did  
Jack tell you?"

"So Jack's in it, too?" Mrs. Stewart  
commented shrewdly. "I thought so.  
But he didn't tell me a word." "Did  
Jack tell you?"

"Then how—" I persisted, my face  
flushing at her tone.  
"Brides of a few weeks' standing don't  
speak suddenly with their luggage at  
their old boarding places to spend the  
night, no matter how much she may  
love her old landlady." Mrs. Stewart's  
syntax was muddled, but there was  
nothing the matter with her powers of  
deduction. How foolish I had been to  
think I could blind so shrewd a woman's  
eyes with such a flimsy excuse!

"There was a long silence. I could not  
bring myself to speak of Dicky. Mrs.  
Stewart finally broke it.  
"Well! What's that husband of yours  
been doing now? Always knew he'd  
do something." Her dislike of Dicky  
spoke in every syllable. "Is he jealous  
of Jack?" The question was sharp.

"I am afraid so," I murmured.  
"Good thing. Jack's going across the  
ocean to the war," she mused, "un-  
less." She gave me a long specu-  
lance and was silent for a long mo-  
ment.

"Your husband must be an unusually  
jealous man," she said after a while.  
"Jack is about the only relative you  
have. I should think he would accept  
him as a brother-in-law or at least a  
cousin-in-law."

"But you see, Mrs. Stewart," I ex-  
plained patiently, "the relationship  
is in reality very slight, and when I ex-  
plained that to Dicky he couldn't seem  
to understand about our being brought  
up together."

Mrs. Stewart interrupted me with a  
sneer.  
"Nobody's asking you to," she snapped.  
"But if you have any happiness in your  
married life you've got to remember  
that you can't go out of your way to tell  
your husband things that he would be  
better without knowing. Why on earth  
didn't you say Jack was your nearest  
relative, a cousin who had been brought  
up with you? That's the truth, and  
it certainly was not up to you to  
diagram the exact degree of cousinship."

"And I'll bet a cooky when you found  
out that Jack loved you—oh, yes, he told  
me that much. I worried it out of him—  
you went right home and told your hus-  
band all about it, now didn't you?"  
"Of course," I answered.

Mrs. Stewart raised her hands in mock  
despair.  
"I wish I had the rewriting of the  
marriage service," she said. "I'd make  
it read, 'I promise to love, honor and  
keep my mouth shut.' I'll bet it would  
prevent lots of unhappiness."

She got up from the arm of my chair,  
drew another chair facing me, and sat  
down.  
"Now I am going to talk to you like a  
Dutch uncle—or aunt," she said.

## Helpful Hints for the Busy Housewife

By ANN MARIE LLOYD

### Too Salty Food.

When you have shaken too much salt  
into cooking food, stretch a clean cloth  
tightly over the kettle, sprinkle a table-  
spoonful of flour over the cloth, and al-  
low the contents of the kettle to steam.  
In a few moments the flour will have  
absorbed the surplus salt.

To Remove Ink Stains.  
To remove ink stains without damag-  
ing the fabric, place the stained portion  
over a saucer and cover the stain with  
powdered borax. Then pour peroxide of  
hydrogen over the borax. Do not pour  
water over the borax. You will find that  
the stain will disappear almost immedi-  
ately.

To Keep Yolk of Egg.  
The yolk of an egg will dry quickly if  
left exposed to the air. If dropped into a  
cup of cold water it will keep fresh for  
two days.

Mending China.  
To mend china successfully melt a  
small quantity of pulverized alum in a  
small spoon. Before it hardens rub the  
alum over the pieces to be united, press  
them together, and set aside to dry.  
They will not come apart, even when  
washed with hot water.

To Clean Zinc.  
Take a thick slice of lemon and rub it  
over the zinc. Allow it to stand for an  
hour, then wash the zinc with soap and  
water. It will be clean and bright.

Hooks in Hardwood.  
To put hooks in hardwood, first make  
a hole with a small gimlet. Then slip  
the handle of a knife or any small nail  
into the hole, and turn it until it is secure  
in the wood.

A Hint About Pillows.  
When making pillow covers of ticking  
rub the wrong side with paraffine. This  
will prevent the feathers, pine needles  
or fur from working through.

How to Bleach White Fabrics.  
White garments that have turned yellow  
may be bleached in the following  
manner: First wash them in the usual  
way, then plunge them into a thin, boil-  
ing hot starch which has been slightly  
blue. Allow them to remain in the starch  
until cold, and dry them in the sun-  
light. Two bleaching in this man-  
ner will restore their snowy whiteness.

Use for Pickle Vinegar.  
Never throw away the vinegar in which  
pickles have been preserved. Use it for  
acid dressing instead of the ordinary  
vinegar. It gives a delicious flavor that  
cannot be obtained in any other way.

About Maple Floors.  
When oiling maple floors, heat linseed  
oil lukewarm, remove from the fire and  
add a little more turpentine as linseed  
oil. The turpentine will keep the wood  
from turning dark, while the oil insures  
an excellent polish.

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Why Styles and Fashions in Food Should Be Avoided

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

YOU actually pay for food according to the preva-  
lent taste and fashion, as you empty your coin  
into the purses of tailors and dressmakers for  
style and cut of garments.

The embodiment of nourishment and the health and  
growth of your physical fiber are not at all represented  
truthfully by the high cost of aliment. Concrete ex-  
amples of this simple truth abound on all sides. The  
cod as a table fish is excellent. It costs only one-half  
as much as halibut. Halibut, however, is the vogue,  
despite the fact that cod is as rich in albuminous food  
as is its modest hotel competitor.

True enough, the latter fish has more oil and fat  
than the trout variety. This slight discrepancy, however, is more than made up  
by butter, lard and also used as dressing. Herring, mackerel, haddock, cod  
and turbot are all rich in fat. As food,  
herring and mackerel are only one-third  
less valuable as energy makers than is  
salmon. With the addition of various  
kinds of pleasing sauces, the less fas-  
hionable fry equals the heat and work-  
making powers of the other.

Variety Is "Spice."  
A wise physiologist—or rather an ex-  
perimental psychologist—advises that  
food be made to fit the man as the  
Lord High Executioner of "Mikado"  
fame made punishment fit the crime, or  
the tailor cuts the cloth to the coat.  
That is to say, the method of the old-  
time actor-humorist should be followed,  
to wit, to adapt the kind of victuals you  
eat to the part you have to play.

"Choose pork for tyrants, beef for mur-  
derers, and mutton for lovers."  
Too much sameness on your table  
means more or less monotony and habit  
in your daily grind. Life's labor is lost,  
indeed, without variety's "spice." To  
follow a famous pure food chemist,  
whose child is never given ice cream,  
whose household must weigh and meas-  
ure all nutriment so that a definite per-  
centage of "calories" or heat units are  
to be calculated with each meal, is to  
defeat health, happiness and well being.

One of the economic defects of most  
dining rooms is a shameful disregard  
for wide mixtures of meats, especially  
the negligent disdain of string beans,  
lima beans, spinach, carrots, cauliflower,  
asparagus, sprouts, cress, turnips and  
green vegetables.

The whites of eggs, animal flesh, the  
solids in milk after it has been creamed,  
and the parts of cereals and fish are es-  
sential builders of tissues. These con-  
tain nitrogen and help the structures to  
grow. Man lives upon sugars and starches,  
starches, oils and fats.

Fertilizers and minerals are as neces-  
sary to the human soil as they are to  
the earth's rugged fabric. Vegetables,  
fruits and natural waters yield man  
these most desirable.

Balance the Diet.  
Other things equal, flesh-making foods  
should only be one-fifth of the dietary.  
There should be four times as many  
sweets and starches as nitrogen foods,  
and only one-fifth as much fat as all the  
food combined.

Starches and sugars do not cost much,  
oleomargarine costs only one-third as  
much as butter, and for cooking pur-  
poses answers as well. It is the equiv-  
alent of butter in its ability to make heat  
and power in the living anatomy.

Oatmeal contains both fat and pro-  
tein—a flesh-maker. Three good herrings  
contain an abundance of fat as well as  
protein. They are composed of more  
fat than a pound of lean meat, though  
they cost but one-fifth the price.

Poor people are often automatically  
kept poor—that is to say, prevented  
from the necessary physical exertion to  
earn more money—because of a poorly  
balanced diet.

A fundamental error on such a table is  
excess of starches, sweets, oils and fill-  
ers, and an absence of the proper pro-  
portion of proteins or flesh foods.

The cheapest of the latter are cheese,  
skim milk, fish and green vegetables.  
Barley and milk is a far better food  
than are rice and milk, oatmeal and  
milk or some breakfast foods.

Barley is a much neglected victual. It  
can be made into "preserves" with  
prunes, baked into breads and cakes,  
cookies and desserts, and is a highly  
valuable as well as cheap food.

Finally, the blood pressure can be kept  
well balanced, the health maintained on  
an even keel, and the comfort and effi-  
ciency of the vital powers held at its  
best if not too much of any one ration is  
eaten and no excess of the whole is al-  
lowed.

Answers to Health Questions  
F. and N. Q.—Will you kindly tell me  
what to do for callous places on the  
soles of my feet?

—Apply the following with a camel's  
hair brush after having bathed the feet  
in hot water:  
Salicylic acid..... 1 dram  
Extract of camomile..... 1 ounce  
Colloidal..... 1 ounce

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions  
for readers of this paper on all subjects  
of hygiene and sanitation subjects that are  
of general interest. He cannot always  
undertake to prescribe or offer advice  
for individual cases. Where the subject  
is not of general interest letters will be  
answered personally, if a stamped and  
addressed envelope is enclosed. Address  
ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirsch-  
berg, care this office.

## Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE A BRIDE ENTERS HER NEW HOME ON HER KNEES.

NEW GUINEA is the largest island  
in the world. It is, in fact, larger  
than England and France put to-  
gether. For three centuries it has been  
known, but on account of its reeking  
swamps and the treacherous and sav-  
age nature of its inhabitants it was  
longed the ugliest specimen of waste  
recently there have been intrepid ad-  
venturers who, wishing to conquer new  
lands, have turned their attentions to  
New Guinea. And yet, even now, there  
are vast stretches of the interior that  
are as unknown today as they were a  
century ago.

The men who are native to the more  
settled savage domains are among the  
finest specimens of mankind I have ever  
seen. They are slightly above the  
height of the average American, their  
cheeks are about two inches above their  
eyes and their arms and bodies are  
masses of muscles that show a corre-  
spondingly greater development.

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