DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How Doctors Determine a Patient's Degree of Deafness

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

In a deaf person, as distinguished from one who simulates or pretends to deafness, the sound of A does not descend below the level at which the victim hears it. In one who is hysterically deaf, the A goes on down to a maximum of deepness. The musician or ear specialist, in such a test, uses as a pretext the examination of the throat. The subject is told to say A so high that it can be gradually decreased to the bottom of the vocal scale. Then the test is reversed. The deaf person takes a very high note beyond which perhaps he cannot ascend. The simulator begins at a low plane and increases gradually. This exposes the hysteric and the pretender very easily.

If the doctor and the patient are seated before a mirror, the doctor should articulate letters and give their sounds. The deaf pupil repeats them and the doctor suddenly without warning gives the A sound. If the person is deaf the victim who apparently has followed all the movements of the lips and in that way has distinguished B from P, or 2 from D, makes a capital error. He gives the sound of A upon the articulation of 1.

Sight Aids Hearing.

To sound A the mouth is opened vertically. To sound I the teeth are closed, the mouth is horizontal.

The person who has learned to read lips will stop if he is conscious that the sound does not correspond to the articulation. The test is always negative in those who are very deaf from real ear troubles.

The degree of a person's deafness can be discovered in this way: If he makes the A test with a positive result he may conclude that the subject understands the low voice at the distance equal to that of the operator from the ear. The other test is equally instructive, for the subject no longer reads the lips at the moment where he no longer understands. This occurs at times when the voice is only a murmur.

The association of sight and hearing seems to be always constant. Highly near-sighted persons who have good hearing nearly always put on their glasses to carry on much conversation.

The deaf can generally receive much aid from their vision. They often employ the muscles and the memory to aid their ears.

Some Valuable Helps.

When some deaf persons perceive they are addressed by another they automatically at times try to reproduce the lip movements of the interlocutor. Indeed, "stone deaf" people who wilfully or by neglect fail to use their eyes, their minds and their muscles as first aid to deafness, become bores, nuisances and disturbers in domestic circles which they might otherwise lighten and enjoy.

Labial pronunciations, imitations and repeats bring up images of thought and words which help the mind as well as articulate speech.

Sights, lip movements which imitate the speaker, memories and other mental assistance will go far toward lifting the deaf one out of the slough of despond. After all, it is the general perception that is at fault, not the pure sensation of hearing.

Attention and movement, close observation by the eyes and the feelings make up much that you think you hear. When the hearing is poor or absent the others must be augmented to fill up the gaps and close the ranks of the intellect.

Training, effort, intention, will, practice and ambition will help the muscles, the mind and the other senses to compensate the individual in good measure for dimished or lost hearing.

Answers to Health Questions

C. L. Q.—I am troubled with gas on the stomach. Often after meals I am bloated. Please try to give me help.

A.—For gas on the stomach try either of the following with a little water every four hours; 2½ grains of salol, or 10 grains of bicarbonate of soda, or 5 grains bismuth subnitrate.

C. F., Woodstock, Ont.—Q.—Would you kindly advise me what to use after bathing to keep my skin from itching?

A.—Apply a little of the following to your skin:

Pink calamine	2½ drams
Zinc oxide	2 drams
Glycerine	2 drams
Phenol	30 drops
Lime water	2 ounces
Rosewater	2 ounces

J. R. J., Sarnia, Ont. A.—If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your query repeated I shall be glad to help you.

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES

Two Smart Phases of the Small Spring Hat.

In the array of smart millinery displayed to charm feminine eyes, the small hat has a prominent place. Each of the two hats shown here is a combination of silk and straw. The high crowned model with the mushroom brim is of yellow straw trimmed with garlands of small ribbon flowers in pastel colorings. The facing of the brim is black taffeta. Entirely different in character is the Spanish turban of white straw. The soft crown is of white taffeta and a narrow pleating of the same material outlines the edge of the brim.

Good Night Stories

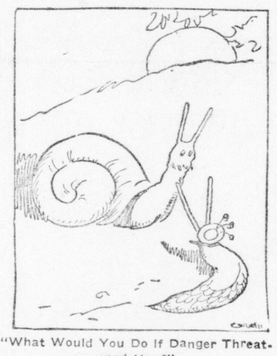
By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruelle.

LAZY SNAIL AND MISS BUSY SNAIL.

Lazy Snail hated a house. She hated to work because she was so very, very lazy—so when she had a chance she gave her little shell house away and started out to see the world and visit friends

The first one she met was little Miss Busy Snail, who was very proud of her beautiful shell house and took great pains to keep it clean and nice. She was driving her house in the sunlight on the garden path when she heard Lazy Snail coming up behind her. Miss Snail quickly pulled her little head into her house and held out her two horns to keep out the intruder.



"What Would You Do If Danger Threatened You?"

"It's only me," laughed Lazy Snail, rapping on the shell house.

Miss Busy Snail, recognizing her friend's voice, slowly came out her doorway.

"Why, I didn't know you without your house!" she exclaimed. "Where is it?"

"I don't know and I don't care," replied Lazy Snail. "I never want another; they're too much bother to take care of. It's certainly nice to take a walk without lugging a house on your back."

"But where do you sleep?" questioned her friend, who'd never before seen a snail without a house.

"Under a stone or a leaf," replied Lazy Snail. "When you awaken all you have to do is to crawl from under your bed clothes, and away you go. No work at all—just play all day long. Why won't you give yours up?"

Miss Busy Snail looked at her pretty shell house, then at her friend's bare back and wiggled her horns.

"What would you do if danger threatened you?" she asked.

"Hide," replied Lazy Snail. "You'll find that it's only silly snails who carry their houses with them all the time. I wouldn't have another hanging to my back for anything. All one has to do is to keep on the lookout and to dodge under a leaf if you hear anyone coming."

Suddenly there was a rustle of wings in the air. Miss Busy Snail from force of habit pulled her head into her house and held her horns ready to attack the enemy. A big bird swooped down upon them and gathering Lazy Snail into his beak, flew away.

When Miss Snail poked her head from her doorway she could see the bird flying toward the tree-top with Lazy Snail wriggling in his beak.

"Poor Lazy Snail!" sighed Miss Busy Snail. "All because she was too lazy to carry her house with her. A leaf may be a nice place to hide under but what are you going to do if there's no leaf handy? No, Lazy Snail, I'll carry my hiding place right on my back. Even if it does grow heavy at times it's well worth the trouble."

Miss Busy Snail shook her head sadly, and slowly crawled away to tell their friends of the fate Lazy Snail had brought upon herself because she was too lazy to carry her house on her back.

The Origin of Famous Sayings

Edward Lytton, Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). 1831-1891.

The man who seeks one thing in life and but one
May hope to achieve it before life is done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.
—Lucile.

Thought alone is eternal.—Lucile.

Let any man show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark and 'twill fly at his heels;
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone;
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.
—Lucile.

Henry David Thoreau. 1817—1862.

Whate'er we leave to God, God does
And blesses us.
—Inspiration.

For many years I was self-appointed inspectors of snowstorms and rainstorms and did my duty faithfully.—Walden.

Eliza Cook. 1817—1889.

Better build schoolrooms for "the boy"
Than cells and gibbets for "the man"
—A Song for Ragged Schools.

It rests upon each one to decide whether he or she will become a master or a creature of circumstances. It depends upon the direction in which one sets his face and how persistently he then follows the road upon which he enters.

Now--

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a bigger bar—without premiums

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We can buy soap materials better than we can premiums

Certainly that will be so until after the war. You will get the benefit in the bigger Comfort bar.

All Comfort wrappers and coupons now out will be redeemed. Send them in early while our present Premium supply is still good Write us for premium list.

Pugsley, Dingman & Co., Limited,
Toronto

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Mother Graham Said When Madge Broke the News to Her.

"Mother, dear," I began desperately, for my mother-in-law's expression as she lay listening to me was conducive to anything but calmness, "the reason I had to refuse your request to take care of you the other day was because I already had given my promise to assist Mrs. Underwood in some work——"

"I know all about that," she answered, wearily and contemptuously. "Richard told me of her historical drawings. If you consider that a reason for asking me to listen to you, I really must beg you not to annoy me with the thing further.

"But you don't know all about it," I returned hurriedly. "The excuse Dicky gave you is only a pretext to cover some most important work for Mrs. Underwood, of which Dicky knows nothing, and must know nothing. It is not my secret, but Mrs. Underwood's, therefore I could not tell you about it when we talked together before. But I have begged permission of Mrs. Underwood to tell you, and she has granted it, provided——"

I faltered, my voice trailed off into silence, for my mother-in-law had turned her eyes toward me, and the expression in them frightened me, it was so contemptuously indignant.

"Provided, I suppose, that I promise on a stack of Bibles not to run and tattle what you tell me," she snapped.

I kept my poise with difficulty.

"Provided only that you give your simple word not to let anyone, even Dicky, suspect what I tell you."

Bitterness of Spirit.

"Especially Richard, you mean," she said shrewdly and disagreeably, and then she lay silent and grim for fully three minutes, which seemed as many hours to me. I knew that every imperious impulse of her nature was urging her to refuse a hearing to me. But I also knew that her natural curiosity was tugging at her will from another direction. Which would win I hadn't the slightest idea. And Cousin Agatha's feet must even now be nearing home!

"It's all ridiculous nonsense," she said at last, "but no one shall ever have the opportunity to accuse me of injustice. You have asked me to listen to your explanation, I give you my pledge that I will repeat no word of it to anyone. But I warn you, Margaret, that it will have to be an unusual explanation if it wipes out the memory of your refusal to take care of me."

The quiet amusement with which I listened to the first part of her little speech, and my admiration of the clever manner in which she had disguised her curiosity, her real reason for listening to me, were blotted from my consciousness by the concentrated rancor of her last words. Evidently my refusal to nurse her had hurt and angered her more bitterly than I had guessed.

A Wonderful Change.

I was astounded at the result. Incredulity, followed by relief and joy, flashed over her face, and her eyes sparkled with excitement. She sat up in bed so suddenly that I feared she had injured her broken arm, but at my horrified exclamation and movement toward her she put out her other hand protestingly.

"Bother my arm!" she exclaimed. "What's that to this news you've brought me? Child! Child! Why didn't you tell me before? But, of course, I know you couldn't," she conceded generously. "Now, tell me everything you are allowed to tell me, every little scrap. If you could know how all my life I've longed to do something like that! Why, Margaret, you ought to be on your knees every night of your life giving thanks that an opportunity like this to serve your country has come to you!"

She was like a schoolgirl in her enthusiasm. She bewildered me, swept away all my preconceived ideas of her. I began to perceive what an imperious, impetuous girl this mother-in-law of mine must have been, to realize how much her life with Dicky's father must have embittered her. Once when Dicky was making me suffer keenly on account of his attentions to Grace Draper his mother had lifted the veil from the past ever so slightly, yet enough to show me that she, too, had trodden the same thorny way in which my feet were set. And her path must have been tortuous indeed to have so completely taken out of her the generous enthusiasm that I perceived had once been hers.

"I'll tell you everything I can, mother," I said, "but won't you please let me fix your pillows so you can lie down again?"

"Perhaps," she answered, "but before you do anything else lock that door. It must be pretty nearly time for Agatha to be back, and you don't want her walking in on us."

I obeyed her gladly. It was the thing I had longed to do when I first came into the room, but, of course, hadn't dared to suggest. I had talked in such low tones, however, that I was sure Cousin Agatha—even if her inquisitive old ears were listening outside the door—could not hear a word, although Mother Graham's enthusiastic exclamations might have conveyed some idea of our conversation to any listener.

I had barely resumed my seat at Mather Graham's bedside, however, when there was a furtive turning of the knob, followed after a moment's pause, by an imperious knocking.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

TUESDAY, APRIL 9.

This is a day of negative promise to those engaged in business or the professions. There is hazard in signing contracts, letters and documents, particularly from intrigue and sinister dealing. Delays and disappointments are indicated, though those in employment are better favored through a fortunate position of the luminaries. There is a prospect of change, journeys or removals, which may eventuate happily, provided papers are not signed and due precaution is taken against fraud, deception and schemes. Avoid law and disputes.

Those whose birthday it is may expect a year of change, though they should exert the utmost caution in their dealings and in the signing of all papers. A child born on this day will be restless and unsettled, and may find its highest success in employment.

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "A Butterfly's Tragedy."

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Winifred Black

She's littler than ever—or anyhow she looks littler. Her clothes don't fit her the way her used to. There's something queer about the way her coat hangs, and her poor little hat that was so saucy and full of coquetry the last time I saw her—let's see, that was about a year ago, wasn't it?—looks as if it had been left out in the rain for a month, and nobody cared enough about it to straighten out the ribbons and shake out the petals of the forlorn little rose when it was found.

She had a pretty veil on—though there was a hole in it and the ends of it were so ragged that it looked as if it were trimmed with fringe—but her big violet eyes looked so pleading and tragic through the meshes that I didn't have the heart to notice whether all the buttons were on her high-heeled, narrow-toed, ridiculous little shoes or not.

She had an artificial flower in her belt, and I think there was a little rouge on her cheeks, poor thing—she used to have color enough of her own, without going to the beauty shop for anybody else's—but she wore no gloves, and her thin little hands were not only bony, but were grimy with that deep, beneath-the-skin grime that hands have when the owner of them doesn't see really hot water very often, or have the use of much really good soap.

The Gradual Slipping Down.

But she held up her head and she laughed, and she told me two funny stories—one of them had a song in it, all about babies and roses and waterfalls, and she trilled a line or two of it when she told the story, and her voice was almost what it used to be, only somehow——

Things have been going wrong with the little woman, frightfully wrong, and the worst of it is she knows it.

A year ago we all knew things were going wrong with her, but she didn't, and so it wasn't so hard to see—the gradual slipping down and fading out, and fringing and letting go.

She was a pretty girl the first time I saw her, just as pretty as a wild rose, and she looked just like a wild rose, too, all in pink silk, with a wreath of pink flowers in her dark hair. She had delicate, regular features and a strange, spirited lift to her head, which I have never seen in my life without seeing with it great beauty and great tragedy, too. I wonder why.

Arabian horses, the real ones, have just such a lift as that to their heads, and they always look as if they didn't see anything around them at all, but were just raising their heads higher and higher to get a glimpse of the desert and a whiff of the desert wind.

Perhaps that's what the "beauty uplift" means when a woman has it in her throat and head, and maybe she doesn't see what's going on around her either, and just looks far away and away, until gradually all the real things fade out of her life and when she wakes from her dream of the wonderful things she's going to do some day she finds that she's alone, quite alone, in a cold and very lonely world.

Her "Day" Is Over.

That's how the little woman who's grown littler in the last year looked to me this morning when she came to ask me if I knew of a position she might get—on the stage or in the movies or with the circus, perhaps, riding, or taking photographs for a newspaper—oh, there were a great many things she could do and would be glad to do—now. Only the trouble is, she never took the time to learn how to do any one of them really well.

She was so pretty that she didn't have to work. She was so clever she didn't have to bother to be useful. She just had to be amusing, and that was quite enough. But now, while she was changing her mind and turning from this to that and laughing her way out of one position and crying her way into another, the plain, dull girls who graduated in the same class with her kept right at work, and now one of them is an actress, and one is a singer—neither of them have set Broadway afire and never will—but they both good, reliable salaries, and one of them has a country home paid for, and the other has married well, and one of the others in the same class is a business woman with a tidy little bank account, and the other is a special writer on a newspaper, and they will none of them do a thing to help the little woman stop growing smaller and more pitiful. They won't even listen to her when she tries to tell them about it.

I know, because she told me so herself.

It's too bad of them, isn't it? And yet, when you think of the way they worked and saved, and planned and sacrificed all the time she was laughing and singing and doing what she pleased, you can't exactly blame them, can you?

Poor little thing! I wish I knew how to do something to help her. I know she would do anything in the world to help me if I were in trouble—anything she could, I mean.

Of course, she couldn't do very much, but still—what a tragedy it is to be a butterfly in a world full of hard-working bees.

How to Find Beauty in a Food Garden

BY LUCREZIA BORI
The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

The present world-wide interest in gardening has made it a favorite pastime with women in all walks of life. Part of the time which was heretofore devoted to idleness is now spent in the cultivation of vegetables. Those who lack training to make them valuable in other branches of the "service" can do their "bit" by gardening. This is also true of the woman whom ill-health prevents her from performing the more arduous duties.

Many persons have the mistaken idea that the labor required to care for a garden has a tendency to rob one of good looks; that it is apt to coarsen women of a refined type of beauty. The truth is, that both health and beauty are to be found by working in the garden, and in addition to this, the fair gardener will be helping to solve the nation's food problem. So it behooves every woman, whether she lives in the country, the suburbs or the city, to have her garden patch.

For Arm Symmetry.

Regular exercise gained by working in the garden develops the muscles in every part of the body. The result is a figure neither too stout nor too thin, but one that measures up to the standard set by beauty.

Wielding a spade, a rake or a hoe will tend to give the arms just the proper exercise to make them plump and strong. The muscles will receive exercise that you cannot give them otherwise, and will profit by it. Don't be afraid to get out and till the earth to make it fine and light for planting seedlings; it will give you strength, poise and a good deal of real pleasure if you don't fatigue yourself too much.

It is well after spading or hoeing vigorously for 10 or 15 minutes to rest a while. Fatigue caused in this manner can be relieved by standing straight and placing the long handle of the implement across the back of the shoulders and turning the arms about it to hold the body and back in a perfectly erect position. Stretch the arms, still holding the handle, far above the head.

Learn the value of resting and deep breathing while at work in the garden. It is a lesson which will add much to the benefits to be found there.

Building the Body.

Weeds are sure to spring up in your garden. Pull them out, root and branch. Bending over and straightening up will tire you at first, of course, but soon you will begin to feel the benefits of your work. The muscles of your back and hips will be straightened, while the hips will be reduced in size if they're too large, and the back made strong and straight.

Dig in the garden. Push the spade into the earth by pressing upon its top with the foot, thrusting the blade deep into the soil.

This muscular effort will develop the feet. You will be amused or feel discouraged at your weakness at first, but strength will come to you. In fact, digging with a spade brings into play almost all the larger muscles of the body, developing and strengthening them in a remarkable degree.

All the while you're gardening you're in the pure, outdoor air, filling your lungs with health-giving oxygen and finding good health and beauty while employed in enjoyable work.

The woman who is weak and ailing, the one whose complexion lacks the rosy coloring or perfect health, the one who's too stout or the one who is angular should go out in the garden and work. The roses will soon return to your cheeks and the brightness of health to your eyes.

Should you dislike the idea of becoming tanned wear a broad-brimmed hat. If you fear that your hands will grow coarse and unattractive, wear gloves while you work, and keep the skin soft, white and pliable by applying a hand cream.

Health and beauty are to be found by gardening.

In the manufacture of special steels in Japan the use of electricity is now coming into vogue.

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MAKES IT EASY FOR YOU TO KEEP FIT
The Sure but Gentle Laxative
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THE SPRING FLIGHT

By Will Nies

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WHEN the tender green of the grasses are starred with the first shy flowers—when the sullen, gray, wind-driven clouds give place to milk-white billows lazily soaring over the hill—then it is that Imagination leaping to the song of the earliest birds, lures even the staidest of us to dreams attuned to the season. Though we may realize that it's only the flight of imagination—to the heart THIS flight is REAL. For what is more TRULY emblematic of SPRING than a bevy of lovely girls floating over WISHING HILL?

IT WORKS WONDERS ON CATARRHAL COLDS

Simple as A, B, C to Drive Away Colds With "Catarrhozone."

When your throat rattles, your lungs and chest are sore, your throat is stuffed with cold—don't fear consumption—use Catarrhozone and get well. It clears the throat, cures hacking, relieves tight chest, and soreness in the bronchial tubes. To clear away Catarrh of the nose nothing could be better. Catarrhozone is nature's own remedy—it heals and soothes—cures every form of throat, lung and bronchial trouble. Prescribed by many specialists and used by thousands every day. Get the dollar outfit; it lasts two months and is guaranteed. Small size, 50c; trial size, 25c; at all dealers.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day;
They were a pretty sight;
For Mary's skin was snow-white, too.
She used "Infants-Delight."

INFANTS-DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP

IT'S kindly soothing effect is truly delightful. Pure white. Exquisitely perfumed. Borated, to soften the water and penetrate the pores.

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