# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT

### *The Power of Love and Trust*

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SO you've joined hands to walk down the road together, have you? Dear me, you seem like children! Why, I remember you, girl, in your first party dress. How proud you were, and how your father hated to see you put it on!

It made his heart ache, he said. But your mother was pleased. She hooked you up the back and fluffed your hair a little, over the white oval of your brow, and she went to the party with you. And when she came home she told your father all about every dance and whom you danced with, and who admired you, and what Mrs. So-and-So thought, and how wistfully the Thus-and-Sos looked when they spoke of you. Their own daughter was gone, you remember.

Then you began to have admirers. Do you remember the old bachelor and how we teased you about him? Poor fellow, what a splendid wedding gift he sent you! That's about all he had, wasn't it, dear girl, money and love? And the widower? You laughed at him, too, but we older ones didn't laugh. We were sorry for him. Oh, yes, he married someone else. Men who try to throw themselves into the grave of the first wife usually do marry again rather soon. But he really wasn't a bad sort after all.

**The Power of Example.**

And the ne'er-do-well! What a pair of eyes he has, the ne'er-do-well, as black as coal and as soft as velvet! Yet they could flash, too! What white teeth—and such a way with him! How glad we were when he bought his ticket to South America and you didn't go with him. I've always thought it was lucky little sister was so ill at the time and you hadn't the heart to leave, or perhaps——

And now you've chosen HIM—the young engineer. I don't blame you. He's big and brown and manly and sincere. A bit of a tyrant, I think, and just a trifle inclined to bully a little. Well, he'll need both of these qualities to make a success of his new job out there in the mountains.

Not quite so clever as you are, in some ways, but better balanced, broader minded, deep hearted?—no, not quite that—that's your business, girl, you'll have to see to that. It depends on you now whether the man you love respects women and wants to help them, and whether he will love little children and be kind to them, and think of old people and protect them. It's your business to teach him all this. Not by preaching, not by criticism, not by fault finding—by just one way—example.

He thinks you're perfect now. He'll find out some day that you're not, but, oh, never let him believe that you don't try to be!

They live in a cruel world, these men of ours. They fight and quarrel and scheme and plan all day, and they are tired and heart-weary and mind-sickened, sometimes, when they come home. And they don't need worldly wisdom and cynical comment at all—not at all. They need love and gentleness and generosity, and a kindly, tolerant view of things. It is your business to give all this time, dear girl. Are you prepared to do it?

You've taken her from her mother, man. Do you realize what that means? The mother who would lay down her life this very instant to keep that girl from one hour of pain. And you made her cry for two hours the other day just because she said something that displeased you. She isn't used to quarreling and criticism. She's used to love and protection, and admiration, too.

**"The Rushing of Wings."**

You didn't choose her because nobody else admired her. Don't be cross if other people still think she's pretty. She can't help that. What did you choose her for, honestly, now? Just the dimple in her cheek, the laugh in her eyes, the gay, light-hearted, carelessness that captivated you? Or did you know and appreciate the honest, earnest, loyal woman under all the girlish graces?

She has ideals, this girl you've chosen out of all the world. Are you going to try to live up to them? Or, now that you've got her fast bound, don't you really care wha she thinks of you any more?

She'll think, you know, even if she doesn't say a word. And so will you. Oh, how I hope you'll never think anything but good of one another!

Of course, you'll have your quarrels, and your differences, but when things are the blackest stop and think of this:

"Who is there in this world who would think for me as he would, really?"

"Who is there on earth that cares for me, honestly, as she does?"

Let all the little foolish bickerings pass by like the whimpering of the wind in the chimney. For, oh, what is life without love, and what a lonely road it is we walk without companionship?

Put away some of the flowers from your wedding bouquet, girl. It's an old-fashioned thing to do, but you do it. And some day, when things aren't going just right, take them out and look at them. They'll help you to remember. And when he comes home at night, after a grinding day, he won't know what has changed the atmosphere, but he will feel it when he steps inside the door, as if he heard all at once the rushing of wings.

Hark! Don't you hear them now?

Never let them go quite out of your life for good and all—the rushing wings of love and trust. For when you do it is time for you to lie down and die.

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Seedlings set out or grown in the garden can be protected by driving a stake at each end of the row of plants and across this stake nail a top piece to form the shape of a letter T. Drive from four to six nails about half way in across each top piece and from each nail stretch a piece of white cotton thread. This will keep the birds from eating the plant. A ring of soot or ashes around the plants will keep slugs away.

## The Old Gardener Says

That the sunflower is winning itself a place in the best garden society. It isn't the old-fashioned flower of our boyhood days, however, but a modernized and refined sunflower, with colors that include red, pink and white, red and gold, wine and primrose, as well as yellow. Then there are sunflowers that look like chrysanthemums; also dwarf varieties called Lilliputs, and a kind meant specially to provide cut blooms. Surely the sunflower has a bigger place in the sun than ever before.

## SELECTION AND HATCHING OF EGGS

THERE is a difference of opinion regarding the best eggs to set. Many instructions are given regarding the selection and care of eggs.

The main point is to get strongly fertile eggs from healthy hens. Some prefer to set all large eggs of uniform size, but so far as hatching is concerned this is not necessary, tho it may be desirable. Small eggs are almost invariably fertile and will average much better than large eggs. The small eggs seem to be much more sure to hatch, but the chicks will be small and sometimes weak.

They have lived on too rich a diet. The extremely large egg will, when fertile, hatch a large chick, which is also apt to be weak. The Cornell Station states that chicks from large eggs will not only be large at hatching time, but will continue so after maturity. My experience has been that the medium-sized egg (about two ounces or a trifle under) will average in fertility between the large and small egg and will hatch the strongest chick.

Of course, the vitality of the parent stock is the main factor in giving strength and vitality to the chick, but there will be a slight variation with the size of the egg, as noted.

An all grain diet is inducive to the production of small eggs. Greens, meat and mineral matter, especially that found in bone, induces the laying of large eggs up to the hen's capacity. Hens lay the largest eggs when in their prime.

A pullet will lay moderately to well up to the time she is a year old and her eggs will gradually increase in size until this time, when they will be about as large as she will ever lay.

The feed may have some influence in the matter. Pullets that are well grown will usually lay normal eggs. Stunted pullets will lay eggs smaller than they would if they were properly grown. For two or three years the hen will lay normal eggs, but perhaps not as many as she did during the pullet year. When a hen begins to decline the egg organs shrink and she will lay a smaller egg at less frequent intervals than she did when in her prime.

When a Leghorn hen lays a normal sized egg more frequently than every third day, you may depend on it she is still in the prime of life, no matter if she has lived two, three or more years.

The normal temperature of a hen is from 106 to 107 degrees. The temperature is taken two inches up the vent. If the hen is unduly excited when taking the temperature it may run higher. A fertile egg, after it leaves the ovary of the hen, is subjected to a heat of about 106 degrees for from 12 to 18 hours. This gives the life germ a start toward incubation. When the egg is dropped in the nest incubation is suspended for a time. The germ sleeps and waits until it receives sufficient heat to bring its vital activities into play again.

The temperature of the hen is no greater when she is broody than when in laying condition. We have been wont to look upon broodiness as a sort of fever, but such is not the case. A hen is not broody until she has laid.

When incubating artificially we are told not to overheat the eggs, and this is a warning which it is well to heed. Operators of incubators have settled on 103 as being the most desirable temperature. This temperature, with frequent coolings, will bring the chicks out on time in a moderately warm incubating room. I find I get more chicks when I get the eggs up to or above this temperature with a few hours after placing them in the machine. If they remain between 90 and 101 degrees for several hours the germs are weakened. As the hen has a temperature of 106, there is no danger of injuring the eggs until the temperature rises above this, but as incubators do not all heat evenly and to keep on the safe side we should not go above 105. At this point we are running close to the danger line.

The way we place thermometers in incubators it is difficult to determine just what temperature the eggs are receiving. We aim to keep the temperature surrounding the eggs near 103 degrees or some other degree which has proven best for us. Incubation is progressing when the egg is in a temperature of 100, and the higher the temperature the more active the germ becomes and the faster it grows. If it grows too fast it will exhaust itself and die.

We want to exclude the chick by the morning of the twenty-first day. I like to run the machine quite hot and cool for a considerable period, as the expansion and contraction of the shell breaks down the tissues and allows the chicks to get out. Then eggs do not start evenly unless the heat is kept up well at the beginning of incubation, and for the want of it many die in the shell before the fifth day.

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The first agricultural paper was established in England in 1681. The title was "Collection of Letters for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade." It was in this publication that we have the first record of turnips being sown, to be turned under, for the improvement of the soil.

## FEMININE FOIBLES *By Annette Bradshaw*

**SACRIFICE**

*Alice*—I've given up ice waltzing during Lent.

*Edith*—Well, I've promised mother to give up everything but skates.

## *Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl*

By SYLVIA GERARD

### *How She Combined Materials From Two Old Frocks to Make a New One.*

THERE is no denying the fact that Cicely has "an irresistible manner." She manages to make folks do exactly what she wants them to, and really they're always happy for the opportunity to gratify a whim of hers.

She knows just how to "make me dance to her tune," even when I know that I am spoiling her dreadfully.

The moment that I caught sight of the "Dear Ever-Present," I knew that she was going to ask some favor. I must confess that I was a bit puzzled until I read the next sentence:

"For you know that you are 'an ever-present friend in time of trouble,' and I am in heaps of it just now. I'm not up to the mark in two of my subjects, and Miss Judson informed me that I would have to do some tall studying between now and June if I hoped to pass. This means that I'll have to be tutored in Math. and German. Tutors, you know, cost money. I don't dare tell Dad that I've fallen behind; so I know that you'll help me in this way: You donate several frocks to my spring outfit—make them from your last season's clothes—no one here has seen any of them—then I can pay a tutor out of my slender allowance. Write to me immediately, Robin, whether I can count upon your help, for I am worried."

Of course, I sent Cicely a telegram telling her to engage a tutor. Then I set about making her the first of the "several frocks."

I ripped apart two taffeta dresses—one of plain dark blue and the other of striped blue and white. By placing a dampened piece of cheesecloth over the silk when I pressed it, I was able to remove all traces of the machine stitching.

Then I cut out a perfectly plain surplice bodice from the dark blue taffeta, and crossed the front far over to one side, drawing the end thru a square buckle of white pearl.

I seamed up the long, bishop sleeves and gathered them into wide, snugly-fitted cuffs of the striped material. Then I trimmed them with pleated hand frills of the plain blue. There happened to be two odd pieces of the blue taffeta, and from them I cut circular caps for the tops of the sleeves, which hang like little capes from the shoulders. After stitching the sleeves into the armholes, I finished the neck line with a turned-down, half-collar of the taffeta. The V in the front was too low, so I made a chemisette of white chiffon and button-hole-stitched the top with white silk thread.

In order to get a full skirt out of the remainder of the material I had to cut the striped taffeta into even lengths and join them together to form two wide flounces.

I bordered the top tier with bands of the plain blue taffeta, making the upper band slightly wider than the lower one.

But one band was necessary for the lower flounce. I fitted a foundation skirt of white China silk snugly about the hips, then gathered the lower tier and stitched it to the foundation, using a strip of white silk seam-binding to cover the seam. Then I gathered the upper tier and machine stitched it to the belt. The skirt fastens at the side with snap-fasteners.

Cicely is sure to like this frock. The stripes running horizontally and the trimmings of plain blue will appeal to her love for the "something different."

With Mrs. Mathon's help I am going to attempt a suit for Cicely. I'll select a material which will require little or no tailoring.

The Editor-Man sent me the most wonderful book of poems. He will not confess to having written them himself, but I have my suspicions.

## "LET'S ASK MOTHER"

By FLORENCE HOWARD

THE cream is not whipped and we are almost ready to sit down to dinner," exclaimed Lois as she came into the kitchen bringing the bowl of cream.

"What shall we do?" asked Harriet. "It must be whipped. Here, the rest of you sit down and I'll stay out here and whip it."

"Mother won't like you to do that, I know," said Lois. "Let's ask her if it can be used unwhipped."

"It must be whipped," said mother, "but it won't take any time at all. Get the double cooker, the deep one, and put some ice or ice water in the outside and the cream in the inside of it and you'll find it will whip in a minute or two. If you can't find the double cooker use a deep dish in a pan of ice or ice water. The deeper the receptacle the less chance the cream has to spatter out, you know, girls."

**Rain Water Recipes.**

Make it a rule to keep a supply of rain water so that you need not use any other to bathe your face. Rain water and a bland soap will cleanse your skin as nothing else will. Always use a basin of clear, cool rain water for the rinsing, so that every particle of soap will be removed. You will be surprised at the improvement in your skin if you have been accustome dto using "hard" water.

When you shampoo your hair use rain water and a soap jelly made from pure, white soap shaved and dissolve din hot water. Take the cake of Castile soap—or any other pure soap—shave it and place it in a clean saucepan with a pint of boiling rain water. Then allow the kettle to stand where it will keep warm until the soap has dissolved. Pour the liquid into a wide-mouthed jar. It is jelly when cold. This is rubbed well into the scalp after the hair is wet.

You must, of course, take care to place your utensils to catch only the water that falls directly from the skies. If you collect the rainwater that falls on the roof and runs thru none-too-clean pipes it is likely to be of very little real value. The course it has run probably has contaminated it. It is only the water that flows directly from the reservoirs of heaven that you should use. And even this you should boil before you bottle it for future use.

There are many toilet preparations which call for the use of rain water, and which can be compounded at home with very little trouble. Below are printed a few.

The following lotion is an excellent whitener for the hands and throat:

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|---|---|
| Tincture of benzoin | 30 drops |
| Glycerine | 2 ounces |
| Rain water (boiled) | 3 ounces |

Add a few drops of your favorite scent.

This lotion for premature wrinkles has proved effective in many instances:

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|---|---|
| Powdered alum | 70 grains |
| Almond milk (thick) | 1½ ounces |
| Rain water (boiled) | 6 ounces |

Dissolve the alum in the rain water, then pour slowly into the almond milk, stirring it the while. Apply it with a soft linen cloth every night before retiring.

**Valuable Hair Tonic.**

Here is a good hair tonic which many readers have found satisfactory:

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|---|---|
| Quinine sulphate | 10 grains |
| Tincture of cantharides | 1 fluid oz. |
| Fluid extract jaborandi | 1 fluid dr. |
| Glycerine | 1 ounce |
| Cologne water | 1 ounce |
| Bay rum | 2 ounces |
| Rain water | 5 ounces |

The quinine should be dissolved in the bay rum and cologne by warming slightly and most carefully. Then the other ingredients are added, and the whole filtered. Rub into the roots of the hair every night.

Let every April shower bring beauty to you.

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Barnyard manure restores worn soils to productiveness and lasting fertility better than any other fertilizer. It increases the supply of humus in the soil, improves the texture and increases the water absorbing and water holding qualities.

Ordinary barnyard manure, properly cared for, will average about 10 pounds of potash, 6 pounds of acid phosphate and one-half per cent. nitrogen to the ton.


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## Play an Actual Preventive Of Sickness and Senility

BY DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

DR. HIRSHBERG

"NO profit grows where no pleasure is taken." True and sweet words! To frown at play is an error. Only frauds fly from pleasure. While it is not a rule of a well-regulated life to make recreation, diversion and play the business of the daily round, yet he who sleeps, eats, attends to his labors, and then retires again, cannot be a whole man in any honest sense of the word.

Better far to build the soul a lordly pleasure house, "wherein at ease for aye to dwell," than to plod and grind and point the finger of scandal at others who find enjoyment in play.

Much is written nowadays about "strenuous modern life" and "twentieth century excitement." Prof. G. Stanley Hall indites these sad words: Our age, and, I fear most of all, my own country, suffers from ever-increasing nerve and brain-strain and overstimulation. Our school boys are told that they may possibly become presidents or millionaires."

How like the ancient lamentations of Jeremiah! From the inscriptions on recently excavated Babylonian bricks, translated by Prof. Paul Haupt and other Semitic language scholars, you can learn what the ancients thought about "the haste of modern life," "the emotional strain of aggressive business conditions," and "speculation in corn and wheat that drove men to suicide." These quoted words are translations made from records 6000 years old, discovered among the ruins of Nineveh and Tyre.

**Human Nature the Same.**

"Get-rich-quick" schemes, hard work and the "pace that kills" have been recognized since the days when the memory of man ran not to the contrary. Working men rebelled, slaves became freemen, and drones and rakes rode around in chariots, the taxicabs of those days. Life was relatively as much of a physical, social, mental and emotional struggle then as now.

Human nature, intellect and the human attributes were the same 50,000 years ago—or longer if Adam and Eve lived before that—as they are in the days of newspapers, aerograms, automobiles, aeroplanes, railroads and telephones. Men and women live as much in crowds and mobs and as little in logic and reason at this minute as in the Paleozoic eras.

There are those who wail and gnash their "store" teeth over "the ever-increasing nerve and brain strain and over-stimulation." Words, words, words!

What are the facts? Simply that nerves cannot be strained—neither can the brain. Nor can they be "overstimulated," whatever that may mean.

Thought does not disturb the brain and never any more than it does the muscles and the ears. It is as much the parcels of one as it is the part of the other.

**Seriousness May Invite Disaster.**

Hard work, physical and mental concentration, like any excesses, may, in some indirect fashion, play high jinks with all your physical structures. To blame this on steamships, mail order frauds, speed mania, or "the strain of modern life" is much the same as crediting paresis, locomotor ataxia and pneumonia to the evil eye instead of to the specific germs which cause these ailments.

The statement that any human malady with emotional complications is reminiscent of childhood, because mental habits, wrongly called "thinking," may at times be revealed by dreams and reveries, cannot be supported by facts.

Anxieties, loss of courage and the emotion of pessimism and failure are very often exhaustion of the glands which impair the blood currents. There can be no denial that bacteria, poisons, depletion, injury, irritation or loss of thyroid, thymies, parathyroid, pituitary, adrenal and other gland substances cause the signs and symptoms which some people falsely acclaim as the price of modern life.

One of the things provocative of healthful glands is pleasure and play. On the other hand, prudish dignity and a serious outlook—the absence of humor and laughter invites disaster to these delicate structures.

When a child breaks up its toys or digs inquisitively into the "inwards" of a drum or sawdust doll, it stirs within its glandular anatomy an invigorating impulse that whips up those tissues and makes for general health.

When the youth is exhilarated by a game of baseball, tennis, hockey, dancing, skating, cricket, basket ball, squash or what not, his flagging, aging, glands are touched up with new liveliness. Even the spectators at an exciting contest, such as football, prize fights or any similar scrimmage, yell and gyrate like Comanche Indians in a war dance.

The indolent sport that Izaak Walton preferred has just such a life-prolonging power. Many an old man becomes metamorphosed, like Faust, by his love of the rod and line, hook, sinker and bait.

The play that is in the hearts of youths and maids, popularly known as "falling in love," has this self-same principle or elixir of life in it. Love is a play that is, perhaps, the best physic and the finest lash of the human glands. To win in this most pleasant game is to revivify health and spirit. It is, par excellence, the incentive to vitality, often the fountain of perpetual youth, and the supreme antidote to senility, failure and ill-health.

## The Amateur Gardener

By RACHEL R. TODD, M.D.

**MAKING THE GARDEN BEDS**
(Continued).

Beds that are to contain perennials and especially herbaceous borders are much more trouble to prepare than the beds of simple annuals. You must remember that a great many of our most prized roots once planted should not be lifted or in any way interfered with for several years.

This being the case, their growing places cannot be dug into each spring. Paeonies, for instance, must not be disturbed for several years, which in their especial case means about twenty years. And paeonies are only one of many, but I mention these because they are gross feeders and they develop tremendous roots, to draw in and store nourishment for the immense blossoms. So that in preparing these beds you must lay in, down below, a good supply of a more or less permanent food.

It is not wise to have your perennial beds wider than five feet, especially if one side of the border is against a fence, wall or hedge. In any case, unless the border is to be of great length, say forty or fifty feet, five feet in width will form the correct proportionate width. (But when any of our gardeners can manage an herbaceous border of 50 feet we can no longer number them amongst our amateurs ,and so these short talks are not for their perusal). A six-foot bed requires a proper length in order that proportion be maintained. But don't ever have a square bed, a circular one or even an oval. Leave these for such places as the Exhibition Park, Queen's Park and such institutions as possess many gardeners and large grounds.

Now, as to the actual preparation of these beds. Mark out first carefully, keeping your lines straight and the bed the same width all the way along. Remove the sods, and save both them and the loose soil from the roots, and for the first few inches above the spot from which they were removed. Save this soil for top dressing, the sods themselves to be used in the underlayering. Make a trench at least four feet deep, removing the earth to a distance of about three feet entirely. Pile the earth right away out of your road, and do not add it until the bed is completed. Now, you see, you have a hole four feet deep, three feet long and as wide as your bed. Lay down in the bottom of that hole just as much rich well-rotted manure as you can obtain and make it at the very least two feet in thickness, since it is to remain there for some years, and you will not be able to add to it. Be very generous.

You can't put in too much for your permanent roots. See that plenty of loose hay and straw is mixed with this rich material, and a small amount of loose sand or clay. All the debris from the garden in the shape of dead leaves, grass cuttings, dead flower stalks from last year, some wood ashes from the kitchen stove and soot from the pipes, and just the slightest suspicion of lime—a mere handful to a long bed—all these may be placed at the bottom of the trench before the manure is put in.

Now commence to throw back the earth, digging from the undug part and throwing it over, until you have reached the former level again. Do you see how you will always be filling the bed already underlayered, while at the same time digging for a fresh trench? Be sure all this debris mentioned above, and the manure, is kept well below the top earth.

It should not be mixed up, so that little bits of straw and manure and hay and leaves and what not, are sticking out here and there all over the bed. This is why I so persistently use the term "underlayer." Don't misunderstand it. Lay down the layer—and leave it there.

When your bed is completed, don't attempt to plant your roots for a couple of days, until settling has taken place. Be careful that the roots themselves never come in actual contact with the manure, which, if it is very rich and well rotted, will be sure to cause the roots to die. That is why I so definitely tell you to have it carefully placed well down below. Don't you worry. If it is there the roots will get their food without any trouble—but when they are ready for it.

## *Recipes for the Card Index Cook Book*

### Beef Tea

***INGREDIENTS***

1 pound beef.
1 pint water.

***METHOD***

Shred the beef very finely across the grain; remove all fat; put into a jar; put the cold water over it and allow to stand for an hour, keeping well covered. Then stand the jar in a saucepan of boiling water and allow the water to keep gently boiling until all the juice is extracted from the meat, making quite sure not to let the beef tea itself boil. Keep cooking in this way for four or five hours, season and serve. Beef tea is a valuable stimulant when exhausted.