DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Many Cases of Blindness Caused By Wood Alcohol

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.
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DR. HIRSHBERG

Wood alcohol or Columbian spirits is a vicious poison which often causes blindness. It is also known chemically as nethyl alcohol, which adds to its camouflage, because grain alcohol is ethyl alcohol.

Thanks to American chemists, the poisonous nature of wood alcohol has been known for a dozen or more years. Widely used as it is in the arts and industries, it has become more and more of a menace. When it is not refined, even a Bolshevik's nose will discover the disagreeably characteristic wood alcohol smell.

A patient who was sent to me had drunk wood alcohol. The consequences to him were terrible. Instead of death his spinal cord became perforated and shrunken in places. He never recovered from the malady, which presented symptoms of multiple spinal sclerosis and syringomyelia.

Headache, dizziness, nausea, diarrhoea and dimness of vision are the milder symptoms of wood alcohol inhalations. These may lead to complete loss of sight and perhaps death. Atrophy of the optic nerve and fibroid tumors of the brain wrongly blamed on accidents have been traced to the vapors of wood alcohol in cheap preparations.

In a recent issue of the Journal of the Canadian Medical Association, Prof. R. E. McKechnie tells of another type of wood alcohol poisoning. A middle-aged woman had an ulcer of the leg over a fractured bone. Alcoholic compresses were ordered, and wood alcohol was applied instead of grain alcohol. Two days of such treatment caused the patient to become drowsy and nauseated. The third day blindness developed and she grew steadily worse, despite the fact that the use of poison was discontinued. She fell into coma with a fever. Finally the stupor wore off and her life was saved, but she remained totally blind.

Answers to Health Questions

L. R. S. Z.: Q.—What will remove superfluous hair?

A.—Remember that there are few if any methods to kill the roots. About twice a week, or when needed, a little of the following may be tried:

Calcium sulphide .....2 parts
Zinc oxide .....1 part
Starch .....1 part

When you are ready to use this, make a paste with water and apply to the parts. Let it remain on the skin for about five minutes. Then wipe off gently with a soft cloth.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic 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 inclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

"DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES

Helping the Junior Red Cross.

Here is something that teachers can do better than any other persons in the community—they can, by their vision of service, save the children from possible exploitation in war work, and give to them the right viewpoint of their place in the world struggle.

The great value of the enrollment of the children of the land under the banner of the Red Cross—that great and good organization points out in a recent letter—is not so much the making of garments and dressings, fine as this service is, as it is the education of all classes of children to work side by side in world service.

It is the privilege of the children to feel that they have some share in relieving the suffering of the world conflict. It is the obligation of their elders to train them to take the places of those who are now bearing the full burden. Sewing, knitting or shop work has a greater zest and meaning when the work is correlated with the great world need.

The Junior Red Cross presents a wonderful opportunity for inculcating high ideals of unselfish service, or consideration for the less fortunate, of civic responsibility and world philanthropy. During vacation time is the moment—not when the thousand and one duties of school opening clamor for attention—to get in touch with the Junior Red Cross organization, and to plan for work when school begins. For full information write to the American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Improving the Rural School.

When the collapse of Russia is definitely traced to lack of education—ninety men out of one hundred in some regiments could neither read nor write, and so became the prey to demagogues—and the present situation of Germany is directly the result of carefully planned education and little even of that for the masses, the vital importance of education to liberty is plain. Not only should we see that each boy and each girl is given an opportunity to be educated, but we also should see that every one is educated and receives the best education among the best surroundings we as a nation and as individual communities can supply.

Are you heartily in accord with the improvements advocated in rural schools? Are you giving of your time, money and energy to see that the opportunities are of the best? If you aren't, you ought to get in touch with the movement, and if that movement hasn't yet started in your community you should see that it is begun and is carried through to success.

Why not begin today, when there still is time before school opens to learn all there is to know about improving the rural school that is nearest to you?

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "Aunt Marjory's Garden."

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Winifred Black

I know of a hundred gardens that I love—beautiful flowers a-plenty, near and far—but one garden a thousand miles away interests me most of all.

It is marvellous what this summer of war is bringing to us. Opportunity knocks, not once, but dozens of times, at our doors. The chance to be useful in every life is to be looked for and recognized.

So thought the old lady whose garden I hear about by letters from her neighbor. She had a little plot of ground, and in it a little, rain-beaten house where she lived alone, this little old lady, and her small pension from the Government is her only income. From this and her tiny earnings at plain sewing, when she can get it to do, Aunt Marjory—she is Aunt Marjory to the whole neighborhood—helps her widowed sister bring up her young family.

And hard times have been in the little circle of women and children. The shoes, alone, for four growing children have taxed the general purse to the limit. But from school the children brought home the plan for a war garden. They had so little ground around their own home—just two feet of grass, back from the village street, and no back yard.

Here was Aunt Marjory's opportunity.

"Children," she said, "we'll make the best garden in this town. I am pretty well crippled up with rheumatism, but I can tell you how to dig and plant, and do some of it myself, for I grew up on a farm. I will buy seeds and plants and we will raise all the vegetables we need and have some to sell to the neighbors, maybe."

The Real Patriotism.

The youngsters turned to with enthusiasm and now the garden is their pride and joy.

They planned a military garden—planting lettuce, radishes and peas in long ranks, every row as straight as the lines of a well-drilled company of soldiers.

Around the picket fence they planted sweet peas, and these pink and red and purple blossoms they make up into little bouquets, which Jim sells to the people on the dusty cars while the railway trains halt for five minutes at the station half a mile away.

And during the school vacation, Aunt Marjory and her band of little gardeners are hard at work all day. They pull and tie into neat bunches young onions and radishes, and when the basket of white and red is made up to be carried to the village store, it is a picture. Jim, the sturdy lad of 10, is the market man, and he takes a world of pride in the fresh wares he carries on his arm every day, before he begins the selling of his flowers at the trains.

The peas and carrots, string beans, turnips and beets, all of the company of garden things, are flourishing in Aunt Marjory's garden, and of all the springing, generous gifts there, none is more joyous and jolly than the youngsters who almost live in the little green world they have created.

Every noon the table is set on the back porch, and around it gather the five workers at peace with each other and with the world. The lawyer next door has given them a flag and every morning it is raised, and every night lowered, the children never forgetting what it stands for.

Crops of Happiness.

So that is the garden I like best of all, Aunt Marjory's garden, around the little grey house with the departed soldier's faded blue coat still hanging in the old-fashioned "entry."

In the neat kitchen there is no end of canning, and on the roof of the shed and "lean-to" to drying operations are carried on—for the food is going to be saved and stored for winter, all that is not eaten or sold. It is amazing how much is coming from that heretofore almost idle half-acre of ground.

And the crop of happiness and content, who can measure it? Surely we are learning in the years of our tribulation!

I see magnificent gardens of flowers, veritable visions of paradise, every day, but Aunt Marjory's garden gives me more joy than the most beautiful of them can give—and I love a flower garden more than anything else outside of the world of humanity.

Capt. Bailey introduced hackney coaches into England in 1625, and by his wide-awake advertising methods got all London talking about them. Samuel Pepys, a wily old politician, was first induced to take a ride, although it is said the old man insisted upon a large consideration for placing his life in jeopardy.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvey

Illustrated by Gruelle.

TOMMY VISITS A SIAMESE BARBER SHOP.

"I don't want my hair cut!" exclaimed Tommy, running out of the house and slamming the door behind him.

He sat down on a stone and began kicking the dirt with his feet.

"Tut! Tut!" laughed a merry voice, and Gocomeback, the Travel Elfin, hopped up beside him. "Why?"

"It takes too long and I want to play!" pouted Tommy.

"You might complain if you had to go through what your little Siamese cousin has to go through when his hair is cut," replied Gocomeback, and before Tommy could blink his eyes he was standing in the midst of a gayly-decked crowd of strange-looking ,black-haired, dark-skinned people.

"Look at that little boy!" said Gocomeback, pointing to a little boy in the centre of the crowd.

The little chap's head was shaved, with the exception of one tuft in the centre of his head. This was oiled and curled with a jeweled pin stuck through it, and a wreath of flowers tied around it. He was covered with jewelry, necklaces, gold chains, armlets, bracelets and anklets.

"He's waiting to get his hair cut," continued Gocomeback. "That one lock of hair has never been cut, and it takes three days to get a haircut in Siam—that is if you come from a 'good family.'"

Tommy thought this very funny and laughed.

The band began playing queer music, and the priests, wearing bright-colored gowns, ascended a platform. They sat down cross-legged on mats and chanted passages from the sacred book. From their hands ran white threads, the other ends of which were tied to the boy's clasped hands.

"The threads are supposed to flash blessings from the priests to the boy," Gocomeback explained.

Then that part of the ceremony was over and the boy left without a hair cut.

On the second day Tommy could hardly wait. When the boy appeared, the chief person took a pair of scissors and clipped off the top-knot, while another shaved the little boy's head.

He was then dressed in white robes and placed on a raised seat with a white canopy over it. Then each of the priests poured some holy water over the boy's head until his robe was soaking wet.

This finished, the little chap was dressed in his gayest clothes and placed upon a throne. The crowd, each holding a lighted candle, walked around him five times, blowing their candles out on the fifth turn.

When the last candle was out every one gave the little boy money, after which they all joined in a merry feast.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Tommy when Gocomeback took him back home. "I'll never complain again about having my hair cut." And bidding Gocomeback good-bye, Tommy ran into the barber shop and had his hair cut. Of course, all this took only a moment to happen, for Tommy saw it through Gocomeback's magic, but Tommy never forgot this experience in Siam.

To-morrow's Horoscope

By Genevieve Kemble

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31.

A singularly interesting day should attend the host of starry figures in which every planet is aspected either by Lunar transit or mutually. The preponderance of this chain of influences is for decided benefits, with advancement, achievement and financial success along all lines—in all departments of human endeavor. There must be a word of warning, however, as to unplanned removals, changes, and travels, though these are not hazardous, but had best be deferred. There may be some petty annoyances or disappointments, though all in all it is a time of opportunity in which much should be undertaken, with the indications for splendid returns.

Those whose birthday it is are promised a prosperous year, with advancement and increase, but should make changes with discrimination. A child born on this day will be clever, industrious, popular, respected and successful.

Fish line for hanging pictures will be found not only strong but inconspicuous, and it also hangs straighter than wire when attached to small pictures.

To steam potatoes, put a cloth over them before putting the lid on. They will take much less time to cook and be much more mealy than when done in the ordinary way.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Why Jack Begged Madge To Reserve Judgment Until He'd Seen Katherine.

"Yes, Katherine is in," Lillian said, gazing at Jack as if he were some new specimen of moth she was about to impale and put away in a collection, "but she is lying down, and I don't care to disturb her just yet."

I saw the color leap into Jack's cheeks. He turned to me, ignoring Lillian.

"She—she isn't ill?" he asked, and there was that in his voice which told me how he adored Katherine, in spite of his stubborn insistence upon setting at naught her conscience and her will.

Lillian didn't give me an opportunity to answer.

"She isn't dangerously ill," she said, "but she will be, and dead in the bargain if you keep up this-high-and-mighty-only-one-ego-to-be-considered-stunt you've been pulling off the last few weeks."

I saw the flash of steel in his eyes, knew that Lillian had stirred the slow anger which rarely manifested itself, but that could be terrible when fully aroused.

"I do not quite understand you, I'm afraid," he said icily. "Am I to understand that Miss Sonnot has been honoring me by complaining of my conduct?"

He was towering above us, rather an imposing figure in his dignified displeasure. But Lillian has no regard for any pretensions of dignity.

"Try that line of chatter on somebody else, boy," Lillian said lightly, but I saw that she was watching him warily, gauging him that she might not overshoot her mark. "Here, sit down"—with a dexterous movement he was seated in a big chair without intending in the least to be there—"and stop worrying about your own dignity, and man's prerogative and all the rest of that rot, while we talk a little sense."

Jack's face was like a graven image, but knowing him as I did, I was sure that he was molten inside. I knew also his horror of scenes, knew that he wouldn't deign to argue with Lillian; would listen quietly to whatever she wished to say. But that she could move him from any preconceived line of action I had very little hope.

Lillian is Outspoken.

"In the first place," Lillian began with a tinge of irony in her manner, "Miss Sonnot didn't complain of your conduct, nor volunteer any confidence concerning you. But fortunately I have the usual complement of eyes and ears, also—I hope—a fair faculty of putting two and two together and making exactly four out of them. Why, man, I've heard you with my own ears impute another motive to Katherine's love for her chosen profession than the one you ought to honor with bent, reverent head! And if I haven't boxed your ears it hasn't been because my fingers haven't tingled to do it."

Did I see Jack's face twitch as if he had been struck with the truth of Lillian's words? I wasn't sure, but from that moment I didn't take my eyes from his face.

"If ever there was a saint consecrated to a cause," Lillian went on, her voice warm with affectionate enthusiasm, "it is Katherine Sonnot to her Red Cross work in this war. And even though you may have won a hundred crosses for valor, been wounded even unto death, you have no right to ask her to relinquish that work. Her life is just as much dedicated to that work as yours was to fighting for your country."

A Lurking Smile?

Across Jack's face flitted an inscrutable expression, one in which, if I hadn't known him so well, I would have sworn I detected a bit of lurking humor, as of some crushing retort which he was restraining himself from making. Then he spoke, coldly, quietly:

"Permit me to acknowledge the truth of everything you have said. But I must also remind you that I came today on urgent business with Miss Sonnot. If she is unable to receive me I have no alternative but to write my message. I am confident, however, that unless she is dangerously ill she would prefer to have me explain my business in person."

Lillian looked at him searchingly for a long minute. Then she shrugged her shoulders carelessly.

"I know when I'm up against the one and only original glacier," she said. "Of course, I have no alternative but to tell Katherine. She is in no sense under my control or even advice. But if she were my daughter——"

She rose and went hurriedly out of the room, the echo of her wrathy words floating behind her. It was a new sensation to me to see Lillian nonplussed, worsted in any encounter. Despite my kinship with Jack I felt distinct resentment toward him.

A moment later, to my surprise, he had bent over my chair, a quizzical look in his eyes, the wrath of a smile twisting his lips.

"Please reserve judgment, little cousin," he murmured, "until after I've seen Katherine."

Incidents in the Lives of World-Famous Women

By ELOISE FARRINGTON

How Sally Fowler's Honest Tongue Led Her To Become a Governor's Wife.

Among the descendants of Governor Plumer of New Hampshire there is a curious tradition about their ancestor, the dashing Sally Fowler, who later became the wife of the governor.

Sally Fowler was one of the belles of New Hampshire, gay, beautiful, vivacious. One late autumn afternoon she stood by her garden gate, weighing in her mind the pros and cons anent a certain proposal of marriage she had recently received. The man was young, rich, a widower, but he was deeply infatuated with Sally, and pursued her ardently. Sally's mother, too, approved of the match, and although she did not attempt to coerce her daughter, she tried to influence her to accept this most desirable suitor.

But Sally's heart somehow was not touched. She wasn't in love, and much as she desired to please her mother by marrying this exemplary young man she could not persuade herself. As she stood solemnly considering the matter a gypsy, old and bent, came up the road. She looked at Sally, and demanded that she hold out her hand.

"You are in trouble and I will help you," said the old woman.

At first Sally refused, but finally the old woman overcame her objections. Sally listened, half-smiling, when the old woman murmured:

"A handsome young widower is courting you. But you will not marry him. You will marry a tall, dark, young man, who will take you to a new house painted red."

Whether the gypsy's prophecy affected Sally in spite of herself isn't known, but that night she finally refused the very desirable young widower.

A few weeks later Sally Fowler with a party of other young women went to the Londonderry fair. There were many interesting events and diversions, but the entertainment that most affected the young women was a mock trial. Many of the most brilliant young men of New Hampshire were there—rising young lawyers destined to become famous in the councils of the state—and they exerted themselves to make a good showing in the entertainment.

There were many skillful young orators in the debate, and after it was over the girls started a discussion among themselves about the various young men—their personalities, mental gifts, attractions, and so forth—a habit which is as old as Time among young women, and not lacking in the girls of today. The girls in Sally's group expressed their preference, but finally Sally burst out loudly:

"You're all wrong. If I were to choose I would take that young Epping lawyer with his manly face and bright black eyes. He has good sense and right feeling——"

Here she was suddenly interrupted by a merry voice:

"The young Epping lawyer thanks Miss Fowler for her preference!"

Sally Fowler blushed, and, looking around, she beheld young Plumer. He had been standing near the girls unobserved for some time, and unable to restrain himself at Sally's comment, he had ventured to give his contribution to the discussion.

Evidently young Plumer found Miss Sally equally fascinating, for only a few weeks after their first meeting their engagement was announced, and within a year they were married. And, just as the gypsy had predicted, Plumer did, indeed, take his bride to a new red house which he had built for her.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

BY ISOBEL BRANDS

OF THE APPLECROFT EXPERIMENT STATION.

Four Delicious Ways To Make Mock Meat Loaves.

Many of the "mock-meat" loaves really taste better than loaves with meat content. Moreover, the mock loaf permits so much more variety than the standard meat loaf.

Here are a few meat substitutes in the loaf which are very tasty. Incidentally, they cost considerably less than meat of any kind, and are economical as well as nutritious:

Peanut Loaf.

½ cupful of peanut butter
2 cupfuls of mashed potatoes
½ cupful of milk
2 eggs
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt
¼ teaspoonful of pepper

Mix the peanut butter, potato, salt and pepper, then add the milk and well beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and pour into a greased baking dish. Bake until firm, in a moderate oven, about 30 minutes, and serve either with a cream sauce or a tomato sauce.

Mock Chicken Loaf.

2 cupfuls of cooked lima beans
1½ cupfuls of breadcrumbs
¾ cupful of milk
¾ teaspoonful of salt
2 teaspoonfuls of margarine

Force the beans through a strainer. Then add the milk and seasonings. Place a layer of bean pulp in the bottom of a greased baking dish, then a layer of breadcrumbs and continue until used up. Cover with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.

Macaroni Loaf.

1½ cupfuls of macaroni
3 cupfuls of boiling water
1 cupful of tomato
1 cupful of crumbs
1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoonful of margarine
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 teaspoonful of salt
¼ teaspoonful of pepper
1 egg

Cook the macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and pour cold water over it, as this will prevent sticking together. Keep macaroni stock, as it can be used in making sauce. Melt the margarine in a saucepan, add salt, pepper and flour and rub smooth. Then add tomato, stir until boiling, then remove from the fire, add Worcestershire sauce, macaroni, egg and crumbs. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serve with a white sauce, or tomato sauce, or a white sauce to which one cupful of grated cheese is added.

Tuna Loaf.

1 can of tuna fish
1 cupful of milk
1 cupful of crumbs
1 egg
1 tablespoonful of fat
2 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoonful of salt
¼ teaspoonful of pepper

Melt the fat in a saucepan, mix flour, salt and pepper and rub until smooth. Remove from the fire, then add milk and cook until it reaches the boiling point. Remove from the fire, add the flaked tuna fish, Worcestershire, egg and crumbs. Mix well, pour into a greased baking dish and bake for 25 minutes until firm. Serve with tomato or cream sauce.

The Origin of Famous Sayings

Michael de Montaigne. 1533-1592.

Men are most apt to believe what they least understand.—Of Cripples.

I am further of the opinion that it would be better for us to have (no laws) at all than to have them in so prodigious numbers as we have.—Of Experience.

Let us have a little permit Nature to take her own way, she better understands her own affairs than we.—Of Experience.

I have ever loved to repose myself, whether sitting or lying, with my heels as high or higher than my head.—Of Experience.

CANADIAN HOSPITAL SHIP SUNK NEAR IRELAND

Unusual Barbarism in Loss of Llandovery Castle--234 Missing

HOSPITAL AMBULANCE TRANSPORT TORPEDOED

The Toll of the U-Boats

What of the Widows and Orphans?

STOP! Think what these clippings mean! For more than two years they have been part of the daily news.

Almost every sailor who loses his life in the *Merchant Marine* service leaves a home without its breadwinner.

Fifteen thousand have gone down with their boats since war began.

What of the widows and orphans? Governments make no provision for them, though the war could not be carried on without the aid of the *Merchant Marine.*

When the small savings are eaten up, what then? Shall it be charity—cold charity? Make the answer ring out clear and unmistakable—"They *shall* not want."

Now is the time to do your share. In some measure, repay the brave souls who have gone down to the sea in ships, without hope of glory or of any reward but the daily wage, knowing that death waited in the path of every ship that sailed.

Stop and think: Then—

Remember By Giving

SAILORS' WEEK

September 1st to 7th inclusive

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE
Sir John Eaton, Chairman

THE NAVY LEAGUE OF CANADA
Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, President (Ontario Division)
34 King Street West, Toronto

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