

Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

Secrets of Health and Happiness

"Gloves For the Feet" One Remedy For Foot Troubles

BY DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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Who is there who would dare crowd the fingers into a rigid glove as they crush the toes and ankles into subjection and immobility? Show me a man, woman or child whose thumbs and knuckles I know of none.

Freeing the Feet. Nevertheless, for persons who would not grant for an instant that their fingers be cramped or imprisoned in steel-cased shoes, I use the soft and pliable gloves every chance they get never think of an even more insistent demand by the feet for such attention.

The feet, like the hands, ought to be uncovered most of the time. Since this is well nigh unthinkable under the circumstances, with hard leather and prison wall shoes, I use the public ought to put the knowledge into action, loosen their leaden strings, throw off their swaddling clothes, and wear a soft, glove-like shoe for themselves.

The proper sort of a shoe can be made of glove aid or cotton-like canvas. This will give with the muscles and tendons and allow free play and exercise of the ankle, toes and feet.

Moreover, instead of paying \$4 to \$15 a pair for stiff board, leather shoes which may or may not fit, which may sooner or later paralyze the activity of the extremities, soft glove-like shoes can be made for \$3 to \$5. They may also be frequently washed and cleaned.

One of the worst abominations of stiff shoes, slippers or boots is its absorption of dirt, foul vapors and unsanitary matter. These make sootier, washier or disinfected. Persons otherwise most particular about their own bodies, who wash their hands and feet of painting over a floor, wall or ceiling without first cleaning, merely darken or smear over the dirt, and the microbes eternally present in ordinary shoes.

Kid gloves are cleaned with gasoline, and hung up to dry. The hands, too, are cleaned dozens of times a day as well as exposed to the sun, and the feet are cleaned and evaporated of the ever present perspiration.

Avoiding Foot Evils. It is beside the point and most idle medical gossip to blame the 99 per

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Lillian Sank Her Own Feelings to Aid Madge.

"Let me see that paper, again, her eyes in that direction, but Katherine rose from the table hastily. "Dear me," she said, with a fine affectation of confusion, looking at her wrist watch. "It's ten minutes past the time for Mrs. Morton's eggnog. I must attend to it at once."

"Katherine didn't do that very well," she said, "especially as we both know that she never forgets the time nor neglects one of her professional duties. But she gave me the opportunity to talk to you alone, which is what I desired of her."

I quoted the trembling of my hands by clapping them tightly in my lap. But I couldn't control the beating of my heart. I was afraid that Lillian would tell me and put her warm hand over my cold one in a firm, loving clasp. The touch of her hand stole me, enabled me to face the terror before me with a semblance of calmness.

"Of course, she's too clever to use a pen or typewriter," Lillian muttered, after scanning the letters, which had been cut from a newspaper and pasted on the sheet of paper. "It's Journal type. But that doesn't mean anything. And this paper," she held out the sheet, looking at its cheap texture critically. "Is the commonest sort of tablet paper, to be had in any of the 5 and 10 cent stores, and perfectly impossible to trace."

The envelope are the same sort. It's going to be a Dickens of a job to bring the trick home to her, but it's a job that's going to be done."

Her lips tightened and into her eyes came a flash that forebode no good to Grace Draper, who were sure, was the sender of the anonymous clipping.

She laid out the whole series of clippings before her, comparing them, one with the other, and studying them carefully, while Katherine and I watched her.

When she finally raised her eyes it was to fix them upon me with a searching, appraising look that made me feel as if my heart were slowly sinking into my shoes, although I was able to keep myself staided, even to return her gaze calmly.

"Dear girl," she said at last, "while there is a possibility that all these may be mere part of a plan to frighten you, yet all the evidence points to their being a foundation of truth for these terrible assertions. We have to face the probability that your father has been murdered. Are you prepared to help avenge him?"

That there was something hidden behind her abrupt question I knew from her tone and manner. A fancy that a net of some kind was closing around me flashed into my brain and out again as quickly, driven forth by my trust in Lillian. I was her servant, not my self, enlisted under her in the cause of my country. She would ask nothing of me without a reason.

"I am ready for anything you wish me to do," I said quietly.

"Thank you, I knew it. But it won't be easy."

What Unknown Service. There was a pause, almost imperceptible. I didn't see her look at Katherine. In fact, I am sure she did not even turn

THE WINTER PARADOX



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WHO was it said that everything is relative? Whoever it was must have had winter particularly in mind. For winter is merely cold and what to you seems cold may, paradoxically, be warm to another. Then there's the contrast of foods, but particularly of clothes that make winter still more of a relative paradox, and finally there's that most perplexing of all paradoxes—climate.

And to the belief that he is or was a patriot, but I must tell you that the evidence points strongly to his being as much a traitor as Grace Draper.

"Oh, no, no!" I protested in agony. "There's but one way for you to prove the truth," Lillian said, and I was conscious that she was watching me narrowly.

"Tell me how!" I cried eagerly.

"Find out what Grace Draper knows," she said.

"But how can I do that?" I asked, almost in a whisper.

"There is one person who has her full confidence," she said.

"You mean?" I asked trembling.

"Yes, Harry Underwood," returned his wife, with tortured humiliation in her eyes.

"But, truly, it's the silver scissors that I want to borrow!" exclaimed Linda. "Then give me the lovely spider who's with you for my dinner, and I'll let you go," replied Mr. Spider.

"I can never do that!" exclaimed Linda, covering Mr. Spider with her apron. "He helped me to get down here. But up in the woods there are a lot of nice green flies basking in the sunlight that would make you a lovely dinner. I shall not leave the castle until you return."

"They soon found the silver room with the silver machine and the magic scissors, and hurried back to the entrance of the castle."

There they found old Frog calmly smoking his pipe. He had eaten so much that he almost fell asleep on his stool. Linda thanked him, and with Mr. Spider's help she climbed out of the well and ran back to the old woman, dragging the big magic scissors behind her.

So quickly cut away the old woman's gown from the stump, and told her how Mr. Spider and old Mr. Frog had helped her find them.

"I've learned a lesson," sighed the old woman, shaking out her dress. "One who laughs at another in distress is sure to have his head cut off by the person at whom he is laughing."

"The thanked Linda and disappeared. Linda ran back to the magic well, but the well, the scissors, the spider and the frog had disappeared."

TOMORROW'S HOROSCOPE
By Genevieve Kemble.

The outlook for this day is for activity, benefit and interest in the realm of business and employment, with the proviso that no money should be put in jeopardy either by speculation, investment or loan, as Jupiter is not in friendly aspect. This makes it an undesirable time for dealing with landladies, magistrates or speculators, and bids one to check a tendency to extravagance and over-generosity. Venus is not very graceful either, so the above is not a very good day for love, and caution and advice should also be applied to matters of the home, social and artistic circles, and amusements generally, as the tendency is to overdoing and profligacy in all directions. It is, however, a favorable time for those in employment who are deserving to ask

zine, clean the surface with a strong soda-lime wash, clean, and apply with a woolen cloth a solution of hydrochloric acid and water in equal parts for a few minutes, then rinse with water and dry.

One result of the war in England is that Cambridge University has established two new research degrees—master of letters and master of science. Another innovation at Cambridge is the establishment of an institute of agricultural mechanism.

Odd and Interesting Facts From Everywhere

Natural gas is probably formed in the earth by a process of natural distillation from the animal and vegetable remains of past geological epochs, and is nearly the same product as is distilled from coal in the retorts of the gas factories, only, instead of the heat of fire, the internal heat of the earth, aided perhaps by chemical decomposition, has caused its formation on a huge scale.

In order to keep paint from peeling off

By Will Nies

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "THE NEVER-GROW-UPS."

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Winifred Black

mean, of course.

I thought I observed that Harold Skimpole was aware of Pretty Girl's absorption. He seemed to me to be a trifle elated and keyed up to some secret exaltation.

He is an interesting creature—I know he never pays his debts, and he's always borrowing money, and they do say that if you're his friend he'll make you pay for his friends somehow, some day.

Entertaining—But Thoughtless. There's a wife hidden away somewhere, poor thing with three or four children. Harold Skimpole writes lovely verses to the children every time one of them has a birthday, and he can sing Mother Goose melodies in such a melting voice that you want to go right out into the street and adopt a baby and bring it in to hear the melody.

They say he hasn't sent a penny to the wife for years, and his friends say that she gets money enough to keep the children clothed and fed.

I never saw Harold Skimpole's wife but once, and that was quite by accident, at a little church affair in the country. She told me all about her husband, how clever he was—she said he was so delightfully bohemian. I didn't notice anything particularly bohemian about her unless it was her shabby shoes, poor thing, and she didn't strike me as particularly clever. I suppose, therefore, I shouldn't have been sorry for her, but I was, somehow.

So sorry that my heart aches whenever I think of her.

Every time I see Harold Skimpole I think of his wife—you never can help that at a dinner, because Harold makes a point to raise his glass, look sentimentally at it, and drink to the toast of "A Good Woman."

And every one who has been cross with him relents and thinks, "Well, he's a good fellow, after all. You see, he really does love her, even if he does neglect her."

Harold is a thoughtless creature. He

was just right or just wrong, and I couldn't help feeling how old Harold Skimpole looked, old and tired and worn out, but not dignified and not fine and not in the least wise.

And all at once I didn't like him. I didn't even think the song he sang, not if I looked at him when he was singing it, and I wondered why it was that it was such fun to read about Peter Pan and how he never grew old, and so disconcerting to see one of the real Peter Pans in real life and feel like looking the other way when he persists in acting like a boy of 20—at 50.

No, I don't think I'm fond of Harold, after all.

You see, they only call this sort of person Peter Pan in the book or in the play.

In real life, the doctors have found no other name for them. They call them Morons, and that does put a different face on it, after all.

HOW THE THIN WOMAN MAY BUILD FOR BEAUTY

BY LUCREZIA BORI
The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

Every woman is discussing the food question these days. The other afternoon I dropped in to call upon a friend and found her busy making out her "wholesome" and "meatless" menus for the week. We were exchanging recipes for meat substitutes, when the young daughter of the household joined us.

"How is it possible for me to gain flesh on mamma's conservation rations? You told me to fatten up, but it can't be done without desert, cereals with cream and sweetened tea and coffee."

Then I proceeded to explain that the menus which she thought "so skimpy" would build good solid flesh more quickly than the rich food she had been accustomed to eating. While the quantity was less, the quality was better. Very soon I had convinced her that the most important factor in gaining weight is the quality of food that is taken—not the quantity.

It is almost universally true that we eat many things every day which have little or no food value. Our stomachs are filled with foods that are more or less worthless, instead of foods that will build good flesh and muscle.

Bread, meat, cereals, thin soups, deserts, crackers, pastry and some vegetables, for example, should be round out the menu of very little value as flesh builders.

The woman who desires to increase her weight should eat thick bean or pea soup, baked beans, chocolate, butter, milk and cream.

It is generally known that a rapid gain in weight may be made by eating large quantities of milk. But the flesh gained in this manner is likely to disappear almost as rapidly as it is acquired. Flesh gained in this way is of doubtful value, but flesh won by eating simple, nourishing foods is of permanent value.

In cases where the neck is painfully thin and the arms scrawny and unattractive, it is possible to build a padding of flesh by the application of sweet almond oil, "coconut butter" or fat cream. If the cocoa butter and almond oil are slightly warmed they will be more readily absorbed by the skin. Dip the fingers of one hand into the oil and rub it into the skin with a gentle, rotary motion. Continue to apply the oil until the pores have taken

Good Night Stories
By Claude Sitton

Illustrated by Gruella.

THE MAGIC SCISSORS.
One day when Linda wandered through the woods she saw an old woman sitting on a stump, crying bitterly.

"Oh, dear!" sobbed the old woman, when Linda asked her why she was crying. "I laughed at a bee I saw struggling in a spider's web. And the bee proved to be a fairy, and with her magic she glided me to this stump."

"Here I must sit until some kind little child will go down into the magic well and bring me the pair of magic scissors in silver machine in a silver room in a silver castle."

"Now, don't you cry," exclaimed Linda. "I'll get the magic scissors for you." Away she ran through the woods until she came to the magic well.

Over the top a Spider had woven his great gray web. Linda didn't want to tear his home down, but she was so polite, and she saw the spider's web so she asked him to put his web aside so she could pass. The old Spider blinked his eyes, but never opened his mouth.

Linda climbed some flies and gnats, and offered the Spider a nice little feast which he seemed glad to accept.

"Kindness goes a great deal further than force," said Mr. Spider. "Had you become angry and torn my web I should never have helped you."

Then to repay Linda for her kindness

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