

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

How You Can "Reduce" Without a Starvation Diet

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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

OF the good riddance of too-abundant fat, let there be no end. Show me a "stout party" and I will show you a person eager to be slender and agile. To obviate the storing habits of human tissues; to do away with the poking away of oils and fats in every nook and quiet corner of your anatomy, all of the particular structure of your textures must be energetic, vigorous and full of fire.

The instant the abdomen lags a bit, or the hips remain too long in one posture, or food is taken much beyond your powers of combustion, then fat is hidden away as Joseph garnered corn for the seven lean years.

Starches, sugars, oils, fats, gravies, creams, greases and all sweet or "blubbery" materials are eaten more often for future human fuels than for any immediate needs. They are gathered up and saved for heat and work, because they are easily burned up. Thus the real tissue elements are left alone for the manipulation of the anatomy's needs, and wasted unnecessarily.

Determination is Necessary. When there is as much as 20 per cent. of adipose globules in your fabric you should not refuse to starve yourself a bit, but labor by the sweat of your brow to perspire away and simultaneously to turn away the excess of oil and fat. The elimination of avoidropids in the activity of the liver, bile, bladder, heart, lungs and flesh generally.

The home is not the place to attempt the seductive measures advised for reduction of abdominal embonpoint. The blandishments of a gleaning table and a profuse larder are not given to encouragement as far as the taboo of food is concerned. Nor are the comforts and conveniences of your own domicile helpful toward strenuous muscular deeds.

At watering places, springs, health resorts and physical culture institutes, routine exercises and a restricted diet will perhaps be carried forth. As Dr. Albert Warren Ferris of Saratoga Springs puts it: "Unless a settled determination and a conscientious effort exist in the mind there is no use to attempt reduction."

Valuable Diet Regimen. Alcohol, coarse dinners, late suppers, "the fourth meal" after theatre, and similar epicurean debauches, after the age of 30, make for accumulations of fat.

Obese persons may hope for little or nothing in the way of lost flesh, unless they agree to put forth real efforts. Electric currents, Nauheim baths, and

FEMININE FOIBLES By Annette Bradshaw



THE TALL HAT PROBLEM

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Things Worth While

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I DROVE all around the grounds of the great institution the other day, and a magnificent drive it was. The main building was set high upon a bold bluff looking out to sea, and it was like the temple of some great priestess in some old and half-forgotten country.

Of Grecian lines it was, and fair to look upon. And a little farther among the greenery there stood another building, beautiful and spacious, and more there were, and each more noble in design than the other. And all around the spot of land where the buildings stood loomed and laughed the blue and sparkling sea. Tall trees grew there, cypresses and pine trees, and gusty evergreens of every known variety.

Madrone and Redwood, and oak and maple. Poinsettias flamed from the very tops of trees as tall as a tall apple tree in the old orchard at home, and the calla-lilies were deep yellow and milk white in the hedge.

Purple wares the heliotrope that melted into the tendrils of the rose vines, and white and yellow and red were the roses, and in the grass the crocus and hyacinths were like stars, for the great institution is in a climate where there is no winter and where spring flowers blossom in the whole year around.

And those who took me from one lovely vista to the other explained the workings of the place as best they could to my slow, dazed comprehension.

What Is the Idea? Peace, love, unity—those were the watchwords of the place. No strife, no care, no worldly ambition could enter there. Children were brought to this strange place for education—rich people's children many times—and when the children came the mothers had to sign a paper promising not even to try to see those children for four years.

When I heard this, all the beauty of the place was clouded, as if a cold mist had risen from the sea and blotted out the smiling of the sun. "Four years! What is the idea?" said to those who gave us information. "Why do you separate the children so utterly from their parents?"

"It is better so," said the oracular ones. "Intellect is a detached thing. It cannot flourish in the more intimate human relations."

"But don't these children miss their mothers' love?" "That's exactly the point," said the oracle. "A mother's love is too personal, too close, too blind. It is not good for a child to be educated with its mother near at hand."

"The day will soon come when children will be taken from their parents almost at birth and educated wisely, sanely and without emotion by the state."

"May I see some of these children who are so wise and so sane and so happy?" I ventured to ask. The oracle gazed upon me with a face of something like frozen horror. Then she recovered herself and smiled suavely.

"Oh, no," she said. "We never let our children be disturbed by outside auras."

"Am I an aura?" I stammered. The inspired one discreetly swallowed an ironic smile. "Oh, I see," I said. "I'm sorry. Let me out of this place as quickly as you can. I shall freeze to death standing right in this streaming sunshine if I stay here another aching minute."

Nature's Gifts the Best. I went away from the great institution as fast as I could. That was days ago, and now it is many miles that stretch between me and the Grecian temple that tops the commanding hills, and from the islet groves and from the hedge of calla-lilies, yellow and white, and from the blue sea laughing at the foot of the great cliff. But wearily my heart travels back and back, and always back, to the children there who are so wise and so sane that they would mothers' prayers.

What is there in the world that a woman can gain if she loses the love of her own little children? What else on earth is there to weigh against that love?

Why, I'd rather hold my own child in my arms, close, close against my heart, than to wear any crown that any empress ever wished she'd never heard of since the world began!

What do they all amount to—the little, silly, shallow, artificial pleasures we try to think we love? They fade like dew before the sun. Nothing lasts but the real thing. How blind, how stupid, we are when we try to make nature over. For nature and the things that nature gives us are the only things that really matter.

Father, mother, home, the old dog, the faithful friends, the tall tree you loved when you were a child, the little clear stream you played in the first time you "went barefoot," hunger assuaged, thirst quenched, weariness refreshed, faith restored—what else is there that counts, after all?

Cake for dessert, champagne once in a while, but for everyday life and the joy of living, give me white bread and brown, and good, clear, cold sparkling water.

I'd rather be the daughter of the poorest woman in the world and stay with her in all her poverty, if she loved me and told me stories once in a while, and sang to me in the twilight, and gave me some shred of sentiment for my memory to feed on, than to be taught all the languages, every accomplishment on earth, and be clothed in purple and fine linen, if I had to be brought up by people who believed that it is not good for a child to be with its own mother.

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The Amateur Gardener

By RACHEL R. TODD, M.D.

ABOUT THE BULB GARDEN

The heavy rains of last week followed by such unusually fine weather, have worked wonders in the bulb gardens everywhere. Already thousands of tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, crocuses, together with a host of earlier-blossoming bulbs are showing strong sturdy growth.

Since there is now little probability of any further heavy frosts it will be better for these plants if our gardeners begin at once to remove whatever mulching has been covering the beds during the winter. Protection of any sort is no longer necessary, and indeed, may become detrimental to satisfactory growth.

There are two dangers that may threaten your bulbs if they are left too long under cover after growing time has come. The first is the danger of smothering them, and the second is the danger of allowing the warm layers of mulching to become a breeding spot for millions of bugs.

Once the green sprouts have reached an inch or so above the ground no more coddling should be given them. The same force that has brought the frost from the soil has also started root and stalk growth, and plenty of sun and air is needed both below ground and above. If your bulb-bed was properly prepared last autumn with a sufficient underlaying of good material, that same under-laying will act now as a strong forcing bed and the amount of heat that is being generated down there is amazing. This under-heat, now aided by that from the sun, is forcing growth upwards, and this upward growth evidences itself in the form of green sprouts. Remove, therefore, all straw, leaves, and other top covering, so that the new growth will have a chance to harden. If this matter is not attended to now, your bulb stalks will probably grow lank and spindling.

The other danger—that of breeding insects and many kinds of vermin

is one not to be trifled with. Every spring dozens of our gardeners have suffered from this very thing. You must remember that a covering of leaves, grass, straw, hay and all other materials in use becomes a thick, heavy, close-pressed blanket thru the winter months. Since dead and withered leaves play an important part in this blanket, and these are more than often harbors of nests containing thousands of eggs destined to hatch into thousands of larvae, you can readily understand what teeming millions of worms and insects will swarm under the cosy covering the very minute the sun's rays have awakened life and started growth there, as well as below the ground. These insects will burrow into the soil in many cases, and it is quite a common thing for them to burrow into the very heart of large bulbs themselves.

Dozens of our gardeners have noticed their tulips and hyacinths after a week or ten days' splendid growth begin to look sick, the flower stalks halt in their growth, blight, wither and die. If these sick plants are pulled out of the earth and thoroughly investigated, worms and insects will be found to have eaten out all the bulb and made a comfortable home for themselves inside the bulb. If you don't believe it, just watch your bulb-bed, and the first sick specimen you notice—well, there you are!

No, there has not been sufficient winter weather yet to have caused this danger in this spring—but get to work, now!

DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER.

Sugarloaf Sam was before the judge for a preliminary hearing on a murder charge. "Save you a lawyer?" enquired the court. "No, sah," dependently replied Sam. "Going to get one?" "No, sah, Ah hadn't thought Ah would."

"Have you funds with which to employ counsel?" "No, sah; Ah didn't calculate on gittin' one, nohow."

"Do you wish the court to appoint an attorney to defend you?" "No, sah; Ah isn't a-minin' to trouble de cot' for one."

"Well," exasperatedly exclaimed the judge, "what do you wish done?" "Why," said Sam, brightening perceptibly, "as fah as Ah'm concerned, Judge, you kin jes' drap de whole mattah; jes' drap it!"

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Three Minute Journeys

By Temple Manning

WHERE BARGAINS ARE OPENLY SHOWN IN A THIEVES' MARKET

ONE of the first places in the City of Mexico to which the sight-seer is taken is "La Plaza del Volador," literally translated the name means "the place of the flyer." Just how this name came to be applied to this particular place I do not know. But we may find some cause for a smile when we realize that the "place of the flyer" is the "Thieves' Market." Situated back of "El Palacio Nacional," which corresponds to the capitol at Washington, the "Thieves' Market" is a place where one may buy anything from a diamond ring to a hairpin. It is an open market where everything imaginable is sold and not everything there displayed is stolen property by any means. But that many things offered here for sale have been stolen is recognized even by the police.

Here you will find rare old vellum volumes worth their weight in gold, brass candlesticks once used on the altar of some saint, queer old relics from the days of the viceroys, even ancient oddities from Montezuma's time. As for articles of merchandise of today, you may purchase an egg-beater from the states or an automobile and perhaps they have been stolen.

Many of the sales are by auction, which usually take place on Sunday. Recognized as what might be called a sanctuary for stolen property, householders who have been robbed during the preceding week are said often to attend these sales in the hope of recovering the missing property at mercifully nominal prices; but at any time a person wishing to buy a needed article may visit "La Plaza del Volador" and bargain with the seller.

When one does so, however, he determines not to pay more than one-third of the original asking price. If he is an American he may be able to purchase the article he desires for from one-third to one-quarter of what he is asked to pay. The American is supposed always to be wealthy and quite legitimate prey.

CORNISH PASTIES

Cornish Pasties

INGREDIENTS

1/4 pound mutton.
 1/4 pound potatoes.
 1/2 teaspoonful chopped onion.
 Pepper and salt.
 1/2 pound flour.
 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder.
 Pinch of salt.
 3 ounces dripping.

METHOD

Cut the meat into small pieces; mince the onion finely, mix all together and season. Cut the potatoes into small pieces and keep in water until required; then strain and mix with meat. Put the flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl; add the dripping, then the cold water; enough to make a stiff paste. Divide the pastry into eight pieces and roll each square; put a spoonful of the meat mixture in the centre of each; wet the edges, draw the opposite corners together, press the edges together and crimp with the finger and thumb. Prick the tops of each pastry; lay on a greased tin and bake 30 minutes.