DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why You Ought to "Breathe Deep" Before Entering a Car

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

Foul air is filled with a breathed-out gas—carbon dioxide—with dust and dirt particles and myriads of germs, both infectious and otherwise. These elements, almost void of any oxygen, form a combination which acts as a poison to the scarlet stream of the human mechanism. It loads the crimson fluid with an abundance of material which it seeks itself to throw off and not only brings no oxygen with it, but prevents whatever oxygen may come into the blood stream from being really beneficial on account of the great proportion of evil influences present in these poisons.

At times it is quite necessary to be in a place where quarters are close and the air anything but fresh. In crowded cars, for example, in subways, elevators, buses and other means of conveyance, as well as in halls and theatres, the waste material present in the air almost always exceeds the amount of oxygen present. It is largely due to this condition of the air that ailments are contracted to such a great extent in these places.

Some Muscle "Tricks."

Take breaths as deep as you possibly can when you get on a car and when you get off it. In either instance you load your tiny blood tubes and vessels with plenty of oxygen, so that you prepare a way strongly to resist the poisonous influence of the air you must breathe during the next few moments or for the next hour or so.

While you are seated in a crowded car or theatre stiffen your muscles every now and then, so that the fibres may be made to work and thus produce energy. While in the act of creating energy the muscle fibres drive the circulating fluid rapidly over the mechanism from the heart, through the tubes and vessels, back to the lungs, to receive a new supply of the reserve and incoming oxygen, so that there is little chance for the poisonous gases of the surrounding air to make the scarlet stream in any area of the mechanism suffer stagnation.

Forcing Blood Stream.

Deep breaths and stiffened muscles not only prevent the scarlet fluid from being badly affected by the presence of a great deal of waste material in the air, but because they involve action they force the blood stream into the face and beneath the skin surface, so that your cheeks become flushed and pink.

Answers to Health Questions

B. S. Q.—Please tell me the cause of sleeplessness.

A.—Retire early at night, even if you cannot sleep. This restores the normal habit. Take a glassful of hot milk, a few crackers and a hot bath before you retire.

JUST AN INQUIRY. A.—Have a thorough examination made by a good dentist.

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.

A floor 14 feet square might be covered with a single ounce of gold leaf.

MY SOLDIER HUSBAND

ADELE GARRISON'S CONTINUATION OF

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Dicky Responded to His Mother's Plan.

"Oh, Misses Graham, you should coom by old vomans! She say she seeck."

"What?" Dicky raised his head from the couch, where he had been lying while I read to him. After the first day following his discouraged and exhausted homecoming, he had scorned bed, insisting upon dressing each morning and dividing his time between an easy chair and the couch. I had noticed, however, that despite a brave effort to keep up, the couch claimed him the greater part of the time.

"Don't get up, Dicky," I said, laying a restraining hand upon his shoulder. "I'll go to mother at once."

"For heaven's sake, Madge!" he exclaimed petulantly, "I have neither paralysis nor paresis. And I certainly shall see what is the matter with my mother."

"Oh, surely," I answered placatingly, turning quickly toward the door that he might not see the irrepressible smile lurking on my lips at the case with which my mother-in-law's little scheme of feigning illness for her son's sake was succeeding.

Mother Graham's Ruse.

I heard him rise from the couch and follow me down the hall to my mother-in-law's room. She had undressed and had gone to bed, and I saw with amazement that she'd contrived to make herself look distinctly feverish. Several folds of flannel were wound around her throat and the room was filled with the fumes of oil and camphor.

"What's the matter, mother?" Dicky and I asked almost simultaneously, as we came into the room.

"It's my throat," she croaked hoarsely. "It hurts me terribly to swallow, and I ache so all over. I wish, Margaret, you'd make me a cup of hot tea, and get the hot water bag for my feet, and telephone for some quinine tablets. I'm all out of them. I didn't let Katie stay around me because she has to be with the baby, and throat troubles are often catching. But don't worry. I'll probably be all right tomorrow."

I was prepared to pick up the cue we had agreed upon and urge her to have a physician, but Dicky took the words from my mouth.

"Tomorrow!" he snorted. "I guess we'll be apt to wait till tomorrow to do something for you. What's Gibson's number?" turning to me. "Will you telephone him, or shall I?"

"It is useless to 'phone him," I said quietly. "I tried it this morning, to ask him something about the baby. But he's too ill even to take messages, and the man who has his practice is so busy that he won't come except for the most urgent cases."

"Well, I guess he'll come for this!" Dicky said, arrogantly, but his mother interposed decidedly.

"I'll not have any doctor I don't know, especially one that's so busy he doesn't want the case. I'll get along all right without anybody."

"Didn't I hear Pettit got back last night?" Dicky turned to me.

"Yes, he's at father's." I returned, as my mother-in-law interposed belligerently:

"Pettit! I'd as soon have Katie!"

"Well, for the love of Mike!" Dicky turned on her imperiously. Pettit brought you through pneumonia all right. I'm going to telephone him to come over."

"Let Margaret telephone," my mother-in-law said feebly, putting out her hand to her son. "It seems as though I hadn't seen you for a week, Richard. Sit down and talk to me. I'll keep a handkerchief over my mouth, although it's only the baby that I'm really worried about."

"All right." Dicky settled himself unsuspectingly in an easy-chair near his mother's bed, while I sped away to the lower floor, carefully closing the doors after me as I went.

It was, of course, necessary that Dr. Pettit be warned of the fact that my mother-in-law was only simulating illness, and that Dicky was the real patient for whom he was called. But as I took down the receiver I wished rebelliously that the problem of medical attendance for Dicky might have been solved in any way but this. Save for his occasional childish petulance Dicky was once more my royal lover-husband, all the dearer for the weakness which made him cling to me continually, as a little child might to its mother. He was restless when I was out of his sight, and only I could quiet the fits of nervous chilliness and trembling which often seized him. I feared, despondently, that the entrance of Dr. Pettit into the problem might prove a discordant element.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

BY ISOBEL BRANDS,

OF THE APPLECROFT EXPERIMENT STATION

Here Are a Few of the Many Delicious Ways Fish May Be Made To Conserve Meat.

Fresh fish should be frequently used wherever available. However, we have large stores of salted, canned and dried fish that can be used in those places where fresh fish isn't readily available.

Fish is a protein, and therefore takes the place not only of meat, but also of eggs.

At this season of the year when the price of eggs is soaring, it is extravagant to use eggs as a breakfast dish in the large family. Fish will supply just as much nutriment at considerably less cost.

You can use the canned, salted or dried fish in the same ways. They can be served creamed on toast, baked or broiled.

Creamed Fish.

¼ cupful of flaked cooked fish
1 teaspoonful of oleomargarine
1 teaspoonful of flour
½ cupful of milk
¼ teaspoonful of salt
Onion juice

Make a sauce of the oleomargarine, flour and milk. Add a few drops of onion juice and the salt. When cooked to a smooth sauce, add the flaked fish and heat thoroughly.

Baked Salt Mackerel.

Soak mackerel in cold water for twelve hours. Drain and rinse with cold water. Place in a granite baking pan and sprinkle with ¼ teaspoonful each of clove, allspice, cinnamon and pepper. Add ½ cupful each of vinegar and water. Bake in a moderate oven one hour, basting frequently.

Scalloped Codfish and Rice.

½ cupful of rice
1 cupful of codfish
1 tablespoonful of oleomargarine
1 tablespoonful of flour
1 cupful of milk
2 tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs

Cook the rice in boiling salted water until soft. Soak the codfish overnight or put in cold water and bring to the boiling point. Drain and flake the codfish. Make a white sauce by melting the oleomargarine, add the flour, stirring until well blended, and then add the milk. Stir until thickened. Spread the rice, the codfish and sauce in layers in a greased baking dish. Cover with crumbs and bake about 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Fish Sauce on Toast.

2 tablespoonfuls of oleomargarine
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 tablespoonful of salt
½ to 1 cup of flaked fish
¼ teaspoonful of pepper
1½ cupfuls of rice stock
1 tablespoonful chopped canned pimentos

Melt the oleomargarine. Add flour, salt and pepper. When mixed, remove from the fire and add rice stock. Return to the fire, and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add pimentos and fish and serve at once. Pour the hot sauce over slices of hot toast.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvert

THE LITTLE BLACK NURSE.

"Oh, dear!" pouted Dotty when her Mama called her to come mind the baby. "I just hate to take care of a baby. I want to play."

"Well, that's no sign you need step on me," cried a tiny voice in the grasses at Dotty's feet.

Dotty looked all around, but not a soul could she see. Then a squeaky little laugh sounded from the bushes and her little friend, Squeedee, hopped up beside her.

"Was that you squeaking at me?" laughed Dotty, shaking Squeedee's hand.

"No, it wasn't!" exclaimed the tiny voice. "And I do wish you'd get out of the way so I can get by." And a tiny black ant, dragging a little white bundle, crawled over a blade of grass.

"Well, Well!" laughed Squeedee, tipping his hat. "If there isn't Mrs. Red-ant's little nurse and baby! Don't be frightened, Dotty isn't going to harm you."

"She certainly better look where she's stepping then," retorted Little Black Nurse. "Just because she doesn't like to help take care of her baby brother is no sign others don't like to do so."

"Oh, dear!" laughed Dotty, stooping down so she could see the little creature better. "Do you mean to tell me, Squeedee, that little Black Ant is a nurse-girl? I never heard of the like before." Dotty laughed so hard the little white bundle squirmed out of the Little Black Nurse's hand and tried to wiggle under the grass.

"Certainly," replied Squeedee, merrily waving his magic feather over Dotty's head. Eine, menie, minie moo make Dotty smaller grow." And sure enough, Dotty began to grow smaller and smaller until she was no larger than the little ant herself.

"Well, that's better," laughed Little Black Nurse. "Now I guess you can see I'm a nurse and what you thought was a bundle is a tiny red ant baby. You evidently don't like to take care of babies?"

"No, I can't say that I do," replied Dotty. "They're so much trouble, I think."

"Do You Mean to Tell Me, Squeedee, That Little Black Ant Is a Nurse-Girl?"

"Oh, I don't think they are," said Little Black Nurse. "I love to watch them for Mrs. Red-ant because she's so kind to me. Then, too, I've never known anything else but working for others. You know, Mrs. Red-ant's army took me away from my mother when I was very, very tiny, and raised me as their own, so I feel I can never repay them for their trouble."

"You see, Little Black Nurse's Daddy and big brothers and uncles and cousins went to war, and if Mrs. Red-ant's soldiers hadn't rescued Little Black Ant she probably would have died," said Squeedee.

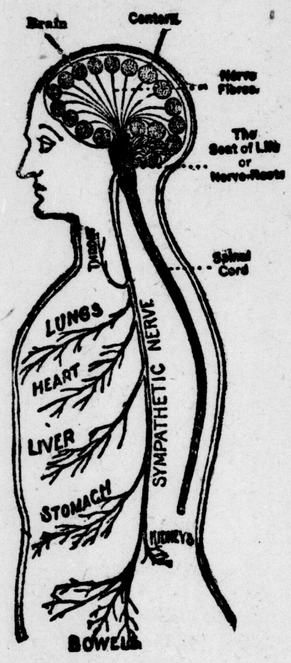
"Mrs. Red-ant has been a real good mother to me," laughed Little Black Nurse, "and if I can help her in taking care of her little ones, I'm glad to do it, for I love her very dearly. Why, where you only have one little brother to watch, I take care of at least 50 babies every day."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Dotty. "Don't it make you dreadfully tired?"

"No, indeed," replied Little Black Nurse gathering up the little white baby ant. "One should never tire of doing things for those who love us," and away she ran over the blade of grass, dragging the little ant behind her.

Dotty straightened up and turned around, but Squeedee had disappeared and she was all alone.

When Mama called, Dotty quickly ran into the house, and from that day no one ever heard her complaining about taking care of her baby brother, for Dotty never forgot what Little Black Nurse had told her: "One should never grow weary of doing things to please those who love us."



Study the Internal Nerves

YOU prick your finger and know that it is the nerves which carry the painful sensation to the brain. You move your hand, and realize that the idea of movement started in your mind. But did you ever think that every beat of your heart and every breath of air taken into your lungs is dependent on a constant supply of nerve force?

It is the internal or sympathetic nerves which drive the machinery of the body, and from their derangement or exhausted condition arises weakness of the stomach, feeble action of the heart, or inactivity of liver and bowels.

When nerve force fails every organ of the body becomes more or less deranged. Indigestion, sleeplessness, headaches, irritability and nervousness are some of the first indications. You lose energy and ambition, find your work a drudgery, and grow weak and listless. As time goes on you become more and more helpless, until nervous prostration or collapse brings you to the sick bed, and long months are often necessary for the restoration of the exhausted nervous system.

Even in this extreme condition Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will usually cure if its use is persisted in, but how much wiser it is to heed the warning in the early stages and keep the nerve force at high-water mark.

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COMFORT SOAP 25

A Simple Secret That Makes For Real Beauty

BY LUCREZIA BORI

The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

Some time ago I listened with amusement to a beauty specialist who had been in attendance on some of the greatest actresses and singers of Europe and America. On her walls was a framed and autographed portrait of a famous actress whom I greatly admired. Automatically I exclaimed at her loveliness, whereat the beauty physician smiled.

"Do you want my honest opinion of Mme. T——?" she asked. "I attended her many times, and know her features well. Very good. Well, she is by no means beautiful if you judge her according to any accepted beauty standard. I could tell you in detail why her features and her figure cannot be called beautiful. Of course, they are not ugly, but they aren't nearly as beautiful as people suppose when they see her on the stage."

"Why, then, does one always think of her as a beauty?" I asked curiously.

Dr. L. paused impressively:

"She has the secret. It is so simple that almost any woman can use her recipe with fair success if she would only be persistent about it. It is this: Mme. T——carries herself as though she thought she were a beauty!

Believes Herself a Beauty.

"Watch her carefully some time. See the proud poise of her head, the splendid, imperial carriage of her body. Every move she makes is a challenge to you to exclaim at her wondrous loveliness. You can tell by looking at her that she believes herself to be a great beauty. And as she is known to be a woman of much intelligence and has much personal charm, she very easily influences others to believe as she does. Oh, it's quite simple!"

Possibly this point of view is a little exaggerated. Nevertheless, it contains sufficient truth to provide a helpful thought. So many women carry themselves as though they really had no good opinion of their person.

When they enter a room they seem to look timidly for some corner where they can efface themselves. When they walk on the street they permit their shoulders to droop and their feet to drag unevenly. They seem constantly apologetic about themselves.

Of course, a reasonable, sincere modesty is to be highly commended, and it is far preferable to shallow, baseless conceit. But every woman should be proud of her body if it is a healthy, well-kept form. Any one can keep her face and form clean and healthy. If it is defective at any time, that defect should be cured.

But when you have a sound body, why not throw back your head proudly as you walk with firm, elastic step? Why not believe in your own mind that you are a beauty? It will reflect itself on your features, in your carriage, in your whole outlook.

Stimulation in Belief.

What woman isn't more buoyant and more companionable when she is well dressed—and knows that she is commanding admiration? There is a stimulation about this knowledge which adds considerably to a woman's power to charm.

Believe that you are a beauty. Carry yourself as though you believed it. It will surely affect your appearance and the opinions of those who see you.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

THURSDAY, NOV. 21.

So complicated are the planetary aspects, both Lunar and Mutual, for this day, that it will probably be a day on which perplexity and doubt will call for wise counsel and careful procedure. There is great danger from rash and overhasty acts and speech brought about by the turbulent and confusing conditions born of contradictory stellar influences. Under the circumstances the best advice may be to defer until a more auspicious occasion whatever may be put off, but to handle with coolness and precision all that it is imperative to attend to. Extreme care must be taken to avoid quarrels and litigation. With this advice heeded, favorable issues may come from the day's doings, since Jupiter is in very friendly attitude.

Those whose birthday it is may have a year calling for their best judgment, patience and wisdom, and there may be some financial advantage. A child born on this day will be quick, impulsive, adventurous and generous.

Three Minute Journeys

By TEMPLE MANNING

Where Men Reverently Walk in the Street Not To Disturb the Sacred Cattle On the Sidewalk.

"If I were a cow," said a 6-year-old lady of my acquaintance, "I would choose to live in India."

She had laid down her story book to make this sage observation and her eyes sparkled with the earnestness of her choice and—for once, she was right. Indeed, there is no other country on earth where the average animal is so well treated and the cow is reverenced, waited on and actually worshipped as an emblem of deity.

But, of course, the cow must be of the special sacred kind to enjoy all these evidences of appreciation. If she is of the elect, she may spend her life in ease within the precincts of some sacred temple or wander along the countryside at will. If she should browse on some unlucky farmer's vegetables, he will respectfully plead with her to desist or if she's nearly ruining the crop, in fear and trembling lightly tap her as with honeyed words and supplications he begs her to move on for "he is a poor man."

It is this religious attitude of the Hindus that is responsible for the strange appearance of the streets of some villages and the boulevards of large cities. For instance, our illustration is a faithful drawing from a photograph taken in Calcutta. These are sacred cattle lying at ease on the sidewalk of an important street. Not a human being is in sight, for they all turn out and walk in the street so as not to disturb the animals. Much as the British Government would like to make the streets of Calcutta safer and cleaner, it cannot. For it will not disturb the religious feeling of the Hindus, whose hearts reverence the cattle.

So it is a common sight in Calcutta to see the sacred cattle, singly or in droves, wandering through the streets unattended. Curiously they poke their noses into shop windows or leisurely stroll through the bazaars where the shopkeepers reverently bow before them, praying that they won't take it into their heads to eat up all the stock.

In the conservatory of an upper part of a New York hospital there was a large glass jar in which was a large specimen of the goldfish. One morning the caretaker found the jar broken and the water frozen to solidity, the fish, of course, being as rigid as ice. The lump of ice was taken away and thrown into an old rubbish barrel, where it remained several weeks. One March day the sun was unusually strong, and it split the cylinder of ice, and what was the astonishment of the caretaker to see the tail of the fish wriggling out of a part of the broken block! The actual freezing had not killed the fish, which was removed to another tank, where it swam about as if nothing had befallen it.

The governor-general of Korea and a party recently on tour in Northern Korea discovered the site of the capital of an old Korean kingdom known as Kukuryo. This kingdom flourished at an early stage in Korean history from 37 B.C. until A.D. 668.

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