

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Man May Solve All of Nature's Mysteries

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PROF. HOWARD WARREN says that the first stage of any purpose in nature is termed forethought, and that the progress and fulfillment of the end in view is a sense of fitness, which may be a sense, a group of sensations or a perception. This all seems confused and hazy until it is reduced to the least common denominator of scientific research. The growth and behavior of all living things indicates forethought and fitness, purpose and fulfillment. Activity, which indicates anticipation, is analogous to forethought. The analog of a sense of fitness is composure and satisfaction. In man it is his convictions and judgment.

When the outcome of any venture or effort conforms to the ideal, the anticipation or the wish, men decide that it is well; that is, they judge of special analysis, by which the chemical composition of the distant stars was made known. There is great distinction in the power of human reason to conceive or think of a possibility, and to secure knowledge of real evidence that there can be such a thing.

Prophetic Character of Inventions. The mechanical inventions of man indicate definite anticipation and fitness. The governor on a wheel regulates the speed. If the wheel rotates a bit faster the weight moves outward and checks it. If the speed slackens, the weight lowers and the lessened friction adds to the speed. This is anticipation and fitness. The opening of a valve in motor engines to force out waste gases after combustion anticipates the discharge. Although all these things are due to the forethought and purpose of the inventors, they prove, nevertheless, that mechanistic processes may be included in the purposeful type. They serve to show that the world was created by some vast intelligence with just this forethought.

"LET'S ASK MOTHER"

By FLORENCE HOWARD

"HAVE a bad stain on my new crepe de chine waist," said Lois. "That's too bad," said Harriet. "The waist is pink and the stain is brown. What kind of a stain is it, anyway?" "A coffee stain," said Lois, "and you know they are hard to remove." "Well, it's too bad, of course," said Harriet, "but let's ask Mother. I'll wager she has some plan for removing such a stain." "I had just such a stain on a waist some time ago," said Mother, "and I used peroxide on it and it came out beautifully without destroying the color at all. Put the peroxide on and see if the stain disappears. If it does not come out at once, you may have to put the waist in the sun for a little while, keeping the spot wet with peroxide. When the stain does come out be sure to wash the spot well with clear, cool water. And remember, girls, peroxide will take out fruit stains just as well."

Glazed Onions for Garnishing

Small pearl onions make an attractive garnish for plated dishes or for boiled meats. If glazed, they are greatly improved in appearance and flavor. Select a quart of onions of uniform size and pare them neatly, being careful not to cut them. Place them in a pan with a tablespoon of butter, and sprinkle them with a pinch of powdered sugar. Glaze them in a slow oven for fifteen minutes. Place them in a stone jar and use for garnishing when required.

CLAM BOULLON.

Take 12 hard clams, wash and scrub them well, then put them in a saucepan with a half-pint of clear water and steam them open. When done, strain the broth, add a dash of red pepper and

set aside to cool. Remove the clams from the shells, chop them and set them away for the next day's frying. When ready to serve the bouillon, heat it, and on top of each cup put a teaspoon of whipped cream dusted with a saltspoon of chopped chives.

DEVILED EGG CANAPE.

Boil hard enough fresh eggs to allow one for each canape. After the eggs have been boiled and chilled, remove the yolks, cut in half and remove the yolks. Devise them by adding red pepper, a teaspoon of onion juice, a pinch of salt, a teaspoon of olive oil, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoon of chutney and a little cream to make the paste the right consistency. Spread toast rounds with the mixture, lay an egg yolk on top, filling it with chopped omelette, red pepper and a little of the egg yolk. Chopped the whole made into a soft ball with mayonnaise.

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



RESPONSIBILITIES
When You Are a Woman, with a New Parasol, a Flappy Hat, a Hand Bag, a Dog, and a Mischievous Taffeta Skirt, and the Wind is Blowing Gaily.

BROILED SHAD.

Select a shad that is thick thru the shoulders and have it split and prepared for broiling. Have a steady even fire and grease the gridiron well before putting the shad on it. Broil with the side towards the fire, and place a cover over the top to help cook it thru; then turn it to brown. Slip it on to a hot platter and garnish it with lemon quarters and water cress. Serve with the fish, baked potatoes, fresh asparagus and little rolls.

ARTICHOKE AND CHICKEN SALAD.

Take a bottle of Madagascar artichoke

rounds, drain them and, from the centre of each round, scoop out a goodly portion of the pulp; then put it to marinate in French dressing. Take white meat enough from a boiled chicken to make a cupful when chopped very fine; chop the artichoke pulp very finely with one red pepper, one anchovy, three olives, pepper, salt, the juice of an onion and enough mayonnaise to hold it together.

HEADLIGHT DIMMER.

A solution which will provide an excellent dimmer for headlights for automobiles may be made by dissolving Epsom salts in water. The solution applied to the inside of the glass will produce a fairly permanent frosted effect.

THREE MINUTE JOURNEYS

By Temple Manning
WHERE ELEPHANT TAILS ARE EVIDENCES OF WEALTH

WHEN most of us think of an Ethiopian king the picture of a savage, cowering under an umbrella in the jungles of darkest Africa rises to mind. As a matter of fact, however, perhaps the greatest Ethiopian king is the one who rules over the interesting country of Abyssinia. In choosing many titles to lend local to greatness the potentates of the empire have been very clever. Among the strange customs of this perplexing land is the enslaving of conquered peoples, and the slaves are sold to the various princes. Among the "Lion of Judah" ran a close second in popular esteem. Among the strange customs of this perplexing land is the enslaving of conquered peoples, and the slaves are sold to the various princes. Among the "Lion of Judah" ran a close second in popular esteem.

While Abyssinia has been notably progressive in the introduction of at least in the examination of foreign devices to simplify labor and increase production from the soil, the people have little idea of architecture. Their ideal of magnificence is a house that spreads out to great length. They rarely build more than two storeys. And also some of the buildings are walled and have closely guarded gates the ornaments used on these gates are barbaric in the extreme. If you look closely at the picture you will note, besides the crude Jews standing as sentinels above it, the elephant tails that hang down below the arch. These tails, of course, are valued highly, for each represents an elephant slain, and consequently ivory tusks that are common currency in trade. The more elephant tails that adorn a gateway the richer the owner must be. And the older and the more dried out some of the tusks are the longer and the more prized. A score of ancient elephant tails is much the same as a patent of nobility.

Polish Stewed Tongue

Prepare a fresh tongue and boil in the usual way. Sauce a chopped onion and a little chopped pepper in butter; add a tablespoon of flour mixed smooth with a little of the water the tongue was boiled in, a cup and a half of the tongue water, a dash of nutmeg, a little cinnamon, two tablespoons of vinegar, a little thickened lemon and one tablespoon of sugar. Mix all ingredients thoroughly together and allow them to boil up smooth; then add the tongue that has been skinned and sliced, and serve turned around a fat of panned spinach.

The Angelus, a prayer to the Holy Virgin, was instituted by Urban the Second. It has three verses, and always ends with the salutation "Ave Maria."

WINIFRED BLACK SAYS 'Never Let Your Heart Grow Cold'

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Winifred Black

WE SAT together in the yellow room the other evening, just as dusk began to creep over the distant city—the few friends who really care deeply for each other. The sun had just set and all the air was full of purple; mist-white clouds of silver floated on a sky of rose, and the sea was deep, deep blue. The lighthouse on the island, opposite the city flashed its great eye; back and forth the searchlight shined. What is there so mystic and poetic about a light shining like silver on the violet and gray twilight?

In the room we sat and talked—not brilliantly, not instructively, not even very earnestly—just pleasantly of little things, such as friends speak of together. Out at the door lay a woolly dog, stretched, watchful and alert. His little master was inside and you would have had to kill the dog to drive him away.

The children played happily across the hall and laughed together, and some one went to the piano and sang simple songs of her own making.

THE QUAIN OLD SONG.
One of the songs was about a little old French grandmother who sang always over her work a quaint refrain:

"Never let your heart grow old—
Never let your heart grow cold."

And the singer played a rippling accompaniment and talked, rather than sang, and somehow the room was very still and there was something sweet and fragrant in the air.

Was it the purple violets on the low table, or did the yellow sea all the air with scents and hope of spring? We all looked out at the changing scene and at the flashing light upon the purple of the evening mist—and some of us didn't even try to keep the tears from our eyes.

The lawyer surprised me most of all. I never thought lawyers knew how to cry—and, yet, something glistened in the lawyer's eyes.

A woman whose hair is white smiled at the refrain of the old song. "I wonder what she was thinking?" For she is no longer young and the children she sacrificed for and worked for and hoped and planned for so many years are very busy with their own affairs and have not much time for her.

The great musician leaned back in his chair and gave himself up to some sort of memories. You could see that from his face. He looked bored when the woman went to the piano. "More music," he thought, "and an amateur at that!" But when he got acquainted with the little old French grandmother in the song, he forgot—and remembered—I wonder what?

Some one played the violin and played it with passion and with power. How far will she go in the world, the slender girl who played it, with her eyes like the dawn of day and genius burning hot within her heart? How far—over what hard and stony paths, for such as she can never tread a quiet road? I saw her mother looking at her, puzzled and disquieted. Where did she learn the things that she was telling us with her wailing violin?

THE HEART OF EXPERIENCE.
And there were lights and the fire began to dance upon the hearth and some one brought things to eat and drink, and we talked again together, lightly and simply, as old friends will. But when they were all gone my heart kept time to the simple little melody, and over and over again I found myself humming:

"Never let your heart grow old—
Never let your heart grow cold."

Oh, how hard I'm going to try to take the advice from the little song! And, oh, the peace and joy of living that I wish the one who sang it, who wrote it out of a heart full of the bitterness and sweetness which we call, for the want of a better name, experience!

WISE WORDS

The picture, "Paradise," by Tintoretto, is said to be the largest painting in the world. It is 34 feet wide, 28 feet high, and is now in the Doge's Palace, Venice.

Pure air is blue, because as Newton tells us, the molecules of the air have the thickness necessary to reflect blue rays. When the sky is not perfectly pure the atmosphere is blended with perceptible vapors, and the result is a mixed color with a large proportion of white.

An American inventor claims to have

discovered a cheap and useful substitute for flexible leather belts used in driving light machinery; this is a piece of ordinary friction-insulating tape, such as is used in any electrical shop. This is twisted on itself and no coupling whatever is necessary, the ends sticking together when joined and twisted.

An excellent illustration of the difference between old and new methods in the ordinary common nail. Formerly the metal was cut into strips and then forged into shape with hammers, and an expert took about one minute and a half for each nail. Today they are made of steel and are lighter and stronger. Strips are cut with steam shears and then passed through a machine. One man, who tends these machines, drops a nail every second.

The Amateur Gardener

(By Rachel R. Todd, M.D.)
SOME FAVORITE PERENNIALS.
IL HOMEROCALLIS.

The various members of the homerocallis family are known as day lilies, lemon lilies and orange lilies. They are amongst our very oldest garden friends, and like all old friends, never disappoint us.

The most beautiful are the lemon lilies, homerocallis flava, and clumps of these have been growing in old gardens for hundreds of years. From the root, which is an odd cluster of oblong bulbets attached to a central stem, come up long, green, sword-shaped leaves from three to four feet long, that bend over curving to the ground.

About mid June the flower stem begins to show up and reaches in time a good four feet in height. This single stem produces blossom after blossom all thru the summer, each golden lily lasting but a day, giving place to new ones each morning. The lovely chalice is satiny as sheer gold and breathe out a fragrance not unlike that of the lily of the valley, but more lasting.

The older the root clump the more flower spikes come up, and it is not at all an unusual sight to behold an ordinary clump, four feet in circumference, topped by a crown of gold, from ten to twelve spikes. The clumps stand out well in the front of the herbaceous border. The plant clump itself is never ragged or untidy in appearance, since the lance leaves retain their clear green well after the first frosts, and this bright color ever pleases to the eye. Against a background of dark myrtle, such as that made by a Virginian

creeping-covered wall, the starry yellow lilies shine out with wondrous beauty. Given a small amount of water and an ordinary soil with plenty of sun, these lemon lilies really seem to live forever. In time, however, rot increase will cause a marked deterioration on the size and number of the blossoms, so a division about every three years is advisable, and if the division takes place every year, even, the plants are not injured.

Transplanting should take place almost immediately, that is before the blossom spikes begin to shoot up. Many gardeners divide and transplant their lemon lilies after bloom is over, and even quite late in fall.

But spring transplanting is best if undertaken early and with the usual amount of care. The bulb seems to possess more vibrant power to stand the shock before bloom time than late in summer.

When transplanting, separate the roots carefully. It is not an easy task, since the bulbets will be twisted in and out among each other in an almost inextricable mass. But the disentanglement can be managed and each separate root got out by itself. Then set each one squarely on its own root, spreading out the rootlets as far apart as possible. Three good plants will form a large enough nucleus for a clump, and next year these three will probably be fifteen.

Any runners that have been sent out from the old clump may be planted in the new clump, as often these have already started to form their little bulbets.

Winter protection is helpful but not absolutely necessary.

RECIPES FOR THE CARD INDEX COOK BOOK

Seed Cake

INGREDIENTS

4 pound flour.
3/4 pound fine sugar.
3/4 pound butter.
2 eggs.
2 tablespoonsful caraway seeds.

METHOD

Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, then add the caraway seeds. Beat the eggs, add half to the butter and sugar, then beat well; add half to the flour, beat again; then the rest of the eggs, beating still more; then the remainder of the flour and beat until the whole looks creamy. Pour into lined and greased tin and bake in a slow oven for an hour.

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