# DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

*Secrets of Health and Happiness*

## Corn and Its Allies Fine For Strength and the Stomach

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.
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DR. HIRSHBERG

The origin of corn and barley as foods for man is lost in the twilight of antiquity. The Indians told the English settlers on the James River, Virginia, in 1608, that corn was given directly into their hands as a food by the Creator. Its discovery is linked with a legend similar to that of Jacob. The Indian boy wrestled with an angel every day for six days. On the seventh day of his fast he defeated the angel, who had green plumes. He buried him, weeded the earth, kept it fresh and soft, and in due time beheld the golden fruit come forth. It was called Mondamin—or the spirit's grain. Longfellow sings of it in "Hiawatha."

In a little volume by C. J. Murphy and Jeanette Young Norton, 150 ways to prepare and cook corn or maize as cheap, wholesome and nutritious substitutes for wheat flour are presented. It astonishes the wise home-maker and housekeeper to learn of the endless varieties of bright, clean, white flint corn flour and the kinds of cake, breads, dressings, puddings, pones and other dishes that can be made from it.

Corn flour is cheap, nutritious and abundant, and, therefore, unfashionable. Its inherent good qualities as a palatable and desirable food makes it a particularly valuable aid to the cure of constipation, one of the worst foes to the health of those engaged in sedentary occupations.

**A Mechanical Aid.**

As a mechanical assistant to the digestive tube—the alimentary canal—corn products contain elements other than those of nourishment. The intestines are stimulated and stirred by this substance to move food residues forward and onward, instead of allowing them to remain at the points they would otherwise clog.

Corn or maize is two-thirds starch. You read recently of Luther Burbank's claim, namely, of the development of a superwheat with 18 per cent of gluten in it. Corn often has that much in it, and averages, according to Prof. Payen, fully 12.50 per cent of gluten. Moreover, it has four per cent of gum, 8.80 per cent of fats and oils, nearly 6 per cent of pith, or cellulose, and 1 per cent or more of mineral fertilizers and vitamines.

**Stomach and Purse.**

The use of cornmeal, mush, cornstarch or corn cake as a food at least once every day for five or six months has been known at times to relieve some of the most obstinate stomach diseases.

With the dollar of today able to purchase bread and flour in the amounts equal only to 25 or 50 per cent of those of yesterday, corn possesses possibilities of a food well within reach of the poorest. It is plentiful, available and low in price, so low, indeed, that it is foolishly wasted. Will you use it at least once a day, and thus help our fighting boys to thrash the brutal, criminal, treacherous, lying Huns into modest, civilized honesty and fair dealing with their neighbors?

### Answers to Health Questions

M. S.: Q.—What shall I do to keep my hair from turning grey?

2. What will put color and life into my face?

A.—To keep your hair from turning grey, use a little of the following tonic:

| | |
|---|---|
| Terebene | 1 dram |
| Sulphur | 1 dram |
| Borax | 1 dram |
| Lavender water | 2 ounces |

2.—Join the Y.M.C.A. Take up swimming, join the public in general, get plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and try to forget your troubles.

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.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

## REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

**Are There Stirrings of Shame and Regret in Harry Underwood's Heart?**

With a swift, sudden movement I twisted my wrist from Harry Underwood's grasp and put my hand behind me. Intuition, swifter far than reason, told me that the longer I could keep him from learning that the paper he wished wasn't in the trick watch on my wrist, the better it would be. The anger which flamed in my eyes and rushed from my lips was not feigned, however.

"How dare you!" I stormed—like any vixenish schoolgirl I thought shamefacedly the next moment, as I caught a glint of sardonic amusement in his eyes. As I spoke I started to rise from my chair. Mr. Underwood with apparent laziness put out one sinewy hand and barred my way.

"Don't get excited, Lady Fair," he said coolly. "Not that I don't like to look at you when you're angry—you're a mighty stunning picture—but we haven't time to waste. And you can get rid of me mighty easy—simply hand over the paper and I'll fly!"

"I have no paper," I returned, glad that I could tell the truth in letter if not in spirit, gladder still that Lillian had had the forethought to remove the precious paper from my trick watch to the safest hiding place in her carefully guarded library.

"You're learning fast," Mr. Underwood said reprovingly. "You couldn't tell one as glibly as that when I first knew you. Look here!" more brusquely—"what's the use delaying the game like this? I know—never mind how—that you've got some rice paper thing-um-bob in the back of that wrist watch. Pretty slick trick of Lil's, but the trouble is there are other clever people besides Lil in the world. And those other clever people want the rice paper thing-um-bob, and—I've got to get it for them—just like the boy and the woodchuck—simply got to get it!"

**Tricks That Fail.**

"Now you ought to know that I'm strong enough and quick enough to take that watch away from you and keep you from yelling while I do it. And I could be out of the door before your precious Betty got fairly to screeching—wouldn't do her any good if she did, the policeman on the beat is my pal. So don't you think you'd better be reasonable?"

As his mocking voice rattled on, a plan to throw him off the track flashed into my mind. I looked at him steadily.

"Let me understand you aright," I said. "I have your promise that I am not to be disturbed again, and that my father isn't to be harmed?"

Into his eyes there flashed a look of amazement, quickly changing to an expression which I couldn't fathom.

"You are eminently correct," he answered.

I took my hand from behind my back, unfastened the watch and held it out to him.

"Please—go—now," I faltered.

He took the watch with apparent eagerness, balanced it in his hand a moment, then put it into his pocket, watching me carefully the while. I thought I was concealing my real feeling admirably, but he must have caught an inadvertent look of relief in my eyes, for he suddenly said quizzically:

"It won't do, Lady Fair. You're a clever little trick, but I must decline to bite."

"I don't know what you mean," I stammered, but Mr. Underwood only drew the watch from his pocket for reply and opened the back, displaying the empty compartment where the rice paper package had lain.

"You nearly had me buffaloed that time," he went on, undisguised relief in his tones, and in a flash of intuition I realized that the emotion was caused not by his success in discovering my ruse, but because I had not, as he at first thought, tamely given up the trust confided in me. Yet he was desperately anxious to get hold of the paper. I could have had no better key to Harry Underwood's complex character than the one he had just unwittingly put into my hands.

I stole a look at him to find him apparently absorbed in studying the rug at his feet. His face seemed suddenly old, haggard.

**The Halting News.**

"Of course, Lil has it hidden in that melodramatic library of hers," he said at last, betraying a knowledge of Lillian's secrets which I had long suspected. At the look of inadvertent contempt which he saw in my eyes he flushed hotly.

"Please, please don't think that I ever have or ever will give that knowledge to anybody else," he said hoarsely, and I could not help but believe him. "But your life and your father's depend upon my getting that paper, and I'm going after it. It won't do you or Betty one bit of good to try to prevent me. In the eyes of the police and the people around here, you very well know, I am supposed to be the head of this household."

He paused, bent forward and looked at me steadily.

"Don't get any idea I'm stuck on this devil's work," he said, "but I'd do dirtier jobs than this to save you."

"You will be spared this particular one," I returned coolly, "for the library is locked and barred and guarded by an armed service operative. Please don't betray my confidence to Betty. She doesn't know a thing about it."

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To clean mirrors, sponge them perfectly free from all dirt, drying with soft cloths, and when quite dry rub a little powdered blue over the glass, polishing is finally with a soft, old silk handkerchief. Paint can be removed from glass by rubbing it with hot strong vinegar.

## DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

**She Discovers How a Sport Suit of Black May Be Made Really Stunning.**

Black as a background for dashing sport suits is one of the latest interesting developments of Madame's ingenuity.

Usually there is a clamor for loud checked and novelty fabrics for sport suits. The very name "sport suit seems to invite the fancy to roam uncontrolled among the startling fabrics, and the more obtrusive and garish the pattern, the more desirable it becomes. But yesterday, when Mrs. Lynn came in demanding a sport suit for fall use, Madame very shrewdly led her to newer fields.

Mrs. Lynn is big, broad, and has a long, mannish stride. Her very figure is imposing enough even though she isn't by any means stout. But her tallness and her stride make her slightly conspicuous wherever she is. And she was determined to have a striking sport suit, one of many colors, smart, sporty!

Of course, she looks well in the dark blues and black, but a sport suit of this retiring color would never, never do.

"No, I don't mean an entire suit of black unrelieved," Madame gently explained when Mrs. Lynn ruefully admitted that even though black was her most becoming color, she would have a vivid sport suit, and wouldn't be diverted. "But so few persons appreciate how much more striking in a lovely sense black can be if used as a background. It then becomes a setting for any lovely, unusual color you choose, and a tiny splash of color achieves your stunning effect with the utmost economy of color, and thus with perfect taste."

Finally, Mrs. Lynn was persuaded to try the new black and scarlet sports costume which Madame had just recently created. It has a loose, slightly floppy appearance, due to the broad revers on the coat, and yet the stiff lines of the revers and the cuffs, and the plain, narrow belt give the costume a smart and stiff line which is necessary to preserve the shapeliness of the loose sports suit.

The suit is of black wool with a tiny thread of white running through the fabric. The revers are of black velvet, and the tiny splash of relieving color is given by the use of scarlet braid outlining the revers and the edge of the cuffs.

A unique feature of the costume is the practical pockets which are found inside the coat. The coat turns back below the belt, forming these huge pockets. These are also outlined by the scarlet braid, and when opened, repeat the diagonal lines of the revers.

The skirt is plain and rather scant, and opens slightly to one side, where it is stitched with the braid.

A smart "flair" is given the costume by the black and white silk tape scarf which can be thrown around the neck once or twice, tying loosely either in back or at the side.

Note the Oddly Formed Pockets


## Feed Your Nerves

What tired nerves need is nourishment. Your blood has failed to supply this.

To get the system right again you must supply nutrition in condensed and easily assimilated form, as it is found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is quickly enriched, the vigor of the nerves is restored, digestion is improved, and soon you feel through the whole body the energy and vigor of health.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM
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23 THE PROPRIETORS


## Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruelle.

BILLY MEETS MR. FLY-TO-PIECES.

Billy kicked the covers off and threw his arms around wildly. He hadn't wanted to go to bed in the first place and now he couldn't get to sleep.

"What if your arms would fly off some time when you act like that!" laughed his mamma. "Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

Billy lay a long time looking at the silver moonbeams dancing on the curtain after his mamma had closed the door, wondering how it would feel to be without any arms.

"Nothing ever flies to pieces when it's mad," he mused.

"Is that so!" exclaimed a tiny voice, and a Moon Imp floated through the window and settled on Billy's coverlet. "If you don't believe it, come with me and I'll show you a little fellow who flies to pieces when things don't suit him."

Before Billy could blink his eyes he was standing on the beach.

"Where does he live?" asked Billy, as the waves touched his toes.

"In Waterland," replied Moon Imp, then he waved his magic Moonstick over Billy's head. "Now the water won't get your clothes wet."

"Our friend, Mr. Brittle Star belongs to the Starfish family," said Moon Imp as they neared the bottom of the ocean. "What a funny name, Brittle Star!" exclaimed Billy.

"He's just as funny as his name," replied Moon Imp. "There he is now! See that funny little round fish with five curled arms waving like plumes in the water? In every arm you'll find a bright eye. When things don't go to please Mr. Brittle Star he flies to pieces—his arms float away in one direction and his little disk body in another."

"Is That So!"

Billy thought this very funny and began to laugh.

"It wouldn't be so funny if it was yourself flying to pieces," exclaimed Moon Imp. "Of course, I don't suppose it really hurts him, for he grows new arms again. But, dear me, it must be a lot of trouble."

"Yes, but I couldn't grow new arms, if mine flew off, could I?" laughed Billy as he went closer to Mr. Brittle Star. "Isn't he a strange looking fellow!"

Just then a big fish swam by and bumped against Billy and sent him flying upon Mr. Brittle Star.

Quick as a wink, Mr. Brittle Star flew to pieces. His five curly arms broke into pieces and floated away, leaving his little disk body alone.

"Oh, dear! See what I've done!" exclaimed Billy, and he began to cry.

A cool hand touched his forehead and Billy opened his eyes and looked into his mamma's smiling face.

"Dreaming again?" she laughed, kissing him.

"I'm glad it was only a dream," replied Billy, "for I'd hate to make old Brittle Star fly to pieces. I'm sure it must feel terrible."

Then nestling down among his pillows Billy was soon asleep, Moon Imps and Brittle Stars forgotten.

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The goosefish is not popular as a food, because its apearance is against it. Yet this fish, according to an authority, is a food that, pound for pound, equals beefsteak in protein (flesh building material). Only 75 per cent of a pound of sirloin is edible; 90 per cent of the goosefish is edible. Hence the goosefish equals the steak in available protein content. "Yet we go on," says the writer, "blithely throwing away ten million pounds a year of this valuable food fish.

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In the month of April, 1918, the English ministry of food instituted more than 7,000 prosecutions for food profiteering. In 6,000 of these convictions were secured and the profiteers fined.

## To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

This is a day of much astral contradiction, attended by many peculiar or irregular situations, the outcome of which it is difficult to predict. Neptune, the planet of the erratic, marvellous and mysterious, holds sway, and is favorably disposed. Nevertheless, wisdom and discretion are called for. The financial outlook is forbidding, and so speculation and money risk should be avoided. Also journeys, changes and removals should be deferred until a more auspicious time. It is possible that benefits may accrue through some mysterious source, or through premonition, dream or mediumship. It should be a fortunate day for those in literary pursuits of a high order.

Those whose birthday it is may have a year of peculiar incidents. They should not speculate, and should deal with unusual discretion. A child born on this day will have peculiar gifts, will be interesting and probably erratic. It should be taught thrift and discreet conduct.

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The length of the smallest screw ever made is .027 of an inch, its diameter .028 of an inch, weight .012 of a grain. There are 360 threads to the inch, and it takes 583,333 of these screws to make a pound.

## The Origin of Famous Sayings

Plutarch. 46 (?)-120 (?) A. D.

Cato said: "I had rather men should ask why my statue is not set up than why it is."—Political Precepts.

It was the saying of Bion, that though the boys throw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs do not die in sport, but in earnest.—Which Are the Most Crafty, Water or Land Animals?

Pythagoras, when he was asked what time was, answered that it was the soul of this world.—Platonic Questions.

For to err in opinion, though it be not the part of wise men, is at least human. —Against Colotes.

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A spider native to Trinidad has a body as large around as a penny, and eight legs which spread themselves out to a circumference the size of a cheese plate. For months at a time these spiders, husband and wife, will live irreproachably together in a chosen corner of a cupboard or ceiling, where they stay during the hours of daylight, the wife clasping her white egg case to her body by her forelegs. After dark, when they hunt, they run all over the house, for they spin no web, but get their living by catching cockroaches by sheer fleetness of foot.

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It is an historic fact that the development of the steam engine enabled England to stand the cost of the wars with Napoleon, and speedily enjoy a more widespread prosperity than the country had ever known before.

Surnames, so called from the early practice of writing them over the Christian, or "first" names (sur, meaning on or over), were first used in France in the early 10th century, and were introduced into England after the conquest by William of Normandy. As all know, the people of the Bible had but one name, usually significant of some feature of their birth, e. g., Benjamin, "son of my strength." But as the population increased, and the names became so common as to no longer convey individuality, the custom arose of adding the parents' name: thus, Joshua, son of Nun. Hebrew names survive in changed form in our most common English names. Benjamin has been shortened to Benson, Bentley, Benari, etc. Levi survived in Lewis, and Elias in Ellis.


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Help the Dependents of the VICTIMS OF THE SUBS.

DO YOU realize who it is that has borne the brunt of Germany's hellish submarine campaign? It is not the Navy, for the U-boat tries to keep out of the way of our fighting ships. Not the shipowners, for insurance covers their losses. Not the insurance companies, for high rates protect them.

No! It is the 300,000 men of the *Merchant Marine* and the widows and orphans of the 15,000 that have made the supreme sacrifice.

The submarine has hit hardest in the thousands upon thousands of homes which have been robbed of the breadwinner. Widows may mourn their loss in poverty, for *governments make no provision* for this service, as is done for the soldier and sailor of the Army and Navy.

To protect us, to protect our trade, to let our soldiers cross the seas in safety, and to feed our soldiers and the Allied people in Britain, in France and the other theatres of war, our *Merchant Marine* has "carried on"—submarine or no submarine. *They* have paid the price.

We can help. It is our privilege to contribute to the support of the dependents of the victims of the submarine warfare.

*Ontario's Objective is to contribute $1,000,000. Ontario has Never Failed!*

Give! Give Liberally!

THIS IS

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