DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

What Our Doctors Are Doing to Help Us Win the War

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



Typhoid is Conquered.

Yet there are some—happily only a ew—who still oppose anti-typhoid and what to do for pyorrhea?

The death rate of wounds and disease of soldiers and sailors was 5 per cent. Civilian mortality rates at present are at best 1.2 to 1.5 per cent. Your war doctors, however, have diminished the mortality rate to such an extent

What the American do c to r is doing to rid the earth of our enemy's selfishness, treachery and power for evil begins with the searching examination of the selected, enlisted ama for cruited man for the army, the may or the army, the may or the list while the doctors and the nurses must be a strong link upon which victory reats. It he is weak, defective or otherwise tive or otherwise from catching any meningitis, pushing the number of American subject to the new man is quarant of for a sufficient time to push many monther tiscase may have, or may monther tiscase may have, or may crued or operated upon to put him in trast-class condition, and is immunized by vaccines and serums to prevent as many diseases as medical science has succeeded in conquering from being spread to others.

In the Boer war the British army of 190,000 lost from typhoid alone 60,000 men from effective service, of these, 8,600 soon died, and thus were permanently lost to civil industries also. In the Spanish-American war the small American army had 23,000 typhold victims, of whom 2,100 died. An equal number of American solders sent to camp two years ago had only one death from typhoid and but 45 others sick with typhoid.

Typhoid is Conquered.

Yet there are some—happily only a few-who still oppose ant-typhoid and few-who still oppose ant-typhoid and few-who still oppose and typose and the top for poyrrhea?

O. E. W. Q .- Will you please tell me

few—who still oppose anti-typhoid and anti-meningiris vaccination.

In the Crimean war the Allies had 438,132 men, of whom 17,000 died of wounds and 69,000 died of disease. The Russians had 324,000 men, of whom 35.000 died from wounds and 37,464 died of disease.

Of the Russians, 1 in 9 died of disease, and of the Allies, 1 in 6. This was traceable practically to typhoid, the great army disease, and cholera. The proportion of those killed in action was 1 in 20, and of killed and died of wounds, 1 in 14. In the batile of Waterloss it was 1 in 12.

In the Spanish-American war we lost more men from typhoid than from bullets. In the first three years of the present war, with more than 3,000,000 men, thanks to the anti-typhoid vaccination, there were only 292 deaths from typhoid. Thus has Sir Almoth

month affirmed:

"In the present war every (?) device known to man as a killing agent has been used at one time or another, and we might expect that the proportion of men killed in action would in consequence be much greater. This, however, is not so, and it is due again in no small measure to the better and more skillful methods of modern medicine and surgery."

2. Please give me something for pains in my back.

A.—Use a little of the following for your pimples:

Sulphur loti

Balsam peru 1/2 dram

Camphor 1/2 dram

Green soap 1 dram

Lanolin 1/2 ounce

Vaseline 1/2 ounce

Alexander's, Caesar's, Napoleon's and Grant's campaigns.

Lives and limbs invariably lost in other wars are now saved. Nay, the doctors even save their own lives. Of \$5,000 doctors in England before the war, who gladly gave up their incomes to rush to the colors, only 195 have been killed in action and 55 died of wounds or disease in four years of strife.

Teutonio liars tell you that France's "bled white," or that "tuberculosis in France runs riot." The fact is there

"Never mind, Betty," she said sooth

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Lillian Broke the News to Madge.

The rest of our ride to Lillian's implied rebuke. She tossed her head home was almost a silent one. A few swift laconic sentences gave me the reason for her strange delay in coming to me.

"The man you knew wasn't to be had," she explained, "so I was compelled to come with the other man myself, for I had told you to wait for me to appear with him."

There was no hint in her tone of reproach to me, yet I knew that she could rebuke. She tossed her head and her eyes glittered resentfully.

"When I complains, Mis' Lillian, it won't be no beatin' around the bush," she retorted, "but straight from the shoulder. But I don't hold no truck with thish yere night gallivantin' for yoh, it jes' wears you out runnin' around tendin' to other folkses busines."

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proach to me, yet I knew that she could not help disapproving my disobeyal of her instructions. An hour before I would have attempted to extenuate "Never mind. Betty." she said sooth.

myself, but in the new line of conduct which I had mentally outlined for myself there was no room for anything save action. There was no bettering the error I had made by explanation, so I simply sat silent, waiting for the rest of Lillian's story.

"Then, just as I was ready to start," she said, "old Mrs. Morton had a sudden and most alarming seizure. Katherine, who, you know, isn't easily alarmed, was sure that she could live but a few minutes, but, of course, I could not leave her in such an extremity."

"Never mind, Betty," she said sooth-wingly, "there won't be any more 'gallivanting' for some time. Run along now and get your beauty sleep."

Betty shuffled off down the hall, still grumbling, and Lillian and I mounted rapidly to the second floor. There was distinct anxiety in Lillian's manner and I felt myself vaguely sharing her apprehension.

As we neared the entrance to old Mrs. Morton's room, from which a bright light was streaming, we heard the sound of stifled, childish, sobbing. With a quick, indrawn breath, Lillian's

there, says he doesn't think the end till we get there, says he doesn't think the end will come tonight, at any rate."

"Thought is near, then?"

"Merely a question of days, although the doctor says she may last even a week or two. Poor, old soul! I think she'll be glad to go, and no one could wish her to stay and suffer as she has done. But her death just now gives me a knotty tangle to unravel."

Well Gaurded Doors.

The taxi drew up before her door and she stopped talking abruptly. As I followed her up the steps I wondered vaguely what tangle she meant, but knew better than to express any curiosity upon the subject.

Lillian opened the door of the vostibule with her latchkey, and then, locking the door again, she rang the bell of the inner door, which I knew from experience was a stout caken one, well barricaded. Betty, gregously and wonderfully attired in a flambuoyant wrapper, with a scarlet handkerchief tied over her kinky curls, scowled sleepily at us.

"Well Mis' Lillian," she grumbled "does yoh all think yoh is through trottin' tonight? You'll be dead, chile, a' dat's a fac', but you'll never listen to nobody."

"You mean you'll be dead, chile, a' dat's a fac', but you'll never listen to nobody."

"You mean you'll be dead, chile, a' dat's a fac', but you'll never listen to nobody."

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COMRADES---THEN AND NOW

By Frank Crerie



flash of recollection back to old scenes and other days to memory dear, a feellistance nor create strangeness, it's just the DIFFERENCE and seeing counting of complete and perfect understanding-particularly when BOTH are in the proud service of their country, and so add to the comradeship of other years the ess faces but none YOU know-what a joyous tug at the heart the face of omeone from HOME brought to you? In such a moment there's a dropping of GREATER comradeship of SERVICE.

WINIFRED BLACK Writes About "Making Nosegays." Copyright, 1918, by Newspaper Feature Service. Inc.



teen-year-olds are going to enlist—now that they have graduated—and this is to be their last party at home.

And all the morning Sweet Sixteen and I have been out in the little house in the garden—that is purple and white with wistaria and yellow with glorious broom—and we've been making nosegays by the dozen.

One for each of the girls, and one for One for each of the girls, and one for each of the boys, and one for every mother who's coming to help serve, and one for every older man who's coming to look on.

Costume of Midnight-KITCHEN ECONOMIES BY ISOBEL BRANDS

OF THE APPLECROFT EXPERIMENT STATION. Six Ways to Preserve Tomatoes For Winter Use,

alarmed, was sure that she could live but a few minutes, but, of course, I could not leave her in such an extremity."

"But, surely she did not—" I began shocked and startled.

"No," Lillian returned. "She rallied, and her physician, who will remain in charge with Katherine until we get there, says he doesn't think the end will come tonight, at any rate."

"The end is near, then?"

"Merely a question of days, although the footone and since a question of days, although the doctor says she may last even a softly, yet peremptorily, without turn.

As we neared the entrance to old drs. Morton's room, from which a brightness to could not leave her in such an extremity."

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With a quick, indrawn breath, Lillian's hut toward the sound of stifled, childish, sobbing, with a quick, indrawn breath, Lillian's hut toward the sound of stifled, childish, sobbing, with to add the sound of stifled, childish, sobbing, wour mite toward the sum total of foods are not on the list. If, therefore, you wish to add the sound of such the sound of stifled, childish, sobbing, wour mite toward the sum total of foods are not on the list. If, therefore, you wish to add the sound of stifled, childish, sobbing, wour mite toward the sum total of food to tomatoes at a time. Don't wait until you can "make a day of it" and put up a huge quantity. It will mean less up a huge quantity. It will mean less work and more certainty of having a work and more certainty of having a work and more certainty of having a put up half a dozen pars at a time once or twice a week.

Canned Tomatoes, even if other canned foods are not on the list. If, therefore, you wish to add the sound foods are not on the list. If, therefore, you wish to add the sound foods are not on the list. If, therefore, you wish to add the sound foods are n

the great army disease, and choisers the proportion of those killed in action of the settlem of the proportion of the proporti

the moonlight falling through the willow tree by the window. Here's sweet alyssum; that's for the way the girls laugh when I call them up over the 'phone. Here's a daisy, fresh and plain; that's like the bowl of bread and milk that's waiting for me when I come home from school hungry. Here's the little sprig of geranium; that's for the books I read before the fire on a cool evening when the fog creeps in from the bay. Why, it's all there, all my life—the way I hope it will be—in the little nosegay."

And I looked and, sure enough, there they were, gathering around the rose that meant Sweet Sixteen to me—home, the meant Sweet Sixteen to me—home the meant Sweet Sixteen to me—home the meant Sweet Sixteen

Tonight there's going to be a party—a real party—with Sweet Sixteen and Shy Fifteen and Merry Sixteen and Merry Sixteen and Merry Sixteen and Merry Seventeen as hostesses, and Good-Natured Eighteen and Light-Hearted Twenty for guests.

White frocks, blue sashes, rose-colored knots of ribbon, soft hair, bright eyes, smiles and laughter—with tears not sovery far behind—for some of the nine-teen-year-olds are going to enlist—now that they have graduated—and this is to be their last barty at home.

Tonight there's going to be a she went down to the gate to bid her sweetheart good-by the night before he marched away toward Richmond to fight for what he thought was right.

Little, bright, gay, fragrant, friendly nosegays—they were so pretty that we just loved to make them. We heaped the round, green table, that has been blistered by the sun and wet by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round, green table, that has been blistered by the sun and wet by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round, green table, that has been blistered by the sun and wet by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round, green table, that has been blistered by the sun and wet by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round, green table, that has been blistered by the sun and wet by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round, green table, that has been blistered by the sun and wet by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round for what he thoughts, and tranquil days. I leaned to Sweet Sixteen and kissed her. "So it is, my dear," I said, "so it is. Tim glad you like the little nosegay."

And I looked and, sure enough, there they mean dowe, and friendly hours, and kind thoughts, and tranquil days.

I leaned to Sweet Sixteen to me—home, and hour, and blistered by the dew just loved to make them. We heaped the round the west of the man dove, and friendship, and they grade the peace, and happy hours, and they developed the fill leaned to Sweet Sixteen to me—home, and they grade they were so

Rightly Used Your Mirror Is An Invaluable Beauty Critic

BY LUCREZIA BORI

mother who's coming to help serve, and one for every older man who's coming to look on.

No, not bouquets—nosegays. The little old-fashioned kind, with a rosebud in the middle and little syeet-smelling around it, quite close and tight and all tiled up with a narrow ribbon. The kind of nosegay that grandmothe wore in hear Patti, the brand new opera F yer with the voice of sliver and diamonds.

The mother smiled, and when she spoke her voice rang with pride:

The mother smiled, and when she spoke her voice rang with pride:

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The mother smiled, and when she spoke her voice rang with pride:

The mother smiled, and when she is the prior to the belief that though mother recently. "That child actually mother recently. "The mirror recent departing. The mirror teaches one the need of a cally in the mirror before departing. The mirror teaches one the need of a cally in the mirror before departing. The mirror teaches one the need of a cally in the mirror before departing. The mirror teaches one the need of a cally in the mirror before departing. The mirror teaches one the need of a cally in the mirror before departing. The mirror read the plant is a couldn't help

The Mirror Dares to. Tel. You the Truth.

Sunces of green ginger root is one chives

Place in large kettle the sliced tomatoes, sugar, grated rinds and juice of elemons. Let stand for 24 hours. If the elemons of the control of the



Let your dainty things be your everyday things

It's all a matter of being able to wash them properly, is it not? You'd like to wear that dainty Georgette or crepe-de-chine blouse every afternoon wouldn't you?

You can. Just wash it the Lux way-by dipping the garment up and down into the foamy Lux lather no wringing, rubbing or twisting-the fabric comes out soft, shimmering and sheer as when new

Try the pure Lux flakes for washing Fine Linens Lace Curtains Lingerie Waists

Fine Silk Underwear

Lex won't harm anything that pure water may touch

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO





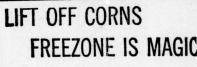
LINDA'S PITCHER PLANT ADVEN-"Oh, me! Oh, my!" cried a tiny voice. Linda looked up from the meadow where she was gathering daisies

scurried up the long green stem to the big green gate. The gate opened, and Linda ran inside. The great tall walls were covered with hairs all pointing downward, and there, half-way down the hall, sat Willy Bee crying.

"Don't come down here!" he buzzed when he saw Linda. "You'll never get out. That's why the hairs all point down. It's easy getting down here, but you can't get back up through those hairs, and below me is a pool in which you'll surely fall if you come any you'll surely fall if you come any closer."

Linda leaned over and looked down at the bottom of the long green hall.

Sure enough, there lay a dark pool of



Costs few cents! Sore, touchy corns lift right off with fingers. No pain!



Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. It doesn't



Why wait? Your druggist sells a to see a little bee sitting on a blossom crying bitterly.

"Why, what's the trouble?" laughed Linda, for she'd never before seen a bee weeping.

"Oh, me!" wailed Mamma Bee, wip-"My irritation. Freezone is the muchwalled Maintha Bee, "My irritation. Freezone is the muching her eyes with her feelers. "My Willy Bee has been stolen by the Ogre talked-of ether discovery of a Cin-

> **FORBURNS** FOR COLDS. COUGHS AND BRON-CHIAL AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER ALLMENTS

COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST, THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD DE THOMAS'



