Secrets of Health and Happiness

What You Ought to Eat to Turn Weakness Into Strength

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

DR. HIRSHBERG

While it seems to be true that meat, fish and eggs are great supports to those who needs must do heavy, muscular labor as well as strenuous athletics, nevertheless, persons whose diet is predominantly of vegetables and fruits do not grow fatigued as readily as those on an abundant meat diet.

It has been observed over and over again by American, French and English physicians that there is extraordinary improvement in muscle-weariness, especially in those ill with diabetes, when such persons are given vegetables and fruits to eat with no meats.

Perhaps this improvement is due to the sugar and starches present in a vegetarian diet, perhaps to the salts in them. However that may be, the fact remains that there is something in fruits and vegetables which enhances muscular activity. At all events, this has been the explanation put forth for the almost unbelievable capacity of the French and Russian peasant for muscular work without fatigue. Their food consists only of vegetables with black bread and a little cheese.

Salts That Aid.

Rats and fowls kept upon an abundant variety and quantity of victuals with ample albumin, from which, nevertheless, all potash was chemically extracted, succumbed to paralysis, hemorrhages, scurvy, emaciation and other symptoms of the so-called "food deficiency diseases."

This proves the importance of potassium salts in vegetables. Unless it is present in plentiful amounts, nerve degenerations occur, and "neuritis," "rheumatism" and "gout" result. Fresh vegetables with potash in them will effect a quick cure. If potash in foods, drinks or medicine is fed to the sufferer, health, strength and usually recuperation follow.

The living fabric of a sound human creature, particularly his muscle and nerve tissue, demand potash. This mineral is indispensable to your well being.

The heart is scarcely anything more than an automatic, pulsating muscle. It, too, contains a modicum of potash, lime and other minerals. To promote regularity and strength of its pulsations these chemicals are needed.

Muscular fatigue is a pronounced symptom in diabetes, goitre, high blood pressure and various other maladies. If under such conditions a well-mixed vegetarian diet of cereals, vegetables and fruits is adopted the helpful, necessary potash and phosphates are brought into action and the heart, nerves and muscles are restored nearly or completely to health.

For Weak Heart.

The instinctive longing for bread and potatoes is perhaps traceable to the presence of such minerals in them, not to the starches and sugars in them. Similarly, it gives a hint of why these articles of the table are so much missed.

When the heart is weak no greater mistake can be made than to ignore the elements of the diet. Such intangible elements as "calories" and "nitrogen contents" are less essential than the potash, lime and phosphoric acid. An unbalanced diet which ignores these minerals may result disastrously.

All of this is emphatically true for those who have diabetes or sugar disease, or who put themselves on an anti-fat diet. Similarly those who are beyond 40 or who appear to have the gout must be closely watched as to their diet. Their heart action must be constantly supervised. Any under-nourishment of the above-mentioned disease may have much more serious results than the advocates of the starvation diets realize.

Elderly persons should not be allowed to fast for any length, of time for any purpose, nor should a person with a weak heart go long without food.

The dependence of the heart action on the intake of nourishment is shown by the fact that the heart beat is less vigorous when a stomach fasts. In fatal diseases the heart gives out entirely, that is to say, death occurs in the early morning hours when the stomach has long been empty.

Answers to Health Questions

M. A.: Q.—Please tell me what I can do for a pain in the upper part of the back between the shoulders?

A.—Change your chair and poise. Join the Y. M. C. A. to get gymnasium exercises and swimming. The pain is due to posture, i. e., bending over too much or being in same position too long at a time.

L. F. L.: Q.—What is the cause and remedy for hives?

A.—Hives may sometimes be due to a hypersensitive state of the human tissues or to some particular article of food. It may be caused by berries, fish, tomatoes, beer, fruits, drugs, odors, clams and oysters. The remedy depends upon discovering the thing that is responsible for the trouble and then eliminating from it the diet.

O. B.: Q.—What would relieve palpitation of the heart? Is this serious?

A.—Palpitation of the heart is not usually serious and it isn't necessary to take medicine for it. It is only necessary to keep quiet when it occurs and to lie down. Nearly everyone has it sometime or another.

V. M.: Q.—How is henna tea made?

A.—To half a pound of henna leaves use one gallon of water. Brew as ordinary tea. This is, of course, only for external use.

C. G.: Q.—Please tell me what causes roaring in the intestines?

A.—This is sometimes due to emptiness, not eating enough or wrong foods. Again, it may be caused by some scar tissues or other irritations in the intestines or drinking excessively of fluids. Also drinking with meals, soups, water, milk, beer and other liquids.

R. A.: Q.—What can be done for watery eyes?

A.—You should have your eyes examined by an oculist. Bathe your eyes each night and morning with boric acid water.

L. S. U.: A.—If you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope with your query repeated, I shall be glad to help you.

F. G. H.: Q.—What can I do for a pain in the back?

A.—A pain in the back may have its source in the internal structures such as the coccyx bone, muscle strain, constipation, etc. Change your mattress, your bed, and the room you sleep in. Go to bed early and take a hot bath before bed time. Keep your bowels open twice a day, and use a vibrator or small electric battery on your back. Change your posture, and if possible, your occupation, but have the internal cause sought and removed by your family physician.

A. D.: Q.—What can I do to darken grey hair?

A.—Place an ounce of henna leaves in a jar with a quart of boiling water over night. Then strain and heat again to a boiling point. Add two ounces of henna powder (first dissolved in water). Stir and strain again. Brush this into the clean hair. This is effective and easy to apply. But why change what may be beautiful?

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.

DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

FEMINISMS ✤ *By Annette Bradshaw*

TWO OF A KINDLY KIND

MRS. BRIDGET—Your husband bein' in service, ma'am, I do your wash for tin per cent. less.

MRS. FAIR—Oh, thank you! But your boy's "over there," so I pay ten per cent. more—that makes us even, dear!

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Madge Safeguarded the Code Message.

Life seemed drab indeed to me upon the day following Dicky's departure from home. I could have endured his going better, I fancy, if there had been no change in the rather strained relations we had borne toward each other for some time.

But Dicky had redeemed his tentative promise to come back to the veranda when he had finished packing. And in the fragrant spring evening we had had one of our golden hours, one unshadowed by any doubt of each other, unspoiled by recriminations.

The memory of my husband's arms, of his caresses, his murmured words of endearment, made the prospect of weeks, perhaps months, without him dreary indeed.

There was a puzzling note in my memories, also, one that vaguely troubled me as I looked back upon those last hours with my husband, for our farewells the next day when he had left for the city had been of the briefest. There had been an elusive something in Dicky's manner that seemed to presage a longer parting than the "several weeks" of which he spoke.

I tried to rid myself of the idea, to persuade myself that my imagination had been "working overtime," as Dicky himself would have expressed it. But I could banish neither it nor another impression—that my husband had more than once been on the brink of a confidence to me, one that he had repressed by sheer will power.

"Sheer fancies, these," I told myself, sternly. Yet so strong were they that they troubled me sorely. I tried in vain to argue myself out of my depression, and finally, in desperation, resolved to take a long tramp in order to get the cobwebs out of my brain.

A Disquieting Thought.

I put on stout walking boots, a short skirt and comfortable gloves, and the lightest, smallest hat I had. I detest carrying a wrap, but I have found out by experience that Long Island temperatures are exceedingly variable, so I threw a lightweight sweater over my arm. I also took my handbag, for I was resolved to lunch at some one of the wayside inns with which the roads around my home are dotted.

There remained but one thing to be done. I took the important secret code which was trusted to me first by my father and then by Allen Drake from its hiding place in my clothing and put it securely away in the old Chinese vase of my mother's, which seemed almost to have been designed for such a hiding place, so well adapted was it for its purpose. Then I fastened all the windows securely, resolving the while that now Dicky was away and I was free to do things without his questioning I would lose no time in having stout iron bars put on my window.

Under the pretence of the lock of my door being broken I had a few days before engaged a locksmith to put a special combination lock upon it. There were two keys, which heretofore I had kept. But as I shut my door behind me a sudden thought made me draw my breath quickly.

Fire!

Fact or Imagination?

This menace had never before crossed my mind. My mind had been so obsessed by the possibility of the papers being stolen that I had entirely overlooked this equally probable danger.

Mentally calling down anathemas upon my head for my stupidity I crossed the hall to my mother-in-law's room. Except for the briefest of moments I hadn't seen her since Cousin Agatha had brought the news of Dicky's intended departure. And I fancied, as I entered, that the welcome she gave me was a bit strained, her attitude toward me something less than the enthusiastic appreciation she had given to my confidence concerning my work in the service.

"Cousin Agatha, who had opened the door for me, sniffed audibly as I bent over my mother-in-law and kissed her.

"I suppose you won't need me now, Harriet?" she said meekly.

"Not for five minutes or so," my mother-in-law returned dryly. "I will send word to you by Margaret when she goes."

There was nothing else for the malicious old woman to do but to take herself out of the room, which she did with a flounce and another sniff.

"How she does love you," my mother-in-law said reflectively, as the door closed behind her cousin.

"Yes, her devotion is touching," I returned in kind, then I lowered my voice to the lightest of murmurs:

"I'm going out, mother," I said, "and it just occurred to me that—I know it's silly—but that the house might catch fire."

"And you want me to take care of something if it does?" she interrupted shrewdly.

"Yes," I returned, pressing the key into her hand. "This is one of the keys to my door—I have the other. If anything should happen have Katie open the door and bring that Chinese vase of my mother's to you. Then don't let it out of your sight until I get back."

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To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24.

A day of activity and successful issues is promised by several propitious planetary figures. Mars semi-sextile Moon will stir up the activities, giving impetus along many lines—a position also favored by the sextile of Moon to Saturn and the trine of Moon to Jupiter, all of which urges to big business, new enterprises and investments, with every prospect of splendid development and satisfactory financial returns. These ventures, however, should not include changes, journeys or removals, since these are hampered by an adverse though not strong Uranian aspect.

Those whose birthday it is may expect a successful and profitable year, but should not move or travel, and should carefully avoid quarrels. A child born on this day will be generous and fairly successful in life, but should be taught not to worry over trifles.

DIARY OF A FASHION MODEL

BY GRACE THORNCLIFFE.

She Learns the Real Value of Veils As Accessories to the Very Newest Hats.

"Claire, we are going to have a lovely time this morning," was Madame's greeting when I made my entrance into the studio. "The French veils which we've been expecting so long just came from the importer's. We'll go upstairs, where we're less likely to be interrupted, and try draping them over hats. Ask Marcelle to let you have several of her smartest street hats."

Marcelle had some very attractive hats, and I had great fun trying them on to see which were the most becoming. She chose four, saying that they were good "veil hats." I wore the little poke bonnet of dark blue straw trimmed with narrow ribbon velvet and a cluster of tiny blue ostrich tips at the back, and carried the others up to Madame.

The veils were spread out on a long table and I was surprised to see how large they were and how very elaborate. Some were of thread-run lace in most elaborate patterns, and others of applique or Spanish lace. Then there was one extremely good-looking veil of brown Brussels net embroidered in wool.

"I like that 'poke' immensely on you," said Madame, picking up a veil of taupe thread-run lace. "We'll try this on it; it ought to look well over that glazed straw."

The veil was triangular in shape, and each point was finished with a small taupe-colored tassel. Madame arranged the widest part of the veil in the centre-front of the hat, letting the point extend nearly to the waistline, and drew the other ends to the centre-back, with the two ends hanging straight down below the waistline. The effect was decidedly smart.

"This veil is such a charming addition to the bonnet that they should be worn together. I'll have Marcelle tack the veil permanently in place—just as it is," said Madame, removing the hat from my head and replacing it with a small mushroom of black Milan faced with black taffeta and simply trimmed with a narrow band of black velvet ribbon. Madame chose a veil of black applique lace for this hat. It was an all-over design, showing large flowers and foliage scattered over a fine net background. The edge was scalloped.

Madame loosened the band of velvet about the base of the crown and used it to hold the veil in position, the scalloped edge of the lace forming a frill above the velvet, the ends of which were tied in a small bow in the front.

This veil was a great improvement to the hat, and Madame decided that it, too, should be attached permanently to this particular hat.

Madame then picked up a long scarf veil of a fine, brown, filet mesh edged with a three-inch band of chiffon. Above the border there was a fine thread-run design.

"This will harmonize well with the hat of beige Milan. Try it on, Claire."

I settled the hat well down over my head and Madame proceeded to arrange the veil. She drew it in soft folds over the top of the hat and face fitting the band of chiffon snugly about the throat. Then she drew the ends together at the centre-back, and after pinning them securely in place allowed them to hang free to the waistline.

"There! How do you like the arrangement of that veil?" asked Madame.

"It is very cleverly done, but not every woman can drape a veil so successfully; it takes an artist to do it effectively," I answered.

"You're wrong child. Anyone can arrange a veil properly if they will but have a little patience and be particular about getting it on perfectly straight."

Before we had time to drape any more veils Julie came to tell Madame that Mrs. Bourbridge was waiting to see her in regard to her daughter's trousseau. So I trotted the rest of the hats back to Marcelle, knowing that Madame would be tied to the studio for the rest of the day.

Two Variations of the Large Veil.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF FAMOUS WOMEN

BY ELOISE FARRINGTON.

How the Personal Courage of an Ancient Queen of France Made the Enemy's Army Retreat With Cheers.

At one time the land which is now France was divided into three kingdoms, Neustria, Burgundy and Austrasia. Siegbert was king of Austrasia, while King Chilperic ruled over Neustria.

Now both these sovereigns were content to let their queens wield their sceptres, since both were women of exceptional force and power. But a deadly hatred existed between the queens, and when, at the death of their husbands, they ruled Neustria and Austrasia alone during the minority of their sons, they became mortal foes.

Brunehild, the wife of Siegbert, was a Gothic princess, a woman of much culture and intellectual power. Fredegonde, the Queen of Chilperic, on the other hand, was a barbarian, the daughter of poor peasants, and a woman noted for her wickedness and cruelty. By her unscrupulous treachery and ability to overcome all resistance, she maintained full power over her kingdom and waged successful warfare against her rival.

The character of Brunehild was a decided contrast to that of her enemy. She did so much to benefit her country that she was long remembered as a public benefactor. Bridges and highways were built by this good queen; she was a master at the art of statecraft, mer of letters were protected at her court, and her abundant charities are still recalled in the by-word of "Brunehild's Alms," at Bourges and Etampes.

Brunehild had made Lupus, a Roman, and one of her palace officers, Duke of Champagne. This appointment aroused the hatred of the nobles, who, under the leadership of Ursion Bertfried, determined to slay the unfortunate man.

An army was raised and marched against Lupus, but Brunehild, with soldierly courage, rode out to meet the hostile battalions. Fearlessly she urged her steed into the very midst of the warriors, crying:

"Advance not a step further until thou hast heard me! Refrain from this deed of wickedness! Why persecute the innocent? It is unjust to engage, for a single man's sake, in a battle which will bring woe and desolation upon hundreds!"

In answer to Brunehild, Ursion Bertfried said defiantly:

"Back to thy castle, woman! Let it suffice thee to have ruled under thy husband's sway. Now that thy son reigns, his kingdom is under our protection, not thine. Back! if thou wouldst not that the hoofs of our horses trample thee under as the dust of the ground!"

But the courage of Brunehild never weakened. She had come on a mission of compassion, to plead the cause of one of her lieges unjustly hated by another. Ignoring Ursion's comamnd, she turned to the warriors and told them of the unfair treatment of the noble Lupus, due to the jealousy of Ursion. By her eloquence and the simple statement of facts, Brunehild won the soldiers' confidence and goodwill. They refused to fight against Lupus, and, turning their horses' heads in the opposite direction, they rode away with a cheer for this brave woman.

Then only did Brunehild return to her castle to bear the joyful news to Lupus and to her officers that the battle had been prevented, and for a time, at least, there would be no bloodshed in Austrasia.

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Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Gruelle.

DICKY AND THE KING OF TWILIGHT TOWN.

Dicky couldn't hold his eyes open any longer. His head nodded over his plate.

"Oh, the Sandman's here!" laughed Mamma, and gathering Dicky up she carried him into his little room and tucked him into bed.

"Who is—the Sandman?" Dicky asked drowsily.

"The King of Twilight Town, who blows dust into children's eyes to make them sleepy," laughed Mamma, and kissing Dicky good-night, she softly went out and closed the door.

Just then something moved near the foot of the bed, and Dicky sat up to see what it was.

There, by the footboard, stood a queer little man in a long grey coat, bowing to Dicky, and each time he bowed his coat would flash a different color. First blue, then golden, scarlet and silver, and as he walked toward Dicky's pillow it turned a beautiful green.

"So you're awake," he laughed in a squeaky voice.

"Oh, you must be the King of Twilight Town!" exclaimed Dicky, blinking his eyes.

"Right you are!" laughed the queer little man. "Mostly known as Sandman. On my way to visit little folks. How would you like to go with me?"

Dicky needed no second invitation. He jumped out of bed, and Sandman blew his breath on Dicky's cheek.

"Now you're invisible," laughed Sandman. "Follow me and don't make any noise."

"So You're Awake!"

Together they floated to the house next door, where Dicky's little friends, Dolcie, Willy and Teddy lived.

Sandman took off his shoes, so as not to make any noise, for the children were eating their supper. He crept up close and blew soft, fine dust into their eyes so they couldn't see him, and then he gently caressed their cheeks and they began to nod.

Their mamma laughed and hustled them off to bed, and Dicky and Sandman followed after them. When they were tucked snugly in their beds Sandman placed a tiny silver boat at the foot of Dolcie's and Teddy's bed.

"My little dream boats to carry them into Twilight Town so they can hear the wonderful tales Princess Nod tells good children every night," laughed Sandman.

Dicky noticed his friend Willy had been missed, and called Sandman's attention.

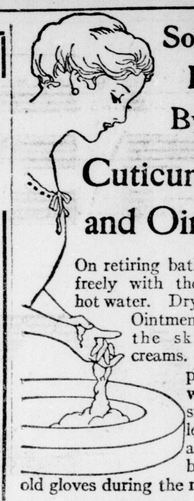
"But I only lend my dream boats to good little children," replied Sandman, "and Willy has been naughty today."

They softly stole back into the living room, where the children's mamma and daddy were sitting. Then Sandman blew dust into their eyes and they both began to yawn. They looked so funny, Dicky forgot about keeping quiet and burst out laughing.

At that instant Sandman with his changeable coat disappeared, and Dicky sat up in bed and blinked his eyes.

He couldn't make up his mind whether it had all been really true or whether he'd been dreaming. One thing he did remember was that Sandman only lends his dream boats to good little boys, and Dicky made up his mind he'd be real good so he could go into Twilight Town to listen to Princess Nod's beautiful stories.

Soft White Hands By Using Cuticura Soap and Ointment



On retiring bathe the hands freely with the Soap and hot water. Dry and rub the Ointment well into the skin until it creams. Wipe off surplus Ointment with soft tissue paper or let it remain and wear soft bandage or old gloves during the night.

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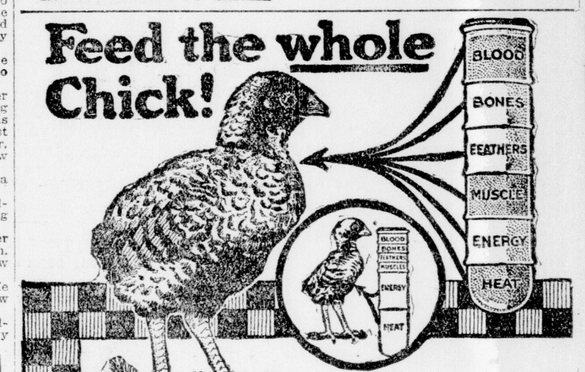

By feeding grain alone you over-feed part of the chick's body and under-feed other parts. Grain feed supplies an excess of heat and energy but is deficient in elements that make blood, nerves, bone, lean meat and feathers.

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Prof. Mulveney Answers Telephone Call

Hello! Is that Prof. Mulveney, Parkdale 4830?

Yes, lady.

Is Prof. Mulveney there?

Yes, Prof. Mulveney is speaking.

Have you a worm remedy for children?

Yes.

Could you tell me, if I brought my little girl down, if she had worms?

No, lady, I cannot tell by looking at children if they have worms.

You can't?

No, madam.

Couldn't you tell me if I told you all the symptoms?

No, madam. My remedy called Mother's Friend expels Worms, is an excellent Tonic and Builder, good for the Nerves and is an excellent medicine for Regulating the Bowels; it brings away all filth and small intestinal Worms, is perfectly harmless and can be given to the smallest infant without fear of doing harm. A lady who is living on Shaw street got a bottle of this medicine for her baby two years old. She said she had no peace with this child, night or day, for four months the doctor was calling regularly and did not help the child in the least, the little one took a bad spell and was choking, the mother opened its mouth and pulled out a stomach worm that was strangling the child. She rushed over to me and brought the child, also the worm, which measured eight inches long, with her; she purchased a bottle of Mother's Friend, and the second dose brought 17 more away. She was horrified at the sight and brought the worms to me, which I have here in a bottle in my office, and many others from many happy mothers. So if you think it is a good investment to try Mother's Friend, it is $1.00 per bottle and 6c for postage in the city, and 20c extra for postage outside Toronto. Now, you understand, it is not necessary to waste car fare bringing your children here, as I do not practice medicine, and have only the one remedy for sick children, which expels Worms if they are there. It is an excellent medicine for children, and has cured many little ones of St. Vitus' Dance and Convulsions, also Fits. Call or send to 211 Ossington avenue (formerly Dundas street), Toronto. Phone Park. 4830. Mother's Friend in powder form; each package makes twice as much medicine for $1.00; no danger of breaking and no cost for sending. Just send $1.00.

THIS LETTER

From a Truly Grateful Mother

St. Catharines.

Prof. Mulveney, Dear Sir:

When I was in Toronto a few months ago I got a bottle of your remedy called Mother's Friend Worm Medicine, and it has been a treasure, and I am now out of it, and want to get more. The first time I gave it to her there came from her like a nest; it was just full of worms, four or five inches long, and also small worms most like maggots; and some pin-worms, and ever since, when I give her medicine she passed several worms and a great many pin-worms. This morning there were three, like fish-worms. She was also restless, throwing herself and kicking, getting scared and talking. I got up and gave her the Mothers' Friend Worm Medicine, and this morning her stool was full of pin-worms and those three large worms, like fish-worms. I have one more dose yet to give, and I must have more. I enclose an order for $1.25, as I don't know what it will cost to send it here, so if it is any more than 25c to send it, let me know. Thanking you very much for your valuable medicine. My little girl is four years old. Hoping to receive this medicine by return mail, I remain, yours respectfully.

This letter can be seen at Prof. Mulveney's office.

Fenelon Falls, June, 1914.

Prof. Mulveney:

Dear Sir—Please send me one dollar's worth of your Mothers' Friend Worm Medicine. I have given my children some before, and would not be without it now for a good deal, as I have a little girl that took fits before I gave your medicine. Now she is as healthy as any child could be. Am obliged for your good help.

Yours truly.

All the Way From Ireland

A Monster Tapeworm About Twenty Feet Long

Mr. John Campbell, of 28 Napier street, called on Prof. Mulveney and purchased a remedy to destroy Tapeworm. His wife's sister, Miss Hill, of Glenkirk, Ireland, had been suffering for some time with a Tapeworm, and had been treated without success. He sent her the remedy, which expelled the monster, head and all. Mr. Campbell received the worm by parcel post from Ireland on Nov. 23, 1912, and took it to Prof. Mulveney the same day, and it was found to be all there, a four-hooked demon. Mr. Campbell states that in July, 1908, his little girl, three years old, was relieved of a monster Tapeworm, head and all, without sickness or trouble, and the little one is healthy and well at the present time. This is how he came to recommend his sister-in-law in Ireland to try the same remedy. And now they are rejoicing over a friend across the sea whose life has been saved, who is returned to health and happiness by Prof. Mulveney's world-famous cure, which may be purchased at 211 Ossington avenue.

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