

# Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### How It Feels To Be Operated On—The Doctor's Own Story

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



"Doctor," he said, "I feel as if I should like to know how it feels to be operated on. I have heard so much about it, and I am sure that you have had a great deal of experience in this matter. I am sure that you would be able to tell me just what it is like, and I would be very glad to hear from you."

What indeed was my astonishment to find the whole thing, including the various days in the hospital, the usual exaggerations of those possessed by the native human tendency to pose in true camouflage colors, as a martyr to be pitied or pitied to be pitied.

Sunday night I telephoned the surgeon my diagnosis on myself, said Dr. Cullen.

"All right. Go to the infirmary—certainly tomorrow, and I'll operate on you early Tuesday morning."

"Do you wish to examine me?"

"No. You've made the examination. That's enough."

Mrs. Hirschberg was then told, and became shocked and frightened. I reassured her as best I could. An operation even of the most serious nature, nowadays, is usually as safe as a "cold" and as simple as a "flu."

"The day before I entered the hospital I wisely decided almost to starve myself, as well as to take a half-bottle of strychnine of magnesia as an internal flush and cleanser. These precautions made the hour or more under gas and ether a pleasant and safe experience."

Monday evening I was in the hospital with a light heart and light stomach. A good night's sleep until 5:30 a.m. when the house physician gave me an enema. I was not permitted to get up until 8:30 a.m. when the enema was repeated, but the fast and the enema made it unpalatable.

Then a hot tub bath, and the reply, "No, I have no false teeth," started me on the road to several new experiences. For the first time in my life I sat in a rolling chair. But I wasn't permitted to show my variegated Turkish bath robe and Sioux slippers to the pretty nurses who lined the corridors.

In the other room my much perturbed and sleepless better-half awaited my humorous greetings with a warm smile. Laughingly I mentioned the ether table, shook hands with the anesthetist, Dr. Griffith Davis, who asked:

"Ready?"

"Then the various surprises, nearly all at variance with the tales of patients operated on, began."

I took two ordinary breaths, just as I

breathes regularly after I say my prayers at night—I did not say my prayers or any prayer for ether—and I was in the Land of Nod, or rather the land of Ann.

Really, I knew nothing whatsoever for an hour and a half. Then I awoke in a hospital bed, with Mrs. Hirschberg and several other beautiful nurses smiling at me.

My first words were: "Isn't ether a wonderful thing? A giant operation has been performed and I feel well enough to get up."

There was no sick stomach, no nausea, no vomiting, no headache, nothing unusual, except pain in the wound. But man is made to stand pain, and this pain was no greater than that which accompanied the trouble before the operation.

Moreover, it could have been eased with hyperdermic cocaine, but I requested rather to suffer some pain for a few days while the wound healed and the stitches came out.

For perhaps ten minutes, as I awakened from this magic sleep of ether, coherent and rambling talk burst forth from my throat. It appears that I kept them all full of laughter and laughed myself into a Leon Errol jag.

However this may be, the very fact that I have never touched liquor or alcohol in any form in my life made this ether jag—ether is close of kin to alcohol—simple and quickly over with.

Patients by the score have talked and made a fuss of the pains, agony and suffering which are claimed to be associated with this and similar operations. The whole novel experience was in the nature of a holiday to me.

If the surgeon is well selected, if you are able to deny yourself a few things a day or so ahead of the planned operation, if you take the whole matter as a simple, unimportant affair, if you have the will to make the pleasant best of almost any situation which life and the world bring to you, perhaps the worst and most serious operations may be made an enjoyable event, to be like a political party's assertion, "pointed to with pride," not an embarrassing, absurd, pseudo-martyrdom.

Dr. Hirschberg 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 he will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

Answers to Health Questions

S. G. P. Q.—What is the cause of sudden jumping in bed just as one dozes off to sleep?

A.—The sudden jumping is due to the sudden relaxation of muscles that had been in tension during the half-awake, half-asleep period. As sleep deepens the tension gives way and the shock brings back more or less consciousness. The tension depends upon the degree of muscular activity, digestive conditions and the state of the brain and nervous system.

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## DREAMS OF SPRING

By Will Nies



SOFT whisperings of scented breezes stealing today. Yet in one thing there's no change—the love of HIM who through all the seasons is the same. In the Spring, who knows, perhaps the ancient saying will be fulfilled and his "fancy" turn to HER with the question whose answer will be YES.

## REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Can Harry Underwood Prove What He Says?

I raised my eyes and looked at Harry Underwood steadily, searchingly. His assertion that life and death might hang upon my consent or refusal to allow him an interview with me had not so startled me as to rob me of the distrust with which he always imbued me.

Where his words merely a subterfuge to enable him to continue the half-playful, half in earnest, merrimental attention, I had no doubt. He had always annoyed me, or was there real truth behind them? I fancied that the answer might lie in his eyes.

They met mine with no hint of mockery. They met mine with no hint of mockery. They met mine with no hint of mockery.

"I don't blame you for doubting me," he said, and I could hardly believe my ears, for his voice was so devoid of the arrogant swagger with which he usually punctuates his conversation.

"I pondered a moment, bewildered. 'I'm willing to listen to what you have to say,' I said at last, 'but—why can't you tell me here?'"

"I told you a moment ago," he explained, and there was a hint of the old impudence in his manner. "That Miss Draper—if you will consent me to use her name—may take it into her head to come back here at any minute. I don't think you need to have me tell you of her unreasonable feelings toward you."

Three Minute Journeys

Where "May You Be Made to Carry the Mail" Is a Curse

Before the war there were no more picturesque people in all Europe than the Gypsies. In every country you saw them, and off the beaten track you found caravans with their many eager fortune tellers.

By Genevieve Kemble THURSDAY, FEB. 28

## Salt—One of the Simplest Beautifiers

By LUCREZIA BORI

The Famous Spanish Prima Donna  
The most efficacious of beautifiers is, in many instances, the simplest. A simple, homely compound that costs little and is one of nature's gifts to us. You will often find that the simpler the remedy the more quickly the system responds to special treatment. Common kitchen salt is the natural answer to many of our beauty worries.

The woman with a coarse-grained skin, for instance, will find salt an invaluable aid in restoring its fineness and beauty. Bathing the skin with salt water will reduce the size of the enlarged pores and harden the flesh, improving its texture and coloring.

WINIFRED BLACK  
Writes About "KNITTOPHOBIA"

There's a new disease, "Knittophobia"—that's the name they're calling it just now.

It's brought on by too much knitting, the doctors say, and it has something to do with the nerve centres.

Good Night Stories  
By Blanche Selwin

Illustrated by Gracie  
JIMMY BECOMES A MARK SHOOTER.

Jimmy gathered up his new airgun and ran out into the yard. Up in the peach tree several little sparrows were holding a meeting, chattering and making a terrible clatter.

"I surely ought to get one out of that crowd," said Jimmy. Putting his gun to his shoulder, he sighted and fired. The frightened sparrows became silent, and like a cloud they rose from the branches of the peach tree and flew to the roof of the barn.

Jimmy aimed again and was ready to fire when something caught his hand and held it from the trigger.

"What are you shooting at?" asked Squeedee.

"Well, Daddy bought me this gun and I could kill all the sparrows I could find," replied Jimmy. "Because they're very harmful to the fruit trees."

"True, English sparrows do a great deal of damage, but the good they do outweighs the harm," said Squeedee. "Why, they eat all the cankerworms and other insects who'd soon destroy your fruit trees if they didn't. They devour the tree caterpillars which no other bird will touch, so you see we really need Mr. Sparrow to take care of our orchards."

"I never knew that," replied Jimmy. "But a fellow wants to have some fun with his gun."

"Then why not make a bullseye target out of an old tin can and see how near you can come to hitting it?" suggested Squeedee. "I'm sure you'll find that more sport than trying to shoot the little sparrows. If you boys would always remember to put yourself in the other fellow's place when you're hunting for fun I'm sure you'd be more careful about your games. How would you like to be shot at?"

"No, I guess you're right," laughed Jimmy, rubbing his hand over his gun. "You see, I never thought sparrows were good for anything."

When Jimmy looked up to see why Squeedee had not answered, Squeedee was nowhere in sight.

morning to follow the partner's lead. The reformer—he, too, and his wife, have always with us. They want to reform things, to tear things up, to turn things upside down.

The women who do real knitting for the real soldiers are doing magnificent work. We all love them, and we're all proud of them, but, oh, misery of times! I'm getting so tired of the young persons who are too busy knitting to answer a decent question or speak a decent word or think a kind thought, or do a friendly deed.

It would add so much to the amelioration of conditions among the middle classes.

## The Origin of Famous Sayings

John Ruskin, 1819—1900.  
He is the greatest artist who has ever lived in the history of his work, and the greatest number of the greatest ideas.

TO SUFFER FROM HEADACHES MAKES LIFE MISERABLE

Headaches seem to be habitual with many people. Some are seldom, if ever, free from it, suffering continually with the dull throbbings, the intense pains, sometimes in one part, sometimes in another, and then over the whole head, varying in its severity by the cause which brings it on.

Flowers For All Occasions WEST FLORAL CO.

GOOD THREE TIMES A DAY

Parched corn, during the United States Civil War, dry and unpalatable as it was, furnished many a wholesome meal and sustained the endurance and courage of many a brave soldier.

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Put up as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, it is a delicious, appetizing, three-times-a-day food—not merely a breakfast food.

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## KITCHEN ECONOMIES

Six Ways of Making Delicious Dumplings

Why not use dumplings often if you wish to accustom the family to the breadless meal?

Dumplings are a rare treat at most tables, and there is really no reason why they should not be included in the family menu more frequently.

Meat Dumplings  
1 cupful of left-over meat  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
2 tablespoonfuls of milk  
3/4 cupful of flour  
1 1/2 teaspoonful of baking powder

Season meat with salt, pepper and a few drops of tabasco sauce. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Beat egg until light and add milk. Stir this into flour mixture. If this does not moisten all of flour add by spoonfuls. The dough should be quite stiff. Stir meat dumplings into boiling water. When they are done cook, tightly covered, for ten minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

Canned Peach Dumpling  
1/2 cupful of peach syrup  
3/4 cupful of boiling water  
2 ounces of fine hominy  
Pinch of salt

Add peach syrup to boiling water, hominy and salt, and cook in a double boiler, stirring frequently until hominy is tender. Add the peaches, cut fine, and cook fifteen minutes longer. If not sweet enough, add a little sugar. Turn into a large mold and serve cold.

Soup Balls  
1/2 cupful of cornmeal  
1/2 cupful of white flour  
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
Milk to make a soft dough

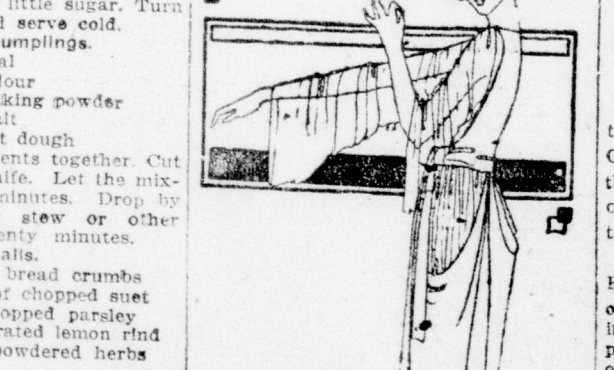
1/2 cupful of chopped parsley  
1/2 cupful of grated lemon rind  
1/2 teaspoonful of powdered herbs  
1 egg  
Salt, pepper, powdered mace  
Beat egg and mix with above ingredients. Form into small balls, roll in flour and add to soup.

We Specialize in correctly filling the recipes which appear on this page.

Cairncross Chemists 215 Dundas St. Phone 680. "CUT PRICES EVERY DAY."

## Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES



Note the Narrowness of Skirt. Soft fabric, semi-formal evening gown. The draped sleeves and upper portion of the skirt are of robin's egg blue chiffon, while the rest of the same fashionable color forms the bodice and overskirt. The latter is oddly draped to produce a modified bustle effect, and draws in rather narrow waist at the feet. A satin sash with streamers ornaments the front of the skirt.

This Semi-Formal Evening Gown is of Robin's Egg Blue Chiffon and Satin.

"May Your Feet Get Sore?"

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