

# Daily Magazine Page for Everybody

## Secrets of Health and Happiness

### The Electric Mattress an Effective Aid in Pneumonia

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



DR. HIRSHBERG

Pneumonia seems to be the super-giant of all the armies of mankind's enemies. Reports indicate that pneumonia is a cause of death would have a run-away race with its nearest competitor, tuberculosis. Medical science has made little, if any, headway against this bacterial infection of the lungs. The collected observations and figures upon pneumonia made at the Johns Hopkins Hospital indicate that pneumonia has killed this year in and out through almost a generation almost one person in every three it attacks.

The only real advance that has been made by human forces against the treacherous, Teuton-like assassinations of pneumococci has been the discovery by Dr. Rufus L. Cole of the Rockefeller Institute, Dr. Cole found that ordinary pneumonia is caused by four different types of the pneumococcus, one of which can be used successfully to make an anti-pneumonia serum for those infected by this particular type of bacteria.

**The First Steps.**  
About 15 or 20 years ago Sir William Osler and his colleagues brought down a storm of criticism upon themselves for treating patients with pneumonia in the dead of winter or on cold days on open roofs.

This seemed to carry enthusiasm for the fresh air a bit too far. The number of "double pneumonia" and pneumonia fatalities appeared to increase—certainly the mortality rate was not reduced.

A little after that time it was suggested that the benefits to be derived from fresh air, so sorely needed by the aged-up lungs, could be better obtained by raising the air to blood heat and the victim required it by cold or already distressed lungs.

**How It's Used.**  
Sir William Osler, the distinguished English physician, announces that a seriously ill patient should be placed in the electric mattress in the hospital.

Dr. Dyer Duckworth and Dr. William Osler, with Mr. H. J. Galloway, have installed electric mattresses in all the wards of two wards at the Cripples' Hospital, Alton, England. This has in a manner helped to keep the blood, skin and lungs warm, and the things needed in pneumonia.

A flexible wire enters at the head of the mattress through an electrical terminal. The wire is insulated with glass beads. The mattress is heated in such a way that the hottest area is at the foot, less in the middle, and none at all at the head.

A switchboard at the head of the bed controls and graduates the heat. All told, the plan has worked well and safely outdoors as well as indoors. It is harmless, and cannot injure the victim of pneumonia, although it is too early to state exactly how much good will be done by this method. So far the facts point to several recoveries which seemed hopeless.

### Answers to Health Questions

W. X. Y. Z.—Q.—I suffer greatly with severe pain in the arms from the elbow to the finger-tips. Will you please advise a remedy?

A.—You should have an examination

made to determine the real cause. In the meantime, Swedish movements, electric battery, manipulation and massage may help to assuage the pain.

**ALICE.**—A.—If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, with your query repeated, I shall be very glad to give you the desired information.

**A READER.**—Q.—Is it good to use on the hair for dandruff? I have used it for some time, but I cannot see any improvement.

A.—I am sorry I cannot give you any advice on the article you mention. I make it a rule never to discuss advertised remedies.

**W. E. T. Q.**—Will you please tell me what to do for blackheads?

A.—A gentle massage with a sterilized piece of absorbent cotton, followed by an application made up of the following is very good for blackheads:

Puller earth ..... 4 drams  
Glycerine ..... 3 drams  
Vinegar ..... 2 drams

**MRS. C. B. T. Q.**—Will you kindly tell me what to do to fatten a skinny neck?

The following is an admirable preparation for bleaching the skin:

Glycerine ..... 1 ounce  
Rosewater ..... 1 ounce  
Tincture of benzoin ..... 10 drops

## THE EASTER HAT

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By Will Nies



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It may be only begun and Easter a far-distant dream—nations may rise and fall and the whole world writhe in chaos—but thoughts of the Easter Hat WILL come. Only a vision now, a tentative, preparatory scheme for SOME hat, soon it will crystallize

into just the RIGHT one for HER. And who can deny the message it bears even to the merest mere man when the Easter chimes ring out on the hopeful air and the joy of the realization of her dream is reflected in the radiance of HER face.

## WINIFRED BLACK Writes About Poor Mrs. Butterfly

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Winifred Black

The butterfly wants to be a bee—poor butterfly!

She came in to see me this morning, and told me all about it.

At first I wanted to smile; then I wanted to be cross, and then I wanted to be kind.

When I'd rock her to sleep and let her cry all she wanted to do, my shoulder while she was going by—and I'd lay her down in a nice, little white bed, in a quiet little blue and white room, with cheerful yellow curtains at the window and a bowl of yellow tulips on the table.

I'd pull down the blind and let the sun in, and put my finger on my lip and tell everybody, "Sh-h-h!" But first I would cover her up warm and warm, and soft, and with a blue and white edge-

down—and I would let her sleep and sleep and sleep—poor butterfly!

And maybe when she woke up she wouldn't be a little girl that looks like a woman any more, but a woman who looks like a little girl, and that's always so much nicer, and so much easier to love.

"I must do something," said Butterfly. "I really must. You see, the baby is beginning to walk now, and Tom's salary isn't big enough for all the things we need, and I get so nervous about it in the house, and it's awfully hard work taking care of a baby that can run away and toddle into the pantry and the kitchen and the living-room, and tip over the milk pitcher and throw the clothespins out of the window, and then run into the living-room and put things in the fire, and any minute he might—don't you know?"

Just Picture Her Working!

"Besides, I feel the need of work—myself, regular, systematic work, don't you know—to keep me busy and give me something to think about and let me earn some money—there's a perfectly sweet pair of blue shoes up at the shop on the corner, and a little blue cap to match, and Baby Bunting would look too dear for words in them. No, he doesn't exactly need them. He has a

pair of everyday trotters, and some red ones for best, but how cute he would look in those blue shoes!

"And I want a new record for the photograph, and there's a bid cage at the Japanese shop that would just match the basket of eggs down at the shop, and I simply adore to buy it, and besides—"

Butterfly's eyes grew very big and very solemn. "We're in debt, and Tom worries about it. I like to keep just as plain, and I'd like to help, and isn't there something you can give me to do, or get for me, or something? I'd try very hard, and I don't think I'm exactly a fool!"

There wasn't a thing for poor Butterfly to do, not a thing—with me, or with any of my friends. She doesn't know how to work—she just knows how to play, and now, when she can't play any longer, what is she going to do?

Poor Butterfly—at work?

Why, she'd turn any office in town upside down in a week. She'd bring down the manager's desk and a buttonhole bouquet for the cashier and

over the cracks in the sidewalk. Others were making roadways, and some were building wonderful houses with underground storerooms. Several were trying out his food and laying them on the ground.

"Our stores got wet when it rained, so the servants are spreading them out to dry," said Red Ant.

They went inside Red Ant's house and several black ants were carrying their food to the kitchen, washing them to go for a walk in the sunshine.

"These are the nurses," said Red Ant. "Not long ago we captured a colony of black ants and took them prisoners of war. Their babies make the best slaves. Our branch of red ants doesn't like to work, so we have to have some one to do our work for us."

Just then a tiny black ant entered and carried Red Ant's son away and put him to bed. So Dicky said it was time to go home, and Red Ant led him up the sand tunnel into the sunshine.

All the way home Dicky was very careful not to step on the little sand houses, for he knew it only meant more work for the little black slaves, and Dicky felt very sorry for them. He wished there was an Ant Lincoln to set them free.

Several little black ants came running up and told Red Ant they had taken the cows over to the bushes to feed. Red Ant started for the rose bush and Dicky followed him.

"Have You Seen Any Cows?"

At first the little black ants that stood guard on the branch weren't going to let Dicky up, but Red Ant convinced them Dicky was a friend so they let him pass. There on the rose leaves sat hundreds of tiny grass plant life filling themselves with the sweet juices that came from the rose leaf.

"These are our cows," said Red Ant. "Well, I never heard of such a thing!" laughed Dicky.

"I could tell you a great deal about ant life that you've never heard about," replied Red Ant, and he invited Dicky back into the little sand pile city.

Why Be A Soldier?

No one would get a thing done, and everyone would wonder why, and when she had all the files mislaid and all the addresses lost, and forgotten all the telephone numbers, and called up all the wrong people—she'd take a fancy to go somewhere else to another office where the decorations were more becoming to her complexion—then there we'd be, gasping—relieved and furious at the same minute.

Poor Butterfly—I wish she wouldn't want to be a bee.

She never can be, and there's no earthly use for her to try.

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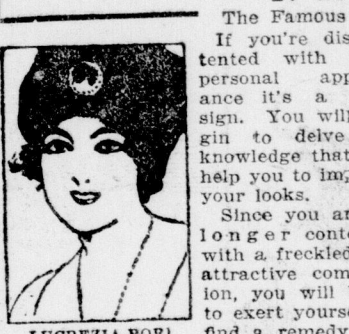
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Tiny black ants were building bridges

## Discontent--How It Will Lead to the Real Road to Beauty

BY LUCREZIA BORI



LUCREZIA BORI

If you're discontented with your personal appearance it's a good sign. You will begin to strive for beauty, and you will begin to strive for beauty.

Since you are no longer contented with a freckled, unattractive complexion, you will begin to exert yourself to find a remedy that will remove the freckles and improve the texture of your skin.

The more discontented you are the harder you will try to eliminate your defects. One remedy having failed to bring about the desired results, you will try another and another until you discover the right one for you.

Discontent with an old method of treating your hair and scalp will inspire you to try something new. You may have been using a certain brand of hair tonic for years, but have suddenly discovered that your tresses are losing their lustre and coming out by the handfuls. Not being satisfied with this condition of affairs you try a different tonic and keep on trying until you find one effective in the new condition.

Take Stock Now.

Are you discontented with your appearance when you don an evening gown? You realize that never before in your existence have the bones of your neck been so prominently on your arms so long and scrawny-looking. You may have been the sort of person who, heretofore, has thought very little about cul-

tivating good looks, but discontent will cause you to think differently. You will begin to apply cocoa-butter, almond oil or skin food to the bony portions of your anatomy, hoping to fill the hollows and round the angles with flesh.

For the first time in your life you will show some interest in exercising. You may know little or nothing about deep breathing or handling dumb-bells, but for the sake of your hollow chest and narrow shoulders you will learn all about these methods of physical improvement.

The fact that your lips and cheeks are colorless and your skin possesses an unattractive pallor will make you dissatisfied with your appearance. You pay a visit to your family physician, who pronounces you in an anemic condition and immediately prescribes a blood-building tonic and a special diet, and tells you to live out-of-doors as much as possible. The result will be an improvement in health and a decided change for the better as far as beauty is concerned.

Care of the Hands.

Discontent with the unlovely appearance of your hands will prompt you to take better care of them. You will not only pay a weekly visit to the manicurist, but will give your hands the care required to keep the skin soft, white and smooth. This means that each night before retiring you will rub a softening lotion or cream into your hands and when bathing them use a bland soap and soft water.

If you are discontented with your looks—not in a capricious, immature, whimsical way, but a good sign. Prove to yourself how much well-placed discontent will inspire you to improve your appearance.

## "DOING MY BIT"

Practical Suggestions on Individual Ways to Help Win the War

By ALBERT BARRETT SAYRES

Being a "Home Soldier."

More and more is becoming clear to those whose places are at home that they are an important part of the national defence.

The soldiers at the front must have behind them a closely-knit army of men and women to assure victory. From the units who transport the guns, ammunition, food and all the other things so necessary to the fighting, to the individuals in workshops and on farms, in producing and in saving occupations, each does his part for success as certainly as the soldier who aims the gun and fires the shot. The housewife who saves food in the kitchen, even the children who waste nothing at table are home soldiers.

What sort of a home soldier are you? What are you doing to increase the amount of food available to send to our defenders at the front? The child who refuses to eat what bread or wheats day is a better soldier than the man who orders meat and eats it on needless days.

Is your home—every step from the doorstep to the eating—organized on the basis of a soldier's honor?

Using More Milk.

Those who have their own cows, or who are near a large milk supply—and this includes every one of us who lives in a city near which much milk is produced—may well save meat and increase the health of the family by using milk more.

Children should have milk at each meal. Each child ought to have at least a pint of milk a day, but a quart of milk is better ration. Be sure this is "whole" milk.

Those who don't like milk as a beverage may be given it in other forms. Here is one novel way:

To three quarters of a cup of milk, add a cup of cottage cheese, half a cup of ground peanuts, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, a cupful of breadcrumbs, two tablespoonfuls of drippings or savory fat, a cupful of cooked tomato, a cupful of cooked rice and salt and pepper to taste. Mold this into the form of a loaf and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. Serve with plums or green pepper sauce.

Serving Leftover Fish.

What do you do with the fish that is left over? Many who haven't the proper conception of the food value of fish throw it away when it proves more than enough for one meal.

You can serve yesterday's leftover fish in a most attractive way by making scalloped fish. The milk sauce makes it an excellent substitute for meat. The fish and see how delicious it is.

CONSTIPATION POISONS

the blood. Perfect elimination is indispensable to health. Stimulate the liver, open the bowels, and get the system into a good habit by taking Hood's Pills, the most reliable family medicine. Do not irritate nor gripe. Price 25c. of all druggists or promptly by mail of Hood Company, Lowell, Mass.

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Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES

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## KITCHEN ECONOMIES

Four Novel Ways to Make

methods of cooking try the stew route. For while there are only two or three ways in which chicken may be roasted, there is no limit to the differences in flavor which may be added to chicken stew.

**Spanish Stewed Chicken.**

1 chicken  
1 can of peas  
1 can of tomatoes  
2 onions  
1 green pepper  
2 tablespoonfuls of butter  
Salt, pepper, flour.

Cut up the chicken, wipe each piece, carefully, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Melt the butter in the saucepan or casserole, and when hot place the chicken in it to brown. When browned, remove the chicken and add to the butter in the pan the chopped onion, cook for a moment, then add tomatoes and chopped pepper. Simmer for 10 minutes, add the chicken and enough cold water to cover. Put the lid on tightly and stew until tender.

**Chinese Chicken.**

1 chicken  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
2 tablespoonfuls of sugar  
1 tablespoonful of lard  
2 tablespoonfuls of chili sauce  
2 cupfuls of vinegar

Place the cleaned chicken, boned, in stone crock or casserole and cover with the boiling vinegar. In which salt and sugar have been melted. Cover and stew in a cool place 24 hours. When ready to cook make a gravy of onion fried in fat. Remove the chicken from the vinegar, cut into sections and place in the onion gravy. Add a little water and simmer for 20 minutes.

**We Specialize**

in correctly filling the recipes which appear on this page.

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## BY ISOBEL BRANDS OF THE APPLECROFT EXPERIMENT STATION.

Delicious Chicken Stews.

**Riced Chicken.**

1 cupful of minced chicken  
1 cupful of boiled rice  
1 White of egg  
2 tablespoonfuls of brown bread-crumbs  
Salt, celery and nutmeg  
Top milk

Mix together the minced chicken and rice, add milk and the seasonings, and when thoroughly mixed the stiffly-beaten white of egg. Pour into a greased baking dish, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and place in the oven to brown.

**Turkish Chicken.**

2 cupfuls of diced, cooked chicken  
1 cupful of cooked rice  
2 cupfuls of chicken stock or hot water  
1/2 teaspoonful of salt  
1 teaspoonful of onion juice  
2 cupfuls of strained tomato juice  
2 tablespoonfuls of butter

Cook the rice in the chicken stock or hot water to which salt and onion juice have been added. Cover and let cook until the rice absorbs all the liquid, then add the strained tomato juice and cook until this is absorbed by the rice. Melt a little butter in a saucepan, then pour the chicken into the rice, add butter, cover and let simmer slowly for 20 minutes.

If you wish some special recipe for fowl write direct to Isobel Brands, the Applecroft Experiment Station, Greenwald, N. Y., inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply.

**The Origin of Famous Sayings**

Matthew Arnold. 1822-1888. The same heart beats in every human breast.—The Buried Life.

The men of culture are the true apostles of equality.

The pursuit of the perfect, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light.

## ADELE GARRISON'S NEW REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

What Madge Saw and Heard While Waiting in the Library.

Never in my life have I approached a task with such distaste, a dislike bordering upon terror, as was my portion when I entered the room of the public library devoted to the exhibition of valuable theatrical relics.

Ostensibly I was a student of dramatic history. In reality I was waiting at Lillian's request for Harry Underwood.

I had taken all my affection for Lillian, all my conscience as to the service in which I had enlisted under her direction, to nerve myself for the task which confronted me. I both loathed and feared Harry Underwood, and the feeling wasn't lessened by the fact that at times in our acquaintance I had been swayed by the almost hypnotic fascination which was his when he chose to exercise it.

I walked through the room, which so early had only the library attendants in it, and selected the standing desk which best commanded the whole of the room. The sloping surface of the desk was covered with copies of plays which had been used by prominent theatrical stars, and I reasoned that if I were correct in the theory that I had given Lillian, Harry Underwood, indeed, fatigable collector of things theatrical as he had always been, would sooner or later make his way to that desk.

**Two Lowered Voices.**

I was prepared to wait indefinitely, to come again and again to the library upon the chance of the encounter with him which Lillian so earnestly desired. But as the minutes and then the hours of that first morning wore away I was appalled by the tedium of the waiting. Fearing to attract attention by staying in one place, I moved from one desk to another, until within a few minutes of noon I found myself at a desk near one of the entrance doors—in fact, the opened door shielded one corner of the desk.

I was thankful indeed for this shelter, when from the corridor outside the clear notes of a voice I knew and dreaded fell upon my ears.

"So this is the dump where you waste your time, is it?" Grace Draper said unpleasantly. "I don't understand it. Harry, there isn't a pretty girl in the place."

"Perhaps I'm fed up on pretty girls," Harry Underwood's deep voice drawled lazily. "I've been dancing pretty close attendance on one of the most beautiful of the species, you know, my dear."

"I know nothing of the kind," she retorted, "but I do know that if you don't

## Good Night