MAGAZINE FEATURES
CHILDREN'S STORY

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

DAILY COMICS
HOME PROBLEMS

Child Ill; Self Aid Best Remedy of All

BY DR. WILLIAM A. M'KEEVER,
Professor in the University of Kansas and a Well-Known Educator.

It is a soul-trying and tragic experience to be compelled to watch for months the delicate thread of a sick baby's life while it threatens to give way and end the tiny career. If you ever did this thing, my dear reader, the ordeal has most certainly brought you into closer sympathy with the heart of every ordinary little one.

One year ago the fond parents and some others of us were touched with deep compassion as we beheld the form of a bright little three-year-old boy suddenly made limp and inert by the dread disease of infantile paralysis. For months the patient baby sufferer lay in a stupor with only an occasional moan to betray the agony of it all. No one could then guess as to the outcome.

But today I was rejoiced to see the baby victim again still alive, plump and strong enough to stand on his good leg and wiggle the other a bit.

There are thousands of these child victims of the dread disease of infantile paralysis, and I shall try here to summarize my rather wide experience in observing its distressful results and its possible methods of treatment.

Perhaps it may be truthfully stated that there is no quick-acting cure for this disease or even for effective relief. Improvement at best must be a matter of months. Medicine, mind healing, massage—these three forms of treatment are being applied and each class frequently pretends to effect a cure. I can see justification for them all; and, indeed, I feel inclined to commend each and all of them. But I have even a more profound regard for the Great Maker of All Nature and the self-healing properties which he has placed in that nature.

Now, whatever, else has been done or applied in the treatment of infantile paralysis, let me say that the sufferer himself has appeared to me to do most for his case through persistent effort to move the affected parts and give them long-continued exercise. Exercise, exercise, exercise—a little more, a little more, and still a little more—that has accompanied practically every known cure.

If the little ailing one can so much as twitch his fingers or wiggle his toes, that is a fair beginning out of which he may by very slow progress restore his lost powers. At first he will do this work of self-healing indifferently. But by degrees even a three-year-old will come to understand how to do it and to like the exercise.

Encourage him, cheer him, make a sort of happy game out of his effort. Gradually the life blood and the warmth will come back and the power of locomotion in proportion. When a partial restoration is reached, some stop at that and fail of full recovery. But this fault often leaves one a semicripple for life. Keep after the case for years and be satisfied only with complete restoration.

Fashion's Forecast

By Annabel Worthington.

LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHT GOWN

Pink or orchid crepe would be pretty for just such a gown as No. 9587. Being attached to a yoke, held on the shoulders with perky bows of ribbon, makes it different from the usual type of one-piece gown.

The ladies' and misses' night gown No. 9587, is cut in sizes 16 years and 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material, with ⅝ yards 27-inch or 36-inch all-over lace or embroidery, 2 yards edging and 1 yard ribbon. Price 12 cents.

Limited space prevents showing all the styles here. We will send you our 32-page fashion magazine, containing all the good, new styles, hints on dressmaking, etc., for 5c, or 3c, if ordered with a pattern.

Our fashions and patterns are furnished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth street, New York city.

As a Woman Thinks

DO YOU SECOND THE MOTION?

Midst all the noise about riotous spending, riotous living, luxury, extravagance and the evil ways of a topsy turvy world which is daily reported to be getting worse, there appears this head in the day's news, "Parents Decide to Tame Philadelphia's 'Child Set.'" Then follows a story which tells of such a sane and sensible and altogether praiseworthy plan that one must read twice to be sure it is true.

The parents in the fashionable set in Philadelphia have banded together in order to put into effect a few simple, not too drastic, reforms in the social life of the younger set. Bedtime and clothes are two things which are to be most stressed. These sensible mothers, and fathers, too, for fathers attended the meeting which was held, are going to ban backless frocks, too thin materials, silk hose, and all extreme styles. Then parties which have been held at nine and lasted until midnight are going to begin at seven and end no later than ten-thirty. Dancing classes shall also begin earlier and end earlier and only the simplest menus shall be served for refreshments. There will be no more heavy course dinners and no more midnight parties for these Philadelphia youngsters.

It is said that the idea is not to restrict but to provide suitable entertainment for the young folk. The idea is not to deprive the children of any fun, but rather to make a special effort to give them all the fun they want, but the proper kind of fun, the wholesome fun of youth, not entertainments copied after "grown-up" functions.

This is a step in the right direction and it is encouraging to note that the home is taking up the idea which has long been fostered by many of the most fashionable and exclusive private schools. Some of the schools go even farther than these Philadelphia parents and bar georgette waists, silk hose, silk petticoats, and finery or jewelry of any kind and ban all evening parties except those for girls only. If more cities take up the idea perhaps we will once again see real girls, pretty red-cheeked little maids with pig-tails and innocent eyes. And in order that these little girls become the style we move that there be a national organization for the "taming of the child set."

(Copyright, 1920.)

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

(Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

"Discretion" is what suddenly comes to a man, when the game or the girl has begun to bore him.

The trouble with marriage is that most men have come to look upon it as a load rather than a lodestar, and most girls to regard it as just a little "detour" along the highway to success.

Love is one long struggle for a man! He fights first to win a woman; then to prove he loves her; then to prove he's right; then—just to fight; and last to escape from her!

After a few years, a married man gets so used to acting on the defensive that if his wife utters a protest when she steps on a tack, he calls it "nagging."

Every youth thinks he could accomplish a lot at college if his studies didn't interfere—and a lot in business, if work didn't take up all his time.

"Ibanez was right!" confided an exdoughboy to me, the other day. "There is only one way to handle women. Grab 'em young—treat 'em rough—and tell 'em nothin'!" Oh, well—I wonder!

The average husband wants to "take the land"—but he puts up an awful protest, if you ask him to run the lawnmower over it.

A man takes a woman's love for granted—but a woman wants daily bulletins of a man's sentimental temperature. His protests may be fair and warm today, but unless they are "fair and warmer" tomorrow, she will think he no longer loves her.

Baked Ham—Take a slice of ham about two inches thick. Rub the top with a little ground mustard. Add one-half cup of brown sugar. Cover with sweet milk and let bake until tender.

WHO'S WHO IN THE DAY'S NEWS

The progress of the bitter controversy now raging between Admiral Sims and Secretary of the Navy Daniels is being watched with the keenest interest not only by those connected with the navy but by the public as well. America's verdict will doubtless be swayed in the end by the testimony of Admiral William Shepherd Benson, chief of naval operations throughout the war and naval adviser to the American peace delegation at the Paris conference last year. Admiral Benson is scheduled to appear before the senate subcommittee now investigating Sims' charges.

Adm. Benson.

Throughout the trying days when the navy was performing the difficult job of transporting 2,000,000-odd American soldiers to France it was Admiral Benson's hand that directed the movements of the vessels and deployed the convoys. To him fell the responsibility of safe transport for the American expeditionary forces.

Admiral Benson has been a disciple of preparedness and, when the war broke and the United States was faced with the problem of mobilizing an army in France, Admiral Benson surprised his confreres in the war and navy departments by bringing forward a plan he had worked out long before America became involved in the European struggle.

Admral Benson's career in the navy has been brilliantly successful from start to finish, though he has avoided the high lights of publicity. Perhaps the most dramatic feat of his naval career was when, as a captain, he sailed with Gen. A. W. Greely's Arctic expedition in 1881. Twenty-five soldiers went with Greely, who was at that time an officer in the army signal corps. Seven of the party survived the terrible experiences they were compelled to endure.

As an officer of the dispatch gunboat Dolphin, Benson made his first trip around the world, returning in 1890, when he was assigned to the Naval academy. There with occasional breaks in the monotony, when he was given active duty for short periods, he served as an instructor for seven years. Then he was transferred to the Pacific fleet, and eventually to the command of the U. S. S. Utah. His appointment as commandant at Philadelphia followed.

Throughout his long service in the navy, Admiral Benson has been known as a man "who can get things done." For a time he served with the coast survey, and from this gained much of the knowledge which proved so valuable to him in later years when, as chief of naval operations he was truly the "Big Gun of the Navy."

Tailleur Suit Is Smart For Spring

Here is a very nobby suit which is not strikingly mannish, but which shows exquisite tailoring. It is fashioned of navy blue tricotine. The skirt is plain with a narrow belt and set-in pockets which will barely hold a handkerchief. The coat is unbelted with braid trimming on the sleeves and over the hips. Here a white stock is worn to complete the outfit, but on warmer days it will be more comfortable to wear a collarless blouse with a vestee.

Girl Wants to Get Somebody's Fortune

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

Dear Mrs. Thompsson—I want money. I have been a hard-working girl all my life, but it seems the harder I work the farther money gets from me. I am 30 years old and am married to a good but poor man. All my relatives are poor, so there is no chance of being a rich relative's heir. So won't someone who hasn't an heir and wants to make somebody happy adopt me?

I would use every nickle of it for a good purpose. Some leave millions for buildings and schools and one man left $12,000 to a woman just for pin money. Won't anyone make me happy?
EAGER.

If you studied economics, Eager, you would know that the mighty personages of Supply and Demand regulate all exchange. And the supply of would-be heirs is far greater than the demand for them, so I'm afraid I will have to tell you that the fairy princes all died with Messrs. Grimms and Anderson, leaving in their place Honorable Elbow Grease. That gentleman will help you along the highway to wealth and happiness better than any benefactor I could find.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—When a boy comes to see a girl how late should he stay? Will poke shape hats be worn this year? Was Florence Nightingale an Italian? WORRIED.

A girl in school should have company not later than 10 o'clock. Poke shape hats will be very good this summer, many being made up in ribbon and georgette crepe. Florence Nightingale was born in Florence, Italy, in 1822 of English parents and is considered an English woman.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a boy 14 years old and, although my father is good to me and I love and respect him, he is so strict with me. He whips me for every little thing I do, I try to obey him, but I can not always be good. Don't you think I'm too old for this treatment and what shall I do? BILL.

It is just because your father has your own interest at heart and wants you to be fine and manly and noble that he is so seemingly strict with you. Abide by his rules at all times, and later when you are older you will realize and appreciate his careful training.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—What do you think of a boy who is well behaved and refined looking but still will never speak well of his family? One time he will say a certain boy is his brother, and the next time that he is his chum. C. L. D.

A boy who is not true and loyal to his family will very rarely be true or loyal to anyone and I would have nothing but a mere acquaintanceship with him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a young girl of 18 and I can't understand why, when I meet a young man, I think that I like him fine and am crazy to go with him if he doesn't ask me to. But if I do go with him several times I get tired of him and can't stand to go with him any longer. CUTIE.

It is the old, old story, "When we get what we want we don't want it." But people who feel this way are generally people who do not know their own minds and don't know what they want when they see it. Decide upon the traits you admire in a man and when you see a man possessing them, go with him several times and I don't think you will become so tired of him.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—A girl here talks about me all the time. It makes me so mad that I have begun talking about her now and we have even stopped speaking on the street. It makes it very unpleasant for both of us as we are in the same crowd, but I don't know how to fix it up now. What must I do? BABY.

"There is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us." Take that to heart and abide by it. Let the other girl know that you have stopped the petty business of gossiping, start speaking to her again and I think things will soon resume their normal relationship.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Where can I get a book on good table service? What creams would you recommend for ridding the face of pimples? MRS. L.

Try at the Cossitt library. Bad complexions are caused by impure blood, which comes from poor digestion and improper food. Correct your diet by eating only the wholesome and substantial foods and drinking plenty of pure water and the pimples will disappear without the aid of cosmetics.

To Dewdrop—(1) Yes, at first; directly the opposite, later. (2) No.

What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

EMMELINE.

Emmeline is another of the feminine names produced from the root Amal, of which Amelia has already been discussed. But Emmeline, which has often been erroneously confused as a derivative of Emma, has an interesting history. The name, which is translated to mean "work serpent," has no connection other than by similarity of letters, with Emma, which means "grandmother."

Emmeline came into existence through the queens of Navarre and the Austrian. The sister of Sancho I. of Navarre, who married Alphonse the Great, was called Amelina. But the ladies of Navarre were not content with a single name—they must have equivalents. So Amelina was also Simena and Ximena.

Ximena survived the longest of any of her other names and came to be popular in all classes. The wife of the Cid was so called but the French turned her into Chimene. The English promptly called this strange name Emmeline and even France now has an Emeline. The form Emylyn, which appears in old ballad poetry is identical with Emmeline.

The latter name is a bit long for Americans and though it is properly given in Baptism, it unfortunately too quickly degenerates into the handy "Emmy"—which is no name at all.

Jasper is Emmeline's talismanic gem. This brilliant green stone will drive away evil spirits and prevent the bites of venomous creatures, particularly of snakes. A prayer for rain will be answered if the one who prays wears Jasper. Tuesday is Emmeline's lucky day, and five her lucky number.

(Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Note to readers: Is there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meaning; its derivation and significance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall will tell you.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope with your queries, to Mildred Marshall, The News Scimitar.

Maple Oatmeal Cookies—One-quarter cupful of grated maple sugar, one-quarter cupful of syrup, one egg, one cupful of uncooked oatmeal, one scant tablespoonful of shortening, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Beat the egg well, gradually add the maple sugar and the heated syrup, then melted shortening and other ingredients. If the batter seems too thin it will be necessary to add enough flour to thicken. Drop from a spoon to a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes.

UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND ALICE'S PUDDING.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)
BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Uncle Wiggily! Don't you want to go to school with us?"

That was the jolly call Mr. Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, heard one morning as he awakened and sat up in bed. At first he could not imagine where he was.

"This is very strange," he said to himself. "Those voices do not sound like the chatter of Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels."

Then Uncle Wiggily looked around, and saw that he was in a strange room, and, outside, he heard some quacking noises and the flapping of wings.

"Oh, now I remember," said the old rabbit gentleman to himself as he wrinkled his pink nose. "I am at the Wibblewobble duck house, where Lulu invited me to stay in such a funny way, by pretending that something had happened. That was a good joke on me, ha! ha!"

Uncle Wiggily jumped out of bed, and out of the window he popped his head.

"Don't you want to come to school with us?" cried Jimmie and Lulu and Alice who were playing down in front of the duck house.

"Oh, not this morning, thank you," said Mr. Longears. "I shall have to help Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy bring over our things from the Bushytail squirrel house, if we are to stay with you ducks. So I will not be able to come to school with you this morning."

"All right! Come tomorrow!" quacked Jimmie, as he and his sisters hurried on to the hollow stump school, where the Lady Mouse Teacher heard their lessons.

Uncle Wiggily had slept rather late that morning, and when he went down to breakfast Nurse Jane and Mrs. Wibblewobble had ready for him a nice breakfast of fried apple sauce, stuck full of cocoanuts, and very good they are for rabbit gentlemen with the rheumatism, too.

"I hope you and Nurse Jane will enjoy your visit with us," quacked the duck lady.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall," said Mr. Longears, and the muskrat lady, who used to keep house for him in the hollow stump bungalow, before it burned, said the same thing. Some day Uncle Wiggily hoped to build a new bungalow, when things got cheaper.

After the rabbit gentleman had finished his breakfast, he put on his tall, silk hat and took his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch down off the piano shelf.

"I'll just step over to Mrs. Bushytail's and get the things we left there," said Uncle Wiggily to Nurse Jane and Mrs. Wibblewobble. As I told you in the story before this one, Mr. Longears was visiting around. And he had now come to stay at the duck house for a time.

"Well, be sure and bring my lace collar," said Nurse Jane, as the rabbit gentleman went through the kitchen, for it was shorter out through the back door to the Bushytail house where he had been staying.

Mrs. Wibblewobble and Nurse Jane were in the dining room, clearing away the breakfast dishes and, as Uncle Wiggily passed through the kitchen they heard him ask:

"What's this nice brown thing in the yellow baking dish?"

"Oh, that must be the pudding Alice baked," said the duck lady. "She made it the way the lady mouse told her, and she was going to take it to school to show her teacher. She went off without it, thinking so much about Uncle Wiggily, I suppose."

"So this is Alice's pudding, is it?" spoke the rabbit gentleman, as he heard what Mrs. Wibblewobble said. "Well, I'll take it to her on my way to the Bushytail house. I can easily carry it."

"That will be very kind of you," quacked the duck lady, and Nurse Jane said the same thing. Then carrying under his paw the yellow baking dish, with something round and humpy and brown nestled in it, Uncle Wiggily hopped away.

Over the fields and through the woods he went and he was thinking it was very nice to visit around among his animal friends, and he was wondering whether he might not stay a little while at the hollow stump school, when he had delivered Alice's pudding, when, all of a sudden, out from behind a mulberry bush jumped the bad old Bazumpus.

"Ah, ha! Oh, ho!" howled the unpleasant Bazumpus. "This is where I get my souse!"

"Your souse?" repeated Uncle Wiggily, questioning like and apprehensive. "Do you mean my souse?"

"Have it your own way," said the Bazumpus appreciative like. "'Twas yours, 'twill be mine when I nibble it. Here I come!" and he gave a jump toward the bunny rabbit.

But, as it happened, Uncle Wiggily had set down, on the ground beside him, the yellow baking dish with what he thought was Alice's pudding in it; and when the Bazumpus jumped up he landed down near the rabbit gentleman, but, instead of landing on the earth, the bad chap landed in the baking dish.

"Oh, look out for Alice's pudding!" cried Uncle Wiggily in alarm.

And then a funny thing happened, for the Bazumpus suddenly arose in the air, shooting up like a rocket. He bounced up off Alice's pudding like a little girl jumping rope, and away, far over the tree tops he sailed, never getting a smitch of the bunny's souse.

"My! That is a funny pudding of Alice's! It is bouncy like a rubber plant," said Uncle Wiggily. And putting on his glasses, he looked carefully at the yellow baking dish.

Then, to his surprise, he saw that instead of holding Alice's pudding, the dish held Jimmie's brown rubber football. The Bazumpus had jumped on that ball, and had been bounced over the trees and far away.

"What a funny mistake," said Uncle Wiggily. "But it was lucky for me."

He hurried back to the duck house, only to find that, after all, Alice had taken her pudding to school. And Jimmie had left his football in the empty dish by mistake, and the bunny had thought it was something good to eat.

So everything came out right, you see, and if the puppy dog doesn't let the cat out of the laundry bag to scratch the face of the clock, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Jimmie's jumbles.

AN AGRICULTURIST.

Farmer: What? You want a job on the farm? Why, I'll bet you can't even tell a cow when you see one.

Applicant: Cows? I know all about both kinds.

"Both kinds? What are both kinds?"

"American cows that live in tin cans and French cows that live in your bedroom."—The Home Sector.

MAN OF ABILITY.

"So you want a job? What have you been trained to do?"

"Dig ditches, keep accounts, drive a horse and automobile, handle money, carpentry, telegraphy, machinist, superintendent construction—"

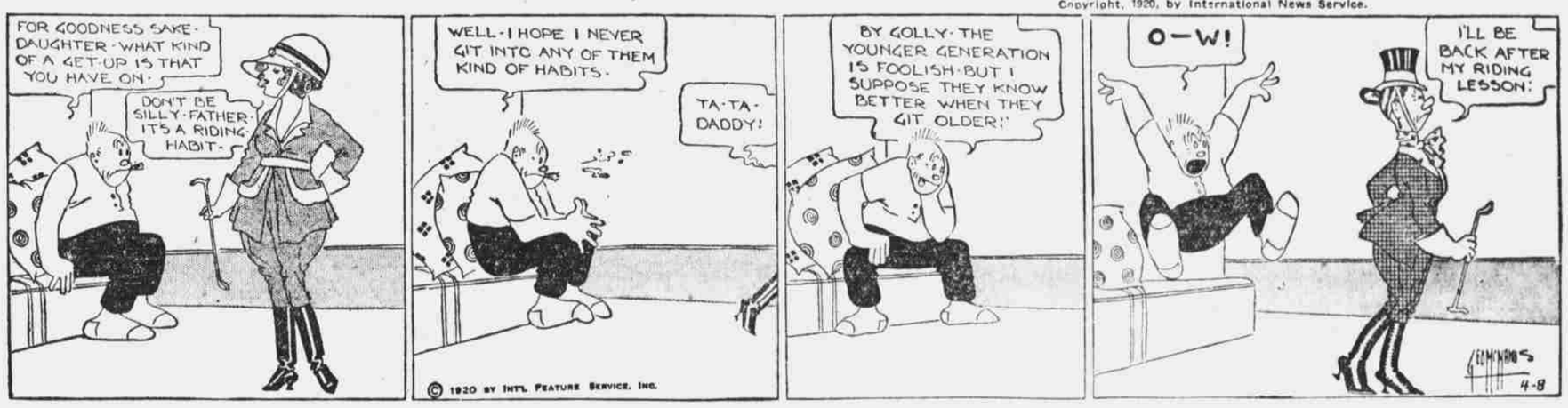
"Oh, efficiency expert, huh?"

"No, ex-private."

"Hired."—The Home Sector.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus

Copyright, 1920, by International News Service.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Like High Rents—We Still Have Tillie With Us

JOE'S CAR—Or, Maybe You Drank Something, Joe

For the Table

In spite of the apparent variety, there are but the two classes of cake, the "butter" and the "sponge" cakes, although some make a third class of the raised cakes with the foundation of bread dough.

Basic Butter Cake Recipe—One-half cup butter or good butter substitute, one cup sugar, two eggs, one cup milk, three cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one-quarter teaspoon salt, flavoring.

Method of Mixing—One: Put the butter or substitute in a large bowl and work with a wooden spoon until it has the consistency which gives the name of "creaming" to the process.

2—Add sugar gradually to butter until the sugar has practically dissolved in the butter.

3—Beat egg yolks until lemon colored and add to the creamed butter and sugar.

4—Mix and sift the dry ingredients.

5—Add dry ingredients and liquid alternately to the butter and sugar mixture, mixing thoroughly each time a portion is added.

6—Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold lightly into the mixture and pour into the pans for baking.

Notes—Time and labor may be saved by beating the eggs whites first then using the same beater without washing for the yolks. This can not be reversed, as the yolks would keep the whites from becoming stiff.

If liquid flavoring is added it may be measured into the milk when assembling the ingredients.

Government experimenters are in favor of adding the baking powder just before adding the beaten whites. About 16 "beats" is sufficient to thoroughly incorporate the baking powder into the mixture.

There is, however, one thing against this method, namely, the possibility of forgetting the baking powder, especially is this true of the woman who has always used the "mix and sift the dry ingredients" method.

Nut Bread With Yeast—Three cups of flour, one cup of chopped nut meats, one cup of scalded milk, one-quarter cup of lukewarm water, one-half yeast cake, one tablespoon of shortening, two tablespoons of molasses.

Dissolve the yeast in a little of the lukewarm water, then stir in remaining water. Let the scalded milk become lukewarm and then add the yeast mixture. Add molasses, nut meats and half the flour and beat until the whole mixture bubbles thoroughly. Then add shortening and remainder of the flour.

Knead for ten minutes, place in greased bowl and leave in a warm place to rise. When double in bulk cut down, knead again, shape into small loaves and place into greased pans. Cover and set in a warm place to rise, then bake in a moderate oven.

Maple Filling—One cup maple syrup, one-half cup whipped cream, one egg white, few grains of salt.

Boil syrup until it threads. Add salt to egg white and beat until stiff. Add syrup to egg white slowly, stirring all the time. Add the cream and continue beating until it is thick enough to spread. On top of the cake pile this same filling and sprinkle with chopped walnuts or butternuts.