

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

When You're Losing Weight, First Find the Cause of It

GOOD LIVING HABITS FIRST THING NEEDED

Put Health in the Savings Bank Against That Rainy Day When Some Disease May Attack You.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

AFTER a severe illness, particularly prolonged fever, it is not at all uncommon for the victim to pull through, thin as a rail. But when there has been no such illness, we must look further for the reason.

What does it mean if we begin to lose weight? We always look upon pronounced emaciation as a sure sign of disease. But what disease?

You need not be fat in order to have good health. You need not be reasonably plump. You may be extremely thin and yet be perfectly well. It is the losing in weight which disturbs us.

Sometimes the loss of weight has gone on for months and perhaps nobody has noticed it. Sometimes the face retains its usual roundness long after the limbs and body have grown very thin. It is not until the vest or waistband becomes conspicuously loose that you awaken to the fact that your surplus flesh is melting.

The hands, particularly the backs of the hands, show the decline in flesh. The bones stand out because the fat between them has disappeared.

If you have been well nourished or fat and begin to lose weight, I should seek the cause. This is not a simple undertaking. It may be extremely difficult to locate the reason.

Unless the loss in weight can be readily traced to some definite cause, there are several possibilities which must be considered. The first one to think about is whether or not you are the victim of some form of infection.

1.—Teeth or gums, diseased tonsils, infected nasal sinuses, kidney infection, digestive disturbance, disease of the bladder, etc.—these are among the possibilities. It is well to see about this if you discover you are coming to lose weight.

2.—I often feel dizzy. I wear glasses and when I stoop over very much almost stagger upon getting up. 4.—I have a pain in the small of the back due to an injury some years ago—what would you suggest?

3.—I often feel dizzy. I wear glasses and when I stoop over very much almost stagger upon getting up. 4.—I have a pain in the small of the back due to an injury some years ago—what would you suggest?

A.—Your doctor should outline a careful diet. She should avoid acidity. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

2.—Handing or wearing an elastic stocking during the daytime should be helpful. Keeping off the feet will also prove helpful in relieving the tension through the veins.

3.—Have your blood pressure taken and be sure that your glasses are suitable.

4.—Have your doctor prescribe after examination. May be due to neuritis caused by infection in the system.

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

The Stars Say—

For Sunday, July 8.

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE.

SUNDAY'S Horoscope holds gratifying forecast of advancement, prosperity and happiness in many phases of life, with personal satisfaction and demerits reaching a high climax. It might be well not to be carried away by excitement or depressed by elderly persons or small delays or obstructions.

Those whose birthday it is stand at the door of a year of splendid achievements and satisfactions. There may be promotions, honors or preferences as well as gratifications and keen happiness in personal affections. But let not small obstacles or elderly persons interfere with this felicity. A child born on this day may be endowed with many excellent qualities and graces for success and happiness in life, and it will find joy in the effort necessary to attain this high estate.

Today is the day I have been looking for, all my life has been spent in preparation for it.—Glen Buck.

Answers to Health Queries

E. H. Q.—Can catarrh be cured? 2.—What can be done for indigestion and gases? 3.—I am very nervous and my eyes bother me at times. I have a tingling feeling in the top of the head. What would you advise?

4.—Depending upon the length of time it has persisted. Keeping the nasal passages clear by proper treatment and spraying should be helpful in clearing up the trouble to a great extent. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

2.—First of all correct the diet and keep the system clear. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

A Fashion Model's Diary

By GRACE THORNCLEIFFE

Cire Satin Ribbon Used Intricately as Trimming.

MUCH a cute hat Mrs. Stephens wore into the shop yesterday! It was of plain blue felt (quite almost powder blue) cut out in the face quite low on the head and circle down into points and cheeks. It was really nothing more than a crown—but a crown at not even a royal head need be uneasily. Its use of a navy blue satin ribbon trim made it completely delightful.

The trim ran around the back of the hat to outline its two side-points, and which it arched up in a semi-circle to tie in a neat bow quite high to the crown—and a darling model!

Well, it developed that Mrs. Stephens wanted a dress to wear it with, and fortunately I was able to produce a model that might have been made specially for it.

It was a dark blue wool-crepe street dress, made simply with its only elaboration a rather unusual employment of blue cire satin ribbon. The lower edge and left side of the square neckline were edged with the cire, which yielded a neat string bow at the intersection. Three horizontal strips of the ribbon, ending also in left side bows, and broken in by two-sided triangles that pointed alternately up and down, trimmed the bodice, which gathered into a neat belt of self-material.

A model of the skirt, snugly fitted and trim continued for the length, and the lower skirt section was treated with two side godets and a corresponding cire ribbon trim.

Dark Blue Wool-Crepe Street Dress with Matching Cire.

Evening wraps are elaborate in material rather than in line. The newest for Summer is a cape of black tulle covered completely with embroidery in silver and gold thread.

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Daisy and Susan

By Fanny Darrell.



Fanny Darrell.

THEY'RE sisters, these two, but oh, so different! Daisy, with her clear white loveliness, enhanced by the gold of her hair and the blue of her eyes, laughing, happy, flitting gaily through the golden summer days is a sprite who captures the hearts of all who see her.

Susan, with her dusky loveliness, her black hair framing a seriously lovely face, her brown eyes seeming to look right through you and read your innermost secrets—well, you stand somewhat in awe of her. But she's just as lovable as Daisy.

For, you see, if they were just alike, you wouldn't have any choice. Now it sometimes puzzles you a bit as to which you really like the best. Don't worry! Dan is watching and helping you, so whether it's Daisy or Susan—it will be the right one. For Dan Cupid always plans these things out in his own mind, and lets you worry a bit to make things more interesting.

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Cherry Time! Have You Memories of It?

By WINIFRED BLACK

CHERRIES are ripe—black ones, great big fellows, shiny and red and white ones from Oregon, and little snappy sour red ones from Illinois—pie cherries they call them, don't they?

Do you remember when you used to hang a couple of cherries over your ear and play they were rubies? Can't you feel the fine, smooth skin against your own skin—hark, is that old Ponto barking—why he's been dead who knows how many years. I never see a little girl with a pair of twin cherries over her ears without thinking of old Ponto. He always knew when cherries were ripe. He had to go down into the orchard and bark whenever the children began to climb the cherry trees.

Up to the house he rushed barking and down the road in the flying dust. "Come out, come out," he said, to those who sat in peace and comfort in the house, "those foolish children are going to break their necks."

When nobody came out, old Ponto threw himself down on the grass under the cherry trees and let his patient old nose with them just as much as we pleased.

Strawberry time, cherry time, green peas time, corn-on-the-cob time—dear me, we used to tell the time of the year by the things that came on the table, and now we have cherries from Oregon and from California and from Florida, and green peas from Colorado. We don't know whether it's June or September—and don't care. I think we miss a little something, don't you?

Cherries are ripe. I'm awfully fond of cherries, aren't you? They're so pretty in the first place and so smooth and so gay—and then, they're awfully good to eat. You can eat so many of them all at one time, and by and by you aren't so very comfortable and you think, "There, it's the cherries, I knew I was eating too many of them all the time."

Your hand steals out automatically and you take a few more and eat them and by and by you'll wish you hadn't.

But the next day, you do the same thing all over again. If you really love cherries.

And somehow, I don't know, I'd rather eat them and have the fun of it even if I always do wish I hadn't.

THE HOME KITCHEN

By JEANNETTE YOUNG NORTON

Making the Most of Strawberries.

Southern and hothouse strawberries give Northerners a taste of the joy to come, but generally at luxury price. When the real season opens, however, their popularity is attested, for prices are reasonable. There are many ways of serving the berries fresh and cooked. In selecting get berries that are fully ripe and of fine flavor regardless of size. Sometimes the very large and deliciously tempting looking berries lack flavor. The berries should be washed, hulled, halved if large, then placed in a deep bowl and well sugared. Set in a cool pan and stir frequently during the hours before it is time to make the cake. When ready and the cake is done fill the layers with the berries, turn over all some of the juice and serve as soon after laying up as possible. The remainder of the juice, say two or more cupsful may have a little more sugar added, a

small cupful, and it may be cooked down to a syrup, strained, cooled, and served with the cake. Plain rich cream may be served if liked, but not whipped cream with this style cake.

Modern Strawberry Shortcake. Make a square, or card, of the usual nursery sponge cake. While warm split and place on it a layer of freshly hulled berries that have been sugared, cover with whipped cream, put on the other layer and arrange the berries on top then smother in whipped cream. Serve as soon after making as convenient before the cake below is softened and that above dried out.

Strawberry Fritters. Make a fritter batter of a cupful of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a saltspoonful of salt and a quarter of a cupful of sugar sifted together. Add the beaten yolk of an egg and a quarter cupful of rich milk, then a tablespoonful of melted butter. Mix well then stir in the stiffly beaten white of the egg. Just all stir in a cupful of chopped fresh strawberries, draining off the juice. Drop by the large spoonful into hot clear fat and fry as usual. When done drain on blotting paper and dust with powdered sugar. If desired a cupful of the chopped berries with a half cupful of water and a cupful of sugar may be stewed until rich and syrupy, say ten minutes, then used as sauce for the fritters after cooling. The fritters should be served in a napkin.

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

LET THE BRAIN SAVE BODILY EXHAUSTION

An Hour of Well-Directed Mental Work May Make Days or Years of Grinding Toil Wholly Needless.

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH, Eminent Psychologist.

ORDINARY laziness is no virtue. It's a ball and chain that holds one back. Certainly the average idler and the indifferent, apathetic individual never succeed in a way that is striking.

Nevertheless, although we are accustomed to think that all progress has been brought about through the expenditure of great force and energy—and that, indeed, often has been true—it is also a fact that much has been accomplished in a way that may be called indolent and lazy.

It is said that Robert Fulton was lazy. The mathematician Newton was lazy. Samuel Johnson boasted of his indolence. Darwin, Spencer, Ibsen, Goethe always made it a rule of life never to hurry, but to take things easy.

Why was the laziness of these truly great and superior men different from the average? In what respects did they make laziness a virtue? Simply because they planned! They thought things out in advance! They took the leisure to think!

Many of the world's greatest inventions have been fostered with the idea of saving our steps, and labor, our time.

Thus we have had first the cart, then the carriage, then the automobile, and lastly the flying machine.

To save ourselves writing, the printing press came into being. To save the labor of the farmer various kinds of improved farm machinery were developed.

The telephone, the telegraph, wireless—all cut down the expenditure of energy.

The geniuses of the world have helped to give us the opportunity of being lazy. There is no question but that if we thought more and worked our muscles less we would all succeed more quickly and in a more pronounced and signal way.

The trouble is we hustle and bustle too much and accomplish too little because of it. Be a deep, thorough and searching thinker and you can well afford to be lazy. Use your mind and save your body. Think things over before you act. Don't rush about from one thing to another. Don't waste energy. Conserve it!

That is the kind of laziness that is a real virtue. That is the kind of laziness that has given birth to many of the world's finest accomplishments. Learn to make your mind the really controlling machine that it should be.

Make a little mind energy go a long way. Too many of us are energy spenders, and consequently we cannot afford to be lazy. Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Helpful Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: I am a high school girl and, naturally, I have had a number of flirtations with the high school boys and have gone out on a number of dates with them. I have tried to be as nice as I can, but I never let them interfere with my school work.

Lately I met a boy that I care more for than the others. He is highly respected in the school and is a good athlete. We think a lot of each other and our names are generally linked together at school.

The only thing that we ever quarrel about is his religion. He is strong in his belief. If I am asking you to advise me whether we should let this stand in the way of our friendship?

WAITING: I think you are very foolish to let religion stand in the way of a fine friendship, my dear. Does his religion detract from his personality or from his ability or his school record? Not at all! It gives him a background and a faith that will help him to strive for the best and highest.

BLACK EYES: If he has no record, forget him. Enjoy yourself with your other friends, and if he cares anything for you, he will be the one to make the advance.

Love's Awakening

The Heart Story of a Steadfast Woman.

By Adele Garrison

Madge and Lillian Take Up the Problem of Edith Fairfax and Her Wives.

I KEPT a wary eye upon my husband while he and Harry Underwood were vying with Philip Veritzen in exploiting for Junior's benefit the marvelous toy which my employer had brought to my little son. I knew that his resentment against Philip Veritzen for the flamboyant extravagance of the gifts was only smoldering, kept down for the time by the irresistible cheerfulness of Mr. Underwood and his own involuntary interest in the intricate mechanism of the toy.

Would he break out into some of those angry fits before Mr. Veritzen should take his leave? This was the fear which kept me tensed like a violin string while the interested chatter concerning the toy swept over me. Ordinarily, I should not have feared for Dicky, because he has the same horror of scenes which I have. But I realized that his rancor against Philip Veritzen was fast becoming an obsession with him.

I think Katherine sensed my fear. At any rate she came to the rescue a good minute before the ten she had named.

"I am afraid, Mr. Veritzen, that Junior is getting tired," she said. "My employer sprang to his feet immediately, as did Harry Underwood. Dicky's sticky remained sitting by Junior's side. Indeed, he could not have pulled away, for the boy, as is his custom, had his father's hands tightly clasped in his own."

"I will go at once," Mr. Veritzen said. "Good-bye, Junior. I hope they will let me come to see you soon again."

"Good! I hope so, too," Junior said fervently, with such evident boy-like anticipation of a future repetition of the present shower of gifts that Mr. Veritzen and Mr. Underwood laughed outright. But Dicky's smile and mine were distinctly unamiable.

"Will it hurt him to have me stay awhile?" Dicky asked Katherine. "Madge, you can do the honors, can't you, dear, and I'll be there with a perceptible sneer in his voice which I feared Mr. Veritzen would notice. I guessed that Harry Underwood caught it when he dropped his hand upon my shoulder."

"Let me, Lady Fair," he said. "I want a powwow with old Phil, and the real reason of my strolling into the room a few minutes ago was to give you a message from Lil. She wants to see you about something or other, Marion's dolls, I imagine. But of course, as soon as I caught sight of that contraption I forgot all about it. But for the love of Pete, go and find out what she wanted and save me being boiled in oil."

I was only too thankful for the opportunity to dodge both the speeding of my guest and an interview with my husband, and I lost no time in going to Lillian's room. My knock she came hastily to the door and drew me into it.

"I've been dying to get hold of you ever since that long-distance telephone," she said, "but you've been busier than Lindbergh when the reporters catch him. But tell me, wasn't that Edith Fairfax on the telephone?"

"Yes," I returned laconically, and she shot a sideward glance at me. "Say the word, old dear, and I'll close the well-known rosy lips tight. But if—"

"Please!" I said indignantly. "When have I ever preferred your silence to your comments?"

"Never that I know of," she promptly retorted, "which only proves my contention that there's always been a vacancy sign in your upper dome. But I'm glad you're in a receptive mood, for I'm wild to know what darling Edie is after."

(To Be Continued)

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Blanche Silver

Billy Goes Hunting.

BILLY shouldered his pogram and started down the long dusty road toward the woods. He had often seen his Daddy and Uncle Ben go hunting and Billy could hardly wait until he was big enough to carry a gun and go with them.

Billy hadn't gone very far when he heard something make a noise in the grasses at the side of the road and Billy, always ready for adventure, ran over to peek under the bushes to see who it was.

There, with his great tall ears up in the air, sat a dear little Bunny Rabbit. He was much larger than any rabbit Billy had ever seen and was wearing a lovely brown furry suit. His hind legs were much longer than most Bunny legs.

He flipped his pretty long ears and blinked his eyes at Billy. "Oh, please don't shoot me, little boy." "Mama Hare wouldn't know what to do without me, I'm quite sure. You see, Mama Hare has—"

"Mama Hare!" exclaimed Billy, "are you Daddy Hare? I thought you were a Rabbit."

"I'm Daddy Hare, Bunny Rabbit's cousin," replied the animal, smiling at Billy. "But I hope you don't intend to shoot me."

"Goodness me," laughed Billy, holding out his pogram. "This isn't a real gun. It's just a pogram. I can't shoot anything but a cork. Do you live around here some place, Daddy Hare? My, but you have terribly long hind legs. Why are they so long?"

"So I can jump out of sight quickly when the hunters come, I guess," replied Daddy Hare. "Some folks call me Jumping Hare, because I can jump better than many of my relatives. I can't swim as well as some of them, but I can run over the ice and snow better than my cousins can. Did you notice my big feet?"

"So they are quite large," said Billy, coming closer so he could see Daddy Hare's big feet, "and they seem to have hair between the toes, too. What's that for, Daddy Hare?"

"Why, so I can get over the snow better, Billy," chuckled Daddy Hare. "Do you know in cold weather, Billy, I change this brown suit for a white one and the hair between my toes gets thick and long, so my feet won't sink in the snow when I run. Come on and meet Mama Hare and the family," and he led Billy over to a hole in the ground almost hidden under some brush and weeds.

Here sat Mama Hare with her dear little babies, the dearest little furry creatures Billy had ever seen. "What's that for, Daddy Hare?"

"We're so proud of them," laughed Mama Hare. "You know, Billy, they have their furry coats on when they are born and their eyes are open, too. You know Bunny Rabbit's babies haven't any fur when they are born and their eyes are not open. Don't you think we should feel proud?"

"Indeed I do," agreed Billy, "and I'm going home and tell Daddy and Uncle Ben that they must be very careful not to bother your happy family. Daddy and Uncle Ben love to hunt, you know. But Daddy won't hunt on our own grounds. He goes away off in the woods to hunt. Maybe some day I can come back and see you after your babies get larger."

"You are always welcome," laughed Mama Hare, and she nudged her babies down in their bed. "Did you bring us anything to eat, Daddy?"

"I'm going for it now," said Daddy Hare, and he and Billy ran out into the road. Billy had Daddy Hare good-bye and ran back home, his pogram over his shoulder.

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Words of the Wise

Every man is the architect of his own fortune.—Claudian.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—Tillotson.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time.—Locke.

Friends are much better tried in bad fortune than in good.—Aristotle.

True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing, the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolutions of a brave mind.—Seneca.

Human experience, like the stern lights of a ship at sea, illumines only the path which we have passed over.—Coleridge.

Copyright, 1928, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.