

Sensitiveness to Foods

By
DR. JAMES W. BARTON
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IT IS hard to understand why foods that you have been eating for years now seem to disagree with you, causing headache, belching of gas, diarrhea, vomiting. As you think it over your common sense tells you that the food or foods are the same, so the trouble must be with yourself.

Drs. Walter C. Alvarez and H. Corwin Hinshaw of the Mayo clinic state that the diet may cause upsets in the stomach and intestine in a number of ways: Chemical irritation by certain parts of a food (the laxative parts in rhubarb and prunes); delay in the emptying time of the stomach; such fat foods as butter, cream, egg yolks, which stay in the stomach until all the rest of the food has been emptied from the stomach into the small intestine; emetic (tendency to vomit) action from melons, cucumbers, tomatoes; temperature irritations (as from cold drinks), or, finally, allergy or sensitiveness to certain parts of foods.

Then there are the stomach and intestinal disturbances which are caused, not because of the food itself, but because, as mentioned above, of your own physical condition when you eat the food—tiredness, emotional upsets.

Two Points to Consider.

The first point then is that there are many people who are sensitive to or upset by certain foods when they are rested and free from any emotional disturbance. This is true allergy and such excellent foods as eggs and wheat are examples of this class. Skin and other tests are used to find these offending foods.

The second point is that certain foods are laxative or slow in leaving the stomach or cause belching or vomiting. In this type of disturbance the individual leaves out certain foods in his diet and thus finally finds the particular food or foods causing the symptoms.

Overweight Shortens Life.

It is rather difficult to convince a man of forty years, whose height is 5 feet 7 inches and weight 180 pounds that he is really 15 per cent overweight and that men of his age with this excess weight shorten their life span or life expectancy, by about five years. If they are 30 per cent overweight, that is, with a weight of 205 pounds in this case, the life span is shortened not less than 20 years. He says he feels well, and knows he is stronger and enjoys life more than some of the "skinny" friends of his own age.

These same facts apply to women but fortunately, for the sake of appearance and comfort, most overweight women make some effort to keep their overweight within reasonable limits.

Of course, when the overweight is due to some gland disturbance—thyroid, pituitary, sex—special treatment with gland extracts is necessary to get complete or satisfactory reduction in weight. But, when, as in most cases, the overweight is due to simply eating more food than is necessary these individuals are really shortening their lives by overeating.

This common type of overweight caused by eating too much food and not taking enough exercise is commonly complicated by other results of this overeating and under-exercising, as well as by the results of excessive fat accumulation in the body.

The following disorders are commonly met as complications: heart disease, disorders of the kidneys, disorders of the blood vessels, especially high blood pressure, and hardening of the arteries, gall bladder, dyspepsia or indigestion, diabetes, constipation, and breathlessness.

Apples in Canada Since 1635

Apples have been grown in Canada since the days of early settlement, as far back as 1635, and the industry originally intended to provide apple cider and vinegar for home consumption has developed to such an extent that the value of commercial production averages about \$10,000,000 annually. The principal apple-growing areas of Canada are the Annapolis and Cornwallis valleys in Nova Scotia, the valley of the St. John river in New Brunswick, large districts in southern Quebec and Ontario, and the warm interior valleys of British Columbia.

India's Little "Holy Men"

India has many little "holy men" as young as twelve years of age, who have renounced all earthly allegiance, smeared their bodies with ashes and taken up their abodes under trees where they sit, day and night, in religious meditation, surrounded by disciples who, often old enough to be grandfathers, pray to them as though they were gods.—Collier's Weekly.

Wash Frocks Set Style Record

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



ITself offers, consider the style-high "looks" which you may be sure will make instant appeal, for designers are turning out perfectly stunning tub frocks this season. Note the accent on color contrast in each of the two light outfits shown. This matter of using dark with light in sharp contrast is important news.

WITH each succeeding season dresses and jacket costumes smartly styled of swank wash materials reach a new high in fashion importance. The current modes developed in voguish cottons, linens, rayons and hosts of intriguing novelty weaves that "wash like new," give you a dressed-up appearance that tames to any occasion.

Especially in the matter of smart daytime suits and afternoon frocks the trend is to style simple materials that will launder perfectly with as flattering details and meticulous finesse as you would expect in higher priced apparel. To prove our point that dresses and costume suits made of wash materials look every inch patrician we are picturing three models that received curtain calls at a recent preview of spring and summer fashions recently held in the Merchandise Mart of Chicago.

These attractive dresses are just such as you will find available in leading stores in most communities. You will like to know about the congo cloth that fashions the two light-with-bright-contrast costumes in the illustration. It is just what every woman is eagerly seeking, a material that keeps its whiteness or clear natural tone, does not shrink and is as non-wrinklable as modern science can make it.

After you have satisfied yourself as to the good service the material

GIBSON GIRL VOGUE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



The air is rife with news in regard to the revival of Gibson-girl fashions. And if you think there is any doubt as to the reality of this style movement see here pictured a lady of fashion, year 1938, as will grace the immediate spring and summer style scene. The rough straw sailor hat with huge decorative pin and crisp veil is true to an honest-to-goodness original Gibson type. The demure blouse of shadow-printed Swiss organdie with cascading jabot frill and high-tucked band collar is reminiscent of the early 1900's. The smart wool suit in the picture has a straight navy skirt with action pleats at front and back. The fitted jacket which she carries is of matching blue wool fabric, chalk-striped in white.

BANGLE BRACELET STYLE HIGHLIGHT

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**

In the way of a novelty bangle bracelet here's one that makes appeal to women of discriminating taste. If you inquire at the jewelry counter you will find that the bangle bracelet is a style highlight this season. One of the cleverest types yet designed has little gadgets of all-American inspiration dangling from a slender gilt chain. Exquisite workmanship marks the motifs in that each is defined in dainty rhinestone solid settings, the bangles consisting of an American eagle, Independence bell, covered wagon, a happy Indian figure, and cunning-as-can-be wee "Yankee Doodle come to town riding on a pony." This bracelet by Lester Gaba will add a most pleasing accent to any costume in that the entire scheme is carried out with consummate artistry.

Twelfth Century Lending

Glamor to Glove Fashions
The fine gloves, tabards and even shields used by Robin's noblemen enemies are contributing ideas to the early spring style picture. The gloves all have picturesque gauntlets and many of the finer ones are embroidered in silver or gold.

This is an idea which should blossom around cocktail time or even after dinner. The tabard of the Twelfth century was a long, oblong piece of cloth which had a hole cut in the center. The head was thrust through the hole, the waistline was girded and the result was a dashing tunic. Usually the front of these were elaborately embroidered in metallic thread. The tabard is a clever way to dress up lounging pajamas or to give a tunic effect to any gown.

Yellow Spring

It's a yellow spring at Paris fashion houses.

LOVE'S AMBITION WINS

By **COSMO HAMILTON**
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WNU Service.

IT WAS ten minutes past eight. She had just emerged from the entrails of that vast hotel. A manicurist, spruce and smart. Her hands wore the look of being constantly in hot water and her nails advertised her deft, delicate and universal art.

She was not hurrying from her place of business to make the trolley which took her home. Rather, she was dashing away from a great emotional upheaval, the crisis of her life.

The young reporter to whom she was engaged was on the verge of losing his job.

He had been unable to achieve a story for considerably over a week. And in reply to her offer of help he had given her a look of sex antagonism, of lofty male scorn.

He had said, "You—help me! You—a girl, a woman. Don't make me laugh."

Without stopping to remind him of Joan Arc, Florence Nightingale, Nurse Cavell, and hundreds of heroines who pour into cities to work, she was making for the swinging doors through a blinding mist of tears.

Many other people had come in and passed out during the last half hour but they had taken no notice of a tall man who stood in the way of the door. A sandy man who wore a walrus mustache.

All the same there was more than an indication of intellect in his well-cut nose, while the bumps over his eyes proclaimed a photographic observation, an inexhaustible imagination and a charming tenderness.

Extraordinarily ordinary would be the way in which you would describe Hilary Panton, the famous English novelist, if you were asked.

And that was precisely how he struck the hurrying Sadie even at that dreadful moment of pain and wounded pride.

But having given him one quick look she drew up short and gasped. Her mouth fell open.

Her eyes grew wilder and wilder. Her expression was the one of a hero-worshiper face to face at last with an almost incredible god.

It was noticed at once by Panton with a very excusable thrill. He was a very lonely man.

He had already spotted this extremely pretty young thing.

He had already said to himself: "How unbelievably sweet. But why the tears? Ought I to comfort her?"

He had slipped into Boston on important business.

He had registered, dreading headlines, under the absurd and fictitious name of Albert Henry Watts.

He approached Sadie. Before he could speak, she met him halfway with an ecstatic, impulsive rush.

"Mr. Hilary Panton—you, in person, here! . . . Watts? No, no, you can't fool me. You look down from the wall in my bedroom from eight nice frames. I've read every line you've written. You're my god of words."

She was filled with joy, excitement, relish, and, it must be said, with hope.

Panton in Boston incognito! Talk about a scoop.

Further denials useless, Panton said, "I suggest that you eat, dear child. I suggest that I order dinner for you in my sitting room—fourteen hundred and eight. You must be very tired after a hard and trying day. I feel that I am your friend. After all I look down upon you from eight nice frames and in your bedroom, too."

She replied that she could imagine nothing more wonderful. "Fourteen hundred and eight," she said. "I'll join you there in five minutes. There is something I must do."

She touched his arm with the tips of her fingers, flashed him one of those smiles which had won so many tips, turned and disappeared.

She knew that her reporter was in the manager's office, ran there and drew him aside. "Jimmie, here's the top-notch scoop of your life. The greatest living English novelist is stopping at this hotel under another name because he hates headlines. He's waiting for me in his room, is going to give me dinner and oh, my little Jimmie, you've got to be there. I'm going to make him talk. I'm going to draw him out about all the other authors, religion, psychology, and every other question he would never dare to think about with a reporter in the room. Get Mr. Ouchy to let you put on waiter's clothes, then serve the dinner so that you can listen and take notes! Quick! It's the chance of your young life."

Panton had unconsciously dramatized all this. An unknown girl upon whom he looked down from the photographs on her wall. He described it to himself as being a really delightful event. And even if she had not been pretty and in-tune, desirably sweet he would have been touched and grateful by her persistent loyalty.

All his books, by Jove, and what a string there was!

He thrilled at the tap on his door. She had discovered his identity but would never give him away. He felt like Haroun-el-Raschid in one of the Arabian Nights. Although

sandy, elderly and freckled, he handed her a pink.

And this, although thinking of Jimmie, she touched with her pretty lips. "Oh, Mr. Hilary Panton, I can hardly believe it's true."

But the whole thing became a concrete fact when Jimmie, dressed as a waiter, came in with her food. And it was then that, with blazing cleverness, she put Panton through a long series of questions which, blandly unconscious of this heroic little plot, he answered with appalling frankness and the most sarcastic turns of phrase.

For the benefit of this eager, intelligent worshiper, he let himself go with complete abandon, the most frightful indiscretion and the most devastating words. He soared high above all prudence and all the conventions of literary etiquette so that there was not a rag left on the trembling bodies of his brothers of the pen. . . . He little knew that the quiet and competent waiter was taking notes!

Panton went over to the window as James was about to leave.

The night was very warm. Away below, the usual procession of automobiles was moving to right and left. He had, alas, to remember that he was sandy, middle-aged and that there were freckles on his face. Jimmie's face was flushed.

He was carrying away a story which would make the city editor utter loud whoops of joy, which would cause a flutter in the literary dove-cotes of the English-speaking world.

He flung his arm around Sadie's shoulder and held her tight to his heart. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," he said.

A pleasant hour was spent—pleasant though elderly, during which Sadie, the happiest of girls, told the story of her life.

Mr. Hilary Panton played what he called cricket though he longed for a little kiss.

And when finally she looked at the clock and sprang to her feet in a panic—she had to be to work early—she led her to the door. "My dear," he said, "I shall never be able to thank you for breaking my loneliness. And it is good to have been able to remove your tears."

He awoke next morning at nine. With breakfast came the morning papers and on one of them in gigantic headlines appeared the following words: "Amazing Disclosures by Hilary Panton, the Famous Novelist." When the waiter returned with his breakfast the guest in fourteen hundred and eight was lying on his back in the middle of the floor in a state of utter collapse. There was sweat on his brow.

Sadie and Jim oozed in, frightened, nervous and a wee bit ashamed. "Oh, Mr. Hilary Panton, what have I done to you?" And before he could denounce her and order her away she told with sobs her own little story, the basis of which was Love.

"Oh, my dear," said Panton, "how could you do such a thing? With reluctant admiration, however, I see what this means to Jim, and because of Jim to you, and so I forgive you both. Let me know the date of your marriage and I will send you a gift."

And under the eye of her future husband—he had humor, this man—he put his hand under Sadie's chin and kissed her on the lips. In no other way could he have done this thing, being sandy and so well past middle-aged.

Rabbit Given Protection or Ruthlessly Destroyed

We are a bit at sea as to the exact status of the rabbit—cottontail, marsh hare or jackrabbit—they all belong to the same clan. Regardless of where they hold sway, their friends and enemies are about evenly divided.

Out West the jackrabbit is placed in the same class as the prairie dog, the pocket gopher and other rodent pests. Kansas finds no economic value in its presence and destroys it by the thousands. Custodians of forest lands hold the jackrabbit responsible for the destruction of millions of seedling trees. It has even been accused of carrying disease to cattle and sheep on western ranges.

In Michigan, if orchardists had their way, Molly Cottontail and all her relatives would be wiped out, says Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News. Farmers and truck gardeners hardly consider the sport of hunting them sufficient compensation for the nightly forages upon their crops. As a game animal, there are those who place the cottontail on the same plane as the woodchuck; and as the ungainly varying hare of the North, he is merely a replica of the Australian kangaroo, furnishing food for the foxes, coyotes and owls.

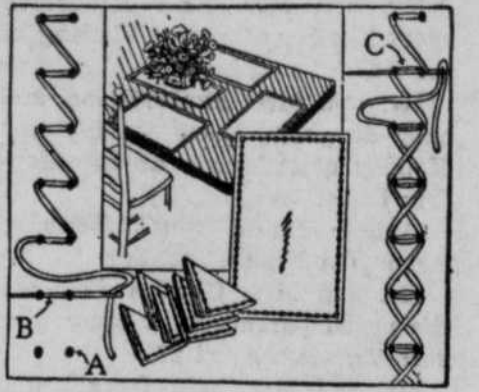
On the other hand, we have no wild animal that serves so many gunners as the rabbit. He keeps them contented when other game is scarce or its hunting forbidden. He is to them what the pike and perch are to the food fisherman. He keeps the out-of-doors open from fall till later winter.

Then again his western relative finds a ready sale in the markets of the East. Thousands of tons of jacks, frozen, are shipped annually through these distributing centers. They have become a source of revenue and the great rabbit drives of the prairies now have a two-fold purpose.

The rabbit is in much the same position as the bob-o-link—loved and protected in certain states and ruthlessly destroyed in others.

HOW to SEW

By **RUTH WYETH SPEARS**



HERE an embroidered border is plainly shown. No pattern is necessary. Book offered here-with contains other interesting borders of this type. Space your stitches just as they are here. The embroidery should be done in a light and a dark color. Use all strands of six-strand mercerized embroidery thread. Color suggestions are—dark and lighter blue thread on white material—dark green and light yellow on light green material—black and bright blue on pale yellow—deep rose and brown on pale pink.

Baste 1/2-inch deep hems around both mats and napkins. Working from right side with double thread, make two rows of running stitches in the dark color, as at

A, catching through the hem. Thread a blunt tapestry needle with the light thread and weave through the running stitches keeping needle pointed to the left as at B. Next, weave back again, as at C, still pointing the needle to the left.

Readers who have received their copy of Mrs. Spears' book on Sewing, for the Home Decorator, will be pleased to know that Book No. 2 is now ready. Ninety embroidery stitches; fabric repairing; also table settings; gifts; and many things to make for yourself and the children. If you like hand-work you will be pleased with this unique book of directions for every article illustrated. Postpaid upon receipt of 25 cents (coin preferred). Just ask for Book 2, and address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplains St., Chicago, Ill.

Light-Hearted Fashions For a Gay Vacation!

THE approach of summer makes us all long to get into bright, easy, carefree clothes, even if we're planning to vacation at home, with occasional week-ends at the lake or seaside. These two patterns bring you styles that are a joy to wear and a joy to make. The patterns are easy to follow and each includes a detailed sew chart.

Slacks With Bolero and Topper.

The slacks fit so nicely about the hips, and have the proper width in the trousers. They and the bolero both tailor quickly and easily in denim, gingham, seersucker or jersey. Use a brilliant handkerchief print for the topper—any sturdy cotton. Here's a holiday outfit you'll thoroughly enjoy.

The Adorable Dirndl.

Nothing is more popular, because nothing is more becoming to slim young figures. It's such



a gay, easy-to-wear fashion, and the square neckline is flattering. For a dirndl, choose something in a lively print—linen, chintz and percale are best. Be sure the colors are as complimentary to your skin as that fitted, shirred waistline is to your figure!

The Patterns.

1332 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 39-inch material for the bolero and slacks; 3/4 yard for the topper.

1480 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material, plus 3/4 yards of braid for trimming and 1 1/2 yards ribbon for belt.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book. Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book which is now ready. It contains 109 attractive, practical and becoming designs. The Barbara Bell patterns are well planned, accurately cut and easy to follow. Each pattern includes a sew-chart which enables even a beginner to cut and make her own clothes.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Rather Enjoys It
O'Pinch—Don't you think Chug-water suffers from too high an opinion of himself?
O'Jawish—I don't think he suffers.

A fool and his money are soon parted. But the real puzzle is how they ever got together.

Show Me It!

"The man who marries my daughter gets a prize."
"May I see it?"

Well Qualified

"I wish I knew what to do about the size of my feet. Nobody will give me a job."
"Why don't you get work with the government?"
"Doing what?"
"Stamping out forest fires."

IRON the EASY WAY



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INSTANT LIGHTING
Coleman SELF-HEATING IRON

Make ironing a quicker, easier and more pleasant task. Iron the easy way—with a Coleman, the genuine instant lighting iron. Just turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. The Coleman heats in a jiffy, is quickly ready for use. Operates for 1/2 hour. See your dealer or write for FREE FOLDER. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO. Dept. W1229, Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (75297)

How Well

It matters not how long you lived, but how well.—Seneca.



Black Leaf 40
KILLS INSECTS
ON FLOWERS • FRUITS
VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

3c/4

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5c PLUG

Let's go to town — at home!

NO TELLING what tomorrow's weather may be. It fools the best fore-caster. But we do want chintz for the windows. We do need a carpet sweeper, a new percolator, and a new end-table in the living-room. And we don't want to slosh around rainy streets to hunt them. Problem: How to thwart the weather man. Simple enough! Let's sit down by the fireplace and read the advertisements. Here it's comfortable and snug. We'll take the newspaper page by page, compare prices, qualities, brand-names. Tomorrow, rain or shine, we'll head for the store that has what we want, and be home again in a jiffy.

● "Buying at home"—through the advertising columns—gives you wide selection, more time to decide, and satisfaction when you decide.

● MAKE IT ONE OF YOUR PLEASANT HABITS!