

Hospital's Capacity For Service Demonstrated By Extra War Burden

Health of British War Guest Children Guarded Without Charge

Five hundred medical examinations per day! Every one of them painstakingly thorough and unusually complete. Each child to be provided with a full data chart and a written recommendation as to diet and any treatment or medicine required.

That's the job The Hospital for Sick Children was asked to handle early this summer!

Not since the Infantile Paralysis epidemic of 1917 has the Hospital been asked to rise to such an emergency. Although the situation developed like a bolt from the blue, arrangements were quickly completed.

As we all know now, the number of British children sent to Canada this summer did not reach nearly the proportions expected. Consequently, the organization that had been set up at the Hospital was not used to the limit of its capacity. Nevertheless, practically every British war guest child passing through Toronto received a complete examination with recommendations as to treatment. No charge was made for this service.

This is just another of the occasions during its unusual career of public service when the Hospital has been fully prepared to meet an emergency.

PARALYSIS STRIKES AGAIN

It is only a few weeks ago that newspaper headlines started the people of Ontario with the announcement that six members of a single family had been stricken with Infantile Paralysis—the dreaded Poliomyelitis. One member of the family had to be taken to Toronto in an Iron Lung—the only chance for life. Despite the fact that large moving vans were the only vehicles obtainable which was suitable for moving the equipment for the youngster already receiving treatment within it, arrangements were quickly made to bring the patient to The Hospital for Sick Children.

But this is just typical of the service The Hospital for Sick Children has rendered the children of this Province for 65 years.

Every hour of every day and night some emergency must be met. The life of a child, precious to some family, is at stake. It is only when a number of similar cases occur at the same time that the work becomes "news," and can be called to the attention of the public by the press in a spectacular manner. Nevertheless, the work goes on hour after hour until the days and months and years total decades of service to the needy children of the Province.

Every emergency situation creates costs which mount up far beyond the normal provisions of government and municipal grants. But, unlike most other hospitals, The Hospital for Sick Children has no large group of Private Ward beds from which to draw extra revenue which can be applied to Public Ward service.

At present, 414 of the 434 beds are in Public Wards.

No help is received from the fund collected by the Toronto Federation for Community Service, as patients are taken from all over the Province.

And crippled children must be given medical attention and hospital care no matter what their circumstances. No one would deny them this right.

This worthy Institution, which accepts its little patients regardless of race, creed or financial circumstance, has just started its annual Christmas appeal for funds to enable its work to be continued in just as effective a manner as in the past.

Those who have investigated all agree that The Hospital for Sick Children makes most careful use of charitable donations and bequests—a world-wide recognition for efficiency and economical operation has been earned.

Your gift should be mailed to the Appeal Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 67 College Street, Toronto.

A chance for health and happiness for the greatest possible Christmas gift to children.

OUR ATAVISTIC INSTINCTS

By LILLIAN OAKLEY
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THIS is the story of Henry Harum Todhunter and his TBone Lizzie, the pride of the Hexham campus, the car whose slogans were louder than her rattle. But the explanation of the story lies in a quiet country churchyard where Henry's two great-grandfathers are peacefully sleeping beneath the yew tree's shade.

Great-Grandfather Todhunter was a Methodist minister, famed for his praying and fasting and for his supreme faith in God's power to perform miracles. Great-Grandfather Harum was also famous, but not for his psalm singing. But he had had a supreme faith in his own ability as a judge of good horseflesh which left him with a reputation for excellence as a horse trader.

Henry was walking the floor of his room in the Kappa Sig house with his book in his hand. Tomorrow was examination day.

And the more he reviewed his English for the last semester the more fully he realized that he was hopelessly, helplessly, irretrievably lost. And if he failed he would be dropped from the football team and that would mean that Hexham would go down in defeat before Notre Dame, the enemy they had worked six years to beat. Henry wasn't conceited in thinking this for Coach Brindle and his teammates had just told him so, and dared him to default in scholarship.

Heck, what a mess to be in! He tossed the book on the bed—reading it only made him realize how little he knew.

"It would take a miracle to save me now," he muttered.

At the word miracle the shade of his Great-Grandfather Todhunter arose from his peaceful slumber.

"Prayer can work miracles," it murmured in Henry's ear.

For several minutes Henry stared out of the window into the dark night. Then he left the room, closing the door softly behind him. He went out the back way and down a street to the little Gothic chapel whose doors were always open. And then he prayed. He didn't ask God to let him learn the whole English book in a night. He prayed only that the teacher might ask just the questions that he knew the answers to. And in the fervor of his prayer he promised God that if He would help him pass his examination that he would sell his TBone Lizzie, the only salable thing he had, and give all of the money he got for her to the charity fund.

Three days later when the examination grades blazed from the big board for all the world to read, Henry's name like that of Abou Ben Adhem led all the rest.

This put Henry back on top of the world again. It would have been the ultimate ecstasy if the shade of his Methodist ancestor hadn't kept nagging at him.

"What about your promise to God?" it asked. "You know a fellow who'll pay you forty dollars for the TBone."

Yeah, and if he sold her, Henry asked himself, what then? He'd never be able to get forty dollars to buy another car, and life without a car after twelve months with the TBone would be dull, and unpopular. What would his fraternity brothers think? What would Marshal do?

At the word trade the shade of Great-Grandfather Harum led off peaceful grave beneath the yew tree's shade. Henry listened for a few minutes, then peace replaced his worry.

The next morning one of the working students spread the news that Henry Todhunter's TBone Lizzie was on sale in the square for one dollar. Everybody that had a dollar left the breakfast table and hurried to the square. The TBone was the most popular car in the state. Her slogans were quoted like a May West wisecrack.

Henry sat in the car impervious alike to the remarks of friend and foe.

"Have you gone nuts, Henry, selling that car for a dollar?"

"Don't be a fool, Henry! I'll pay you five."

"Don't let him have her. I'll give you ten when I get my check from home."

Henry stood up and looked over the sea of waving one dollar bills.

"The price of this car is one dollar," he said, "no more, no less. But," and he held up two spare tires "these two tires go with her and I'm asking twenty dollars a piece for 'em."

This met with cat calls and jeers from the assembled students. Most of them turned to leave, disgusted with Henry's perfidy. But Isaac Cohen, whose father owned all the cleaning shops within a radius of three miles of the campus, pushed through the angry mob and handed Henry forty one dollars.

"It ain't a bad bargain at that," he told the boys.

Henry turned his back on the car and started up the street.

"Where are you going, Lame Brain?" his chum asked, falling into step beside him.

"I'm going to the chapel to put the dollar I sold the TBone for in the charity box," Henry told him.

"What then?"

"Then I'm going to take the rest of the money to town and buy me another car," answered Henry.

HEATING HINTS

By James Stewart

ONE way to cut the cost of heating your home is to avoid "Ashpit Waste". By that I mean the amount of coal shaken through the grate before it has been completely burned. Here are a few precautions which will help you to cut down this waste:

1. Burn coal of the proper size. Every heater is designed to burn a particular size. Your dealer can help you decide this.
2. Shake the grates gently—and only when necessary to make room for fresh fuel.
3. Keep the ashpit clean and clear of ashes. This is most important . . . because the ashpit serves as a chamber from which air is supplied to the fire. Without an ample supply of air, complete combustion of the coal is impossible.
4. Use a high quality Pennsylvania hard coal. (19)

More Economical to Buy Larger Refrigerator

The big thing to keep in mind when you're buying a refrigerator is that you want a piece of equipment that will keep perishable foods safely. This means that it must be so constructed that the temperature in food storage compartments is kept below 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

The insulation of the refrigerator must be thick enough to prevent a large amount of heat penetrating from the room to the inside of the cabinet.

Tightly fitting doors with sturdy latches and hinges that won't permit sagging are important. They should be fitted with gaskets to prevent heat from getting into the cabinet.

The space available in the kitchen for a refrigerator is one of the factors that determines the size you will buy.

No definite rule can be given for buying a certain size box, but sizes that offer cubic feet of food storage space or more are more popular than the smaller sizes. A larger box means that you can buy more food at once to take advantage of special prices and to save time in marketing because you can keep it perfectly.

Remember that a crowded refrigerator, no matter what type you have, does not protect food adequately. There must be good circulation of air in the cabinet.

The cost of operating a larger refrigerator is little more than for a small one, nor is the purchase price a great deal higher. It's more expensive to replace an inadequate refrigerator with a larger one. It's always well to remember that the need for food storage may grow, and the refrigerator will always be the same size.

Tug of War Collegiate Most Popular Sport Once

Though few American citizens can remember or believe it, tug of war was once the most popular of inter-collegiate sports.

"A good tug of war team of the eighties, whether in school or college," writes Malcolm Kenan, headmaster of Malcolm Gordon school in Garrison, N. Y., "compares favorably with a well-trained crew in technique, precision and rhythm."

There were five men to a team . . . The rope was about 75 feet long . . . Exactly in the middle of the platform there was a red lever which held the rope preparatory to the 'drop' or start . . .

"As the two teams take their position, the rope, which is taut, is held down by the lever on which the referee stands. At the word 'heave,' he jumps off the lever and so releases the rope.

"The anchor-man, around whose hip-belt the rope passed to a double-hitch . . . had to observe the opposition team . . . He gave signals verbally or by facial signs and he had the all-important job of taking in the slack or letting out the rope by skillful handling of the 'knot.'

"To pull with all one's strength for five minutes against what was practically a dead weight without the slightest chance to relax a muscle was a severe test of endurance."

Loss of Vital Organs

The amazing ability of the human body to accept the partial loss of vital organs was exemplified by Dr. Edward S. West of the University of Oregon Medical school who told of a 55-year-old man who was able to live normally after his feet were removed in an operation. After the operation, the patient, Dr. West reported, was subject to convulsions. Observations disclosed that while the man had a huge appetite, and ate from 10 to 12 times as much every day as the workman employed at hard labor, he could not absorb calcium. He was given large quantities of Vitamin D in cod-liver oil and this enabled him to recover completely. Dr. West was surprised to find that despite the operation the man could absorb carbohydrates and proteins almost as well as a normal person.

Children's Thinking Patterns

H. H. Remmers, Purdue university, has made long studies about children's thinking patterns, and recently announced his findings: 1. A child's attitude on general questions can be "significantly changed" in as little as 15 minutes of discussion; but once changed, tends to persist. 2. Youth and old age are not as much in conflict on ideas as commonly supposed. "A knowledge of parental attitudes enables one to predict fairly accurately the children's attitudes, and vice versa." 3. Children from the fourth to eighth grade agree closely among themselves on their attitudes toward their teachers.

Open January 10, 1939

The tea-market-expansion bureau in London recently put away in a safe place a package of English tea marked "Not to be opened until January 10, 1939," in order to show posterity what the Englishman of a century earlier drank, according to the Engineering and Mining Journal.

Remarkable Foresight

A Paris shopkeeper's "remarkable foresight" put him in jail for eight months. He was arrested for making slighting remarks about King Leopold, previous to his capitulation to the Germans. The shopkeeper has appealed on the grounds that he showed "remarkable foresight."

NUMBER 13

By EDWARD BOYER
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

JACK HAVILAND earned the money for his college education in a maple sugar camp, where the sap was running all the time. He came up to Vendome as a freshman with a gorgeous new red plaid jacket, a weatherbeaten complexion, and a high that rivaled those old-fashioned red flannel petticoats in color.

Jack went out for freshman football, but just couldn't seem to hang on to the ball. Jerry Bright, who was a sophomore, lent him a derby and told him to carry it around with him, which he did for a week, clutching it solemnly.

Jack couldn't remember signals, either. He used to go around the campus muttering: "1-9-7-4-2—hike!—1-9-7-4-2."

It was at the sophomore-freshman Halloween dance that Jack met his first co-ed. She was Edna Brown. That was the night that Jerry Bright and his sidekick, Herb Donovan, pledged Jack to a fake fraternity and his face redder than ever with pride, he showed Edna the supposed pledge pin which they had given him utterly unconscious of its insignia—S. A. P. And he asked to take her home.

It was that night, too, that the sophomores raised Christy's corpse.

Christy Curley, they said, was an escaped inmate of the insane asylum, and had been found the week before with his throat cut open from ear to ear. The room was in utter darkness when Herb Donovan told the story to the shuddering frosh.

As the hoarse tones of his voice whistled the ghastly words, there slithered in a shadow, white figure with a crimson gash in his throat. There was a bowl of terror, the crash of a chair overturned, and a gasping, shrieking figure hurtled through the room and out the nearest door. When the lights flashed on, the corpse was gone, and so was Jack Haviland.

He did not appear again that night, and Edna went home alone.

Two nights later Edna Brown snuggled close to the caressing shoulder of Bull Jenkins. He was the star tackle on the team of Downtown Prep. And right now he was trying to persuade Edna that on next Saturday she ought to root for his team when they met the cubs of Vendome.

Edna would pet, but she wouldn't promise.

"I'll tell you one thing, though," she cooed softly. "If that sap Jack Haviland gets into the game, all you have to do is yell 'Christy's corpse' in his ear, and he'll drop like a hot potato." For any woman who is left to go home alone is like Edna Brown.

Saturday was one of those days fashioned for football and fall weddings. Jack was early on the field; the coach hadn't told him not to come. Twenty jerseys were provided and on the team Jack ranked 21.

So he sat jerseyless at the far end of the bench and watched his team fight back the terrific onslaughts of Bull Jenkins and his Downtown Pounders. At the end of the third quarter the score was 0-0.

When the last quarter opened there were only three regulars on the field. Only two men beside Jack were on the bench. Bull Jenkins and his gang tore loose. After a tough line rush two substitutes were taken out for injuries. Jack sat on the bench alone.

The ball was on Vendome's fifteen-yard line, fourth down, two yards to go. Downtown was dead set on crashing through. With all his strength Bull hurled himself into the line plunge. When the heave was untangled, the ball was seven inches short of the line, and Stearny Douglas was sitting on the ground with his ankle turned under him.

"Get in there, Haviland," rasped the coach. "Here, one of you guys, give him a shirt." The jersey hit Jack in the head; as he dragged it over his shoulders he looked for the number. It was 13.

As he ran, a little bewildered, across the field, Bull Jenkins marked him for his own.

Jack crouched low for the signal. "1-9-7-4-2!" barked Howie James, the quarterback. "Hike! 1-8-4-13."

At the number Jack sprang automatically into the air. That was his number. He'd have to get the ball. It was a forward pass, and as it sailed over his head, Jack gave a great leap into the air and came down with it clutched to his chest. The crowd groaned. Bull Jenkins was cutting across the field right for Jack. He circled behind him and shrieked, "Christy's corpse!"

With one yell Jack fled down the field, clutching the ball because he had nothing else to cling to.

Bull Jenkins panted behind him; as those workman sounded louder, Jack clung closer to the comforting ball, shrieked to the heavens, and ran faster.

When at last his pursuer felled him, he was over Downtown's goal line.

The stands went wild. And as Jack was borne grandly off the field he looked down at the girls who still sat, worshipping, in the bleachers. Among them, and without the escort of Bull Jenkins, sat Jack's co-ed. From his seat on the top of the world, Jack blushed and waved his hand at Edna Brown.

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MRS. E. B. DALZIEL

WE all like to feel that we can whip up a fine cake, and it's always fun competing in local fairs to see how our baking measures up with that of our neighbours. However, for consistent prize-winning, it would be difficult to beat the record of Mrs. E. B. Dalziel who lives near Woodbridge, Ontario.

Asked for the secret of her success, Mrs. Dalziel said, "To begin with you must have exceptionally good flour. I use Robin Hood because it absorbs liquids so easily and has so much life and body to it. Cakes never fall in the centre when I use Robin Hood Flour. I often think anyone who had never baked before could start with Robin Hood and have excellent results the very first time she tried. I also like Robin Hood because it is so fine and white—

I've used it for all my baking and wouldn't think of changing—it goes so far and makes baking so easy."

For prize-winning baking Mrs. Dalziel advises measuring ingredients carefully. She follows her recipes closely and cannot remember having had a baking failure since she began using Robin Hood Flour.

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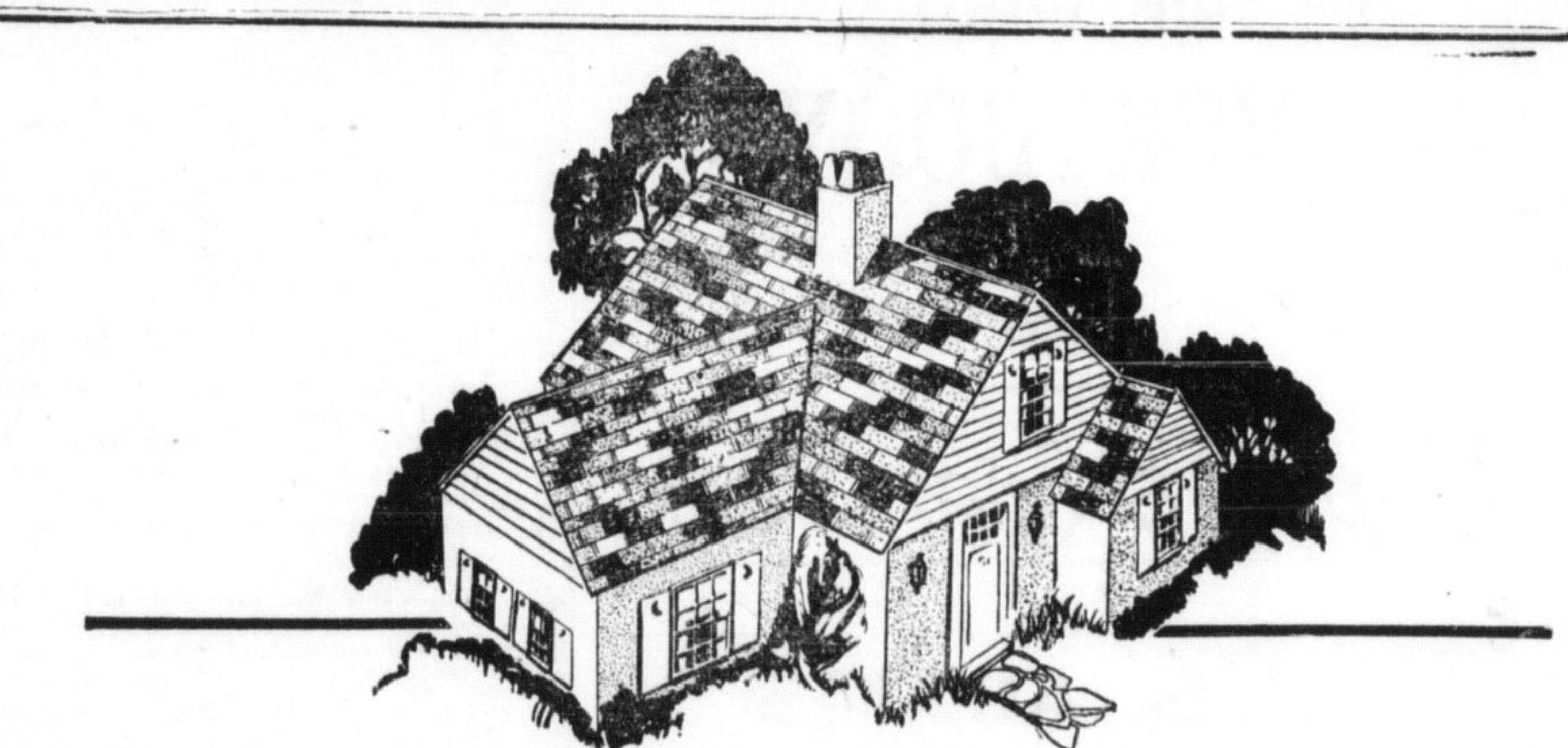
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