

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW

Towel Insertion in Filet Crochet

The Mystery of Cancer

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who is a former Portland physician, has attained wide fame for his discussion of medical problems in language understandable to the layman.

We are not only fearfully and wonderfully made, but fearfully and mysteriously unmade, at times. And of all the fearful and mysterious unmakers of man cancer is the greatest, and has been since the memory of man was put on record.

It is not in the least a modern mystery, a recent problem. It is literally older than the Sphinx, and, like the Sphinx, alas! will devour many of us unless we solve its riddle. The larger part of one of the famous Nine Volumes on Medicine (papyrus rolls) of the physician-priests of Egypt was devoted to it. And the Greek fathers of medicine pondered over it in vain.

It is in no sense a disease of civilization or a menace of highly organized communities, for almost every known race, even of savages, which has actually been visited and studied by physicians and pathologists, medical missionaries, army surgeons, etc., has been found to yield victims at its shrine.

Whenever you see the allegation that such and such a tribe is immune from cancer, that it never occurs among vegetarians, that the rice eaters of the orient know nothing of it, it simply means, nine times out of 10, either that we know nothing whatever of the pathology of that particular tribe or race, or that the "alligator" doesn't know what he is talking about. Most of the confident statements that such and such races, or peoples, or climates, are free from cancer because they eat this food or do not eat that, or wash before every meal, or never take a bath, are based upon one common ground—"ignorance, ma'am; pure ignorance!" as the great Dr. Johnson thundered when a lady asked him what had led him to define peasants as "the knee of a horse" in the first edition of his famous dictionary.

Where Ignorance Is Prevalent.

If any further proof were needed of the utter independence of civilization it would be furnished by the fact that it occurs in almost every species of animal of which sufficiently large numbers have been examined, particularly among dogs, cats, horses, rats and mice, and even among birds, reptiles and fishes. Cancer of the thyroid gland, for instance, is one of the most serious diseases which the trout hatcheries, both government and private, have to contend with. It is very far from certain that it is increasing even under civilization or in recent times. In fact, it must be frankly stated that most of the extremely positive assertions of its rapid increase with in the last 20 or 30 years rest upon the Johnsonian basis of ignorance.

Indeed it is the opinion of expert statisticians and of physicians or pathologists who have studied the records thoroughly that there is little or no real reason to believe that cancer has actually increased in frequency within the last 20 or 30 years, although, of course, no one is in position to deny the possibility of such a change. It is impracticable to give here the details for this belief. But two illustrations may suffice. The actual frequency of cancer as a cause of death in the "populations" of hospitals, where every case is recorded, is submitted to post-mortem examination, shows little or no increase. Second, cancers which occur upon the surface and are easy to recognize, even by the dullest eye—such as those of the lip and tongue in men and of the mammary gland in women—show very little increase in frequency, while cancers of the internal organs—the liver, stomach, intestines, pancreas and rectum—which might easily be overlooked, especially if no post-mortem were insisted upon, have increased enormously.

In fact, a very large share, if not all, of the recent increase of cancer on paper is due to the fact that the medical profession has become both more competent in discovering and more systematic in reporting the disease, while the public has become more intelligent and watchful, so that it reports cases at an earlier stage. And that a little of the present notoriety of cancer is due to our indignation and surprise at its obstinacy. Of most of the other serious diseases we have discovered the secret and gained the whip hand, but cancer still defies us.

So that there is absolutely no reason why we should not face the cancer mystery without either apprehension or panic. Cancer is a serious disease, but even at its most modern worst it ranks only seventh among the causes of death, claiming about as many victims as summer diarrhoea of children at one end of the life scale and apoplexy at the other. And there is no valid evidence that it is increasing.

Occurs Late in Life.

We need have no fear for the race, or of its undermining our civilization, for two good and sufficient reasons: First, that it has wrought its worst upon us for at least 5000 years. Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome—all suffered from it. And nobody has ever had the temerity to claim that their fall was due to cancer, although almost every other imaginable cause for this interesting phenomenon, from luxury to land laws and from malaria to drunkenness, has been triumphantly accused.

The other is that cancer seldom kills until not only after mating has occurred and children have been born, but usually after all the family has been reared and established in life.

Eight-tenths of all cancer deaths occur after 45 in women and after 55 in men, and the average age at death by it in the United States in 1913 was 53, so that there is little or nothing to fear from it as a cause of the continuance of the race is concerned.

Most of the theories of the cause of cancer fall into two groups—one that it is a germ disease, the other that it is hereditary. The supporters of the first, or germ, theory are much the more numerous, and to their credit it is said, they are active and unwearyingly industrious. They are regretfully confessed that although the germ of cancer has been one of the favorite objects of pursuit by research workers ever since the first germ-criminal was accused and convicted by Pasteur, and literally hundreds of patient and laborious workers and scores of special institutions have been, and are yet, engaged in its study, the net result has been practically a non-suit. The verdict to date must be the cautious conclusion of the Scotch jury, "Not Proven."

This has, indeed, been a bitter disappointment, because, the germ once discovered, the cure is almost in sight. Any day may see this superb monument of industry and research being crowned with success, as every lover of his kind will pray that it may be.

For the Woman Who Sews By Catharine Greenwood

TOWEL INSERTION IN FILET CROCHET

This quaint design for a towel insertion in filet crochet is done with crochet cotton No. 30 and steel crochet hook No. 14. The letters for the center space will be given in the next pattern. If no letters are desired, allow less space between the two motifs.

TWENTY-FOUR-INCH CENTERPIECE

The 24-inch centerpiece of which this pattern is one quarter should be done on medium weight linen. The transferring will be simple if the table is large enough to hold the entire centerpiece. First crease the linen in half and then in quarters, on the thread. Then stick a pin firmly through the exact centers of both pattern and linen. After tracing one-quarter revolve pattern without loosening it at the center. Be careful to have pattern edge always on creased line of the linen. Work all barred spaces in ladder-stitch or eyelets. In working the edge, the loops between the scallops should be done first (two or three threads closely buttonholed) a thread run along the scallop will add to its strength. Then work the scallop in a tiny close buttonhole stitch, using cord as padding. Use mercerized cotton No. 25.

DIRECTIONS FOR TRANSFERRING

Lay a piece of impression paper, face down, upon the material. Place the newspaper pattern in position over this, and with a hard, sharp pencil, firmly trace each line.

If the material is sheer, this may be laid over the pattern, and the design drawn direct on the goods, as it will show through. When handled in this way, impression paper, of course, will not be required.

SUMMER CATERING

Unintelligent catering, objectionable always, is less objectionable in winter than in summer. In winter the appetite is likely to be sharper, and the limited variety of fruits and vegetables tends to screen thoughtlessness in the caterer. With the advent of hot weather, however, intelligent preparation of the menu becomes of great importance; rich meals and monotony in meals are to be avoided.

The housewife must remember that the appetite needs to be tempted in warm weather and that, in the interest of health, a meal must be carefully balanced.

The use of fat and starch should be limited. The summer diet should not exclude these important food factors, but it is easy to use too much of the heat-producing materials. Pork, beans, potatoes, rice, creamed cabbage, heavy puddings, etc., are not well adapted to hot weather diet. The requisite amount of starch, sugar and fat can be introduced in a more tempting and digestible form. For example, if the day is very warm and your dinner contains meat that is rich in protein and vegetables and a cold soup that are high in water, supply the fat in a salad oil—sautéed with a mayonnaise dressing is tempting even in hot weather—and the starch in some vegetable such as peas or green beans. This will give you a balanced ration that

will not appear heavy and will be palatable even in the hottest weather.

Butter, salad oils and creams always can be used on the table without offense even in midsummer, and are a valuable addition to the light foods that are most likely to tempt the appetite.

Mousses, iced coffee with whipped cream, stewed fruits with cream and cream soups offer pleasant means of introducing cream in the hot weather menu. Oil can be introduced in either French mayonnaise or tartare dressings; and good butter, like good wine, needs no bush.

Fish—if fresh—is an excellent dish for summer. It is rich in protein and is easy of digestion for the average person. The southern Italians, the Greeks and the Turks eat a great deal of fish cooked in oil; and if they find it wholesome as a warm weather diet there is no reason why we should not find it so.

Big Knitting Firm Opens Its Factory

Bennington, Vt., June 12.—The Charles Cooper estate, manufacturers of knit underwear machinery and needles, has reopened this with a full force on full time, for the first time in nearly a year. About a year ago the company received an order from a Gervan underwear manufacturing company for a number of machines, which it has been unable to ship. Inability to realize on these machines compelled the company to run on a 40-hour schedule for several months, and in March it laid off about half its help.

An order just received is expected to keep the shop running all summer.

In view of the frequent Russian retreats, perhaps Petrograd should change its name to Retrograde.

When Is It Too Late to Start?

By Jessie Roberts

Every new and then I got a letter from some young girl in her twenties bewailing the fact that she did not get a training "before it was too late" in some definite occupation.

Yet there is one woman who managed to surmount the lack of early training at a considerably later date than the one that appears to discourage my correspondents. Her name is Mrs. Thomas Robin, and she was 53 before she ever did a stroke of work outside her own home.

Think of that, you waiting girls! She had always had a taste for decorating, and she became editor of the shopping guide in a well known magazine. A job that necessitated her going into all sorts of out of the way shops and special stores and second-hand places for the purpose of telling about fine old tapestries, furniture, new carpets, late designs in wall papers, etc.

She made a success of her department and received an excellent salary. But was she content there? No. After several years she decided that she preferred to work for herself.

She decided to decorate houses by correspondence. In her own office she conducts a voluminous correspondence, advising her clients what to do with a certain room, how to improve the color scheme, what hangings go with a certain type of furnishings, the proper color combinations and every other detail belonging to the interior decorator's art. She works from blue prints and exact measurements of the apartments and houses and seeks to discover all she can of the temperaments, tastes, family belongings and training of the client whose orders she is filling.

She also sells antiques through the mail, and the photographs and descriptions. She has proved her trustworthiness and excellence, and at 75 has her hands full of work and her head full of ideas, and is as energetic and interested as a woman half her years.

Please Go 'Way.

From the Columbia Center. Barber (to sleepy customer)—I can't shave you, sir, unless you hold up your head. Sleepy Customer—All right, give me a haircut, then.

How to Make a Garden Pool

By Mary Lee

The construction of a fair-sized concrete pool for the garden or lawn is not difficult, and the added charm afforded by such a pool makes the labor worth while.

A basin about five feet in diameter and a foot and a half or two feet deep is not an ambitious undertaking, and it is quite large enough for a small garden. It is not necessary to have running water flowing into it. The water can be renewed with the garden hose every few days, and the overflow disposed of through a drain pipe in the center.

Water hyacinths and pond lilies are easy to cultivate and a few goldfish afforded by such a pool makes the labor worth while.

First measure carefully for your pool. Be sure that it is placed exactly where you want it, and that it is a perfect circle or oval. After marking out the ground, cut the turf away carefully and evenly around the edges and begin to dig. The sides should be sloped gently from the edges toward the center, and in the exact center should be the greatest depth—from two to two and a half feet. In the middle of this the drain pipe should be sunk; a four-inch or five-inch pipe driven firmly into the earth, with the upper and slightly below the level of the edge of the pool. The deeper space around the drain pipe should be filled in with stones. This leaves the pool hollowed out in a gentle even slope from the edges to the drain pipe in the center. Let the ground settle for a day or two, and then line the basin with stones—small, flat stones fitted together as closely as possible—to supply a foundation for the cement.

If you are willing to use plenty of cement, stones may be omitted, but if you have plenty of stones in your garden, their use as a lining will save several bags of cement.

After you have laid the stones and pounded them into the earth as firmly as possible, give them several days in which to settle; then you will be ready for the cement. Two parts of cement to one part of sand will be necessary to furnish a non-porous mixture. Mix the cement and lay it with a trowel, thickly and smoothly, over the surface of the stones until you have an even layer over the whole basin. Let this dry for several days before filling the pool with water.

If the cement, on trial, proves to be porous and does not hold the water, coat the bottom with a layer of pitch. Several inches of rich loam should cover the bottom of the pool for the lily bulbs to root in, and an inch of clean white sand should be sprinkled on top of this. Put the top of the drain pipe with a wire cage to catch floating leaves and sticks—and the pool is completed.

Three-Minute Mayonnaise

By Mary Lee.

The making of mayonnaise dressing was formerly regarded as a very troublesome affair. Exceptional cooks or housewives, it is true, would assert that it was no trouble, once the knack was acquired; but as a rule it was a popular dressing with busy cooks. The reason was not far to seek. In the first place, tradition held that if mayonnaise dressing curdled it must be thrown out and a new mixture started; and as it often curdled, there was not a cheerful prospect to face when time was short. In the second place, tradition asserted that good mayonnaise could be made only by adding the oil drop by drop—a lengthy and troublesome process.

Tradition in both instances was wrong. If the mayonnaise curdles, an egg yolk should be broken into a clean bowl and beaten thoroughly and the curdled mixture added to this drop. In this way the mayonnaise will be recovered.

The three minute mixture that saves the tedious drop by drop process is made as follows:

Measure out the salt and mustard into a bowl and add a whole egg, both yolk and white. Beat this mixture thoroughly and then add one-third of a cup of oil, all at once. Beat this until it begins to thicken, then add another third of a cup of oil. If a thicker one is desired more oil must be added, making a cup of oil in all; beat until very stiff, then set the bowl on ice until the dressing is wanted.

Mayonnaise made by this process is less likely to curdle than that made in the old way, and the mixture is quite as good.

A bowl or jar of mayonnaise will keep for some time if put in the refrigerator, and it is very useful to have on hand, to it is well to remember, too, that a mayonnaise can be transformed into a tartare sauce by the addition of chopped gherkins and capers. Therefore, if it is economy in time to plan your menu that a fish dish served with a tartare sauce is followed the next day by a salad requiring a mayonnaise dressing, or vice versa.

WOMEN IN AD FIELD

Many manufacturers nowadays prefer to do their own advertising instead of letting the retail trade do it for them, or working through an agent. And women are liked by these men as managers of their campaigns.

"I would rather have the entire services of a young woman interested in pushing my products than the divided interest of some agency that is occupied with all sorts of advertising," said a paint maker recently. "I believe in paying a good salary for work that sells. Twelve and a half to fifteen per cent of the business brought in is not too much, and more where it is warranted."

One young woman went into the work with no experience at all, going into the factory of a furniture maker, where she studied every phase of the work first, and reading up on the furniture question from the beginnings of history to the present moment. She knew all there was to be known—on that subject before she began her advertising labor, and she knew, too, the aims and ambitions of her employer.

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Her success was gradually worked up. She had of course really good merchandise to back up her position; she feared nothing of the sales only problem was to interest the buyer and to prove to his satisfaction that her firm was worth the trying. Once secured, she could trust to the excellence of the manufacture to hold her man. She consulted only her own judgment and taste in the articles she chose to picture as representative of her line, and she aimed to tell the truth in a way that would stick and convince.

CALIFORNIA, THE GOLDEN

The accompanying verses were written by Mrs. Blanche Irene Koford, Bremner, a well known vocalist, who formerly resided in Portland, and who now makes her home in Berkeley, Cal., and were dedicated to the British American League for use at the Empire Day celebration at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

California, the Golden, thou gem of the world,
In setting of amber, of emerald, and Golden thy cliffs, thy sands and thy Green, are the laurels thy beauty hath won;
Enticing the splendors thy glories unfold,
O'er harbor of Jasper, of sapphire, of gold.

CHORUS.
Far o'er the hills and canyons and
A canopy blue enfolds them the while,
Cerulean the waves that breathe these
As soft breaks the surf on thy golden bound shore.

Thou gem of the west, by the summer kissed sea,
California, the Golden, our hearts sing to thee.

Pope Gives Palace for Hospital. Rome, June 12.—Pope Benedict, it is announced, has given the position palace, Castel Gandolfo, in the Alban hills, to be used as a hospital. Castel Gandolfo is the only property belonging to the holy see in Italy outside the Vatican. A group of voluntary nurses has been formed for service at Castel Gandolfo.