Diet and Health

By Lulu Hunt Peters M.D.

Author of "Diet and Health" and "Diet for Children"

Answers to Mothers

God could not be everywhere; therefore He made mothers.
—Jewish Proverb.

"MY little girl of 12 eats so much that I fear she has a tape worm. She has three or four helpings of everything on the table, except meat, of which she has two, and eats four or five and sometimes six slices of bread, also milk and dessert. And still she is thin! The school doctor claims she should weigh 105 for her height and she weighs only 98. How can I tell if she has worms, as she never complains and is never sick, but always hungry? She eats everytables and fruits and lots of them and milk. Do you think I need worry? MRS. P.'

LULU HUNT PETERS, M.D.

How can I tell

Active children need a tremendous amount of food, Mrs. P. The overweight child eats too much, especially of the starches and sugars, but a thin child very rarely overeats. And a thin child needs more food than the normal weight.

It is a common idea that a voracious appetite means a tape worm. It isn't true. The host of a tape worm is more apt to have a finicky appetite. But, Mrs. P., if your little girl had a tape worm she would be passing segments of it and would probably be having abdominal symptoms.

If she is as well in all ways as you say she is, she must be extremely active and uses up all the food she eats for her excess activities, as well as for her growth. You would probably get her to gain if you see that she rest more. Have her lie down even if she doesn't sleep, for an hour or so every day. See that she gets long hours of sleep at night.

We have a list of modern books on the general care and feeding of children which you may have.

A short time ago I ran a letter from a mother who had a 18-year-old son and had always longed for another child. She was very happy when she found she was with child again, but her friends discouraged her, saying it was a disgrace, as her son was nearly a man, and she would have a hard time, etc. My advice to her was to be happy over the advent of her baby and not allow friends' abnormal ideas to worry her.

In this morning's mail there were several letters from readers who have had similar experiences, and two of them wrote directly to Mrs. M., requesting that I send the letters on to her. So much kindliness this little column of mine shows there is in this world! But, dear followers, we do not keep names and addresses of our correspondents, so we cannot forward letters. However, I will run part of the first letter—the other was similar—for it will be helpful to many women who are going to have children later in life. This is it:

"Dear Mrs. M.: I read your letter in Dr. Peters' column and I felt I must tell you of my experience, as it will encourage you.

"Six years ago, when I was 45 years old and my youngest child was 13 years old, my son nearly 20 and my eldest daughter 18, I found I was to have another. My kind (?) friends were sure I could not live through, as I had even when I was much younger; had serious times with the others. But I never got along so well before! And I gave birth to a lovely boy with no difficulty. My children worshipped him and were proud and showed him off to everybody.

"A friend of mine is 41 years old and has just given birth to her first baby. She did splendidly. Now, Mrs. M., just remember how much younger you are than I was and don't fret or worry.
MRS. C."

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Editor's Note: Dr. Peters cannot diagnose, nor give personal advice. Your questions, if of general interest, will be answered in the column, in turn. Requests for articles must be accompanied by a fully self-addressed, stamped envelope and 2 cents in coin for each article, to cover cost of printing and handling. For the pamphlet on reducing and gaining, 10 cents in coin, with fully self-addressed, stamped envelope, must be enclosed. Address Dr. Peters, in care of this paper.

SALLY'S SALLIES

Love makes a man think one woman differs from all the rest.

Household Hints

BY MRS. MARY MORTON

MENU HINT

Baked Spiced Ham
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Baked Apples Pickled Beets
Brussels Sprouts
Butterscotch Dessert Nuts
Coffee

My favorite way of cooking ham is to parboil it by putting it on in cold water, after washing, and letting it come to a boil, then putting it on again in fresh cold water and cooking it slowly until fairly tender. Take out of liquor, peel off the skin, rub dry mustard and brown sugar into the fat, stick cloves in here and there and bake until brown, about half an hour; longer if the ham is not thoroughly tender. A tablespoon of brown sugar and the same amount of vinegar and a few cloves—or the juice from pickled peaches or pears in the water in which the ham is boiled gives a nice flavor.

Today's Recipes

Buterscotch Dessert—Make a batter of three well-beaten eggs, two cups of brown sugar, one and one-half tablespoons cornstarch, one-fourth teaspoon salt. Allow three!-fourths of a quart of milk to come to a boil and stir in the batter quickly. Cook for five minutes. When cool, serve with whipped cream, either sweetened or unsweetened, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Children's "Between" Meal

Active youngsters often come home from school hungry and unable to wait until mealtime. One mother prepares an eggnog for her children at noontime, as follows: Thoroughly beat one egg, two tablespoons of sugar and a teaspoon of vanilla, then add two large cups of milk, beat all till foamy and light, set in the ice box to chill. This makes two large glasses, which served with a sandwich, also made at lunch time and wrapped in waxed paper, nourishes them and satisfies their appetites till dinner is served.

Fishy Dishes

If you have not time to wash thoroughly in soda water the utensils you have used in preparing and cooking fish, just hold them close to the fire or near the gas for a few seconds, allowing the whole surface to get equally heated, and the odor will dissappear.

Capes are of outstanding importance in the spring modes. The sleeveless cape coat is developed both as a separate wrap and as an interpretation of the short jacket suit.

Tiny thin enamel watches carried in the purse are the latest fad of Paris.

Peter's Adventures

BY MRS. FLORENCE SMITH VINCENT

THE SMALL BROWN "STUMP" RUNS AWAY

IT was on a brisk morning that Peter started for a walk in the forest. As he trudged through the thick leaves he remembered the day he had saved the life of the Old Oak Tree, and the tree, in gratitude, had given him the magic power of speech with all the birds of the air and creatures of the field and forest. His fingers caressed the tail of a blue lizard which kept him from harm in his wanderings.

"I GUESS I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I'M AN INDIAN," SAID THE BOY.

At the edge of the woods he spied a beautiful tree in its autumn dress.

"Why, that tree looks just as if it was on fire!" cried Peter, looking at its leaves which Jack Frost, with his magic brush, had painted flame color.

"And that little tree over in the corner—it shines like a pile of gold! Ooh! whoever would think that an old stump could be as pretty as that stump yonder! Why the moss on it is just as green as if it was the middle of the summer. How glad I am that I chose the woods. If it is as lovely as this outside, what will it be in among the trees? I'll bet there'll be lots of things to see."

With a shout the boy dashed straight into the woods, scuffing up the dried leaves as he ran and laughing just for the joy of being a boy in the open on such a beautiful day.

But by and by, as he went farther and farther into the woods, it grew quieter and quieter, and by and by the boy grew quiet, too. It didn't seem just right, somehow, to make a noise that would wake the stillness.

"I guess I'll make believe I am an Indian," said the boy under his breath, and he stepped softly upon the leaves, trying his very best not to make them rustle. There was something on the ground in front of him that looked like a brown stump. What was it? Peter crept forward to see.

Nearer and nearer crept Peter toward the queer brown hummock. At last he stretched out his hand to touch it, when something happened that made his heart jump up into his throat. So startled was he that he didn't notice an old tree root sprawled across his path, and down Peter went, head over heels among the leaves.

"Quit! Quit! Quit!" The small brown stump that wasn't a stump at all kicked up the leaves all about it, throwing some into Peter's eyes, and away it ran as fast as it could tear, scolding the boy for disturbing the peace.

Peter sat up and brushed himself off.

"That is the worst fright I have had yet," remarked he, aloud.

"Playing with the bugs and birds as long as I have ought to make me used to most anything, but I am never ready for these all of a sudden folk. Now, who could that creature that I took for a stump have been? Why couldn't he have made himself known without rushing off like that?

"My, but he was angry! And I wouldn't have hurt him for anything. Maybe if I hurry I can catch him, and when he knows that I didn't even see him and wouldn't have scared him if I had known he was there that he will make friends with me. I believe he went this way. These leave don't seem to lie quite so thick.

Next: "She's Fooling You!"