

## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

### RICE AND OTHER DIETS TO REDUCE HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High blood pressure is often associated with coronary thrombosis (heart stroke) and with apoplexy (brain stroke). While no known drug will reduce organic high blood pressure permanently, once the elastic tissue in the blood vessels has been replaced by hard or fibrous tissue, high blood pressure brought on by the emotions can be reduced to or almost to normal by rest, quietness, diet and sometimes by drugs.

We hear a great deal about the rice diet in the treatment of high blood pressure. It is a known fact that high blood pressure is less common among peoples who use rice as we use bread, potatoes, and other starch foods.

In the New England Medical Journal, Dr. C. R. Williamson states that among 67 high blood pressure patients who had been referred to Williamson's hospital because they had diastolic pressures (when armband is loose) above 100 (less than 100 is considered within normal limits), eight had diastolic pressures of less than 100 when first seen by him. Fifteen others had variable pressures which were frequently below 100, and 14 patients showed a gradual lowering of pressure to less than 100 during the three weeks control or observation time before the rice diet was given. Thus 37 of the 67 patients improved during the control period. Had they been given the rice diet immediately on arrival at hospital, these 37 cases would have been recorded as successful results with the rice diet.

Of the remaining 30 patients whose blood pressure remained high after the control period of three weeks, 10 were not placed on the rice diet because of unwillingness to follow the diet, or because of severe complications.

What about the remaining 20 patients? Eleven of the 20 followed the rice diet for six or more weeks. Four of these had a significant decrease in diastolic pressure. The addition of a diet of protein and fat, free from salt, did not cause any change in blood pressure. The giving of table salt without the knowledge of the patients was followed by a rise in systolic pressure (with armband tight) of more than 20 points in one of the four cases and a rise also in two others.

What do we learn from the above results? We learn that cutting down on table salt is the big factor in the rice (or other diet) in reducing blood pressure.

## TIRED NERVOUS CONSTIPATED?

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OUR BABY DESERVES AYLMER QUALITY

## CRESCENT CARNIVAL

FRANCES PARKISON KEYES

(Continued)

Gail took Stella to the airport after the wedding. "Wasn't it lucky that the weather was so perfect?" Stella asked. Because if the guests hadn't been able to go out on to the back gallery, I don't know where we'd have put them all, do you?"

"Perhaps if it had rained there wouldn't have been so many people."

"I don't know. Patty has heaps of friends. So has Drew, for that matter. I guess they'd have come to the wedding, anyway."

"I guess they would—Richard has an awful crush on Amelia, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and—" Gail did not say it, but that was only because he caught himself in the nick of time. He was thinking the same thing Stella was: And Raoul has an awful crush on Clarinda. Several other guests at the wedding had said it. Stella had heard them laughing and joking about it.

The plane was late, and Stella had to go on and on talking to Gail while she waited for it. But it came roaring in at last, and she climbed aboard. She managed, somehow, to undress, bending over so that she would not hit her head on the upper berth that was swung so low. She lay very still, thinking of Drew and Patty and the perfect maid and the good parts at the Metropolitan to which she was going back all alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII

It had been Patty's hope, from the beginning, that she and Drew might remain at Splendia until after Christmas. This should be feasible, she thought, if they went together to New Orleans regularly in the middle of the week, leaving the plantation early in the morning, spending one night with his mother, and returning to the plantation late the following evening. On Mondays and Fridays he could motor down and back the same day.

Drew soon discovered that, during his absence in town Patty apparently found time to occupy herself with some practical details. She asked him one night what he would think of closing all the rooms on the north side of the house and of installing oil burners in the upper and lower halls to supplement the heat from the fireplaces. The heaters would not be unduly expensive. Drew checked his impulse to tell her that it was foolish to sink any sum in a house which probably could never be used another year. If she wanted the heaters, she ought to have them. He told her to go ahead with the purchase and watched the process of installation with more admiration and less amusement than he had supposed he would feel. When it was completed she began to ask other questions and make other suggestions about the house.

"If you feel so sure it's only a matter of time before it's going into the river, why don't you move it? You've moved two houses for other people and everyone's saying you've made a huge success of it."

"The houses I moved had strong structures, Patty. Splendia wasn't built that way. The walls are honeycombed with decay. The other houses I've moved have been small, comparatively speaking. This one's enormous."

"You wouldn't be moving it as far as you did the others, so that part wouldn't cost so much. You'd just be moving it beyond reach of the river. Couldn't you take the materials that are still sound and build a small house? We could save all its most beautiful features—the portico and the pillars and the piazza and the doorway and the

big colored window and the beautiful mantels."

"That's not an unsound idea of yours," Drew said, looking at her in amazement. "If these were only normal times—"

"But don't you think, Drew, that just because they're not, we ought to try to plan so that we can help to bring them back to normal. Later on? The country's going to need those crops some day, isn't it?"

"Patty, how can I run a plantation in Louisiana if I'm somewhere over on the other side of the world?"

"If you are, I can run it until you come back. I don't know how, but I can learn."

"We'll talk about these plans of yours, Patty," Drew said gently. "But not now. Come out in the arbor with me."

She did not argue with him, but he discovered before long that, little by little, she was exploring the plantation in the same quiet, unhurried way that she had explored the house and that, in the course of her rambles, she was familiarizing herself with its usages and its needs and learning some of the myriad details involved in managing crops and stock. She also spent a certain amount of time in correspondence. She took an almost childlike pleasure in receiving letters and in the more unusual pleasure in writing them. One of the latter caused him some slight qualm, but in the end he decided not to suggest any changes in it, and it was dispatched in its original form.

To be continued

## Morning Smile

Answered

The pilot of an air liner handed over to his co-pilot and wandered through the planes.

Said an old lady: "I do hope you will bring us all down safely, young man."

"Madam," replied the pilot, "I've never left anyone up here yet."

His Money

Wife: "There was something about you I used to like."

Husband: "I know, but I've spent it all!"

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Fine linen trimmed with a delicate crocheted edging makes this spring neckwear confection. Fashion decess this will be a big collar and cuff season with suits and dark dresses especially calling for white or pastel lingerie touches at the neck. This set, easy to make yourself, is pale pink with matching picot edging and a large pearl button fastening each cuff. The double collar is wide and square across the back like a sailor's. If you would like directions for making this DOUBLE COLLAR AND CUFF SET, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Dept. of this paper, requesting Leaflet No. E-2591.

Stuffed a moment to enjoy it, to compare this with former opening days of memory, to find an unmatched earliness in this one — no trace of snow along the greening fields nor on the roads along which without any tedious spring-breaking in advance, traffic now moved. Then unwinding the fishing cord with decorum, baiting the hook without any Maggie Tulliver-ish qualms, we cast out among the fetching dark ripples to open the season. And wait! Presently James, we like to fancy, somewhat lonely in our absence, hailed us from the yard: "Having any luck, Ellen? It's pretty deep there... play out more line!" And now a nibble. The float bobbed intriguingly, disappeared for a moment, reappeared unsteadily. With quickened heartbeats, we drew in—a mighty effort! And regarded our taking, a mere fingerling, quickly given its freedom. With a flirt of its tail, it passed again into the depths. We cast again only to capture the same trout, or if not another one of the infant class which left us no richer. And then somewhat discouraged, we re-wound the line and wandered in the road to join the youngsters, fishing in the vicinity of Rob's.

Jamie is an enthusiastic angler pursuing it with liking and perseverance, finding perpetual enjoyment in the fascinating pastime. Gage alternated between his fishing, often with the end of the rod submerged, and to Jamie's dismay at the din, helping the spotted dog to deepen an excavation which "just might be a muskrat's house" in the depths of a sunny bank. Two other lads were there, neighbors and comrades, of like years—a pair that angled with an earnestness and respect, worthy of their elders at the sport. And the day waned, spending itself pleasantly for us, until dimming hills put a close to our outing and brought James to take us home by "kerrige" behind the Nell-mare.

"There's no mistake, Ellen—this is great weather," he observed, holding the lines tightly as she broke into a spirited trot. "Yes," he said "it's just as well that it keeps damp like this. If we had warm sunny days, we'd be on the land too soon. We'd be cutting hay in June, and harvesting in July!"

The moon is trying to push aside the clouds at this moment and the night has odd stars hung above the hills. We know, because we have been scanning the heavens.

"Isn't this your Institute, night?" James opens the door surprised to find us still lurking here. It is indeed, Down the short cut and along the milldam, piped by a grandfather frog and followed by lingering melody from the gates, up the incline and beyond, we have now an appointment to keep. Until tomorrow, Diary.Good-night.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife.

We came this afternoon to open officially the trout season in the neighborhood of Alderlea—a lone member of the family, since, because of her recent indisposition, granddaughter could not be our companion this cool unless April day, along mill-pond and stream. So with warped fishing-pole of bamboo, the envy of lads who must use alder rods, our float a sizable cork from an earthen molasses jug no longer in service, a shingle nail for weight, an ageing farm-wife, hair as silver as the clouds that kissed today's hills, we hied us away to the gangway bridge. The black dog was reluctant to retrace his steps as ordered, to take up his watch in the yard. For the occasion, a high-light of our spring-time, the alders had attended to the decorations, each bush being hung with enchanting curls. Robins and blackbirds and crows along the uplands provided the music, the wind of day touching soft chords on its harp-strings to accompany their tunes.

THE INDICATIONS are for a determined and confident attack on current conditions, with every promise of enduring gain and the attainment of major desires and ambitions. Important decisions must be made on a sound and long-range policy and not on emotional instability of an over-played hand in finances or investments. Lavish or prodigal use of funds may jeopardize solid interests.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, have excellent auspices for the fulfillment of their fondest hopes and wishes, with major interests advanced by a program of shrewd, intensive, and concentrated efforts, not neutralized by emotional instability, overzealous attack or financial stresses. For long-range and lasting benefits weigh basic elements and under-lying principles, not over-expansive ambitions or aspirations.

A child born on this day has splendid promise of a pleasant and solid state of affairs, with worthy ambitions advanced by industry and enduring techniques.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q When a person with whom one is talking mispronounces a word, would a tactful correction be in order—such as using the same word a minute later and pronouncing it correctly?

A This would be anything but a "tactful correction." Unless the person with whom you are talking is very stupid, it would be obvious to him that you are making a show of your knowledge. It is much better to ignore any grammatical slips.

Q Are club sandwiches supposed always to be eaten with the knife and fork?

A Yes. It is impossible to pick this type of sandwich up with the fingers and bite into it without being messy.

Q Is it proper to send typewritten letters of condolence?

A No; letters of condolence should be written by hand. They are more personal, and express more sympathy.

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## Cook's Corner

WALNUT SLICES

One cup flour, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup melted butter. Mix all together, pat out on pan 8 inches square, then take 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup cocoanut, 1 cup nutmeats or less, 2 eggs lightly beaten, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon almond extract, 2 teaspoons flour. Mix and spread over first mixture. Cook in slow oven (325 deg. F.) about 35 minutes. Cut in squares when cool.

ORANGE CAKE

Juice of one orange with 1/2 cup granulated sugar. Set aside, stir often and pour over cake when baked. Grind the peel of one orange and one cup of raisins, Cream 1/2 cup shortening with 1 cup granulated sugar, add two eggs and one cup sour milk, to which 1 teaspoon soda has been added, then add orange and raisin mixture. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt and 2 cups flour.

## The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kumbia

For Tomorrow

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## For Smooth Youthful Skin

NEW PALMOLIVE It's Mild!



Smart Young Women say PALMOLIVE—It's Mild!

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Philandering Wife

Middle-Aged Woman Who Loves Boy Looks Foolish, Courts Tragedy

DEAR MISS DIX: We have been married more than fifteen years and up to two years ago lived a happy, companionable life. My wife worked, holding a very good position. She is 41 years old and has fallen in love with a young man in his early twenties whom she partially or wholly supports, as he is often out of work. He drinks and gambles. His charm seems to be that he is free with compliments and flattery and takes her around to places of amusement, where she pays the bill. I asked this boy, if I gave my wife a divorce, if he would marry her, but he refused to answer. My wife repeatedly tells me to get out, but inasmuch as I have done nothing to disrupt our home I feel that it is not my place to go. I still love her and am willing to forget the past and start anew, but this is not what she seems to want. What shall I do?



BROKEN-HEARTED HUSBAND

ANSWER: When a middle-aged woman falls in love with a boy and makes a fool of herself over him there should be some sort of a padded cell in which she could be locked up until she regains her sanity. Unfortunately, there is nothing that can be done to keep them from wrecking their lives and bridging shame and sorrow down upon their silly heads. You just simply have to let them go their own way to destruction. Which is pretty hard on the husband if he happens to love the philandering wife and isn't so disgusted with her conduct that he is glad to be rid of her rubbish.

### A REVOLTING SIGHT

An old man trailing around after a girl young enough to be his daughter is a sad enough spectacle. But a woman in love with a boy young enough to be her son is a sight at which the angels must weep—and gag.

Of course, in the end she gets her punishment. Sooner or later she gets tired of faking emotion, she does not feel, of telling flattering lies that feed her vanity, and she finds out that he has some girl of his own age that he is spending her money upon.

It is worse still if she marries him because the little flare of passion soon dies and then she is bored to tears with a boy with whom she has nothing in common, and weary to death of trying to keep up with him and keep him amused. It is always a misfortune for both men and women to marry out of their age class, but it is doubly disastrous to the woman who does so.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl of 16 and miserably unhappy. My problem is this: My mother is ordinarily a nice, understanding person, but when it comes to my wearing make-up, she absolutely refuses to allow anything but a light lipstick. I am now going with a boy who cares a great deal for me, and he likes me to wear pancake, eye make-up, etc. Though I am quite sure he'll like me with or without make-up, I'd like to make him feel proud of me when we go out.

ANSWER: You are overdramatizing a very simple problem. Your mother realizes that nothing on earth is lovelier than a teen-age girl, and your beauty needs very little further adornment.

The day when you'll need powder and paint to touch up fading features will come soon enough, so follow your mother's advice and proudly flaunt the glow of youth which needs no artificial touch.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a man 37 years of age, unhappily married. I have two children. Occasionally I ask women friends to accompany me to dinner and to the theatre. One of them who is single and 29 years old refuses to accept my invitations on the ground that she has no right to let a married man spend his money on her. The relationship between us is simply friendship. Has she any legitimate basis for refusing to accompany me to a restaurant or to the theatre provided she desires to do so?

ANSWER: It isn't so much a matter of ethics as it is of propriety. The young woman shows herself to be very level-headed when she declines to go out with you. As long as you are not divorced you are the property of your wife and another woman interferes with her rights at her peril. The world invariably believes the worst of a girl who accepts the attentions of a married man, and no one can do so without being gossiped about.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

## -Needlecraft-

FOR THE HOME

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