

The Cost of Building Bodies



Protein is the body builder. Also the costliest element in food.

Quaker Oats yield 16.7 per cent. protein, which is more than sirloin steak. Potatoes yield less than 2 per cent—bread about 9 per cent.

That's one reason why oats dominate as food for growing children. They excel all other grains in this body-building element.

Figuring protein alone, this is what it costs at this writing in some necessary foods:

Cost of Protein Per Pound

In Quaker Oats - - - - -	\$.69
In White Bread - - - - -	1.30
In Potatoes - - - - -	1.48
In Beef, about - - - - -	2.00
In Ham - - - - -	3.63
In Eggs - - - - -	2.32

Thus body-building with Quaker Oats costs half what it costs with bread, and a fraction of the cost with meat.

What Energy Costs

Energy value is another food essential. Most of our food consumption goes to supply it.

Quaker Oats yield twice the energy of round steak, six times as much as potatoes, and 1½ times bread.

At present writing energy costs in essential foods as follows:

Cost of Energy Per 1000 Calories

In Quaker Oats - - -	\$.05½
In Round Steak - - -	.33
In Veal Cutlets - - -	.50
In Average Fish - - -	.50
In Chipped Beef - - -	.75
In Stewing Hens - - -	.52

Thus meat and fish foods average ten times Quaker Oats cost for the same energy value.

This doesn't suggest an exclusive oat diet. Other foods are necessary. But this food of foods—the greatest food that grows—should form your basic breakfast.

It means supreme nutrition, and the saving will average up your costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

The Delicious Flakes

Get Quaker Oats because of their matchless flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

When such extra flavor costs no extra price, you should get it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada



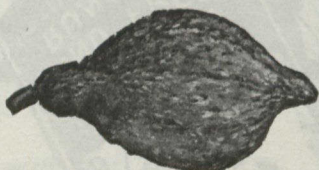
5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories



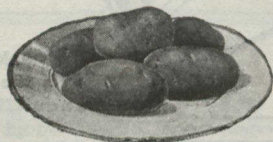
50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



60 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



9 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

A Prince of Egypt

(Continued from page 49)

Soundless noises compassed me on every side, jostlings which did not touch me, the confusion of a voiceless rabble made by many tongues.

Enthralled as never before in my life, yet I was unhappy. I was conscious of being very much alone. I missed something vital from that throng.

Then there was a hush, a thrill of expectancy, and, as if heralded from afar, I sensed the coming of The Presence; an exalted personage before whom the vast crowd prostrated itself and kissed the sand. I looked toward the approaching procession and was awed, dazzled, by its combination of religious pomp and civil splendour.

Priests in magnificent vestments, padded slowly past; beautiful young priestesses, each with a crescent-shaped crown upon her ink-black hair; naked slaves, with bodies that gleamed like polished ebony, and wearing but collars and girdles of burnished metal. There were slender maidens in rose-coloured gauze, who swung great bowls of incense, now and then themselves disappearing behind the clouds of perfumed smoke. And in their midst was born a litter, covered with cloth of gold, and banded with great streaks of glittering blue jewels.

It was set down directly before me, and daring to raise my eyes I saw—I recognized—the Personality whose presence I have only felt all this while!

Did I see a form with my physical vision? No. Some faculty infinitely keener sensed a Soul unhampered by a body. And yet, there was about it as much difference from those Others, as one piece of music is different from another, as one living face is different from its fellows.

That Presence drawing nearer to me seemed to enfold me in a strong golden light. The desert filled with a humming harmony. I have an idea that the vast throng made its obeisance to ME, and then fell away. I experienced the strange sensation of leaving my body sitting in the sands, while I followed whither that warm golden light led.

There comes to me no remembrance of leaving the desert. . . .

The attitude of my old friend, Dan Mowberly, and his remark that the nurses were just as much in my care as the men, stung me into making more persistent efforts than I otherwise would to learn something about Dryad Dixon. She was not at all secretive or reticent about herself, but that her meagre history might hold anything of interest to the rest of us never seemed to occur to her. Piece-meal, however, I learned that she had been adopted from a Home by quite an ordinary woman, whose intention had been to bring her up in a menial capacity. "I am afraid I was not very satisfactory as a servant," the girl told me, simply. "So she was good enough to promote me, and I became a sort of companion."

"And were you satisfactory as a companion?" I inquired, with a tinge of irony in my voice. It was lost on her.

"Indeed, I was a flat failure," she admitted. "I used to forget to listen when she talked to me—she talked a great deal, you know—and naturally that annoyed her."

"Naturally," said I.

"But even so, she was very kind. Finding out how anxious I was to take the Nurses' Training Course, she advanced the money necessary and let me go. I like to remember, now, how promptly I repaid her all I owed."

"Why, 'now'?"

"Because she was killed in one of the Coast raids, and she was tremendously fond of her money. I am sure that she could not be happy knowing that I, or anyone else, owed her a farthing. She would be very apt to come back and say so."

I stared aghast at this pagan philosophy.

"You surely can't believe that she would concern herself with thoughts of money now, even if she could come back," I cried. "Her mind is engaged with spiritual affairs."

Dryad looked at me in open amazement. I would have provoked the same expression had I asked, "Who was Moses?"

"It never was, here," she argued firmly. "She got into the habit of thinking about her money—nothing but her money. It will require some time for her to break herself of it. Yes, I am glad I didn't owe her anything but gratitude. I can still pay her that."

It was about this time that I began to share Colonel Mowberly's suspicions, and I doubted that Sister Dixon spent her hours in the desert alone, for, of course, it was only afterwards that I read her diary. She changed physically from day to day. Her eyes shone with a peculiar light, and behind the stars which gleamed from their blue depths was the look of the woman who is loved.

I know now that I should have investigated all this, but at the time it seemed impossible—there was so much more to be done that I could possibly accomplish! And then she was so queer anyway. One evidence more or less, what did it matter?

She performed her tasks as usual. Without seeming to do very much, she was always getting things done. She continued to hold the hot hands of the fever patients, and reduce their temperature with that monotonously quiet, coolly suggestive talk of hers; and always, without saying very much, she left the men hopeful and encouraged. In a word, Dryad Dixon brought them happiness without excitement, cheeriness without boisterousness. I reached the point where it was impossible to deny her helpfulness, to ignore the fact that whenever work or patients got beyond us, it was Sister Dixon who was called to establish peace and order. I am ashamed to confess that her hours of rest were sacred to none of us, as they should have been. She worked so easily that she did not seem to work at all, and no one had any compunction about disturbing her.

This was especially true of the men. They seemed to receive from her some sort of strength or relief that none of us could give; and, sacrilegious as the thought appeared to me, I could not rid myself of the impression that there was a healing property in her touch—some power derived from a source unknown to me.

Many of the men clamoured to kiss her, and I was startled more than once by the strange look which crossed their faces as her cool lips touched their burning skin.

"It was the breath of her mouth that gave life back to me the night I nearly died," Jim Donaldson told me, and his eyes were wide with wonder, and the expression of him who has experienced something holy. "I need her. Send her to me," he begged. "She said she would come if I could not sleep."

I REALIZE now that her ministrations were performed with such utter detachment that she was hardly conscious of any of us. But there were times when I used almost to hate her for that cool aloofness, through which no one could penetrate. In reading the portion of her journal which now follows, a portion out of which her eyes seem to gleam like deep blue flames, it seems quite incredible that she should have come back to us at the hospital at all:—

He is a man . . . a Prince . . . young! I have talked with him! How absurd this seems as I write it! Most of all, the statement . . . at I talked with him, for our communication was accomplished without the dragging medium of speech. How else, one might ask? Just as two happily-attuned people converse, silently, in the dark; just as the soul of music speaks to us without words; just as the higher things in life are expressed—not by words, but by the lack of them. "Words," said Demosthenes, "are but the shadows of actions." I would rather say, "Words are but the clumsy expression of thoughts."

As soon as he came to me to-day, I knew that another stage in my evolution had been reached. Not only could I see . . . distinguished him from those Others . . . but I knew that I could communicate with him. It is difficult to set down in words exactly what we said; I could as easily translate the ripple of water, the softness of cloud, the heart of moonlight.

But it will not be unpleasant to try . . .

We were alone. He sat close to me and touched me without contact. Suddenly, I heard myself framing thoughts, and the words in which they formed themselves were those of an unfamiliar tongue.

"Wilt tell me thy name, O Spirit?" I asked. "Art thou a god, that people do prostrate themselves and worship thee?"

"Nay, fair daughter of Isis," he replied. "The mighty Toth hath blessed me, and Osiris doth give me the shadow of his brilliance, but I am no god. Knowst not that I am a Prince of Egypt?"