



Make Vim-Food Tempting

Let the Flavor Win the Child

It's a mistake to make oat food compulsory. The right way is to make it inviting.

Serve only the luscious flakes. Make this the wanted dish. Then this energy food, which you know a child should have, will be the food he loves to get.

That's the theory behind Quaker Oats.

We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains, and our process brings out their aroma. We get but ten pounds of these flakes from a bushel, but all the charms of the oat are in them.

This rare dish, with all its extra fascinations, costs no extra price. It's a pity not to serve it when vitality means so much.

Quaker Oats

The Best-Loved Oat Food

In a marvelous way, Nature stores up energy in oats. Every dish contains a wealth of vim-producing power. Oats stand unique as animating food.

This is also the food for growth. It is rich in the elements of which brains and nerves are made.

Most mothers know this, and most children get it. But they rarely get enough. They know in but a small degree the spirit-giving power of oats.

Large Package

30c

Contains a piece of imported china from a celebrated English pottery.

Regular Package

12c

That's why Quaker Oats is important. It fosters a love for this dish. It leads to larger use. And millions of people, young and old, would benefit by that.

Try serving these big white flakes. Note how folks enjoy them. You will always get this super-quality when you ask for Quaker Oats. That is why this brand, all the world over, holds the first place among oat foods.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

(S70)

Saskatoon, Sask.

Care of Babies in the Spring

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins)

LORD CLARENDON, wise beyond his generation said, "It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast." If mothers with youngsters under two and a half years would ponder this truth many infantile maladies would be forefended and forbid by heaven. Most babies are in the same boat as Byron's guests:

"But 'twas a public feast, and public day—

Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,

Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,

And every body out of his own sphere."

That is to say, the fond mother and doting grandmother have never been known even in the saddest of hovels, to starve the budding offspring. Rather do they overfeed it and mar its health by too much, too rich, or too often given pabulum.

Experienced physicians are often considered austere, cold, and even brutal by unwise and over-solicitous parents. Watch must be kept upon the throat and breathing organs such as the lungs. In the late spring and warming summer a vigilant, maternal eye must look to the infant's herbivorous victuals.

The spring is really the frontier, upon which the watchmen of the child's physical revenue must be Janus-headed in order to look both before and behind, both at the kind and quantity of the food and the degree of temperature and purity of the germ-free air grandparents, who have forgotten that children finally restored to health, never tell tales of the perpetuated errors inflicted upon them by a less wise if older devotion. Yet, as some one recorded, the last, best fruit which comes to perfection, even in the kindest soul, is, tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unbearingly, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Therefore, doctors saturated with the triumphs of the newer things and grandmothers without records of their own multitudes of well-known unsuccesses, must be both tolerant to and lenient with each other. Fine feelings and super-sensitiveness, when the present comfort and future efficiency of a darling baby are the stakes, without the vigor of reason are in the situation of the end feather of a peacock's tail, namely, always besmirching something or someone with its inevitable mud.

In the spring the mother's fancy turns—or should so turn—to thoughts of a baby's food. Strangely enough, in the winter, the attention of the guardian of baby's well-being which enters the respiratory tubes as pneumonia is the child's Charon in the winter; as diarrhoeas and choleras are its shadowy Reaper in midsummer, the two demons must both be prohibited in the spring; must be eternally guarded against from February until July.

The baby's lingo is the "language of a cry." One of the curious responses of human instinct is to this but badly understood vocal expression of infants.

"The glorious angel who was keeping The gates of Light, beheld her weeping; And as he nearer drew and listened To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened With his eyelids, like the spray From Eden's fountain, where it lies, On the blue flower, which—Bramins say— Blooms nowhere but in Paradise."

If then, the tears and the crying of the little tacker are to indicate some threatening danger, study its language from the moment of birth onwards. You as a human individual are equipped with a capacity to learn Italian, Japanese, Russian, and any foreign tongue, therefore seek ye the word of your babe. Once you are able to read those signs, colic or cold, anger or habit, hunger or engorgement, nervousness or some disturbance outside of its little body will be as clear to you as a written word.

If, then you, as a modern, sanely-living mother have convinced yourself the child has no sore throat; no dry hard cough, no fever, no sticking pin,

which has wriggled its way from its catch into the infant's skin; no other ailment that can be on the instant alleviated or demands the urgent summons of your family doctor, then look you to the child's pabulum.

Starvation is luckily as rare among even the poorest infants as aviators are above the desert of Sahara. There is obviously no need for advice here, because the maternal mistake, abetted by the ever fearsome women relatives, is excessive feeding.

Here there is always a perennial danger, exaggerated like a traveller's narratives, in the hot day of spring, when the microbes in the milk, are not iced, parboiled, or Pasteurized as is often the case in the summer.

Without again repeating the necessary sermon to mothers that human milk is the only certain preventive of ninety-nine per cent of babyhood illnesses and anguish, it may here be taken for granted that the delinquency and dereliction upon the part of some mothers, nurses, or doctors, there is no breast milk at hand for the child.

The happiest substitute of an unhappy list of foods, dried milks, paps, condensed, evaporated and artificial milks, is the mixed milk of a herd of cows that have been tested with tuberculin and found free of the Great White Plague.

If the pretty, puckering mouth of the hungry babe could be given a weakened cow's milk only in the correct amounts and at the correct intervals directly from the breast of a healthful cow as it receives it from its mother's bosom, there would be few dysenteries, summer complaints, sick stomachs, and adult stomach disturbances in after life. Since, however, even the clean herd of cattle with disinfected skins, in cement and easily washed stalls, milked by white-robed, pure-handed milkmaids, fairly seeth with microbes, ere the best milk in the wide-world—Walker Gordon or certified milks—reaches the distant, infantile lips, there are more germs in the purest milk than there was wickedness in Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is these noxious dysentery bacilli, cholera germs, sore throat bacteria, and disease inciting microbes that are anathema to decent citizens. One tiny cholera or diphtheria bacillus dropped from the air into even the most perfectly clean or sterilized milk, will, before it reaches a baby on a hot day only a block distant, have produced offspring by the billions.

What then must happen to the artificially fed, bottle baby whose milk comes from a distant farm? It will ail or fall seriously ill. While the calves of those cows thrive and prosper; whereas even the babies on that very farm who drink the self-same milk grow sleek and fat, the distant city baby withers and falls away and may even succumb to the dreadful maladies so common in childhood.

Plainly, then, if such a child is given too strong a mixture of bovine milk or given too much or too often even a proper dilution of the milk, the vomiting and irritable stomach becomes lowered enough in tone to fall a prey all the more easily to the invading micro-parasites of childhood distempers.

Just think of it, one whole generation has passed since Pasteur, Koch, Soxhlet and others discovered that heat, if properly applied—so simple and available a device—will kill all bacteria. Although this has been in a measure used generously by some mothers to destroy the microbes in cow's milk, it has not been employed to the extent of stamping out all alimentary children's maladies. Yet there is more than a suspicion that this will do it.

The polemical bitterness between various organization and anti-organization physicians; between a group here and a group there as to the value of boiled milk or Pasteurized milk for bottle fed babies must now come to an end. The discovery a few months ago that boiled milk—and milk is not boiled by merely letting it simmer, it must be boiled