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A Message For Every Home

Is to be found in the Splendid Picture

The Dispatch Rider

By Malcolm D. Charleson

The Dispatch Rider is one of the finest water color art productions of the year 1917.

It depicts a trooper of the 34th Fort Garry Horse Regiment in France. It is from the brush of Mr. M. D. Charleson, a well-known western Canadian artist, and was produced by him while a member of the famous Fort Garry Horse.

Many months ago Mr. Charleson was commissioned by the management of The Manitoba Free Press Company, Limited, to create a watercolor that would make a suitable premium for the subscribers of The Free Press Prairie Farmer. Western Home Monthly readers, by taking advantage of this special offer, can also secure a copy of this picture.

The writer of this announcement cannot hope to picture in cold type the expression on "The Dispatch Rider's" face as he dashes along the old Roman road, with a century-old village just behind in the fierce grip of the red flames of war. There is something about the peaceful valley and the exploding shrapnel that is inexplicable, and both the horse and rider glarily convey the absolute necessity and the urgency of the situation existing in the background.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer has had this watercolor painting reproduced in eight delicate colors on photochrome paper by the best lithographer in Western Canada. The size of the picture itself is 13 inches by 18 inches, and including the mount is 21 by 28 inches.

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The Home Doctor

Why Hunger Does Not Make Babies Cry

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., Johns Hopkins University.

The average mother is implicitly convinced that seven times in ten, when her baby cries, the infant is hungry. She will, therefore, be as amazed, perhaps, as was the old woman whose little dog failed to recognize her with her petticoat cut off, when she learns that researches carried on independently by Dr. R. Taylor, Dr. A. J. Carlom, Dr. I. Timpowsky, and Dr. H. Ginsburg prove that youngsters seldom cry when they are actually hungry.

When a baby cries it is more apt to be due to emotional symptoms, to want of warmth and comfort traceable to habits engendered by thoughtless, selfish persons, who pick them up, spoil and coddle them.

Most often the cries, shrieks, howls, or real tears of infants are due to the absence of some accustomed, expected or looked for sensation; just as the fear of the dark in older children owes its origin often to the withdrawal of the day sensations of noise, light, sound, feelings, movements, and sights.

nursing or the bottle. The commonly made claim of aunts, nurses, and grandmothers that crying stops when water or food is given, is about as logical as that a mustard plaster "cures" a pain. Either procedure is only a matter of diverted attention—a counter-attraction, as it were.

Even prematurely born babies exhibit great contractions of the stomach due to hunger. While the taste of sugar, salt, acid, or tart things check the sensations as well as the moments of hunger in a grown-up's tummy, babies and infants of older age lack this mental influence.

In the normally cared-for, breast-fed child, nursed at regular, clock-like intervals and not picked up or coddled between times, hunger is rarely, if ever, an immediate source of crying.

Neither the hunger contractions themselves nor the possible irritability supposed to be due to them, incite the child to cry. When a baby cries, you may at once eliminate the two commonly blamed causes, namely, hunger or the teeth, and look for wet "diddies," lack of covers, pins that stick, faulty food, too much food, colic, fever, middle ear infection, adenoids, or some other definite trouble.



Youngsters are fighting for Germany, boys apparently sixteen to seventeen years old, are shouldering arms, and are put in the front line trenches to battle with the French and British. This photo shows a number of the boys, of the class of 1918, captured by the French, and gives proof that Germany is running shy of man power, of full grown men to do her fighting. Therefore, boys just out of school, are put in the front lines.

The all too prevalent notion that the babe that cries is hungry, has been convincingly disproved by a multitude of plain facts, observations, and experiments. It can be seen by X-rays and during operations that the empty, hungry stomach of grown-ups, as well as youngsters, squirm and wriggle when the pangs of hunger and the need of victuals and drink are apparent.

Hunger moments in the stomach are associated with hunger sense. The stomach of the infant allowed to remain empty a long time, becomes more intensely animated than does the grown-ups hungry alimentary canal. Experiments and observations made in the departures of physiology have just been extended by Professor Taylor, of the Children's Department of the University of Wisconsin.

He offers a mass of facts, which go to show that unspoiled, unpetted young infants pay little or no attention to the hunger sensations or hunger contractions of the stomach. They even sleep throughout such periods. They are not unusually quiet for sixteen hours after

The Unsanitary Art of Dish-washing

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Bessie D— was employed as ledger clerk and poster in one of the departments of the Bell Telephone Company of a southern city. She and half a hundred other pretty girls and an equal number of amorous young men, usually ate their lunch in the offices between 12 and 12.30, and then walked in the open air for another half-hour.

It was not unusual there, nor is it so elsewhere, to exchange bites of sandwiches, cakes, apples and oranges with each other. Miss D allowed another young girl, Miss A—, a bite or two from her dainties almost every lunch hour.

One day, Miss A— had a hemorrhage from the mouth, while at work. Miss D— mentioned this casually, and with no realization of its significance.

"Miss A— must have tuberculosis of the lungs," I told Miss D—. "Well, I believe she has," was her dawning reply. It was clear to her now.