



\$125 Per Year Saved on Breakfasts

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves the average family about 35 cents, compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc. And that means over \$125 per year.

Starting the day on oats means a family better fed. The oat is the food of foods. It is rich in elements which all people need and which many people lack.

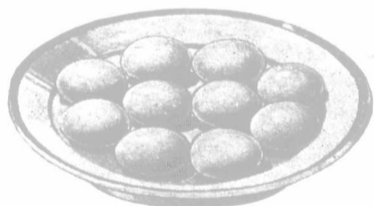
Oats yield 1,810 calories of nutriment per pound. That's twice what round steak yields. Oats form almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

Yet Quaker Oats—the cream of oats—cost but one cent per large dish. Or about as much as a bite of meat.



Breakfast for Five

- 5 dishes Quaker Oats - 5c.
- 10 eggs about - - - 40c.
- 5 lamb chops - - - 60c.
- 5 servings fish - - - 40c.



13c. a Day for a Boy

A boy needs about 2,000 calories of nutriment per day. Those 2,000 calories cost 13c. in Quaker Oats—in eggs about \$1.20.

Variety is necessary. But Quaker Oats supplies the supreme food at breakfast, and at minimum cost. Let the costly foods come later in the day.

Foods are rated by calories—the energy measure of nutriment. With too few calories one is underfed. And calories in some foods cost ten times as much as in others.

Cost per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats	6½c.
Average Meats	45c.
Average Fish	50c.
Hen's Eggs	60c.
Mill	20c.
Vegetables	11c. to 75c.

Note how foods differ in cost when you figure their food value. Here is the cost of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing.

Quaker Oats

To make the oat dish welcome

The finest flavor comes in Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Because of this flavor, oat lovers the world over send here for Quaker Oats.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Our School Department.

The Story of a Wormy Apple.

Concluded.

"When I was nearly two months old my other brothers and I got quite a scare. There was a Duchess tree some distance away, so far in fact that my brothers near the ground couldn't see, but as I was up near the top, I and those of my brothers who were near me, could see a long distance away. We noticed, about the time I have mentioned, that the Duchess apples were getting quite big, and what hurt us more was that they were becoming very handsome. They were far more beautiful than any of the rest of us at that time, and took on a great many airs on account of it, too. Their cheeks were striped with bright red, especially on the sunny side, and we were quite jealous of their good looks for a time.

"Mother soon found out that something was wrong and smiled quietly to herself when we told her about it. She told us that we need not worry about it at all, because we would be ever so much more beautiful after a while than the Duchess. Mother said that the Duchess would soon be ripe, and that was the reason they were getting red and good looking, while we were still quite green. I have found out since, from hearing Farmer Jones talking to Tom, that Duchess are summer apples and are only good for cooking. He also said they were poor keepers, like most other early apples, and couldn't be transported very great distances on that account. 'Now the Northern Spy over there,' said our master, 'is a late winter variety, and one of our longest keepers.' 'Why,' he said, 'I've kept Spies in our cellar until June, and they tasted as good as ever. They are fine for cooking, and you will go a long way before you find a better apple to eat out of hand.'

"This made us feel good again, and we eagerly looked forward to the time when we, too, would begin to redden up. Sure enough, it came before very long. Our master had helped us, because he had not cultivated the orchard after I got to be about a month old, as he said we wouldn't color up well if we grew too big, and it would take a long time to check the growth which the branches all around us were making. I was one of the very first to show any color, and one of my cheeks slowly began to get a dull red. It was a long time, however, before we could feel very proud of our beauty. Our faces, as you know, are covered with a very thin, dull-looking substance, which Farmer Jones calls 'bloom,' and this makes us look very sober. When this is rubbed off with a cloth, we are really very bright and cheerful looking, although I have heard that we do not live so long if we are polished. I like to think we can make ourselves look very beautiful if we want to. There are some very beautiful families in our orchard, the McIntoshes and Snows, who are related to each other. One can easily tell they are related, because they look so much alike. I wouldn't like to be plain looking and homely like the Golden Russet and Rhode Island Greening, although mother says they come of excellent families and are respected everywhere. Tom says that 'beauty is only skin deep,' but I'm sure he likes pretty apples better than plain ones.

"Now, children, I've kept you a long time, and my story is nearly finished. When I was between three and four months old, Farmer Jones and Tom came out to the orchard one day and picked all the Duchess and took them away. Then came the Alexanders, Gravensteins, Wealthy, Maiden Blush, Wolf River, Fameuse, McIntosh, Winter St. Lawrence, Rhode Island Greening, Wagener, Tolman Sweet and Baldwin in turn, until there was no one left in the orchard except the Ben Davis my own brothers and myself.

"At last our turn came, and although our master was in no hurry to take us to the cellar, I heard him tell Tom he was afraid of heavy frosts if he didn't pick us soon. I was picked separately and very carefully handled, because Farmer Jones wanted to take a prize with me at the fair, which was to be held in a very short time. So here I am at the fair, and

didn't even get a third prize, because of a worm hole. Farmer Jones didn't know about my trouble until the judge passed me by this morning, and he feels as much disappointed as I do.

"I'm very glad you were kind enough to let me talk to you, because it has shortened the afternoon so much for me, and I hope I haven't kept you so long that your mother will scold you when you get home. Good-bye."

THE END.

How Animals Sleep in Summer and Winter.

There are some animals that sleep in bed almost the whole winter. Possibly the bear is one of the largest of them. In the Arctic regions, the female of the polar bear goes to sleep in the snow and what falls after she lies down forms her blanket. Her breath keeps a small hole open to supply her with fresh air and when the spring comes she comes out bringing with her one or two baby bears. The polar male bears don't all sleep during the whole winter, but sleep at night and hunt for food during the day. The brown bear takes long sleeps during winter, but at times comes out in search of food, and as soon as it gets it, goes back to bed to sleep for weeks. They are very fat when they go to bed. If they were lean they could not sleep and they get very savage when they are like that. They know they must sleep in winter and look out their bed sometime before they need it, and eat much to make them fat, and they use up that fat to keep them alive while they sleep.

The raccoon sleeps in a hollow tree through the coldest months of winter, but wakes early in the spring and leaves his bed though the snow has not left the ground. The badger sleeps much of the winter but comes out sometimes to feed, for you can see its tracks among the snow, but as soon as it feeds it retires again to bed. The hedgehog is a very sound sleeper in winter.

The bat sleeps as soundly as though it were dead, nothing will rouse it.

We can turn to another class of animals, the snakes; they could not move among the snow. They gather into great companies and go to sleep. It is said they come long distances to their winter quarters. I remember a sort of hill near Moose Jaw where I saw great numbers of the garter snake gathered in the fall and I was told they come there every year and sleep all winter. The frog that makes such a noise in our ponds and sloughs in spring has passed the winter in the mud at the bottom of the pond. The tortoises bury themselves and sleep during the winter. They are long lives as has been proved by some that have been kept in captivity. The lizards, creep under stones, in holes of trees, or bury themselves among rubbish, or pass the winter in sleep.

Many fishes hide themselves in the mud and pass the winter there in a sleepy condition. Then you have the flies and insects who pass the winter in sleep. It is said that the bear is the only flesh eater that sleeps all winter.

Then we come to those who take long sleeps in summer, and reptiles are the most numerous who do this. The crocodile makes his bed in the mud so deep that the sun bakes the clay on his back and there he sleeps till the rain comes and swells the river when he leaves his bed and becomes very active. Snakes also dig into the mud and sleep in summer, so do mud fishes. They allow the mud to get like a brick around them and you can take a piece of that mud with the fish in it and send it to any part you like. Moisten the clay and break it up, and liberate the fish and wash it and it will waken up and do well even in an artificial pond.

How little we understand of all that life, but there must be some ruling force regulating and guiding it all. There is nothing haphazard about it. It does not take one form one year and another the next, it is the same century after century, so we must conclude the ruler and guide is one having higher power than man and having a longer existence.