

CHIPS

50

ELIZABETH MYERS
Illustration by B. Cory Kilvert



Is your
Baby's
Milk
Clean?

THE United States Government has examined the country's dairies, and says that in each 100 only 8 are clean.

Yet from the other ninety-two, kept as you would not keep your back yard, may come the milk you put into the stomach of your delicate little baby.

How can you, who are so careful of all other things, take so great a risk? How can you take the chance of giving it sickness—even consumption—in its milk bottle?

If baby cannot have mother's milk give it that which is nearest to mother's milk.

Nestlé's Food

best meets baby's needs. It's safe because it needs only water to prepare it, and because it's made in the most careful way that Doctors and Scientists have devised. It comes to you in an air-tight can, so no germs can reach it.

NESTLÉ'S is made from the milk of healthy cows, kept in sanitary dairies. All the harmful, heavy parts of milk have been modified so that the curd is soft and fleecy as in mother's milk. Then other food elements your baby needs, and that are not in cow's milk, are added—all in just the right proportions.

But three generations of healthy, happy babies are the best proof that NESTLÉ'S is the nearest thing to mother's milk.

Send the coupon. It will bring you, free, a box of NESTLÉ'S FOOD (enough for 12 feedings) and a Book by Specialists, filled with things you should know about the care of babies.



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I CHOSE a bench behind the syringa bush that would shelter me from the common gaze and preclude interruption of my reading. I found it quite by accident for, I am sure, it had never been placed in that secluded spot by the Park authorities; sentiment rarely enters into their stern order of duty. Pray, believe me, when I say that I was not eavesdropping, but if people will discuss their domestic affairs right in front of me, it is not my fault: over-hearing is not listening, there is a subtle distinction which I claim.

She was the prettiest creature I have ever seen outside of magazine covers, innocence and modesty exquisitely drawn in every soft feature. She was wheeling a baby carriage and in it was an infant the replica of herself as to blue eyes, light curly hair and the most adorable of smiles; that babe could never deny its mother. Her solicitude for the child was truly beautiful for every other second she came to the side of the carriage to rearrange a bow, a strand of hair or to pat the elaborate pillow—the ineffectual fussing that is so a part of the mother-instinct.

She stopped directly in front of my syringa and I noticed that she looked up and down the path. Probably in search of other mothers, I thought, for I knew how they like to get together and compare infants, yet at the same time I felt instinctively that this was to be no mothers' meeting, for there was a subtle something in her attitude that suggested quite another element; a subdued excitement, as it were. I gladly abandoned my study of the *Doctrine of Evolution* to the consideration of a modern, yet old-as-Eve problem, for it was dawning upon me that this was to be in the nature of a rendezvous.

She had quick, little bird-like motions as she turned first one way and then another in her search, but apparently no one was in sight. Then I was shocked, most shocked to see her turn and vent her disappointment upon the poor little innocent babe, for she stooped over the carriage and, lifting the tot she thumped it down hard several times. So far as I could see there was absolutely no reason for this, as the babe had not uttered a sound, I would have heard it had it done so. Isn't it strange how these pretty gentle creatures suddenly let fly at the nearest victim as a relief to their overcharged emotions?

Then like sunshine after a drifting cloud she became serene again, and I looked for the cause and found it. He was sauntering along as though he had

all the time in the world at his disposal, a book under his arm. When he spied her he did not quicken his pace, but she ran toward him with a little cry. His greeting was most nonchalant, I thought, and she seemed hurt; for which I could hardly blame her. Then, I reasoned, as is the privilege of us splinters, that his indifference was but a pose. Men are such funny creatures.

"Hello Ralph," I heard her say. She had the prettiest of voices, clear as a bird's. She was so demure that one would never have guessed at the little tornado of a minute before.

"What kept you?" she questioned, taking his limp hand, which he allowed her to hold.

"I couldn't come before," was all he vouchsafed, and strange to say the explanation seemed entirely satisfactory. Some women are so easily appeased.

"Won't—won't you come and kiss our child?" she said hesitatingly, as she drew him toward the carriage.

I was so overcome for the minute that I let the *Doctrine of Evolution* slip off my lap. Fortunately, I caught it in time to avoid being discovered. Who would have believed it—and other! Here was scandal for you!

Somehow, I disliked him from the first. His bored attitude was most affected. One could see he was completely blasé and I almost felt that the situation was an old one for him. I hated him cordially when he merely glanced at the adorable babe.

"Her face is dirty," was all he said. With a little cry of dismay, she took out a tiny handkerchief and put it to her mouth. (I truly believe that the misdeeds of children as they grow up are merely the getting-even for the many indignities they have to suffer as infants.) And never was a face more vigorously gone over.

"Say," went on the callous parent, "why don't you leave her home, she's an awful bother."

"Yes, I know," I was amazed to hear her assent meekly. "But it would look funny if I didn't show her, seeing we're properly married."

HERE was a kettle of fish! Married! I think I felt a slight disappointment as of a romance spoiled, yet I am a most moral person. I knew, then, why he was so off-hand. Marriage kills romance; there's no denying it.

"Isn't it fun being married and no one to know," she gurgled ecstatically. Poor child, her enthusiasm was so genuine. It's the woman, always, who has to suffer. However, here was romance after all. I saw it clearly: Her people did not like him and forbade him to

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His greeting was most nonchalant



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