

Jus' a Dream

By F. W. B.

Las' night in the cradle of Morpheus
I slumbered an' cuddled a dream
Of ineffable days of my childhood,
When my thoughts were untarnished an'
clean.

Me seemed I saw the ol' homestead
An' the fields where I used to roam,
Where the larks jus' at eve went a-wooin'
With a love song of tenderest tone.

My mother appeared, an' my father—
Jus' as natural they were as cud be,
A-settin' there lovin' jus' as young folks
would do, beneath a catalpa tree.
There came into view the ol' schoolhouse
On the hillside way over yonder
With its purple-nosed, freckled preceptor,
Who with rod and rule taught me to ponder.

Once more I saw the ol' mud-hole
Where we kids used to swim an' do stunts,
Where father played Davy Jones Locker
With the kittens that proved to be runts.
The granary, barns an' sheds an' sech
All stood in the same ol' places
Awaitin' the hands of good fellowship
An' the smile of familiar faces.

The cattle, the hogs an' the horses
All were there to a dot an' an eye,
An' the fowls were as envious as ever
Of the cock-eyed peacock struttin' by.
The pump an' vacation day sawbuck
Importuned that they'd not be forgot,
Though I owed 'em not one single favor,
Save to ardently hope that they'd rot.

An' then the cinema was shifted
To the garden of vegetabills,
Where the he-goat, the fragrantest buddy,
Was wont to fill up to his gills.
The worms an' the weeds an' the beetles
That my brother an' I used to know
Filed by me in haughtiest fashion
'Sted a pledgin' not to pester us so.

To the orchard my dream ship then flitted.
Oh! The memories it lovingly brings
Of apple sauce, dumplin's and lickin's
An' of shameful best-not-to-say things.
My bird friends, the greedy ol' pirates,
Were a-burstin' with song as of old,
As if they were pleadin' forgiveness
For the world in its scramble for gold.

An' then as the dawn was nigh breakin'
My dream guide got ready to leave,
So he hustled me back to my senses
With a horse laugh or two up his sleeve.
"An' listen," said he, "an' remember
That most fools of wise men are made,
An' he who in youth fails to harvest
In ol' age may not sit in the shade."



Less Dope--More Milk

By F. L. KERNAN.

WHEN we arrive in this world, whether we be a yellow baby from the Orient, or a black one from darkest Africa, or a little pink cherub from America, the first thing we get is milk. Later on when Father Time gets in his work and the Grim Reaper gets ready to call us back, almost invariably the last thing we partake of in endeavoring to prolong our stay here is milk. Between these two periods, when we get sick and have an idea the end is near, milk in some form or other is prescribed.

In the intervening periods of time—times when we are healthy and normal due to the strength and resistance that milk has given us—we are prone to become dope addicts in some sense of the word. At these times we like to experiment and search and try and plan other ways of remaining healthy. Various kinds of dope methods are resorted to.

The Adolescent Youth acquires the longing or habits for pop, ginger ale, candy, gum, sweets, smoking and quite often the drinking of stimulants. Milk is generally forgotten by the youth.

Many of these habits are carried on to people of middle life. In addition to these habits formed in the primer class, we graduate into others. Our inside machinery becomes somewhat out of repair. We note a grinding here and there. Instead of resorting back to milk that made the machinery for us in the first place, we start experimenting with medicines, possibly becoming a slave to certain medicines. We learn to be great coffee drinkers because we have learned that coffee is a stimulant. We never inquire into whether a stimulant is good for us or not.

At this time the middle aged woman begins to plaster her face with mud and enters into other schemes that keep our beauty parlors crowded. Her wiser sister, that hasn't forgotten the value of milk, keeps her girlish beauty through this original method and nothing else. She realizes that for satisfactory results her beautiful complexion and snappy eyes must come from within. She knows that it is the engine or dynamo that must be kept in order

and realizes that a coat of paint or mud on the outside will not answer the purpose. The tired business man resorts to baths, health resorts, medicines, osteopathic treatments. The laboring man goes to excess in drinking coffee and other stimulants; also eating large quantities of meat.

Now, why do we forget our good friend milk and become so closely attached to other expensive experiments, fooling ourselves that they will give us health, beauty and happiness?

In the adolescent age boys and girls are in the outlawish stage. They rebel at anything that they did, or were compelled to do, when they were children or infants. They are just entering the threshold of maturity; consequently they couldn't "stoop to drinking milk." "Milk wasn't ever intended for young men and young women. God just made milk for babies."

This thought is carried on into the middle life when we tell ourselves, "I just know I should drink milk. I know it would be good for me; but I just can't stand the taste of it." We also unconsciously think that milk, being such an innocent and harmless looking product, can't possibly do us much good. As we grow older and our conditions become worse, we just naturally know there isn't enough "kick" in milk to do our case any good.

No one, not even the most learned milk expert claims that milk is a "cure-all." However, any one that has given the matter any particular study whatever knows that there isn't anything that comes as near to being a perfect food, a perfect medicine and a perfect beautifier. It contains all of the essentials necessary to life; it will act as a prophylactic for many ills; it will build disease-resisting powers in anyone; it will drive out harmful elements in our system that are striving to tear down our system; it will actually subdue certain diseases; it will preserve our teeth; and in doing all of these things it will keep our internal organization in such repair that it will keep up a glow on the outside that we call beauty.

Drink one quart of milk each day for 30 days; note the results.

From Babyhood FOOD to Schooldays

(Continued From Page 7)

Best for Family Use

The best package for family use is the returnable half can, containing about six pounds net weight. The guaranteed correct weight is plainly stamped on every can.

When these cans are kept tightly closed the contents will keep fresh, fine and palatable for an indefinitely long period of time. When exposed, however, crackers readily absorb the moisture and thus lose their freshness and crisp tenderness. They may also absorb odors and thus become unpalatable.

The best way to keep crackers is in a tightly closed container of tin or other metal. Crackers should never be put in a bread box or cake box with other foods, but should always be kept in a separate container. If the crackers should become softened by exposure to moisture, the freshness may be restored by a slight toasting in a medium oven. Just leave the oven door open and be careful not to scorch them.

The pictures of the healthy and happy children herewith show clearly the splendid results that naturally follow the daily feeding of the best graham crackers. Growing children need more than the three meals per day that are ample for adults. The best food to give them to satisfy the natural between-meals craving is graham crackers with milk, butter, jam, jelly, soft cheese or similar foods. Graham crackers are also splendid for serving with ice cream and other frozen dessert.

It is very strange that most folks living on the farm, in our country towns and in the smaller cities fondly imagine that the reports about poorly nourished and underweight children refer only to those living in the large cities. These good folks can hardly believe that children living in the better general conditions prevailing in the

smaller places and having plenty to eat (in quantity) can be the innocent victims of conditions that prevent their proper growth.

It seems difficult to bring home the fact that merely eating a large enough quantity of food does not necessarily give the growing child all the food elements that its body demands. Proper feeding is not a question of quantity, but of the selection of the right foods, which means a well-balanced combination of cereal foods, dairy products, fruits, vegetables, etc.

Here is a press report from an Iowa town which shows very plainly what the conditions are in the smaller places:

School Children Are Mostly Underweight

Lamoni, Ia., March 8.—(Special).—The public schools have been using a card system in their health campaign this winter. The examination this year showed a startling percentage of malnutrition children. In the entire school 58.2 per cent were underweight. The greatest percentage was in the first grade, where only 22.7 per cent were normal. In the fourth grade the highest percentage was found, or 73 per cent normal, leaving 27 per cent defective.

If at morning recess time and afternoon recess time these children were to be given a half dozen or more of the best graham crackers and a glass of milk—in 60 days' time you would not know they were the same children, because they would be heavier, with better color in their faces and full of pep and energy.

The "neglected age" of childhood is in the first few years at school. Then is when the children need the nourishment that about 75 per cent of them are not now getting. This does not refer only to children of poor families, but includes many well-to-do families also.



Buy in Dundee

AT A SAVING

Choicest

Home
of
Famoud
Ferdale
Foods

Groceries, Meats,
Fish, Fruits,
Vegetables,
Delicatessen

Phone
WA 0102

LOUIS SOMMER

49th and Dodge Streets