

AMERICA'S FIGHT

FOR BETTER BABIES

NEW YORK, July 28.—The "Big City" has decided to take the initiative in a well organized campaign wherein it purposes to show that in order to make the best Americans this country must first make better babies. To bring this about the city is conducting the biggest feeding clinic in the world.

At all city milk stations expert advice is given on feeding babies. The city is conducting a campaign of education through these bureaus in teaching mothers the great importance of nursing their own babies wherever possible.

Incidentally, the mothers are instructed in the general care of their children and are urged to do away with the heavy wrappings, so that the infants will be able to kick out from birth as good Americans should.

At these stations as much skill and devotion are at the service of the poorest baby as could be commanded by the wealthiest men and women in the world for their children.

The Bureau of Child Hygiene of the Department of Health, which is in charge of the work, has set the following standard of weights to which all loyal babies should conform:

At birth, 7½ pounds, at three months, 12 pounds, at six months, 15½ pounds, at nine months, 17 pounds, at 12 months, 20 pounds; at 18 months, 21 pounds; at 24 months, 22 pounds; at 30 months, 23 pounds, at 36 months, 24 pounds.

If babies are unable to come up to this schedule they are expected to repair at once to the nearest station of the city's feeding clinic and find out what is wrong with their food.

"But we don't want them to wait until then. We want all the mothers in the neighborhood to come to the nearest station to their homes before the babies are born," said Dr. S. Josephine Baker, head of the Child Hygiene Bureau. "Then after the babies are born we want them to keep on coming. They shouldn't wait until the babies are ill. We want well babies so that we can keep them well."

Not even after a baby is two years old does the city withdraw its supervision of his diet. Although the feeding clinic does not deal individually with the babies after that date, the Hygiene Bureau issues ideal menus for children up to the age of 6, and these menus, printed on cards, are being distributed at all milk stations and similar dependencies.

"In New York City," said Miss Ad-



FOUND IN THE ITALIAN DISTRICTS. THE WRONG WAY TO DRESS THE BABY



WAITING THEIR TURN TO SEE THE DOCTOR



A PINK AND WHITE WONDER EIGHT MONTHS OLD AND WEIGHS 23 POUNDS



SHOWING A MOTHER THE PROPER CLOTHING TO USE FOR BABY

laide Thomas, head nurse of the Thompson-street station, "there are a great many more babies who have too much to eat than too little. The trouble is that they are not fed regularly. They are given food in between the regular feeding hours. They are also given many strange remedies when they are out of sorts instead of being brought directly to the station. Lettuce water is given to babies a great deal in this section, which is made up mostly of Italian families. I believe it is the water off of lettuce. As it isn't boiled, of course, it is apt to do the baby more harm than good."

An Italian baby girl arrived, and Miss Thomas, the doctor and Mrs. Burke, his assistant, prepared the child to be weighed, and presided over the scales. The first thing taken off the baby when she was stripped was her chain of gold and coral charms, which she had worn since birth for "keeping off the evil eye."

"What would have happened to that baby without the charms it was difficult to imagine, for even with them the baby's poor little body showed evidence of a good deal of attention from the 'evil eye.' Although she was 6 months old, the little one never would have passed even into the three months' schedule if it hadn't been for her diamond earrings, which just about tipped the scale."

A fat, queenly baby followed the dark, and little creature. The second baby was pink and white and gurgling and had that contented interest in her

own toes which bespeaks a baby of placid mind and general well being.

"Something the matter with that baby?" asked Miss Thomas, incredulously.

The mother of the pink and white vision announced that there was nothing wrong, but that she had just come in to be entered for the vaccination contest, which was to take place during the next week.

"You nurse her yourself, don't you?" asked Miss Thomas.

"Yes, ma'am, every bit," agreed the mother, proudly.

"One can always tell a baby nursed by the mother," said Miss Thomas. "A bottle baby may be fatter, but the baby nursed by the mother is so healthy looking. There's always a difference. Of course, lots of mothers can't nurse their babies because they are not properly nourished before the babies are born or afterward; but it's fine when they can."

She nodded appreciatively as the pink and white mother and baby gave place to a forlorn little creature down whose

distressed countenance there rolled a flood of tears.

Grandmother, mother, father and little sister accompanied this poor infant, and every member of the family, worn out with watching, looked as woe-begone as the object of their care.

"He will cry all the time; all the time he cries; we do everything; nothing is any better," explained the grandmother, sadly.

Miss Thomas extended a slender hand and snatched a rubber "pacifier" from the crying baby's mouth.

She tossed this rubber cork scornfully into the waste basket, and as she did so the uncorked baby burst into a hearty wail.

"Let him cry," urged Miss Thomas. "He will digest his food better if you let him cry. You know, we talk a great deal and that helps us to digest our food, but a baby doesn't talk, so he needs to cry after each meal instead."

"Those pacifiers are the worst things possible for babies. Lots of people let their babies keep a 'pacifier' in his mouth all the time or a rubber nipple with no milk in it. They even go to

sleep with them in their mouths. That is bound to give a baby adenoids and bad tonsils. I think there ought to be a law passed against those 'comforters' or 'pacifiers,' as they call them, so that they could not be sold in the shops. It would be a lot better for the babies, even if it were a little noisier for the rest of us. You know some people are so afraid that their babies will cry that they trim their rubber things away down their throats."

It seemed as if the babies at the Thompson street clinic must know that Miss Thomas likes them to cry, for they did their very best to provide a splendid concert, with not a single note on the keyboard missing. Sound followed as inevitably on the removal of one of the rubber pacifiers as music from the manipulation of the stops of an organ. The general tonal effect resembled the Zoological Park at feeding time, with a suggestion of Central Park at twilight or just before the rain, when the birds are holding a congress.

"I'm sorry that we haven't any to show today," said Miss Thomas, anxiously as a merchant forced to confess a lowered stock. "We did have seven pairs, but one pair went back to Italy at the beginning of the war and we have lost others by graduation. We have four pairs now on the list for this station, but they are not scheduled for today."

"There are about two thousand babies taken care of in each of the stations in

the course of a year," she added. "That makes it pretty busy for all of us. There are lots of funny things happening here, and sometimes there are sad ones. There are things that make one wonder whether it is a good thing to get married after all."

"For instance, one of the women who bring their babies in here has had twenty-two children, and now her husband has run away from her. Every year for twenty years of her life she has been nursing a baby, and now she is left all alone to do the best she can for the whole drove of them that are still too little to work."

A tiny brown-faced baby whose black eyes sparkled with life and whose round face glowed with health was thrust into the nurse's arms.

"Well," she cried, "you are wonderful!" She held the baby proudly out for inspection.

"This baby was brought up principally in a poolroom," she said, "and he was awfully wan and weak and could not digest his food. We are not content with prescribing a diet for the children. We follow the diet into the homes and look around to see what can be done to help out. When I went to see this baby, whose mother keeps a poolroom, I found that there was a back yard at hand entirely available as a nursery. So we insisted on the transfer of the baby from the poolroom to the back yard, and he has been getting along handsomely ever since."

Although diet is the principal subject of interest at the milk stations, it isn't the only feature of importance. The milk, which is sold under the supervision of the city at 8 cents a quart, is regularly examined to see that it does not fall below grade, and the mothers are given instruction in everything relating to their babies' general well-being.

Miss Gertrude Sweeney instructs the mothers before the babies enter the world—that is, those of them who arrive within one mile of 114 Thompson street. She also teaches the mothers how to dress the children, recommending the doing away with the quaint but close and hot bambino wrappings and the substitution of loose little slips, so that the baby can kick out well from birth like a good American.

Cleanliness is also made a subject of

inquiry and instruction. The stations do not deal with other diseases than those relating to nourishment, but mothers whose babies are found to be suffering from other ills are recommended to places where treatment is given for specific troubles.

What Your Baby Ought to Eat

Up to 12 Months. Unless a baby is unusually healthy it receives no food but milk until the end of the first year.

From 12 to 18 Months.

First Meal—On Rising.—(1) One to two ounces juice of a sweet orange, or pulp of six stewed prunes, or one ounce of pineapple juice. (2) Eight ounces milk with either zwieback or toasted biscuits or stale toasted bread.

Second Meal—During Forenoon.—Milk alone or with zwieback.

Noon Meal.—(1) Six ounces soup, or three ounces beef juice. Note—Soup may be made of chicken, beef or mutton. (2) Stale bread may be added to the above.

Fourth Meal—Afternoon.—Milk or toasted bread and milk.

Evening Meal.—(1) Four ounces thick gruel mixed with four ounces top half milk, taken with zwieback. Note—Gruel may be made of oatmeal, farina, barley, hominy, wheatena or rice. (2) Apple sauce.

From 18 to 24 Months.

Breakfast.—(1) Juice of one sweet orange, or pulp of six stewed prunes, or pineapple juice (fresh or bottled) one ounce. (2) Cereal, as cream of wheat, oatmeal, farina or hominy preparations with top milk (top 16 ounces) sweetened or salted. A glass of milk, bread and butter. Note—If constipated give the fruit ½ hour before breakfast with water; if not they may be given during the forenoon. Raw fruit juice must be given ½ hour before or ½ hour after milk.

Forenoon.—A glass of milk with two toasted biscuits or zwieback or graham crackers.

Dinner.—(1) Broth or soup made of beef, mutton or chicken and thickened with peas, farina, sago or rice. Or, beef juice, with stale bread crumbs; or clear vegetable soup with yolk of egg; or

egg soft boiled, with bread crumbs, or the egg poached, with a glass of milk. (2) Dessert—Apple sauce, prune pulp, with stale lady fingers or graham wafers; or plain puddings, rice, tapioca, blanc mange, junket or baked custard. Supper—Glass of milk, warm or cold; zwieback and custard or stewed fruit. Total milk in 24 hours, 1½ quarts.

From 2 to 3 Years.

Breakfast.—(1) Juice of one sweet orange or pulp of six stewed prunes, or one ounce pineapple juice (fresh or bottled), or apple sauce. (2) A cereal such as oatmeal, farina, cream of wheat, hominy or rice slightly sweetened or salted as preferred, with the addition of top milk (top 14 ounces); or a soft boiled or poached egg with stale bread or toast. (3) A glass of milk. Note—Milk and raw fruit juices must not be given at same meal.

Dinner.—(1) Broth or soup made of chicken, mutton or beef, thickened with arrowroot, split peas, rice, or with addition of the yolk of an egg or toast squares.

(2) Scraped beef or white meat of chicken or broiled fish (small amount), or

(3) Dessert—Apple sauce, baked apple, rice pudding, junket or custard.

Supper.—(1) A cereal or egg (if egg is not taken with breakfast) with stale bread or toast, or

Bread and milk or bread and cocoa or bread and custard.

(2) Stewed fruit.

Blind Man Lover of Birds

ALTHOUGH living in a world of darkness, Mr. John T. Timmons of Cadiz, Ohio, spends his days in varied activities. Moreover, an ardent lover of nature, he enjoys the melodies of birds and the fragrance of flowers with peculiar intensity.

His snug little home is called Bird Lawn, and under the drooping elms at the rear the blind man sits for hours or walks about the adjoining fields listening to the songs of the birds that he has labored so lovingly to attract to his place. So many are there that he says often there are not ten seconds in an hour when he does not hear the notes of a bird. Certainly the little feathered creatures would be ungrateful if they did not pour out their best songs for the benefit of their friend, who can never see them, but who constantly listens for their tuneful lays. With no help from anyone, and with rather crude tools, Mr. Timmons has built houses of varying styles and sizes for the accommodation of the purple martin, bluebird, wren and other insect-devouring birds, and in the season they are densely populated.

In addition to the bird houses about his place Mr. Timmons has constructed a curious device which he calls his air motor. It has almost a hundred wind wheels of differing sizes and shapes, which go with terrific speed in an ordinary breeze or gale. From whichever direction the wind comes the wheels are in motion. Mr. Timmons says that he had been told that he had wheels in his head, so he removed them and set them up where he could hear them, if he could not see them.

"I build the bird houses for the same reason," he explained. "I love to hear their happy songs, and I am the happier for doing something to take care of the neglected little feathered things. I can get more pleasure out of an hour spent in the field or thicket than others can find in an evening at the theater or a moving picture show."

Mr. Timmons uses a typewriter, and his wife, who reads and corrects his manuscripts, says that he makes very few mistakes. Asked how he could describe so accurately in his writings things he had never seen, Mr. Timmons replied:

"Sight is not the only means of conveying correctly impressions to the brain. I can see some things more perfectly through other senses than I could distinguish if I had eyesight. I see through my fingers, my ears, my sense of taste and smell and in many other ways that I cannot explain. My imagination is not so fickle as might be guessed."

"I can look into darkness and behold objects and results as true as those you see near you."

"I cannot see a star, yet I know they are there, millions of miles out in space, and I can see their purpose and usefulness in the great scheme of the Almighty."