

Why Milk Is the

Safest Food for Babies

The following article about milk was condensed by the Reader's Digest from an article by Dr. Guy G. Stevens, which appeared in the Forum. It is a little long for a newspaper article, but it makes interesting reading, and especially in a dairy country such as this is:

Milk used to be cheaper. It has not always been subject to the careful inspection it gets now.

"When I was married," Aunt Martha frequently reminds me, "I could drop four cents in my agate pail and set it right there side of my front steps. Fred Green would come driving along and dip me out a quart, good measure."

"Did Fred wash his hands when he dropped the reins to fish out the pennies and dip you the milk?"

"No, of course not. He was a real clean man, though." She gave me a pitying smile. "It's folks like you, with all this inspection stuff, that boost the price of milk until it's a wonder that folks can live at all. It's all so much faldral."

"What was your oldest boy's name?"

"Harry—the one who died when he was eight months old?"

"Yes. What was the trouble?"

"Well, old Doc and us, we laid it onto that spell of weather. It was so hot that everybody was tucked under a sheet. A sight of folks died, most of them children. Harry was took with cholera infantum, and our little girl, she was six, got scrofula, all the same summer."

"You never laid any of that trouble to the milk, did you?"

"Not to Fred Green's milk."

"Have you noticed that kids don't die of cholera infantum any more?"

Aunt Martha tightened her lips. "We don't have the hot summers we used to have," she stated.

Aunt Martha pays 12 cents a quart for her bottled milk, these days. The extra is what her safe-milk insurance costs her.

As a boy, I lived on a farm a mile down from the village where I am now a veterinarian. My chore was to milk the cows, and later I was employed by the local milk station. In those good old days milk was anything that would pass through a cheesecloth strainer.

Barns had rotten wood floors. Piles of manure leaned against their sides.

Windows were coated with the dust of years. Horses, chickens and cows shared the same apartments. Barnyards were an unspeakable slough in the spring. Wells and privies were often in dangerous proximity. Aside from watering troughs and open wells there were few milk-cooling systems.

The milk station, or creamery, was a drab wooden building, and the wood floors made good nesting places for barnyard dirt and germs brought in on the farmers' boots. A lost-and-found department might well have been established there. When we looked in the cans we learned what became of Nancy's tin cup and why Trissy's kitten ceased to appear for morning rations. Creamery employees ceased to be surprised at anything. One fellow, lifting the cover of a milk can, was greeted by the raised head of a live water snake. I personally can furnish an affidavit that the snake was over two feet long and very much alive. (This particular can of milk had been lowered into an open well the preceding night.) Inspection mean nothing in those days.

There were farmers scrupulously neat about their barns, whose barnyards were filled with enough gravel to keep them from becoming a mire, who used driven wells, and would not tolerate sickly cows. After all, what did it matter? All the milk went into one vat and retailed for six cents a quart.

Veterinarians had been hired to do a desultory sort of physical inspection. If a cow was emaciated, she probably had tuberculosis, and the owner was advised to get rid of her. If she gave stringy milk, or was a "two-teater," again the owner was asked to dispose of her. But, due to lack of authority to enforce disposal, many an imperfect cow passed from one neighbor to another, becoming every year more decrepit, until she passed over the Great Divide, to hamburger sandwiches.

Then epidemics, which had been attributed to anything from a manifestation of God's displeasure to bad luck, began to be traced to contaminated milk. Septic sore throat, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and typhoid fever were laid squarely to this cause.

Veterinarians received authority to be more insistent upon the disposal of suspicious animals. Doctors recognized that milk was an ideal medium for the growth of bacteria, and inspectors were given increasing pow-

ers. Many of the dairymen, at first, were about as cordial to the inspectors as a grizzly defending her cub, and some of the inspectors overstepped their authority. But the logical results justified the methods. Ask any mother today if her children have had cholera infantum or scrofula, and she will look at you in blank amazement. Tuberculosis traceable to milk has been practically eliminated. Diseased cows now travel to complete oblivion.

The creamery of my youth has been sold out to a big milk corporation, and is now a substantial building with receiving platform and floors of concrete. The interior is scrupulously cleaned every day, and the windows are properly screened. No dairymen are allowed to enter—communications are posted on a bulletin outside the door. The workers have clean uniforms every day. Nobody knows when the creamery may be visited by any one of several inspectors.

When the milk cans are being steamed the noise is indescribable. Steam hisses and sputters. Cans clank and men shout.

It was Saturday. "Hurry up there! Don't be so damned fussy. I've got five bucks on the ball game."

"Say, Bo, that can didn't go through."

"Aw, what's one can? Let her ride!"

An inspector happened to be standing on the bridge above, observing them. He telegraphed New York, and there was no milk accepted from that station for two days.

The local milkman was the last to receive official attention. For years it continued to be a man's own business if he wanted to sell milk to his neighbors, but now the distribution in even the small towns is closely supervised by the state health authorities. Every distributor must have a license, and of course every herd is tuberculin tested.

Cow stables are now removed from horses and pigs and hens. All wooden floors of stables have been changed to concrete. All manure piles are removed from adjacent yards daily. Every cow barn is whitewashed annually.

Each farm is equipped with an isolated milk house, properly screened. Cooling systems are concrete vats with tight-fitting covers. This eliminates Nancy's tin cup and Trissy's kitten. Milk warmer than 60 degrees in summer, and frozen milk in winter, are both rejected at the creamery. Refrigerated tank cars carry the milk to the cities, where it is pasteurized and bottled.

The cows are brushed, and their udders rinsed off before milking. Some farmers fasten the long, switching tails by a clothespin to a wire strung from the ceiling. Any family with an infectious disease cannot sell milk as long as the quarantine is in effect.

In short, everything humanly possible is done to make milk safe for babies; and when all things are taken into consideration, I, for one, think safe modern milk is worth the difference in price.

Fair Board Meets at Powers

Members of the Coos County Fair board motored to Powers Tuesday evening and held their regular meeting at the home of Fred Powers in that city, following a banquet at the Bungalow Cafe.

The time was spent in discussing ways and means of improving and making a more interesting Fair this year, such as different amusements between races, the possibility of obtaining industrial displays, possible bicycle races for the children and plans for keeping down the dust on the grounds. It was announced that an airplane from Portland, using the infield for landing, would carry passengers.

The members decided at this meeting to hold a goodwill cavalcade to go from Myrtle Point to Coos Bay and Reedsport at the time of the opening of the Reedsport bridge, September 9. Those riding in the parade will wear large cowboy hats with bands advertising the Coos County Fair.

Those present at the meeting included: Henry Kern, of North Bend; Henry Hess and P. O. Lund, of Coquille; Joe A. Larson, of Marshfield; Ray McNair, Bandon; Ernest Clausen, Broadbent; Ellis Dement, L. H. Pearce and W. B. Dement, of Myrtle Point, and Albert H. Powers, of Powers. Visitors present were: E. E. Wiper and Fred Powers, of Powers; R. W. Schaad and R. L. Tucker, of Myrtle Point; L. W. Patton, of Coos River, and Fred Brenne, of Marshfield.—Myrtle Point Herald.

Another assortment of Fall Dresses has been received at the Excel Dress Shop in I. O. O. F. building. New Fall Hats are also on display there now.

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Flavors
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Ea.

25^cGrapefruit
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Can10^cLarge Cans
HOMINY

Ea.

11^c

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Seedless

2 LBS. 15^c

BANANAS

Golden Ripe

LB. 5^c

ORANGES

Sweet & Juicy
These are not small
sizeDozen 23^c

LETTUCE

Fresh local, large size

Each 5^c

COFFEE

Bulk
Ground fresh while
you wait

LB.

15^c

Corn Beef

Armour's
Star Brand
12 oz. Can

Ea.

18^c

Corn Flakes

Kelloggs
Pkg.

Ea.

7^c

Bacon Squares

for Seasoning
LB.18^c

SPERRY

Pancake Flour

No. 10
Bag63^c

HOLLY

CLEANSER

Can

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Soap 4 FOR

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LOST—Lever from threshing machine, with 40 feet of new rope attached. Lost on Monday, Aug. 3, between Coquille and Bridge. Finder please phone 8R14, Coquille. 1t*

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FOR SALE—42 acres, 6 Bottom, Orchard. Good 4-room house, well at back door, live stream through place. 20 acres cleared. 6 miles out on good graveled road. Quelle Cafe. 11t4