FRIENDS NOTICED IMPROVEMENT

Wonderful Results from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Beloit, Wis.—"My female trouble was brought on by overwork. I had worked in stores and had to do heavier work than my strength could stand, and had to be on my feet most of the time. Finally I had to give up this work entirely and stay at home. Doctor's medicine did not give me much relief, and my mother wanted me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took a couple of bottles of it and thought it did not help me as much as it should, so I gave it up to try something else. Nothing I took helped me much, so I finally decided to give the Vegetable Compound another trial and to take enough of it to make sure it would help me. I have taken it over a year now and it has brought wonderful results. I have gained from 95 to 110 pounds and am keeping home now. My friends all notice the change in my health. I will be glad to answer all letters that women write to me about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. W. G. MONSON, 1515 Park Ave., Beloit, Wis.

—Mrs. Monson is willing to write to any woman suffering from such troubles.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Celebration Committees!

I furnish all concessions for celebrations, either on percentage or will buy them outright. Write at once for proposition, stating dates to be held.

GEO. W. BRINK
1207 Washington Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

EYES HURT?

Quick relief when eyes are irritated by burning or scaly lids, and to relieve inflammation and soreness, use Murine Eye Salve, according to directions. Soothing, healing.

MURINE EYE SALVE
HALL & RUCKEL
147 Waverly Place New York

Discouragement to Joy Riding.

Gasoline sells at $1.20 a gallon in Nairobi and is even more expensive in the large regions of Kongo and Tanganyika and throughout Uganda.—Department of Commerce Report.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

Why Not?

Willie—Pa, you build a house on ground, don't you?

Dad (immersed in the evening paper)—Of course, you don't build it on air.

"Well, when what is ground, could you build a house on it?"

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION

BELL-ANS INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Piles

are usually due to straining when constipated. Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and therefore prevents straining. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative — so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE

Matrimonial Adventures

Peachblow

A Marital Extravaganza

BY

Rupert Hughes

Author of "Souls for Sale," "Beauty," "The Gift Wife," "Miss 318," "The Amiable Crimes of Dick Meeling," "The Old Nest," "What Will People Say?", "Empty Pockets," "Tess of the Storm Country," etc.

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RUPERT HUGHES

I first met Rupert Hughes several years ago. I sat next to him at a dinner. Mr. Hughes was then, as now, very much in the limelight. But Mr. Hughes did not talk at all about his own work. He asked me about mine, and told of how, once, when he was an editor, he had cut an author's story in a moment of stress to fill an exacting space, and how that author had minded. His feeling still, though this had happened years before, was one of real regret for that author's chagrin.

It is that quality of understanding the other fellow's feelings that gives him such a large hold on the American public.

I asked him last winter when he first began to write, and he said at the age of seven and that he had been at it ever since. A short time after he left Yale he had six months' experience on a newspaper. After that he had been an editor on various magazines until a little more than ten years ago, but that during those editorial years he had done a great amount of writing at night.

His output has been enormous. It is impossible to chronicle all of his successes in short stories, novels, plays and moving pictures. He is also the author of a musical encyclopedia. It seems incredible that one man could do so much! And yet he was intensely interested in the idea of the Star Author Series of Matrimonial Adventures and at once agreed to write the story that follows.

"Peachblow" is an extravaganza on marriage. It has, nobe the less, an underlying subjection for both husbands and wives.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR.

I

Even if it had not been set down in Holy Writ for a fact, there would be no escaping the truth of: "To him that hath, it shall be given."

In our dictionary "him" of course includes "her." Which is more than he is able to do outside the dictionary.

This is a bit of a story of a her that had—and therefore got.

The Lord himself, they say, was surprised when he saw her. Her earthly father was so stunned with pride that he called her "Peachblow." And with good cause. She was born just about the time when the Peachblow vase was exciting the world.

The unknown genius who was the author of that masterpiece never dreamed when he put it in the fire that it would come out so wonderful.

And so the mysterious Potter who places souls in the furnace of human bodies was enchanted and amazed by the curious, unforeseen, unintended beauty of this girl when she was born. They had selected the name of Ellen Anné Green for her before they saw her, but afterward they called her Peachblow.

Such a peculiar luster she had, with the glow of a glaze, yet the aura of a mist, that the Potter longed to show her 'how he loved her by endowing her with some intentional gift surpassing even the fortuitous charm she brought with her out of the kiln of mystery.

So He gave her a power He had never even granted Himself—that of annulling what had been and making it as if it had been. He authorized her and empowered her to change her mind and try again from the start! She could rub out the past and do it over again!

She learned of her awful power only by accident and not until she had passed through the animal whims of childhood, and the parent-obeying, teacher-obeying custom-obeying years.

Then she found herself in the world of grown-up women. They were thinking of matrimony.

Some were not married and wanted to be, but dreaded it and could not find a satisfactory mate. Mates were admirable, adorable or advisable, but rarely all three at once. The women who were married seemed to be forever pointing out what martyrs they were and how well they stood it; or else were longing to try a new form of martyrdom with somebody else.

Peachblow longed for the joys, the sorrows, the burdens of home. She wanted to do her share in the world; to multiply, and all that sort of thing.

"Love is so glorious,a thing that I think I'd like to be loved by the lovingest lover in all the world."

She cast about for the person most worthy of that distinction.

The man who seemed to be the leading lover in respect to quantity and quality was known to all the world as Claude Winsor. So she said:

"I think I'll marry Claude Winsor."

Her father and mother exclaimed aloud:

"But he's a movie actor and he's married."

"The first argues skill," she mused; "but the second is an obstacle. I do wish he had never been married."

There was an audible click and buzz, a peculiar jolt in the universe, a dizzy feeling as if someone had thrown the world into the reverse gear, then set it back in high. The family said:

"That's funny! Did you notice anything?"

Then they forgot it and returned to the popular sport of denouncing the motion picture people and crediting them with inventing more novel sins than sinfulness.

Peachblow was blue for several days, and then she chanced to read, in the newspapers, this:

"Mr. and Mrs. Claude Winsor announce that a curious error has been made in the public attitude toward their relationship.

"They have never been married; never have lived together, never have been anything but friends, which they still are, and might not be if they had been married.

"The children that used to play in front of their bungalow are the children of a neighbor."

"Aha!" quoth Peachblow. "I will marry this bachelor." And immediately began to pack her trunk. She told her father to get her a stateroom to Los Angeles and her mother to come along.

Her parents indulged in mental pinwheels when they heard her decision.

But nothing could change Peachblow's mind. She went out to Los Angeles, and sent one of her photographs to Mr. Winsor with a request for an interview. That photograph was letter of introduction enough, and she was invited to call at the great man's studio.

When she stood before his eyes, he said:

"Do you want to go into the movies?"

"Well," she said, "I'm going to marry into them."

"Indeed? And who is the lucky man?"

"You."

"Really!"

"Uh-huh."

Being used to the silent drama and hating superfluous titles, he said nothing, but took her by an elbow, her mother by an elbow, hurried them out to his car, ran them to the nearest parson and said "Shoot!"

For a time the marriage was happy and she revelled in the luxury being loved by an expert. But then he went back to his profession, and mortification set in.

Peachblow found herself the chattel of a husband who left her alone early in the morning and chastened to the arms of other women who fought for them, pursued them, risked life to save their lives, gazed into their eyes with an ardor that transfixed all beholders; who faded out of every picture with a dying duck look of undying affection for some highly artificial beauty—and then came home at night worn out with love and wanted to go to the American Legion prize-fight.

After a few months Peachblow sent for her mother and father and listened to their "I told you so's" with great patience.

They agreed with her that life with such a husband was impossible and engaged the best divorce lawyer in Los Angeles. While they were bewailing the inevitable newspaper horror, the headlines, and all the hideous details of divorce, Peachblow felt a renewal of her occult power.

"Divorce nothing!" she said; "I'll just forget him. I'll just unmarry myself quietly, and erase my memory from his mind."

She said this in the very presence of Mr. Winsor who had called with his lawyer to confer with Peachblow, her parents and their lawyer, John Elphinstone.

As soon as Peachblow spoke, a curious look came over Claude Winsor's face. Again the earth jolted and spun backward, then raced forward once more.

"It's nothing," said Mr. Elphinstone, "but one of our little California earthquakes. Quite nothing at all."

He slipped his arm about Peachblow to sustain her, and found the attitude singularly comfortable. Together they watched Claude Winsor starting at them with a look of bewilderment. Then he bowed and said:

"Pardon me, I entered the wrong set—house by mistake."

He staggered out and the next thing he knew he was sitting on his porch dandling his baby before his original wife while the publicity man took snapshots for the magazines.

Mr Elphinstone clung to Peachblow until her father intervened and said:

"What right have you to stand there embracing my daughter as if you were announcing your engagement to her?"

"And why not?" said Elphinstone.

"I see no objection," murmured Peachblow who felt a sudden emptiness in her life. "After all, who could make a better husband than a lawyer?"

And so in a short time expensively engraved cards conveyed the information that Mr. and Mrs. Greene announced the marriage of their daughter Ellen Anne to John Elphinstone, Esquire.

II

Those who have experienced it, say that there is nothing like being the wife of a lawyer. For a time Peachblow agreed with this in its simplest implication; then she amended it to:

"There's nothing like it because nothing else could be so bad."

She had a husband who tore himself from her society of mornings and went forth to do battle for women clients over whose wrecked lives he waxed so eloquent that his tears were rivaled by those of the jury and strong judges bent their heads and wept secretly on the papers where judges make idle marks to pass away the time.

Elphinstone not only spent hours upon hours in his office with exquisite clients whose hands he patted, and whose charms he expatiated on before the courts, but he came home and told his wife about it.

He wrote briefs as impassioned and as full of imagination as any sonnets and then acted his own continuities with fiery enthusiasm. His cases often took him to distant cities and it was not always convenient for Peachblow to go with him.

There was such a strain upon her natural jealousy that she had to consult a physician, Dr. S. Q. Lapius, who had a charming bedside manner and soothed her by suggestion rather than by knife or nostrum.

After one notorious lawsuit in which Elphinstone wore himself almost to a wreck by his defense of a wayward lady who had bankrupted her husband and then sued him for alienation of her affections, Elphinstone came home to find his mother and father-in-law and the physician trying to restrain Peachblow's hysterics. When Elphinstone approached her solicitously she cowered into the bosom of the doctor and screamed:

"Go away; you are no longer a husband of mine; in fact, you never were."

Elphinstone was seized as by invisible hands and haled backward to his own office where he awoke with a splitting headache and a strange gap in his memory.

Peachblow, once more miraculously restored to maidenhood, said:

"After all, a doctor is the world's most useful citizen. I believe I should enjoy being a wife to one."

"Barkis is willin'," said the physician, who was unusually well read for a doctor. He persuaded another physician to take care of his patients and went away on a bridal tour of all imaginable bliss.

III

When he came back Doctor Lapius found that his overworked substitute had let his patients get sick, had nothing, but took her by an elbow, her mother by an elbow, hurried them out to his car, ran them to the nearest parson and said "Shoot!"

The acoustics were such that she could hear what went on in the office. The hatest and heartiest women constantly entered the parlor in a state of acute distress and after long murmurings consultations went away so much better that Peachblow grew frantic with suspicion. She remembered all too vividly how gentle and soothing her husband had been with her when she was another man's wife. And she wondered, till her wonderment grew to be a bitter conviction.

Worse yet, he was the slave of the telephone. At no hour of the day or night was he safe from the hateful summons to hurry to the rescue of some distressful patient. In nine cases out of ten it was a woman, and in nine cases out of ten was Peachblow ever urged to come along.

She so lost her taste for material medicaments that she resigned for spiritual help, and went to her rector, dear Dr. Clarence Yorke, to confess her anxiety.

She was set upon a divorce, but he was horrified at the thought.

"Now an annulment would not be so bad," he urged.

"All right, it's annulled," said Peachblow grimly.

And Doctor Lapius found himself back in bachelorhood. But Peachblow had come to depend upon Doctor Yost. He lived in such an exalted sphere and such a comfortable parsonage that she decided to share both with him.

IV

To her intense confusion Peachblow discovered that the feminine portion of the congregation took her marriage to their dear rector as a personal invasion of their rights.

For a time the attendance fell off noticeably. But gradually the lonely women returned to their pews. Next they resumed their habits of bringing their woes to their spiritual adviser.

These were genuine woes beyond the reach of scalpel or tonic, but Peachblow could not regard them as anything but a hypocritical excuse for weeping on her husband's shoulder and clinging to his rescuing hands.

Whether or not she did the women a cruel injustice, the effect on her nerves was manifest. At last in a crisis of unhappiness, she stormed:

"I'm sick of all the professions. I'm going into trade."

She unwished herself from Doctor Yost and he once more assumed all the charms of an unwedded clergyman, eligible and available.

V

A merchant was Peachblow's next first husband; handsome junior member of the firm of Wansfield & Son, at whose great department store she had long run up bills for her father to protest against and pay.

But when she called at his office she found him so surrounded with stenographers, buyers, mannikins, cloak models, designers and other women customers and aides that she could hardly get to him.

His heart was given to providing as many women as possible with beautiful garments and embellishments of every intimate sort, with perfumes and ribbons and lipsticks and what not. He thought about fashions and he was so versed of feminine charms and their enchantment that when he came home to his Peachblow he left at once for one of his exclusively male clubs in order to keep his sanity.

A small shoe shop man was Peachblow's next experiment. But when she went by his store and peeked in at the window, she always found him kneeling before some woman, or trying to crush a No. 6-E foot into a No. 4-A shoe; and she simply could not endure it.

VI

A plumber she married was forever puttering about other people's homes in the most personal crannies; and she gave him up.

An iceman followed him through her much-trodden heart; but he, too, had his kitchen doors to visit.

Discouraged by her inability to find a husband in town who did not have to spend a large part of his time and attention upon other women, Peachblow resolved to marry some homely old farmer who lived in a solitude.

Zeke Hepplewhite was the happy man for a time. And he was so content with Peachblow's society that he would not even keep a hired girl to cook for the hired men:

He rose at 4 a. m. and bragged about it. He woke her up to brag about it. The fact that he had gone to sleep at dusk did not abate his pride. The only poetry he knew was something ending with "healthy, wealthy and wise." She knew he was neither wealthy nor wise, but she was afraid he was healthy.

Her jealous little soul had its wish at last.

But a wish ceases to be a wish as soon as it is achieved. Like the candy in the bonbon dish, it is apt not only to turn sour but to wreck the appetite as well.

Peachblow's latest installment in her serial husband never cast an interested eye on any other woman. But this curiously made his interest in her unimportant; robbed him of suspense and her of the drama of anxiety. He was unskillful, uncouth, illiterate in femininity.

No other woman cast an eye in his direction. But that was because he had nothing attractive about him. And the man who is unable to interest a single woman is unable to interest his wife.

Poor Peachblow, having no rivals to fear and having a husband who made no perilous comparisons, began to neglect herself. Her beauty wilted from lack of attention. Her incomparable complexion began to suffer from its food and farm labor in farm weather.

She sighed: "It doesn't seem to make much difference what man a woman marries; every one of the brutes has his own specialty in being impossible."

By this time Peachblow had so disorganized the machinery of the universe, that the world was in the garage half the time; and all the angels exhausted.

It is not such an easy matter for even the angels to keep everything going, especially when it goes backward frequently. There was talk of a strike in heaven and celestial society was profoundly disturbed. The oldest angels were forever talking of the last big revolution when Lucifer and his whole party were thrown overboard!

But how was the dreadful situation to be changed? The Lord did not want to cancel one of his own generous gifts to one of his most beautiful creatures. But heaven was crying to be heaven for all its deserving tenants.

At the height of this dreadful cosmic crisis Peachblow in a frenzy state of despondency, while staying in her kitchen, chanced to catch a glimpse of herself in the casual mirror in the round bottom of a big dishpan. She had long ceased to consult her own looking glass.

The vision that stared at her from that tiny surface shocked her into a sorrow too deep for hysterics. She meditated on her own image:

"Every husband is worse than every other husband. A woman might as well stick to the first worthless brute she pens to marry. I was luckiest when I had the most lovable of men, and I wish I had him back again, movie actor though he be.

"This hateful power of mine has been my ruin. It's best to let nature take her course. The one thing I most wish had never been is my ability to make things as if they never had been."

As she exhaled this last sigh, a distinct earthquake was registered on every seismograph in the world. The heavens shook, at first with surprise, then with delight.

Peachblow herself was shaken. She found herself starting at a dishpan as if under a hypnotic spell. She heard her husband's voice from the dining-room door. It was the voice of Claude Winsor, the star, surprise of the cinematic firmament. The world might share his silent beauty with her, but his voice belonged to her:

"What on earth are you doing in the kitchen, my darling? It's no place for such exquisite grace. And besides I see that there's a ton of fan mail that you haven't answered. You haven't autographed any of my photographs for me in ever so long. We've got to get busy or we'll lose our little public."

With a cry of rapture she flung her arms about his universally admired neck and rejoiced in the fact that at least a hundred million women of all ages and raves about the globe would have been glad to poison her for her enviable privilege.

The moral, if any, has to do with leaping out of the frying pan into the fire. The moral is ancient; the fire is the same old inextinguishable blaze of discontent. But the frying pan is forever new. Each one of us furnishes his or her own frying pan.—Selah!

PLANT LIFE IS MOST PERSISTENT

Positive Proof That Seeds of Some Varieties Maintain Their Fertility Many Years.

Woodlands cleared of timber during the war are now covered with thickets of gorse and bramble. This is particularly noticeable in South Hertfordshire, where you will today find acres of gorse where gorse has not grown before, perhaps, for centuries. Where did the seed come from? That is a question that is puzzling naturalists, says London Tit-Bits.

It is a question that is always cropping up, and for which it is very difficult to find an answer. As every gardener knows, there are many seeds—such, for instance, as parsnip—which are useless if kept more than one year. They lose their life principle and will not germinate. Other seeds, such as peas and beans, keep their life much longer, but most farmers declare that all seed more than five years old is useless.

Yet cases constantly crop up, which go to show that some seeds can retain their vitality over great periods of time. See the way in which all sorts of plants, hitherto unknown in a district, appear upon the sides of new railway embankments. Notice how, when a forest of one kind of tree is cut down or burnt, the new growth is usually an entirely different species.

In the Southern states of America, the yellow upland pine is always succeeded by black-jack oak, while in Maine the spruce is followed by wild cherry and white birch.

Some land at Abbeville, in France, which had been under water for at least two centuries, was drained. No sooner was this done than a wood of young alders sprang up, although this tree was previously unknown in this district. We have no choice but to believe that the seed must somehow have survived in the mud under the water.

The Quality Car

Not alone for every-day utility does Chevrolet represent the world's lowest-priced quality car. It also meets the requirements of particular people for those social and sport occasions when artistic proportion, high-grade coach work, and handsome finish are in harmony with the time and place.

You can be proud of your Chevrolet, combining, as it does, a high degree of engineering efficiency with modern quality features that appeal to the experienced and the discriminating.

Call at our showrooms and discover the astonishing values made possible by the exceptional volume of Chevrolet sales.

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SUPERIOR Roadster	$510
SUPERIOR Touring	510
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SUPERIOR Sedanette	645
SUPERIOR Sedan	645
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Utility Express Truck Chassis	585

An Economical Transportation CHEVROLET

SUPERIOR 5-Pass. Sedan $860 f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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SHINOLA

AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH
Black - Tan - White - Ox-Blood - Brown

SHINOLA preserves leather as paint preserves buildings.

Quick and easy to use. SHINOLA HOME SET Makes Shining Easy. Genuine Bristle Dauber cleans around the sole and applies the polish thoroughly.

Shines in a hurry. Lamb's Wool Polisher just fits the hand. Brings the brilliant Shinola shine with a few strokes.

The Shine for Miles

FOUR O'CLOCK IS TEA HOUR, SLEEPING IN ESKIMO LAND

Almost Sacred Institution in Buenos Aires, and Practically Observed by All Classes.

Tea is an institution in Buenos Aires. All offices swept off work temporarily at 4 o'clock each afternoon, while white-coated porters bring steaming cups around to the employees, and employers gather up canes and derby hats and saunter forth for the nearest tea salon. Because of the size of this fashionable promenade, Calle Florida, the Fifth avenue of Buenos Aires, is closed to vehicle traffic from 4:30 to 7:30, says the World Traveler magazine.

The city imbibes its coffee and tea publicly. In the mornings the streets are congested with waiters from bars carrying nickel pots of Brazilian coffee to tardy office clerks. The Avenida is swamped with other non alcoholic drinkers who, by paying for a 10-cent cup of coffee at a sidewalk table, get a post of vantage for the purpose of ogling pretty women out on shopping expeditions.

Going to Bed Is a Simple Process and Sound Slumber Is Had Beneath Heavy Furs.

Going to bed in Eskimo land proves to be a very simple matter. A small soapstone lamp which burns seal oil through a moss wick, is lit. This lamp is used for warmth as well as light. Nanook builds a tiny igloo against the inside wall of the room for the baby dogs, where they are packed away like two little mats. Large polar bear and seal skins are placed on the snowy floor, everybody disrobes and crawls down under great warm furs, and as the dim light of the oil lamp flickers against the snowy walls of the igloo, all that you can see of the Nanook family is a row of heads just showing beneath their great fur robes.

Outside, the wind is howling and the snow is drifting into huge piles, and the dogs, powdered with the blowing snows, are curled up sleeping, says Travel Magazine.

A Deceiver.

It is easier to be resigned when we pause to consider that our 70 years is only part of 70,000,000.

"How intellectual that gentleman looks!" "Doesn't he? But he isn't. He writes poetry."

The Meat of the Wheat

STARCH is the "meat" of the wheat berry. It is the great energy-producing element of the grain. But, in order to do you any good, it must be thoroughly digested, and it is right here that such a food as Grape-Nuts renders special service.

Grape-Nuts, made from wheat and malted barley, supplies the meat of the wheat in most digestible form.

That is because in the making of Grape-Nuts a large proportion of the starch is converted into dextrine and maltose—forms into which all starch elements must be changed before they can be assimilated by the system.

Grape-Nuts not only digests easily, but also *aids in the digestion of other foods.*

Crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts with milk or cream is a complete food. It supplies the life-essential vitamin-B; also iron, phosphorus and other important mineral elements for nerve, tooth, bone and other body structure.

The daily use of Grape-Nuts is a form of health insurance which has demonstrated its value for more than 25 years.

Grape-Nuts

A. FOOD

Grape-Nuts

FOR HEALTH

"There's a Reason"

Your grocer has interesting details of our offer of over $7500.00 for Grape-Nuts Recipes. Ask him about it, or write to Recipe Dept., Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.