



Your Boy's Life's Work
What Shall It Be?

Not the country town, "one horse" kind, but the kind that runs the big printing shops of the country, and sometimes becomes a member of the firm. How your boy may go about realizing such an ambition. The start and the various steps upwards described, together with the remuneration that each new position brings.

By C. W. JENNINGS.

PRINTER?

Generally speaking, there isn't much known about the printing business outside of the immediate followers of the craft or those closely connected with it, and the average father, particularly in a country town, would probably not consider it with high favor as an occupation for his son, believing, perhaps, that about all there is to it is setting type and laboriously running an old-fashioned press at not very high pay.

However, there is not a finer line of work, nor one with better opportunities for acquiring a competence and for advancement among all the lines of human endeavor. The fact that printing is one of the most important departments of modern industry adds to the opportunities that are open to the earnest young man.

Like all occupations, to acquire proficiency in printing the applicant must begin at the bottom and devote several years to learning it. He has to start as apprentice.

To get a job in the first place, let your boy (or yourself) apply to the foreman of the particular printing establishment you may select; for the foreman is the boss of the workroom. It is well if you have any choice, to choose an institution of some standing which does a large and varied class of work, as the opportunities for learning will be far better there than in a little job office of the "one horse" variety.

Except in some country towns, so-called, the boy has to be registered with the union as an apprentice right from the start; but this will not entail any expense, as the typographical union does not charge dues or other fees until the neophyte has become a journeyman. Your boy must be about sixteen years old, but he need have no further education than the merest ordinary one.

His pay for the first year will be about four dollars a week, and the work eight hours a day, as obtains generally in printing offices. His duties for this period will be to get acquainted with the cases (the flat boxes divided into compartments containing the type) and sorting leads, and to run errands for workmen, etc.

During the second year his pay will be two dollars a week higher, and in this period he will get his first direct work at the cases, learning to set in (the insertion of names, addresses or other matter into type already set) and small reprint (short printed matter).

In the third year the pay jumps to eight dollars weekly, and the duties show a corresponding growth. By this time he will have a pretty good rudimentary knowledge of the business, and will be able to acquire proficiency in setting longer reprints, and locking up small forms of type, i. e., getting them ready for press and foundry.

Fourth year—his pay is now \$10 a week, and he is now a printer. For your boy in now setting plain jobs from manuscript and doing the ordinary regular work of the journeyman.

The fifth year he is a senior student, known colloquially as a "two-third" (this term refers to the pay, which is \$14 a week, or two-thirds that paid to journeymen), doing practically everything the regular workmen do and putting polish on his practical education.

Then he is a full journeyman and drawing \$21 a week, and goes into the union as a regular member. The cost of belonging to the union is, roughly, \$10 to \$15 a year, part of which goes to the maintenance of the printers' home at Colorado Springs. Any member is admitted to this home when, through age or disability, he is unable to earn his living, and even is allowed there during convalescence after sickness, and all necessities furnished him without charge. There is no such thing as a member ever having to go to the poorhouse.

After your boy becomes a journeyman, the foreman tries him, out on various phases of the work to find if he has executive ability or a special aptitude. The first special "stunt" will probably be to give him the entire work of setting, making up, and preparing for the foundry of a sixteen-page form, with, of course, such help as he may require, and if he does this well he will find himself before long handling the most important work of the shop, and will then be eligible for the assistant foremanship.

If an evening should occur, he would be competent to take this position by the time he is twenty-three, or seven years after he started out as apprentice; and a couple of years or so later would be able to take the foremanship. The foreman is the actual boss of the composing room, employing all the men and laying out the work, etc., of the journeymen and apprentices. Foremen are paid from \$35 to \$50 a week, according to the size of the establishment and the city they may be in. Their assistants receive from \$25 to \$40 weekly.

The next step in advance is to become assistant superintendent at \$50 to \$75 a week, and then superintendent, when your boy's pay will be from

\$3,500 a year up to any figure the business can afford. The superintendent is the highest direct authority over the composing room, job room, press room, and bindery, and, of course, must be a man of large attainments and experience, as it is to him that the firm looks to fix the factory cost of its work, which really means the most responsible position directly in the institution. Notwithstanding this, your boy may reach superintendency by the time he is thirty-five.

The advance from here is to the general management of the company, and then, of course, the presidency.

It is likely, however, that your boy, unless he should get some such political position as that of public printer, who has charge of all officers and employees of the government printing office, or state printer, would be taken into partnership by his own or some other firm, and thereby build up an independent printing or publishing business.

All the foregoing figures are based on the assumption that your boy has gone into a job printing office to get his training, as these have a greater variety of work than a newspaper office. Indeed, most printers in newspaper offices have served their term at job work. These are paid more than job printers, journeymen on newspapers getting \$28 a week when working days and \$33 at night; assistant foremen \$30 to \$35; and foremen anywhere from \$40 a week up. Foremen in some of the large New York offices are paid as high as \$80 a week. Apprentices generally get two dollars a week more than when in job offices.

At this time early in his career, either when he is a two-third, or soon after becoming a journeyman, your boy should take the course of study that will fit him to handle a typesetting machine. These courses may be taken at night, last sixteen weeks, and generally cost \$60. One cannot be a thoroughly equipped printer without having this training. Machine operators generally get about two dollars a week more than floormen.

Proofreading will probably be acquired during the course of the printer's training, as, when he is apprentice, he will have to hold copy for the regular proofreader. If he has a good general education and knowledge of affairs, he can develop himself sufficiently to fill this position. The future in it is not particularly attractive, however, for a proofreader that gets \$35 a week is quite rare, and there is no direct step of advancement from that position.

The prices and regulations referred to in this article are based on conditions as at present existing in New York city, which are not essentially different from those in other large cities. In small cities the pay runs generally lower, of course.

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BENEFACITOR OF THE CATS

New York Man Who Goes About Spreading Catnip for Their Delectation.

A black cat lay sleeping on a Sunday afternoon downtown behind a grating protecting the steps leading to an office building. Along the street came a man, who spied the cat and stopped with a glistering eye.

He drew from his coat pocket a small pasteboard box and from it he sprinkled some stuff on the lower step. He hissed and called to the cat, which lazily opened one eye, but went back to sleep again.

"A cat poisoner," thought one on-looker. Then he asked: "What is this stuff?"

"Catnip," replied the man with the pasteboard box, in accents that made it unmistakable that he was German. "I always carry it around and when ever I see a cat I sprinkle some on it. The cats like it and I like cats, so I give them what enjoyment I can."

He went on his way and the other stayed to see what would happen. Of a sudden the sleeping cat started up, its nose twitching like a rabbit's, and began to crawl slowly toward the catnip. Then it made a jump for the stuff and fairly rolled in it. It came pretty near being a catnip jag for pussy.—New York Sun.

Great Feat.

"Come on, pa," insisted little Osted at the summer park, "and see the man 'hump the humps!'"

"You mean 'hump the humps,' don't you, son?" inquired his father.

"No, 'hump the humps.' A man is going to jump over six camels."

The Boy's Idea of It.

A few days ago little John, three years old, who is very fond of his pets, noticed that his young rooster had a comb. In a very distressed tone of voice he exclaimed: "O, papa, somebody has made necks in my rooster's head."

Not Strictly Orthodox.

Police Justice—Young man, what is your religion, if you have any?

Chanfrau arrested for oversteering—Something like Jim Bludso's, your honor—never he passed on the highway.

Its Nature.

"I don't think there was much good in the first-aid-to-the-injured that nurse bungled so."

"It struck me, too, it was rather a lemon aid."

Inadequate.

CARNEY—You've quit studying Esperanto? What for?

Ironogleg—I've just learned that there are no cuss words in the daddinged language.

WHEN NAPOLEON DICTATED

Words Came Fast and He Remembers All of Them—Serious for Amateurs.

Bonaparte dictated with great ease. He never wrote anything with his own hand. His handwriting was bad and as illegible to himself as to others, and his spelling was very defective. He utterly lacked patience to do anything whatever with his own hands. The extreme activity of his mind and the habitual prompt obedience rendered to him prevented him from practicing any occupation in which the mind must necessarily wait for the action of the body. Those who wrote from his dictation—first Mons. Bourrienne, then Mons. Maret, and Meneval, his private secretary—had made a short-hand for themselves, in order that their pens might travel as fast as his thoughts.

He dictated while walking and fro in his cabinet. When he grew angry he would use violent imprecations, which were suppressed in writing, and which had, at least, the advantage of giving the writer time to catch up with him. He never repeated anything he had once said, even if it had not been heard, and this was very bad on the poor secretary, for Bonaparte remembered accurately what he had said and detected every omission.

One day he read a tragedy in manuscript and it interested him sufficiently to inspire him with a fancy to make some alterations in it. "Take pen and paper," said he to Mons. de Remusat, "and write for me." Hardly giving his husband time to seat himself at a table, he began to dictate so quickly that Mons. de Remusat, although accustomed to write with great rapidity, was bathed with a perspiration while trying to follow him. Bonaparte perceived his difficulty and would stop now and then to say: "Come, try to understand me, for I will not repeat what I say."

Fortunately he forgot to ask for the sheet of observation he had dictated. Mons. de Remusat and I have often tried to read it since, but we have never been able to make out a word of it.—Memoirs of Mme. de Remusat.

KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS

Execution of Criminals Never Received Thought Execution of Animals is Executing.

Canon Rawnsley was reading in the Crowswithe church one Sunday the psalm in which occur the words, "Oh, all ye fowls of the air, praise him and magnify him forever"—when he stopped as if the words were a mockery. He surveyed the befeathered women before him, saw in his imagination the weltering bodies of thousands of plumed birds and heard the cries of thousands of starved young ones. "It is a travesty on religion and a mockery for women decked with aligrets to sing these words in the benediction," he said, and he closed the book.

We are getting a conscience with regard to animals. The very matter of butchering has been coming to be taken up by learned and humane societies. The matter of the execution of criminals never took up half the thought that the matter of the execution of animals is receiving. We are getting that conscience with which Theodore Parker was born—your remember how, when a child, he tried to kill a tortoise and something spoke as if aloud, "It is wrong!" Running frightened to his mother, he inquired what the voice was and she, wise woman, wiped his tears away and said: "Some call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man."—Detroit News.

Plant a Tree.

Many years ago it was a custom, when a child was born to commemorate the event by planting a tree. In that day there are many trees sacredly guarded because they were planted by or for some one whose memory it was desired to perpetuate. Every reader of this article no doubt recalls one or more trees with which are associated pleasant recollections. It may be the one in the yard under which you were accustomed to play. It may be the one that sheltered you when overtaken by a storm on your way to and from school. It may be the one on the river bank under which you sat with fishing pole in hand. It may be the one under which you and your lover exchanged vows, or it may be made dear to you by any one of the many incidents of life. When your child is grown, give it an opportunity to possess a living tree which it can call its own. Mary's and John's trees will always be cared for with tender hands, and when their namesake has forsaken the old homestead there will always be a yearning to see "my tree" again.

The Compliment.

Armstrong Drexel, the well known aviator, was dining with some family friends at the Philadelphia club in his ancestral city. A rather doubtful compliment was paid Mr. Drexel on his flying, and the young man neatly replied:

"You make me think of Valma, the Bond street beauty doctor. A lady from Grosvenor square visited Valma, and the man said to her:

"After three months of my treatment, madam, nobody will dream of you over 45."

"But doctor," faltered the lady, "I'm only 32!"

The Average Man.

Miss Lillian Russell, in a witty interview in Philadelphia—Miss Russell is always witty—advocated votes for women and the abolition of the male vote.

"Let woman," she said, "relieve overworked man of his voting duties. Let man fight for woman in business and on the battlefield. That is quite enough for him to do."

Miss Russell smiled and added inconsequently but forcibly:

"The average man, anyway, can't take home a breakfast without believing that he is making his wife a present."

English Women Smoke Pipes.

The latest fancy of the woman-smoker is a pipe—not the flimsy affair that suffices for the Japanese, but a good-sized brier or a neat meerschaum. The pipe is boldly carried along with a gold card case and chain-purse. For some time now the cigarette has given place to a cigar, small in size and mild in quality. Women said they were tired of the cigarette, and wanted a bigger smoke.—London Mail.

Cripple Rides Bicycle.

George Anstey, aged 12, a cripple, of Leicester, England, is one of the most remarkable cyclists in the country. Both his legs are withered and useless, but the Leicester Cripples' Guild has provided him with a two-wheeled pedaled machine, with a padded tube covering the axle bar. Across this he lies face forward, and with wooden clogs strapped to his hands he propels himself along the streets and roads in a marvellously rapid manner. He has complete control of the machine, his hands acting as pedals, steering gear, and brake combined.

Too Ardent a Lover.

Georgio Pontano, an embroiderer who lives in the Rue Sevres in Paris, has found himself condemned to a month's imprisonment for what seems to be a harmless act.

She was going home from a concert a few evenings ago when she decided she would like to see her fiancé. As he happens to be a fireman whose station is in her own neighborhood it occurred to her it would be very easy to summon him to her side by breaking the glass of the fire alarm and sounding a call.

She did so and in a few moments fire engines came from several directions, all laden with firemen, of course, and more than that all the firemen were angry, and before she knew what had happened she was taken to a magistrate, who proceeded to make the course of true love run unsmoothly by sending her to prison for a month in spite of her tears and protests that she thought it would be a simple way of bringing her fiancé to her side.

NEW SAWS BADLY NEEDED

The Old-Fashioned Ones Somehow Don't Seem to Fit Into Modern Situations.

"You know all the copybook, McGuffey's reader line of talk about taking the advice of one's elders," began the ad-eyed, underlined little man on the car. "Sure you do. Now let me tell you something. See that big apartment house over there on the right? And that little business block right next to it?"

"Well, there weren't any apartment houses or business blocks on it when I first clapped eyes on it. It was a howling wilderness, in fact, and you could almost chase rabbits up here. That was about eighteen years ago. I had a hunch then—and it was only eighteen years old at that time—that this land would some day jump in value by leaps and bounds. When I was twenty years old I came into a bunch of \$15,000. I went to my guardian, an old man, pretty prominent in estate management and wisdom at that time, and I told him I wanted to soak the whole \$15,000 in this block of ground I pointed out to you. The block was then on the market for exactly \$15,000. The old gentleman pook-pooked me.

"Go away, boy," he said to me, with a patronizing smile. "You don't know what you want. It's my duty to save you from such wild notions as this one you've got into your head. They'll be shooting rabbits and squirrels out from on that plot 50 years from now. G'way!"

"I argued it with him, and he sat down on me. Then he went and invested my \$15,000 at three per cent."

"Three years ago the man who bought that same block of ground for \$15,000 sold it for about \$200,000 cash, and he's now cruising over in the Mediterranean or some place or other, while I'm taking my wife out for nickel car rides and waddering where my \$15,000 went."

"There's got to be a new set of wise saws invented for twentieth century consumption. The McGuffey's reader kind are moth eaten."

An Alaskan Luncheon.

Runners of woven Indian baskets, with white drawwork dollies at each of the 12 covers, were used on an oval mahogany table. The dollies were made at Sitka. In the middle of the table a mirror held a tall central vase of frosted glass, surrounded by four smaller vases, all filled with white spring blossoms. The edge of the mirror was banked with the same flowers. Four totem poles were placed on dollies in the angles made by the runners.

Place cards were water colors of Alaskan scenery. Abslone shells held salt nuts, and tiny Indian baskets held bonbons. The soup spoons were of horn, several of the dishes used were made by Alaskan Indians, and the cakes were served on baskets.

The menu was as follows: Poisson a la Bering Sea (halibut chowder), Yukon climbers (broiled salmon, potatoes Julienne), snowbirds avec aurora borealis (roast duck with jelly), Sitka river turnips, Tanana boots, Skagway hash (salad), Fairbanks nuggets (ripe strawberries arranged on individual dishes around a central mound of powdered sugar), arctic slices (brick ice cream), Circle City delights (small cakes), Klondike nuggets (yellow cheese in round balls on crackers), Nome firewater (coffee).—Woman's Home Companion.

Lightning Change.

The Manager—Can you make quick changes and double in a few parts? The Actor—Can I? Say, you know the scene in "Love and Lobsters," where the hero and the villain are fighting, and a friend rushes in and separates 'em? Well, I played all three parts one night when the other two fellows were ill.

Holidays in the States.

Washington's birthday is a holiday in all states. Decoration day in all states but Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas. Labor day is observed everywhere. Virtually every state has legal holidays having to do with its own special interests—baste of New Orleans in Louisiana, Texas Independence and battle of San Jacinto in Texas, Admission day in California, and so on. Mississippi is like the federal government in lack of statutory holidays, but by common consent Independence day, Thanksgiving and Christmas are observed. A new one is Columbus day in a few of the states.

Planting Wedding Oaks.

Princess August Wilhelm, wife of the Kaiser's fourth son, has set herself the task of reviving one of Germany's oldest customs, that according to which newly wedded couples immediately after the marriage ceremony plant a couple of oak saplings side by side in a park or by the roadside of their native town.

The town of Mulchausen, in Thuringia, is the first to respond to the princess' appeal. A municipal official appears at the church door after every wedding and invites the bride and bridegroom to drive with him in a cart to a new road near the town and there plant oak saplings.

The tree planting idea was started by a former elector of Brandenburg with the object of repairing the ravages caused by the 30 years' war. The elector forbade young persons to marry until they had planted a number of fruit trees.

Two Very Old Ladies.

We have heard a great deal lately about long-lived people, but it is probable that the oldest two people in the world today are Frau Dutkiewitz and another old lady named Babavasilka. The former lives at Posem, in Prussian Poland, and was born on February 21, 1785. She is therefore one hundred and twenty-five years old. The latter, however, is nine months her senior, having been born in May, 1784.

She is still a fairly hale old woman, and far nearly one hundred years worked in the fields. Her descendants number close on 100, and these now make her a joint allowance. She lives at the village of Bavelko, whose neighborhood she has never quitted during the whole of her long life. She remembers events which happened at the beginning of last century much more clearly than those of the last 40 years.—Dundee Advertiser.

Largest of Whales.

The largest whale of its type of which there is scientific record was captured recently off Port Arthur, Tex. He measured sixty-three feet in length, and was estimated to be about three hundred years old. Captain Cob Plummer, mate of a United States pilot boat, sighted the monster in the sheets of the jetties, and the crew of his vessel captured the mammal. The huge body was towed ashore, exhibited and much photographed before being cut up.

Bankers and Bank Notes.

Four men, three of whom were connected with brokerage concerns in the Wall street district, were discussing United States paper currency and the disappearance of counterfeiters. "We are so sure nowadays," said one of the party, "as to the genuineness of bills that little attention is paid to them in handling, except as to denomination." To prove his assertion he took a \$10 yellowback from his pocket, and holding it up, asked who could tell whose portrait it bore. No one knew, and by way of coaching the broker said it was the first treasurer of the United States. Again no one knew the name. "Why, it's Michael Hillegas," said the man proudly. "But in confidence, I'll tell you, I didn't know it five minutes ago."—New York Tribune.

An Unnecessary Confession.

A hearty laugh was occasioned at the Birmingham police court by a prisoner who gave himself away in a very delightful manner. The man was the first on the list, and the charge against him was merely one of being drunk and disorderly. He stepped into the dock, however, just at the moment when the dock officer was reading out a few of the cases which were to come before the court that morning, and a guilty conscience apparently led him to mistake these items for a list of his previous convictions.

He stood passive enough while the officer read out about a dozen drunk and disorderly, but when he came to one "shopbreaking" the prisoner exclaimed excitedly: "That was eight years ago, your honor." Everyone began to laugh, and the prisoner, realizing the blunder he had made, at first looked very black indeed, but finally saw the humorous side of the matter, and a broad smile spread over his face. His blunder did not cost anything.—Birmingham Mail.

DIFFERENCE IN THE RACES

Mexicans in the Main Unjust in Blaming Americans for Lack of Politeness.

All the Mexican correspondents who have written on the subject of why Americans are not better liked by Mexicans agree that it is largely a question of a lack of politeness on the part of the foreigner here, and in some cases an ill-concealed contempt. "The latter is inexcusable, and certainly must emanate only from incompetent or poorly educated persons, from which no nation is free. Politeness, however, is largely a matter of form and training. It is undeniable that the Anglo-Saxon salutations, methods of expressing thanks and appreciation, etc., are simpler and shorter than the Latin forms. To many who have all their lives been accustomed to the briefer Saxon ways, an attempt of the more elaborate Latin politeness seems, for them, nothing short of affectation, and they simply cannot do it. There are exceptions among Americans and Englishmen who readily adopt the courteous phrases of the Mexicans and use them naturally, but they are the exceptions. And it is difficult to see how this can readily be changed. Our Mexican friends should understand, on the other hand, that if Anglo-Saxons do not, as a rule, go through as many social formalities as the usages of the land prescribe, they mean no offense thereby. They are accustomed to taking a good many things for granted that their Latin cousins give verbal assurance of. Naturally, it is the duty of the outlander to conform as nearly as he can to the ways of his adopted country, but human nature and set habits are pretty hard to make over, particularly unless you catch them while they're young.—Mexican Herald.

Vivid at Least.

Dr. Hiram C. Cortlandt, the well known theologian of Des Moines, said in a recent address:

"Thomas A. Edison tells us that he thinks the soul is not immortal; but, after all, what does this great wizard know about souls? His forte is electricity and machinery, and when he talks of souls he reminds me irresistibly of the young lady who visited the Baldwin locomotive works and then told how a locomotive is made.

"'You pour,' she said, 'a lot of sand into a lot of boxes, and you throw old iron and broken pieces into a furnace, and they you empty the molten stream into a hole in the sand, and everybody yells and swears. Then you pour it out and let it cool and pound it, and then you put it in a thing that borrows holes in it. Then you screw it together, and paint it, and put steam in it, and it goes splendidly; and they take it to a drafting room and make a blue print of it. But one thing I forgot—they have to make a boiler. One man gets inside and one gets outside, and they pound frightfully; and then they tie it to the other thing, and you ought to see it go!'"

That Suit for Libel
Against the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Gave a Splendid Chance to Bring Out Facts

A disagreement about advertising arose with a "weekly" Journal.

Following it, an attack on us appeared in their editorial columns; sneering at the claims we made particularly regarding Appendicitis. We replied through the regular papers and the "weekly" thought we hit back rather too hard and thereupon sued for libel.

The advertisement the "weekly" attacked us about claimed that in many cases of appendicitis an operation could be avoided by discontinuing indigestible food, washing out the bowels and taking a predigested food Grape-Nuts.

Observe we said MANY cases not all. Wouldn't that knowledge be a comfort to those who fear a surgeon's knife as they fear death?

The "weekly" writer said that was a lie. We replied that he was ignorant of the facts. He was put on the stand and compelled to admit he was not a Dr. and had no medical knowledge of appendicitis and never investigated to find out if the testimonial letters to our Co. were genuine.

A famous surgeon testified that when an operation was required Grape-Nuts would not obviate it.

We never claimed that when an operation was required Grape-Nuts would prevent it. The surgeon testified bacteria germs helped to bring on an attack and bacteria was grown by undigested food frequently.

We claimed and proved by other famous experts that undigested food was largely responsible for appendicitis.

We showed by expert testimony that many cases are healed without a knife, but by stopping the use of food which did not digest, and when food was required again it was helpful to use a predigested food which did not overtax the weakened organs of digestion.

When a pain in the right side appears it is not always necessary to be rushed off to a

hospital and at the risk of death be cut.

Plain common sense shows the better way is to stop food that evidently has not been digested.

Then, when food is required, use an easily digested food. Grape-Nuts or any other if you know it to be predigested (partly digested before taking).

We brought to Court analytical chemists from New York, Chicago and Mishawaka, Ind., who swore to the analysis of Grape-Nuts and that part of the starchy part of the wheat and barley had been transformed into sugar, the kind of sugar produced in the human body by digesting starch (the large part of food).

Some of the State chemists brought on by the "weekly" said Grape-Nuts could not be called a "predigested" food because not all of it was digested outside the body.

The other chemists said any food which had been partly or half digested outside the body was commonly known as "predigested."

Spitting hairs about the meaning of a word, it is sufficient that if only one-half of the food is "predigested," it is easier on weakened stomach and bowels than food in which no part is predigested.

To show the facts we introduced Dr. Thos. Darlington, former chief of the N. Y. Board of Health, Dr. Ralph W. Webster, chief of the Chicago Laboratories, and Dr. B. Sachs, N. Y.

If we were a little reverent in our denunciation of a writer, self-confessed ignorant about appendicitis and its cause, it is possible the public will excuse us. In view of the fact that our head, Mr. C. W. Post, has made a lifetime study of food, food digestion and effects, and the conclusions are endorsed by many of the best medical authorities of the day.

It is possible that we are at fault for suggesting, as a Father and Mother might, to one of the family who announced a pain in the side: "Stop using the food, grassy meats, gravies, mince pie, cheese, too much starchy

food, etc., etc., which has not been digested, then when again ready for food use Grape-Nuts because it is easy of digestion?"

Or should the child be at once carted off to a hospital and cut?

We have known of many cases wherein the approaching signs of appendicitis have disappeared by the suggestion being followed.

No one better appreciates the value of a skillful physician when a person is in the awful throes of acute appendicitis, but "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Just plain old common sense is helpful even nowadays.

This trial demonstrated Grape-Nuts food is pure beyond question.

It is partly predigested.

Appendicitis generally has rise from undigested food.

It is not always necessary to operate.

It is best to stop all food.

When ready to begin feeding use a predigested food.

It is palatable and strong in nourishment. It will pay fine returns in health to quit the heavy breakfasts and lunches and use less food but select food certainly known to contain the elements nature requires to sustain the body. May we be permitted to suggest a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts and two soft boiled eggs, and some hot toast and cocoa, milk or Postum?

The question of whether Grape-Nuts does or does not contain the elements which nature requires for the nourishment of the brain, also of its purity, will be treated in later newspaper articles.

Good food is important and its effect on the body is also important.

"There's a Reason"
Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich.