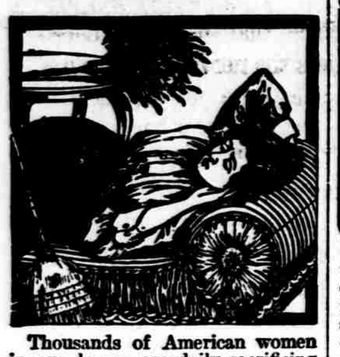
HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

"I was not able to do my own work, owing to the female trouble from which I suffered. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me wonderfully, and I am so well that I can do as big a day's work as I ever did. I wish every sick woman would try it.

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

ON THE MOVE.

Timid Bard—D-does poetry go around here?

Cruel Editor—Some of it does. That last batch you submitted just went out of the window.

A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Danger in New York Roads.

There is an average of seven car collisions a day on the steam, subway, elevated and surface railways of New York.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.—Jefferson.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Telling the truth accidentally is apt to be embarrassing.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS-50¢ PER BOTTLE

Racial Drama In Politics

Foreign Born Run Most Big Cities by Their Votes.

By Ernest McGaffey

American is, as a Rule, a Stay-at-Home on Election Day. His "Roller", However, is Long and Loud When Sin Finds Him Out.

EVERY large city of mixed nationality offers a rare opportunity for studying what may be well termed "racial politics." To an outsider, the facts are of course not apparent enough to make it interesting, but to a man on the "inside" the drama is chock-full of interest. As I had, and have, no sort of prejudice against any race or creed, my experience in municipal politics was as good as an extended course of travel in foreign countries. I saw the various outs and ins of politics unfold themselves, viewing matters with a strictly impartial eye. There was nothing in the life of the city that was not in some way, either remote or imminent, connected with the political game. A man might stay at home and abjure politics if he wished to, and most of the native Americans did this, but his sin would find him out. Then, when he made his roar of protest against existing conditions, he had no one but himself to blame.

The ward I lived in was, for our city, singularly free from an admixture of races. There were quite a number of Germans, a large array of Swedes, Norwegians and Danes, some Irish and Irish-Americans, a strong colony of Poles, a few English and Welsh, some Bohemians, and a scattering of Greeks, Arabians, Jews, Armenians, Italians, Spanish, Chinese, Finns, Scotch, Russians and some Americans, with an occasional Patagonian or a native of the Cannibal Islands. But it was not one of those wards of the city where all races under the sun were represented; and a few besides.

By and large the Irish-Americans "ran" the ward. That is, in our party. It was the simplest thing in the world. They were born politicians, taking to politics as a duck does to water, and having a real love for the game. They were ready speakers, and sometimes good ones; they were invincible "hustlers;" they always attended the ward meetings, and usually held the offices; they were active in getting acquainted, liberal in their pursuit of their natural prey—the other races—and resourceful. They were not too scrupulous in attaining a desired end, and they never lost heart in defeat. They could and did rejoice in a victory, but they were never cast down when they lost. It's all well enough to talk about the alleged volatility of the Irish race, but they make good soldiers, don't they? Well, there's a deal of discipline and other military ingredients in political life, and while it is true that in the rural districts the American comes out strong for politics, in the majority of the cities, big and little, the Irish-American politicians "run things." If you don't believe this, travel a little and inquire.

But "politics is such disagreeable work, don't you know." Of course, "don't you know." But the result of letting politics go hang while one keeps his nose stuck tenaciously to the grindstone of business often results in disaster to the entire community "doncherknow." And I for one, had nothing but bitter contempt for the people of my race who lifted protesting hands and gave voice to the "lily-livered" dictum that "politics was something a gentleman couldn't engage in."

But speaking of "Americans," so far as the cities are concerned, where are they?

"English and Irish, Dutch and Danish,
German, Italian, French and Spanish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish,
In one conglomeration:
So subtle a tangle of blood indeed
No Heraldry-Harvey could ever succeed
In finding the circulation."

You can find regulation Americans down in Kentucky, for instance, men who can trace their ancestors clear down to Daniel Boone in an unbroken line. You may find them indulging in such pleasantries as burning tobacco warehouses or shooting at each other from behind rail fences, for they are quite as handy with a rifle as Daniel was.

The Poles were a clannish nation, and no one else could do anything in their wards. Where they represented only a smattering of strength they could be handled fairly well by the "leaders" in the ward, but they were "live members" and wanted some share in the "spoils" of office.

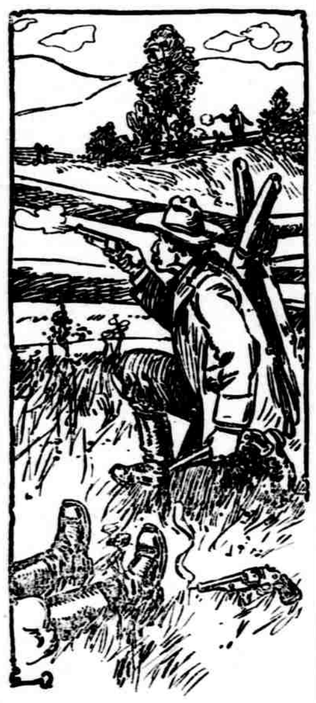
The Bohemians were also a combatively inclined people, politically, and waged lively campaigns in the wards where they held the balance of the voting power. But they did not have the cohesiveness of the Poles, and candidates of other nationalities could occasionally squeeze in. The Bohemian, and in fact all of the foreign-populated wards, were strong for personal liberty, and as near as possible for the social privileges they had enjoyed in Europe, minus any intrusion of "the king business." The Scandinavian voters were apathetic mostly, only once in awhile producing an orator or a hustling politician. They were governed in their political judgments partly by party fealty, partly by the question of personal fitness, and somewhat by the question of nationality. But I give them credit for not being carried away entirely by either pride of race or demand of party. They really wanted good men; and the fact that a man was one of their race did not invariably get him their vote. Occasionally they nominated a man of their race for the express purpose of defeating him, because he had proved himself too small for the position.

The Germans were good, live politicians, and like as in other matters, somewhat Teutonic in their prejudices and tendencies. Clannish was hardly the word for their particular brand of political cohesion. Out of the ruck of many a particular defeat would emerge triumphant the form of some German candidate whose race vote had been plumped solidly for him, no matter what party he belonged to. To nominate a state, county or city ticket without the name of at least one representative German for one of the principal offices, was something that no party convention either cared or dared to do. A good many of the Germans still spoke the language of the Fatherland, and even when there were spies about, seeking to pick up crumbs of information, they were usually baffled by "the vernacular." The Germans had good, solid, and eloquent speakers among them, and they were excellent campaigners.

Their particular wards elected German aldermen as a rule, and as a rule the German office-holders were good men. Occasionally they were amusingly independent when given appointive offices. To go against a mayor's wishes when placed in an appointive position is as much worse than lese majeste as murder is more of a crime than petty larceny. Yet on occasions the sturdy independen of the Teutonic mind boiled over. An alderman called on a German official with a request from a mayor (not in my time) to do something the official disapproved of. The official took the message with an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "I won't do it," was his answer. "But I've got the mayor's orders," replied the surprised and indignant city father. "I don't care what you've got," was the retort. "You ain't got me, Hein. I run this office. I've got my resignation written and in my pocket. The mayor can have this office in ten minutes if he wants it, but he can't have me." So the alderman had to give it up, and the official remained.

The Hebrew wards were inclined to a man of their own race, but they were not massed excepting in about three wards. They are not, strictly speaking, a people who "go in" very strongly for politics, but they make a success of it when they do engage in it deliberately. The scattering vote of this nationality was large, but divided among so many wards that it was a matter of uncertainty as to number. But where they had taken up residence almost solidly, as in certain wards, they ran things themselves. When they engaged actively in politics they developed good speakers. They were, as a rule, rather inclined to one of the ruling parties, but the fetish of party could not compel their votes to be cast irrespective of men and principle.

Now the striking dissimilarity of so many races, and their segregations of one another in different parts of the



Shooting at Each Other from Behind Rail Fences.

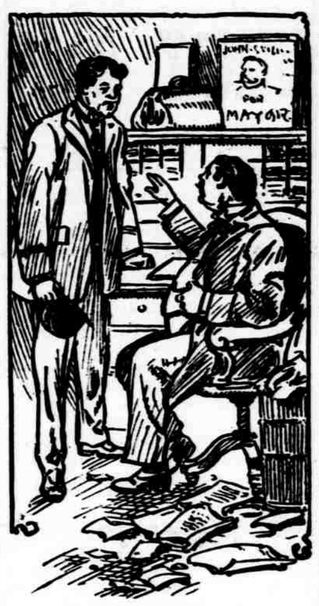
city, produced a curious state of affairs from a social standpoint. Here was a race from the south of Europe, eager, bustling, emotional, with its own particular customs and mode of life. There, three blocks away, might be a race from northern Europe, totally unlike them, with creeds, schools, ways of living and every conceivable viewpoint, both mental and physical, absolutely separated from their neighbors.

What was the result? Why, it was like a lot of block-houses, each with its hostile or semi-hostile occupants. Dwellers in the same city? I say no! Dwellers in the same community, I grant, but so carved apart by nationality and environment as to compose foreign settlements.

Why did Rome from her seven hills rule the world? What makes Paris such a great city? What gives the distinctive touch to London, Berlin, Dublin, Edinburgh? It is the sense of homogeneity that makes them as they are; the feeling among their inhabitants of a common interest, a uniformity of racial feeling and instinct, and kindred aims and aspirations. You tell me of a great city that has 40 or 50 different nationalities dragging away in different directions? Not in a thousand years! Yet the reformers and dreamers, seeing no further than beyond their own noses, attempt to weld into a homogeneous mass, in a few years, what time intends to devote centuries into doing.

A slight study of racial politics will convince the most enthusiastic believer in "having things his own way," that it "can't be did" in some cities. Racial prejudice, old-world customs, religion, suspicion, temperament, how many and how impregnable are the barriers which present themselves. To get along without any trouble with the representatives of all these different nationalities was not a hard task, provided you looked at mankind as being all lineal descendants of Adam, and not different in what they wanted, but only different in the way they went at it. The sanguine races gesticulated, grew eloquent, rapt, even poetical in asking for some small favor. The taciturn races expressed themselves briefly, and devoid of enthusiasm.

Racial politics concerned itself carefully as to the selection of the various ward halls in which to hold the meetings, the hiring of bands, the em-



Sorting Out Petty Jobs.

ployment of printers, the distribution of "ward patronage" and all the intricacies of municipal politics. "What's in a name?" Well, you can bet your ultimate sesterce that there was nearly everything in a name when it came to sorting out the petty jobs in a ward. Why, an astute ward superintendent (supposing he were an Irish-American) would "turn down" with cold disdain the request to put on another man of his nationality on a job if there already had been sufficient representation of the race on the job. It made a heap of difference what a man's name began or ended with in municipal politics.

Of course everyone cannot be satisfied, but favors must be distributed as near evenly as possible to keep a ward organization or a party "machine" in good running order. And weren't these "handy boys" on the lookout to see that there was no undue favoritism practiced? I should say. And they could tell you just how things stood in the ward, and they were "johnny-on-the-spot" if any "coarse work" was attempted.

When an approaching election was coming on the leaders of the party, of as many races as there were colors in Joseph's coat, would assemble to consider the personnel of the ticket. Not that I ever heard them use the word personnel. These meetings might take place in a hotel, or party headquarters, or if it was a straight ward meeting of leaders in the ward, it might take place in a, say, schoolhouse.

Then and there the various qualifications of the different prospective candidates would be discussed and argued, and "a slate," as it is called, would be agreed upon. Sometimes these "slates" went through on convention day without a slip. Sometimes there were battles in the convention, and compromises effected.

I was present at one of these "caucuses" of leaders, when there was merely talk about the prospective ticket, but no settlement of the ticket. It was an informal gathering, accidental, but an earnest meeting nevertheless. The main office was spoken of. A prominent German-American was suggested. He was approved by all present. Another office was named. It was assigned to a well-known Irish-American. A third office came up. After a little wrangling a popular Scandinavian was selected. A fourth office was mentioned. An influential Pole was the favorite. A fifth office became the topic of conversation and the name of a Bohemian citizen was proposed and a Hebrew who had been active in the party. Finally during the wrangle an Irish-American politician said heatedly: "Well, what's the matter with giving it to a good American? I know just the man, and he's a corker." The leader of the group looked at him disgustedly and said: "Do you mean that?" "Sure, I mean it," was the reply. The leader laid his heavy hand down with a quiet force that made the glasses tilt as he said: "This is business, see! I want it distinctly understood that I'm in favor of no d——d experiments." That settled it. ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

(Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The farmer who says he is too poor in his crops or harvest to give will never be rich enough to be other than poor in heart.

BRIDE BALKED AT THE ALTAR

Massachusetts Girl Refused to Wed Count and Denounced Him.

At St. Stanislaus' church, Fall River, Mass., Angela Pawlow, daughter of a merchant, absolutely refused to go on with the marriage ceremony that was to unite her to Basyl Mulinski, who says he is a Polish count and the owner of an estate in Russia.

The marriage had been set for eight o'clock. The church was crowded with friends and relatives. The bridegroom had answered an exultant "Yes" to the usual question, and the bride, in a white silk wedding dress with long veil and wedding bouquet, seemed to smile as Father Basin turned to her and asked: "Will thou take unto thee this man to be thy lawfully wedded husband?"

The bride dropped her hand from the arm of the bridegroom. She turned and faced the crowded church and answered loudly:

"No; he has been unfaithful to me before marriage. I will not marry him."

Then the girl ran down the aisle to her mother. The audience was dumfounded. Before it really appreciated what had happened the church officials had cleared the church.

Good Rule to Observe.

Be like "Billikins," wear a smile and keep your own secrets.

For the Hostess

Description of Simple and Pleasing Entertainments That Are Within the Reach of All.

A Unique Musicale.

A decided novelty in the way of musicales was given recently by a charming musician and her husband. They have done and are doing a wonderful work for children. The invitations were issued to the youthful guests with the request to bring "the dolly they loved the best to the doll musicale."

The hostess was assisted by a much-beloved corn-husk dolly who belongs to this musical household.

On the day appointed there were over 30 dolls of various ages and stations in life assembled in demure silence to listen to the following clever program:

"Dolly Lost and Dolly Found"....Martin
"The Japanese Doll".....Swift
"Sleep, Dolly, Sleep," and "Dance, Dolly, Dance" ..... Reinecke
"Dolly Goes to Sleep".....Goodrich
Song—"I Love the Old Doll Best".Gaynor
"In Dolly's Kitchen" ..... Hollander
"Doll's Dance" ..... Tschaikowski
"Dance of the Marionettes" ..... Mrs. Crosby Adams
"Overture to the Marionettes".....Guritt
Song—"My Dear Jerushy" ..... Gaynor
Song—"Now Go to Sleep, My Dolly".. Mrs. Crosby Adams
"Teaching Dolly to Waltz".....Bartlett
"Funeral March of a Marionette".Gounod
"Poupee Valsante" ..... Poldini
"Dancing Doll" .....Seeboeck
"Doll's Reverie"..... Mrs. Crosby Adams

The children were perfectly delighted and took in the ideas expressed to the great satisfaction of the hostess. It was a revelation to find that all the world loves a doll, as is evidenced by the fact that "music-makers of every clime" have "told the doll's own story in song and rhyme."

This suggestion may be carried out easily, as the selections are within reach of the average musican.

Two Outdoor Games.

These games are just the thing for outdoor parties, which may be given all the month of September. The first is called "Deer Foot."

All the players are different kinds of deer: Reindeer, elk, moose, red deer, fallow deer or mule deer, antelope and fawns. For the forest trees have pieces of paper held to the ground with sharpened sticks, or real trees if they are available. There must be one less tree than deer. The extra deer stands in the middle of the "forest." A leader is chosen by popular vote or by the host, and all follow him, skipping lightly around the "forest." Suddenly the deer in the center calls "Deerfoot"—and all run rapidly to a tree for shelter. Of course the deer in the middle is after a tree, too. The deer who fails to find a tree is called a snail and takes his place in the center and the game proceeds.

The Wigwam.

Half of the players hide and have ten minutes to make their trail with cut papers (confetti) or corn. Each Indian goes a different way. Then at the expiration of the time limit the other players, who are "white men," go on the trail and the game is to see who can return to the wigwam first with his Indian.

While these are supposed to be boys' games, girls enjoy them, too. I speak from experience, for it was the delight of my childhood days to "play Indian," and I still thrill with genuine terror when I think of my fear of being scalped.

Three Guessing Games.

These three interesting games were contributed by a reader of the department. Mme. Merri is most grateful and always glad to receive new and original arrangements of even old ideas.

ACTORS.

Belonging to a male individual of the human race, and a tract of land ..... Mansfield
A thing woven, and to make a mistake ..... Weber
A piece of inclosed land ..... Field
One who removes the hide ..... Skinner
A rock ..... Stone
To take away by force and a male descendant ..... Robson
To chop ..... Hackett
A kind of cloak ..... Mantell
A temporary shelter of light construction ..... Booth
To make a rattling noise ..... Russell
A machine for raising heavy weights ..... Crane
Part of a mill ..... Hopper
A digger of coal ..... Collier
Excellent, and to succeed ..... Goodwin
A person under a guardian ..... Warde
A kindness shown and to deceive .... Faversham

A "T" PARTY.

T before a girl's name forms a cat ..... Tabby
T before a beverage forms a story..Tale
T before craft forms a small pie....Tart
T before shower forms a line of cars ..... Train
T before foolhardy forms rubbish..Trash
T before a request forms labor.....Task
T before a gun forms something trivial ..... Trifle
T before regret forms sincerity.....True
T before everything forms height....Tall
T before to rest forms to plague..Tease
T before a mistake forms fright..Terror
T before humor forms to blame.....Twit
T before finish forms watchfulness..Tend
T before competent forms a piece of furniture ..... Table
T before to embrace forms a criminal ..... Thug
T before a useless plant forms a river in Scotland ..... Tweed
T before a contest of speed forms a mark ..... Trace
T before a hard substance growing on the heads of some animals forms a spine ..... Thorn

GENERALS OF CIVIL WAR.

To bestow ..... Grant
To gather cloth, and a male individual of the human race ..... Sherman
A wine, and a man's name .... Sheridan
A dairy product, and a tract of land ..... Butterfield
What the profane man did when kicked by the cow ..... Custer
To consume with fire, and the edge of a thing ..... Burnside
A servant whose business is to take charge of the liquor ..... Butler
A kind of drink ..... Meade
Eight furlongs ..... Miles
The doubting apostle ..... Thomas
A piece of unhewn timber, and an adjective ..... Logan
A calm or sheltered place ..... Lee
To boast ..... Bragg
One who hooks ..... Hooker
Not hasty, and to draw near ..... Slocum

MADAME MERRI.

In Vogue.

For morning wear and tennis, golf and boating, what is so cool and sensible as a dainty little laydown collar finished with a mull tie, silk scarf or brooch?

The eagerness with which women have adopted the Dutch or Puritan collar proves conclusively that when comfort is sought high clasping collars are entirely ignored.

An effective little finish for the tall collar is simply narrow velvet ribbon of any desired shade, finished with tassels of silk or gold, or carrying a tiny buckle near the center.

GARTER AND BAG

A garter carrying a bag for jewels or money is made of silk covered elastic and fastened with a big rosette of narrow ribbon knotted in the center of the loops. A small bag is attached to it by loops of the narrow ribbon, which support the bag. This is made of a figured taffeta four and a half to five inches wide. It should be lined with a plain ribbon or silk. Chamois and flannel may be used for lining. The little bag is made in the form of an envelope.

The Lace Box.

What useful treasures this discloses! Old laces are far better than new. In ancient days there were finer makes, but they require care. Point lace must be handled most carefully. You can often clean it quite sufficiently by rubbing it with fine white powder. It does not injure the fine threads. Irish lace is all the rage, and very easily washed. You can wash that in soap and hot water and iron it when wet. Tea will dye lace most yellow shades required. Odds and ends of lace should never be thrown away. One can make out of them delightful caps, fichus, and all sorts of things, even with scraps that seem quite worn out. Lace jabots especially can be made in this way.

Wall Decorations.

For a drawing-room nothing in the wall decoration line could be lovelier and more novel than a wedgewood pattern, with the background of a paler shade of wedgewood blue and the medallions of the darker shade relieved with white. The woodwork and trim of such an apartment should be white. Either blue or that soft green which is a characteristic shade of wedgewood pottery is effective when used in this way. The carpet should match and if the wedgewood design is reproduced in the center it will emphasize the scheme of the decorations.

Fall Skirt Compromises.

Between the close-fitting gown worn by the fashionable woman of taste and the one exploited by ultra-fashionables who care more for display than for decency, there is a wide difference. The latter follows the lines of the figure, but does not sheath in such a way as to hamper the steps in walking. Fall will probably bring out a host of compromises which will suit the multitude, but the fashion, if it becomes an established one, will make the reconstructing of all gowns in last years' wardrobe a necessity. Whether the plaited skirt will continue for walking is to be seen. A month will throw considerable light on the subject.

The sleeves of the lingerie blouses and shirt-waists for next winter will be long, with few exceptions, and those will be for the elaborate lace blouses to be worn with afternoon costumes, for bridge, etc.

A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD IN BUYING PAINT.

Everybody should know how simple and easy it is to avoid all uncertainty in buying paint materials. There are many so-called white leads on the market, which contain chalk, zinc, barytes, and other cheap adulterants. Unless the property owner takes advantage of the simple means of protection afforded him by reliable white lead manufacturers, he runs great risk of getting an inferior and adulterated white lead.

It is to protect the paint-buyer against fraud and adulteration that National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, place their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark on every keg of their product, an absolute guarantee of its purity and quality. Anyone who wants to make a practical test of white lead, and who wants a valuable free book about painting, should address National Lead Company, Woodbridge Bldg., New York, and ask for test equipment.

AND SHE LEFT HIM GUESSING.

Woman's Directions of Little Help to Traveling Lawyer.

A New York lawyer was called recently to a hamlet in Berks county, Pennsylvania, in the interest of a large coal corporation, and now he is telling this story on himself:

He was driving along a country road and feared he might have lost his bearings. The village he wanted to reach seemed elusive, so he halted in front of a farmhouse to make inquiries.

"Madam," he called out to a broad German woman, who stood looking at him from beneath a "poke" bonnet, "can you tell me how far it is to the next village?"

"Oh, yust a leedle vays," came the response.

"But, my good woman, how far is it? Is it two, four, six or eight miles? That's what I want to know."

"Yah, I tinks so."

And the Wall street lawyer drove on a wiser man.

THREE CURES OF ECZEMA.

Woman Tells of Her Brother's Terrible Suffering—Two Babies Also Cured—Cuticura Invaluable.

"My brother had eczema three different summers. Each summer it came out between his shoulders and down his back, and he said his suffering was terrible. When it came on the third summer, he bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and gave it a faithful trial. Soon he began to feel better and he cured himself entirely of eczema with Cuticura. A lady in Indiana heard of how my daughter, Mrs. Miller, had cured her little son of terrible eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. This lady's little one had the eczema so badly that they thought they would lose it. She used Cuticura Remedies and they cured her child entirely, and the disease never came back. Mrs. Sarah E. Lusk, Coldwater, Mich., Aug. 15 and Sept. 2, 1907."

AUTOMOBILE SHOP TALK.

"What was your record across Jersey?"

"One country constable and a cow."

Very Tempting.

A man was brought before a justice of the peace charged with the offense of kissing a young woman "by force and violence, and against her will."

The young lady, who was very handsome, gave her testimony in a modest and straightforward manner, after which his honor gave the following decision: "The court in this case sympathizes with the defendant, and will therefore discharge him without fine, imprisonment or reprimand, because the court while this case has been in progress has been obliged to hold on to both arms of his chair to keep from kissing the complainant himself."

MOTHER AND CHILD

Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts.

The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals.

It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the grains, which Nature uses to build up brain and nerve cells.

Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child grows so rapidly.

A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

"After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the doctor said I could not nurse the baby as I did not have nourishment for her, besides I was too weak.

"He said I might try a change of diet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. I bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby and I.

"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition, I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.