



125,000,000 Explosions Inside Every Grain

Each grain of wheat or rice contains at least 125,000,000 starch granules.

Each of those granules holds in its center a tiny bit of moisture.

Prof. Anderson's process does this:

It seals the grains up in steel guns.

It applies to the guns 550 degrees of heat.

It turns the moisture to steam, creating a pressure inside of each granule of 175 pounds to the inch.

Then the guns are suddenly unsealed. The steam in each granule explodes.

And those 125,000,000 explosions blast every starch granule to pieces.

Why It Is Done

Digestive juices can't well act on the solid granules.

They must be broken. That's why grain is cooked, baked or toasted before one tries to eat it.

But no mere cooking breaks up half the granules.

So Prof. Anderson invented this method. It breaks up all the granules.

The foods that result are the most digestible grain foods that science has ever produced.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in
Extreme
West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

Airy, Nut-Like Morsels

These exploded grains are by millions considered the acme of delicious food.

They are eight times normal size.

They are four times as porous as bread.

And the thin-walled grains, crisp and enticing, taste much like toasted nuts.

Serve with cream and sugar. Or mix with fruit. Or float like crackers in a bowl of milk.

There was never a cereal food quite so enchanting as either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Folks ate last year 250,000,000 dishes.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago



November Joe: Woodsman Detective

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"He may confess about the robbery, but he can't tell any one where the Bank property is. He doesn't know because he's been robbed in his turn."

"Robbed!" I exclaimed.

Joe nodded.

"And the robber?"

"Five foot six or seven, lightweight, handsome, has black hair, and lives in Lendeville or near it."

"Joe, you've nothing to go on," I cried. "Are you sure of this? How can you know?"

"I'll tell you when I've got those bank bills back. We've got to make Lendeville. It's all of eight miles upstream."

It was still early afternoon when we arrived in Lendeville, which could hardly be called a village, except in the Canadian acceptance of the term. It was composed of a few scattered farms and a single general store. Outside one of the farm houses, Joe paused.

We found the farmer at home, a dour fellow whose father had emigrated from the north of Scotland half a century earlier.

"Say, McAndrew," began Joe, there's a chance I'll be bringing a party up on to Red River month after next for the moose-calling. What's your price for hiring two strong horses and a good buck-board to take us and our stuff on from here to the Burnt Lands by Sandy Pond?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Huh!" said Joe, "we don't want to buy the old horses."

The Scotchman's shaven lips (he wore a chin-beard and whiskers) opened. "It wouldn't pay to do it for less."

"Then there's others as will."

"And what might their names be?" inquired McAndrew ironically.

"Them as took up Bank-clerk Atterson when he was here six weeks back."

"Weel, you're wrang!" cried McAndrew; "for Bank-clerk Atterson walked in with young Simon Poincarré and lived with the family at their new mill. So the price is twenty, or I'll use harness a horse for ye!"

"Then I'll have to go on to Simon Poincarré. I've heard him well spoken of."

"Have ye now? That's queer, for he . . ."

"Maybe, then, it was his brother," said Joe, quickly.

"Which?"

"The other one that was with Atterson at Red River."

"There is only the old man, Simon, and the two girls."

November said something further of Atterson's high regard for Simon Poincarré which goaded old McAndrew to fury.

"And I'll suppose it was love of Simon that made him employ that family," he snarled. "Oh yes, that's comie! 'Twas Simon and no that grinning lassie they call Phedre! . . . Atterson? I tell ye, if ever a man made a fule o' himself . . ."

But here, despite McAndrew's protests, Joe left the farm.

JOE and I walked together along various trails until from a hillside we were able to look down upon the Poincarré farm, and in a few minutes we were knocking at the door.

It was opened by a girl of about twenty years of age; her bright brown eyes and hair made her very good looking. Joe gave her a quick glance.

"I came to see your sister," said he.

"Simon," called the girl, "here's a man to see Phedre."

Simon came to the door. He was a powerful young French-Canadian with up-brushed hair and a dark moustache. He stared at us.

"I've never seen you before," he said at last.

"No, I'm going south and I promised I'd leave a message passing through," replied Joe.

"Who sent you?"



Your Little Babies Are Born Right

Their little chests are full and rounded, their lungs are sound and muscles good.

It's because our devoted mothers do not know the things they should that so many are left with empty arms, or left to the slow bitterness of watching the little one grow defective.

Of course, you do not give your baby pickles or water-melon, as do fond and foolish mothers of the slums. But you do something almost as bad—if you pile into that little stomach the heavy food that was meant for a calf. Just because cows' milk looks like mother's milk, that makes it no substitute. The only substitute for mother's milk should be so like it baby feels no difference.

That is why

Nestlé's Food

is used by the mothers of forty nations. The milk of healthy cows is its basis. But it is so purified, modified and changed that it exactly fits the need of the youngest baby. A calf could not subsist on it, but your delicate baby will flourish and grow plump as soon as you begin to use it.



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