Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Marry a Man Younger Than You?

THIS is not a universal problem, but an interesting one.

Tradition has it that a man should be older than his wife by four to ten years. Without any biological or sociological reason, this idea has persisted for centuries. It is similar to the fixed opinion that the man always should be taller, but that conception is founded on the fact that men generally are taller than women, and so our eye is accustomed to couples walking about who present this appearance. Of course, there is no physiological reason even for this, as is evinced by the fact that occasionally short men marry very tall women, yet have normal children and a happy life. However, any one who breaks a tradition, even a rather foolish one, continually suffers embarrassment. The little man who forever has to look up at his wife experiences a slight mortification simply because it is believed that physical stature is admirable in a man, and that a tall man has godlike qualities. On the contrary, the tall man may be a bully or very stupid. Yet the short man suffers by this tradition of inferiority, and is supposed to be henpecked, if his wife is larger. As a matter of fact, Napoleon and some of the world's most efficient men were very small.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Thus, folks will have it that the union of two people must be along certain fixed lines. Love comes, and one is distressed that the object selected is not cut on a certain conventional pattern. One really worries, and only the onrush of mutual passion overcomes the handicap, or clouds the judgment—which is not real judgment, however, but merely fear of public opinion.

An amusing anecdote illustrates how love defies rules laid down in advance. A woman declared there were three kinds of men, so to speak, whom she never would wed under any circumstances, even if she died an old maid. Never would she marry a doctor, and never would she marry a man named Smith, and never would she marry a red-haired man. Outside of that, she had no prejudices.

Cupid got busy. In the course of time, behold her, married to a red-headed man, named Dr. Smith!

One may theorize forever, yet Love has a way of running things, and overturning all preconceived rules. Some one may insist to you that the ideal mating is of two young folks in their early twenties. Examples are shown. Here are Mr. Tom Smith and his wife Marjorie. They married when he was twenty-four and she was twenty, and have had the young joys and fresh experiences, the little domestic trials and victories and are blissfully happy. Neither one ever loved another being in the world.

"Nonsense!" reports your other friend. "No one ought to marry till he or she has had a lot of experience and is ready to settle down. If a boy or girl weds before having experienced a dozen flirtations with a dozen different types, till the right one was found, he or she is sure to do the experimenting after marriage! You can't keep people from being curious and playing round a bit, till they are satisfied that they have seen about all that Fate has to offer them in Life's Shop Window. A child turns capriciously from a flaxen doll to a dark one, from a wax beauty to a rag contrivance or wooden image. But finally, it picks on one that for some inconceivable reason just suits it, and then it settles down with that in its arms, and you can't dislodge it. Just so, with human beings, a little older."

Still another friend tells you that he has seen ideal marriages between a man of fifty and a woman of twenty-five. "Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," he cries. That is not true, of course, but there is a germ of great truth in it, or the axiom would not have survived the centuries. The young lover almost always is selfish and exacting. He demands innumerable things of a wife. He has not had the hard knocks that make the mature man gracious and thoughtful and appreciative. He does not know feminine psychology. He has no background.

And so we see occasional men of fifty—widowers, of course, few bachelors at that age would be endurable if suddenly translated from selfish bachelordom to matrimony—who are adoring and delightful and appreciative husbands. They recall all sorts of little things that women find important, and they regard indulgently certain tempers and outbursts which infuriate the younger men. They have a sane, balanced, understanding attitude which makes a wife very happy.

That is, some of them have all these good qualities. Naturally, others are exacting and peevish, and tend to contrast the qualities of wife number two with the imagined virtues of the defunct spouse, to the detriment of the incumbent!

Having glanced at the mating of our friends at these various ages and different distances of the years, how about the man who marries the older woman?

Bernard Shaw wrote a play years ago that had a great vogue, "Candida." The poet-lover is twenty, his adored one thirty. Incidentally, she already is married to a fine man, mature and just a few years her senior, but that has nothing to do with our problem, for she discusses with the poet the folly of his wedding a woman ten years older than he, even were she free.

At the close of the play he goes out broken-hearted (he thinks), but she says something like this: "Just consider that while I am attractive and young at thirty, and our ages do not seem different—when you are thirty, I will be forty; and when you are forty I will be fifty—and imagine how plain and old I will seem then to a man just in his prime."

We frown on the wedding of a woman with a man ten years her junior, for we see in the future her tragic struggle to seem young. She cannot grow old gracefully and normally, along with her contemporaries, but must use every art and artifice to stave off cruel time. But the saddest is not the necessity of wrinkle-removers and face-massage, and dyed hair and softened lights; it is the psychological effect on herself. She depreciates herself. She tries to stifle her maternal attitude toward him. She watches all youth jealously, feeling in every young girl a deadly rival.

And yet—in spite of all these truths, I know of many cases (virtually all, in fact, which I ever have investigated in twenty years!), which have turned out to be ideally happy! The man may have grown a beard, or camouflaged in some small way to make the world think him a little older, but the mating was extremely fortunate.

Ever so many women have told me of cases of their friends who made this doubtful experiment, and always they concluded: "And would you believe it, they are blissfully happy? Girls bore him to death. She loves him with a touch of the maternal—but so do most of us—and they are wonderfully mated."

The only solution I can find is that folks who loved so much that they defied tradition had an unusually deep affection, which proved unspoilable!

Write and tell Mrs. Cooley about your problems. She will be glad to take them up and discuss them in this column.

At Cupid's Call

By MAY CHRISTIE

Mary Drew is Carrington Bellairs' private secretary, and is in love with one of his clients, Dick Calardin. Bellairs' ward, Eve Rochester, has obtained a position through Julian Vandaveer, an unscrupulous adventurer, who has known Dick in Alaska and is anxious to get a diamond which Dick owns and always carries. Dick is in love with Mary, but Eve has her eye on him as well as on Julian. Bellairs wants to marry Mary, who is staying at his country estate to do some work for him there.

THE RETURN

"OH, DICK! Take care of me! Don't—don't say anything to hurt me——"

Dick was the soul of chivalry—and he was touched. He had compromised this girl. His duty was to stand by her.

MAY CHRISTIE

"I wouldn't hurt you for the world," he forced himself to say. "Cheer up, my dear! Come, let me see you smile!"

"I can't!" Eve resolved that she would not budge from this particular spot of ground until a definite engagement had occurred. "Oh, Dick, I can't!"

Dick took a long, deep breath. He would take the plunge. It was his obvious duty. And what did happiness matter, anyhow, when happiness had quite escaped him?

"Eve, will you marry me?" he said. She flung herself into his arms.

Miraculously, thereafter, Eve discovered the way home. Within twenty minutes they were at a railway station, had aroused the sleeping porter, and were connected with the White Lodge by telephone.

Over the wire Eve explained precisely their predicament.

And Carrington Bellairs—a somewhat bored Bellairs, not in the least alarmed or worried—heard the exultant note in his ward's voice.

Dick was standing close to Eve—and so she could not say all that she wished!

But "We've got some news for you!" was a remark she could not possibly suppress.

Bellairs smiled rather grimly at the other end of the wire. He guessed the meaning of Eve's words. She was clever—and unscrupulous. These were two points about her character that he could appreciate. Her little game had "worked."

"Shouldn't be a bit surprised if there's a romance brewing!" he remarked, as he hung up the receiver on its hook. "Don't look so scared, both of you! No, this wasn't a phone call from the police to say they've found the bodies! It's a call from Eve herself. She says that she and young Calardin went and lost themselves. A likely tale!"

"Oh, Carrington! What are you insinuating?" cried his aunt, immensely relieved that the wandering one had been located.

"My own opinion"—here Bellairs smiled a tolerant, knowing little smile that was largely for the benefit of Mary Drew—"my own opinion is that they've been falling in love, or something of the sort!"

"Oh, Carrington!" Bellairs' aunt gave a small, excited scream. "Do you really think so? Young Mr. Calardin is such a dear! And Eve—the dear child——"

Mary — white-faced — was passing through a world of pain.

A motorcar had been sent over to the railway station to convey the truant pair back to the White Lodge.

"They'll be here in half an hour," urged Bellairs. "Let's all sit up and hear just what they've got to say."

So Mary forced pride to her rescue. Her position in this house had grown to be an important one. Bellairs had come to her and heartily apologized for his suspicions concerning the theft of the five hundred dollars. Moreover, he had admitted that, in his heart, he never had suspected her at all! She—in her turn—had told him of the episode of the Cingalee. Bellairs had sworn that the Cingalee would never set foot within his home again. Bellairs had shrewdly guessed the mission of the Cingalee and Eve's part in the game. Also the part that Julian Vandaveer had played so cleverly.

Bellairs might be unscrupulous—but the influence of Mary Drew was strong upon him. No one could know Miss Mary long—and not feel the better man for having known her!

This hard-faced, calculating man was gradually changing in character—in a portion of his character at least. And Mary was responsible for the metamorphosis.

The thing now was to rush Dick's marriage through with Eve. Then Mary would be his—the wife of the rich and clever Carrington Bellairs.

In half an hour's time Eve arrived. Dick Calardin walked beside that damsel. And Eve's hand, immensely possessive, was upon the young man's arm. She had won. Her face was shining as she looked at Mary, then at her guardian and her guardian's aunt. "Don't scold us! We're so happy!" she said softly, with an almost cooing note. "For, although we lost ourselves, we 'found' each other! Dick and I"—she clung a little closer to him—"Dick and I are going to be married!"

Tomorrow—Mary's Ordeal

Things You'll Love to Make

Wooden Bead Bodice Trimming

Since milady favors bead trimming—especially wooden ones—so much, here is a WOODEN BEAD BODICE TRIMMING to delight her. String painted wooden beads the size of large peas on heavy silk. (You will need a string a no more than one-third longer than the distance around the edge of your bodice.) Fasten one end to the front of the bodice. Then fasten into loops three inches across the top. Continue until you reach the front again. Finish with two long ends of beads tipped with beaded or silk tassels. This WOODEN BEAD BODICE TRIMMING is particularly adapted to the popular long-waisted bodice and to the charming overblouses now worn.

FLORA.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

Better Let Matters Drop

Dear Cynthia—I am a constant reader of your desirable column, but have never asked for advice. Well, Cynthia, this is my problem:

A few weeks ago I got angry with my girl friend, whom I liked very much. She then started to go with a girl who I heard is not good and ought not to be in her company. I wanted to write and tell her, but decided to leave it to you.

Do you think, Cynthia, it would be right to tell my friend about the girl? I am sure her parents and she also don't know about her.

Please answer this soon for I will be waiting, as I am a

FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Unless you can prove that the girl to whom you refer is not respectable, better keep out of the matter entirely. You have no more right to take this girl's reputation than she has to take yours. And your motive would not be understood. So, unless you can positively prove your words, let the matter drop. In any case it is not your affair, dear. Learn to look after your own affairs and let others care for theirs.

Both Too Proud

Dear Cynthia—I have known a nice young man for two years and we have been very sincere friends. However, we have had a quarrel and I sent him a very cool note in the heat of my anger. Since then he has been very cool to me. As I like him very much I would like to resume our friendship and I think he would, but is too proud. My foolish pride prevents me from writing an apology. I also think there is some one who is trying to win him from me. As we are very fond of each other I do not like to lose him. Please tell me what to do.

LOVELIGHT.

My dear, you say you are too proud to apologize. You even seem to think it's a thing to be proud of that you are proud. Don't you know that pride is one of the greatest occasions of wrong-doing? Don't you know that you ought to be ashamed to be "too proud"? There is but one thing for you to do and that is write and say you are sorry for having written that angry, proud letter, and that you hope he will forgive it and be friends once more.

How Shall She Get News of Friend?

Dear Cynthia—Could you help me in a matter which worries me very much?

A dear friend of mine, who is a faithful correspondent, has not written to me for several weeks.

As his home is in the flooded regions of Colorado I am afraid that he was one of the many lost.

Where could I write to find if he was lost?

I am one of the members of the old Keeping Up Hope Club and would rejoice to hear from Dan B. and Lieutenant B. Am wearing out my eyes looking for news of them.

Graduated this year, Cynthia, with honors.

Was pretty blue for a while, but bucked up just in time to come out with a couple of prizes and rejoice in the label of "Happiest (girl) Person."

Who wouldn't be happy, Cynthia, with the whole world before them? If people would but learn to smile at small troubles how helpful they'd find it with the big ones.

How does that song go?

Do you wonder I am happy all the day?
Do you wonder I am singing all the way?
Well, there's a reason!
May I write again?

D. HAPPY.

Write to the friend who lived in Colorado, and say that you are anxious to hear if all is well with him. Put your address on the outside of the envelope so the letter can be returned to you if it does not reach him.

If you do not hear from him and the letter is returned, you might then write to the Census Bureau of the town in which he lived and ask for information concerning him.

Adventures With a Purse

HAVE you noticed—although of course you have—the new frocks that are being worn these days of ever changing modes? Straight of line, low of neck, devoid of sleeves. One of the shops has one fashioned of snowy white linen. The neck, sleeves and top of the pockets are trimmed with a saucy red and white checkered gingham. It is belted in at the waist with a narrow sash of the gingham, or a trim patent leather belt—according to the desire of the wearer. Worn with a cool blouse of the sheerest of voile, Mindy steps forth into the world a dainty and charming figure. The frock is priced at $8.90.

Slippers and shoes, slippers and shoes
Show you are wise by the foot gear you choose.

And so runs the old jingle with a great ring of truth. The most perfectly groomed woman spoils her entire appearance if she is not well shod. For the summer girl, dainty white pumps are greatly improved by a buckle. One of the better shoe shops is selling white enamel buckles trimmed with black set, for $1.75. A remarkable bargain and most certainly the very thing for that pair of pumps that need refreshing.

Gloves, particularly those of chamois, become stiff after washing and it is quite a difficult feat to get them on for the first time. There comes a wooden glove stretcher shaped like the hand on which the gloves dry very easily. The fingers slip off minus the contrary kinks that so often result in a torn glove. The stretchers sell for thirty-five and forty-five cents.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or Phone Walnut or Maine 3000.

Remedy for Ants

Red ants hate the smell of alcohol. Wipe your pantry shelves and table legs with denatured alcohol about twice a month. You'll find that the pests disappear.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What distinctive position has been held for almost ten years by Mrs. Mena J. Erickson, of Oakland, Calif.?
2. How is a pretty new water bottle for the guest room decorated?
3. What use can be made of a small round wooden box in which children's beads have been sold?
4. To honor the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, what should be offered?
5. Name a gift of the proper kind which would not cost too much.
6. In what simple but pleasing way is a new parasol trimmed?

Yesterday's Answers

1. An appropriate Fourth of July centerpiece which would delight the children is a huge red firecracker with ribbons coming out the top which pull out little American flags.
2. A ball basket with a hinged lid is a protection for the small thermos bottle which would be useful on a picnic.
3. In cleaning cloth dresses always use the same material to do the rubbing with.
4. The twentieth wedding anniversary is the china wedding.
5. An inexpensive present that would be appropriate is a china sealing-wax container for the desk.
6. A piquant bathing cap is fashioned of black surf satin with a crown arrangement of orange points surrounding it.

ONE THING LESS TO CARRY

Photo by Old Masters

If you have the latest style of parasol like this one, which has a complete vanity case in the top of its long handle, you won't have to be bothered carrying a box with you. And if you should choose any part or all of the costume worn with the parasol you couldn't possibly go out of style. The line frock made on straight, long lines, trimmed with wide hemstitching, the short sleeves and short gauntlet gloves, the garden hat with its flowery trimming—Paris could do no better

"The Love Cowards"

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Because she is disappointed in one man, Nancy Hathaway decides never to trust another. On the spur of the moment she accepts a mysterious offer to become governess to a little child in lonely house on the coast of Massachusetts. She and Miss Henderson, the woman who engages her, arrive at Rock Haven late at night, and Miss Henderson tells Nancy that her brother, Bruce, is also a member of the family. After Miss Henderson leaves, Nancy finds her door locked on the outside, but when she mentions it the next morning she gets no satisfaction.

CHAPTER IX

Fear!

NANCY discovered very soon that little Trix had never learned to play, and inasmuch as Miss Henderson had given her free rein in her management of the child, she decided for the present to have lessons for only two hours in the morning and to romp with Trix as much as possible. At first Trix was sly and would look at Nancy with a dignity that was amazing in one so young, but gradually she learned to romp and would chase Nancy along the sandy country roads on their way to the small town, or along the beach, where the sand was packed hard from the retreat of the waves.

HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

Sometimes in her play she would stop suddenly and a shade of something Nancy could never understand would cross her face. It was as though she stopped to reflect, and in doing so wondered if it were right to be happy. Once Nancy asked her what she was thinking, but Trix grew so white and her mouth trembled so piteously that Nancy did not force her confidence. But she could not help wondering what it was that menaced the child and brought that look almost of fear into her eyes.

There was another thing that Nancy learned early in her stay at the lonely house by the sea, and that was Trix's attitude when she entered the house after they had been outdoors for some time.

If they had been laughing and talking together on their way up, Trix would suddenly lower her voice or cease talking altogether, and she always looked fearfully down the old-fashioned corridor on the first floor, as though she expected something terrible to appear suddenly and seize her.

Mr. Bruce Henderson's rooms opened off this corridor, but Nancy had never seen him enter or leave them. His meals were served in his rooms, and, although she knew that he came out occasionally for walks, she never caught even a glimpse of him.

If Nancy had been normal in her attitude toward men she might have entertained a lively curiosity concerning this man and his reasons for hiding himself away like this. As it was her attitude toward him was more like dread, for she was sure that it was his presence in the house that made everything so mysterious. She hoped with all her heart that she need not encounter him, and she determined more than ever to keep Trix outdoors as much as possible while the weather was good.

Once she spoke to Miss Henderson about the little girl, but she received no more satisfaction than had been given her on the occasion of the locked door.

Nancy was brave, and she looked Miss Henderson full in the eyes when she asked her question, with a deadly frankness.

"What is there about this house that terrifies Trix?"

And Miss Henderson without a quiver of the eyelids, had answered with the utmost practicality possible:

"Don't you think Trix is unusually imaginative? I suppose she has more than her share of childish whims and fancies. She used to have a foolish notion about this house, but she seems to have ungrown that since your arrival. I think you are doing her a world of good, Miss Hathaway."

And the older woman's eyes had softened as they rested with real liking on Nancy's lovely face with its smoky gray eyes under an aureole of flaming hair. As Trix said, Nancy's hair was like a sunset, all full of unexpected quivering lights and shadows.

But Nancy ignored this obvious attempt to change the subject, although she really despaired of getting any information from Miss Henderson with regard to the mystery that overshadowed the house.

"She has such a strange bruise on her arm, too, as though some one had handled her roughly. Do you know what it can be?"

Tomorrow—The Enemy

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The Woman's Exchange

To "E. R."

Don't be broken-hearted about this trouble of yours. It is hard for you, of course, but remember that things like that always seem worse to the person who has them than to those who look on from the outside. Try bleaching the hair with peroxide to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. This will discourage the growth, although it may not remove the hair entirely. Have you tried depilatories that are sold at the drug stores? Even if you have to repeat the treatment from time to time, I am sure you can get relief from this annoyance by means of one of these or the peroxide. You know if you are so painfully conscious of this you will call attention to it, but if you just try to forget all about it, and be just as happy and pretty as you can in spite of it, you will make people overlook it entirely. Try to do this, don't let your life be made miserable by something which really isn't so dreadfully bad as you think.

Wants to Write for Papers

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am very anxious to write for newspapers and magazines. I wish you could give me a few hints as to what kind of writings, not including fiction, are most in demand and also where to sell them. L. A. W.

Have you tried any of the magazines? Write an article on some current events, travel, or something that you know will have an appeal, and send it off to the first magazine you happen to think of. If it comes back send it to some one else, and keep on sending it around until some one takes it. If you know anything about cooking, sewing, something new in housekeeping or women's interests send it to one of the women's magazines. Syndicates take a series of articles of this kind and sell them to papers or magazines, and if you write several you might try that, but in the meantime keep going the rounds of the magazines until you are successful. I hope that will be very soon.

About Going on the Stage

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Now I do not mean to be conceited, but I am only writing and telling you what my friends have told me.

I sing a great deal and my friends all say my voice is wonderful. It has never been trained and I can reach very high. In fact, I can sing much better high than I can sing low.

My friends all say I am cut out for the stage as I possess personality and wit and also have a good figure.

What is a good way to test my abilities? At what age should I have my voice trained? To what certain age can a girl be trained to toe-dance?

I blush very easily and when I talk to a fellow I get as red as a beet. Please tell me how to overcome such an embarrassing position. D. D. D.

You would have to have your voice trained before you could attempt stage work, but you might go to a theatrical manager and ask him whether he considers it worth while to take the training before you attempt it. Little girls of eight and ten have their voices placed and trained nowadays, so you could begin at any time with a good teacher, but unless you are very young you could not be trained to do toe-dancing. This takes constant practice from the time a girl is very young.

Your stage training will remedy the blushing. As you get more assurance and poise you will not blush so easily.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

The question is sometimes asked, "Should a woman employed in an office rise when her employer comes to her desk to speak to her?" and it may be said here that the answer depends upon the employer. Some of the heads of "big business" do not expect this ultra-respectful attitude; others do expect it. In some offices a girl does not stand up unless the employer is very old, and then she rises as she would for any other older person.

The girl who goes into business life must accept her environment "as is." If a certain formal courtesy toward feminine employes is the rule of the office, well and good. If, on the other hand, the hard matter-of-fact course prevails, treating all employes alike, men or women, that, too, is all in the day's work, and no real disrespect is intended. Every sensible business girl realizes sooner or later that busy offices are not governed by drawing-room codes.

She Doesn't Know Whether or Not Her Fiance Will Pay Her Carfare

Although She Is Going Out to the Town Where He Works to Marry Him—Too Many Girls Are Married on Mere Acquaintance

"THIS young man wants me to marry him," writes a girl, "but he is a civil engineer and cannot come for me.

"I have agreed to go to the town where he is working to be married there, but in his letter he did not say anything about carfare, and I do not know quite what to do.

"Shall I buy my own ticket or do you think he means to pay for it for me?"

She is going to marry the man, but she doesn't know him well enough to ask him whether he is going to pay her fare or not!

Doesn't it seem a funny way to get married?

Nothing is said in her letter about whether she loves him or not, but she must be pretty fond of him to be willing to leave home and go all the way out to this little town where he is working.

Yet, loving the man, going all that distance to marry him, she still does not feel familiar enough with him to ask him about sending her money for carfare!

WHY what kind of a married life will this be if she is just getting acquainted with her husband all the time?

Upon what do they base their love if they have no understanding of each other?

So many girls go into marriage in this hit-or-miss fashion, after only a short friendship, with no real knowledge or understanding of the men they are planning to marry.

They evidently think no further ahead than the wedding day, and if a man is fond of them, comes to see them twice or three times a week, or writes once a week if he lives in another place, that is enough for them.

The wedding day over, the new home, an accustomed place, they have a long lifetime of marriage to face—and sometimes they find a bitter thought expressing itself.

"If I had only known what this man is like, I never would have let myself in for this!"

VERY often this state of affairs is the result of too much coquetry. It is natural for a girl to be changeable, flirtatious, and somewhat coy before she is engaged.

But some girls feel that this game must be kept up afterward, too.

They say they'll go and then decide not to; they remark with a sidelong glance that some other man is awfully good-looking; they tell "him" not by any means to call up on Monday—and then refuse to speak to him on Wednesday night because he didn't.

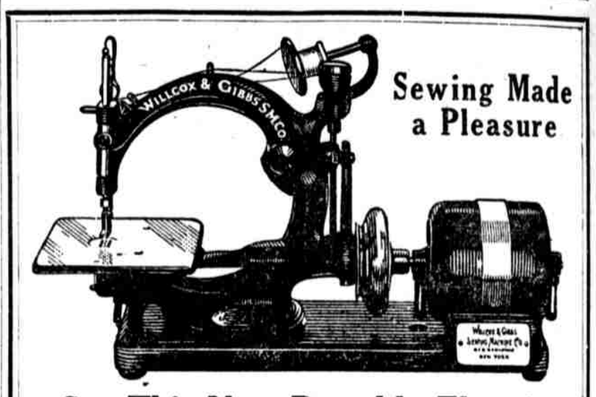
By the time they are ready to be married there is just about the same amount of understanding between the two as there was when they were first engaged. Money matters must still be kept discreetly quiet; other men still seem to have a remote chance, and the lady is still "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

Sometimes they come through the difficulties which must arise after marriage.

More often they are very unhappy until they readjust themselves completely.

THIS girl who loves the engineer is basing her hopes for married happiness upon the regularity of a man's letters.

Perhaps she can trust them—but until she knows him well enough, and is on familiar enough terms with him to ask him to pay her carfare, she had better not risk marrying him.



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direct from the corn field. Our special toasting process brings out the rich corn-on-the-cob flavor, and makes JERSEY Corn Flakes delicious — and they are healthful.

Just the thing for boys and girls - nothing can better satisfy their keen appetites.

Require no preparation. Buy them in moisture-proof packages that keep them fresh - ready to serve.

JERSEY Corn Flakes

The Original Thick Corn Flakes

MANUFACTURED BY
The JERSEY CEREAL FOOD Co.
CEREAL, PENNA. - MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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