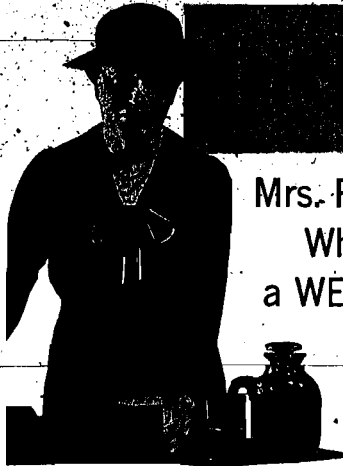


DIARY OF DOME

(Continued from p. 71)



Mrs. Purvin is an Excellent Speaker

Mrs. Purvin Was OVER 40 When She Founded a WELL-PAID BUSINESS On Her Experience as a CLUBWOMAN

More than a Hundred Clubs in the City and Suburbs of Chicago now Use Her Bureau

Her devotion to civic and educational work first led Mrs. Purvin into active club life. For years she gave her time.

The day came when she felt she ought to make her work pay. How well she succeeded is shown by the scope of her CLUB WOMAN'S BUREAU.

Mrs. Purvin can give a club any service it needs. She supplies speakers, plans whole programs,

arranges study classes, suggests all kinds of enterprises.

"Naturally, I am pleased with the success of my Bureau," Mrs. Purvin says. "More than that, I believe other women—with the experience they have at 40—can easily establish similar bureaus in any community which is so situated that it has a sufficient number of clubs within a reasonable distance."

HONORS COME TO WOMEN WHO EARN THEM. Jennie Franklin Purvin—now over 50—is a trustee of the Chicago Public Library and a member of the Chicago Recreation Commission. She is small in size, but impresses you with her exceptional self-reliance and alertness. She keeps splendidly well. "I should never have got anywhere after 40," she says, "without my health."

SHARE Their Healthy, Happy Outlook



Surplus Energy Even After Hard Day with a Trying Patient

Dear Life Begins: For years I worked very hard as a practical nurse.

Then my health began to worry me. Widowed, with three children, I knew I had to go on—but I felt so dreadfully tired all the time.

I tried Fleischmann's Yeast after it helped build up one of my patients following an operation. In a week or so, I did begin to feel better. A month later, the tiredness was gone—I felt fine and had no more worries.

Nowadays, whenever I get a little run-down I still turn to Fleischmann's Yeast—it's such a wonderful energy food.

FLORENCE PITTMAN

Starts in Real-Estate Office

Dear Life Begins: When my husband lost his position, troubles seemed to pile up and my health was affected. My digestive system refused to work properly and I lost my pep.

I decided if I could straighten out the indigestion, maybe some of the other troubles would melt away. So I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast and found it a great help.

A few weeks saw my digestive system perk up. I kept right on eating the yeast and my physical condition improved tremendously.

I went about finding a job with confidence. Recently, though in my 40's, I have started to work in a real-estate office, and I'm making good.

ANNA THORN



Mrs. A. L. Thorn Confident now

DIGESTIVE SLOWNESS OFTEN ONE OF THE FIRST SIGNS OF AGING

Often a slowing down in digestive action around the age of 40 is the underlying cause of chronic fatigue.

There is apt to be a falling off, both in quantity and strength, of the flow of gastric juices from the walls of the stomach.

Fleischmann's Yeast supplies just the help to overcome this condition. It induces a fuller, stronger gastric flow. This stimulation of fresh yeast is due to its millions of tiny, live yeast plants.

Another tonic effect is brought you by Fleischmann's Yeast. It contains 4 vitamins—the Nerve Vitamin, the

Cold-Resistance Vitamin, the Bone Vitamin and the Vitality Vitamin—each one absolutely necessary in keeping you physically fit.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times every day—one cake 1/2 hour before each meal—plain or in a little water.

The 1/2 hour gives time for a good supply of strong digestive juices to be prepared. Even if you don't eat first—you will soon learn to like the fresh, malty yeast flavor.

Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today—and see how much better you'll soon feel!

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and fresh curtains make the house livable again.

I sunned the blankets this morning, pinned the bed pillows on the line to blow in the wind. When I looked up, I saw a white cow advancing across the garden. Static, Sister's baby, was bouncing toward her. When I ran, the cow began to fling her hoofs in the air. Static galloped happily toward her. Then I heard the screen door slam, and Rip cleared the terrace in a flying leap, and swung in between the baby and the cow. He cut the baby back toward me, and headed the cow away to the break in the fence. Snapping at her heels, circling, running back and forth, he drove her away while I stared in a daze. Rip isn't supposed to be a cow dog. He's only a cocker spaniel.

Last night a dear little lady from the next village came for supper. So we heard the story of the two churches. The wife of a wealthy member of the original church wanted a rocking chair in the church. The elders wouldn't allow it. So the fond husband withdrew from the church and built a new one, with the stipulation that his wife should have a rocking chair in it. I can see her, in tippet and bombazine, rocking away during the long prayers, a woman who got what she wanted. The rest of the evening, I felt very inferior, being a natural bench sitter with the rest of the congregation. I never could strike out for a rocking chair.

We also heard the sad tale of a Mr. Jones who was eaten by his pigs. A neat theme for a murder, if there ever was one.

I like the country people. I feel at home with them. My city friends are always being something or getting somewhere or struggling over circumstances. The country people I know are just living. They are natural. When I stopped for fresh eggs at a farm near by, the woman showed me her patch quilts while her husband scurried out to snatch the eggs from the hens. I admired the quilts, but couldn't afford one, and said so.

She said, "If you git you some piece in New York, I'll piece you a quilt for nothin'." The yard swarmed with children, several dogs and cats prowled around, the kitchen was full of male relatives waiting to be fed. She said, "I like to do it."

I took the eggs and a mayonnaise jar filled with cream and I went away humbly. She waved at me, standing there in her faded gingham, a tired, stooped woman. And I felt that she was rich in a way that none of my penthouse dwellers will ever be.

I think it's easy to be noble on a grand scale, with banners and trumpets. But when the filling-station lady finds time to bake an extra green-apple pie to give me, I seem to feel the realness of spirit that human beings can possess. For she works all day, every day, washing and ironing, keeping a cow and chickens and three dogs, not counting the dog that just happened in one day and stayed.

I resolve, oh so earnestly, to work a few improvements in my turbulent spirit. I will not beat my head against the wall when Cicely takes the best satin pillow to a church party and leaves it there and I will be calm about those borrowed books that never come home.

Curiously enough, this reminds me of an epitaph I read in a book once years ago. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were equally divided. They were buried in a common grave composed by humankind and carved on a



th either: Lemons. Already... Lemon Maple

Not sweetened... FREE



at Toronto, Ont. Get Children to

LHJ 3/38 p72