



The "Regularity Breakfast" for Weight-Control Diets

Many of the weight-control diets that are now so popular have one serious deficiency.

They supply little food bulk.

This dietary deficit may bring real distress to some dieters. Because their systems may be deprived of the natural food bulk that promotes regularity, they may be troubled with constipation.

Fortunately, Kellogg's "Regularity Breakfast"—which includes a serving of Kellogg's All-Bran or Kellogg's Bran Buds—can supply the bulk that is missing.

The calorie count of this addition to your diet is low. A half-cup (1 oz.) of Kellogg's All-Bran or Kellogg's Bran Buds, with 4 oz. of skim milk and 1 teaspoon of sugar adds up to fewer than 165 calories.

Weight-control dieters are finding Kellogg's All-Bran or Kellogg's Bran Buds a pleasant-tasting, reliable way to get wholesome food bulk. Regularity returns without resorting to harsh, drug laxatives. And in addition, they have the satisfaction of some good solid food.

Why don't you try it. Just be sure you get Kellogg's Original All-Bran or new Kellogg's Bran Buds. They're at your grocer's now.



THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

Solace for a young bride: a generation of brave-new-world high-schoolers and collegians nurtured on 19-cent hamburgers won't ever be *too* critical of young-married cooking!

As a man nears his thirtieth birthday he ought to explore the technique of shaving while sitting down. You cut and bleed and scrape your tender skin less, and you think lovelier thoughts.

"I notice," reflects Peter Comfort, impaling chunks of suet on his wife's bird feeder, "that the strangest people seem to inherit legacies from faraway relatives who don't know 'em."

If you don't want the young to treat you as if you were born in Charlemagne's reign, try wearing tennis shoes and raincoat in a blizzard; bareheaded, natch.

One quarrel a week probably helps firm up a marriage. But in your twenties it shouldn't last more'n five minutes. The twenty-minute quarrel must wait until your thirties.)

Our most extravagant matron paid \$55 for a camel's-hair coat for her six-year-old daughter. (But she assured four-year-old sister that it'd be *hers* in a year or two, and then baby brother's.)

I reveled in my fifth reunion with all three sisters in twenty years. We all dieted for the occasion!) I reminded 'em all I got off our childhood's Sunday chicken was wings, and they declined to let me eat a wing; though I'm fond of 'em now.

Remember the contagious laughter of childhood? When anything your sisters or brothers said at supper seemed uproariously funny? You laughed till mom and dad called a halt. Remember one joke?

My highbrow nephew took me on a tour of his astonishing University of Minnesota campus. In munificence it's comparable to Harvard's; though there's less ivy.

I'm invited to visit the girls' dorms at the state university to see for myself that coed rooms are neater than the men's at fraternities.

When I induced our friend to ship my daughter-in-law's dining chairs from my mother-in-law's umphant. It's taken eight hours, that inefficient.

This is our non-Florida yard. Visualizing three sunlamps in the yard, salting the carpet with salt, playing music and disconnecting the power hour in a tub equals two hours in the ocean.)

Don't let grandma overrule the mother of four, not yet. She does work and makes less money. She serves better meals!—the younger male generation in his house, no servants!

Most vivacious fiesta at the foreign-foods bazaar, with some thirty foreign ladies in costume at the Vets Arena by invitation. The matrons in costume. I was there a month.

... When Patrick at supper asked me his theory that I'd be a Claus,

... Or gentle Tracy at the birth of a month-old baby brother

... And our younger son's first family pictures yet, with the camera, and jumps into the water

... Or Suzi, while eager to be dressed girls in her kitchen, wait till junior high for

... And my Lady Lovell, who reads while I've sat at the typewriter

Then I concede that back to the dilemma after a man's



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