

Why Women Grow Old More Quickly Than Men

Greater Percentage of Anaemia—Lack of Iron in the Blood—Among Women Makes Them Lose Much of Their Youth, Beauty and Former Attractiveness, And Become Fretful, Nervous and Run-down—What Women Need Is Not Cosmetics or Stimulating Drugs But Plenty of Pure Red Blood, Rich In Iron

Physician Explains How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron, Enriches The Blood, Strengthens The Nerves, Builds Up Physical Power and Often Makes Weak, Pale Careworn Women Look and Feel Years Younger.

Look for the woman who appears younger than a man of the same age and you will find the exception to that vast majority upon whom anaemia—lack of iron in the blood has fastened its grip and is gradually sapping the health, vitality and beauty which every woman so longs to retain. In most cases men safeguard their health better than women by eating coarser foods, being more out-of-doors and leading more active lives, thereby keeping their blood richer in iron and their bodies in better physical condition. The very moment a woman allows herself to become weak, nervous and run-down she is placing a drain upon her whole system which overtakes the power of the blood to renew wasted tissue and keep active the natural life forces of the body. There are thousands of women who are ageing and breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying that perfect bodily health which comes from plenty of iron in the blood, simply because they are not awake to their condition. For want of iron a woman may look and feel haggard and all run-down—while at 50 or 60 with good health and plenty of iron in her blood she may still be young in feeling and so full of life and attractiveness as to defy detection of her real age. But a woman cannot have beautiful rosy cheeks or an abundance of strength and endurance without iron, and physicians below have been asked to explain why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to help supply this deficiency and aid in building a race of stronger, healthier women.



Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital says: "Many a woman who is run-down, easily tired out, nervous and irritable, suffers from iron deficiency and does not know it. I am convinced that there are thousands of such women who, simply by taking Nuxated Iron might readily build up their red corpuscles, increase physical strength, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. I consider Nuxated Iron one of the foremost blood and body builders—the best to which I have ever had recourse."

Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the springtime of life into their step is not cosmetics or stimulating drugs but plenty of rich pure blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron."

Daniel J. Fry and J. C. Perry

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REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

CHAPTER XXVI

WHY DOES DICKY RECEIVE THE INCARCINATING LETTER SO CALMLY?

Over and over again I read the contents of the crumpled paper I had picked up in the hall after Dicky had burned the papers in his waste basket. It was not long before I had no need of reading it, for I knew its contents, as children would say, "by heart, forward and backward and upside down."

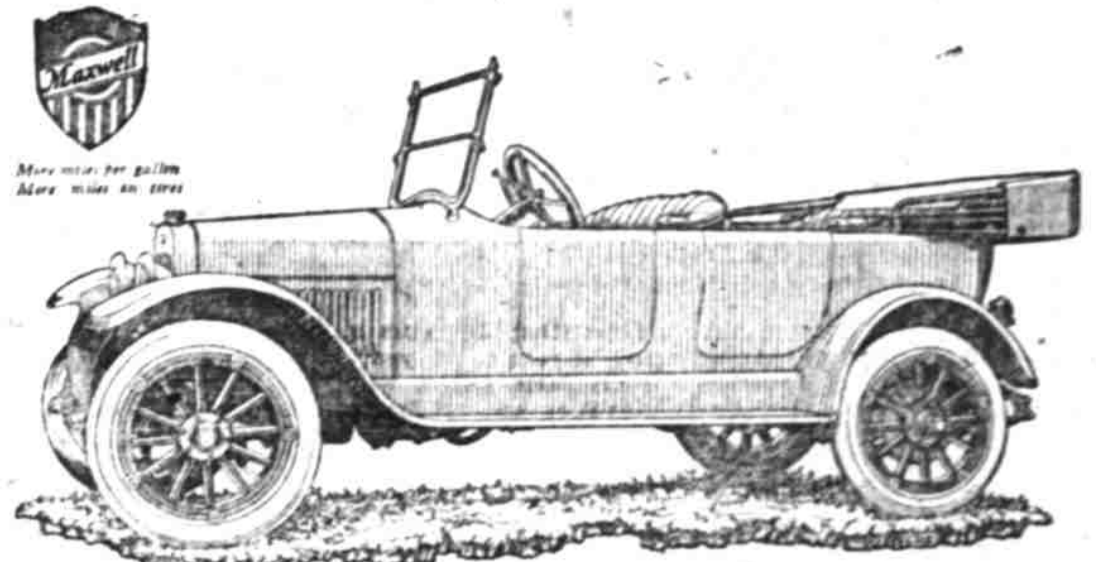
I do not remember ever in my life of being so puzzled by anything as I was when trying to decipher the real meaning of the fragment of a love letter which had been written in a feminine hand and then copied on the same sheet with a few changes by my husband.

It was so melodramatic a thing, its wording so flamboyantly extravagant that it might have been taken bodily from an old-fashioned "ten-twenty-thirt." I could not bring myself to believe that it was really meant for Dicky, or that it was in any manner connected with Edith Fairfax, the Virginia art student, whose friendship for my husband had troubled me a great deal in the last few months.

She was so delicate, so ethereal a creature, so much the gentlewoman, that I could not associate words so lurid and torrid with her.

And yet something told me that the feminine hand which had traced the lines confronting me was that of no other than the girl from Virginia. In my years of high school teaching many girls had passed through my hands, and I had an unusual opportunity to study all varieties of chirography. Some of my girls had come to me from southern private schools, and there had always been a "something different" in their handwriting which I had remarked, and which now stared up at me from the fragment of a letter in my hand What Madge Did.

I tried to look at the thing dis-



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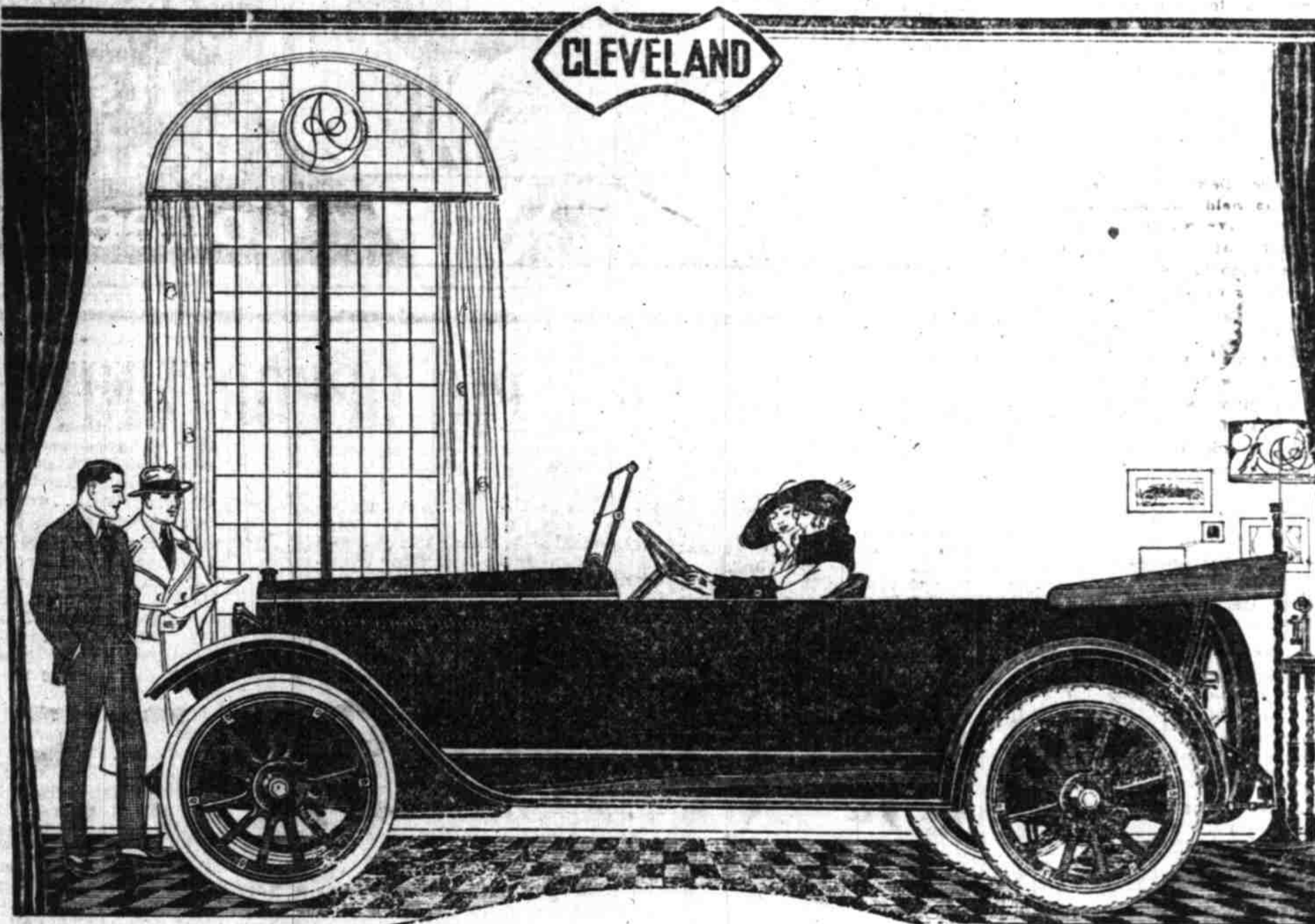
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passionately, to tell myself that there must be some explanation of the thing, no matter how bizarre it might be. But recollections of Dicky's frequent "engagements with art editors", his growing absorption in this work or whatever it was in his room, his order that neither Katie nor I should even dust the furniture and the elaborate air of secrecy which he had thrown around the papers in his waste basket when he burned them—all these things pointed to some secret which my husband feared or was ashamed to tell me.

A primitive, jealous anger rose in me. Impulses which I did not recognize, which seemed those of another woman thronged upon me. I wanted to tear my hair, my clothing to scream aloud, to summon Dicky and overwhelm him with virago-like wrath.

Of course, I did none of these things, but the effort to suppress them robbed me of the poise and self-control which would have enabled me to ignore the incident altogether and trust to time for its clearing up. Still shaking from the emotional storm which had swept me, I picked up the piece of paper with its florid amorous protestations, and went swiftly to Dicky's door.

At my knock I heard an angry exclamation, then a sharp, quick "who's there?"

"It is I, Madge," I returned, trying vainly to make my voice steady. I could hear him rise and come to the door. He unlocked it, opened it only far enough for him to come on into the hall and closed it behind him.

A Natural Question.

"Well, what's the row?" he asked shortly. I saw that his eyes were bright, his hair ruffled, his forehead dewed with perspiration as they always are when he is engaged in working out some illustration. I wondered for a moment if he really were drawing as he used to do. An instant's reflection assured me of my mistake. Dicky never shut me out from his work. Indeed, he often called me to look at some detail of his drawing, especially if it concerned some item of women's dress, and asked my opinion of it.

I held the crumpled piece of paper out to him.

"Here is something from your waste basket which dropped in the hall," I said, and in my endeavor to control my voice I realized that it was grim and cold.

He started as he saw it, and involuntarily smoothed it out and saw

what was written upon it. Then he crushed it angrily in his hand, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it and turned toward his door.

The calm manner in which he ignored the piece of paper which had caused me so much uneasiness was like a lighted match applied to a particularly inflammable piece of tinder.

"Don't you think you owe me an explanation of that very interesting misadventure?" I asked.

(To be continued)

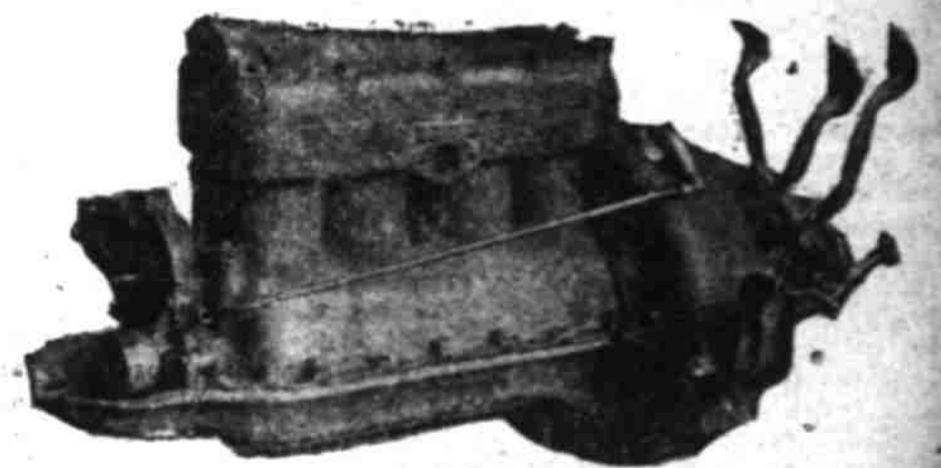
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