

MY HUSBAND'S GONE BACK ON ME



Here's a spaghetti he likes better than mine

AND SO DO I—THE SAUCE IS GRAND!

I THOUGHT I cooked pretty good spaghetti—at least, my husband often told me so. But I cheerfully admit that Franco-American chefs can do it better. When we tasted theirs with its perfectly marvelous sauce, I decided then and there I'd never bother with home-cooked spaghetti again. Franco-American saves me time and trouble—costs less, too! And it's the best spaghetti I ever ate."

You'll love its sauce

Skilled chefs prepare it, using eleven different ingredients. Big, juicy tomatoes with lots of flavor. Cheddar cheese of just the right sharpness. Spices and seasonings artfully added to give delicate piquancy... subtle appetite allure. No wonder women who have tried this perfect spaghetti à la Milanaise,

declare that even their own delicious home-cooked spaghetti or macaroni can't compare with the zestful, appealing taste of Franco-American.

Easy—economical

All the work has been done; you simply heat, serve and enjoy. A can holding three to four portions never costs more than ten cents—actually less than buying dry spaghetti and ingredients for the sauce and preparing it yourself. Ask your grocer for Franco-American Spaghetti today. See how delicious it is served just as it comes from the can or in your favorite spaghetti recipe. Try this tempting Meat Scallop, a wonderful way to use up cold meat.

☆ MEAT SCALLOP ☆

- 1 1/2 cups ground left-over ham, 2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
beef, lamb or corned beef, Buttered bread crumbs

Chop the spaghetti a little and arrange layer in shallow greased baking dish. Spread chopped meat over spaghetti, alternating layers and finish with spaghetti. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) till scallop is heated through and crumbs are slightly browned (about 20 minutes). A generous dinner for 4. Delicious with fried apple rings



(Continued from Page 44) But with shrieks Rosamond and Marty came running back from their own car. "Wedding present! Wedding present!" They thrust through the window Marty's silver flask. Marty tried to take off one of Rosamond's slippers to throw after the bridal couple; they both collapsed on the sidewalk with yells of laughter. The woman in the bathrobe put up a window and leaned out: "Why don't you go home, you drunken bums?" Lola thought, "My wedding night." When they passed a vacant lot she tossed their wedding present out into the dusty weeds, though she scarcely knew why. Her throat ached with unshed tears, with regret for something Marty and Rosamond and she and Greg together had spoiled. She stole a glance at Greg. He looked grim. But in a few minutes when they had turned into a back road he pulled the car off the road and stopped. He turned and grinned at her. "How's the wife?"

Happiness like the upcurve of a lark flowed back again. Greg lifted her left hand and kissed the finger the ring was on. "We've gone and done it for sure," he said. "You all right, Lola? I mean, you don't hold it against me—I mean, I sort of rushed you into this."

SHE put up her arm and pulled his head down, and when he had sat for a moment with his forehead against her soft shoulder he sighed and put his arms around her.

"I feel kind of sorry, or ashamed or something. I've got you into an awful jam with your people, I suppose."

Lola stared out at the dark meadow beyond the car. She was thinking that this minute would never come again to them. They would never again be just married. She tried to keep out of this moment the remembrance of that room back there with the dirty wallpaper; she tried to forget Marty and Rosamond, and the guilty pain that came when she thought of dad and mother.

Greg sighed and tightened his arms around her. She knew the moment was clouded for him too. He was thinking about his own mother, and about placating his wife's people. About his salary that wasn't quite big enough for two, and the future, and that he was only twenty-two, and that he must not be late for work tomorrow morning.

Lola stroked his cheek. "Let's not worry any more just now," she murmured. "We're going to be awfully happy. Everything will come out all right somehow, Greggy."

"You're so sweet. Gosh, I love you; I'm crazy about you—wife."

NOTHING mattered, nothing but the way they felt about each other. Everything in the world slid away but the feel of their arms about each other and the growing, mounting sense of peace and bliss.

Then down the road a yellow eye like the eye of a tiger. The shattering of a world that could never be quite put together again. The face of a motorcycle cop sneering at them through the window. The brutal plain speaking for their own good.

Greg started to spring out of the car, but Lola caught his arm. "No, Greg! Please! You can't fight a policeman, Greg. He doesn't know — Look, officer, see—we're married." She thrust out her left hand, but the policeman did not trouble to glance at the magic ring.

"Married? Oh, yeah? Well, then, why don't you go home?"

They were obliged to sit helplessly listening for quite a time to what the officer thought about modern youth before he waved them on. Lola covered

her hot f... stant. T... and tried

"I bel... All right, hair. It's sunk me go home. "we hav... funny, is funny."

Greg's... He glanc... board. "

can't mis... would ma... "Then

to go on... "What

place to t... a boardin... for you. into me.

into me.

THEY we... ways can... they wou... secret un... until he

Lola had... became f... until by

street the... In the

With his... "Don't l... little dim...

She dre... lips and t... feel as if i... "as if it

Greggy. I... She flip...

grinning... Greg see... tight with... her close

"If I do... made a... tousled l... nose—"I

abruptly... street. S... looking a... life was

him.

FROM be... Lola, as... voice: "

Lola? I... "Yes,

mother... Older

humiliat... tion and... at the

room an... "I'm

and wa... didn't.

Everyth... She too... evening

circle. ... her left... a little

go with... heart. She

bit of s... by a lig... in a pa... a burea... was reg...

It was... the doc... "Say

whisper... into th... Lola

it agai... conspi...