

Her heart felt as if it would  
two loves. She beat her hands  
ought not to be this way,"

ndmo... ame back. Shut-  
or cau... y behind her, she  
the room and put into Lola's  
newly battered photograph.  
"present," she said smilingly.  
her would have torn it up, but  
nd of liked it."

ed down at the photograph.  
and mother. Mother seated  
her standing gallantly a little  
both of them very dressed  
ere downy with youth. Their  
out at a new life, trustingly,

ow young they were!" Lola  
astonished.

on't know. Just about your  
age." Grandmother, too,  
e photograph, smiling rather  
That's a new suit your father  
member it well. It was a nice  
it wasn't quite paid for. He  
etting twenty-five dollars a  
they got married. Your grand-  
quite a fuss about it at first,  
ded him he didn't have any  
l when he proposed to me—  
farm. Besides, they'd have  
f we had held out against

ed startled eyes from the  
"Why didn't mother and  
: all that tonight?" she de-

"Folks forget," said grandmother. "I  
don't suppose your mother stops to think  
very often now how contented and happy  
she and your father were when they  
didn't have much of anything but each  
other. Goodness, I remember when they  
had the upper half of a little house, and  
your mother would run home to ask me  
which was the cheapest cut of meat—  
and they were both as pleased as two  
chipmunks when they had saved up  
enough money to buy a parlor lamp. I  
remember your mother made her own  
dresses —"

But Lola was not listening. She was  
stepping out of her taffeta frock. It lay  
in a shining ring on the floor. She looked  
at her grandmother with light and tri-  
umph in her face.

"Gramma, don't go—you've got to  
help me pack my suitcase. There's a  
train at four. If I can catch that I'll be  
there in time for breakfast with Greg."  
She dashed for the closet, kissing grand-  
mother as she passed. She felt light as  
air and invincible. "Breakfast with my  
husband," she grinned. "I'll write a note  
to mother and dad, the humbugs!"

This reference to her daughter and  
son-in-law caused a slight shadow to pass  
over grandmother's face. She thought:  
"I'll catch it in the morning. And maybe  
I deserve it. No! I only pointed out the  
way to two good things—love and cour-  
age. I'm not going to blame myself for  
that." With her hardier self thus forti-  
fied, grandmother twinkled at Lola.  
"There's nothing much nicer," she said,  
"than breakfast with your husband."



## LEFTOVERS DRESS UP AND STEP OUT

BY JOSEPHINE GIBSON

THE remnants of yesterday's roast  
can return to your table today in any  
of a myriad of delicious forms. There  
are many new easy recipes for combining  
leftover meats with inexpensive things,  
which produce delightful, different one-  
dish dinners.

There is available an ingredient which  
is really *many* rare ingredients deftly  
combined and cooked and brought to you  
by your grocer—an ingredient which  
clothes leftover meats with color and with  
high-spirited flavor. This wonder-work-  
ing flavor-lender is Heinz Italian-style  
spaghetti, one of the 57 Varieties—all  
cooked and sauced and ready for the job  
of dressing up a casserole of lamb, a beef  
stew or what-have-you. In our experi-  
mental kitchen we've evolved new and  
easy ways to do this.

Let's suppose it's lamb that's left from  
yesterday's repast. Let's exercise a bit  
of magic over it. Thus:

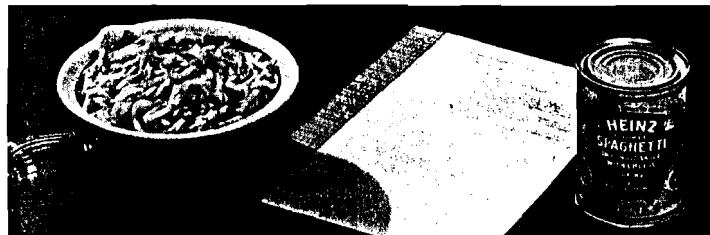
**LAMB CASSEROLE:** Grind 2 cupfuls  
leftover lamb, put a layer of it into a  
casserole, then add layer of Heinz cooked  
spaghetti, and repeat until all lamb and  
1 large can of Heinz Spaghetti have been  
used. Pour over it ½ cupful Heinz to-

mato ketchup and ½ cupful water. Bake  
in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 30  
minutes.

That is only one of many ways to lift  
leftovers up to fancy flavor heights, with  
the magic help of Heinz Italian-style  
spaghetti. You see, the limber strands of  
Durum wheat spaghetti bring wholesome  
substance to the dish, while the sauce it  
comes in adds exciting flavor to almost  
anything it touches. That sauce is made  
of prize ripe tomatoes, pure Italian  
Romano cheese and rare good spices.

It enables you, in effect, to employ the  
services of skilled chefs to do the more  
tedious part of your cooking. Two steps,  
taken today, can lead to meals from left-  
overs which are bound to bring applause  
from family and guests. Step one:—  
Stock up on Heinz cooked spaghetti.  
Step two:—Send for that recipe bulletin.

**FREE RECIPE BULLETIN**—A dozen other  
ways to make feasts from leftovers  
are given in this new Recipe Bulletin.  
It is called "*Leftovers Dress Up and Step  
Out*"—and it's free to you. Merely re-  
quest it by mail, addressing me, Jose-  
phine Gibson, Dept. 129, H. J. Heinz  
Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.



the Rossiter orchestra beat about him.  
Waiters brushed his shoulder, placing  
things in front of him and taking them  
away again. Faint waves of perfume  
came his way as women passed and went  
to their tables. His father and mother  
went on talking, but their gaiety had de-  
parted and his father's laugh was forced.  
He could feel their eyes upon him and he  
swallowed. He was letting them down,  
all right.

He was silent in the theater and every  
time he laughed, at the correct places, he  
could feel a pull at the muscles about his  
mouth. He'd been wrong to keep this  
business bottled up inside him for three  
months. He should have talked it over  
with Lefty Sykes. Somehow Lefty might  
have been able to say the irreverent and  
pithy thing that would have snapped  
things right. Dan felt a sudden nostalgia  
for the sight of Sykes' assured and saw-  
face. He went out at each intermission  
and came back late, crawling over two  
people at the end of the row and stum-  
bling over his father and mother.

He lowered his face into his hands a  
couple of times and rubbed it desperately.  
He was an ape. He was a lunatic. He  
was homesick. His father and mother  
had escaped from him and his home was  
gone. He had to sit in a theater and try  
to do things with his face, and his mother  
was glancing at him covertly, her eyes  
shadowed.

"Was that the last act?" he asked  
stupidly, when the curtain fell. He didn't  
know what the play had been about  
anyhow. He only knew that he must get  
away from his father and mother. It  
didn't much matter how he did it, but he  
must get away. "Look here—if you don't  
mind," he mumbled in the lobby, "I told  
a gang I'd join them at the Brent to-  
night. Just look in on them. If you don't  
mind —" He (Continued on Page 51)

## Forever and Ever

(Continued from Page 17)

re was a choking ache in his  
re couldn't find anything to

as this big false alarm been  
?" his mother asked, and she  
d on her husband's arm for  
"Now you have everything  
er, and I'm out of it." She  
laughed.

arm!" his father protested.  
iving you time to put on the  
ook at her, Dan. Look at  
t. Note the eyelashes."

: his mother an uncertain  
term "war paint" was ridic-  
ed to her. She was tall and  
de. Perhaps her eyelashes  
e darker than usual. But  
er could call her "Lutie,"  
s had — How she could  
ig false alarm" as she al-  
— Well, they had had time  
to this new setup, but he  
was out of step with it. The  
that always came from him  
ening at home wasn't there.  
didn't abate.

thinner," his mother dis-  
dinner. "He is thinner, isn't  
Her eyes were affectionate,  
e always said that, but she  
t in the dining room at home.  
the dining room of the Ros-  
ings were different.

owed hard. "No, I weigh  
me," he said. He struggled  
of it, but he was helpless.  
ght in a "rise of embarrass-  
nstraint... loneliness, and  
battled... nst it the more  
sed down about him. He  
rately that the look which  
from all the mirrors at the  
use yesterday wasn't in his  
ew that it was. His face felt  
ained. The dinner music of