

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
newhat 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:

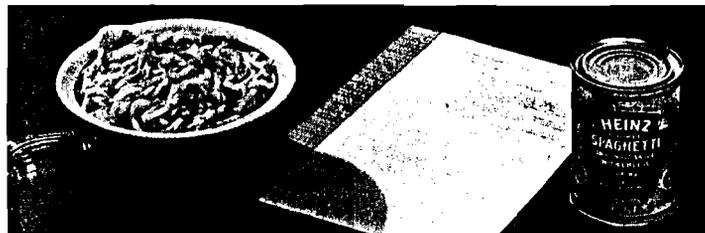
LAMB CASSEROLE: Grind 2 cupfuls
leftover lamb, put a layer of it into a
casserole, then add layer of Heinz cooked
spaghetti, and repeat until all lamb and
1 large can of Heinz Spaghetti have been
used. Pour over it ½ cupful Heinz to-

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 wise of embarrass-
nstrain... 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