

"COME OUT OF  
THE KITCHEN  
MOTHER!"



"THERE'S so much puttering around with pots and pans in our house, that I hardly ever get to see my mother! She should spend more time with me, and less in the kitchen. I'm growing now. Somebody has to teach me how to play and think and act.

"I think I'll tell mother that Heinz Strained Foods taste better to me than most of the foods prepared here in our house. They even look better; the fresh color just seems to make me hungry, and I'll bet that Heinz cooks know just as much about straining and cooking vegetables as my mother does.

"Besides, I heard the doctor say that Heinz Strained Foods have been officially accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods—meaning that in vitamin and mineral retention, Heinz Strained Foods are all right with the doctors. Mother!—come out of the kitchen a moment while I tell you . . ."



**HEINZ 57**

**STRAINED FOODS**

9 KINDS—1. Strained Vegetable Soup. 2. Peas. 3. Green Beans. 4. Spinach. 5. Carrots. 6. Tomatoes. 7. Beets. 8. Prunes. 9. Cereals.



**GET THIS BABY DIET BOOK**

This new book "Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health", contains many up-to-date facts regarding the various vitamins and mineral salts. Also information on infant care and feeding. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods or 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Co., Department LH209, Pittsburgh, Pa.

relish the idea of taking her girls to be looked over as possible props to the Walford title. Oswald and Stella? She did not like the idea.

When they went back to the sitting room they found Bruno and Celestine sitting, facing each other, on a hard lodgingshouse sofa, talking seriously—almost solemnly. Something in their manner struck Brenda deeply at the time.

And from that moment everywhere they went in London, Bruno was there too—Bruno and Tom, and one of the tall young men. At Windsor, Tom and Stella kept falling behind, and being first scolded by their guide, and then scolded by the guide of the party immediately behind, and then they were lost, and finally almost arrested when they were discovered seated on a priceless petit-point sofa on which no tourist was ever supposed to sit. After this, Brenda cut short the London visit, hoping that sight-seeing in the country districts would be less encumbered with admirers. But it wasn't.

At Warwick Castle one of the tall young men threatened to jump off a ruined tower if Stella refused him. At Avon, Bruno turned up at their hotel—sent down, he explained, to look into the case of an Italian chef who had stabbed his kitchenmaid. At Oxford, there he was again: "But, my dear Brenda, you know I am a Balliol man—I always come to Oxford three or four times a year."

When, however, descending at the Blue Boar at Cambridge, she found him reading old newspapers in the low-ceilinged sitting room, she lost her temper.

"Did you go to Cambridge too, Bruno?"

He was extremely dignified. He had come to visit an old and dear friend—a great Dante scholar—one of the most important friendships of his whole life; he could not be disloyal to it even to oblige Brenda.

She didn't answer him at all, but, going upstairs to Celestine's room, she said, "Celestine, this must stop. Count Bertolini, being neither a schoolgirl nor a courier, must stop following us about."

At this Celestine burst into a wild, shaking passion of tears, and said that she had promised to marry him.

Brenda was frightened. "But, my dear child, you don't have to marry anyone you don't want to. I'll speak to him—I'll get you out of it."

But it appeared that Celestine did not want that—she was crying because she was so incredibly happy. Sitting beside Brenda and clutching her hand in a hot, nervous clasp, she explained that no one had ever really loved her before—her mother preferred Betty; her father was always interested in someone else, someone who by telephoning could break up any plans he made with his daughter. But Bruno thought of her first—loved her better than anyone.

As far as Brenda could judge, this was true: Bruno had fallen deeply in love, finding qualities of emotion and integrity and mystery in Celestine utterly lacking in all other girls—Stella, a postal-card beauty; Mary, a chilly New Englander.

The evening was devoted to composing and sending long cables to the Oliviers.

Later Brenda reproached herself, because her mind was so concentrated upon Celestine that she had not sufficiently guarded against the dangers lurking for Gretchen. The next afternoon, at tea in the rooms of a don to whom Walford had given them letters, they met the Dowager Duchess of Manx.

## Five Little Heiresses

(Continued from Page 27)

The dowager duchess, as everyone old enough to remember the scandals of the Edwardian era will remember, was the second wife of the great racing duke. She had been the daughter of the village schoolmaster, sent up to the castle to read to the old man; and like Francesca da Rimini's, Violet Buggins' reading had led to love-making. In spite of the opposition of the grown sons and daughters of the first marriage, Violet had succeeded in marrying the duke, and had even produced a son—Lord Claude Purvys-Vynes.

After the old man's death, finding herself without either money or social prestige, she had taken to literature. For some years now she had been editing a magazine of modern verse, called *The Beating of Wings*. Her method was simple. She paid two pounds for every poem she accepted, but made it clear that she expected the author to buy a share in the magazine, because it made it so much more democratic for them all to own it together. As these shares cost ten pounds, the duchess, unlike most editors, was really making a pretty good thing of it. The don in whose magnificent eighteenth-century study they were having tea had made some translation from the Slavonic which the duchess had published, and he was grateful.

She was a large woman with hair that was—or looked as if it was—dyed. She wore flowing robes, a hat perched on the top of her head in the Edwardian manner, and she walked with a cane—not that she was lame, but she had once discovered when she sprained her ankle that a cane was useful: One could point with it, and rap on the floor when people weren't listening.

She had not been five minutes in the room when, looking round the circle, she said, "Now, I'm sure some of these girls write. Such wonderful things are being written now in America—all those vital young poets we admire so much over here—"

"Just which poet had you in mind?" said Brenda, who felt sure the duchess had never read a line of American verse.

The duchess brushed this question aside, and fixing her eyes on Stella—Brenda had already discovered that the Converse fortune was the only one universally understood—said, "That young lady looks to me as if she wrote."

"No, not even love letters," said Stella. "I'm too lazy."

But Gretchen was already stammering that yes—she tried—she was afraid they weren't much good, and the duchess caught her up:

"You must let me see them, my dear. They may be better than you know."

Before she left she had invited Gretchen to have tea with her the next day, and bring her manuscripts. Brenda refused on the ground that they already had an appointment to see the Pepys manuscripts at Magdalene, but the duchess answered, "Oh, Miss Angell, I shall be much better for Miss Barnhardt than Pepys—a horrid, low-minded little man, I always thought. I'll come for her myself at four o'clock, and bring her safely back to you after tea."

Brenda might have been able to withstand the duchess, but Gretchen was determined to go, and pointed out that her family would enjoy knowing that she had had tea with a duchess. So the next day at four the duchess came in a small rattling open car driven by her son—Lord Claude Purvys-Vynes, a languid young

man, good translucent

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