

# The Men will cheer this new breakfast idea



fresh, smooth "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese with the breakfast toast and jam! It was a man's idea originally. But mothers have taken it up for the whole family. They know how nutritious "Philadelphia" brand is with its sweet, rich cream. How wholesome and pure—for it is never touched by a hand in its making. And right now this choicest of all cream cheeses is selling for the lowest price in 40 years!

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brought none of her real jewels, the jewels which belonged to Sallie Tenant, heiress. But at the department store where she had so joyfully selected her supposed trousseau she had purchased two strings of beads, a buckle, a pair of paste chips, for she had not wanted to be entirely without small adornments. Resolutely now she took off Oliver's ring and slipped it in among them, put the case back, relocked the suitcase. "After what I've seen today," she thought, "I've got to find out a whole lot more about loving before I can be engaged to anybody."

SALLIE was reading the last wireless message from her mother and was conscious of a change in its tone. The stiff assumption that Caroline Tenant had maintained that she was dominant regent and Sallie a princess ward who could act only under her rule was, if not abandoned, at least greatly modified. She was now something more of the not-too-immovable - and - even - slightly - plaintive parent, and Sallie smiled inwardly as she realized that her stand for her own rights and privileges had at last made a dent in Caroline Tenant's adamantine will.

CANNOT UNDERSTAND YOUR PERSISTENT WILLFUL DISREGARD OF MY WISHES STOP MUCH TO MY INCONVENIENCE AND ANNOYANCE AM NOW CONSIDERING SAILING FOR AMERICA AS SOON AS SUITABLE ACCOMMODATIONS CAN BE PROCURED STOP FEEL SO MUCH HORROR OF THE PRESENT SITUATION WHICH SEEMS TO BE GETTING NOWHERE AT THIS DISTANCE HAVE DECIDED BETTER FOR US BOTH TO MEET AS SOON AS POSSIBLE STOP YOU WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT SORROW AND ANXIETY YOU HAVE CAUSED ME STOP ONLY DREAD OF DISGUSTING PUBLICITY HAS PREVENTED ME FROM APPEALING TO CAPTAIN OF SHIP TO DEAL WITH YOU STOP MR GERAGITY WILL MEET YOU AT PIER STOP PLEASE TREAT HIM PROPERLY STOP IT IS A SAD REFLECTION FOR ME THAT I CANNOT UNDERSTAND MY OWN CHILD STOP MR GERAGITY WILL SEE THAT YOU HAVE CHAPERON AND COMPANION IMMEDIATELY STOP BEG OF YOU NOT TO DO ANYTHING MORE RASH AND UNDIGNIFIED STOP

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER

"SO THE real war of the Revolution is to be fought on American soil," thought Sallie, "and it's history that the rebels won. And mother actually appeals to me to treat Mr. Geragity properly—that's a concession. Funny I should have thought of asking him to come down anyway, with money for the Dubells. I can just see him there with a train of chaperons, maids, companions, chauffeurs and what not, all set to put me back into my strait-jacket. Oh, what I'll do to him! Disgusting publicity! Mother's given the weapon right into my hands. I surely can use that!"

She felt extraordinarily gay and light and eager to begin hostilities. She tore up the message and raced down to the salon where Bert Osten was waiting to rehearse the dance they had finally evolved for the Gala Night. It was the promised sailor's hornpipe and Sallie had found it none too easy to learn, for Bert not only added intricacies and variations to the accepted routine, but sternly decreed that they must all be done in true professional style.

"Now, don't look at your feet," he commanded. "It's the rhythm does it. Now—here's where you fold your arms—watch it—dee-dum—dee-dee—try that pulling rope again—no, no, your left foot's wrong."

Sallie frowned and wriggled in intense concentration. "Let's start all over," she begged. "Oh, Bert, I'm going to be an awful flop tonight, I know it."

"You are not! Hey, pep it up, put some swish into it! That's better. Dee-dee-dum—dee-dee—you're going big now—don't throw yourself around!"

"But you do!"

"Yeah, but I'm the comic relief. You're the beautiful star."

"Don't kid, as Evva's always saying."

"I think you're beautiful," said Bert. "I think you're the most beautiful girl I ever saw. And there's something different about you, Sallie. You're not like any other girl I ever knew, and I've known quite some few."

"Just the world's leading lady-killer, no doubt, Mr. Osten. And I'm different from all the others! Maybe you think I'm childish. Evva does."

"Did Evva say you're childish? That's a joke. No, you're not childish. I tell you what's different about you, Sallie. You're a lady. I've watched you. I know. You never do anything that isn't what a lady would do. You must've had an awful nice bringing-up and an awful nice mother."

And what, thought Sallie, would Caroline Tenant think of that? "My mother is nice," she said aloud, "but terribly strict."

"Lotsa old people are that way. They don't move with the times, see? The thing to do is to ease 'em along and do as you please—in reason that is. But you'd never do anything mean. Now, let's get on with the steps. Limber up, but don't jerk. Smooth and easy does it."

THEY were still hard at it when Evva dashed in, green baret cocked over impatient eyes. "I've been looking all over for you two," she cried. "It's after eleven and we're playing off the finals in the tournament. Thelma and Louis've just won for the Evens and Eddie and I got the best score for the Odds. I want you to keep score, Bert, and referee if there's any trouble."

The second cabin was out in force to watch the finals, though it was a gray morning and the wind, blowing keen, drove the sea into a long wearying roll. Yet even Mrs. Hart was present, in a steamer chair placed in a convenient vantage point. Sallie marvelled at her placidity, for her face was ashy and drawn with a sort of patient animal endurance. Miss Meredith whispered into Sallie's ear: "Sister thinks it's outrageous for Mrs. Hart to leave her cabin looking the way she does. Sister moved her chair away when they came up. Suppose she'd be taken, right here."

"Mrs. Gryce hasn't found much to approve of on this trip, has she," said Sallie. "It must be monotonous for her."

"She has high standards," returned Miss Meredith solemnly, and added with a sigh, "sometimes I think they're a little too high. She doesn't want me to dress up for the Gala tonight."

"Oh, but you must! It'll be fun."

"That's what I think. But sister says it's silly."

THE conversation had to stop, for the match was beginning. Louis and Thelma, very tense, against Eddie and Evva, very nonchalant, but all calculating their shots most carefully.

The watchers cheered the good shots, groaned at the poor ones. Mr. Thomas lost his jovial dignity and clapped Eddie on the back at one specially brilliant play. Marie shrieked and squealed at every thing, and Mr. McPherson made a cautious bet with Mrs. McPherson of a sixpence on the Link-Powers team to win! Sallie looked at them all almost tenderly. They had done so much for her, they were so dear and human and funny, real people, the first she had ever known, at least the first she had ever been close to. And this was the last day she'd be with them. She was sorry for that. She wondered if she'd ever see them again, if at some great house for dinner she might discover Mr. Thomas at her elbow offering the entrée, or perhaps in some one of those dreary "let me show you our garden" excursions of an elaborate estate she might find Mr. McPherson in charge. She hoped not. "I'd feel ashamed, they're such lambs," she told herself, "so much nicer than the people they work for."

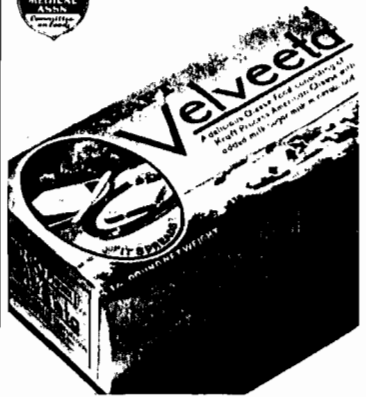
The score was very close. At last, by a smart exact shot of Thelma's scoring three

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