

AVOID MENU-MONOTONY!

Add Flavor -
Add Health -

add Sun-Maids!

Butterworth Pudding with Sun-Maid Raisins. (See recipe book—send coupon.)



A MESSAGE FOR
WOMEN
ONLY!

Gown sketched from pattern No. 1842, the details of which appear elsewhere in this issue.

RAISINS ASSIST DESTRUCTION OF FATS

Science is always uncovering new and unique facts. Here's an unique fact about raisins. Every Sun-Maid Raisin contains 70 to 75 percent natural fruit sugars.

In normal activity these fruit sugars help to oxidize, or burn up, much of the fat content of other foods. This important fact will mean much in the lives of modern women who want to remain modern.

Sun-Maid Raisins do much more than make foods taste better. They make ordinary foods better foods; they make plain foods fancy foods. Next time you make your favorite dessert, mix in a cup or so of raisins and enjoy the added welcome your family gives them.

Try Sun-Maids in cookies, muffins, cup cakes, tarts, salads and in sauces to make meats more palatable and healthful. Raisins work wonders with simple, easy-to-make foods.

Only Sun-Maids Are "Thermo-Jell'd"

This patented process jells the fruit sugars inside and also makes them more tender, keeps them fresh, moist and plump right up to the minute you use them. That's why Sun-Maids are best. That's why you find Sun-Maid quality only in Sun-Maid Raisins.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

"Thermo-Jell'd"
SEALS THEM OUTSIDE - JELLS THEM INSIDE

Sun-Maid Puffed are the only seeded raisins ready for instant use. Sun-Maid Nectars are the only seedless raisins scientifically pasteurized. Both are improved raisins because of the "Thermo-Jell'd" process.



PS8 LH 3/32 First Fiddle
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"I said that to you?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, and it must have been in your mind, drunk or sober." She was crying now. "It must have been there. You couldn't have said it if you hadn't thought it sometime—that I was keeping you—" She wept stormily. John was so ashamed he wished the earth would open and swallow him.

"You must have misunderstood me," he said thickly. "I can't believe I said such a thing to you. Whatever there's been between us, we've always—underneath it all—cared for each other. No man could respect a woman more than I have you."

"Well, you said it," she told him. "And you let me stay here—with you—after that?" he asked, looking at her with increasing amazement.

"WHAT could I do? You hadn't even a job. Besides, you were drunk. You were crazy. I was frightened out of my wits. And May told me that night that I had ruined you."

John stood looking at the death of his self-respect. He felt nothing beyond a numb and complete despair.

"I guess it's time for me to leave," John told her. "I can see how you wouldn't—ask me to go." He got his bag. He began to tumble things into it. He took his shaving kit from the shelf in the bathroom. Cecily wept and protested, but now John was still and white. How astonishingly few his possessions were. A couple of bags would hold them all. All the rest belonged to Cecily.

"No," he said as she clung to him. He put her away. "It's time for me to go, Cecily. I'm only a hindrance to you. We can't go on. I apologize for what I said. I can hardly believe I ever said such a thing—to my wife. Certainly I never meant it. I'm sorry. It's truer than you can understand, how sorry I am. But if that's what May says to you—if that's what this long strain has done to me—it's time to change. I'm only spoiling everything for you. You'll be better off without me. I'm going on to my little job, and you go ahead with Mr. Boardman. You can—divorce me—if you like. Of course I'd like to see the children when I can. And I'll send you all the money I can to help with them—"

He couldn't say any more. And she could not stay him. John took his hastily packed bags and, leaving the car behind for her, he walked to the corner drug store and called a taxi. So he went to his mother's.

His father and mother were sitting before their new radio. They looked at him in astonishment. "I've come home," he told them.

"You can't have left Cecily!" his father cried.

His mother got up heavily from her chair. "I'll make up a bed in your old room," she said in some confusion.

"Don't do that, mother. He can't do this way. Why did you leave Cecily, John? A man can't leave a good wife like her for nothing."

"I tell you, I've come home," said John. "I am neither going to make explanations nor argue. Cecily will be all right without me—better!"

"It's this job," said his father shrewdly. "You've quarreled about this new job. She doesn't like it."

John picked up his bags and turned toward the door, saying he would go to a hotel and later get a room somewhere.

"No, John—stay here," his mother interposed. "Stay here a day or two. Better

looking at each other. John went to the living room and sat down on the couch. He was unaware of the coming from the radio. He felt no reaction had set in yet of loneliness or realization. He was sitting with startled and horrified air at his own soul. He sat very still, moments dragged away. The clock ticked. His father turned the page of the paper and looked at him with a frown. The voice of a woman, singing, came from the loud-speaker. John tried to shut out his thoughts, to plan his future, but the thing was at hand within him.

The telephone rang and John's answer came.

"Do you want to speak to him?" asked John. "No," Cecily's clear, "No, John," came to them, and then he went on, indistinguishable. At last his mother hung up the telephone and looked at him.

"Cecily says you are to come whenever you want to come, John—you're welcome," she said.

"Thank you, mother," said John. His father took off his glasses.

"Now, John," he urged reasonably. "Think you'd better go home now. I'll be up with Cecily tonight. Never mind your anger. She's been a wonderful girl. I don't like this way of doing things, but the right way to do. You go to Cecily now, like a good son, and stay away from her all night."

John scarcely seemed to hear his mother. He sat looking at his feet. He thought that to Cecily. Months ago he had thought that he was her fancy man. The thought hurt him so that he could hardly think. In spite of his efforts, he had not been able to let her exceed him in the world without striking at her life. It was what he had come to in the years of easy money. To be sure, he had been drunk. But why had he been drunk? Because he could not face himself. He could not bear, indefinitely, to have her play first fiddle. He loved his father and something in his mind stopped the fretting older man.

"No," he said resolutely, "I can't do that. Not now. Not for some time. Some things to do first."

XVII.

JOHN had called Amy when he went home. He had breakfast with her every morning. The uneasiness between them gradually increased. Since the night he had discovered himself John was mostly free from impulses toward Walter Carr, who he never saw or heard mentioned. Amy thought, was no more a disgrace to the family than himself. She seemed and grateful to find that he was not to be hostile, to upbraid and condemn. She offered him friendliness and accepted it. He had to be down earlier than Amy. But she generally lay down in her bright pajamas to eat breakfast with him. She told him things that she would not say in the store; gave him, without going to her way to do it, the news of Cecily's listening to it in silence.

As the weeks passed he was increasingly hungry to see his wife and the child. Whatever had happened, he had anticipated this—that he would be separated from Cecily, that she would not see him. It had always been in his mind that he might force her to a choice, but he was unwilling to do it.

But weeks passed and he had not seen her beyond that. Cecily