

I

them should have stayed with me—let the other go. I can't stand it. Stay here all alone. Only a little while ago somebody crept up behind her—killed her—hit over the head. And I'm supposed to stay here till they do the same to me."

She began to cry, and Edith looked at me, and said, "Get me a glass of water. Maybe we can get her to talking."

"What about our honor?"

"You take care of your honor," said Edith, "and I'll look after mine. Get the water."

I opened the door to the bathroom and stepped in. It was brilliantly lighted, and Aunt Isabelle, erect in dressing gown and slippers, stood in front of the washbasin, glaring at me.

For a moment of blank astonishment I simply gaped at her, and then I said stupidly, "What on earth are you doing here?"

Her eyes blazed with fury and I thought she was going to slap me. I edged away a step, and became more tactful: "Edith and I have been absolutely frantic—looking everywhere, and knowing all the time that you are barely able to stand."

"I can't go through there," she whispered crossly. "That woman trapped me in here, and I don't want her to see me."

"Why not? You can say you were looking for me."

"I don't tell lies," she snapped, "and I wasn't looking for you."

"Then what were you doing?" I asked.

TOMY surprise, she actually lost her poise for a moment and looked a bit confused. But she rallied quickly. "I was looking for four-leaved clover," she said bitterly. Stop your silly chatter, and get me back to my bed somehow before I collapse."

"Well, come on, then," I said, taking her arm. "You needn't worry about Mrs. Baker. She's dead drunk."

"Drunk?" my aunt whispered, with alert interest.

"Yes."

The door opened suddenly, and Edith stood staring at us.

Aunt Isabelle frowned at her. "Close your mouth, woman. I've no interest in your dental work."

Edith closed her mouth, and then opened it again to say briskly, "Well, suppose we get back to bed."

"Suppose I do what I please, and you go to the hot place," Aunt Isabelle retorted.

"I've been there ever since I entered your employ," Edith replied, undisturbed. "Do you want me to help you back to your bed? Or will you make it under your own steam?"

Aunt Isabelle backed down, as she often did when Edith showed fight. "Kindly assist me," she said coldly.

We walked her out of the bathroom and through the bedroom. Sheila watched us in silence until we reached the door, when she suddenly cried shrilly, "No! You can't leave me! I won't stay here alone—with that other thing!"

"What does she mean?" I whispered.

"For God's sake stay with her, Jessie,"

Edith said, "while I get this one to bed. I'll Vera in to fix her up."

I fell back reluctantly. "Send Vera in right away, then. I don't like being alone with her."

"I'll send her right along," Edith promised.

Aunt Isabelle butted in with, "You'll first send to me."

They went off, and I glanced warily at

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

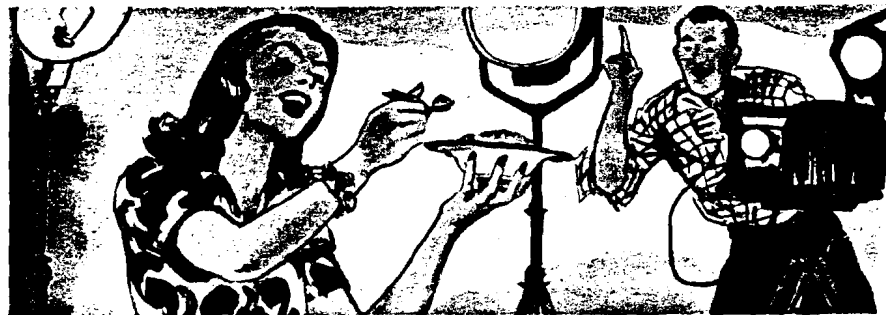


The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been feeling right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we try a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B, and D."

The model: Wait a minute! This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.



The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1940!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.