



catch on to
Crispness



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● Catch on, too, to the latest big news about delicious Rice Krispies!

In keeping with Uncle Sam's nutrition program, they are restored to the Vitamin B₁ (thiamin), niacin and iron values of whole-grain unpolished rice. These are your assurance that Rice Krispies will aid growth, digestion and nerve tone . . . help make good red blood.

Crispness? It's the same you have always cheered. Just listen to that snap! crackle! pop! Flavor? It's mellow and tantalizing.

Order zesty, crunchy Rice Krispies today!

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its oven-popped rice.



Every Kellogg Cereal is made of **WHOLE GRAIN**

because his mother's coming to. She took her time about it, I must.

"Well," said Mrs. Brandon, "Fran has to be a credit to her."

"Let her worry about being a credit to us," said Jody. "Going to have a nut cake?"

Lou Brandon had to laugh. "It's my class to have coconut cake for tea."

"Then put me right in the mix," said Jody. "Long time no coconut cake."

"I gave Gloria my recipe."

"She's a good kid. She tries," Jody said. "But she's too busy for cakes. This generation's soft. Gloria says she doesn't know how you did it all."

"You needn't lay it on so thick," mother said. "The cake's already baked. Jody, I put out my spoons. They are to bring me luck, and I thought maybe Ten Eyck would like to see them. You think it's all right?"

There was so long a pause that Brandon was afraid they'd been caught. Her son was thinking swiftly. He wanted to break. He'd thought of putting it off until after the party; but he had said not to. "She wouldn't understand why you didn't tell her first," said.

And now those darned old spoons were to bob up. Fran already had called "Jody," she'd said, "being my brother, you're my favorite. So do a favor, will you, dear?" She'd been laughing, the way she always did when she wanted to get around you. Her mother has never met Mom, and she's afraid she has a wrong impression ready because of that appalling serial—Sky had to go and tell her poor sweet idiot. Sky's mother has a beautiful old silver, with the family crests, and, darling, I know—I've had nightmares about it—I know Mom will get those ghastly souvenir spoons of yours and you can imagine what that will do to Mrs. Ten Eyck! And if Sky ends up he's crazy even to think of it and him so ten times a day—I'm hoping Mrs. Ten Eyck will ask me to stay with in Boston.

"That'd leave Mom all alone," Jody said slowly, "now that I'm in."

"She'd want me to meet the family friends and live in Sky's home," said. "But if Mrs. Ten Eyck thinks I'm fed with that spoon from Coney Island."

FRAN could get under your skin. Sometimes Jody felt sorry for her. She thought about it one night during a blackout. All your life you'd taken the lights for granted. When you peeked and they were gone, it gave you a feeling. Fran was so crazy about Sky. It was pitiful. And Jody, being a man himself, had a hunch Sky wasn't so crazy about her as he'd been at first. Jody caught him watching her sometimes. He'd looked—queer. Sometime Fran would wake up and find all the lights out. The fine, friendly lights she'd taken for granted. If she had any sense, she'd tell that Sky thought a lot of Mom. Jody knew a man would think less of a girl if she didn't stand by her folks.

Only he didn't know how to tip her off. And here they were, face to face with it, Mom wanting to show off her spoons, and Fran—doggone, it was a thing, but Mom got such a boot out of it. Because Jody's own heart was torn leaving Gloria and little old Wet in over there in his crib, for the first time he sensed how much, as a woman

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