

Waffles! gingerbread



At playtime
or bedtime

Meals at all hours? Naturally, there's nothing like hot waffles. Tasty, nourishing—quick and easy—with Duff's Waffle Mix. It's complete. Fully-prepared. Add water, mix, bake...that's all. "At any hour—it's waffles!"



EAT WELL
SPEND
0 POINTS

Home-canned foods are not rationed. No limit on variety, quantity, or quality. Can NOW and feed your family generously all year 'round. Home canning is quick and EASY with

USE ALL YOUR LEFT-OVERS!

waste...make your left-overs work for Uncle Sam! Ask your dealer for strong, transparent, pliable WAXTEX for wrapping. It

hard-wearing, and in this she perfectly succeeded.

"There you are!" she exclaimed, running her eye over her brother as though to make sure that he were all there indeed. "What happened?"

"Wrong bus," explained Mr. Porritt.

"Had your dinner?"

"Snack."

"Where's Cluny?"

"In bed."

"What, ill?"

"No," said Mr. Porritt patiently. "She read a piece in the paper, about how it rested the nerves and toned the system to stay a day in bed eating oranges."

For a second Addie Trumper stared, speechless. Her jaw tightened. Her eyes snapped. "My stars!" cried Addie Trumper. "Who does she think she is?"

There it was again, the inevitable question that Cluny Brown seemed always to provoke. For what could be plainer than the answer? Her father a defunct lorry driver, one uncle a plumber, her late mother that plumber's sister-in-law, her other uncle a railway porter. How could anyone doubt who Cluny was? How could there be any doubt as to who she thought she was? It was obvious. And yet if Mr. Porritt had heard that question once, he had heard it a thousand times.

"What young Cluny needs," stated Mrs. Trumper, "is to go into service. Good service, under a strict housekeeper."

LHS 6144 72-73

Wishful Thinking

By W. E. Farbstain

Whenas my boy is bad,
I do not have to scold;
I reason with the lad,
And he's as good as gold;
How nice if I could be
As reasonable as he!

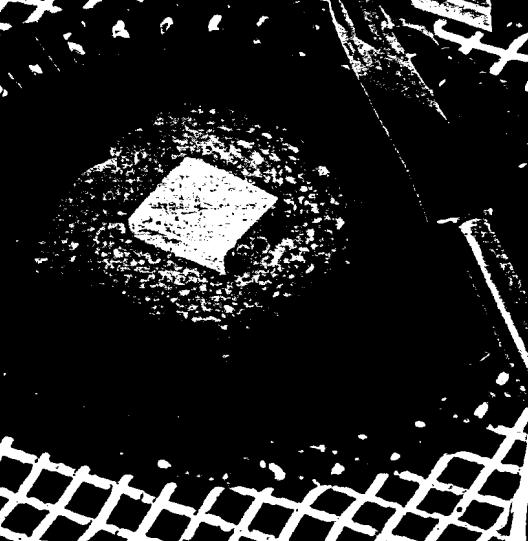
But Mr. Porritt did not intend to be browbeaten. "I've told you I can't spare her. I've got to have someone for the phone when I'm not there."

"What you want with a phone!"

Mr. Porritt and Trumper exchanged a brotherly glance. Of course a plumber had to have a telephone: half the calls, and all the urgent ones, came by phone.

"And by the same token," said Mrs. Trumper, turning on her husband, "you've left a trowel in front." Then she snatched up The News of the World and bounced

For good nutrition...
BREAD and PARKAY!



*Grow all you can!
Can all you can!
Help all you can!*

Keep up your Victory garden—cultivate carefully, bring to full harvest, pick your crop. Don't waste anything you grow!

Save fresh and perishable foods by canning, brining, drying and storing. It's not too early—get your supplies now!

Some like it hot (right out of the toaster). Some like it cold (sliced and spread on bread). But millions