



## How 47 Million Women Can Fight Fatigue With Hot Quaker Oats

If you are tired, you should know that fatigue is *not* always "just natural." Science says most Americans today do not get the right energy elements, or enough of them, from highly refined modern foods.

Quaker Oats is natural, complete, unchanged whole-grain oatmeal. And even among *natural* cereals, none equals oatmeal in highly important natural fatigue-fighting elements.\*

Enjoy fighting fatigue the natural way, with the one cereal so delicious that Americans voted it best-tasting cereal\*\* in a nation-wide breakfast poll!

For youngsters, too, there's nature's magic in Quaker Oats! Oatmeal is our greatest natural grain in elements that protect growth and guard energy! Enjoy delicious Quaker Oats *regularly*, for greatest benefit. Serve it tomor-



direction. But she marched right by the Charming Lady Dress Shop.

At home she sat down at the old maple desk in the dining room. She called her father to her. "Dad," she said, taking out her pay check and scribbling her endorsement on the back, "Christmas present."

"Oh, I hate to take it, Anne. How much do you want back?"

"I busted the furnace. You'll need it all."  
"No, you'll need some of it. I'll give you back all I can next payday."

"Take the whole thing and shut up."

As Anne closed her door she thought, *If I get much more noble, no one will be fit to live with me.* She did not know whether she felt good or bad; she did know that she felt different. She felt stronger and more important because she had helped—and in no inconsiderable degree, by her lights—to bolster the family's finances. She thought of Marjorie, and wondered if she was out with Leonard. She looked at the ring. It had been obtained by trickery, yet its implications were growing. For a while she had had the feeling that it was gradually becoming hers. Now she was not at all certain.

"You oughtn't to let 'em stack up that way," the woman said to Anne. "Wait'll Schluter catches you."

"He wouldn't do anything. I wouldn't care if he did."

It was Friday morning. Anne was loafing on her job. She didn't bother to weigh half the boxes of Poppies that came to her, merely glanced at the level of the breakfast food and guessed. Around her chair were scattered Poppies she had dropped.

Mr. Schluter appeared at the other end of the room, heading her way. "Miss Karlan!" He spoke so sharply that Anne jumped. "Pep it up! Keep those boxes moving!" Mr. Schluter walked a few feet along the conveyer belt and picked up several of the boxes that she supposedly had weighed, returned to Anne's station and placed them on the scale. "One quarter of an ounce over," he said, "half an ounce over, quarter over, half under. Young lady, what do you think the company's paying you for? If you don't snap out of it right away, you'll find yourself out of a job."

Mr. Schluter did not give her opportunity to contest the issue, but walked off. "I thought he was so stuck on you," said the woman who worked nearest to Anne, sarcastically.

"Oh, shut up!"

Anne did not bother to return to work that afternoon but, after eating, walked home. She met her mother in the hallway.

"Why aren't you at work?" Mrs. Karlan barked.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Don't sass me, young lady! I suppose you've quit your job again. Have you?"

ANNE went to her room. She was weary of fighting with her mother. She took off her shoes, poked a pillow together, and lay down on the bed. She stared at the ring, took it off, put it back on her finger and looked at it again. Suddenly she began to cry. Seldom

Live in contact with dreams, and you something of their live in contact with you will get some their brutality. I will find a country where were not brutal, dreams not unreal.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

# With Hot Quaker Oats

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Quaker Oats  
and Mother's Oats  
Are the Same

\*Protein, Food-Energy, Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, Iron

\*\*Received more votes than  
any other cereal, hot or cold!

# Quaker Oats

The World's Best-Tasting Breakfast Food



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When she was over her spell, she lay quiet for many minutes. Then she rolled over on her back, stared at the ceiling. With a quick roll she was off the bed. She ran upstairs to the bathroom, washed off her make-up.

Aunt Erma was using the telephone and Maymie had just arrived at the house from playing with the girl across the street when Anne came downstairs. Maymie was wearing one of Anne's dresses. Anne felt her temper swell her throat. She exploded.

"Who said you could wear my dress?"

Maymie was scared. "Mom said I could!" she spluttered.

For a second Anne glared at her, then Anne turned and rushed at Erma. She grabbed the phone out of the hands of her

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