



## Butterscotch Royal "Sundae"

1 package Royal Butterscotch Pudding  
 2 cups milk  
 sliced banana  
 1/2 cup cream, whipped  
 maraschino cherries

Mix luscious, golden Royal Butterscotch Pudding with milk. Cook as directed on package. (So easy a child can do it!) Remove from heat and cool, then place in sherbet glasses and chill. Just before serving garnish with whipped cream and top with slice of banana and maraschino cherry. Makes 4 servings. For another delicious "quickie" dessert, prepare Royal Chocolate Pudding by simple package directions and serve with cream or top milk.

# "ROYAL PUDDINGS TASTE MORE DELICIOUS!" -say 8 out of every 10



Survey of 1,052 Royal users reveals why millions are "Reaching for Royal" "Taste more delicious!" they said. Just try Royal Puddings and you'll say so, too. They're so smooth, rich-

tasting, creamy-textured. And they're still made the famous Royal way. Sweetened just right—no need to add sugar! You'll love Royal Gelatin Desserts, too, with their luscious, fruit-like flavors! Yes, always get Royal!

**LOOK!**  
 ROYAL PUDDINGS IN  
 BRIGHT NEW PACKAGES!

A gay new dress—but inside the package, the same wonderful Royal Puddings you love, the same fine flavors. Dainty, delicate vanilla... rich, luscious chocolate... mellow, old-time butterscotch. Try all 3.



roundness, that throats its texture, that... black hair its ebony vigor, that mind its power to deceive and to exploit not only its enemies, but its lovers and itself? No flabbiness for you, my dear. You will never founder into old age, transferring your appetites to canapés at cocktail time, and midmorning snacks. And in her mind's eye she saw the radiant figure of her sister dematerialize into a witchlike sharpness, the nose curved like a hawk's, the flesh turned leathery, the mouth a bitter line under cold, preying eyes. What happens when there are no further triumphs, no more lovers, no more tomorrows worth waiting for? As for me, I shall be dead by then. I hope so. I have known what it is to be the victim of your beauty; I would not care to be its last crumb!

While she was dressing Regan outlined her campaign to the wan listener among the pillows. "I'm going, now, to Bill's apartment. From there we'll get someone to call Mark's number and find out whether he's home. If he should be, I'll have to wait and try later in the day, or even tomorrow or the day after. I don't want to run the risk of finding him and letting myself in for a fight, and the possible ruin of my plans. If Mark is not home, I'll try to make sure that Neddy is. Octavia I know how to handle. After all, she has no authority when I am present. I'll go straight to the apartment and bring Neddy away—to Bill's place, where Mark won't think of looking for him. What will happen, of course, is that he'll try to get hold of me here by phone or in person. That's where you come in."

"I'd rather not. I don't want any hand in this, Regan. It's your affair, not mine."

"When has anything been my affair and not yours? I've always told you things. I've always tried to share my life with you, whenever and wherever possible. As for having a hand in this business—which concerns the whole of my future life and happiness—you don't have to have a hand in it, if you'd rather not, nor even a voice. If you feel you can't put Mark off my trail with a lie, then don't answer the telephone. Let it ring! And if he should follow it up by coming here, don't answer the doorbell."

"But I shall feel like a prisoner!"  
 "Just for a few hours? I'll be back here tonight."

"Will you?" She looked desperately at her sister. "Promise, Regan? I feel so darned weak—and the maid is no company, nor much use when I feel an attack coming on. I get so scared, not being able to breathe."

"I promise I'll come back tonight," said Regan with sudden, crisp good humor. She pinned a hat composed entirely of gardenias on her dark hair, and selected a pair of white gloves from the bureau drawer. She might have been on her way to one of her women's-club luncheons. A woman of action, thought Hester despairingly. She knows what she's doing, she never would make a false step or allow herself to be tripped by another's.

"Regan—"  
 Regan turned from the mirror. She was picking a tiny gold label from a handkerchief, one of the dozen which Symes had brought her from Lisbon. "What is it, Hester? Now don't go and give yourself another attack! I'm not asking much—I'm not even asking you to lie for my sake, if you'd prefer not to."

"Regan, listen—listen to me. I don't want to preach—"  
 "Then don't!"

"Listen, Regan!" Hester propped herself on her elbow, a feverish color burning in her cheeks. "Regan, don't take Neddy away from Mark. Go to him—go to Mark and tell

in the forenoon. Don't take things so Hester. I know Mark better than you. He's still in love with me. That's why I can't tell him about Bill.

Hester watched her walk to the door, she turned, a graceful and exquisite...  
 "Now don't worry! If the phone rings you think you can cope with Mark, go ahead. Tell him anything, any lie that comes your head. Tell him I've gone to the coast without leaving an address. Tell him you've been deathly ill and know nothing of my activities. If, as you say, he's so decent, won't persist in troubling you. But if you're not equal to it, then just let the phone ring. I shall be back tonight, after dinner. I promise."

She waved, and Hester watched the close upon her. She heard the soft rumble of the elevator and pictured the slight, puffy figure as it stepped into the summer sun. Blindly, Hester turned and reached for the telephone. She dialed a number, her mind a fury of excitement through which burned a single, selfless intention.

Mark's voice answered: "Yes?"  
 Hester held the receiver to her ear, her heart was beating as it did when she had

It is a great error to take oneself for more than one is, or for less than one is worth.  
 —From Maxims and Reflections of Goethe, Translated by Bailey Saunders. (Published by the Macmillan Company)

an injection of adrenalin, but no sound came from her lips. Four live words leaped like things across her. Four lives are in my four destinies and all unforeseeable events depend on me, on my own my intervention, upon who have never taken

in my life; upon me whose mere existence never cast a shadow nor roused an echo void.

"Hullo? This is Colonel Bycroft."  
 The sense of his proximity overwhelmed her. She could hear the intake of his breath, faint sounds as he shifted some object on the table, fainter, farther sounds from the where he stood. Warning, saving words solved in her mouth. Then Mark hung and she let the receiver fall on her lap. She settled on the room. The rain had ceased, the glow filled the sky. Hester coughed, eyes dilated, she coughed again and felt the first demon stir in her chest. Slowly she got out of bed. Her limbs felt hollow like bones of a bird as they bore her guilty toward the window, beyond which the was slowly pushing through the mist, stared at the silvery reaches of the river, the distant Jersey shore, then her gaze ascended to the trees which lined the street, and she pursued, with the wonder of a captive, the gay colors of buses, automobiles. There, before her deft eyes, creation moved upon its destined survivors of catastrophe, while she merely the inheritor.

"I've always told you things," she Regan saying. "I've always tried to my life with you."

It was true. All the guilt, the scholastic, the restless self-seeking, the deceits and poeprisy; the countless confidences and professions, orgies of repentance without piatation—these had been Hester's share that life. Out of this she was expected to make sense and to fashion, somehow, a and a reason. What is the bond which to our brothers and sisters? Is it blood, flesh of our parents? Is it the memory of the dead persisting in us? Yes, Regan shared everything with Hester. Regan more than shared—she had rendered evil in herself and placed it in Hester

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