

Give me a
SHREDDED RALSTON BREAKFAST
I've got a job to do!



Yes, you've a big job, lady . . . and Shredded Ralston can help. Rich in whole wheat energy, Shredded Ralston can help keep you and your family vigorous and strong, ready and able to do their bit for Uncle Sam. It can help keep everyone happy, too—it's so crisp and tempting, so downright good to eat. And don't forget nutrition experts say—eat foods of this type every day!

**GET YOUR WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY
 THE EASY SHREDDED RALSTON WAY**



W H C

and safe inside. But now, when she suddenly caught Harry and Sive looking at each other in the same way, it made her want to cry out in anger and pain.

Marshall and Virginia were different. Betsy used to make herself small in the corner of the davenport in the long drawing-room at twilight, and listen to Marshall play.

Virginia would stand leaning on the piano, her chin in her hands, her eyes fixed on Marshall's face. And oftener than not, he would come back to his favorite song, Beautiful Dreamer.

Sometimes Marshall sang his song lightly and amusedly, "Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!" And sometimes he sang it deeply and richly and as though it had some meaning Betsy could not understand, part of that invisible secret in this house.

The night before Virginia's wedding Marshall sat at the piano. Virginia just stood there listening, her little heart-shaped face misty and smiling.

When Marshall let his hands fall on the keys and swung himself round on the bench, Virginia turned. As she turned her eyes fell on a newspaper spread wide on the table. The big black letters of the headline jumped at her: "NIMITZ SAYS AMERICANS MUST TAKE LOSSES TO CRUSH FOE." Then she gave a little cry and suddenly she flung herself into Marshall's arms, the golden pools of her eyes stirred and stormy, wide and dark and stark with understanding.

Betsy felt her knees turn to water. She couldn't stand it any more. She scarcely dared to stir, but they didn't even know she was there. It was the mysterious presence in the room again.

Out in the hall Betsy stood undecided. In the library she could see Nola, slim as her daughters and just as pretty, seated on the arm of Judge Glenn's chair. Near by Aunt Cam was knitting diligently.

Uninterested in their talk, Betsy stood undecided in the hall, worn with loneliness and grief for her lost world.

Out on the porch in the glider sat Barry and Suze. Barry was singing with verve, "Don't sit under the apple tree, with anyone else but me!" while Suze kept time with her hands and her heels. They were a riotous pair, seeming to live most of the time on some high level of gusty laughter.

Betsy stood still. Not in the drawing-room, not in the library, not on the porch. There was no place for her.

"Nine o'clock, darling," called Nola. Wordlessly Betsy turned and walked slowly up the beautiful staircase.

AT ONE o'clock the next day the Glenn house was boiling with excitement. Virginia stood on a sheet in the middle of the floor, while loving hands dressed her. In a corner of the same room Suze, rippling with excitement, was in the hands of two experts.

Betsy was not in the wedding party because, as her mother had said, she was too big for a flower girl and not big enough for a bridesmaid.

On Betsy's bed was spread a yellow-net dress which Suze had outgrown. "You don't mind wearing it, darling, do you?" Nola had said. "Daddy's spent so much money on this wedding."

Betsy said she didn't care. The nursery room was empty when Betsy went up to dress, because she was too old to need any help, and not important enough at this function to require a dresser. Swept by a wave of loneliness, she thought, before putting on the secondhand dress, she would slip down to the barn to see Tess and the kittens, Kate, the big stamping horse, and Ebby, who hadn't eaten his breakfast again.

When Tessie saw her coming she began to purr loudly. It took quite a while, petting Tessie and the four infant kittens, and Betsy didn't hear car after car leaving the house. Ebby didn't come for his share of attention, and Betsy thought he was out somewhere gallivanting around,

but when she stepped into the room, where he always slept, astounded to find him lying on the although it was the middle of the

At sight of her, his little tail t weakly, and he tried to get up at lay back again. In a twinkling he down on her knees beside him.

"Ebby, Ebby, what's the matter? Are you sick, Ebby?"

She forgot all about time and thing. Here in the barn she found world of love. Love in the green Tessie, love in the great brown we horse's eyes, love in the slowly gaze of a cocker spaniel.

While she sat there, troubled limpness of Ebby, she noticed on paw begin to twitch, then the other the whole little black body began s in a tremendous spasm, while h outstretched legs rattled like hoon on the bare barn floor. Betsy had before seen the cruel onslaught c temper. She ran to the house only t it locked and empty.

She hesitated only a moment ov problem of reaching the nearest nary, four miles away. Then return the barn, she lifted the heavy span in her arms and started to walk, ki her way through tall dry grass and tember goldenrod.

Twice she had to stop and lay E the ground while the spasms conv him. When it was over, she would out her pink-bordered handkerchie wipe away the froth that lay on hi black silk chin.

At last, long after the wedding over, she reached the veterinary's, with a sob, passed poor little she Ebby over into the hands of scient then collapsed. There Camelia foun

LATE in the evening, long after t citing bewildering day was over, Betsy had been kissed and petted a to sleep in Virginia's empty bed. Suze, the judge, Nola and Cam each other in the library.

"I'm not displeased with Betsy, the judge slowly. "In fact, I'm proud. She displayed initiative, emergency, courage and loyalty."

"It's all my fault," Nola said. Ebony doesn't recover. Betsy kept me he wasn't eating, but I was so occupied with my grown-up daught forgot I still had a baby."

"Now, now," said the judge, called the vet and he says Ebby ready had a serum and is sleeping a sedative. He also said the quick gets this type of patient, the bet chances, so chalk up another st Betsy. We'll pull Ebby through."

Then Camelia spoke: "Just the Nola has just said something very tant. I used to come here and this house was geared to the pace of ch. This time, I noticed at once that tire tempo had changed to that of people, and that Betsy had been behind, the lonely inhabitant of a childhood world. She's completely wildered over what's happened. I the loss of her playmates, when the only passed into maturity, but private worlds of their own. Her wound is the loss of her childhood Suze, who so mysteriously changed the chum of Virginia."

The three were silent for a moment. Then Cam spoke briskly: "We want to propose is that you let me Betsy back to Rivermore for a year put her into a thirteen-year-old with a score of girls her age who hike, skate and ride horseback. This June I'll bring her back to you come for Suzanna's wedding."

"I think you're right, Cam," Judge Glenn. "When she comes she'll be our only child for a little until she grows up to the level of sisters. Then my girls will all be pletely united again."