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ere was no way out of it, Doctor decided; he had to stay with this until Adams' eyes lost their glare. d of you." Adams turned and the grinness from his face with a story s... His eyes were now as and a... as an eagle's. As if aded getting all he could out of his ing sight, the millionaire opened or himself, and Doctor Howe fol- him into the waiting room. their blank amazement, they saw upon the carved horsehair sofa a eyed, black-haired little girl. The of her short pigtails were tied with ink-rosebud hair ribbons. The skirt white organdy party dress, with ree rows of fine insertion, was care- spread on the sofa seat. The sash, r matched her hair ribbons, was still about her waist, and she sat primly rd upon the sofa to keep from crush- the butterfly bow. Her adorable l face was set in an expression of dis- olate defiance.

ctor Howe's mind had been so com- pely occupied with his patient's prob- that he looked toward the man be- speaking to the child. Adams' rigid- had increased; evidently he thought senses, as well as his sight, were ing him.

CTOR HOWE asked in a calm, low e, "Baby, why are you home so soon? aren't they nice to you at the party? in't you have a good time?"

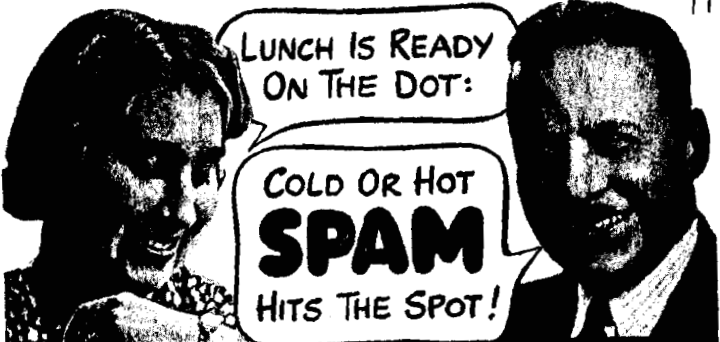
Full of breath, as well as of anger, argaretta lifted her chin, looked her her squarely in the eye and said:

"The—God—damn—party—was— sterday."

As her words seared the hysterical at- sphere, entirely without his knowl- ge or his intention Mr. Adams' body urred a natural posture. The glare elted his eyes, hearty, sponta- nous laughter filled his lungs, and Doc- r Howe knew that Margaretta had ved the old man's life.

The little girl's face quivered as her ger altered to self-pity. A sudden sob se in her throat, and two large tears led down her cheeks and fell onto the cked yoke of that prized party dress.

Abruptly the laughter ceased, and be- re her father could reach her the man o had faced reality knelt beside the ild who had faced it, asking, "Do you ant that bicycle I'm going to give you ight away—just as soon as we can get to store and buy it—to have red handle ars or green ones?"



LUNCH IS READY ON THE DOT:

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ILY LIFE Mr. & Mrs. Raymond H. Johnson and their two children, Raymond, Jr. and Roger, of Wilmette, Ill.



SPAM 'N' SALAD says Mrs. Johnson, "makes a sure hit with our family. And it's so easy to get ready. I just whip up a nice green salad, then serve slices of cold Spam just as it comes from the can, with radishes, eggs and olives for decoration! We make our own Spamwiches right at the table."



SPAM 'N' EGGS never fail to get Junior and Rog out of bed for breakfast. You quickly brown thick slices of Spam... set them alongside your eggs... and the family just naturally does the rest!



It's Your Language

By Norman Lewis

WOODROW WILSON had a working vocabulary of 53,000 words, which was more than double that of Shakespeare, who had only 24,000. (The catch is that the number of words in the language had increased about 1000 per cent from Shakespeare's time to Wilson's.)

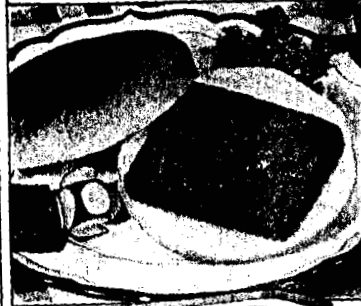
Kowtow comes from the Chinese word meaning to kneel and knock one's head against the ground.

Only about ten words of the language spoken by the aboriginal inhabitants of Great Britain are found in modern English.

Ignorant comes from the Latin word which means "ignorant."

An 1833 edition of Noah Webster's dictionary accepts hor'-i-zon as one of the correct pronunciations of *horizon*.

It's me, darkly frowned upon by purists, is now accepted by foremost grammarians as good colloquial English.



SPAM BURGERS—that's our favorite summer sport. Ray, Sr. grills thick slices of Spam over an open fire, slaps 'em on buns—then starts on the next round! We always keep plenty of Spam on hand, because it needs no refrigeration."



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