



AUNT  
JENNY  
SAYS:



"Folks start to smile  
the minute they taste this  
Spry **FULL FLAVOR**  
**COCOA CREAM CAKE**"

MAKE ONE  
TODAY!



So tender, delicate, moist  
and purer Spry lets  
you get the **FULL** rich  
chocolaty flavor

**D**ON'T RISK losing any of this cake's deliciousness by making it with ordinary shortenings that may "dull" flavor. Be sure to use purer Spry, the *flavor saver*.

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**COCOA CREAM CAKE**

after each addition. Sift baking powder, soda and cocoa with flour 3 times. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with sour cream, mixing after each addition until smooth. Bake in two 8-inch Sprycoated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Spread Cocoa Cream Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

**COCOA CREAM FROSTING**

2 tablespoons Spry	1/2 cup cocoa
1 tablespoon butter	2 1/2 cups sifted
1 teaspoon vanilla	confectioners' sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt	6 tablespoons scalded
	cream (about)

Blend Spry, butter, vanilla and salt. Sift cocoa with confectioners' sugar. Beat in...

lot harder. If you ain't prepared to face trouble, you better call the whole thing off."

"Would you?"

"I ain't never run from trouble yet. It's real excitin' sometimes, figurin' how many kinds of trouble can come your way. Then when they do come, they're all different from what you figured. . . . No mail for me. Never is. But I always look for a visit at the mailbox. I'll be over to the weddin', Margy Loo."

"That's nice," returned the girl, gathering up her packages again. "I'll look for you. And I'll have mother cut you a special big piece of the weddin' cake."

"You are puttin' on style! How come a special big piece for me?"

"You'll never know for my tellin'," smiled Margy Loo. "I just got reasons."

She carried the packages to her room, the only one for a single occupant, and closed the door. Here was privacy. Here she could study out what she had heard, make up her mind about Dacy: temperish, feuding, friendly Dacy, notionate about his eating, worrisome, lovable—yes, lovable. With the worst that had been said, he was lovable. Even if she hadn't loved him before, she had to now, just from the picture that had built up in her mind.

People were already coming for the festivities. Half the fun of a wedding to them was getting ready for it, decorating, bringing covered dishes so that the food wouldn't give out, helping the bride to dress.

One thing she must do, as soon as she could get away from the crowd. Dacy would be wanting to know her mind. The best she had wasn't too good to use. A few minutes later, a huge bow of six-inch-wide bright blue ribbon flaunted itself from the top bar of the gate.

The minutes pressed on. More people came. And more. The preacher arrived with his family all but bursting out the sides of his model T. But no Dacy.

Margy Loo slipped by the back way down to the mailboxes, where she could watch the trails. Her white organdy would shed the sand all right, she hoped. There the mail carrier and Maulkin came to find her, trailed by half the guests.

"Margy Loo," began

"we got some bad news. Margy Loo felt her face white. "You mean—I his mind?"

"Not as I know of know he's a feuder, a Cab Sorley —"

"Did he kill him?" from the law, because forced a killing on him

"Cab shot him." Dacy shot? Margy growing big enough

face. The pine trees red the mailbox. "He—h

"You're too sudden boked the mail carrier

Margy Loo. Leg break can't stand up for a v

She laughed her relief the mailbox. "Ain't settin', is they? What

"I got him. We fought out fishin', and he brought him out in m

back trail 'cause it's s Margy Loo did not

the front seat of the leaning over the back

arms to Dacy, who packed in and braced

"I seen the blue ribbon "Don't say I didn't

chance, honey bird."

"You quit your sodered fiercely. "Gettin

up to where I'll have take care of you! Bu

different, even do you o' me."

"We'll have to me way," he proposed. "

you come over here b

"Don't you start s for that'll be after

you're up and around

"You'll have me l time, and something

like it. Come here b

She climbed over side, while the waitin

place with the steer and the two mothers

white oleander to pla

**THE PRETTY LADY**

(Continued from Page 21)

"I don't believe there is any pretty lady," she said roguishly to Cricket as she lifted him off his seat and buttoned up his woolly blue pajamas.

Cricket smiled mysteriously, and Susan had a sudden infuriating sensation that he was already a man, in league with his father and all other men to deceive poor trusting women. She bundled him off to bed much more briskly than necessary, and her good-night kiss was so perfunctory that Cricket yammered for a good five minutes for a more thorough one. Which, of course, he got.

Susan went back to the kitchen and busied herself with her own rather forlorn evening meal—lamb chop, peas, sliced-tomato salad and a pot of tea. She sat down to eat, the woman's page of the newspaper folded and propped up against the teapot. Pretty cozy, really; but then she happened to catch sight of her reflection, slightly distorted, in the

shoulders. "Gracious! "what's the matter mimedly, she poured of tea. She smiled a little. "I think, reflection, "that I for dinner. And c: And perhaps a cock the notion—caution once you let a gig there is danger of i

The next mornin in its cheerful sunlily foolish and faraway side, and through t dows the smell of s

Cricket, solemnly a makeshift train-cars, blocks and bright linoleum, lo said, "Time to wa

"Not yet," sa