

LHS 6/197

What do you want to be? The oil magnate or of a newspaper-
 Penny smiled. *As long as he is you, it
 n't matter what my husband is, she
 light. And then she became very serious.
 hat did your father say, David? And
 tutor? Weren't they disappointed?"*
will blame me, she told herself.
 h, just slightly amazed for a moment
 he said lightly. "In any case, I might
 have passed the F. O. examinations,
 might have been a rotten diplomat."
 grinned, and put all the memories of
 adler's discussions with him this week
 out of his mind. His father had not
 ime to reply to his long explanatory
 Still, his father had liked Penny
 he had met her. Margaret, however,
 en quite another matter. Poor old
 ow her face had frozen when she had
 Penny: too pretty, too charming, dan-
 Yes, David thought savagely, Meg
 other worry to be discussed, but not

"Penelope Lorrimer," she said suddenly.
 "What a surprising kind of girl, so unlike
 Mary Lorrimer. Extraordinary how George
 knew her. Seemingly they met this summer.
 Her grandfather lives with villagers near
 the Fenton-Stevens' place in Scotland. It
 was just as George was saying that he and
 another Oxford man called David Some-
 thing-or-other had visited Doctor Mac-
 Intyre—David Bosfield, that's it—that
 Billy remembered where he had seen her.
 She'd been dining in the George on Sunday
 evenings with this Bosfield person. George,
 who always spends Sundays away from Ox-
 ford, said, 'Rot, Billy. David would have
 told me.' But Billy said it wasn't rot, and
 George suddenly whistled and said, 'Then it
 is in earnest.' In earnest, at their age! Per-
 sonally, I think it makes the whole thing
 look clandestine. I wonder if Mary Lorrimer
 has even heard of this man Bosfield? And
 Billy says he is one of the Labour crowd."
 Mattie Fane shook her head in disapproval.
 "I expect he is a communist," she said.
 "He is as poor as a church mouse, you know."

train leaves in sixty-five minutes,"
 "What is it to be, honey? Big busi-
 social consciousness?"
 id," Penny's voice said gently, "you
 ssibly mean you want me to choose."
 y not? You've got to live with it for
 of your life."
 if a man is unhappy in his job, he
 much good work. You know what
 You always know."
 His eyes held hers. "I know."
 t pause, he said, "But to return to
 and after all, it is a luxury to be
 discuss two pos-
 in a depres-
 hat do you
 ny?"

THEN she moved across the thick turquoise-
 blue carpet toward her silk-covered bed.
 Lying there, waiting for her husband to
 come into the room, she found she was still
 thinking of Penelope Lorrimer. It was an-
 noying to be worried in this way. *Why didn't
 she say who she was?* she asked indignantly of
 the shining crystal bottles on her dressing
 table, quite forgetting that she had not wor-
 ried who Penelope was until George Fenton-
 Stevens had started to make that ridiculous
 fuss over her. If he hadn't, if Carol had not
 been upset, all this
 worry would not have
 started. "Carol was the
 most attractive girl
 there," she said deter-
 minedly as her husband
 climbed heavily into his
 bed.

I believe that the first test of a
 truly great man is his humility.
 I do not mean by humility doubt of
 his own power. But really great men
 have a curious feeling that the
 greatness is not in them but through
 them. And they see something di-
 vine in every other man, and are
 endlessly, foolishly, incredibly mer-
 ciful.
 —JOHN RUSKIN.

Mrs. Fane swallowed
 her sleeping pills and
 switched off her bed
 light. The fireplace
 glowed gently in the
 warm darkness. *Tomor-
 row*, she thought drow-

you choose Fairbairn?" he
 ed to keep his voice impersonal,
 at out of it.
 —well, because it really is your
 isn't it? Fairbairn is one of the
 sts we have, isn't he? David,
 ould do just as you really want,
 one idea of yours already. If
 nt the oil thing, take it." She
 unhappy.
 Jenly, came around to her side
 and kissed her.
 she said with delight, and the
 in a gasp as he suddenly freed
 ne could breathe again. He
 nt quite calmly back to his
 had only been opening a win-

sily, *I shall write a letter to Mary MacIntyre.
 I don't want to worry Mary, after all. But I am
 one of her good friends.* She began to compose
 the letter as she lay in the warm darkness.
 "We were delighted to see Penelope. By the
 way, you never told me about her engagement
 to that young man at Oxford. Or were you
 keeping it a surprise? Do write and tell me
 about him and his family. I also heard that
 he was a very political young man, a commu-
 nist, but I am sure that was just talk, for I
 know that you and Charles are such strict
 conservatives." *And then I can give her news
 about Carol and the wonderful success she has
 had since she was presented last year. After all,
 Carol will probably be engaged and married
 long before Penelope Lorrimer. After all —*

oming upstairs with a bowl of
 , smiled with approval and
 oached their table, and
 ; this wasn't just the right
 hat they would have noticed
 The young man was now
 toward the girl.
 tching Penny with a smile.
 en happier. "To you," he
 his glass.

At that point the sleeping pills justified
 the money paid for them, and Mrs. Fane's
 worries were locked away for the night.
 Penny, as she climbed the darkened stair-
 case to her room that night, remembered
 then that she never had time, after all, to
 explain to David about the Fane party. But
 it had become still less important in face of
 all the news that David had brought. She
 was still slightly dazed by it; for months she
 had accustomed herself to having no definite
 idea of the future, and then suddenly, to-
 night, everything had begun to take a defi-
 nite shape.

in his dressing room, but
 is usual silence deterred his
 g up the events of the day
 . Creaming her face before
 light on her elaborately
 able Mattie Fane tried to
 at the side of her
 well tonight," she said.
 that George Fenton-

She removed her black dress carefully. She
 poured the cold water from the jug into the
 washbasin on its hideous stand behind the
 faded cotton screen. Whether the screen had
 been placed there as a disguise for the wash-
 stand or for the sake of some strange mod-
 esty, Penny had never



"Make their mouths water...serve this better tasting Strawberry Shortcake"

SAYS AUNT JENNY

Right here's the easy way to be sure of Lighter Cake

- ICE CREAM STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE
- 1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 2 teaspoons baking powder (tartrate powder)
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 1 teaspoon vanilla
 - 1 egg
 - 1 pint vanilla ice cream
 - 1 quart fresh strawberries, sliced and sweetened

ICE CREAM...and strawberries
 ... and CAKE. How your
 folks'll love'em, and you! *Such
 cake!* Light as a feather, fine-
 grained, grand-tasting, oh my!
 "It takes such a super short-
 ening as Spry to give you cake
 like this... No other type has
 Spry's magic cake-making se-
 cret. And Spry's One-Bowl
 cake method is so easy."

AUNT JENNY SAYS:
 "BELIEVE ME, YOU'LL BE A
 BETTER COOK with Spry"

Sift flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into mixing bowl. Drop in Spry. Add milk and vanilla and beat 150 strokes (1 1/2 minutes on mixer at low speed) ... Scrape bowl and spoon. Add egg and beat 150 strokes. Bake in deep Sprycoated 9-inch layer pan in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25-30 minutes. Cool. Cut cake in half. Spread lower half with vanilla ice cream and strawberries. Put other half on top and cover with remaining ice cream.