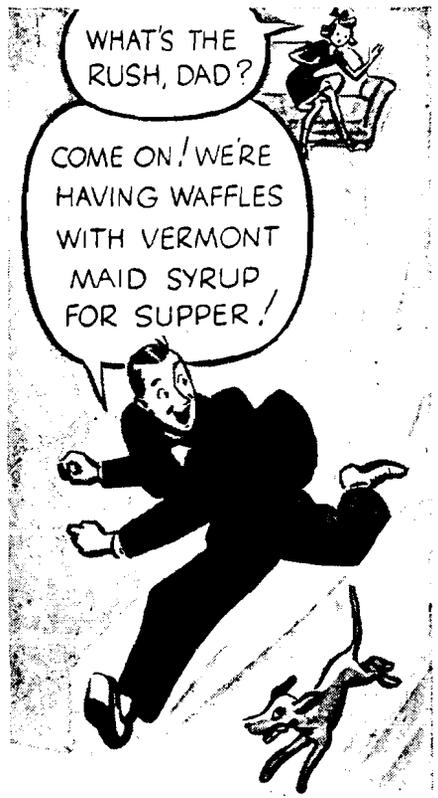


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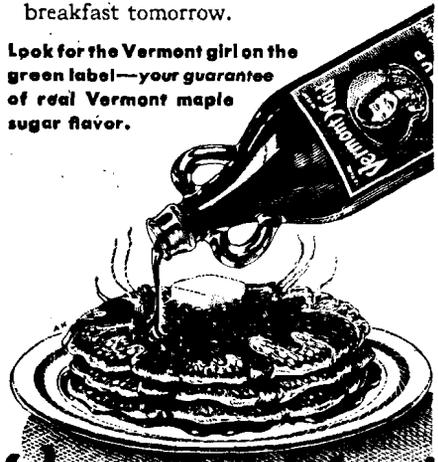
Men love that real maple sugar flavor—straight from Vermont

WHAT a treat with any meal—crisp, hot waffles and rich, golden syrup!

But be sure your syrup is Vermont Maid—that superb blend of sparkling cane sugar and real Vermont maple sugar!

This blend gives Vermont Maid Syrup just the right sweetness, just the right strength. Try this fine syrup for breakfast tomorrow.

Look for the Vermont girl on the green label—your guarantee of real Vermont maple sugar flavor.



Vermont Maid Syrup

MADE IN VERMONT

Broken Melody

a little island of spruce and white pines. Ever since she could remember, they had drooped their great branches over her, soothing her with their scent, making a soft, brown carpet for her.

She dropped down, hugging her knees, bowing her head upon them.

"I'm at home." She tried to evoke the old magic, but it evaded her. Nothing filled or warmed the empty place in her breast.

TWILIGHT had become darkness when she returned to the house. A servant was fetching in the chairs from the terrace—old Agnes, who had been her nurse and Daphne's maid and now did a little of everything about the house. Ellen ran across the terrace and hugged her. Anyhow, old Agnes never changed. She had a severe mouth and a disapproving eye; but when Ellen was a child, it was always Agnes who sat beside her when she awoke crying from a bad dream.

"Well, Miss Ellen, so you're home again," Agnes said sternly, but her deep-set eyes glowed. "If they'd let me know, I'd have made you a chocolate cake. You'd better not bother your mother now, she's dressing."

"I know. Where is Daphne?"
"Dressing, too. She's going out. And for goodness' sake leave her be, Miss Ellie. She's having a tantrum. Her new dress came out from the city today, and there's some trifling thing wrong with it. I've got to go up and fix it."

Ellen laughed. "Well, I'm home and everything's just the same. Aggie, darling, can I have dinner with you and Nellie in the kitchen?"

"You can that! We're expecting you." Ellen went slowly through the long drawing room and up the stairs. Outside her mother's door she hesitated and then went on. She went to her own room, the small, familiar room crowded with too many objects from her childhood. She looked at her father's photograph, hung where she could see it when she wakened in the morning.

"If you were here now," she thought, "you would have time to listen. You always did."

Ah, but would he? Could any older person remember ecstasy and the word "forever"?

She went through the bathroom that connected her room with Daphne's. In front of the long mirror Daphne stood. She was studying her reflection as an artist studies his work, with appreciation and with despair.

"Look at this rag, Ellie—isn't it too maddening? I have one new thing in heaven knows when, and see how it hangs."

"But, it's delicious, Daff! Really, darling, you're beautiful in it."

Daphne said carelessly: "Oh, I'm beautiful in almost anything. That isn't the point."

She stared intently at her side view. "Not beautiful enough," she murmured absently, "unless everything is absolutely right."

Standing in the middle of the room, watching her sister, Ellen saw Daphne farther off than she ever had before. But now she understood something of what Daphne meant when she said "not enough," so hungrily. Beauty had to have the right frame. It was a life work. It demanded the most exquisite care, the most untiring devotion. And sooner or later it left you. Tiny bit by tiny bit, with agony you saw it go.

With a rush of protective love, she put out her arm. "Daffy—is it worth it?"

Daphne cried. "I'll crush me, darling, get so nervous."

Ellen sighed and when she was a child, bed in her nightgown, being dressed for her she had always Daphne kept on not to need to go. The care, the beauty absorbed.

There had never much more left Daphne. And more than she needed longing to talk to D.

Ellen slid off the "Daffy, how did you

"Bill?" Concentrated her dress, Daphne that boy with you push it in the hither along. Don't right there? Wasn't didn't really see her

"Well, I hoped you her sewing basket.

Ellen went back to ently she went down her honor Nellie's white cloth over it was just as it had and Mother hurried Agnes and Nellie door closed and pe and cups of tea.

THERE was the somehow. She she tried to rest with a foreboding put on a coat and over the dark room knew so well.

She had come to the terrace when she of wheels on the leaped. If that was heard Vance last good-night. With she went into the a moment or two the hall.

She wore a dress already she tasted Ellen, she looked being caught off she had had a night

"Oh, yes. Not imagine anyone's cliffs'. Mother still

She moved toward tween the window about her like past she regarded her

Ellen, watching bearable, lonely ment toward her quickly and st

"What is it?" she are you?"

"No. No. I'm if she could only trembling, if she Mother's room

But Daphne room. She stood face. "Something afternoon. You

Ellen clung to all right," she

But all at once stay alone and she knew. Daphne the burden with her I'm sorry, but