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The great new protein cereal that helps you have

a fine body

ENJOY KELLOGG'S CORN-SOYA. THE NEW TOASTY-TASTING CEREAL WITH THE HIGH PROTEIN FACTOR

Oh, you'll be skeptical at first. "How can a cereal help me have a fine body?"

This is more than a tasty cereal. Here in Kellogg's Corn-Soya is what makes for firm flesh and solid muscle and growth and stamina.

For this is the new cereal with protein, the master body-builder. Sure, it has B vitamins, iron and energy value. But this is cereal with "muscles." Provides complete, high-quality protein when served with milk.

It has what it takes to help build a fine body.

CORN SOYA SO YUM YUM YUM



(Continued from Page 83)
"And how many apprenticeships do you think there's time for in one lifetime?" Haniel asked with exaggerated patience.

"I always thought it was the mothers who were the possessive ones," Nell Peel said. "Why are you hanging onto Micah so. Doctor Broome?"

"Hanging onto him?" Haniel almost shouted. The office bell rang. Haniel stalked out of the room. The office door banged behind him. It seemed very still at the table.

"It's a relief to know you aren't following in your father's footsteps, Micah," Nell Peel said. "I doubt if I have the stamina to be married to a doctor. It must be wearing."

"Don't rush me," Micah said. "Want to see the town? Where the barber lives and the postmaster and everybody?"

"Yes... Could we help with the dishes?"

"No, thanks," the doctor's wife said. "There's no room in the kitchen for anyone but me."

"I like to work alone too," Nell Peel said. They went away. The doctor's wife began piling dishes. When they came in they looked dark, as if they had been quarreling.

"Shall we have some tea?" she asked them.

"No. We had some grapejuice and cookies," Micah said. "At Medora's. We went to call on Medora. Nell thinks her house is sinister—she thinks Medora's a witch."

"I think nothing of the kind. The house is sinister, on the outside. Inside it's quite charming."

Micah sat on the sill and Nell Peel sat on the stool by the hearth. She did not flop down there as Margaret Gray might have done. She held herself somewhat stiffly.

"She was afraid of the sundial," Micah said.

"Who wouldn't be?" the doctor's wife asked quietly. All her life seemed at the moment to be just that, a point of time.

"Nell thinks Medora's got a lover," Micah put in derisively.

"She has," Nell Peel said. Then she turned directly to Nan Broome. "Hasn't she?"

The doctor's wife closed her book, keeping her finger in the place, as if to assure herself that order could be kept somewhere and all the world was not this swirling thing her mind seemed to be. "Why, yes, I think she has," she heard herself saying. "What made you think so?"

"Mother! Medora! Not really? Who?"

"I couldn't say," and that was her voice, too, quite calm and unhurried. Then again, to Nell Peel: "What made you think so?"

"Oh, a look," Micah answered for her impatiently. "A look of fulfillment. You mean, actually? I don't believe it. There's no one in town she'd look at twice... You mean that she sleeps with—all that?"

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind... I have a little work to do upstairs, so, if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Peel?"

HALFWAY up the stairs, she felt a curious faintness. She heard them talking down below. She was no eavesdropper, the doctor's wife, but she could not move.

"Sometimes I wonder why I bother with you," Nell Peel said.

"Well, don't," Micah said. "It would be better for us both if you didn't."

"I begin to think you're right," that cold, tired voice said again.

There was a small, cold silence.

"It looks as if you'd won your bet and would now come with me to a restaurant."

"You don't have to build up your mood to me, Micah," the indifferent voice said.

"It's obvious she's got an amazing mind."

As if this comment on herself made her aware that she was eavesdropping, the doctor's wife went slowly on up the stairs, to her own bedroom. She stood with one foot on the bureau, looking toward the window and the autumn dusk descending beyond, shivered, though the room was warm.

You must go away. You must not stay in house through this night. You must go and never come here again!

But when she went down an hour later to get supper, the woman was still there. She was playing the piano, idly, though with accuracy that betokened some talent. Micah was reading, or pretending to read.

thought Micah would speak of Medora's name and ask his father who Medora's lover was. But Micah never mentioned Medora. It was Nell Peel who managed the conversation.

And in the middle of supper the telephone rang and Haniel was called away. The doctor's boy had broken his arm. Haniel said to Nan, can you come along and help me?

"Nan, can you come along and help me?"

SHE wanted to say, Micah'll help you, but she saw that Micah wanted it that way, too, she could not. She could not be left alone this house with Nell Peel.

So she went with Haniel, but there was much she had to do after all. Mrs. Barlow was crying and she comforted her.

"It's a perfectly clean break," she said. "He won't have a bit of trouble with it."

When they came out of the house, Haniel said, "Maybe you'd better walk back. I ought to go see Mrs. Jones."

So she walked back slowly, not wanting to reach the house. The air was cold and felt good on her face. When she got there, the house was quiet. She went up to her room, undressed and got into bed.

At ten Micah rapped on her door and came in. He came directly to the bed, sat down on its edge, lit a cigarette.

"Kind of a mess all around, isn't it?" he said. "Yes, I suppose it is."

"Dislike Nell very much, don't you?"

"What do you want me to say? That I think she's charming? ... I do dislike her."

"I didn't know whether you would or not. You're not always predictable, darling."

"Are you thinking of marrying her?"

"No." He bit the word off shortly.

"Well, then, let's not talk about her."

"Dad's never going to forgive me, is he?"

"He may—ten or twenty years from now. If you make a go of things."

"But I'm not at all sure I will make a go of things. I'm not a bit sure I want to spend my life thinking about art. It's just that I can't seem to bear the thought of stepping into another man's shoes, especially my father's."

"You could do worse, son."

"Yes, I know. Don't think I haven't given it thought! I don't even know how important it is to be someone in your own right. Seems tremendously important at the moment, a rather dreadful necessity, in fact—but it might not be at all in the long run."

"It's important," she said.

"You do it," he said with some stubbornness. "You're yourself. How do you do it?"

She felt a shock, a necessity to cry out. *Me? I'm nothing. I can't even find myself—I don't know where or what I am! How can it be that you see me as real when I know I am not? Oh, Micah! Micah!*

"I can't tell you," she said at last. "You have to find it yourself, son, in your own way."

"I'm going out to see my mother. I'll see you tomorrow night."

How

HERE'S SO

The health of a child i hands. His welfare c she understands his r

For example, whe nervous or languid, causes is faulty nutr plenty of food but i kind. A mother shoul a child needs, in pro 2 to 3 times as m adults; these food e calcium, iron, Vita riboflavin may be c of robust health an lots of them. A lack a slump. And—ple the very ones mos average meals.

Of course, a ful selected from ordi cult to be sure...