

EF PAUL BRUNET shows  
bride LOIS GRAHAM

# 3 dazzling desserts

THEY'RE A CINCH FOR ANY BRIDE  
WITH LIBBY'S LUSCIOUS FRUITS!



ONE BIG REASON Chicago's Palmer House is famed for its food is Chef Paul Brunet. To him, every dish must be a work of art.

CHARMING MRS. VICTOR GRAHAM, whose recent wedding was an event of Chicago's fashionable North Shore, finds these easy Brunet creations fetch plenty of compliments!



**CRÈME BRÛLÉE** à la Libby's Fruit Cocktail. Following the directions in any cook book, make baked custard in individual dishes. Cool at room temperature. Cover each with 1/4" layer of sifted light brown sugar. Place on cold rack close to heat in pre-heated broiler until sugar is just melted and glazed. Chill.

Just before serving, add the crowning glory: Libby's cocktail fruits—"little jewels" cut from the same quality of whole, hand-picked fruits that Libby packs individually!

Before topping with drained Libby's Fruit Cocktail, crack the glazed top of each Crème Brûlée by a quick tap of a spoon. Garnish with mint and serve with plenty additional Libby's Fruit Cocktail. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.



**PÊCHE MERINGUE.** Cover top and sides of cake square with meringue see any cook book. Top with drained Libby's Peach. Bake 15-20 minutes.



"You know, son, that the circumstances of your leaving were rather —"

"All right," Walter said. "Let's don't go into that. I just thought I'd ask you."

Mrs. Norris said imploringly. "Father!" "I know it was just carelessness that other time," he cried to her passionately. "I found the money myself, didn't I? In a drawer!" he cried, almost in tears. "He never had his mind on his work, mooning around all the time —"

"But Walter's changed, father."

"Yes, he has," Mr. Norris agreed. "Are you sure you want to come back to the bank, son?"

"Well," Walter said, "I don't want to make any more trouble for you. There's another job I could take." He smiled suddenly, disarmingly. "In Parson's garage," he said eagerly.

His mother began to cry and he turned away from her to his father. Maybe somehow he could make his father understand.

"I know just about all there is to know about engines. For two thousand dollars Bob Parson would even make me a partner in the business."

Mr. Norris stood up and put an arm about Walter's shoulder. "You won't have to do that, son. I'm proud of you for suggesting it, but you come to work Monday morning and apply yourself, and I wouldn't be surprised to see your name where mine is someday."

"Oh, Walter!" Mrs. Norris cried. Her eyes swam with loving tears.

Instead of irritating him, they touched the newly awakened chord of response inside him. He had a wistful desire for stability, to see himself respected. "Say, you'd better look out, or my name will be there before you know it." Unconsciously he straightened his shoulders, and Mr. Norris, beaming, exchanged a glance with his wife.

"You hear that, mother? Walter's going to put me right on the shelf." Her tremulous smile brought a lump to Mr. Norris' throat. "I've been thinking," he said, "that it's about time for Walter to have an automobile of his own."

Walter stared at his father. "Do you mean it?"

"I don't see why not," Mr. Norris said. "I guess it's about the only way I'll have a chance to use my own automobile."

He was crushed in a bear hug. It was the first voluntary demonstration of affection he had received from Walter since the difficulties in the bank.

"Say, you're all right," Walter said. With an automobile of his own waiting for him, he could endure the rest of life which he seemed fated to endure. "Say, I'll work," he said. "I'll make good. You'll see. I'll make that little old bank sit up and take notice."

He turned and left the room abruptly. They stood staring after him. Mrs. Norris moved to stand beside her husband. She put her hand inside his. "Did you see him?"

The door was flung open once more, this time by Ella May. "Sophie Goodall!" came outside, closing the door on the sound of violent tumult that were taking place inside the house. "Sophie is having a party," Ella May laughed breathlessly. "I can talk to you for a minute. Walter, I promise to help."

"I wanted you to go for a ride."

"I CAN'T, this afternoon, Walter," eyes went past him and widened. "Walter, you've got it."

"How do you like her?"

"It's beautiful. Is it really yours?"

"Yep." Urgently he propelled her the porch steps to examine its glories. "It's the most beautiful automobile ever seen in my life."

"Come on," he pleaded. "Just take a look around the block so you can see how it goes."

"Wait a minute then until I tell Henrietta and get my hat."

"Of course, go, dear," Henrietta Goodall said in the kitchen. "I'll be able to manage I'm sure."

"Where do you think you're going?" Lizzie demanded accusingly in the upstairs hall.

"Just around the block in Walter Norris' new automobile. I'll be back in a minute."

"Well, I like that," Lizzie said. "Do you know what they're doing with Sophie's making them take turns in the basement looking up the clothes chute while she stands up in the bathroom and pours water over them."

"Aunt Henrietta is going to serve the refreshments now," Ella May said, and escaped.

It was a beautiful day. They drove to the country and Walter stopped the car. Dreamily Ella May felt his arm go around her.

"Gosh, but I love you."

"I love you, Walter."

"You will marry me, won't you?"

Now that the words were really spoken she felt no surprise. "Yes, I'll be glad to marry you, Walter."

They sat hand in hand, lovers, drifting along the golden river of dreams. It was Walter who first returned to practical matters.

"When do you think I'd better talk to your father?"

"Oh," Ella May said. "Maybe you'd better not speak to him just yet, Walter. I mean, after you've been a little longer at the bank?"

Walter acceded to the wisdom of this proposal. "I guess that's the best idea." He was conscious of a slight feeling of relief. "But you do love me? You're sure?"

"I'm very very sure, Walter."

"We're engaged," he said after a while huskily, awe in his voice. "Well, what do you know about that? We're engaged."

It was far later than she had intended when she returned home. She flew into the house wearing her secret on her face like a banner.

The party had disbanded. The house was strewn with paper napkins and silver. The guests were gone, and the door was closed.

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