





RANCHBURGERS AND MOR BURGERS

- For lunch-time, munch-time or a yummy square meal, try MOR 'n' cheese with mustard orchili sauce.
 Tasteful MOR 'n' slaw.
- made with mayou-naise and relish. Good
- Thrifty MOR cut in strips — — bacon wrapped and broil!



- SQUARE MEAL SANDWICH PLATE

 Tender, thrifty pork shoulder MOR, tasty jelly or pre-serves, with lettuce, is dee-li-cious!
- Meary MOR with lettuceand crumbled fried bacon—superb!
- with onion and chili sauce. Um-m-m!
- Always-ready MOR, minced with hard-cooked eggs, celery and radishes or pickles is grand.

SANDWICKES, TOO

No trouble, no work, better eating.

Work, better eating.
Versatile MOR meating with lettuce, tomato, pickles or cucumbers tastes wonderful.

So easy, so quick and mighty delicious!

Around the year, housewives' thoughts turn to Wilson's MOR. Tender, sugar-cured, pure pork shoulder meat, delicately seasoned, it's the handy meat of many uses. Everyone loves sandwiches with MOR meat in the middle. And, fried or baked, MOR makes hearty main dishes that satisfy the lustiest appetites. Buy Wilson's MOR at your favorite store.





She snatched the suit off the hanger and, rolling it into a ball, jammed it into the suitcase. She slammed the top down over it, and went to the dressing table to put on her hat. In the act of lifting it to her head, she changed her mind. It was a tan hat. She flung it away from her; it sailed through the air and dropped on the floor.

Panting a little, she looked in the mirror. That pale face, that neat brown head, with the hair drawn back and knotted in a disgusting bun! There was a crimson lipstick of Maria's in the clutter on the table top; she knocked over an unopened bottle of Christmas cologne, reaching for it. Ignoring the bottle, she flipped open the lipstick and reck-

lessly smeared it over her mouth.
"I don't care, I don't care!" she cried, staring at her brilliant mouth. Breathing hard, she snatched the pins from her hair. It fell down around her shoulders. She looked in the mirror for a moment, then ripped open a drawer of the dressing table. With a quick, nervous motion, she jerked out a pair of shears, and without hesitation slashed off a thick hunk of her hair. She began to slash and chop all the way around her head and did not stop until she was completely bobbed. "I don't care, I just don't care!" she said again wildly. She jumped up and swept the hair into a trash basket. Then she grabbed her suitcase and pocketbook, and ran downstairs.

She did not give Lizzie instructions for holding dinner, and she did not write her usual note for the Captain. All she did was call in a loud, unnatural voice, "I'm going home for the week end.

With that Mariorie marched forth into the night, rudely slamming the front door behind her. She began striding toward the bus stop.

Maria sat on the shore end of the pier and gazed in a depressed

fashion at the York River. On the other side of the river was Yorktown. Usually, Maria felt at home on the rivers, and she thought the flat tidal plains of Tidewater were the loveliest part of Virginia. But today she felt tired and cross.

Well, she thought, I'm engaged. Been engaged since yesterday afternoon about four-thirty p.m., EST. It is a clear Wednesday in April, I am at a fine house party, and the weather is good. I am a lucky girl.

But she still didn't fit, somehow. One of the nicest boys in Richmond had asked her to marry him. The Captain would now be happy. Phoebe would be proud. She would be a credit to the family. But something was all offside about the thing; getting engaged hadn't changed anything inside her. Bill was dear and good to want her, and marrying him had for a long time seemed an almost inevitable step. Now the die was cast, why didn't she feel differently?

Maria was feeling so cross, she didn't look

up when her hostess spoke behind her.
"Down to the end of the dock, my love!"
cried Boo Ellerslie. "We're all going sailing.
Got some men too. Marshall Blade has three of the lovely creatures down with him. It makes one apiece."
"All right," said Maria.

Boo Ellerslie, who was a lean, swart individual with a head of cropped black hair, stopped dead in her tracks and made a clucking sound through her teeth.

'It is the end of the world," she cried. "I said men and Maria Beraud didn't make a move! Did you understand me, honey love? She pointed out to the middle of the river.

Maria looked. Sure enough, four sailboats were tacking across river for the pier. They were Snipes, part of the colony's racing fleet. the managed a techle grin. "I'm sorry I'm

Boo went down the pier, and Marrolled over on her back. She gazed vacant at the sky. Soon, mixed male and fer voices were borne up to her. Finally, s to sit up; they were yelling for her. "Come on!" shouted Boo.

Two of the boats were already off, runni before the wind for the Yorktown side of t river. One, with Boo aboard, was just ing off.

Boo waved frantically at the remains Snipe. "She's all yours!" They were off. Maria went down the pier. A huge, dar

man was standing on the bobbing deck the boat, gripping the pier with both han "Snap it up," he said impatiently, haven't any line out. She's trying to sail of

On top of everything else, this was to much. "You ought to know better than try to hang onto the dock with this wind rection, anyway," snapped Maria.

The man looked startled. "Oh," he

"It barks. It probably bites too. Well, clim

Silently, Maria let herself down off the pier and onto the boat.

"Okay," said the man, "the jib's your baby." He pushed the Snipe off from the pier, grasped the tiller, and, clear of the pier, let out the mainsail. They began to

sail downriver on a reach.

Maria cleated her jib. "The rest of them are going that way," she said, waving across

"That is exactly why I am going this way," he said firmly. "I never was one for follow-

It is against the will of God to

eat delicate food hastily, to pass

gorgeous views hurriedly, to express deep sentiments superficially, to pass a beautiful day steeped in food

and drinks, and to enjoy your wealth steeped in luxuries.

-CHANG CH'AO

ing." He took another turn of the main sheet around the winch. Just so you will be under no misapprehensions from the beginning, I am a damyankee. My name is Win-throp Spaulding."

The Snipe settled into her reach, slipping toward the Yorktown

"Maria Beraud is my name," she said absently, then suddenly turned and looked at him for the first time. "Why,

you're Winnie Spaulding."
He was the toughest, blackest, craggie looking creature she had ever seen. He had thick dark hair, great dark eyes under black brows, and a jutting jaw. She supposed some people might call him handsome, and she was sure Boo would say he looked just like Cary Grant. But at this moment, she considered him hideous. For he was frowning at her, an annoying, disapproving frown. Men

"And you." he said, "are a blonde with a foul temper who works at the Virginian-Gazette. I spotted you the minute you walked down on the dock." He yanked viciously at the main sheet. "I don't suppose you could possibly remember back about ten days ago when a humble Yankee peasant politely asked you a question, and you couldn't even spare a glance from your typewriter? That peasant was me."

'I am sure you don't remember that it happened to be right at a deadline, that peo ple working on newspapers are often rushed at deadlines, and it's just faintly, faintly possible that they might be too busy to employ Chesterfieldian manners!

Busy, in the society department? I love that." The man laughed derisively. "Busily writing about that marquisette veil under the lace cap surrounded by orange blossoms. no doubt.'

Maria winced. That was what she had been doing. "We can't all be important brilliant correspondents like you." she told

You have a perfectly vicious temper. said Mr. Spaulding, "You'll have to learn to curb it." His voice suddenly changed. Because outside of that, you are a comsupero creature. I've ever seen in r