

How Jane chased gloom from a room



NEVER MIND JANE...
WHEN THE WAR IS OVER
WE'LL GET IT FIXED UP



Jane: What's this? A new paint invention called SPRED that takes no experience to use. That looks like the answer to my problem. Guess I'll go in.



Jane: My, but it is easy to use SPRED. It flows on so smooth and fast—with no brush marks. I never knew that painting could be so easy.



Mary: Why, Jane—it's wonderful—and so good looking!
Jane: I did it in just one morning. And I'm going to do the bedrooms next.

SPRED

The EXTRA Durable Wall Finish
Easy to Mix... Easy to apply

SPRED is not just another water-mix paint. It is a first quality oil emulsion paint that mixes with water and stays mixed because the oil is actually homogenized. SPRED is easier to apply and more durable because of a soy bean derivative invented and patented by Glidden.

7 SPRED Advantages:

- One coat covers most surfaces
- One gallon does average room
- Dries in 30 minutes
- No "painty" odor
- Durable. Stands repeated washings
- Mixes with water
- 11 beautiful colors

Only \$2.98 a Gallon
Slightly Higher in Rocky Mountain Area

A Soy Bean Paint Invented by THE GLIDDEN COMPANY

An OIL Paint that really mixes with water

FREE

SPRED colors are beautiful. Send for free set of eleven large color sample swatches. These swatches are not just approximate SPRED colors... they are actual samples of SPRED.

Mail Coupon Today!

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY, Dept. C-10
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me the eleven SPRED color swatches FREE.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
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This is a Victory Gardener...

Shouldn't she be proud?



She should indeed! And Uncle Sam is proud of her too for making food fight for freedom. She'll be prouder still when she sees her garden in sparkling Pyrex Ware!

This is Pyrex Ware...

Shouldn't we be proud?



You bet we are proud to offer such lovely Pyrex Ware at such low prices. (You can buy all 7 dishes shown here for only \$1.95.) Won't they look nice on your shelf?

This is a Victory Gardener doing herself proud with PYREX WARE. Isn't it grand?

IT sure is grand!... Just watch your family's eyes when your Victory Garden comes piping hot to the table in gleaming Pyrex Ware! You won't have to waste a single hard-won carrot, because leftovers can be stored, reheated, and served again in the same Pyrex dish. You'll save dishwashing... and you'll save precious time, because food bakes as much as one-third faster in Pyrex brand glass.



AND LOOK AT THIS FLAVOR SAVER... the first Pyrex Pie Plate with glass handles to make serving easier. You never saw a lovelier dish! Fluted edge and extra depth keep all the flavor and juices inside the pie and out of your oven. 10-inch... only 45¢

HEY, GARDENERS! This Pyrex Double Duty Casserole is two dishes in one. Bottom is an open baking dish, just right for baked apples, scalloped potatoes, and tomatoes. Top comes in handy as an extra pie plate. Three sizes. 3 1/2 quart... only 65¢

This is the Pyrex Trade-Mark

You can find the little one pressed into the bottom of every PYREX dish. It and the orange label both mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass" Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.



PRESSED IN GLASS



much inert matter into motion. His mother used to say he had grown too fast.

It was strange how easy it was, here, to think of his mother and Natalie. He had spent five years trying not to think of them. That was why he had dreaded coming home; that was why, in the six months since they had been married, he had avoided Mildred's request to come back here to live. And then he couldn't avoid it any longer, and now that he was here it wasn't so bad. The thoughts kept coming to him, more than ever. But they came naturally, in the bright daylight, not stabbing at him in the night the way they had for so long. And they seemed almost natural, the way the path through the grove seemed natural.

THE cottage lay on the other side of the grove. It was small, square, ugly; it should have been torn down long ago and would have been if it had not been for Dart's mother's charity. For Mrs. West, like many well-to-do women, felt the weight of having so much more than others and never forgot that she must share it. The trouble was, as she often explained, that if she gave too much away there would not be so much left; then, if somebody in real need should come to her, what would she have to give them? So she devised ways of doing good without depleting her resources.

There was no use trying to change her brand of charity. Dart had been embarrassed by it, then angered, and then resigned. So he had hardly even been angry about the cottage, though the farm and everything on it were his. He had bought it as soon as he was twenty-one and could sign his own checks and make his own decisions. It had made him angry to see her playing Lady Bountiful with anything so worthless as the cottage, to think that anybody had to live in the wretched place; but he hadn't really cared. And it had pleased his mother to have a whole cottage with which to be painlessly charitable.

It was a Mrs. Warren who had been rewarded with the cottage. Her husband had died, and had left her with two children, seventeen trunks full of ornaments, and no money. She had only two relatives in the world—her own sister, who never had liked her, and Margaret West. Of course, Margaret West was only a distant relative by marriage. But she was wealthy. So Mrs. Warren wrote to her.

Mrs. West answered speedily, offering a home. "A cottage here on the grounds that can be your home for the rest of your life, and a chance to bring your children up in these fine, healthy surroundings."

So Ada Warren had come with her two children and her seventeen trunks to live in the cottage. Dart could remember still the day they arrived. Looking toward the grove now, he laughed to think about it, though it hadn't seemed funny at the time. The children—a girl of fourteen and a boy of about six—had been taken to the cottage and had disappeared at once. He found out later that they had disappeared into the lower branches of a tree, which they invariably did whenever there was anything going on that was worth watching or that might involve work for either of them.

His mother had been in a terrible temper. "I counted them," she said. "Seventeen of them! What is she doing with seventeen trunks?"