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—since Kellogg's All-Bran overcame my irregularity"



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AS YOU WERE SAYING...



After the Ball

FOR YEARS, after our school proms, the students used to go to another town to eat, but last year the seniors' parents sponsored "post-prom" activities. They had a show and a party later with almost anything we wanted to eat and a juke box for dancing. It lasted until everyone got tired—which was pretty late!

The next day I guess the parents were pretty tired, but the students really enjoyed and appreciated the party. I think if the parents in every town tried this idea it would cut down the number of juvenile delinquents.—Miss C. H., Auburn, Ill.

"CAN DO" IS OUR MOTTO. "Of course we can" is a code my husband lives by, and he's passed it on to me. We started out that way when we decided to go ahead and get married just before Christmas instead of waiting until June—despite the fact I was teaching. Then when he was attending college, I didn't think I could enroll, too, but he said, "Of course we can do it," and I got my degree the same day he did.

We even bought a 1927 truck when we wanted to take

furniture along to our new home, but didn't have a car. That old truck carried us 1,200 miles, and we did it!

It's been like that for almost nine years, and while "of course we can" is no "open sesame," it's given us an adventurous way of life.—Mrs. Lloyd D. Huff, Abilene, Tex.

PRESERVING THE PAST. I'm past 72, and have begun returning family photos to their original owners. Although no one could cherish these pictures as I have, I think the photos someday will mean as much to the younger generation as they did to me. As the years pass, I hope this gesture preserves some of the love and beauty of the bygone days so dear to me.—Mrs. Grace Williams, Odessa, Tex.

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters

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... THE GRAY-HAIRED woman whose husband had died so short a time ago wept into the handkerchief clenched in her hand.

Across the aisle sat the man whose suicide attempt failed last year. Beyond were the grandparents raising the boy whose parents died in an automobile crash.

The two old men sat in a back pew. Their lives had been one long struggle for survival. Neither had a single redeeming feature in his face or twisted body.

But up in the pulpit a man spoke of Easter morning and read the immortal words.

The man in the pulpit was middle-aged with an outthrust chin and an air of determination not common among ministers. And, because he is not more than mortal, he must sometimes rely on his Bible to provide the only inspiration of his words. But this Easter morning he reached out and held his congregation with a kind of glory.

The woman beneath him wept, but there was relief in her tears. The man who had sought death heard the minister speak of life and was rewarded. The aged men in the back pew leaned forward for a comfort that the fight to exist had never offered them.

And down the aisle among them walked a Man with the light from the purpled windows staining His face. Silently, silently He came among them and not one might have touched the hem of His robe. And yet there was not one who did not feel His presence.

It was a small church, a small congregation. Close beside an elder sat the daughter of a woman of easy virtue. The farmer's wife shared a hymnbook with a man who could not pay his bills and a baby smiled at a boy who once took something never his to take.

But the choir sang Hallelujah.
And the sun trembled on the lily.

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