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to these APRICOT
COCONUT BALLS



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Sweetened Condensed Milk and
Baker's Angel Flake Coconut.

1½ cups dried apricots, ground
2 cups Baker's Coconut
¾ cup (½ 15-oz. can) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk

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ricots and coconut. Add Eagle
Brand and blend well. Only Eagle
Brand with the sweetening in it
gives you such double-rich smooth-
ness. It's pre-cooked!

2 Shape into small balls. If de-
sired, roll in confectioners' sugar.
Snowy, tender-thin Baker's Angel
Flakes add such luscious appeal,
party fun!

3 Let balls stand until firm. Makes
32 candies 1¼" in diameter. Try
a batch tonight. The whole family
will love 'em.



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Rosemary Grows Up

by Helen E. Greenwood

MR. HENDERSON settled down in his favorite chair and picked up a book from the side table. He opened the book and raised his eyes to look approvingly at his wife. She was sitting opposite, knitting what seemed to be a scarf—a scarf to end all scarves, apparently, for it already was about six feet long.

In the glow of the lamp, Sara Henderson's curly brown hair was still unstreaked by gray, her skin was as smooth and fresh as it had been the day he married her. Mr. Henderson sighed in contentment. Upstairs he could hear his daughter Rosemary apparently galloping through the bedrooms. Lowering his eyes to the book, he soon was lost in the political machinations of the Whigs and Tories. But he was jarred out of his absorption when Rosemary came down the stairs—catapulted down—for Rosemary defied the laws of gravity and took three steps at a time. She whirled into the room, her shining hair still swinging from the swiftness of her descent. Mr. Henderson smiled at the picture Rosemary made in her white wool dress, her slender waist caught by a tight gold belt. His wife's sharp voice startled him. "Rosemary," she was saying, "your hem is crooked!" "Oh, mother—" the child's voice wailed as she darted in, planted a quick kiss on her mother's forehead, and whirled away from Mrs. Henderson's attempt to straighten the hem. A peck at Mr. Henderson's cheek and she was already out in the hall.

Her father caught a glimpse of her going out the door, her coat slung over her shoulders. He turned again to the book, his heart swelling with pride. She was going to be good-looking, like her mother. Some minutes later he became aware that Mrs. Henderson had been repeating his name—the "Roger" that finally penetrated his consciousness

was almost tearful.

"Roger!" Mrs. Henderson was leaning forward in her chair. "Roger, I'm a little worried about Rosemary."

"Worried about Rosemary? She looks the picture of health to me—a little thin, perhaps, but she's pretty active."

"Oh, I don't mean I'm worried about her health. I mean she doesn't seem to care about, well—" Mrs. Henderson fumbled, "well, boys."

"Boys! Sara, she's crazy about her brothers. You know that."

"Her brothers!" The scorn in Mrs. Henderson's voice for the apples of her eye, now away at college, so startled Roger Henderson that he almost lost his page.

"The boys!" Mrs. Henderson continued, her voice scathing. "They had

her playing goalie for them when they were home at Christmas—so they could improve their hockey game!"

"Well, it was unfortunate that she got that black eye, but after all, she wanted to play with them."

Mrs. Henderson clucked and attacked her knitting with renewed vigor.

"And she's gone to a party tonight," Mr. Henderson put forth soothingly. "There'll be boys there, I presume."

"Yes, and she'll probably tackle them or bloody their noses or something. Why just yesterday Mrs. Clay told me that her Herbert had been knocked down in the schoolyard by Rosemary and a group of girls playing tag."

"Oh, Herbert Clay." Mr. Henderson's tone implied any right-minded girl would knock down Herbert Clay. But the knitting needles were

clacking now and something more seemed to be in order. "After all, she's only 15," he tried. "Lots of time yet."

Mrs. Henderson sighed, but seemed to be willing to knit in silence. After a moment her husband picked up the book again and stretched out his legs.

Mr. Henderson was an absorbed reader, and Mrs. Henderson had spoken his name four times before he looked up again. When he did, it was to say, "Darling, why don't you knit Argyle socks or something where you have to count?"

She looked at him in silence and he realized this was no time for humor. Resignedly he lowered his book.

"When I was 15, Roger, I had lots of beaux," Mr. Henderson waited. "You remember Henry Case, that man who came to dinner last year—he used to carry my books home from school every day."

"That imbecile? Maybe if Rosemary waits a few years she'll show better taste and won't inflict the worst bore in Christendom on her husband 25 years later."

Mrs. Henderson's lips trembled ominously.

"I'm sorry, dear," Mr. Henderson was instantly contrite. "But he did come on the night I was preparing my annual report, you know."

"But Roger," Mrs. Henderson said, "I'm afraid she'll grow up to be one of those horrid masculine girls who'd rather win golf championships than marry and have babies."

"Nothing like that in my family," he announced with complacency and picked up his book very resolutely this time.

"Ohhh," Mrs. Henderson's sigh admitted that she was defeated.

THE CLOCK in the hall was chiming 12 when they both heard footsteps on the porch. They were slow, sedate steps and Mr. Henderson had half risen to go and investigate when he heard a low murmur. Shooting a warning glance at his wife, he settled back into his chair.

Through the half-opened window the Hendersons could hear their daughter's voice. At least, the tone was their daughter's—the pitch was unlike anything they had heard before. "Good-night, Stan," she was saying softly. "It was lovely of you to bring me home."

"Good-night, Rosemary." The boy's voice broke on the "Rose" and righted itself on the "mary." The next words came in a rush: "Rosemary, may I, uh, kiss you good-night—on the cheek, I mean." There was a pause while the Hendersons sat holding their breath, waiting. Rosemary's voice was even huskier this time. "Why, I guess so, Stan."

There was a smack, and then they heard the door opening. Mr. Henderson bent quickly over his book, in concentration. Mrs. Henderson started to count, audibly, the stitches of her straight knitting.

They both looked up with an air of surprise as Rosemary came into the room, but she gazed at them unseeing, her eyes starry.

"Did you have a nice time, dear?"

Mr. Henderson's question got a bemused glance.

"Super, Daddy, simply super."

Rosemary advanced slowly into the room. She bent gracefully and kissed her father's forehead. She floated away and put her cheek against her mother's lips. Then she drifted out to the stairs. She paused a moment there, smiling languidly, with an expression that reminded Mr. Henderson of the painted face of a movie siren.

"Six boys wanted to bring me home," Rosemary announced from the foot of the stairs. "I chose Stan because he's captain of the football team."

Then she started upstairs, waving a graceful farewell to her parents. Mr. Henderson turned to his wife, satisfaction wreathing his face, but his "See, what did I tell you?" died on his lips for Mrs. Henderson's head was bent, her shoulders quivering.

"Sara! Mr. Henderson dropped his book without marking the place."

"Sara! What's the matter?"

"Oh, Rog," she sobbed, "she's growing up!"

Mr. Henderson felt a moment of angry bewilderment. Then he smiled and went to his wife's side. He gathered her into his arms while he kissed the tip of her reddened nose.

"I like it," he said. "Now I'll be known as the husband of that lovely and charming Henderson woman and the father of that beautiful and popular Henderson girl."

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