

# Real fruit goodness

The entire family will love the real fruit tang of luscious Hi-C.  
It's not carbonated—delicious from breakfast to bedtime.  
No bottles to return. In big 46-oz. economy cans.

# Hi-C

NOT CARBONATED



ECONOMICAL

WHOLESOME

CONVENIENT

Less  
than  
5¢  
a glass!

## HI-CECIL WATER FLOAT

for only 2 Hi-C Labels and \$2.00  
(RETAIL VALUE \$4.95)

Send for yours today.

Hi-C P. O. BOX 390 • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

(Offer void where taxed or restricted)



THE ONLY WAY in which freckle-faced Chuckie is different from any other healthy, well-loved three-year-old is that he has two birthday cakes every year.

One is served at a party for all the neighborhood children, but the other is only for Chuckie and his parents on his "chosen day," the anniversary of the happy time when the three of them found each other.

When Chuckie came to the Wilsons, they were approaching a childless middle age and he had lived in foster homes most of his 18 months of life.

Chuckie's mother, more truly so than the woman who gave him life, holds him close in her arms and remembers.

"We had told the agency we would take a child up to two years of age, but when I saw him I was startled. He was so big, no longer a baby. I just didn't know . . .

"We took him for a little ride in our car. Just the three of us. And all at once something happened. He was our son."

She rubbed her chin fondly over his tousled hair. His wiry arms hugged her tightly. In his child's mind there wasn't

yet the comprehension of his adoption, only an instinctive knowing he was deeply wanted.

"He never smiled at all in the beginning. We tried everything except standing on our heads. We were so happy. We loved him so. But he just wouldn't smile.

"Finally, after two weeks, I took him to the doctor. I told him about Chuckie, about how long we had wanted a child, how long Chuckie had waited to be loved.

"The doctor said, 'Why should he smile? He's never had anything to smile about. You must teach him.'

"When I took Chuckie back again in a few months, the doctor wanted to know if he had learned to smile.

"He certainly has," I said. The doctor smiled himself. "Now he has a reason to," he said."

Chuckie is a solemn child still. He trudges in the footsteps of his father whom he seems to be beginning to resemble a little. An adopted child often comes to bear a likeness to the family who wanted him so much.

Sometimes Chuckie is resentful of the attention paid Poppy, the spaniel pup. Poppy was adopted, too, of course, but this is Chuckie's paradise.

His parents understand the dwindling fear and they surround him with their love, wisely spiced with spankings as for any child. Probably he will never grow up to be President, but he will mature with something far beyond fame—the knowledge that he is the son of two people who wanted him more than anything else in the world.

The love of parents for a chosen child has never been expressed more beautifully than by a mother whose five-year-old came weeping into her arms.

"Mama," she sobbed. "That little girl next door says I'm adopted. Am I?"

"You knew that already, darling," smiled her mother. "Just don't brag about it."

*Patty Johnson*