



Cookie jar. Your wonderful slice 'em on a cookie sheet and pop minutes to fill your cookie jar with

crunchy-crisp Pillsbury Slice 'n Bake Cookies . . . in four "Gimme one!" flavors. Now it's easy to serve your own home-baked cookies. Try this fast way to your child's heart.

new way to bake . . .



You can bake. New Pillsbury Quick Caramel Nut Rolls mon-sugar filling rolled right into the ready-mixed dough. Just roll. Caramel nut topping right in the can.



Hot, fresh, home-baked by you! Pillsbury Quick Cinnamon Rolls with Icing are eight sweet rolls of fresh dough already spread with sparkly sugar and rich cinnamon. Velvety icing is right in the can!

and the girls aimed how lovely she didn't be-
timents and

changed the subject to young Warren.
"I'm a doting mama," she said without apology, opening her purse to bring out a batch of snapshots.

Soon the men moved off toward the

game room for cards, and Sally became the center of the girls' chattering attention. She felt a sweet glow, realizing how much she'd missed seeing them lately, and how much she loved them.

They told her of the recent movies they'd seen, and of the new bachelor who had joined the office sales staff. "Lunch-time shopping expeditions aren't the same without you," Kay told

her. "You've simply got to meet us some payday noon."

"Love to," Sally agreed warmly. But she knew that bathing and feeding and cuddling her baby was more fun than dress-hunting. It seemed more real.

"Sweetie, I envy you so," Phyllis said. "You seem so content."

Sally smiled, and glanced surreptitiously at Phyllis' pinched-in waist and Kay's stylish superiority. Who should be envious of whom? she wondered.

Eventually Fran said, "I'm off to the kitchen. Refreshments in ten minutes."

"I'm famished," said Phyllis. "Aren't you, Sally?"

"Well, I—" she began, then couldn't continue. She could visualize her heaviness even in the smart dark dress. Probably the girls felt sympathetic, and after the party Fran would whisper to Bill, "Too bad about Sally;" or Kay would ask Charley if he'd noticed the doting mama's huge hips.

Then as the fellows trooped back from the game room, Sally heard Warren cry, "There's my Pudge!" Her heart seemed to turn to cement, and she wanted to break through the crowd of friends and run—she didn't know where, just run. But she forced a smile to her face, and led the way to the refreshment table, where she took a cup of coffee and the smallest slice of mocha cake.

Sally hungered for more, but restrained herself, enviously watching Warren consume another helping, and silently demanding, why, oh why, did you have to call me Pudge in front of everyone? She didn't mind the few extra pounds, if only he wasn't ashamed of her, if only he didn't make fun of her.

A few minutes later he slid an arm around her. "You call the sitter to say we're on the way, and I'll get our coats, darling," he said. She felt a bright little tingle, a lifting of her heart as she moved toward the phone. It was so much nicer being called Darling.

Then, tasting the words—"Darling"—"Pudge"—it occurred to her that whatever Warren called her, his voice held the same private tenderness. It was a tenderness that didn't enter his voice at any other time—not when he told her how much he'd enjoyed a meal, and not when he casually remarked that Kay and Phyllis were darned attractive girls.

Sally grinned to herself. Sometimes when your husband spoke, you had to disregard the words and just listen—listen hard—with the ears of love.

With the eyes of love she watched him move through the crowd toward their coats. Funny, his shoulders were broad, but they didn't descend to the slender hips he'd had a couple of years ago.

Since that time both she and he had changed in many ways: the more intimate glances; the less hesitant touch; a growth of understanding that every day bore more resemblance to telepathy. Maybe a few extra pounds summed up their comfort and contentment.

She concealed a mischievous smile as she saw him returning with her jacket. He slipped it over her shoulders and said softly, "Ready to go, Sally?"

Her lips brushed his cheek as he bent over her. "Ready, Chub," she whispered.