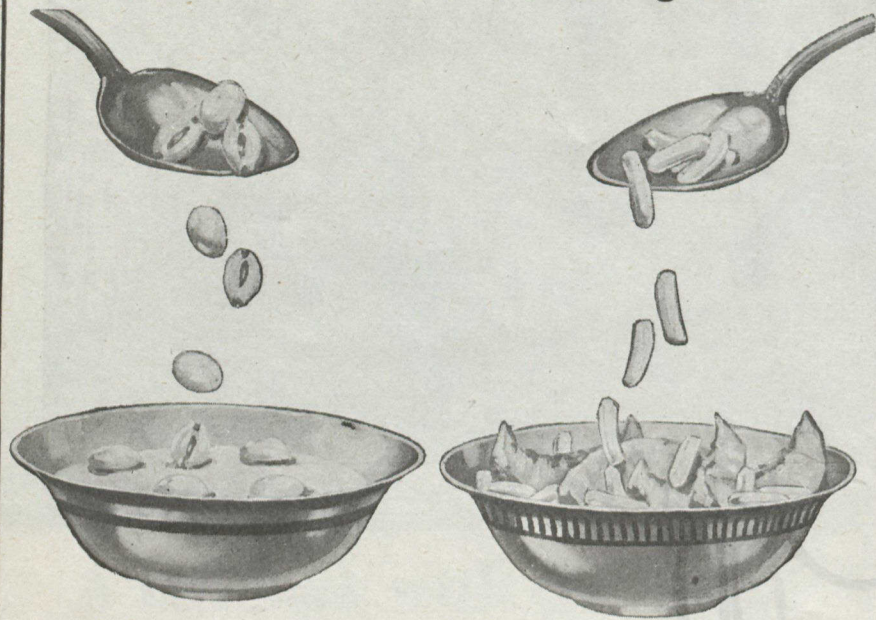


Bubble Grains

Make Other Foods Delightful



Like Puffed Nuts

Puffed Grains are breakfast dainties, but that's not all. They are whole grain which supply whole-grain nutrition. They are food confections, fairy-like in texture, nut-like in their taste.

Puffed Wheat makes bowls of milk vastly more inviting. And milk with whole wheat, steam exploded, is the pinnacle in food.

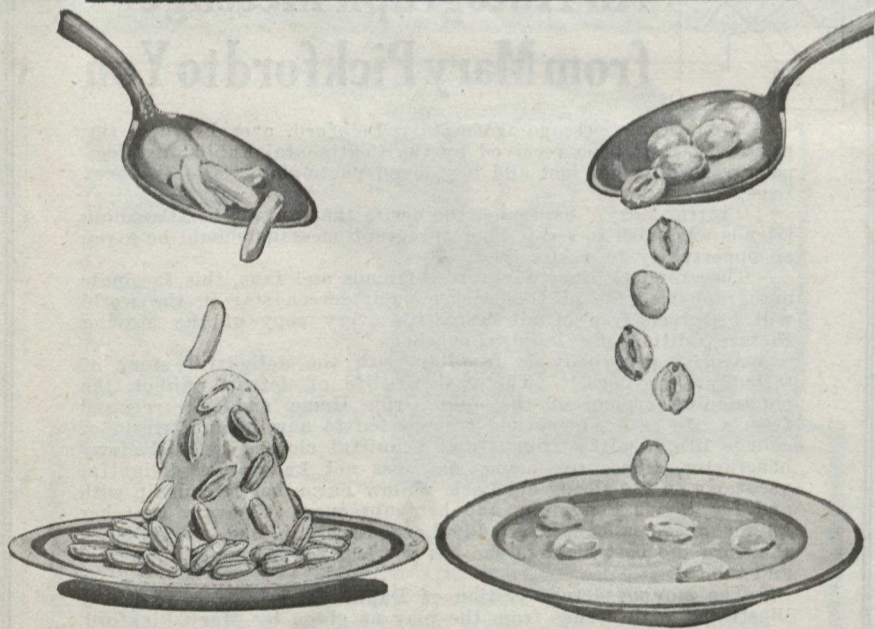
Puffed Rice adds to fruit a fascinating blend. The grain is fragile, flaky, flavory. It adds to fruit what crust adds to a shortcake or to pie.

Crisp and butter and this airy grain becomes a crust-like confection. There is no between-meal dainty which compares with it.

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size



Food Cells Exploded

Puffed Rice tastes like puffed nut meats on ice cream. And home-made candies are made light and nutty by it. Puffed wheat makes flimsy toasted wafers for your soups.

In Puffed grains we blast every food cell. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. Thus every granule is fitted to digest, and every atom feeds. These are the best-cooked grain foods in existence, and the most bewitching. If you believe in whole grains made wholly digestible, use them wherever you can.

Serve one of them in some way every day.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

Saskatoon, Canada

3197

Elizabeth Surrenders

(Continued from page 39)

KITTY (very much puzzled at the turn affairs have taken, but feeling that she must get down to brass tacks at once; she has only five minutes, you must remember): Neville, you haven't congratulated me.

NEVILLE (ignoring her remark): And bronze boots, too. It just goes to show what love will do for a woman.

KITTY: What? (Then down to business again.) Neville, aren't you going to congratulate—

NEVILLE (interrupting rudely): Imagine, if you can, Aunt Elizabeth in bronze boots, all shiny and pointed, and high-heeled!

KITTY (on the point of tears): Neville, I think you're horrid! And what in the world do you mean by saying—

(But Neville raves on, enjoying himself hugely.)

NEVILLE: Doesn't it seem ridiculous that Elizabeth has been my adopted aunt all these years? Imagine Elizabeth's being anyone's aunt!

KITTY: I don't see anything so extraordinary in that—and I'd be grateful if you'd stop raving for two minutes and tell me what the Dickens you're talking about—and why you're so—so—different.

NEVILLE: Why, Kitty—didn't she tell you? Has she left to me the joyful task of telling you the great and glorious news that she and I are as ecstatically happy as you and Alec; that we, too, LOVE—

KITTY (aghast): You're never—en—

NEVILLE: Engaged! You've said it, Kitsy. (Emotionally) D'y'e know, I think I must have always adored her without quite knowing it. But somehow I never had the courage to grasp it, or to ask her to forgive my age—or lack of it, until I heard that Alec, a contemporary of hers, was generously overlooking your extreme youth, forgiving you, your immaturity, and, somehow, it gave me courage—

KITTY: But, Neville, it's an entirely different thing—

NEVILLE: Oh, no, it isn't. Anyway, what do we care? We know, Elizabeth and I, that in the meeting place of hearts there is no age!

KITTY (wailing): But, Neville, she's old enough to be your moth—

(She is interrupted by Elizabeth, who enters, dressed to slay. Her hair is smartly, yet artistically, arranged under a wonderful hat. She is irreproachably gowned, and wears THE boots. She sweeps into the centre of the stage as she speaks, smiling a forgiving and fascinating smile upon Kitty.)

ELIZABETH: Old enough to be his—what? Kitty, dear, that was hitting below the belt. I thought you were too much of a thoroughbred to do that. And anyway, I'm NOT. Tell me you like my boots.

KITTY (struck breathless by all the gorgeousness): Why, you're wonderful—wonderful! What a heavenly hat! Where are you going?

ELIZABETH (vaguely): Going? Oh, the hat. Oh, I'm not going anywhere. I put on the hat because I liked it—sort of finishing touch—see?

KITTY (in awe): It is!

NEVILLE: It finished me, all right, all right! I am at your feet, darling. (With an ecstatic wriggle, he falls at her feet on the floor, quite obviously, abjectly adoring. He is giving the best imitation he knows how of a Bernard Shaw character he once saw—Eugene in Candida.)

KITTY (so exasperated that she can't control her tongue): You're making an idiot of yourself. Elizabeth is old enough to be—

(But she pauses as she sees Elizabeth's eye fixed coldly upon her; the thought that Elizabeth is as much infatuated with her erstwhile nephew as he with her strikes a chill to her heart.)

NEVILLE (still enacting Eugene): Don't be a silly little f-f-fool.

KITTY (good for Nev!): What does it matter that I was born a few years later than Elizabeth—

KITTY (contemptuously): A few!

NEVILLE (who believes that one can't have too much of a good phrase): In the meeting-place of hearts there is no age.

KITTY: You said that before—and there's no sense in it, anyway!

ELIZABETH (quietly chuckling to Neville as Kitty turns away in disgust): Keep it up, Nev; you're a scream!

NEVILLE (keeping it up): Kitty, it's a truth that you and Alec should realize to the full, if you're going to know such happiness as mine and Elizabeth's—I mean, Elizabeth's and mine!

(Nev. seizes Kitty about the waist and dances her, protesting and half-crying, about the studio, singing joyously:

"The hours I spent with thee, Dear Heart; she loves me, Elizabeth loves me! I'm the happiest man on earth!")

(Alec arrives at the door just in time to witness this extraordinary happening, which embarrasses him almost as much as the vision of Elizabeth in fine raiment. Kitty falls into a chair, much dishevelled, and Neville again falls in an exhausted heap at his adored one's bronze boots.)

ALEC (calmly): Don't be an ass, my boy. You surely don't think that a woman—he looks at her—a glorious woman like Elizabeth would look at a silly young ass like you—do you?

KITTY: Oh, oh, he's not a silly young ass—he's very clever—

NEVILLE: In the meeting-place of hearts there is—

ELIZABETH: Alec! Did I interfere, and talk indelicately about age, and so forth, when you told me that you were engaged to Kitty—your ward? Mind your own business, my friend, and we'll mind ours. (She smiles a killing and captivating smile at him.) And perhaps in June, when the daisies are blooming, we'll have a double wedding, we four.

KITTY (so completely overcome with grief that she just naturally doesn't care who knows it): The daisies will bloom over my grave first!

(Alec intercepts a jubilant look between Nev and Elizabeth.)

ALEC (Drily): Huh! Dear me! Yes, indeed. I thoroughly approve of the June wedding.

(Neville's imagination runs riot. He chuckles delightedly and murmurs.)

NEVILLE: Golly, we'd look funny marching down the aisle; look as if we'd got mixed in the shuffle.

ALEC: Oh, no, not at all, my boy. I'll see to it that—

ELIZABETH: Ssh! Listen—the kettle's boiling over! Run and make the tea, Kitty. Alec, help her carry in the things.

(Kitty has flown for the kitchenette when she hears the kettle sizzling. Alec follows leisurely. Neville and Elizabeth fall on each other's necks in uncontrollable mirth. Her arms wave weakly behind his back; his wave weakly behind hers.)

Nev, you're rich! "In the meeting-place of hearts there is no age!"

NEVILLE: I made it up myself! How long are we going to keep this up? I love doing it—don't you?

ALEC (calling): Neville, my boy, come here. I can't find the cream-opener.

NEVILLE (running to the rescue, and speaking as he goes): There isn't such a thing; I use m' thumb!

(Enter Alec once more, closing the door behind him. He walks directly to Elizabeth, and takes her almost roughly by the shoulders.)

ALEC: Elizabeth, confess!

ELIZABETH: Ten minutes ago it was you who needed absolution.

ALEC: Out with it, and don't economize your veracity more than you can help!

ELIZABETH (all injured innocence): Alec!

ALEC: Well, what was the plot, scheme, nefarious intrigue?

ELIZABETH (on the defensive): You were the original plotter, schemer, intrig—trigger!

ALEC: Perhaps it's only fair for me to fess up first, Betsy. Well, once upon a time, a man loved a woman—and he loved her all his life.

(We see the door open a crack, and know that Nev. and Kitty are peeping but, bless them, Alec and Elizabeth are too absorbed to see it.)

ELIZABETH: And once upon a time a woman loved a man—a woman who thought that she loved only her art.

ALEC (gently): My dear.

ELIZABETH: And once upon a time a boy loved a girl, a boy who was young and poor, and too proud to make sure of her, you see, by asking her to wait a little while.

ALEC: But they've enough between them—poor, foolish Nev!

ELIZABETH: Poor foolish boy—and poor foolish woman.

ALEC: So the man and the girl decided to open the blind eyes of the woman and the boy—always remembering that those whom the gods make to see, they first make—jealous!

ELIZABETH: And the woman, when her one-time love turned to the girl, at first only wondered that it had not happened long before; and then all the chivalrous, tender little attentions of the man to the girl brought back sweet memories—

ALEC: "Sweet memories," dear?

ELIZABETH (nodding): So sweet that she wanted to wring the girl's silly little neck—and carry off the man by main force! Cave woman stuff—see? And the hardest part to bear was