

All-American Halfback gets his IRON every day



When iron-rich BOSCO is added, milk drinking becomes fun

Active youngsters drink their quota of milk without coaxing when wonderful-tasting, chocolate-flavored Bosco is added. Not only is Bosco delicious but it is extra rich in Iron and Vitamin D. Remember four teaspoonfuls of Bosco in milk supply the full minimum daily re-

quirement of these two important elements.

★ War conditions may prevent your grocer giving you all the Bosco you want. When this happens, please ask for it again and be patient if he is temporarily out of stock.

"YOU DON'T HAVE TO COAX ME TO DRINK MILK WITH CHOCOLATE FLAVORED BOSCO!"



she would see a dealer about the furniture, that she would give Mrs. Tate her notice, and still she procrastinated, waiting, as if there were a question that must be answered before she could leave. And the question centered about the figure of Mr. Copeland.

In telling you this, I would not have you think that it was not Clement's face that rose continually before her through the day. A hundred times from waking to sleep she would stand stock still, seeing the car in the drive, seeing him turn, smiling, his hand raised. As often, again, her hand would go to the string of pearls around her neck, she would feel them gently lifted and set to rights. "No hard feelings, Virgie?" "No hard feelings, darling." "I shall die," she would think, then, standing in that awkward attitude of her despair, the heel of one hand pressed against her lips, the other hanging, a dead weight, at her side. "I shall die," she would think.

And then, like hope, would come the memory of the way Mr. Copeland had looked at her, and she could feel confidence stir in her. The pain would ease.

ON THE second Sunday after Clement left, she decided to go to church. She tried to take it easy, to use the old formulas, the old techniques that had carried her so far. She lay purse, gloves, handkerchief upon the dresser, set the small, unsuitable, coquettish hat upon her yellow hair, and looked into the mirror, lipstick in hand. "All right, sister," she said aloud, her voice light and hard. "needs must when the devil drives, as Aunt Tabitha so often remarked." But her own voice offended her, she flushed to hear it, like an adolescent publicly convicted of vulgar immaturity, and in the end she went out of the house with dignity, unarmed.

The pew before the pulpit, fourth from the front, was vacant. Nonnie was not there, but Mr. Copeland was. She half-turned about and stared at him as he entered and knelt down. His actual presence, so often and so inaccurately recreated, now struck her, making her catch her breath. The blond hair, curly cut, the thick, ruddy neck, the well-composed body, tamed and classified, given its definite place in the social order by the assumption of Sunday blacks, the big, clean hand reaching for the hymnal as he pushed himself back into the seat from his brief, kneeling moment, these had an integrity, a completeness that she had not expected. She caught herself staring and averted her eyes. When she left the church, they met face to face.

"Mr. Copeland!" she said.

He was startled. "Eh!" he exclaimed, his voice as broad as the voice of one of his laborers. Then he collected himself. "Mrs. Parry. Morning." He held his hat in both hands and looked down at her, his face calm and meek like the face of a good child waiting for an adult order.

"It's a pleasant day," said Virgie inanely, "isn't it?" She took a few little steps ahead of him, French heels biting the soft path, her head a little forward and to one side, indicating that he should walk with her.

After a hesitant moment he obeyed.

"How are the rabbits?" she said foolishly.

"Many as ever," he replied. His face was flat and lifeless, altogether lacking the warmth that she had remembered.