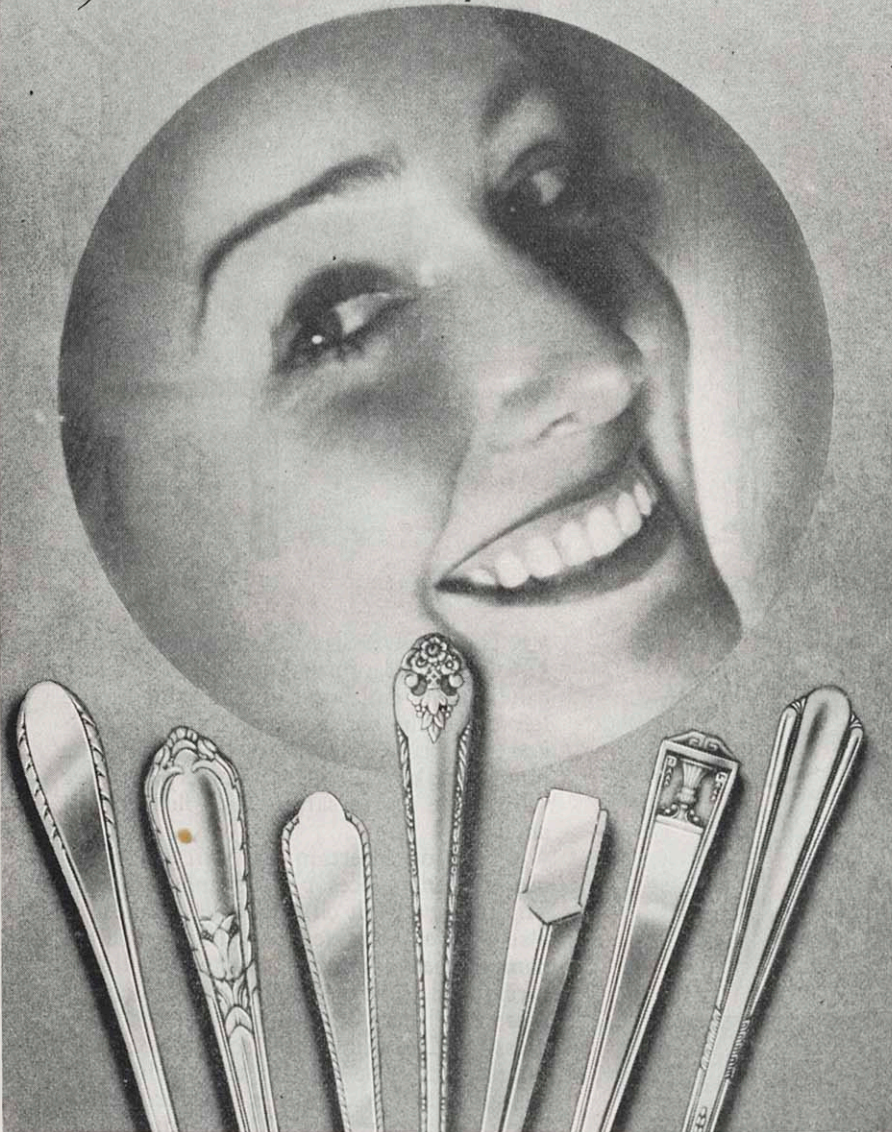


You'd be happy, too,
with the best--

Sterling Inlaid



Happy? Yes, and proud! For in Sterling Inlaid you have the most enviable silverplate in all the world. Designs as delicate as a museum piece. Craftsmanship that's flawless. Truly silverware to rejoice in—to live with and cherish. For Sterling Inlaid lasts a lifetime!

And as you'd expect of the best, you'll find the most beautiful silverplate patterns in Sterling Inlaid. Ask to see them at your Authorized Dealer's.

You'll admire all seven patterns, but one you'll want for your very own. And here's good news: Most Authorized Dealers are now offering a Budget Plan which makes it doubly easy to own Sterling Inlaid. Ask your dealer to show you the 26-piece Service for Six, \$34.50. Teaspoons, six for \$4.25.


Patterns: (left to right) First Lady, Masterpiece, Guest-of-Honor, Lovely Lady, Napoleon, Century, Charm.

HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID

"Something more than plate"

Actual use proves that all silverplate is not alike. Ordinary plate rubs through at the back of the bowl and handle. But not Holmes & Edwards! Because solid blocks of Sterling Silver are inlaid deeply into these two wear points before plating the most



used pieces— Not just extra plate . . . but an inlay of sterling silver that guarantees a lifetime of service and beauty.

IS Each piece of Holmes & Edwards Inlaid is stamped with the quality mark of the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

She Could Reef a Sail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

on Palmer Point, driving boats before it. With luck, before the wind shifted she could pass the rock-clumped outpost of the channel.

Marty gave the main sheet full scope and the Spin ran for it. The faintly coppered clouds were spreading and the water was turning from steel to lack-luster. Swift and catlike the wind veered. Marty hauled in on the sheet. There was no running in now. Peaked caps of white stirred on the water and a wave rose and curled over the cockpit. The Spin dipped deeply and mounted, her keel bared.

"Jay—" Cyra screamed. "What possessed you to come out today?"

"The cabin is right below," Jay said. "Duck down into it, Cy."

"I'm staying on deck," Cyra cried. "You," she said to Marty, "can't you do something?"

"I'm going to reef," Marty said. She could, she calculated quickly, beat past Pidgeon Rocks with shortened sail when the storm struck, not without. The copper clouds were shading to lead and the wind was coming. The slashing crest of another wave hit the cockpit. Marty gripped the dripping tiller, steadying to her feet. She looked small and purposeful.

"Take it," she told Jay, "and keep her up. Hang on!" She darted forward to the halyard and eased the mainsail swiftly down. Flukily, a fore-running puff of squall hit. The jib shook crazily. "Don't let her get away," Marty yelled. "Hang on. Hold her!"

"Oke," Jay promised. He held on. Heading up the Spin, as she plunged under her swollen jib.

MARTY bunched the sail along the boom. The squall was closing in. Scuds of spray flew over the Spin's weather side. Marty jerked the reef-points together in quick tight square knots. The marker on Pidgeon Rocks loomed over the twisting waves.

"Fall off," Marty cried and Jay managed it, with the Spin pitching under rushing gusts. Marty hoisted the reefed mainsail and sprang to the jib.

"Jay—" Cyra's voice ran uphill. "Couldn't you have brought someone beside a girl to help? We'll never get in!"

Jay said something that sounded short and grim. Rain was beginning to fall. Marty clung to the bit on the bucking bow. It was slippery and wet, and her slacks were drenched and her hair was plastered in wet wings. She knotted the soggy jib reef-points when the Spin rode the crests, and clutched the bit and boom when the Spin dove through the trough. The squall was on them in full force. Rain thrashed the deck and wind clawed the reefed mainsail. Marty got the jib up and groped her way back to the cockpit.

"The rocks," Jay shouted.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

**YOU SURE ARE
A TERRIBLE
HOUSEKEEPER!**



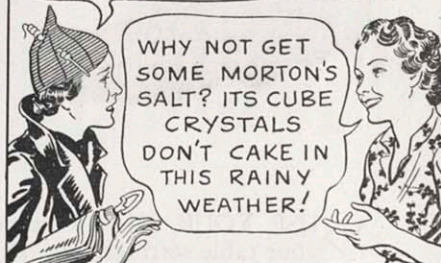
GOOD GRIEF, CAN'T WE HAVE SALT THAT POURS? YOU SURE ARE A TERRIBLE HOUSEKEEPER!



SNIFF
SNIFF

NEXT MORNING - AT SISTER'S

JACK WAS SIMPLY FURIOUS LAST NIGHT JUST BECAUSE THE SALT WOULDN'T POUR!



WHY NOT GET SOME MORTON'S SALT? ITS CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T CAKE IN THIS RAINY WEATHER!

THAT EVENING

WELL, HONEY, I SEE YOU GOT RID OF THOSE CLOGGED SALT-CELLARS ALREADY. YOU'RE JUST AS SMART AS YOU ARE PRETTY!



IODIZED OR PLAIN



COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY

WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS