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Makes air smell
flower-fresh

One Spray of Colgate's new Floriant instant-action Air Deodorant quickly kills unpleasant household odors—cooking, smoking, bathroom, pets, musty closets, baby's room, and sick room. Get it at your grocery or drug store. Be sure to keep an extra Floriant handy in the kitchen.



It's wonderful
the way
Chewing-Gum
Laxative
acts chiefly to

REMOVE WASTE- NOT GOOD FOOD

Here's a secret millions have discovered about FEEN-A-MINT, the wonderfully different chewing-gum laxative.

FEEN-A-MINT is different because you chew it. It's different, too, because it removes mostly waste—not good food! FEEN-A-MINT does not work in the stomach, where food is being digested. That's why it does not take away a lot of the good food you need for energy.

Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT works chiefly in the lower bowel...removes mostly waste, not good food! And it's non-irritating, too.

So to feel like a million, chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT. 16 tablets, 35¢—also small and economy sizes.

Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE



After the Orange Sherbet



by Seymour Krim

JANE CAMPION opened her bag for a cigaret, worried that Walter wouldn't show up on time, and caught sight of her handsome, green-grained checkbook. Naturally she smiled. The virtues of a personal checking account are quite beautiful. She was still smiling to herself when Walter cried "Hey!" his strong voice slicing through the hum of frantic activity.

"I'm sorry, baby," he said, shouldering his way through to her at the passenger gate. His broad-brimmed hat was pushed back on his head and in his right hand hung the inevitable briefcase. With his iron left forearm and strong fingers, he grasped her shoulders.

"Don't smear, sweetheart."

Walter paused an inch from her mouth. "Complaints, yet." After nineteen years of marriage, it was a remarkable kiss. But so is my guy, Jane thought, dabbing with a tissue as they eased into line and Walter showed the tickets to the man at the gate. Their plane was sputtering and grumbling in preliminary wakefulness.

"I thought you might miss it," she panted as they hurried up the ramp. She clutched a small suitcase, her purse, and a sheaf of magazines in a confused flurry. But Walter guided her to their seats with a firm hand, disregarding the dark-haired stewardess who wanted to help.

He installed Jane by the window, opened the top button of his shirt, removed his hat, and grunted. She reached up and tucked a crisp, greying curl from off his forehead.

"Tell me, darling," she asked as they wriggled themselves comfortable, "what held you up?"

"This Bloomer business." He tapped the briefcase. "I've got it licked, though. Had to gab all afternoon with the owners. Then luckily I checked my watch and said, 'Boys, I'm off to camp.' While they tried to figure that out, I scrambled!"

Jane slid her hand beneath Walter's arm and squeezed. Since Walter's successes (and failures) were hers, she was glad the Bloomer thing was ending.

Bloomer was a temperamental baseball pitcher who had quit in the middle of the season, claiming the manager of his team had insulted him. And since Walter's firm represented this team as well as innumerable other sports organizations, she knew *l'affaire Bloomer* had been a nuisance to him these past weeks.

"Think we'll get chicken again?" he asked as their plane lifted off the ground.

"Dreamer. Of course!"

Roast chicken, mashed potatoes, and stringbeans were the standard items at the Camp Seminole Award Night dinners, as predictable as the orange sherbet which followed. Fathers all over the East, Jane mused, were wondering at this very moment if a steak or lobster could force its way onto the menu. But she knew Walter's question—and the tired look that had come over his rugged features—indicated something else which he wouldn't discuss.

This was the fifth consecutive August that they were flying up to Seminole for Award Night, which not only climaxed the Summer for the boys but brought the parents into hand-shaking contact with Harold Carter, the director. It was usually a noisy event, with Carter making a hard sell for next season. But it wasn't this that had made each previous trip difficult for Walter.

"YOU'RE SO QUIET, darling," Jane said as they flew high above the intricate landscape. "Tired?"

"Think I'll catch a snooze."

The big legs came out and the broad back slumped into a seat not designed for men like Walter. She put her hand fondly on his knee. Although a respectable middle-aged attorney, Walter still had the build that had taken him through three years of varsity football. It was Walter, with his love of sports, who had led his partner Mike Richter into making their firm one of the top legal representatives in the sports world.

But it was Walter's fate to be father to a son who preferred Liberian stamps to football and collected pictures of transatlantic liners instead of developing his fast ball—which Walter would have loved since left-handed Ralph was a "natural-born southpaw." Not that Walter hadn't tried. Jane would never forget the sweatshirt which he had bought the boy before Ralph's first Summer at Seminole, and how the frail nine-year-old had dutifully accompanied his father to the park on six straight Sunday mornings. Together they ran around the reservoir, until on the sixth Sunday Ralph fell down from exhaustion halfway around.

When they moved into a house, Walter tried again—a ping-pong table in the basement, badminton for the back lawn, a regulation basket for basketball in the garage. But for his age, he played only a mediocre game.