

Colgate's
new
Florent

aerosol air deodorant

**kills
room odors
fast**



Makes air smell
flower-fresh



Now in 4
fragrances:
floral,
spice, mint,
and pine

No wick • No walt • No waste

**No Nagging
Backache Means a
Good Night's Sleep**

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exercising, emotional upsets or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation... with that restless, uncomfortable feeling.

If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Doan's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action through the kidneys - tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, large, economy size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!

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**STOP
prickly, pimply, skin
ITCH**

and help skin feel better, fast

Use soothing, lanolin-rich

**RESINOL OINTMENT
and SOAP**

FICTION

THE SPACE MEN were landing. On television, that is. Their ugly square faces, turning slowly, made my heart thump. They almost came into the living room of our new apartment. Aunt Ettie was knitting right behind me and I could smell the cake Mom was baking.

Earthmen were blasting away loud on TV so I didn't hear the door open or anything until Aunt Ettie screamed, "Help!" She sounded as if the Enemy was in the room. They were—two of them. Not space men, but real.

There was a big man in a brown cap. He yelled, "Shut up!" at Aunt Ettie, pushing her back into her chair.

Before I could move, Mom came rushing in and dropped her cooking spoon on the new rug. At first I guess I wasn't afraid. It seemed like more TV. Dad says I was brave, but kids that aren't six yet can be pretty dumb. I knew that Dad was out of town and I was the only one to stop these bad men. Like a space cadet or a Texas ranger.

Mom just stood there. The man in the brown cap was tying Aunt Ettie's mouth with the sweater that she'd been knitting. The other fellow with greasy-looking hair and a black mustache had his eyes fixed on me.

He pointed and Mom sat down. Then he started over to me. But Brown Cap yelled, "Leave the kid alone."

Was I glad! Aunt Ettie was kind of shaking in the green chair, blinking her eyes over the white wool.

Brown Cap said, "Where's the dough, lady, and your jewelry?"

When Mom didn't answer, the greasy fellow took a big step. Brown Cap stuck out his arm and said, "You watch the other dame but don't touch her. We ain't gonna hurt nobody."

Then Mom said in a funny high voice, "My purse is in that desk and my jewel box is in the top drawer in the bedroom."

They'd better hurry, she said, or my father would be coming home. Mom wasn't really lying because she closed one eye and that always meant the opposite of what she said.

They started rummaging around and I kept wondering what Buck Fearless would do. I knew he wouldn't be scared, so I jumped up and yelled, "The Riders are coming, you old robbers!"

Greasy gave a hop and dropped mother's pearls. Luckily my guns were handy and I let him have it. But it didn't even stop him and in a second he was reaching for me. I got awful mad and grabbed his leg and punched him and kicked him.

He took hold of my shoulder. But the boss yelled out, "Quit it, punk. I said to leave him alone."

Then I saw Greasy sneak out his own



**Secret
Orders**

pistol as if he wanted me to see it before he stuck it back in his pocket. And it wasn't a Christmas present or plastic like mine. I would have kicked him again but Mom called "Jamie" and I knew she meant to stop. Like on our own shows when she was Commander and I watched signals.

She didn't say another word. Just a quick look. The phone, of course. I slid over and had the receiver off to call the police when Greasy laughed a mean laugh. I saw the cut wire. It wouldn't work, like the toy phone I had when I was a three-year-old baby. Mom saw it

too and I don't think she felt very good.

I jumped up and Greasy took a step. My mouth was open, ready to yell like a coward deserting his ship.

But Mom called loud and quick, "Jamie dear, go into the bathroom and play with your ships—just like yesterday."

I was surprised. I remembered distinctly that yesterday she didn't let me watch my five o'clock program because of a shipwreck I had. The shipwreck washed a hole between the tiles and poured down below. The man in 7B was awfully mad.

"Just like yesterday," Mom was say-