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For overnight relief from irregularity, take gentle Ex-Lax. It helps you toward your normal regularity in two medical ways. One—Unlike some laxatives, Ex-Lax acts mostly in the large intestine, not the stomach. Does not rob you of vital foods. Two—Ex-Lax continues to help you toward your normal regularity... seldom, if ever, is it needed next day. Take pleasant-tasting, chocolate Ex-Lax.

COVER: It hardly seems possible, but those pert kittens are heir to thousands of years of breeding. The blue-eyed Siamese came to the U.S. a half-century ago, and today it's our most popular cat—excepting, of course, the alley variety! (photo by Walt Chandoha.)

FAMILY WEEKLY

179 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

Gift for a New Mother



IF I WERE GOING to have another baby, I asked myself, what would I want my friends to give me? I decided the grandest thing would be a complete dinner after I came home from the hospital—enough for my husband, our two young children, and myself.

I wasn't going to have another baby but one of my friends was, and when I told her about the idea, she hugged me with joy. And the first Sunday she was home from the hospital, my husband and I drove up to her house with a roast and all the trimmings. That gift really hit the jackpot, and we have done it for other friends half a dozen times since. Best of all, I think it made us happier than the recipients!—Mrs. L. L., Sacramento, Calif.

HOME OF THE PENNY DOLLS. There must be many like myself in our town who remember a little toy shop owned by an Englishwoman, Miss Zinn. It was the only store in town where penny toys were sold—and paper dolls, china dolls with shiny black hair and rosy cheeks, and sticky candy like a lollipop fastened to small garden tools. A child with a few cents to spend was in fairyland there.

Miss Zinn herself was worth a visit. A bell rang when you opened the door and there she would be—a tiny, smiling lady in lace who was always pleasant. It was an event for children to go shopping in those days, and Miss Zinn's shop

was one of the few children could afford to patronize.

When her shop burned down, Miss Zinn retired and she died soon after. But many of us have pleasant memories of childhood dreams fashioned as we leaned over the counter in that little toy shop.—Anne B. Howard, Waco, Tex.

WHEN THE FLOOD STRUCK. The worst flood in 50 years recently hit our part of southwestern Virginia, and everyone pitched in to help. School bus drivers (my husband, for one) had to leave their buses and walk the children home. One driver took six tots to his own home because they lived too far away to make it themselves.

The radio station helped homeless families find places to stay; the Red Cross set up emergency headquarters in our American Legion hall to help the flood victims, and we all came through it safely. We also learned how much the Red Cross and individual citizens will do to aid others when disaster strikes.—Mrs. O. L. Pruett, Bandy, Va.

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters

We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If you print your letter, you will receive \$10. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Letters cannot be returned. Address Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.



... A FEW weeks ago Fay hung a birdhouse in my tree. The front door faces my window. I was ready for a wren.

Waldo hadn't made up his mind where he'd live until he discovered my property, a neat white bungalow with brown shingles.

I saw him the day he dropped in to look the place over. It was spic and span, which obviously disconcerted him. He spent quite a while going over the house, cellar to attic, and inspecting the roof for leakage.

Today he's moving in. He's working like a bird dog. He couldn't interest anyone else in assisting him and it's necessitated all sorts of extra work. He's pretty tired.

Waldo has a penchant for picking lumber the size of redwood trunks to bring in the front door. He hoists them up sideways and bangs his beak against the door jamb. Finally, when he can't blast them in, he gives the whole thing up as a bad job and drops them on the ground. He's wasted a good carload of lumber that way. He's either drunk or stupid.

Furthermore, I'm afraid Waldo is setting up bachelor quarters. I haven't seen a sign of the little woman and this bothers me. Some members of Waldo's family are notorious bigamists and philanderers. They no sooner build a little love nest than they mumble about working late at the office and pick up another girl friend in the next tree.

I hope Waldo's not that kind of wren. I'd hate to be a party to the illicit affairs of a chirpskate. But, for a family man, Waldo certainly has a leer in his beady eye.

I've considered going out there with a gift of string to help hold up the drapes, but I can't decide whether I'm encouraging vice or virtue and a landlord has to be careful these days. I'd dislike having Waldo ruin the reputation of the neighborhood.

However, I'll wait and see. If the girl Waldo brings home pretty soon looks tired and cross and complains bitterly about that litter he left on the lawn, I'll run right out with a cup of bugs and be neighborly.

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