



YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you brush false teeth you risk offensive Denture Breath. Be safe with Polident! It soaks into places no brush can reach, keeps plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about FALSE TEETH ...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white...and odor-free!

But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film—sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of Denture Breath or dingy film!

Easy to Use...Instant Action... Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath." Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food particles and odor-breeding bacteria are washed out of tiny cracks and crevices no brush can reach. Suddenly your false teeth start looking naturally white again...and no more Denture Breath!

With Polident it's a soak...a rinse... a clean fresh mouth! You'll never be self-conscious about false teeth again!

POLIDENT SOAKS INTO CRACKS NO BRUSH CAN REACH

Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!

Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today. At any drug counter.

Better Late Than Early



by Dick Emmons

EVER SINCE the night last February when we arrived at the Taylors' home in response to a telephoned invitation, and found Fred bathing the dog and Lottie with her hair in curlers, we have been a bit more cautious in our approach to hosts' residences—very cautious, in fact.

Not that they weren't dears about the whole thing. They were. Lottie explained graciously from behind the bookcase that the party was the next night; and Fred, battling furiously to keep his soaking-wet mastiff from bursting through the half-open basement door, said he thought the whole thing hugely amusing. He did not laugh, however.

We backed out awkwardly and drowned our embarrassment in a double feature. Although the error was entirely the fault of my wife, Helen, I should also mention that the girl may be entitled to clemency.

Her alibi is that she could not immediately find a pencil to jot down the time and date when Lottie called; that when she did find one, it had no point; that when she located the sharpener in my dresser drawer, our twin boys burst into the house caked with mud; and that when that double emergency had been attended to, she no longer remembered much about Lottie's call.

Anyway, as I say, the Taylor affair altered our method of operation and changed us from happy, carefree guests into furtive, uncertain, cautious ones.

You can't go blithely to a party if all the time you have a sneaking suspicion it was held last week. At least, we can't.

These days, when we get near the scene of a party, we drive past the house and circle the block six or eight times, trying to determine whether any other guests have arrived. This practice occasionally arouses the curiosity of the local police department, and we have gotten to know some of the squad-car men fairly well.

Once we are reasonably sure that at least one other couple has preceded us, we re-enter the host's block, turn off the headlights, and park a few houses down the

street to keep the home under surveillance.

We were doing exactly that a few weeks ago near the Robinsons' home, where we had been invited for dinner at 8 p.m. By 8:30 my wife had finished the crossword puzzle in the evening paper by the light of the glove-compartment lamp and was beginning to get edgy.

"She distinctly told me the Andrews and the Turners were coming too," Helen rasped, "but their cars aren't there. Go up and peek in. See if they're dressed."

I protested vainly and, calling my Cherokee instincts into play, padded across the intervening lawns and dove behind the Robinsons' spirea bush. Cautiously, I raised my head above the window sill and peered in, looking for dressed Robinsons.

I found myself staring straight into Jim Robinson's face. He apparently was looking for his guests. We each drew back, but I drew back farther—far enough, in fact, to trip over the lawn sprinkler and go sprawling in the wetness.

"Did they see you?" Helen whispered anxiously when I limped back to the car.

"No one, not even my mirror, has ever seen me better," I groaned. "Come on, let's make the best of it."

I explained the spirea maneuver to Jim as best I could and he cackled half-heartedly. His wife explained that neither the Andrews nor the Turners could make it that night and shortly said that "we might as well eat the roast—that is, if there's anything left of it."

As you can see, our record keeps improving. We are now getting reasonably competent on dates and only the time throws us. With complete humility may I suggest that anyone foolish enough to invite us to a party do so not by telephone but by note. In triplicate, if you will.

On the afternoon of the affair, be good enough to send us a reminder telegram. Collect, of course. If we still don't show up on time, don't give up. We'll undoubtedly appear the following Saturday.