

Kill bathroom odors fast with Colgate's new Floriant

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.



NOW IN 4
FRAGRANCES:
FLORAL, SPICE,
MINT, PINE

No Wick • No Wait • No Waste

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL LAXATIVE USERS!

Now, your constipation need not be a problem, or interfere with normal activities. Here's help toward your normal regularity—in the gentle way nature wants.

Take safe-acting Ex-Lax, as directed, at night. It won't disturb sleep. Next morning, enjoy the closest thing to natural action. Gentle Ex-Lax continues to help you toward your normal regularity. Seldom, if ever, is it needed next day. Get the modern laxative more families use... chocolate Ex-Lax.

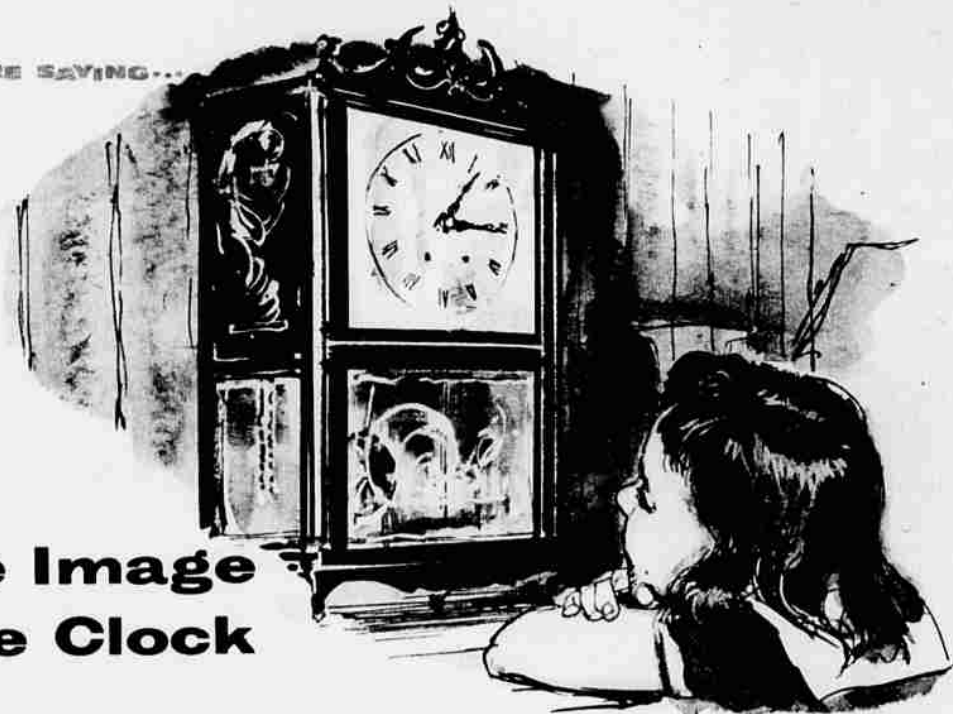
Skin ITCHED and HOW But I Smile NOW...

"Fiery, itchy skin almost drove me crazy until I discovered Lanacane. Now I am happy," writes Mrs. D. Howard of L.A.

Here's blessed relief from the itching tortures and misery of rash, eczema and skin irritations with an amazing new scientific formula called LANACANE Skin Ointment. This stainless medicated cream kills harmful bacteria germs while it softens and dissolves infected skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer another minute. Get LANACANE today at all druggists.



AS YOU WERE SAYING...



The Image on the Clock

WHEN I was a child we had an old-fashioned clock with a pendulum swinging behind a glass door and a carved bonnet over the face. Year after year I looked at the glass door and saw an abstract design painted in gold. After I was older, I discovered that the tracery of gold was really a picture of a snail, representing the passage of seconds as the pendulum swung.

It made me realize that there is no face or experience so familiar but that someday I may see it more clearly, more accurately, with better understanding.—Mary R. Heath, Muskogee, Okla.

JENNY HAS CEREBRAL PALSY. Not long ago I turned away from God, stopped praying, and became bitter about my lot in life—all because our daughter had cerebral palsy. But when we took Jenny to a clinic, I saw children who had no control over their tiny bodies, who couldn't utter an intelligible word, whose mental faculties were damaged. Then I looked at Jenny. She has full use of her left arm and partial use of the right; she walks quite well, and her speech is only slightly impaired.

I realized then how fortunate she was, and since that day

I have never missed offering a prayer of thanks as well as a prayer for those other children and parents less fortunate than we.—Mrs. E. M. Duke, Memphis, Tenn.

REFORMED LITTERBUGS. In 1946 we took a trip from the West Coast to the East and thoughtlessly pitched debris through the car windows as we drove along. We thought nothing of it, and the roadside looked as if no one else did either.

Last Summer we took another trip and followed the hints we had read about taking paper bags along in the car for litter. We left the bags in waste barrels along the way, and we noticed as we drove along how much cleaner the roadside was than 10 years before. It seems as though many other drivers are cooperating to make traveling more enjoyable.—Mrs. A. R. G., Boise, Ida.

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters

We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If we 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.

I was just thinking...



Patty Johnson

... I HAVE managed to do myself out of 100 large, fat dollar bills.

I have also retained a typewriter for which I have no love and little respect.

After I emerged from the fanciest of all fancy airlines, I laid siege to the baggage counter for my luggage. It was all there, including my portable typewriter, which had been taken sick.

Its hard green shell hung off its innards disclosing a wild view of flapping gills and dislocated arteries. It inspired in me pure hatred.

The airline folk were nonplussed. I worked up feeble indignation of my own. The porter wrapped my typewriter in baling wire and sent me home to await developments.

I'll say this for the airlines: they don't spin their wheels. They called me long distance and offered, sight unseen, to pay a cool hundred, if necessary, for a new typewriter. They said they'd trust my judgment.

Visions of sugarplums danced in my head. I lay awake

contemplating the delight of an electric portable, a silent sphinx, a little servant which would come when I whistled or lie down and play dead. I could scarcely wait for morning to begin the great adventure.

By dawn's early light I wrestled the mess of baling wire and fevered machinery to my friend, Martin. He got out his stethoscope and thermometer and peered anxiously into the old boy's metal gullet.

"Well, now," he opined, "things aren't so bad. I expect we'll have him up and around in no time."

My airline castles tottered.

"No new typewriter? No 100 bucks?"

"Hardly that," murmured Martin. "Just a few minor repairs."

I have now written the airline the happy news. Pretty soon my old antagonist will be with me again, as good as the miserable day I picked him out. I suppose I ought to feel proud that I remembered honesty is the best policy.

But sometimes I wish I hadn't made it to Sunday School.