STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

COMBAT INFECTION
PROMOTE HEALING

WITH ANTISEPTIC

Campho-Phenique

LIQUID

USE IT FOR

MINOR BURNS, CUTS
SCRATCHES, ABRASIONS

Quick! Apply Campho-Phenique at once to minor burns from hot cooking utensils, hot water or steam . . . stops pain *instantly*, promotes rapid healing. The same thing happens when you use it on minor cuts, scratches and abrasions. Campho-Phenique is highly antiseptic. Wonderful for fever blisters, cold sores, gum boils; to relieve itching and to guard against infecting insect bites. Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.

FOR* ATHLETE'S FOOT *USE
CAMPHO-PHENIQUE POWDER

In The Yellow Shaker Can

1. Checks Fungus Growth.
2. Prevents Its Spread.
3. Stops Itching.
4. Promotes Rapid Healing.

Millions Regain

REGULARITY

Lack of good food bulk a common cause of constipation.

If drug-type laxatives don't seem to be helping you, why not try this simple, pleasant way to regularity enjoyed by millions? Kellogg's All-Bran restores the natural laxative bulk you need daily to keep on schedule. You'll like the old-fashioned bran muffin flavor of All-Bran. And it is inexpensive—only a few pennies a day. Kellogg's—the *original* ready-to-eat whole bran. If not entirely satisfied within 10 days, return empty carton and get twice what you paid.

Best liked by millions

AS YOU WERE SAYING...

He Adopted Us

WE STOPPED at an orphanage one day to visit my cousin, a matron there. When I returned to the sitting room where my husband was waiting, I saw a four-year-old, red-headed, freckle-faced boy on his knee.

The boy was saying, "Is that your car out there?"

My husband said, "Yes."

"Do you have a watch?"

"Yes," and my husband showed him his watch and chain.

"Do you have a dog at your house?"

"Yes," my husband said, grinning, "and he loves boys."

"Then I'm going home with you" said the redhead. "I've 'dopted you!"

And he did! Our son is now a grown man with a family of his own, and we've always been proud that he adopted us!—*Mrs. Joe Duncan, Port Arthur, Tex.*

ONE WOMAN'S CAMPAIGN. I am a reporter for a Mojave Desert newspaper that recently began a campaign to fill up abandoned holes left by long-ago prospectors. During the campaign the work of one woman came to our attention.

She lives in a so-called ghost town, a tourist attraction where motorists stop and allow their children to scamper over the ruins. Realizing the danger of these holes, she's been filling them up, without fanfare or even hope of success; there must be thousands of them in the area.

But one woman can't do it alone. Wouldn't it be nice if we had laws that could force property owners to fill them in or, for certain offenses like littering the highways, if judges would sentence violators to fill up so many of them?—*Jessie Smith, Ridgecrest, Calif.*

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

. . . THE WOMAN crept upstairs to a silent apartment and sobbed. If she had not been alone, she might have smiled instead.

The adolescent bride cried at her wedding and the child cried because mother saw her fall on the sidewalk.

In the night a woman cries the tears of disappointment and a teen-ager sobs over a tragic love story. The rails of the track glisten with tears of welcome and pangs of departure. A man dies at dawn in a hospital and the nurse he married wipes away his agony and hers.

It has been a long time since I cried in sorrow, but seldom that I do not cry in laughter. It is good to weep, to unleash the heart and restore the mind to calm. There is a benison in allowing the rain of the mind's pain to course the cheeks.

The first time I saw a man's tears, I felt shame for him and embarrassment for myself. Perhaps the memory has lingered because he was weak and cried more easily than I. But since that day I have learned that a man has as great a right to tears as a woman and perhaps earns them more. It is the harsh judgment of custom which denies them and they must therefore be the more painful.

I place too great a value on my tears of sorrow. I begrudge each one I give the world and so I thrust them down and inward and deny them. And myself.

There is always time for laughter. It is the birthright of man's joy and exultation. Laughter is the gift without which happiness is solemn and delight is mute.

But there is also a time for tears. God gave us the brilliant courage of our laughter. He gave us also the right to weep.

Laughter is the heart's music. Tears are the sweet ointment of the soul.

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