

Medical center reports faster,
more effective cough relief!

**Soothes away
coughs fast...
by relieving
the cause!**

Lets your child sleep...you, too!



**FAST, EFFECTIVE RELIEF
FOR COUGHS OF COLDS:**

1. controls deep-down bronchial cough
2. soothes rasping throat tickle
3. eases sleep-robbing "croupy" cough
4. calms dry, hacking cough

Mother, here's fast relief for those nagging coughs that turn nights into nightmares. More effective relief, too, because new Vicks Cough Syrup relieves the cause of coughing.

You see, coughs of colds are often caused by irritation in the throat... and by congestion in the bronchial passages. Because new Vicks Cough Syrup has a special penetrating ingredient... Cetamium®... the first spoonful stops throat tickle. Then it works internally to control bronchial coughs... thereby getting at the cause of the cough. In fact, a Boston medical center reports it gives faster, more effective relief than the 5 other leading cough medications tested!

Flavor? Delicious wild cherry! Don't let your family suffer, Mother. Get Vicks Medi-trating Cough Syrup today!

COUGHS OF ASIATIC FLU

The common cold and Asiatic flu have many similar symptoms—coughs, sore throat, bronchial congestion. If there is fever, call your doctor. However, Vicks Medi-trating Cough Syrup can bring relief for Asiatic flu coughs, just as it does for ordinary coughs of colds. It soothes cough-torn throat... helps break up bronchial congestion.

VICKS
MEDI-TRATING
**COUGH
SYRUP**

Medicates as it penetrates

Postscript



As You Were Saying...

LAST YEAR our 9-year-old son was given a discarded typewriter to use as a toy. One night he typed us the following note:

"My name is Steven Miller. I have a nice brother. His name is Tom. I have a good mother. She is kind to me. I have a father. He loves me. I am lucky. I have a good home. I am happy."

We all admired his note and propped it on the desk where everyone could see it. Next day, while we were out visiting, the cleaning woman came. When we returned there were two notes on the desk. The second one said:

"My name is Annie. I am the maid. I like working in a happy home."—Mrs. A. Miller, Sioux City, Ia.

He Sows Seeds of Honesty. When my children were small and still at home, I did a great deal of canning. We used to make a day of it: pack a lunch, pile the whole family in the car, drive out to a farm, and pick our own fruit.

One day we went to pick cherries. The usual system was to pick the fruit and take it to the farmer. He would then weigh it and charge us whatever it was worth. This time we had started rather late and weren't quite through when the farmer came by to tell us he had to go to his other farm. He said to weigh our own fruit, mark it in his record book, and slip the money between the pages.

When we finished and went to the scales, we found the book stuffed with cash. Many other pickers had weighed their own fruit and left the money.

It was heart-warming to find a man with such faith in the basic honesty of strangers, and so many strangers who didn't betray that faith.—Mrs. Stephen E. Bliss, Bath, N. Y.



I Was Just Thinking...

... ONE OF THE residents of this house hates me. It has a long neck and an unwieldy body and lives in a closet. It is the vacuum cleaner.

I get along pretty well with everybody else. The stove smiles amiably, the refrigerator is real cool, and the furnace is happily hot.

But the vacuum cleaner is a vitriolic viper.

Should I take it by the scruff of the neck to carry it upstairs, it turns over its own shoulder and cuts a hole in the woodwork. Should I stick its pronged fingers in the wall, it waits until I begin running it to let go.

If I attach the rug sweeper, it falls off before I reach the rug. If I take off the rug sweeper, it slips out of my hand and crushes my toes to pulp.

At first I thought I was too impatient. I was hurrying through the housework to get to the leftover coffee.

"This will never do," I said while rubbing the aching shin the vacuum cleaner had clobbered from around the corner. "I'll have to acquire more patience."

The next time, I moved with the deliberation of a snail in a gunny-sack race. I folded the cord carefully before I picked up the cleaner. I assembled all its shiny appendages in a tidy box. I sang a little song to myself as we made the perilous journey together into the living room. That was where we fell down. I had caught my foot in its skates.

Now I have succumbed to the realization that there is really nothing I can do in this continuing nightmare of antagonism. Today the vacuum cleaner showed me its newest trick.

It waited until I was 20 or 30 feet from the wall plug and then disconnected itself with a snap like a garter. The cord raced across the floor and hid inside the cleaner. This was accomplished with the aplomb of a teen-ager inhaling spaghetti.

As soon as I get it back in the closet, I will sit down and cry. But I don't want it to hear me.

It's giggling.

Patty Johnson

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