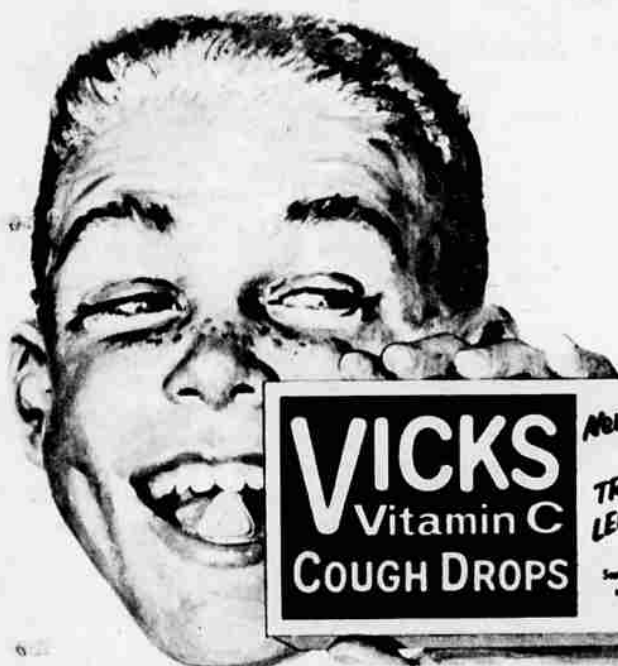


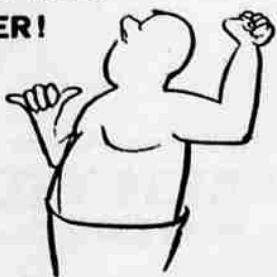
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## NEW! Lemon Flavor plus Vitamin C

Most delicious way ever to soothe that rough and raspy throat . . . ease that nagging throat tickle . . . each package contains twice the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin C . . . refreshes dry smokers' throats, too!

NEVER FELT  
BETTER!



Checkups help to detect cancer in its "silent" stage before you notice any symptom.



It's wonderful  
the way  
Chewing-Gum  
Laxative  
acts chiefly to

## REMOVE WASTE- NOT GOOD FOOD

Here's a secret millions have discovered about FEEN-A-MINT, the wonderfully different chewing-gum laxative. FEEN-A-MINT is different because you chew it. It's different, too, because it removes mostly waste—not good food! FEEN-A-MINT does not work in the stomach, where food is being digested. That's why it does not take away a lot of the good food you need for energy. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT works chiefly in the lower bowel...removes mostly waste, not good food! And it's non-irritating, too. To feel like a million, chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT. 16 tablets, 37¢—also small and economy sizes.



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Relieved At Last

"Resinol has given me relief at last from rough, itching, cracked hands," writes a Bettsville, Ohio woman. "Two doctors, one a skin specialist, didn't help me but RESINOL certainly did. I'm not ashamed of my hands any more!"

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Super-Lamolated

**RESINOL** Medicinal  
OINTMENT  
And Forget Your Skin Distress!  
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## Miracle Cushion Holds False Teeth Tight Eases Sore Gums

- Sticks to Denture
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Snug® brand Denture Cushions are a triumph of science, a sensational new ever-soft plastic re-lining that gets rid of the annoyance and fear of loose, badly fitting false teeth. Snug eases sore, irritated gums due to loose dentures. Helps prevent food particles from lodging under plates. Applied in minutes, makes wobbling plates stay firmly in place—gives perfect comfort. Eat anything—talk, laugh—plates "stay put." Harmless to gums or dentures. Snug re-liners can last from 2 to 4 months. Stay soft and pliable—do not harden and ruin plate. Peel right out when replacement is needed. No daily bother with adhesives. Get Snug brand Denture Cushions today! 2 liners for upper or lower plates \$1.50. Money back if not satisfied. At all druggists.



# A Little Bit of Chaos

by Dick Emmons

WHAT IS IT the statesmen the world over are always talking about? "Peace with honor"?

Well, we could use a little of that around the Emmons' hacienda. In fact, I am willing to forego the honor and settle for peace.

What with a wife, three active children, and a hyperthyroid dog milling about, our house resembles Grand Central Station. And for reasons unknown to me, I am the information desk.

Take last Saturday afternoon as a confusing example. I was sitting there trying to figure out why I had been slicing lately when Ann, our nine-year-old, burst in the front door and my wife Helen, who is somewhat older, swept in from the kitchen.

"Did Sally call me?" Ann demanded.

"Where are the twins?" my wife asked.

I looked up dazedly.

"When she calls, tell her I'm at Julie's practicing the loops. You won't forget, will you, Dad?"

"Have you seen the laundry truck in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, I don't know, no, and not recently," I answered, "in that order."

Ann left on the fly, and one of the twins—Davie, I think—entered.

"Where's my kite?" he asked.

"Where's your brother Dickie?" I countered cleverly.

"Isn't he in the basement? Where's my kite? Have you seen it?"

"What time does the corner barbershop close, dear?" my wife wanted to know.

"The twins ought to have a haircut if they're going to be in the kindergarten play on Monday. By the way, does that old alarm clock work?"

I took a deep breath. "I haven't the foggiest idea, but given the time and opportunity I'll find it in the attic and see if it does."

"In the attic?"

"You know, up there." I pointed upward toward the roof.

"Where's my kite?" Davie howled. "I know where the attic is, but didn't we put it in the hall closet when we—"

The telephone rang. I snatched it off the cradle.

"Ann's at Julie's doing the loops," I barked into the mouthpiece. "Oh, excuse me. Um—ah—1066? Yes, thank you, good-by."

"Who was that?" my wife asked.

"Some quiz show. They wanted me to tell them when the War of 1812 was fought. They're sending us a dollar for answering the telephone."

"When the laundryman arrives, tell him the shirts are on the back porch, okay? Thanks!"

"What are the shirts doing on the—"

I started, but she had vanished to the rear of the house. The doorbell chimed.

"You Mr. Emmons?" a deliveryman wanted to know.

"I think so," I muttered.

"Sign here. Okay, boys, bring 'em in."

"Where's my kite?" Davie yelled.

The boys brought in two large pieces of furniture. "Where do they go?"

"Who's there, dear?" my wife called.

"Furniture men," I faltered.

"It's the sectional davenport I ordered!" she trilled. "Just on approval, of course."

"Are the payments sectional, too?" I croaked.

"Can I have an apple?" Ann shouted, racing in the back door and bolting for the kitchen.

"How do you like it?" Helen smiled.

"Oh, there's Martha! Martha come on in and see the sectional we're trying!"

"Has Sally called yet?" Ann asked, around an apple.

"Dear, why don't you take the boys for a haircut while Martha and I have a cup of coffee?"

"Where's my kite?" Davie screamed.

"Where's Dickie?" I mumbled.

"Why not look in the basement?"

He was there all right. Smart kid. That's where I'll be Saturday afternoons from now on.