



**Listerine stops
bad breath
4 times better
than
tooth paste!**

Tooth^{paste} is for your teeth—
Listerine is for your breath. Germs
in the mouth cause most bad breath,
and you need an antiseptic to kill
germs.

Always reach for Listerine after
you brush your teeth. No tooth
paste is antiseptic, so no tooth paste
kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic
does . . . on contact, by millions.

Listerine stops bad breath four
times better than toothpaste—noth-
ing stops bad breath as effectively
as the Listerine way.

Reach for Listerine

... your No. 1 protection
against bad breath

DRIVE SAFELY

ZIP EPILATOR
IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
GUARANTEED to remove
UNWANTED HAIR
MORE COMPLETELY and
MORE LASTING than any
cream hair remover or razor, or
your **MONEY BACK**
Originally \$5.00, now \$1.10.
Good stores, or sent postpaid,
plain wrap, for \$1.10. Dept. W
JORDAUB INC., South Orange, N. J.

**STOP OILY SKIN
TO CHECK
PIMPLES!**

Don't pick, scratch, squeeze
or merely "cover them up"

Doctors know that acne or pimples
are caused by the germ called the
acne bacillus. These germs invade
overactive oil glands in the skin,
cause blackheads and pus pockets;
then your skin "breaks out."

What's needed is (1) to dry up
the excessive oil that collects on
skin; (2) to destroy acne germs on
the skin, and (3) to stop itching and
irritation so pimples can heal.

A doctor's formula, liquid Zemo
has this effective 3-way action; also
keeps skin looking *cleaner!*

Get liquid Zemo, Ointment, too.
In regular and extra strength. To
save—buy the large sizes of Zemo.



I WAS JUST THINKING . . .

THIS IS THE TOP of the world and the dark heaven
no higher than a heartbeat.

On such a plateau as this, Keats might have lain
and from his exquisite mind produced a perfect
sonnet. On such grass a man might stand and
achieve greatness in the soft sigh of this night
wind.

Here at the world's end and the beginning of
the universe is a wreath of trees in single blossoms.
And here the daily coming and going of the ant is
as significant as the seeking and finding of those
who crush it beneath their feet. For there is no
distinction at this pinnacle among any of us and
the least is mighty as the giant.

On this spot on this night, majesty descends like
a coronet of stardust. It is somehow fitting that the
glory is dimmed by the sweep of clouds and tran-
scended by the flicker of lightning.

The top of the world is a dark pearl set in ba-
guettes of brilliance. And one of them is the pool of
a filling station and one the shaft of a factory and
one the stammered repetition of neon on a truck
stop. But they are soundless dreams, only a trick
tired eyes play upon themselves, only the remem-
bered mortality of a weary brain.

It seems a travesty to confess that this place for
poetry, this fantasy drawn by night and signed by
the stars, is the first tee on a golf course. It is a
kind of admission of the inadequate to reveal the
presence of a country club down the hill. But it
is so, perhaps better so. This night, this finale are,
above all, things resplendent with honesty.

Nor is there any pretense between the ant and
the man above him and this affinity for the infinite
given both of them.

For what is man that thou art mindful of him?

Patty Johnson

I LIVED WITH GIRLS IN TROUBLE (Continued)

just a college boy."

Lorraine, her green eyes looking
straight into mine, said she still loved
her boy friend. "But we haven't even
started college yet. Who knows if by
the time we finish we'll still feel this
way? It's taking too much of a chance.
I don't want to be divorced by 20!"

No, they blame no one. Not even sol-
emn little Annie, an 18-year-old whose
parents were so strict she wasn't al-
lowed to see a movie or wear lipstick.
It was apparent her trouble resulted
from a direct revolt against these mid-
Victorian standards. But she blamed no
one but herself.

Four girls had their babies while I
was in the home. The procedure was
for the girl to report to the nurse on
duty when she felt contractions. She
was then placed in the infirmary until
the first signs of labor, at which time
an ambulance was sent for and she was
taken to the hospital.

What do they think about most often
on the way to the hospital? Not the
coming pain, nor the baby, nor their
aloneness. They're most concerned
about being exposed as unwed mothers
—about questions they'll be asked by
married women in the maternity ward
with them.

Following procedure, blonde, volatile
Jane had her baby and returned to the
home's infirmary for eight days of post-

natal care. I remember how relieved
the girls were as she announced ex-
citedly, "They didn't ask me a thing!
Not a thing! And here I had my story
all down pat about my husband being
overseas in service and his family liv-
ing far away. . . ." That's the usual story
they tell.

IN SOME maternity homes, the unwed
mother is treated as if she were
virtually a criminal. In others, she is
recognized as a girl who made an un-
fortunate mistake and needs help to
salvage her life.

In "my" maternity home the girls
were treated with kindness and con-
sideration. The three immaculate bed-
rooms and dormitory were beautifully
decorated in pleasant shades of pink,
gray, and blue.

The food was excellent—for a good
reason. Social workers know that it im-
parts a sense of contentment and well-
being. They know that these girls, like
most people in trouble, instinctively
turn to food in compensation.

We had the benefit of counseling
by psychiatrists and caseworkers who
could help keep the emotionally unsure
in line.

We had the tremendous psychological
boon of having a nurse always on duty,
all day and all night.

We had a wonderful lounge replete

with library, TV, and game tables
where we gathered in the evening.
There was an arts and crafts class, a
sewing and handicraft class. All this
helped promote the feeling of belong-
ing that these girls needed so desper-
ately in this crucial period.

In my home the girls did not have to
take care of their babies after birth.
They did not even have to see them
unless they wanted to.

Some of the maternity homes across
the country run on this basis are: Lund
House in Burlington, Vt.; Inwood Home
and Dana House in New York City;
Florence Crittenton Home, Philadel-
phia, Pa.; The Mercy Memorial, New
Orleans; Hope Cottage, Dallas; Salva-
tion Army White Shield Home, Port-
land, Ore.; St. Anne's Maternity Hospi-
tal, Los Angeles.

The social workers who run such
homes do it at tremendous expense
(and only with the aid of public funds,
such as through United Funds and local
health and welfare councils). For in
order to give the type of treatment they
advocate, they must maintain almost
as many highly trained people on the
staff as there are inmates themselves.
But I saw what these "coddle mongers"
accomplished: girls came to them jit-
tery, haunted, beaten.

They left resolute and spiritually
fortified to face the future.