

I took my doctor's
advice... and now
**MY
CONSTIPATION
WORRIES
ARE OVER!**



THOUSANDS of doctors were recently asked, "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!" And no wonder! Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is both a gentle laxative and a soothing antacid. This means that while Phillips' relieves constipation, it also relieves accompanying acid indigestion. No single-purpose laxative can offer you such complete, yet comfortable relief. Just ask your doctor!

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**TOTAL RELIEF
FROM
PERIODIC
DISTRESS
FEMICIN
TABLETS**

- ACTS INSTANTLY TO:
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 - CALM JUMPY NERVES
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Holds False Teeth
Tight Eases Sore Gums**

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- No More Daily "Fixing"



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 wobbliest 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.

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**Quips and
Quotes**



Don't Call Me—I'll Call You

My telephone's a thing I doubt
That I could get along without,
But when it puts me in the clutch
Of salesmen, survey groups and such—
And consequently makes me moan—
I wish I had a telephone
That always screened a call before
It summoned me across the floor.
I'd like a phone (I'd be less nervous)
That rendered me selective service!

—Richard Wheeler

Scientists are finding ways to stave off death. It's the taxes that still baffle them.—Walt Streightiff

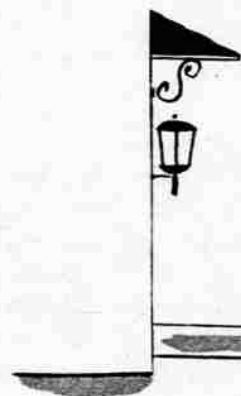
Song of a Neighborly Mother

Mary, you may go next door
And play with Linda, dear.
And won't you hurry before
Her mother sends her here?

—Helen Castle

A lady dining at a richly appointed restaurant was particularly struck by the ash trays, which were partly filled with water. "What a clever idea," she remarked to a waiter. "I imagine you save a lot of burned linens this way."

"Well, there's that, of course," the waiter replied, "but what it really does is stop guests from slipping ash trays into their pocketbooks."



"Just once!... I wanna be on time!"

I was just thinking...



IN A WORLD of women with man-tailored minds and Shaffner & Marx hearts, this is a valentine for a lady.

It will have to be old-fashioned because "lady" is an old-fashioned word, but there will be no aura of lavender and lace.

My lady is a businesswoman whose widowhood only starched her spine more stiffly.

And my valentine will be sentimental only in its intent. My lady saves sentiment for the solitude behind the white lace grillwork of her front door. She is no more fond of emotional display than of ruffles. I have never seen her in either.

The greeting I send my lady will be as white as her hair and engraved with the fine lines which have deepened, not destroyed, the discipline of her New England face. When I first knew her, there was something eminently satisfying to me in the fact of her austerity. A lady is not flagrant in the release of her perfume.

She drives a fine car—black, of course, and never the latest model—and she earns her daily bread. It is no less to her credit that her income is the work of her own well-manicured hands. Some ladies are waitresses and some are riveters but all retain the quality which makes them as feminine as fine china and as deserving of respect.

My valentine must be restrained for, though she is iron of will, I have never heard my lady raise her voice, even in anger. But now that we are friends at last, I have seen her relinquish herself gladly to affection and most tenderly to sympathy.

She is not easy to know and, therefore, more worth the knowing. The process is not the wearing away of stone but the slow awareness of potpourri roses scenting a room.

I should send my valentine to all ladies, who become so not in the accident of birth but in the triumph of living. But, because even her name and the sound of it belong to a time when knighthood was in flower, this one is for Ethelreda.

Patty Johnson