

Why women born before 1930 need Lanolin Plus Liquid for their skin



Jewels by Harry Winston

Exclusive formula, one-third of it 100% pure,
natural lanolin, begins where nature leaves
off, to help skin stay gloriously young looking

To look young and radiant your skin needs a steady supply of vital oils. But, as skin matures, nature often fails to replenish these oils. Dryness invites coarseness, loss of firmness... lines and, finally, wrinkles.

That's when you need LANOLIN PLUS LIQUID. For its exclusive patented formula restores to dry skin the closest duplication of your own skin oils. Feel its gentle beautifying action. At its touch, your skin becomes petal soft... so fresh, so smooth, so wonderfully younger looking.

Use LANOLIN PLUS LIQUID

- (1) as a Cleanser!
- (2) as a Make-up Base!
- (3) as a Night Conditioner!

Lanolin Plus Lipstick '35'; also... Lanolin Plus Cleansing Cream for Dry Skin; Lanolin Plus Hand Cream; Lanolin Plus All Over Body Lotion; Lanolin Plus Creme Rinse, \$1.00 and up.



Also available in Canada



... WHEN I REMEMBER PARIS, I see again Weber's and Prunier's and Maxim's and all the wondrous filling stations for the gourmet.

But The Tough Steak comes first.

That wasn't its name, of course. It was the neighborhood restaurant closest to our hotel. We ate there when our tired tourist feet would carry us no further and because The Tough Steak was tolerant of dusty shoes and crumpled clothes.

I have no idea what its real title was. But I know it served the toughest meat in all Paris. The principal vegetable was haricots—beans in any language—and the principal waiter was a congenitally exhausted Englishwoman. We loved her. We would order steak and beans without the Berlitz School interpreters at our elbows.

Further, she was willing to sell a bottle of water to slake the endless thirst of throats unused to a steady diet of vin rouge et vin blanc. Wine is fine but aqua is pura.

Often we took a carriage down the Champs Elysees and flaunted our meager French in the elegant restaurants. Often we dined in splendor, where even the dessert peaches were proffered like pearls and nested in cotton. Often we were violently ill afterward on too much richness, too much pastry, too much of a muchness.

The Tough Steak was always waiting. Its clientele was plebeian. Its surroundings were shabby. Its kitchen might have been transplanted intact from an American truck stop.

I'm ashamed really to admit I went to Paris and found such a sanctuary. I ought to have accepted my lot and my vin and gone green in the face from gorging.

I loved Paris in the Summer. I loved Paris in the Fall. I loved all the fabled restaurants.

But The Tough Steak may be best of all.

Patty Johnson