

PHILLIPS'

Milk of Magnesia
now yours
REGULAR
and
FLAVORED



at the same price!

**New mint-flavored
form tastes wonderfully
clean and refreshing**

As a laxative, Phillips' gives more complete relief than preparations which act only on constipation. Phillips' also relieves the acid indigestion which frequently accompanies constipation. Taken with water at bedtime when necessary, Phillips' brings relief by morning, so you start your day refreshed.

As an antacid, Phillips' settles your stomach in seconds! Scientific tests show that—in seconds—Phillips' neutralizes excess stomach acids which cause upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other symptoms of acid indigestion. Phillips' is one of the fastest, most effective stomach acid neutralizers ever discovered.

HELP FEED AND CLOTHE OUR FRIENDS IN ASIA!

People with adequate food and clothing are not likely to be seduced by communism. Send your CARE package today through your local CARE office or your Railway Express office. Your package will help a human being and the cause of freedom all over the world.

No Nagging Backache Means a Good Night's Sleep

Nagging backache, headache, or muscular aches and pains may come on with over-exertion, emotional upsets or day to day stress and strain. And folks who eat and drink unwisely sometimes suffer mild bladder irritation...with that restless, uncomfortable feeling.

If you are miserable and worn out because of these discomforts, Doan's Pills often help by their pain relieving action, by their soothing effect to ease bladder irritation, and by their mild diuretic action through the kidneys—tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

So if nagging backache makes you feel dragged-out, miserable, with restless, sleepless nights, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. Ask for new, large, economy size and save money. Get Doan's Pills today!

As You Were Saying...

Audience- Participation Program

LAST SUMMER, a crew of workmen were repairing the state highway that runs through our community and, like many motorists, I was impatient with the enforced one-way traffic. Then I discovered something that brightened the bottleneck.

When the flagman at one end had let a group of cars pass, and was ready for traffic to begin from the opposite direction, he gave the driver of the last car a red flag to hand to the flagman at the other end.

It was a pleasure to see the soothing effect it had on the driver, who waved the flag proudly as he drove up the line. It gave him the gratifying feeling that he was part of an important job.

I know. I got to carry it once.—Miss Bettye Ellison, Williamston, S.C.



Arithmetic of Love

WHEN OUR FIRST SON was born, I felt a great surge of love for the tiny red-faced mite. He was the answer to our prayers—someone to care for and cherish—but I wondered how I could ever share the same feeling with another child.

My husband's mother, wise and understanding, gave me the answer: "Each child brings its own love with it."

It's true. A few weeks ago I gave birth to my seventh child. Again I had the same feeling of love sweep over me as I gazed at my new baby.

Each child has brought its own love with it, and my problem has been solved: it wasn't love divided, no, it was love multiplied.—Mrs. Don Lund, Clearfield, Utah.

THE NEED TO COUNT our blessings was brought home to me recently when I expressed my sympathy to an old, hard-working neighbor who had just seen his home destroyed by fire for the second time within a year.

He turned to me with a wry smile and said, "I was lucky I had it to lose."—Ruth Strixner, Hagerman, N. Mex.

A Lucky Loss

We Pay \$10 for Your Letters. We welcome your views on any subject of general interest. If we print your letter, you will receive \$10. Letters must be signed, but names will be withheld on request. We reserve the right to edit contributions. Letters cannot be returned. Address Letters Editor, Family Weekly, 179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.



... THE GREATNESS OF US is understood the least.

Faith, love, and the magnitude of the universe place us little lower than the angels. Of each of them we know almost nothing.

Without faith, life is no more than a heartbeat. Without love, living is pain. Without the majesty of the worlds about us, we are blind.

In the centuries of our evolution from Adam or ape, we have mastered the field and the beast. We have taken from our world and others the knowledge of strength and achievement. We have pushed aside a fold of time to call ourselves civilized.

Within us there is the ceaseless determination to know. We push on-

ward. We light the fire of our curiosity under the rocket of our quest. We find other worlds to conquer, other depths to explore. As we penetrate the great expanse of what lies beyond our sight, we seek always to know ourselves.

Yet, though we probe and pry and analyze, we understand little of how it came to be so or the great faith which leads us. And when we discover in ourselves the strange longings and needs and the strength to sacrifice for one another, we call it love. Though we dissect and discuss, it eludes our grasp.

If we one day reach the moon and the stars and set our faint footprint on the sky, it will be only the first quavering lurch of the infant who takes

one step and then another and has completed only the beginning of the march from birth to death. What we learn will be as a legend which is half remembrance, half fairy tale, with the words as symbols of something beyond the scope of the mind.

It is good that we strive. Because we have been granted the verities, we have also the right to the knowledge of the past and the comprehension of tomorrow.

With our minds, we light the little candles of our worlds.

But we have yet to cast illumination on faith, love, or the magnificent secret of the universe of life. These three were given us without search.

For we are the children of God.

Patty Johnson

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