

Kill bathroom odors fast with Colgate's new Florient Makes air smell flower-fresh

- Just one quick spray kills bad odors from cooking, smoking, bathroom, pets, musty closets, baby's room, sick room.
- Wick deodorants are too slow - some aerosols too weak, freshen just for the moment, but Florient really kills bad odors fast.
- So economical, too - it lasts and lasts.
- Keep an extra Florient in your kitchen.



KILLS LIKE LIGHTNING



STEARNS' ELECTRIC BRAND PASTE

STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE CO., Chicago 2, Ill. Dept. F W

DRIVE SAFELY

WAKE UP RARIN' TO GO

Without Nagging Backache

Now! You can get the fast relief you need from nagging backache, headache and muscular aches and pains that often cause restless nights and miserable tired-out feelings. When these discomforts come on with over-exertion or stress and strain - you want relief - want it fast! Another disturbance may be mild bladder irritation following wrong food and drink - often setting up a restless uncomfortable feeling.

Doan's Pills work fast in 3 separate ways: 1. by speedy pain-relieving action to ease torment of nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 2. by soothing effect on bladder irritation. 3. by mild diuretic action tending to increase output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes.

Enjoy a good night's sleep and the same happy relief millions have for over 60 years. New, large size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!

Mr. Lincoln Liked His Comfort

by Carl G. Hodges



In 150 years since the birth of Abraham Lincoln, stories about this shrewd, humble humanitarian have filled countless volumes of history and lore; yet the source apparently is inexhaustible. This year, Lincoln's sesquicentennial, recently discovered anecdotes have added to our understanding of a truly rare person. The following story, one of these new contributions to Lincolniana and published, we believe, for the first time, illustrates both the caniness and considerateness of a great American—and his liking for easygoing comfort.



Designed for comfort—the comfort of a great man—this desk still accommodates visitors in Metamora.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN made his way awkwardly up the wooden steps to the second floor of the state capitol. He had been campaigning around the Eighth Circuit and now he had come back to Springfield to catch up on correspondence from friends all over the nation pledging help in his race for the presidency. He walked across the second-floor rotunda to the west side and entered the office of the superintendent of public instruction.

Newton Bateman rose from the long table where he had been stuffing campaign letters in envelopes. Bateman was bearded and only five-feet-four; he made an odd combination with the gangling Lincoln, who was six-feet-four without his high plug hat.

Bateman smiled as he pumped Lincoln's hand. "Welcome, Abe." He gestured at the long table piled high with correspondence. "A fine letter from Ohio. Carl Schurz will make the speech for you in Chicago. Trumbull writes to tell you. . ."

"Fine, fine," Lincoln said. He gazed down warmly on his old friend, with whom he had crisscrossed the state in the campaign of '58; Bateman running for superintendent of public instruction and himself campaigning against Stephen A. Douglas. "Just like old times, Newton. Only this time instead of fighting for the senatorship, Stephen and I are fighting for the White House."

Bateman chuckled. "Four years free rent, Abe."

"And a pack of worry," Lincoln sat down at the long table. He put his hat on another chair and tried to put his long legs under the table. The table was a good 30 inches high but it had a deep skirt and Lincoln could not get his legs under it in comfort.

Bateman said, "We could saw off your legs, Abe, to make you fit. Or we could put casters under the table and raise it a little off the floor."

Lincoln shook his head with that sad smile of his and said: "Then it would be too high for you, and as you will not grow taller and as I am likely to shrink a little we will just cut out an arch below the middle of the table and both of us can sit in comfort."

This celebrated table with the cut-out skirt now holds a place of honor in one of the rooms of the famed old Metamora Court House, one of the stops Lincoln always made during the many years he rode the old Eighth Circuit practicing law.

Metamora, a small town (1,600 pop.) on Route 116 about 12 miles northeast of Peoria, Ill., has a full and exciting history—but none more heartwarming than that preserved in a sturdy old table.