



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—nothing 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 \$3.00, now \$1.10.
Good stores, or sent postpaid,
plain wrap, for \$1.10. Dept. W
KORDEAU 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 transcended by the flicker of lightning.



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 solemn little Annie, an 18-year-old whose parents were so strict she wasn't allowed 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 excitedly, "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 living 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 unfortunate mistake and needs help to salvage her life.

In "my" maternity home the girls were treated with kindness and consideration. The three immaculate bedrooms 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 imparts 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 belonging that these girls needed so desperately 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, Philadelphia, Pa.; The Mercy Memorial, New Orleans; Hope Cottage, Dallas; Salvation Army White Shield Home, Portland, Ore.; St. Anne's Maternity Hospital, 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 jittery, haunted, beaten.

They left resolute and spiritually fortified to face the future.