



Trading Stamp Blues

*I sent my present to the bride,
But pray she overlooks
The tag which I forgot to remove
That boldly announced: "Three Books."
—Dorothy R. McWood*

I Think I'll Tune In a Little Later

"And now the 1960 election results! And this station is going to be with you until this thrilling national election is decided! Our first report is from the village of East Madham, and, with all the votes in, it's Kennedy 7, Nixon 5! This means a lot—a gain for the Democrats over 1956 when East Madham gave Stevenson 6, Eisenhower 5! However, this may be explained by the town's increase in population ... Yes? Oh, fine. Come in, John Ashton!"

"This is John Ashton, and it's official! Nixon has carried Groatley's 13th district with 34 votes to Kennedy's 28. If projected nationally, this would indicate a big Republican upsurge! Now back to central control!"

"Thanks, John Ashton, for that startling news! Folks, Elmer Gisby, Democrat, is leading his Republican rival for the mayor's race in Bridgeville by 30 votes—and that's with about 4 percent of the votes in! Come in, Mack Lawson!"

"Lawson speaking! Juniper County has gone Republican, thus keeping its record inviolate since 1832. This would seem to indicate that ..."

"Control speaking! Sorry to interrupt, Mack, but the picture here is just beginning to emerge. New York State polls are closing, we hear, and in three hours we'll be getting scattered returns from California. So stick with us and hear ... What's that? Okay! We switch you to Bill Hanson now!"

"Hanson reporting, Jarvis has just conceded to Donovan for town clerk in Puddlersville. This could mean ..."

—Parke Cummings

A visitor in the back areas of New England stopped at an antique shop and was amazed at the collection of snuffboxes. "I've never seen so many snuffboxes," he said.

"Yes," the proprietor replied, "they were handed down to me from my grandmother."

"Oh, your grandmother took snuff?" the visitor asked.

"No, just snuffboxes."

—Anna Herbert

The Family Dines Out

*I finished my meal relaxed and calm,
A feeling new to me and strange;
For the worst-behaved kids at the restaurant
Were somebody else's—for a change.
—Suzanne Douglass*

The housewife sat opposite her husband at breakfast. She was silent and half asleep, her hair in curlers, her face swathed in cold cream, and her housecoat pulled loosely around her. From outdoors, there came the racket of the garbage collector.

The noise galvanized her to action. She grabbed a bag of garbage and ran out to catch the collector. "Am I too late for the garbage?" she called.

The collector turned around, looked at her, and replied: "No, just jump right in."

—A. W. Stinson

bladder is behaving itself, I'm never tired, and when I find that I take a size-smaller dress than I did the time before, my elation is such that I wonder why I didn't "get with it" long ago.

ACCORDING to some authorities, people eat compulsively to allay anxiety or to soothe some deep frustration—to fill their need, in short, for emotional comfort.

But I have no such need—or excuse—and haven't had for 29 richly rewarding years. I'm never lonely, goodness knows! My mother divides her time between me and my married sister, who lives with her husband and two daughters in Connecticut. I have my faithful maid, Hattie Fulbright, who has been coming to me daily for 20 years through rain, snow, and sleet. I have another faithful friend, Ann Hallinan, who has been with me for

12 years and, in the capacity of housekeeper, is my right arm.

I have my two homes—my 4½-room apartment in New York and my summer place, which consists of five houses, on the shores of Lake Placid. Ted has a place next to mine, and during part of the summer Ted's grandchildren are with him and my nieces are with me at the lake, and the days aren't long enough for all the activities.

Above all, I love to sing. Of the songs I sing, "God Bless America" and "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain" are two most dear and familiar favorites. But I love to sing love songs, too—such as the throbby one, "Tenderly."

I am happy. I love my life. All I pray for now is continuing good health and the chance to bring happiness to others less fortunate.

I believe that our prayers are answered. I know mine have been.



Flapperish Kate Smith emotes in a 1926 musical.

I took my doctor's advice!

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!

REGULAR OR
MINT-FLAVORED



Buy **BONDS** Now

Plagued Day And Night with Bladder Discomfort?

Unwise eating or drinking may be a source of mild, but annoying bladder irritations—making you feel restless, tense, and uncomfortable. And if restless nights, with nagging backache, headache or muscular aches and pains due to over-exertion, strain or emotional upset, are adding to your misery—don't wait—try Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills act 3 ways for speedy relief. 1—They have a soothing effect on bladder irritations. 2—A fast pain-relieving action on nagging backache, headaches, muscular aches and pains. 3—A wonderfully mild diuretic action thru the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So, get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. New, large, economy size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!