

Drafty windows can be the cause of

**25%  
HEAT  
LOSS**

Why suffer another uncomfortable winter—when it's so easy—and so inexpensive to use MORTITE, the "fingertip" weatherstrip. MORTITE comes in a convenient roll... goes on in a jiffy... off just as easily. Stops wind, rain, snow. Just press in place—no tacks or tools!

Bargain Box for six windows... \$1.39. Junior Box for one window... only 29¢... at all hardware, department, building supply and variety stores.

**MORTITE**  
WEATHERSTRIP



The MORTITE Company, Kankakee, Ill.  
Makers of famous FOAMFLEX Doorstrip

## ARTHRITIS RHEUMATISM PAINS

Good, fast relief. That's what you want whenever moderate, nagging Arthritis, Rheumatism or Muscular Pains occur. And that's what you get when you take DOLCIN tablets. That's because nothing else in all the world is faster, safer, better for such pains than DOLCIN. HERE'S OUR GUARANTEE: Give DOLCIN® tablets a fair trial. Take them... all of them... the way the directions tell you. You must get fast relief or get your money back.

© 1960, Dolcin Corp.

Ease

**BACKACHE**

Caused by  
**Sluggish Kidneys**

DeWitt's Pills help flush kidneys to relieve backache, body or joint pains, mild bladder irritations and restlessness. DeWitt's Pills use direct diuretic action for improved kidney activity, and a mild analgesic for fast pain relief. Double-action DeWitt's Pills often mean a more active life.

**DeWitt's Pills**

Live a  
**"regular life"**  
without laxatives

Now, stop fighting constipation with laxatives or "bulks" that work unnaturally, uncomfortably! Stay "regular" with REGUROL. It's not a laxative, yet it restores regularity as no laxative can. REGUROL simply makes the moisture in your colon keep waste soft for easy, normal elimination. Hospital-proved... safe, not habit-forming. 30 tablets, only \$1.00.



Drive Safely

**Dentures**  
stay put

PERMA-GRIP Dental Plate Powder holds plates firmly in place for hours, lets you eat solid foods without hazards. In 3 sizes at your favorite store. Get white, tasteless, alkaline PERMA-GRIP. Pro-phy-lac Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



# Junior Treasure Chest

Edited by MARJORIE BARROWS, Editor of The Children's Hour



## Let's Draw a Dodo

By Ann Davidow

The Dodo was a lazy bird.  
He was so plump and slow



He never tried to run away  
From enemies, and so



All the Dodos disappeared,  
And now, alas, alack,



Drawing is our only hope  
Of bringing Dodos back.

## Pumpkin Place Mats

By Lavonne Mathison

Here is a contest, a place mat, and place card all in one!

When your guests arrive at the party, give each one a large pumpkin cut from orange construction paper. Provide crayons and have each one make an original face on his pumpkin. After they are finished, have them put their names on the back, then award a simple prize such as a lollipop to the most original, funniest, neatest, etc.

Gather these up and use them on the table (or on your desks if your party is at school) for place mats. Each person can find his own place by finding his own pumpkin.

## Guess This!

By Quentin R. Howard

This is called a silly game, but there will be lots of laughs. Write a greeting on a slip of paper. Place the paper on the floor and cover the writing with your foot so your friends can't see it. Then ask someone what is on the paper. There will be many guesses, but after everyone answers, you simply say: "My foot."

## Riddles!

1. Why is a restaurant like a barnyard?
2. Why is a kiss on the telephone like a straw hat?

Answers: 1. It's full of gobblers. 2. Because it's not felt.

## Walnut!

By Ragna Eskil

After Thanksgiving dinner, divide the players into two teams. Give each player a teaspoon and each leader a walnut. The object is to pass the walnut from spoon to spoon to the end of the line and back again. The winning team is the one that gets its walnut back first.

## Holiday Menu

You and your friends can have fun any holiday by writing a menu, using the letters that spell the holiday name.

At Thanksgiving, think of a food that begins with T, then H, then A, etc. Of course, if you choose foods usually served at Thanksgiving, it's even better.



*I was just thinking...*

THERE WERE NINE of us at the table. The farmer and the little girls, the neighbors, and the hired man.

The farmer's wife said she wouldn't sit with us. She waited on table instead.

There was roast beef and a bowl of potatoes, white and frothy with beating. The rich gravy swam beside it. And there were fat, succulent green beans and puffy ovals of homemade rolls. It had taken three packages of gelatin to make the enormous vegetable salad topped with dressing.

The farmer's wife poured the big cups full of strong coffee and brought around the platter of strawberries with cake and great dollops of whipped cream.

It was time to shell the corn. The men ate heavily, but they laughed from time to time about the problems of the field and earnestly discussed the weather over second helpings. Their faces were reddened with wind and sun and seamed with living. But their eyes were wise and deeply blue and their hands massive with a farmer's strength.

Chaff clung to their shirts and perspiration beaded their foreheads. Beyond the clean kitchen lay the bronze and gold of the harvest.

It was quiet in the farmhouse among the trees. The pure air was quick with promise. The farmer's pretty wife sat on a kitchen stool and ate her scraps of dinner from a plate perched on her apron. But her eyes were busy watching to see that a neighbor had hot coffee, that the smallest daughter finished her potatoes.

Peace droned across the table like the wayward fly, and the sun crept in the open door.

We have dinners such as this in the city, but we have them for state occasions or for guests. We do not have them at noontime. We say they are too heavy for our high-strung digestive systems.

But the farmer and his neighbors and his hired man went out into the fields refreshed, out under the blaze of the sun. The burning sweat ran down their faces and soaked their bodies.

Clinging also to them and to his wife working over the mountains of dishes in the kitchen is the aura of something I pray is forever a part of this land.

It is the strong heritage of the good earth.

*Patty Johnson*