

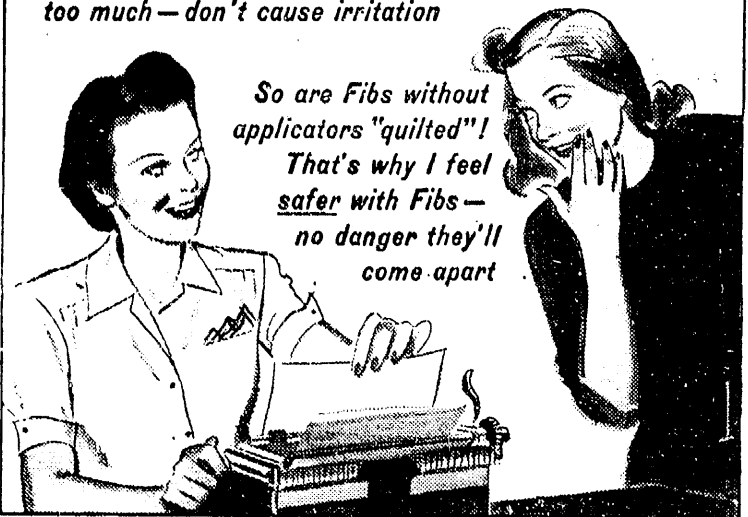
SAY! Do you know FIBS,* the Kotex Tampons, now come with applicators, too?

But I like the Fibs without applicators



But these new Fibs are "quilting" for comfort—so they don't expand too much—don't cause irritation

So are Fibs without applicators "quilting"? That's why I feel safer with Fibs—no danger they'll come apart



Honestly—you don't even know you're wearing Fibs—and they're so easy to use! And only 20¢ a package, saves at least a nickel every time!



FIBS COST LESS!

10 with applicators or 12 without applicators

20¢

WITHOUT APPLICATORS

WITH APPLICATORS

They're "Quilted"

Would you apply a BLOWTORCH to your paint?



.... OF COURSE NOT!

Yet homemade cleaners that contain kerosene or inflammable solvents may scorch your paint.

PLAY SAFE! USE SOIL-OFF

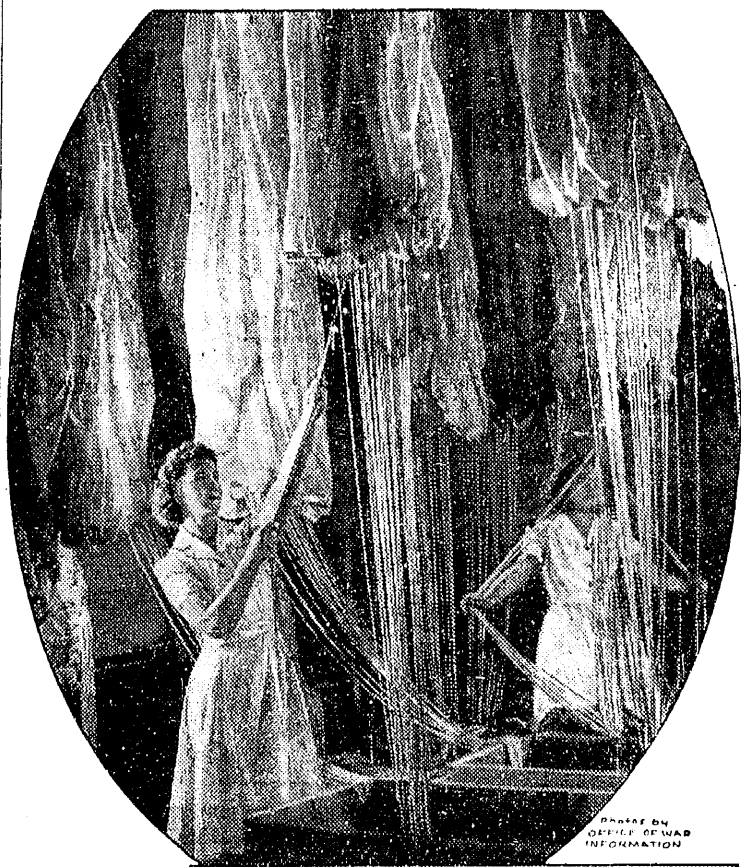
Contains no acids, caustics or abrasives. Cooked and refined to make it mild. Non-inflammable.

NO WATER · NO RINSING · NO DRYING

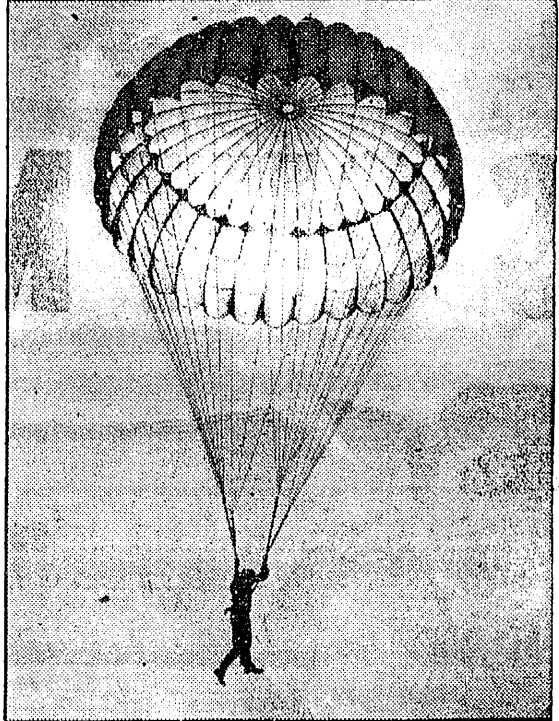
SOIL-OFF



How Women Make THE SKY SAFER FOR PARATROOPS



The Photograph Above Shows Two of America's Many Women Export Parachute Inspectors Making Certain That the Men Who Use the Big Umbrellas Will Float to Earth as Successfully as the Paratrooper at the Right.



THE hand that rocks the cradle is brushing aside a lot of precedents as Uncle Sam's war program shifts into high and tossing out ruthlessly many of the things which, before the war began, were considered definitely as men's work only. And it's all helping to win the war.

The fact that worn silk and nylon stockings are going into powder bags and other war necessities is pretty well known by now. But the part that rayon—so long deemed a woman's own—is playing in the program to annihilate the Axis is enlarging amazingly. Rayon now is second only to cotton as the world's most widely used fabric. And it is going to war principally in the form of tire cords and parachute lines.

In fact, women and parachutes are a combination that has enabled many men workers to shift their services to fields where they are needed more.

Women patriotically are giving up materials which must go into the parachutes of American troopers. And one nifty girl—24-year-old Adeline Gray—has freed one man after another for other war activities by becoming a parachute tester, having made the first jump from a plane in an all-nylon parachute.

But the inspection and folding of parachutes is a field in which the girls have shown an aptitude and accuracy which has upset a lot of masculine superstitions. It's the feminine hand that is making the world safe for parachute-jumpers.

Time was when the men who know that their lives depend upon the proper opening of a parachute when they pulled the rip-cord felt that they couldn't go into the air without the knowledge that an expert—a male expert—had seen to it that the parachute was folded exactly in prescribed fashion. The attitude was:

"When I pull that cord, I want to know that the chute will open—that it has been folded by men who know their stuff. I don't want to trust my neck to a 'chute packed by some dizzy dame.'"

How times have changed. Women taken into parachute plants

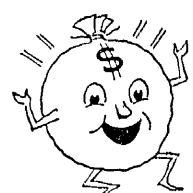
have proved their skill at the work. Their clever fingers, accustomed to the delicate tasks incidental to feminine existence, quickly and accurately lent themselves to perfect folding of the silk-like fabrics of which the chutes are made.

The facility of the hands which rocked cradles soon set a new precedent in parachute circles.

Now, it's the girl behind the man behind the rip-cord.

The girls pack the parachutes and the men leap in them. That combination means that the chances are a lot less for that "one mistake" when the chute's cord is pulled—for parachute-jumping doesn't permit that one. It's got to be done right the first time.

FEEL LIKE A MILLION



Tomorrow



TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA Tonight

WANT TO START the day with a smile instead of a frown? Then don't let your stomach go sour during the night because your dinner disagreed with you—or you overindulged at a gay party. Take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at bedtime. It does more than

merely neutralize excess stomach acidity—it finishes the job by acting as a very gentle laxative. Helps you to wake up "feeling like a million". Read the directions on package and take as directed thereon or as prescribed by your physician.

ONE-TWO ACTION

1 NEUTRALIZES EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS—and does it almost quicker than it takes to tell. Relieves that uneasy feeling of discomfort almost immediately.

2 ACTS AS MILD LAXATIVE. Gentle—does not upset the system and leave you feeling "all wrung out". Take any time—does not act with embarrassing urgency.

Many physicians recommend it FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



ONLY 25¢ AT ANY DRUGSTORE

Put Clothes on His Cows and Chickens

"JUDGE," said the prisoner, "I knew something must be wrong the minute I started dressing my roosters in pants."

"What?" snapped the Magistrate. "You don't belong in a courtroom. You should be under mental observation."

It was then that the audience in the little police court of Serpa, Portugal, listened to one of the strangest cases in its history a short time ago.

The prisoner, wealthy, 55-year-old and self-made Vargens Evora, arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct, went on.

"I thought it was bad enough," he said, "when I put underthings on Edna, my prize-winning Guernsey, and overall pants on the bull. I'll admit I've been worried all along. As a matter of fact I've dressed every animal on my place. My dog wears a cutaway and my tomcat runs on the fences with a top hat held on by a leather band. I wasn't surprised when my friends had me arrested. What I want, Judge, is help."

"I first started putting clothes on animals many years ago in secret, because it just seemed to me that that sort of thing wasn't being done. Why, I remember the first pullet I dressed in frilly garments just like yesterday. I sneaked out to the henhouse and did the job by flashlight. I slept well that night for the first time."

"Next morning when I saw her scratching for worms in the lacy underthings, honestly, Judge, it seemed like the most normal thing in the world."

"My wife thought someone was playing a practical joke, and the servants laughed. This annoyed me, but I got really sore when they stripped the hen of her feathers and fried her for lunch. I fired all the servants and sent my wife back to the farm where she was born."

"Were you born on a farm, too?" inquired the Magistrate.

"Yes, sir," the prisoner said, "we both were. I wish now we'd stayed there. We were happy then when we were poor. I got a new batch of servants but they didn't stay long when they saw what I was doing."

"You mean," asked the Judge, "they discovered your secret?"

"Not exactly," said the big man. "You see it wasn't a secret any longer."

"The butler, for instance, quit outright when I sent him to

bring Glover, my pet gander, into the living room for a fitting."

By this time the audience was in an uproar. The Judge rapped for silence.

"Things weren't like they were in the old days down on the farm," the defendant explained, "but when I moved into the villa here, my wife showed me that I'd been, according to the new standards, as good as nude for 40 years. The first thing she said was: 'Why, Vargens, you aren't dressed for dinner.'"

"After that I was forced to have 90 suits made for every oc-

casion. We're rich now."

"I see it all now," said the Judge. "Officer, take the man away. He needs about three months rest."

"But, Judge, what's the matter with me?" Vargens demanded.

"Clothes shock," the Judge said. "Haven't you ever heard that old saying that 'you can take the man out of the country, but that you can't take the country out of a man'? Nothing truer. From now on you are forbidden to ever wear formal clothes. You won't need them on your farm."

"I married a Madman!"

"I suspected it when I first met him. After 3 years of marriage, I know!"

"Would a sane man call you up from his office occasionally just to say sweet nonsensical things? No! My husband does!"

"And sometimes...right out in public, mind...he takes my hand and squeezes it and says how smooth it is in...well, our private baby talk!"

"I've got Ivory Soap to thank for keeping him nice and crazy about my hands."

"To think I was almost resigned to having strong washday soap make my hands red 'n' rough! Goodness, I didn't know Ivory's velvet suds clean dishes fast as the strongest washday soaps!"

"And was I pleased to see my hands whiter, smoother only 12 days after I changed to Ivory! Then I remembered...after all, Ivory is baby's beauty soap."

"Woman to woman...just change to 'Velvet-suds' Ivory Soap for your dishes! Costs only about 1¢ a day, you know." ...99 1/2% pure...It floats.



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PROCTOR & GAMBLE

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY