

Come out of that stuffy HEAD COLD FOG



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HEARING BAD?

If so, you will be happy to know how we have improved the hearing and relieved those miserable head noises, caused by catarrh of the head, for thousands of people (many past 70) who have used our simple Elmo Palliative Home Treatment in the past 16 years. This may be the answer to your prayer. **NOTHING TO WEAR.** Here are SOME of the symptoms that may likely be causing your catarrhal deafness and head noises: Head feels stopped up from mucus. Dropping of mucus in throat. Hawking and spitting. Mucus in nose or throat every day. Hearing worse with a cold. Hear—but don't understand words. Hear better on clear days. Worse on rainy days. Head noises like crickets, bells, whistles, clicking, escaping steam or many other sounds. If your condition is caused by catarrh of the head, you, too, may likely enjoy such wonderful relief as many others have reported. **WRITE TODAY FOR PROOF AND 30 DAY TRIAL OFFER.**

THE ELMO COMPANY
DEPT. 5CL2, DAVENPORT, IOWA



The Good Husband

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

planned to invest in, and from this study he would select a much-needed occupation for his spare time.

Upon arriving in London, Mr. Hardy settled himself in the Ritz and ordered a guidebook. Concentrated and competent, as was his habit, he read the guidebook from beginning to end. He was dazed; culture was clearly a very big concern indeed. Then, more or less as one chooses any number, Mr. Hardy decided to begin with Shakespeare, go to Stratford on Avon, and hope for the best. He would need a car, and so he telephoned his London representative.

"What sort of car, sir?" the representative asked.

"The best car they have here," Mr. Hardy said, rather impatiently. "And a chauffeur."

"Yes, sir," said the representative; and the next day a long black Bentley, gloriously upholstered in pigskin, arrived before the door of the Ritz, complete with a chauffeur named Roberts. So Mr. Hardy set off, along picturesque narrow roads, past villages with thatched roofs and small old churches, for Stratford on Avon.

THEY were not driving fast, but a Bentley is a very long car and the road, bordered by low stone walls, was too narrow for any fancy maneuvers; so when a girl shot out from a lane on a bicycle, Roberts swerved the big car as much as he could, and thus he only sideswiped her with the fender. This was enough to throw her off her bicycle and land her unconscious in the shallow ditch at the edge of the road. Mr. Hardy sprang from his car before it had fully stopped and ran back to the girl. He felt physically sick; he thought they had killed her.

The girl lay sprawled in the ditch. Her face was frighteningly pale. Mr. Hardy lifted her head, felt her pulse, and wished that he had never come to England. The girl opened her eyes, groaned very slightly, and said, "Oh, my head. It hurts."

"There is a hospital in Stratford, sir," said Roberts, at Mr. Hardy's shoulder. They carried the girl to the car and took her to Stratford. At the hospital, Mr. Hardy explained that money was no object, the girl was to have the best treatment, and would they please attend to whatever formalities were necessary, notifying her family and also the police. He would wait to hear what the doctor said.

The doctor said nothing much. The girl had got a crack on the head that would raise a lump and give her a headache for a day or so; she had a few minor bruises on her legs and arms. She might have suffered a slight shock, and it would perhaps be wise for her to rest here a week, but there was no need to worry. The police said nothing at all, because the girl, despite her headache, stated firmly that she was to blame. She had been thinking of something else and had ridden out into the road; it was she who had hit the car, not the car which hit her.

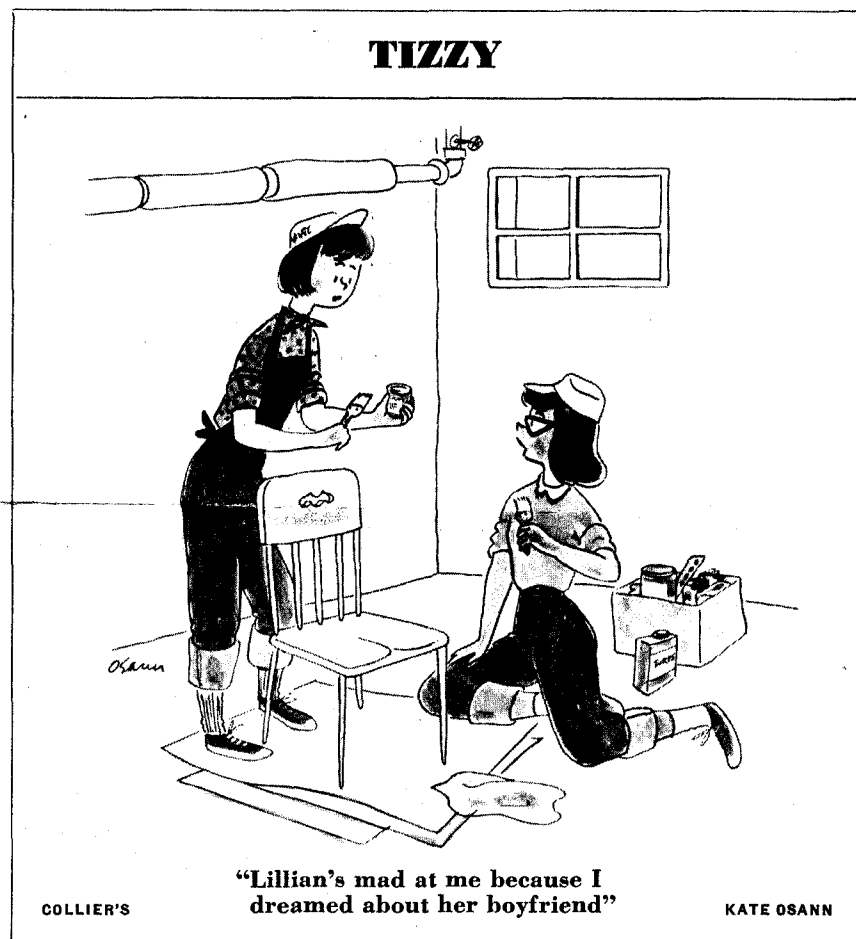
Mr. Hardy, wildly relieved by the doctor's verdict, was amazed by the girl; he had expected to be nicked for a quarter million in damages, at the least. The girl had never heard of damages, nor had her mother, who arrived at the hospital that afternoon. Her mother was grateful and embar-

rassed because Mr. Hardy intended to pay the hospital bill. She did not like to accept this, but she had to; a widow who ran a small chicken farm for a living was not in a position to afford accidents.

Mr. Hardy forgot about Shakespeare and busied himself looking after the girl. He brought her everything he could find to buy; her room became a hothouse, and there were enough boxes of candy to make her sick for twelve months, and enough nightgowns to last for a lifetime of invalidism, and perfume and letter paper and manicure sets—a most alarming collection of presents a bachelor believes a woman will like. Christabel Gwendoline Naomi Jenkinson was touched and upset by all these gifts, and she protested

The executive genius and the driving energy that had got Mr. Hardy his millions now turned into these new channels he had just discovered. First of all, there were the presents for Christabel; secondly, there was the pursuit of a hobby.

They went to Paris, and Christabel stood patiently, it seemed to her all day long, while excited people with pins in their mouths fitted her with a lavish trousseau. Christabel, in three weeks, was well on her way to becoming one of the ten best-dressed women in the world. She was completely exhausted. She had never dreamed of such luxury, of such a crushing weight of beautiful clothes and jewels and furs. She had, in fact, been quite happy in her old sweaters and skirts. But she



shyly that really he should not, he must not, waste his money on her; she was only sorry she had been so stupid and careless and interrupted his travels. She was really a very sweet girl. Toward the end of the week, Mr. Hardy had a brain wave; he thought he might, like other men, get married.

The girl was extremely pretty, if rather too young—only twenty-two; but this did not affect Mr. Hardy so much as her general niceness. She was certainly no fortune hunter; and it would be far pleasanter to travel with her than alone. Besides, Mr. Hardy found it absolutely delightful to give presents. This was a new and satisfying pleasure; he thought he would enjoy giving this girl presents forever.

Christabel accepted him, in a gentle if somewhat confused way. He was so kind, he had done so much for her, she had caused him so much trouble; it seemed only right to repay him if she could. It was all very tender and good and generous and affectionate, on both sides. It was hardly the flaming romance that the newspapers described.

could not say this to her husband, who only wanted to give her presents.

Mr. Hardy, meantime, had seen some miniatures in the Louvre and was convinced he had found his hobby. So, during the rare moments when Christabel was not standing up for fittings or sitting down to have her hair done or lying down to be massaged, she followed her husband docilely through museums and antique shops.

THEY dined alone in their suite at the Crillon, and after dinner Mr. Hardy read up on his subject, as before he had worked over business papers, and then went to bed. Christabel wondered why she had to suffer to get so many new clothes when there seemed no occasion to wear them.

Then Mr. Hardy grew a little tired of miniatures and they went to Sweden, where he discovered glass. He bought and bought until the sight of clear, shining crystal repelled Christabel, and she wished she could spend the rest of her life drinking out of a tin cup.

When, as it seemed to Christabel,

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