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Next Week...

Bob Hope offers the "Bob Hope System of Perfect Golfing." It won't help you better your game. But for bettering your disposition, it's sure-fire! So everybody get set to enjoy next week's Hope-ful golf article. (Everybody, that is, but "a certain pudgy baritone.")

How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes dead tired? Feel like you can't keep them open?—can't go on working?—can't enjoy yourself? Then give your eyes a quick, refreshing rest with Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients. Murine gives tired eyes that wide-awake feeling in just a few seconds. Put two drops of gentle Murine in each eye and feel the blessed relief from the discomfort of tired eyes

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

Sweet spring brings out the flower buds
And brings out something more:
A host of dogs that I'm quite sure
I've never seen before.

Whence, O beasties, do ye come?
Perhaps from under rocks?
An airedale's in my tulip bed,
A dachshund's in my phlox.

The Smiths, it seems, have got a chow,
The Browns have got a terrier;
The two are plotting in the road
To make my life the merrier.

Ah, well, and what's the nicer sight
Upon a day in May:
A merry bloom or merry pup?
... It's rather hard to say.

C. D. R.



OASES OF PEACE

Continued from page thirteen

but it is one of the most honored in history."

After their liberation by British troops in 1944, San Marino's peasants joyfully kicked out the Fascist quislings and promptly declared war on Germany for the second time in 30 years. Their first experience at hostilities with Germany ended in some diplomatic embarrassment in 1940, when the San Marino Council discovered they had neglected to send anybody to Versailles in 1919 to sign the peace treaty and that they were, therefore, still technically at war with Mussolini's ally.

The Envy of Italy

TODAY, like most of Europe, it is short of food and consumer goods. But with empty jails and a brand-new set of colorful postage stamps each year to keep the budget balanced, San Marino is the envy of the Italians living in the surrounding countryside. It's hardly surprising that the little republic, already overcrowded, has to turn down hundreds of requests for citizenship every year.

About 800 miles away is Andorra, another land whose 6,000 Catalan-speaking peasants are a lot better off than their Spanish cousins. Nestled in a rugged Pyrenees valley, the 15-by-18-mile state of Andorra is a fabulous vestige of the Middle Ages, can boast of being the only country visited but not conquered by Napoleon. The French Emperor, whose fondness for tiny nations once impelled him to offer San Marino a large slice of Italy, passed through Andorra on his way to attack Spain but carefully respected Andorran sovereignty.

"This place is so fantastic," he declared in a letter to his wife, "that I have decided to preserve it as a museum piece."

Andorra's independence dates from 1278, when it was set up as a kind of no-man's land by a couple of feudal lords during a truce in their perennial warfare. The rivals' rights to the area were eventually inherited by their overlords, and today Andorra's co-princes are the Spanish Bishop of Urgel and, oddly, the

President of the French Republic. Nominal tribute, part of it in the form of livestock and cheeses, is still paid to these non-resident rulers by Andorra's 24-man national council.

Since either France or Spain would raise a howl if one of them should try to seize Andorra, the mountaineers who live in this picturesque valley have been able to run their own affairs for centuries and have never displayed much interest in the troubles of the rest of the tormented world. Tending their flocks by day, smuggling by night and frequently just loafing in their majestic, verdant mountain home, Andorrans have had it so good for so long that they've become a little smug about their blessings.

Inaccessible except by a one-lane dirt road that winds over the steep Pyrenees crags, Andorra used to be a sort of real-life Shangri-La. But swarms of political refugees from France and Spain flocked in. These intruders from the outside world have put up modernistic cottages and shops in Andorra's six sleepy medieval villages, and the more enterprising have somewhat marred the landscape with a power plant and radio station. But even so, Andorra's serenity is probably unmatched anywhere in Europe, and chances are that it will stay that way for a long time to come.

Two Mountains, One Valley

ANDORRA'S nearest competitor for general peace and quiet is the Principality of Liechtenstein, an accidental leftover from the myriad German states that eventually coalesced into the First Reich. Squeezed in between Austria and Switzerland, to which it is linked by a customs union, Liechtenstein's 65 square miles include two Tyrolean peaks, a rolling valley and a gently flowing river.

The principality's royal family traces its history back to the twelfth century. Its present ruler, Prince Franz Josef II, is a popular, easy-going monarch whose marriage to a young Austrian countess in 1943 was one of Europe's biggest wartime social events. He spends much of his

time on his family's estates in Austria, one of which is larger than his principality.

Despite feudal traditions, Liechtenstein's government is highly democratic. Its council is elected by proportional representation. The Prince's powers are strictly limited. Voters abolished their comic-opera army nearly a century ago.

Liechtenstein stayed neutral during the war, but refused admittance to Pierre Laval, the French traitor, and Rashid Ali, the pro-German Arab leader, when these two were trying to escape Allied troops in 1945. The country was never invaded by the Nazis, much to the relief of its Germanic inhabitants, who figured they were likely candidates for the Greater Reich if anybody was.

Today Liechtenstein's 11,000 peasants have resumed their placid way of life. No one in the principality needs to pay taxes as long as collectors continue to buy Liechtenstein's postage stamps. No one goes hungry in the midst of this river valley's rich farmland. And no one in Vaduz, the capital village, gets very excited about the political turmoil besetting the world at large.

Safety In Smallness

THE fact that Hitler never molested Liechtenstein or Monaco, and that Napoleon always treated Andorra and San Marino with respect, seems to prove that it's safest to be small in the world of power politics. The citizens of these little states are sure of it. Unperturbed by atom-bomb jitters (they don't regard themselves as potential targets), they just shake their heads in sympathy when they hear that other nations are threatening to beat each other up again.

"Things are very tranquil here," an Andorran innkeeper told this writer not long ago. "No doubt it is more exciting to live in a country which has wars and makes history, but here we live well. We really have nearly everything we want."

And if that sounds complacent, it is well to remember that outside of a few thousand Luxembourgers, Monacans, Sammarinese, Andorrans and Liechtensteinians, there are few people in Europe today who can say that and mean it. *The End*

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