



Why take it with you?

GOOD NEWS FOR SMOKERS!—A new, pure-white tooth paste with Lusterfoam that attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . you know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually foams cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away

that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Electron-Microscope shows difference!

Tooth surfaces, magnified 6,300 times, illustrate how new, scientifically perfected cleaning and polishing agents enable Listerine Tooth Paste to heighten tooth brilliance and surface smoothness . . . attacking a major cause of Tobacco Mouth.



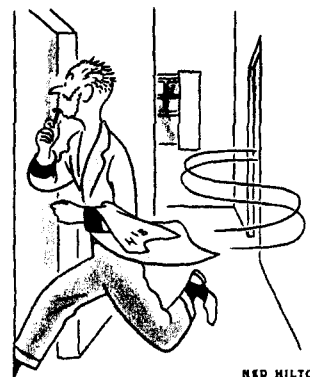
LEFT: Tooth surface polished with ordinary polishing ingredient.
RIGHT: Surface of same tooth polished with new Listerine Tooth Paste.



The Literal Translator

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

If you live next door to a Mr. Piggott you'd better just keep quiet



"You mean you shaved in three other places?"

GOODNESS knows, I've known and weathered more than my share of bores, but I doubt I'll ever weather, much less get used to, the type I call The Literal Translator. The man I live next door to, a Mr. St. Clair Piggott, is one; he thinks I mean everything I say.

If I remark, for example, that I knocked a vase off the mantel and it broke into a million pieces, Piggott will say, "Are you sure? Did you count them?"

Another thing about Piggott—he won't let sleeping commas lie. The other morning I mentioned to him that I'd cut myself, while shaving, in four places.

"You mean," he asked, "you shaved in three other places besides the bathroom?"

"No," I said, "I mean that while I was shaving, I—"

"What's the matter, you restless or something? Can't you stay in one place to shave?"

"Listen," I said, "all I said was—"

"It's probably some kind of neurosis," he said, thoughtfully.

"Maybe," I agreed.

When Piggott gets to work on women, he's even more insidious. The other night he stopped by with his wife, Stella, who explained that they'd just dropped in for a minute.

"Actually," Piggott interrupted, "she doesn't mean that. We may stay for an hour or more. It's just an expression she uses."

"I see," I said.

"You mean you *understand*," he said.

"It's just an expression I use," I said.

"You ought to say what you mean," he said.

He sat back, then, ready to pounce on anything anybody said. I didn't feel much like talking, but my wife and Stella Piggott began prattling away.

"I went to see a revival of The Informer, with Victor McLaglen the other night," my wife said.

"What?" asked Piggott. "Do you know Victor McLaglen?" He turned to me. "You mean you let her go to the movies with Victor McLaglen?"

"She means," I explained, "that McLaglen was starred in—"

"How do you mean, he was *starred*? Did he have a star on his forehead, or what?"

I gave up and shut up. There was another long silence. Finally, Stella

Piggott turned to my wife and said, "Did you hear what happened to Dorothy Stoughton? Somebody stole eight yards of silk she was going to use to make a dress, in the grocery store."

A light came into Piggott's pig eyes. "One moment, *please*. You mean she was going to make a dress in the grocery store?"

"No," Stella said, patiently, "I meant that while she was in—"

"I didn't know they had sewing machines in grocery stores," Piggott said.

My wife glared at him. "Go on, Stella."

"No, let's get this thrashed out," Piggott insisted. "Now, Stella, did I understand you to say that Dorothy Stoughton was going to—"

He never finished; Stella had departed rather abruptly. He faced us, a puzzled look on his face. "What do you suppose could be the matter with her?"

"Probably something she married," my wife said.

Piggott was silent for a moment or two. Finally, in an effort to reinstate himself, he offered to take us to dinner sometime soon at Nick's, a new restaurant down the street.

"Oh, good!" my wife said. "I've never eaten there—but I've seen it riding by in a taxi!"

Piggott's brows tied themselves in a half hitch. "Since when," he inquired, "do restaurants ride in taxis?"

At this point, my wife pleaded a sick



"I didn't know they had sewing machines in grocery stores"

headache (Piggott asked how the headache had taken sick), and I pleaded, in as polite a way as possible, ennui. Piggott left.

As soon as he had gone, I sat down and wrote all the foregoing. Just as I had finished, he came back and looked over my shoulder. As he read, the literal-translator look came over his face. He pointed to the first line. "*Goodness knows, I've known and weathered more than my share of bores*," he repeated.

He drew a breath. "Who's Goodness?" he demanded. "Is he a man? If not, do you mean the quality of goodness? If so, how can an abstract quality *know* something?"

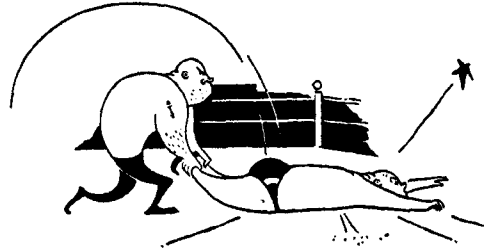
"It's just an expression—" I began.

"Don't interrupt," he said. "You say you've known more than your share of bores. All right, what is your share? If you know more, how many does that make? Does everybody have a share? Say, what's the matter with you?"

I was halfway out the door. "I don't know," I said. "It's probably somebody I live next door to." THE END

Collier's for July 9, 1949

grand slam . . .



● Grand slam in performance.

Because of AC's patented CORALOX Insulator,* AC Spark Plugs perform better than spark plugs ever did before.

They start better . . . idle better . . . fire better under all conditions.

They offer more resistance to oxide coating.

They give you a grand slam in spark plug performance.

That's a big order . . . but it's true. A set will prove it.

AC SPARK PLUGS

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN



MORE NEW CARS AND TRUCKS
ARE EQUIPPED WITH AC SPARK PLUGS
THAN WITH ANY OTHER MAKE

* AC's patented processes make Coralox the finest insulator in spark plug history. Improved electrical insulation, no matter how high the temperature. Better heat conduction. Maximum resistance to heat shock. Less fouling. Harder, stronger, longer-lived.
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



YOU GET MORE for your money in a Willys-Overland 'Jeep' Station Wagon... and at its new low price, it's a better buy than ever! You get a comfortable, smooth-riding passenger car, with inches more head-room and better visibility—18 to 50% more glass area—than any popular sedan. You also get a utility vehicle with seats easily removable to give huge load space. Let your Willys-Overland dealer take your family for a trial ride in this doubly-useful steel-body station wagon... top value in its field.

MORE Usefulness - MORE Economy - MORE Value



MORE luggage room—with seats in, 10 to 29% more usable carrying space than competitive sedans. Removing seats gives 98 cu. ft. of load space.



MORE practical for family or business use. Seats wipe clean with a damp rag. Interior paneling and slatted steel floor can be washed repeatedly.



MORE ease of handling, with quick steering action and better visibility... highly maneuverable in traffic... parks in 2 to 3 less feet with one turn.

ROAD TEST OF FUEL MILEAGE AT 40 MILES PER HOUR

JEEP' STATION WAGON
4 CYLINDER

SEDAN A
SEDAN B
SEDAN C
SEDAN D



MORE mileage—road tests at 40 m.p.h. showed 4½ to 7 more miles per gallon than 4 popular standard sedans!

WILLYS-OVERLAND ***'Jeep' Station Wagon***

WITH 4 OR 6 CYLINDER ENGINE... OVERDRIVE STANDARD EQUIPMENT

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO 1, OHIO • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES



New REBEL YELL *in Dixie*

The good fight for effective democracy grows in the sweet magnolia country.
This is the roll of those who battle the South's determined opponents of progress

A STRONG flame, brighter and infinitely more cleansing than the fiery cross of the Klan, is burning throughout the South today. Increasingly there are hands to feed it, and voices to proclaim its meaning. The hands are not clenched in hate as are the demagogue's, nor are the voices as shrill and blatant; but the flame of purposeful liberalism is lighting up dark and tragic corners of a harried region.

Liberalism, progressiveness, vision. These are abused words, too loosely used, often too narrowly defined. The Southern liberal fits into no mold.

He is rarely a theorist. He is not bound to an ideology that excludes the dissenter, nor does he recite a manifesto as if it were a prayer. He is as often condemned by the distant left as by the near-by right. He has a deep-rooted, provincial love for his homeland. His objectives are usually what are termed limited ones, and he may differ even from his fellows in his proposals for attaining them. But he shares a common determination to make democracy work and thrive through individual and concerted effort on the battle line itself and not from a distant ivory tower.

You don't hear too much about him. He is an educator, an editor, a churchman, a representative of organized labor, a writer, a political leader, a business or professional man, a farmer. Usually he would be embarrassed if you praised him for his courage, or labeled him a liberal. Even when he organizes, his organization is loosely knit, and he may be unaware that his neighbor shares his own convictions.

As Harry Ashmore, the brilliant young editor of the Arkansas Gazette, puts it: "I figure there are thousands in the region, men of good will who are