and

SWEETHEART

is my Beauty Soap

Mike says: "I have to be most particular about my complexion, because it's my stock in trade. That's why I use gentle SWEETHEART Soap. SWEETHEART Beauty Care leaves my skin soft and smooth as velvet... gives it a fresh, young look that shows up beautifully in photographs."

9 out of 10 leading cover girls use SWEETHEART Soap!

Try the cover girls' complexion care for your skin! Just one week after you change to thorough care—with SWEETHEART Soap—your skin looks noticeably softer, smoother, younger! Get SWEETHEART today!

Beauty is my business too!
Who could resist adorable baby model, Donna Lee Archibald? Her mother bathes her only with pure, mild SWEETHEART in the big bath size.

The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin

thought creeping in. "Boy, am I lucky to be well!"
By the time we reached his house the goodness of life was already reawakening in him.
"You keep the boss, Joe," he said, trying to make it sound offhand. Hell, he could afford to be generous. He'd live to catch a million of them!
A week after this I spotted him on my lawn. He was merrily cutting it with a brand new power mower. I'd been sitting in the kitchen with the girls and I went out to the yard to see how he'd explain it.
When he saw me he cut the motor and his smile at the same time. "Hij, boy, how are you feeling?" he asked anxiously.
"Swell. What's this, Good Neighbor Week?"
He laughed self-consciously. "No, nothing like that. I get a kick out of running this thing and my lawn doesn't grow fast enough. Thought you'd like to see it operate..."
"I'm fascinated," I said. "What do you plan to do, Harry, buy a new one every week so you can bring it over here Sundays and demonstrate it?"
He was hurt. "Don't take it like that, Joe. A guy wants to help all he can."

Of course I wasn't really sore at Harry. I'd gone into it with my eyes open but all that next week I couldn't help thinking mankind was a pretty sorry lot. There's a million ways we disguise it but in the end we're all out for Number One. A man can be dying of heart disease and his friends will rally around and help him with his chores but every one of them goes away whistling. People wonder how doctors can stand all the suffering and heartbreak they meet every day but I don't. No wonder they're so damned cheerful at your bedside. They're up.
The thing that got me was that my grand gesture of friendship for Harry began to reverberate on me. I'd been down before but not like this. This was the bottom. For once I'd put my finger down hard on the truth. We were still in the jungle where it was every man for himself and there was no hope for anything.
I suppose I might have gone to Harry then and told him my heart attack was a hoax. But I didn't. What good would it do? Let him keep whistling.

Lois and Harry dropped over on the next Sunday morning, too, but this time he didn't bring his lawn mower.
"Come out here a minute," he said to me. "I want to talk to you."
The girls' eyebrows went up but I followed him out of the kitchen where he took me by the arm and led me to a chair on the lawn.
"Can you raise five thousand dollars in a hurry?" he asked.
"I might," I said cautiously. "What's on your mind?"
"Would you be interested in picking up ten grand on a fast deal?"
"I'll listen," I told him.
He leaned forward and tapped my knee. "Don't think I wouldn't grab this one my- self if I could but I'm in the middle on it. Somebody can make money and it might as well be you. It's as sure as taxes, Joe.

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