THE QUEEN MARY MAKES ITS BOW

British Ship, With French Normandie, Proves That Days of Trans-Atlantic Super-Liner Have Come to Stay.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

WITH the installation into service of the new British liner Queen Mary, following the arrival of the French Normandie last year, the age of the super-liner on the North Atlantic is definitely here.

No longer is the old-time description of "floating palace" adequate for these aquatic giants. They are far more than that, for they are indeed floating cities, and a passenger can board either for days without missing a single one of the conveniences or amusements which fill his daily life ashore.

Crossing the Atlantic in four and one-half days, these streamlined giants, each of more than 80,000 tons, will probably hold their own for some time to come against the transatlantic air liner, due to arrive in the near future. Not only has the crossing time been shortened to hardly more than the time required to cross the United States by rail a year ago, but so many are the interesting activities which await the voyager, the few days are made to slip by so quickly the traveler is often sorry they are over.

In describing a ship the size of the Queen Mary it is hard to decide just where to begin. Might begin just as you would if you were aboard her, waking in the morning after a night at sea. Probably you would want to start with a brisk "constitutional" to absorb some of that exhilarating salt air. Taking the promenade deck for a walk around ship, you would find yourself out for quite a hike—about a half mile, as a matter of fact, for the Queen Mary is 1,018 feet long, with a beam of 118 feet.

Makes 32 Knots.

The great liner, with her 12 decks, towers 234 feet from keel to masthead, 135 feet from keel to top of superstructure. Waving farewell from the deck at her bow to friends below, you would find yourself five or six stories above the dock.

Once out at sea the great ship is capable of traveling 32 knots an hour. A knot is 1.151 miles, which means that you would actually be going nearly 37 miles an hour. There are many commercial concerns whose automobiles are governed not to exceed a speed of less than

There are more than four and one-half days of continual wonders to be seen in a tour of the ship from stem to stern. Directly behind the first stack are the sports decks, with even tennis courts for the guests' enjoyment. Forward of the stack are the officers' quarters, the bridge, wheel room and chart room and other spots where you mustn't come uninvited.

Next deck below is the "sun deck," with more officers' rooms, a grill, squash-racquets courts, a moving picture theater, the wireless rooms, and a few de luxe suites and staterooms. Below that is the promenade deck, where the stroller may browse in a real metropolitan shopping center. Also to be found on this deck are the writing lounge, the great ballroom and a children's playroom.

What Many Decks Contain.

Most of the tourist accommodations are found on the "main" deck, one deck below, reached by stairs or one of the 21 elevators aboard ship. There are more writing rooms, a tourist lounge and a library here. "A" deck has another tourist lounge and more staterooms and suites. Forward and directly below the bridge are hairdressers' establishments, another lounge and the rope stores and forecastle. The purser's office is on this deck, too.

Commodore Sir Edgar Britten, captain of the Queen Mary. He was formerly commander of the Berangaria.

Next deck below, or "B" deck, contains more hairdressers, another children's playroom, more staterooms and bedrooms. "C" deck houses the tourists' dining salon, the baker's shop, kitchens, a grill and the china pantry. Forward are the main restaurant and private dining rooms. "D" deck has room for more of the crew, the fruit ripening room, ice cream pantry, vegetable and salad room, butcher shop, grocery store and ship's hospital. Between the forward and second stack on this deck is the mammoth swimming pool; there is a tourist swimming pool on "F" deck, below. "E" deck has quarters for more of the crew and many third-class cabins.

Besides a swimming pool, "F" deck, pretty well down in the ship, contains the tourist baggage room, garages, mail room, linen stores and all the elevator wells. General baggage and mail are stored deep, deep down in "G" deck, but you can go still farther down, if the crew will let you, to the deck that holds all the machinery, the boiler rooms, turbo-generator rooms, fan rooms, propeller shafts, aft and forward engine rooms and general cargo.

And there is even some of the Queen Mary below that—the double bottom, which is always between any cargo and Davy Jones' locker.

The 2,075 passengers who can ride aboard the ship at one time are cared for with a luxury that certainly would have sounded fantastic in the days when the first predecessor of the Queen Mary, the Britannic, went into passenger service with her 1,154 tons and 207 feet of length, propelled by wooden paddle wheels.

Widely Air Conditioned.

Three rooms where the greatest crowds will gather are air-conditioned; these are the main restaurant ("the largest room afloat"); the main lounge, which is frequently converted into a theater, and the tourist restaurant. The Queen Mary is said to have made greater use of air conditioning than any other vessel on the seas. Fresh air is mechanically forced into every stateroom and cabin, and passengers are able to regulate the supply to their individual quarters as they will.

Electricity cooks all the meals aboard the ship except for the steaks which are broiled on the charcoal grill. It also furnishes the power for cleaning up after meals, for a gigantic machine, referred to by the crew as "Mechanical Molly," washes, rinses, polishes and sterilizes thousands of dishes in an hour and is gentle as a kitten with even the most fragile china. Electrical machines also slice bacon, make bread, make coffee, burnish silver, measure tea, mix dough, break ice, cut butter, polish ranges and ovens, press ducks, mold dough, grind coffee, clarify fat and cut foods.

Even dogs live lives of ease on the Queen Mary. They have a "hotel" on the sports deck. The pups are treated to individual sanitary kennels, raised from the floor. Each kennel has hot and cold running water, steam heat and air conditioning. The dogs even have their own promenade deck.

There are altogether 25 public rooms throughout the ship. Greatest of all, of course, is the main restaurant, which extends the entire 118-foot width of the Queen Mary. It is 160 feet long and covers 18,720 square feet. At one time 815 persons can be comfortably seated.

Floating Broadcasting Station.

Another large room is the main hall, which is 111 feet by 70 feet. Its shopping center, which advertises its wares in show windows along the promenade deck, includes a haberdashery and clothing shop, book shop and telephone booths for ship-to-shore conversations. The passengers need never be out of touch with friends or relatives ashore, as anyone who listened to the broadcasts from the Queen Mary on her maiden trip will realize.

Every facility for broadcasting to shore has been installed in the ship. Concerts or speeches can be broadcast from nearly every public room. The ship makes use of 32 wave-lengths, which permits American and British shore stations to pick up the broadcasts and relay them.

Probably no ship, with the possible exception of the French Line's Normandie, has offered so much entertainment to passengers. The main lounge may be turned into a legitimate or cinema theater capable of seating 400.

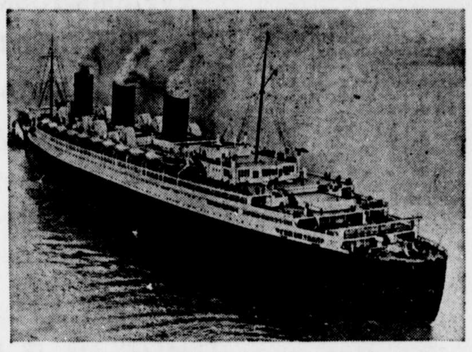
In the ballroom, use of color has been made which is so new that it is virtually unknown on land. Tones of the color lighting system are controlled automatically by a microphone in front of the orchestra stand. The tone-color is directly and automatically affected by the pitch of the musical notes; a high note produces a flash of brilliant lighting, while soft music automatically produces soft light. The effect of the scheme on the rare wood paneling is beautiful indeed. Included in the rare woods in this paneling are petula, zebrano, bubinga, makore, tiger oak, patapsko, pomla and blackbean.

Four Giant Propellers.

Center for entertainment of those traveling tourist class is the tourist lounge, which is 80 by 70 feet. The dance floor in parquet is 33 by 28 feet, and the stage 20 by 8 with a proscenium 27 feet wide by 16 feet high. Changing color lighting, a flood-lighted silver curtain and decorative cartoons by Margot Gilbert are the principal features of this room's elaborate decorations.

Four gargantuan bronze propellers, each 20 feet from tip to tip, drive the Queen Mary through the heaviest seas. Weighing 35 tons each, they are the largest ever cast for any ship, yet so delicately are they balanced, they may be turned with a touch of the hand.

Some powerful machinery is required to propel a ship that weighs 80,773 tons. The Queen Mary's four sets of engines are more than 200 feet long and develop some 200,000 horsepower; this compares favorably with the capacity of the greatest electric steam generating power plant unit in the world. Like the engines of modern automobiles, those of the Queen Mary are "cushioned"; in order to eliminate vibration further, the foundations of the engine room are "sprung" rather than being riveted directly to the plating.



Billowing smoke from her funnels, the Queen Mary leaves the dock at Southampton for her maiden voyage to New York, re-establishing Brittania's prestige on the waves.

Facts and Figures.

Statistics about the Queen Mary could be quoted for hours and never cease to be amazing. Here are a few:

The great funnels are 100 feet in circumference.

In the various kitchens there are 200,000 pieces of crockery, and 100,000 pieces of tableware.

The ship is insured for about $20,000,000.

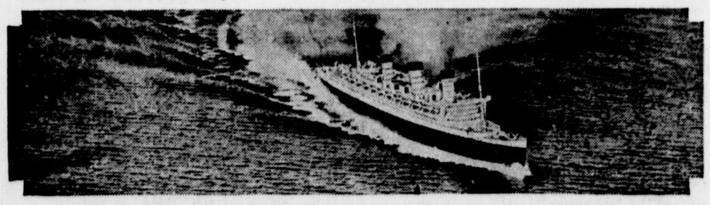
Among the linen requirements are 210,000 towels, 31,000 pillow slips, 30,000 sheets, 92,000 serviettes, 12,500 pantry cloths and hosts of other items, making 500,000 articles in all.

The 150 tons of anchor chain cables for the Queen Mary. Each link weighs 225 pounds.

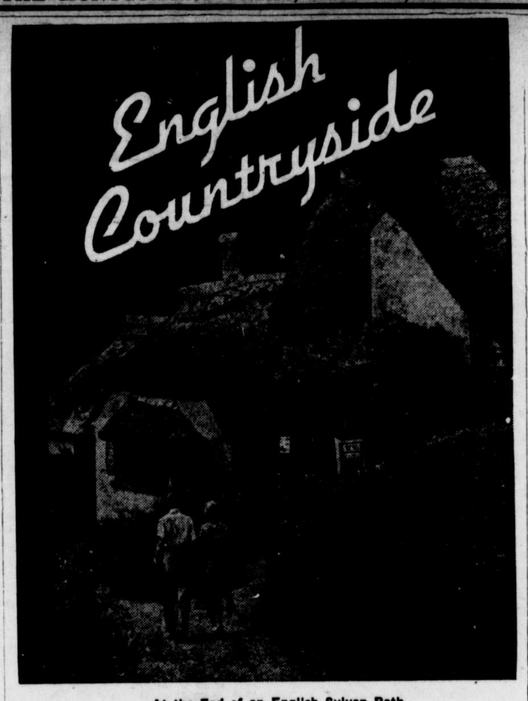
But one of the essentials to a truly great ocean liner is safety. The Queen Mary has 24 lifeboats, of which 20 are made to carry 145 passengers each. All lifeboats are of steel, operated by Diesel engines. Each carries complete wireless equipment. In addition, for the safety of passengers in emergency, each boat carries:

Two pounds of biscuits per passenger, a quart of water per passenger one-pound tin of condensed milk per passenger, one tin red distress flares, one oil lamp to burn eight hours, one tin of oil for the lamp, one box of matches in soldered tin, one gallon tin of fish oil, one canvas bag and line for distributing oil on troubled waters, one canvas sea anchor, drag line and tripping line, two axes, one compass with lamp, one set of oars and two spares, one-and-a-half sets of rowlocks, one bucket, one bailer, one mooring rope or painter, and two bilge pumps.

© Western Newspaper Union.



The Queen Mary cutting the furrows under full power on a speedy course.



At the End of an English Sylvan Path.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

IF ANYONE wants to know the English countryside, let him go house hunting. On such a quest he will discover Nature's cozy-corners that casuals never find. They are everywhere, but as ingeniously concealed as a bird's nest. There may even be a sign which says, "Dangerous narrow road. Enter at our own risk." But that is just the kind of place to insist upon penetrating.

Enter on foot if you are afraid, but the car can squeeze in. You find yourself in one of those incomparable roads like tunnels of living green. Earthen banks of ivy and wild flowers rise ten feet high to be topped by tall trees sprung from the original hedge planted a hundred years ago. The road keeps you guessing by making such curves that there is no penetrating the secret of what lies ahead.

All at once a gate. Within, a bit of woodland, flower-brightened; beyond that, a sunny garden, moldy mossy walls, lattice windows, creepers all abloom and reaching to the roof tiles, which are toned from dull red to gentle green by two centuries of soft rains and sun.

Who would not penetrate the wood to gaze closer—especially when armed with a handful of permits from a real estate firm? You pass through the bit of flowered woodland gay with yellow primrose patches and massed bluebells. But on emerging from the screening trees and seeing the open garden lying in the sun and the house forming a part of it, you gasp and halt.

Garden and house are one. From the lawn's edge the white pinks in solid band reach to bewildering ranks of delphinium blues which, in turn, attain the roses climbing to the eaves. And such roses! Not ramblers, but rich things such as florists in the town sell in costly dozens. The silence is balm, the perfume intoxicates. Suddenly high above, the wild joy of a singing bird.

This is the house of your dreams. A servant appears and explains that the house is to-be-let and is at your service; the lease is for sixty-five years! Exclamation marks rattle about in your head. You stagger away, feeling a kinship with Adam and Eve.

Peculiar Rental Customs.

You select another house which you consider a perfect gem, only to be told that it is not available for "instant possession." The present tenant has the place for four years longer.

These, and other interesting rental customs you may learn in English real-estate offices. Mayfair is full of fascinating real-estate offices, most of them seeming like private homes, with their open fires, Chippendale chairs, and bookcase desks.

"Mr. Upperton and Partners" is the diverting and reticent sign over the door of one of these. Lovely way of expressing it; Upperton, Stoggs, Chair and Jones is outdone by the dignity of "and Partners."

Any of these gentlemen can teach the eager American client new uses of English words and phrases in real-estate jargon, whether or not he offers the ideal ancient house and romantic garden. And it is here that you learn that the rent of unfurnished houses is denoted in pounds sterling, while the furnished house smartly demands guineas—an extra shilling on each pound.

You also learn that company's water "laid on" merely means that domestic water flows from taps instead of being pumped up from well or cistern. Indeed, one must not visibly shudder to learn that for 200 years houses have been occupied by gentry, modern smart people among them, who have had no running water, no lights except kerosene lamps, no telephones. Incredible! Without the tireless English servant, the English gentry must have died out for lack of comforts.

One of the Partners may ask you strange-sounding questions.

"Are you prepared to pay dilapidations?"

That is disconcerting.

"But I don't want a house that is actually in a state of decay."

The Partner patiently explains that any sort of damage or breakage must be restored by the tenant. Your bill for dilapidations may be only four shilling, about one dollar, for a flower holder. But it often happens that one must assume the dilapidations of the previous tenant, which may include repairs and decorations of importance. So it is a word to excite suspicion.

Rent days are not the prosaic first of the month. They come four times a year. Their names are full of suggestion: Lady day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, Christmas. It makes a romantic pleasure of paying rent.

What the American adventurous spirit asks of England for the summer is a smallish house, even a cottage. But it must be under a style name like Tudor, or more romantically Elizabethan, or perhaps, Queen Anne and the Georgian, either late or early.

Hunting a Country House.

The hunt for the ideal takes on the aspect of a tour. It is possible to get about by commodious omnibuses. They set you down on the main roads, where local motor cars with drivers can be hired.

Gradually you come to know the districts not too far from London where certain types of the ideal house have sprung from the soil. It is a requisite of the ideal English small house that it should look as if it had pushed itself up from Nature's laboratory of the earth, just as the shrubs, flowers, and trees have done. They are close kin. They all live together in harmony and beauty.

Districts not too far from London contain an entrancing variety of old styles. The house of carved interiors and scrolled gables is a specialty of Kent; the thatched roof hides beside the roads of Hampshire's New Forest; the cottage of light-gray stone makes glad the villages of the Cotswolds; and the Georgian, or rather Eighteenth-century houses, scatter their elegant lines in all parts of the land. Timber and plaster houses tempt one almost everywhere with their Tudor charm.

West of Southampton lies the witching wood of the New Forest, where fine leafage piles delicately up and up against the sky, and where the road slips softly into mossy turf of green, sun-spangled. Out in the sunny tangle of open lands the wild forest ponies roam free amid gorse and broom and heather. Farther along, where the road strikes the edge of the wood, stand ideal cottages with thatched roofs. The windows of the second story are veritable eyes which kindly contemplate. The casement of one is thrown back and the rosy face of a girl laughs with pretty boldness.

This is a country of thatch. More cottages watch by the roadside. Some are inns, but are so elegantly kept that only a lover of the picturesque, a potential artist, would be living there.

You come to one of the richest of all districts for those who hunt the ideal house when you arrive at the hills of the Cotswolds. Gradually its little stone houses catch you in the spell of their beauty. They spread themselves beside the road, taking on almost human qualities. They lift their gables with dignity; they spread their mullioned windows with frankness. Their symmetry seems of the highest art, yet it is said these lovely houses were built by simple artisans. They took the warm, light stone of the land, and even the roof tiles are made of it. All seems a pearly gray, and on this ideal color climb the bright flowers of the garden.

Many Enticing Places.

You linger long and drift from road to lane, from village to farm, drinking in every detail of these houses—the Tudor ornament over the leaded windows, the lovely flat arch of the front door, the beauties of the back of the house, the flowers and a cunning use of shrubs and creepers piling one thrilling beauty upon another against the light-gray stone.

In Sussex and Kent, hunt out the old farms and the ancient houses of villages. They have a beauty all their own, with their bricks turned to pink and softened brown. Many have an end gable of stone fashioned in the grand curves which fascinatingly recall the Walloons who brought with them their own traditions of art when driven to England by religious persecutions. Those curvilinear gables have, too, a Spanish flavor, a late Renaissance caper of free-drawn curves. Fascinating interiors those Walloon cloth weavers constructed to make the homes of their exiles resemble those they had left.

In Kent is found that enticing structure, the house of timber and plaster, or timber and brick ingeniously laid. It is eternally lovely, bewilderingly fantastic. How did modest man fancy such a house easy to build, and practical? The beams, black and exposed, seem to represent superhuman effort in the interest of beauty. The curved ones, the purely ornamental ones, fascinate the eye. The overhanging second story is a fantastic denial of architecture's law of the large base.

HOW ARE YOU TODAY

DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Reassuring Heart Sufferers

THERE was one lesson learned during the war that has been of help to patients, their families, and to all physicians. That lesson is that because a heart has a leaking valve, is perhaps a little rapid or even irregular, there is no reason why the individual should not go about his work or life in the usual way and live as long as those whose hearts show none of these symptoms.

Men with hearts of these various types get along just as well as those whose hearts showed none of these conditions.

Sir Maurice Cassidy, in the British Medical Journal, in speaking of those who worry about their heart, sums up the treatment in the single word "reassurance." Formerly if a patient had a murmur, a little irregularity or the heart was beating rapidly the physician would mention the fact to him with the words, "Don't overdo yourself" or "You'll have to be a little careful." Now the average individual does not worry much about his liver, kidneys or stomach but one word about the heart and he becomes greatly alarmed.

Dr. Barton

Doctor Cassidy says that there is no use telling the patient that the heart is a little flabby or that there is a slight murmur of no great importance, for to the average patient anything amiss with the heart brings to his mind the most serious possibilities.

Tell Patient Condition

He must tell the patient that he has or he has not a serious heart condition. If it is not serious he should be told so in order that he can go about his work or play with a free mind.

And even when there is actual heart disease but the patient is able to carry on with the ordinary routine of his life without much breathlessness, if he sleeps well, and if there is no evidence of heart failure—swelling of the feet—he can be assured that his heart disease is not a serious malady and that he should live a goodly number of years with it.

And even when the heart condition is serious, if the patient is willing to "live within the limits of his strength" he may live many years. The whole thought is to take away from the patient any worry or unsettlement of mind, so that he knows exactly where he stands.

• • •

Epilepsy Often Misnomer

"The word epilepsy has been carrying a message of desolation and despair into the ears and minds of countless numbers of patients over many centuries. The average individual believes that epilepsy is an incurable disease, that there will be an ever increasing number of attacks, each one more dreadful and devastating than the previous one, that it cannot be controlled by medicine or treatment, condemning the sufferer to mental decay (insanity), and sure to descend upon the individual at the wrong time—in the street car, office, shop, theater, movie, or in any sort of social gathering."

I am quoting Dr. Henry Alsop Riley of the Neurological Institute in an address before the Medical Social Service section of the Welfare council of New York city.

Doctor Riley stated that the word epilepsy should not be used because the patient with ordinary "convulsive" attacks or symptoms immediately felt that he had the severest type of epilepsy and became paralyzed in will, ambition and work with deplorable results to himself, his family, and his future, often withdrawing himself completely from all artistic, cultural and social life.

Merely "Convulsive" State

Also the idea that patients suffering with so-called epilepsy will have children who will suffer with these attacks is not true, unless it is well established in the family, or is in the families of both parents.

Doctor Riley would call the majority of cases now called epilepsy simply "convulsive" states.

These convulsive states can be controlled by diet and medicine and the individual can go about his usual work, mental or physical, and engage in all the various pursuits of life without fear, if the simplest suggestions now known everywhere throughout the world are followed.

These suggestions are:

1. Cut down on all liquids—tea, coffee, water, soft and hard drinks.

2. Cut down on all starch foods—bread, potatoes, sugar, pastry.

3 Increase the fat foods—butter, cream, fat meat, egg yolks.

4. Take the dose of phenobarbital daily as prescribed by your physician.

Statistics show that individuals suffering with this convulsive state, epilepsy so-called, are as bright mentally as non-sufferers. The only danger mentally that might occur would be due to the fact that they worry about the condition and withdraw themselves.

Such action tends to make the individual introspective, may cause a serious lack of self-confidence and make the individual unwilling to assume responsibility.

©—WNU Service.

Drinks Measured

Every drink served in cafes of Nice, France, whether it be whisky or tea, must have on the glass or cup figures which give the exact quantity of the contents, according to a decree just issued. Cafe owners believe drinkers may be discouraged when they realize how much they have imbibed.

Where Yale Is Buried

Elihu Yale, for whom Yale university is named, is buried in Wrexham, Wales.

Just a Little Smile

WHY THE CROWD?

Griffiths was the father of 12 children, and he decided to take them all to the seaside. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to enter the train when the proud parent was touched on the shoulder by a policeman, states London Tit-Bits.

"What have you been doing?" the constable demanded.

"Me? Why, nothing!" stammered the surprised man.

The policeman waved his hand towards the family.

"Then why," he asked, "is this crowd following you?"

FASHION HINT

"Merciful Providence! what a narrow escape. When did the savages attack you?"

"Oh! you mean the arrow in my hat? I stuck it there, they're all the rage."

Good Foundation

The manageress, looking extremely angry, approached the customer's table.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that you have found fault with my cakes. The business of this cafe has been built almost entirely on my cooking."

"Madam," replied the customer, "I see no reason to doubt it. With a few more buns like these you could build a hotel!"—Stray Stories Magazine.

Suiting the Word

"Halt," yelled the sergeant to a new squad of recruits. But one of them marched on.

"Here, Jones, what were you doing before you joined the army?" yelled the sergeant.

"A horse driver, sir," replied Jones.

When the squad was marching again the sergeant cried: "Squad halt! Jones, whoa."—Stray Stories Magazine.

Too Tempting

"He won't hurt you." Bobbie's mother reassured her small son who always was terror-stricken when a dog approached.

"Yes, he will, mother," protested Bobbie, "'cause he knows I'm full of bones."—Capper's Weekly.

No Sandwich Either

Customer—I want two small hacksaws, a pound of assorted nails, a nice oak handle for my hammer, and a pot cleaner for my missus.

Clerk—Sorry, my friend, but this is an old-fashioned drug store.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Her Best Years

"How can you talk to me like that," she wailed, "after I've given you the best years of my life?"

"Yeah?" returned the husband, unimpressed by her emotion. "And who made 'em the best years of your life?"

OH, WAITER!

"Mary had a little lamb—"

"Well, what's the rest of the combination breakfast?"

Working Overtime

"How's your bungalow? You told me it was cooled by woodland breezes in the summer."

"That part was all right, but the landlord is working nature overtime. Now he's trying to heat it solely with the sun."

On and Off

Tootle—The Hodgsons are certainly putting on the dog these days.

Cornett—Yes; and they are certainly putting off a lot of creditors to do it.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Great Fighter

Recruiting Officer—Are you sure you want to enlist for this war?

Applicant—Yes sir, I do. I belong to the fighting McGuires and we never miss a scrap. I want to enlist for the duration of the war, or longer if it keeps up that long.

Good Reason

Bronson—I hear you have resigned from the Anti-Profanity society.

Johnson—Yes, I've bought a second-hand car and am learning to play golf.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Gardening Days

"I understand you have made extensive plans for your garden this year?"

"I did make some rather ambitious plans for it, but I've changed my mind."

"So?"

"Yes! The more I dig the smaller the space that I intend to dig becomes."

Puzzled

"What are ancestors, Pop?"

Well, I'm one of your ancestors, Son. Your grandfather is another."

"But why do people brag about them?"

AN EXCLUSIVE DRESS SIMPLE TO CROCHET

Pattern 5533

Even the butterfly's enamoured of his little charmer's newly crocheted frock—a style that's winsome and dainty for tots of four to eight. So easy to crochet, too, in a simple all-over pattern, topped by yoke of plain mesh which serves as sleeves and collar. Use white or colored string.

In pattern 5533 you will find directions for making the dress shown in sizes 4, 6 and 8; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Making Friends

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends. It involves many things; but, above all, the power of going out of one's self and seeing and approaching whatever is noble and living in another man.—Thomas Hughes.

STOP PAIN QUICK WITH CAPUDINE

Headache, neuralgic, and periodic pains and other nerve pains yield almost instantly to Capudine. This is because Capudine is liquid, and its ingredients are already dissolved—all ready to act.

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The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.—Antoninus.

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Why Physicians Recommend Milnesia Wafers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia in solid form—the most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly, then swallowed, they correct acidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure *quick, complete elimination* of the waste matters that cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, and in convenient tins for your handbag containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately one adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores sell and recommend them.

Start using these delicious, effective anti-acid, gently laxative wafers today

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