



I LOVE AUTUMN!

I love the bracing freshness of the breeze...the splash of gold and russet in the trees...the cry of birds flying south! Autumn is an exciting time of change. It always has been for me! It was autumn when I made a most significant change—the change to Tampax!

That was a happy change for me! For, in Tampax® internal sanitary protection, I discovered the secret of those smart young women I always admired—women who never seemed to have “problem days.” That secret lies in the very promise of Tampax—to help you forget about differences in days of the month!

I'm so glad I changed to Tampax! Glad I said “good-bye” to chafing pads and twisting belts. To telltale lines and embarrassing odor. To disposal problems. To carrying problems. Now, when “those days” come around, I can always feel free and fresh—fresh as all outdoors—fresh as autumn, itself!

Tampax is available wherever drug products are sold, in three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Live a “regular” life —without laxatives

What wouldn't you give to throw away every laxative in your medicine chest? To live a “regular” life again—normally, naturally? Here's how you can do it!

Medical science now has found a miracle substance—available as REGUTOL—that corrects constipation...not with laxatives but with natural colonic moisture!

Doctors say most constipation is due to waste losing moisture in the colon—becoming hard and dry. To give relief, laxatives and “bulks” have to force action in some unnatural, often uncomfortable way.

REGUTOL tablets work differently! Entirely non-laxative, they simply make the moisture in your colon softer hard, dry waste more effectively. Normal elimination follows naturally!

Thus REGUTOL corrects constipation and restores regularity as no laxative can—usually in just 3 days! Try it; see how much better you feel. 30 tablets, only \$1.00.



ATHLETE'S FOOT ITCH?

Here's instant relief, proved by government hospital!

At first sign of agonizing toe itch, use amazing Ting Medicated Cream! Tests by government hospital prove Ting brings relief three ways: (1) Instantly relieves itching and soothes sore, burning skin! (2) On 60-second contact, destroys fungi that cause Athlete's Foot! (3) Aids healing of cracked, peeling toes. Ting's “dry cream” formula dries quickly to an anti-septic powder that clings...continuing relief for hours! Greaseless, stainless. At all druggists. Only 79¢. Money back if not satisfied. ©1958 Pharma-Craft Corp.

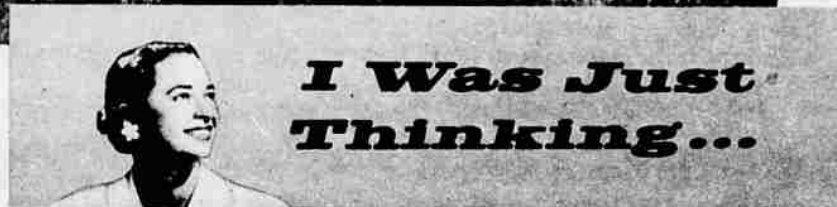
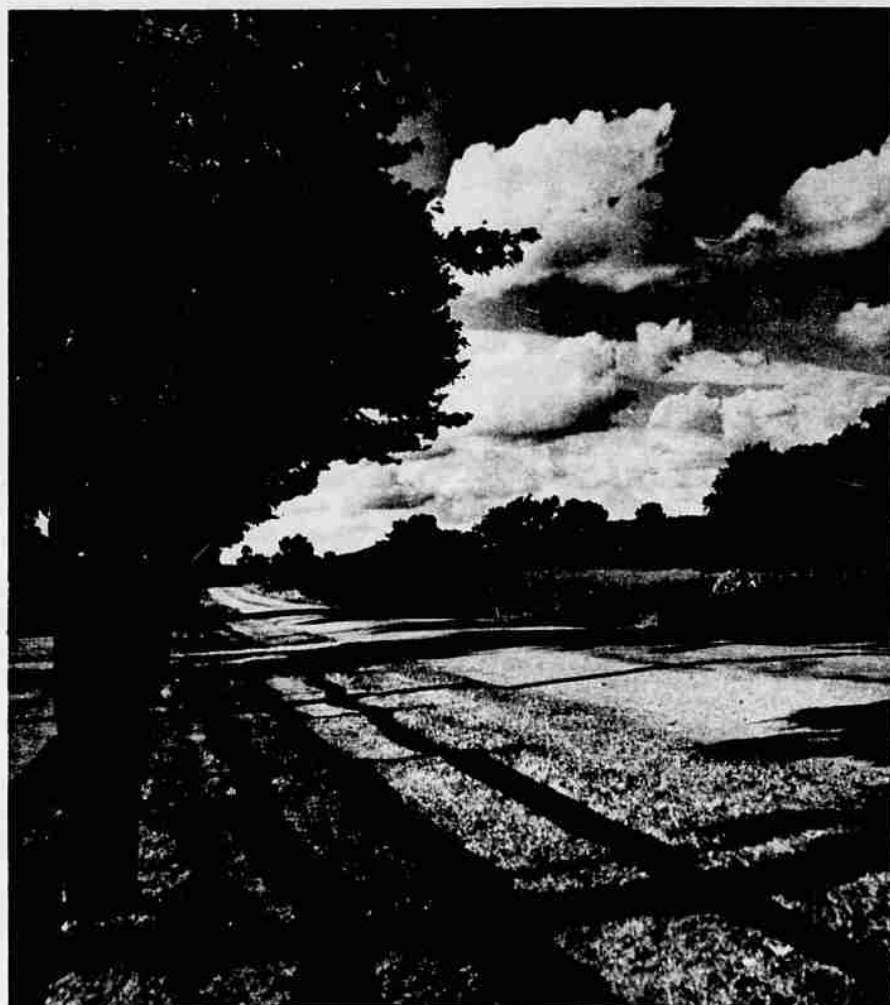
DRIVE SAFELY

HEART burn?

GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN SECONDS!



TUMS ARE ECONOMICAL—3 ROLLS ONLY 25¢



I Was Just Thinking...

... I am wearing the last night of Summer. Here on the lonely road in the mystic moonlight there is no sound in the world except the silent fish splashing in the river.

Sunlight would create in living splendor the bronze and gold of the trees along the bluffs and the water would shine and sparkle in the blue reflected from the Autumn sky.

But it is night.

The last night.

Under my feet are the sharp spikes of gravel on the road, but there is no reality of sense or feeling except the rainbow nimbus of the moon which slides like silk from cloud to cloud and shimmers across the still water.

If I had cut these trees from black paper and pasted the stars among them, I could feel no more a part of them than in this peculiar joining.

In a moment I will remember that there is a cottage behind me with the brightness of chintz at the windows. In a moment I will taste again the garlic of the steak and the sharp retort of the Roquefort. In a moment I will turn and walk this road and become again a part of a party, a minor being who shuts from sight the melody of night.

The last night.

The last fragment of Summer.

And then I walk in my teetering heels and my thin stockings up the rise of ground and across the wet grass and into the cottage. In the cacophony of their laughter and the dissonance of their words, there is one who remembers me and knows, as I do not, that it is long since I closed the door behind me and left them for some other world known only to me.

How shall I explain? Shall I say I have been granted a great gift, a present of perception which bestows on me alone this night and this majesty? That is sacrilege.

Then how shall I communicate this perfect peace to any other? Perhaps I need not.

Perhaps it is enough to bow my head on the lonely road on the last night and feel its grandeur move me to whisper the two words which translate it to myself:

Thank you.

Patty Johnson