

"To swim or not to swim"—that is the question

Whether to "sit out" some sunny days in a beach chair when that time-of-the-month arrives



Since your mother's day, there has been quite a change of heart by authorities on this subject. Great numbers of normal, healthy women now take their usual swims any day of the month. An important factor has been the

growing use of Tampax as an internal method for monthly sanitary protection. In a swim suit, you obviously need a form of protection which cannot possibly "show through"... Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in throw-away applicators. Requires no belts, pins or external pads—quick to change and *unfelt* when in place. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal... Prepare for next month with this modern Tampax. At drug or notion counter in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply fits into purse; economy box holds 4 months' average supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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An invaluable aid to summertime comfort. Enjoy its many uses.

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THE GIRL FROM WURZBURG

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into the clean air. A stone had slipped from its own weight. The laws of nature had not been destroyed.

A little farther on, she passed by the undemolished villas on the outskirts of town in which the soldiers of the Occupation Army lived. Steve was lying on the grass inside the garden of a small white house, and he recognized her from afar and got up. A few near-by soldiers rose also, walked to the garden fence, and looked at the girl who was slowly coming toward them.

SINCE his serious talk with Johanna in the moonlight, Steve had been too depressed and torn by mixed emotions to go near her. But when she approached closely enough for him to see the expression on her face, he went out to meet her. The ambition which he had once felt but felt no longer—to be seen by his friends with a pretty girl—was now fulfilled. The other soldiers were all watching Johanna, and a short, stocky sergeant whistled.

Lost in thought, Johanna did not look up until Steve spoke. She smiled faintly as he fell into step beside her.

He said: "I hope you haven't lit a fire in the stove yet. The clay must dry out, and the first fire should be only a little one. I'd like to be there when you light it."

She only nodded, and they walked on quietly together, Johanna deep in her thoughts.

In Steve there was rising the feeling that she was an innocent being who did not belong to those bearing the guilt of blood. But he could find no words to tell her. It was as if she knew what he was thinking, though, for she shook her bowed head, and looked up into his eyes, distressed.

From her expression, Steve read her mind. He said, with the directness of simple people: "Nonsense! You are not responsible. You're being unfair to yourself."

By now they had arrived at the willows. The realization that Steve cared for her, that there was no longer any conflict in his mind about her, made Johanna's heart light. She had the inner pride of a girl who had kept herself for the one man she'd some day love, and it would have been impossible for her to take his love as an undeserved gift. She looked at him and said, from the fullness of her heart, "Let's light the first fire in the stove right now. Would you like to?"

Steve took her hand. She was happy, and let it rest in his as they walked along. Sometimes, making their way over the rough ground, their paths were separated by root stocks nearly two feet high; but like two children playing a game, they continued to hold hands.

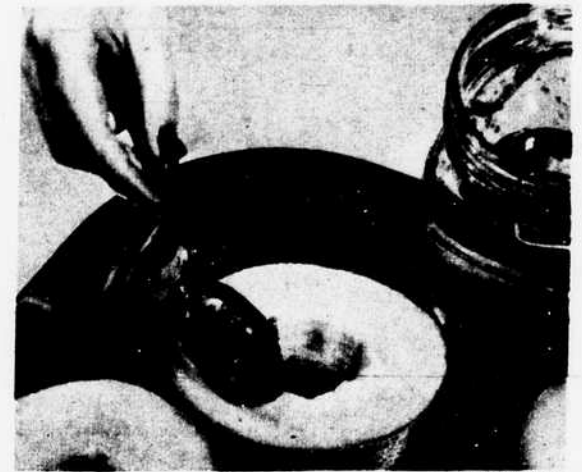
THEN suddenly, balanced on her toes on a small hummock, Johanna lost her balance and fell into his arms. He drew her closer and kissed her. She began to tremble, and returned his kiss. For the last hundred steps they no longer walked hand in hand. Johanna's head was bowed, but she was not embarrassed. Instead, she was sure of herself, poised and serious. It seemed to her that she had just passed through one of life's doorways, and on the other side had come the revelation

Slick Tricks with Melon

MELONS return! Chill, cut, serve "in the raw" are directions enough for using any fragrant ripe melon sweet tasting of sun. But use them, too, in a fruit cup, eat them in salads, in combination with summer fruits, sprinkled lightly with sugar, doused with lime juice.

Be daring, try the cantaloupes broiled as a dinner beginning. Halve the small melons, sprinkle lightly with salt, shower with lime juice, drizzle with honey, dot well with butter, lightly brown under broiler.

— CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD



JOE ENGELS

that everything has to be paid for—even happiness.

Steve looked at Johanna, and suddenly before his eyes came a vision of the blooming lilac bush back on the farm in Pennsylvania. Involuntarily he said, "It stands behind the stable." Johanna looked at him questioningly, and he was embarrassed—because he couldn't explain, even to himself, what the blooming lilac had to do with Johanna.

THERE were plenty of withered branches and small pieces of driftwood near by, cast up on the river bank and baked stone-gray by the sun. With them Steve made a small fire. Johanna listened with delight to the crackling of the wood, but the builder of the stove was more interested in the barely audible sing-song of the clay as it received its baptism of fire.

In the shed now hung the damp odor of paint, lime and fresh clay, as in a new building. But after a little while the red brick cube exuded a soft, odorless warmth. Johanna had a stove.

Between the end of the pipe above the roof and its pointed chimney hat, the blue smoke curled out and rose into the clear July air, home-like and comforting, as though European civilization, which had de-

voured and turned itself into rubble and ashes, had taken the first step toward a new beginning.

In the hope that Steve might return, Johanna had tried to dress up the goat shed. In front of the glassless window frame now hung little white curtains, gathered near the bottom with a string in an elegant sweep to each side; on the table stood a bouquet of corn flowers in a preserve can covered with pale-blue wrapping-paper scalloped around the edge; in front of her bed she had put a mat of light-green willow twigs decorated with a little red ribbon which she had braided in a circle in the center.

They sat next to each other on the edge of the bed. It was already growing dark. Johanna had lit one of Steve's candles, and the glow fell softly on her face. Stars shone in her eyes.

SHE watched Steve as he looked several times at each one of her housewifely embellishments, and she grew embarrassed. Only this made him suspect that she had done it for him. He was sure of it when she dropped her eyes.

He said softly, "Now you can cook here."

The way he said it warmed her heart. How tender life is! she thought. But until now tenderness had passed

her by. Instinctively she edged a little closer. It was so good to be sitting beside him. No evil in the world, she thought, can happen to me now.

AFTER a pause filled with meaning, Steve hesitantly put his arm around her. "Do you like me, Johanna?" he whispered.

She only nodded. But suddenly the tears, unwept for years, burst forth. No sound came from her lips.

Steve kissed her on the cheek, wanting at first only to comfort her. Then he kissed her again and again—finally on her mouth, which no longer resisted. She lay in his arms, almost fainting.

Only when he asked her, in a whisper, his lips against her cheek, whether he could stay, did Johanna free herself. Chastity was stronger than her desire.

But when the immediate danger had passed, she let herself be kissed again, and returned his kisses, her face glowing and still wet with tears.

Then he left.

As Steve walked through the gate of the villa, he was surrounded by the GI's who had been lying on the lawn with him in the afternoon. They were drinking beer, and were beside themselves with joy. They told him, all talking at once, what they had heard an hour ago: The company had been alerted, and would depart next morning, perhaps for home. The train would leave at seven.

Steve had been waiting from day to day for this news. It was a big event, after two years of misery and death and bitter homesickness on a strange continent. As though already preparing for the journey, he unconsciously straightened his jacket.

AS HE did so, the picture of Johanna suddenly cut into his elation. It was like heat lightning, bright for a moment, then gone into memory. When his comrades thrust a glass of beer in his hand, he put it down, untasted. Without a word, he went into the villa to pack.

The short, stocky sergeant looked after him, and said plaintively, "I wonder what's biting him."

Early the next morning, the company marched, through ruins, to the ruined station. *The End*

