

# JUST

**The Source**  
Huffer—How can you smoke such a rank cigar as that?  
Puffer—I can't. That's the one that you gave me yesterday.

**Definition of a boy—Noise with dirt on it.**

**What He Thought**  
Sergeant—Okay, now, toughening up exercise. Everyone on his back. Legs in air. Pretend you are pedalling a bicycle. One, two, one two—Hey, you! Why aren't you pedalling?  
Rookie—Sarge, I'm pretending I'm going downhill and coasting.

**Vocabulary of Stutterers**  
Persons who stutter, 80 per cent of whom are males, usually have a vocabulary half again as large as those who are free of this nervous affliction, owing to their use of synonyms for words, which, at times, they cannot readily pronounce.

**Neon Visibility**  
Because its wave length is radically different from that of other kinds of reddish light, a neon sign has a 20 per cent greater visibility during a rainstorm than during clear weather.

**Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On**

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

**CREOMULSION**  
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

**As We Love**  
The more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God.—Jeremy Taylor.

**YOUR ASSURANCE**  
The buyer's assurance is the advertising he or she reads in the newspaper. That is the buyer's guide. It tells the prices one must expect to pay. Let the seller who tries to charge more beware!

# Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING  
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**CHAPTER XII**

"Well? She's not your squaw, is she?" continued the Commissioner.  
"She promise to marry on me. She work for Meester Hale. She say she lak dark mans no more, she lak gol' hair."  
"Where were you yesterday?"  
"In mornin' cleanin' out hangar."  
"Did that take all day?"  
"No sirree. Word come dat chief marry. Mees Samp seesters, they sen' me to woods. I cut everyting green. Bring to H house and put 'em round room."  
"Yourself?"  
"Mees Hale come an' Meester Chester. Bruder, seester, dey work togedder, oder mens come too."  
"Were Mrs. Hale and Chester in the H house all the time you were?"  
"No sirree. Meester Chester go first. Say to her, 'You feenish.' She sen' me for more green. W'en I come back—she gone too."  
"Gone, had she? Where were you last night?"  
"Squaw-dance."  
"Was your girl friend" — he amended—"was Tatima, this girl you expect to marry, with you?"  
"No. She stay at Waffle Shop for beeg marriage party there." He qualified, "She come to dance late, stay long night through."  
The Indian girl was called next. Tatima swaggered in, head back. Her face had the curious color dark skin has when drained of blood.  
"Have a good time at the Indian dance last night?"  
Tatima straightened. "Who, me? Me go to Indian dance?" Her contempt was superb. "I stay at Waffle Shop all night, help Mees Samp seesters clear up after marriage party."

went to Waffle Shop an' wash deeshes."  
"You didn't see Mr. Hale again alive?"  
"Who, me? I not see heem again, never."  
"That's all. You may go."  
She swung out, head up, the Yakutat blank trailing from one hand. The Commissioner watched her till the door closed. Made a note on his pad.  
"You take stenographic notes, don't you, Grant? Take Miss Trent's testimony."  
He looked at Janice. "Sorry to bring you into this, but I want to hear about your visit to Hale's cabin."  
"Mr. Hale phoned me to come and take a letter from his dictation. A codicil."  
"Codicil! Did he sign it?"  
"I don't know. I put it in shape and sent two copies to him by one of the men."  
"Make a rough draft for me when we get through this afternoon. While you were at the Hale cabin, what happened?"  
"Tatima has given an exact account."  
"You met Chester as you went out?"  
"Yes."  
"What did he say to you?"  
"He asked what I was doing in Hale's cabin."  
"And you answered?"  
"That it was none of his business. The suspicion in his voice made me furious."  
"Mm! All the next day you were away from headquarters, I under-

stood. In one hand she held a box. Harcourt rose.  
"We were to send for you later, Miss Martha."  
The woman's grim lips twisted in a smile. "Which's polite for sayin', 'What you doin' here?' Mr. Bruce, I came to save you wastin' the government's time." She stepped into the center of the room. Her voice quavered with excitement. "Found the revolver that shot Joe Hale? Must be somewhere."  
"Obviously." The Commissioner's voice dripped sarcasm. Martha Samp frowned at him.  
"What do you mean speakin' like that to me, to a woman old enough to be your mother? I want you should understand that the engineers in this camp didn't leave their manners behind in the States. You et ten waffles for your lunch, Mary told me. I ain't under any obligations to feed you an' your assistants while you're here on this case. If you try to be a smarty with me, you'll eat with the men or the Eskimos, understand?"  
Tubby Grant camouflaged an exuberant chuckle with a racking cough. Dauntless Martha Samp belligerently faced the Commissioner. A smile tempered the amazement on his face as he rose. He was decidedly attractive when he stepped outside his official self, Janice decided.



Tatima swaggered in.

stand. There was a party here in the evening. Did you dance with Chester?"  
"Yes."  
"Did he mention your meeting of the day before?"  
"Yes. He apologized for his manner and I explained why I answered as I did."  
"You parted good friends?"  
"The best." Thank heaven that was over! She had squeezed by without telling what Jimmy had said in reply.  
"Was that all that was said?"  
Her assurance crashed. Good grief! She wasn't under oath, she hadn't sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth. She would say nothing which could incriminate nice Jimmy Chester. She smiled engagingly at the Commissioner.  
"Anything more would have been anti-climax, wouldn't it?"  
His smile was bland, too bland.  
"You were in the H house when Mrs. Hale came last night, weren't you? Sorry to remind you of what must have been a gruesome intrusion on your happiness, but I want to know what happened."  
"We were sitting by the fire talking when someone beat furiously at the door. Mrs. Hale stumbled into the room. She was breathless as though she had been running. She braced herself against the wall, tried to speak. Mr. Harcourt said, 'Steady, Millicen'. What has happened?' Her eyes were wide with horror as she called out, 'Joe's dead! Shot!' She pitched forward to the floor."  
"You can remember nothing more that was said? See who's knocking, Grant."  
Janice's eyes met Harcourt's. He must be intensely relieved that she had been reprieved from answering that question. Tubby Grant opened the door. Martha Samp stood on

the threshold. In one hand she held a box. Harcourt rose.  
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"Miss Samp, if it's a case of love my waffles, love me, I'm eating out of your hand. I never tasted anything so good. Sit down. We'll listen so long as you'll talk."  
She sat down.  
"Sakes alive, I guess you don't know what you're promising. I'm quite a talker when I get goin'. Howsoever, I haven't got so much to say unless I get started on crime or matrimony. Surprisin' how often you'll find 'em related. I've found the pistol." From the box she cautiously extracted a revolver wrapped in a soft white cloth. A revolver with a gleaming mother-of-pearl butt.  
The office whirled before Janice's incredulous eyes. Bruce Harcourt's! "I found it on the shore when the tide went out," Martha continued. "When I heard about Mr. Hale, an' there not being any weapon found, I says to myself, 'First thing'll be done will be to examine and check up on every pistol at headquarters. 'Tisn't likely though that whoever did it will keep it by him, he'll get rid of it. No place I know of better than the shore.' So every chance I had I ran down to the shingle while the tide was low. I had what you call a hunch that it wouldn't be far away, and it wasn't."  
The Commissioner broke the revolver. "One cartridge gone." He replaced it on the table. "Ever seen this gun before, Miss Samp?"  
"Yes."  
"Where?"  
"It belonged to my nephew, Archie Harper."  
"Who owned the revolver after your nephew—went?"  
"Mr. Bruce."  
"Did you know that it was missing, Harcourt?"  
"Yes." Curtly Bruce Harcourt told of his discovery of the empty holster on his wall, added that he had inquired among the engineers if anyone of them had borrowed it.  
"Mm. Didn't connect it with the shooting, I suppose?"  
"The shooting hadn't occurred at the time I missed it."  
The door swung slowly open. A man with dazed eyes swayed on the threshold. His face was bruised, his clothing torn. The Commissioner stared at him, open-mouthed.  
"Parks! Where did you come from? Plane crack-up?"  
The man's head achieved a wobbly shake. "Never got off. Fella grabbed me as I was climbing into the cockpit. He flung me down with such force that I was stunned. I heard a roar an' then I didn't know anything."  
"What did he look like?" The Commissioner shook the dazed man in his eagerness.  
"Go easy. I fell on that arm. Couldn't tell what he looked like, goggles on. But when he grabbed me I noticed a big black seal-ring on his finger."  
"Who wears a seal-ring in this outfit, Harcourt?"  
"Chester, the second engineer."  
"Mrs. Hale is Chester's sister?"  
"Yes."  
"I'll talk with her next. Is she able to see anyone, Miss Martha?"  
"Twill do her good to rouse out of her daze. If M's. Hale isn't roused I'm 'fraid she'll get lower an' lower in her mind. 'Twould be a pity. She's got a lot to live for."  
"What d'you mean, she's got a lot to live for?"  
"Joe Hale was a rich man, I've heard. He didn't need to work, but he was crazy over bridge-building."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**THE CHEERFUL CHERUB**

The way the world just sails through space Without machinery or fuss Is quite disquieting—I hope There's some one looking after us.

WNU Service.

**THE FABIOUS 2 DROP WAY TO GIVE YOUR HEAD COLD THE AIR. USE AS DIRECTED. USE 2 DROPS OF COOLING, SOOTHING PENETROSE DROPS**

**The Covetous One**  
The covetous man is like a camel with a great hunch on his back; heaven's gate must be made higher and broader, or he will hardly get in.—Thomas Adams.

**DON'T LET CONSTIPATION SLOW YOU UP**

When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headachy and everything you do is an effort, do as millions do—chew FEEN-A-MINT, the modern chewing gum laxative. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT before you go to bed—sleep without being disturbed—next morning gentle, thorough relief, helping you feel swell again. All of your normal pep. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply costs only

**FEEN-A-MINT 10¢**

**Our Business**  
To turn all that we possess into the channels of universal love becomes the business of our lives.—John Woolman.

**Is Your Daughter Popular?**

Maybe she needs something to really bring out her charm. She can't be attractive if she's pale, underweight and scrawny. Encourage her appetite with Vitamin B1 and Iron, in VINOL. Your druggist has this pleasant-tasting tonic.

**.....VINOL.....**

**Elevated Her**  
Miss Jinks—You mean you let that tall corporal steal a kiss from you?  
Miss Short—Yes, but he had to hold me up to do it.

**"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52 yrs. old) HEED THIS ADVICE!!**

If you're cross, restless, nervous—suffer hot flashes, dizziness—caused by this period in a woman's life—try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Made especially for women. Helps to relieve distress due to this functional disturbance. Thousands upon thousands of women report remarkable benefits. Follow label directions.

**Man the Actor**  
Man is a make-believe animal—he is never so truly himself as when he is acting a part.—Hazlitt.

**Lack Sugar in Blood**  
Some rude and hoarish people get that way because they have a small amount of sugar in their blood, for that is one of the symptoms of this condition. Their rudeness often disappears when they eat a piece of candy.

**By Its Proverbs**  
The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs.

**Miserable with backache?**

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.

Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**