

**Sailor Discovers That Appearances Deceive**

The naval recruit was getting on very well with the blue-eyed and sweetly fragile damsel at the dance. Naturally he suggested having a bite to eat. She readily accepted, and they strolled into the dining room.

Presently, the sailor noticed that one waiter was staring at his partner rather too intently. At last he tackled the man.

"Don't you know it's very rude to stare at ladies?" he snapped.

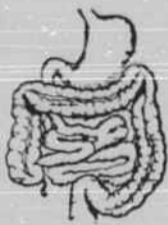
"Sorry, sir," was the meek reply, "but it ain't rudeness—it's admiration, sir. This is the sixth time she's been down to supper to-night!"



**Bride at Two**

Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, had one of the smallest wedding rings ever worn when she was married to the Dauphin of France. The bride was two years old—the groom, nine months!

**What's This?**



It's 35 feet of intestines—5 or 6 times the length of your body, thru which everything you eat must pass. Nature usually needs no help, but the wrong food, or too much of it, can cause temporary blockage (constipation) with aggravating gas, headaches, listlessness or bad breath. ADLERIKA, with its 5 carminative and 3 laxative ingredients, relieves gas quickly and gets bowel action surprisingly fast. Ask your druggist for ADLERIKA.

**Best Occupation**

Agriculture for an honorable and high-minded man, is the best of all occupations or arts by which men procure the means of living.—Xenophon.



**YOUR CHILD'S** coughing at night—caused by throat "tickle" or irritation, mouth breathing, or a cold—can often be prevented by rubbing throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime.

**VAPORUB'S** poultice-and-vapor action loosens phlegm, relieves irritation, helps clear upper air passages, thus tends to stop mouth breathing and invite restful sleep. Try it!

**Setting an Example**

A good example is the best sermon.



**BUREAU OF STANDARDS**

• A BUSINESS organization which wants to get the most for the money sets up standards by which to judge what is offered to it, just as in Washington the government maintains a Bureau of Standards.

• You can have your own Bureau of Standards, too. Just consult the advertising columns of your newspaper. They safeguard your purchasing power every day of every year.

**Lighted Windows**

By EMILIE LORING  
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**CHAPTER XIV**

A yell of horror cracked in Bruce's throat. He seized his rifle, climbed down from the cockpit, stumbling, slipping, raced toward the man wielding a gun like a club as a great polar bear charged at him. Another, smaller, bleeding, roaring horribly, was struggling up from the ice.

Harcourt stopped. Raised his rifle. Fired. His gun cracked again. Again. Both animals crumpled into mounds of white fur. The man who had been defending himself jumped back, turned.

"Bruce! Bruce!"  
The universe staidied. Panting, bleeding, ashen, dripping with moisture, Chester stumbled forward. His eyes were the eyes of a man who has stared death in the face.

"Just in time! I shot—the cub—didn't know there was another and—and—" he swayed. Harcourt caught him.

"Take it easy, Jimmy, till I can get you into the cockpit."

With moans, Chester pulled himself up.

As he climbed into the cockpit, Chester mumbled deliriously:  
"Take me—back—Chief. Crazy stunt to—run—away. Milly heard—me—threaten—Joe. I'll—come across with—"

His face contracted in pain. His eyes closed.

Grant's usually clear voice was toneless. "Did you get those notes typed?"  
"Yes."

He picked up the sheets Janice indicated. "You're good, you are certainly good. When you leave us you'd better take a turn at the reduction of the Public Debt."

"Leave! What do you mean?"

"Don't like the way this guy Paxton has been hanging round since Our Hero left. He and his 170-foot yacht, with its twin 550-horsepower engines, make headquarters look as bare and unlovely as a plucked chicken. I'll bet Bruce would be fit to tie if he knew that bozo was here."

"Ned arrived before he started."  
"He did! And he went off and left you?"

"Of what importance am I in comparison to his job?"

"Says you." Grant's always ruddy skin took on a deeper tint. He clearly gave her the impression that in his opinion Harcourt was deeply in love with her. But he quickly changed the subject.

"I've just found out that Kadyama didn't appear at all at the squaw-dance the night Hale was shot."

"He told the marshal that he was there after nine."

"He sure did. But he wasn't."

"Where was he?"

"That's what I mean to find out. You're the only person I've told. Don't breathe a word to anyone. The Commissioner and Harcourt are sure that Mrs. Hale knows more about the late unpleasantness than she is telling. They radioed that they would be back at headquarters tomorrow. Didn't say whether they were bringing Chester. Get her up to the H house for a cup of tea this afternoon, can't you? I'll drop in. Philo Vance stuff. If your former fiance comes, all to the good. I suspect that the sunshiny presence of a multi-millionaire might help dispel her gloom."

As she walked the short distance to the Samp cabin, Janice marshaled her memories. Where had Pasca been the evening of what he called the marriage-party? He had welcomed Bruce and herself when they landed on the flying field. She couldn't remember having seen him even for a moment during the festivities.

She paused abruptly on the threshold of the Samp living-room. Ned Paxton was beside Miss Mary at the table from which books and lamps had been removed to make space for a profusion of unmounted photographs. Martha, in the wing chair, white-stockinged feet on a stool, shoes on the floor beside it, peered from behind a newspaper.

"Sakes alive, aren't you through work early, Janice?"

"Mr. Grant closed the office early. I had finished the work he left. I suspect that he didn't want to be bothered with me. Immediately I thought of a tea-party. Where is Mrs. Hale?"

Martha Samp's voice was grim. "She isn't what you'd call cheerful. I kinder think Millicent's goin' to enjoy widowhood like some folks enjoy poor health. She's talkin' an awful lot about missin' Joe. Now, makin' allowance for the shock an' terrible unhappy with him."

"You don't understand folks who aren't hacked out of Plymouth Rock, as you are, Martha."

If one of the scarlet-coated Hessians on the hearth had slashed with

his gold saber, Janice wouldn't have been more surprised than she was at the younger Samp sister's outburst. Martha stared at her with faded agate eyes.

"Mary Samp! What foolish talk! Have you gone plumb crazy?"

"Crazy! I've just come sane. I've spent over two years of the precious few I got left cookin' waffles up in this wilderness, where you don't ever see anybody, when I might have been seeing places, real places, an' having clothes, real clothes. Great things are goin' on in the world, an' all I know is waffles an' then more waffles."

Martha Samp opened her lips. "Mary Samp! Your head's been turned readin' those fashion magazines. Foolish things."

"They ain't foolish. They're like fairy tales to me. When I read 'bout slim, slithery women in trail-in' silver dresses an' ermine capes an' emerald bracelets glitter-gleamin' on their arms, I'm them. You an' I are not poor. You like to pile up money. I don't. I'm going to spend my hail. I'll stay here till the last boat goes out, then I'm through with pots and pans and waffles."

She sank back, visibly shaking. Her sister's voice was as sharp as



"I will take you down the coast in my yacht."

a razor, though Janice saw the glint of tears in her eyes.

"Sakes alive, Mary Samp! I didn't know you had so much spunk. An' here I've been layin' awake nights wonderin' what would happen to you if I died. I guess I'm not so important as I thought I was. You'd probably get on a heap sight better without me. If that's the way you feel, you needn't wait for the last boat. Go as soon as you like. I don't need you."

Paxton, who had been standing by the mantel smoking, flung his cigarette into the fire. He laid his hand on Mary Samp's heaving shoulder.

"Call her bluff. I will take you down the coast in my yacht. I'll give you the time of your life. I will take Mrs. Hale too, if she'll come."

Mary Samp wiped misty eyes with a shaking hand. "I'd like it, Mr. Paxton."

Millicent Hale was seated at a desk littered with papers when Janice entered her cabin. In her black frock she seemed passionless, remote, intangible as a shadow. The fire cast rosy shadows on her skin without warming it, flashed reflected flames into the strained eyes without lighting them. Janice felt her color rise in the face of her well-bred surprise.

Mrs. Hale touched her black frock. "You are inviting me to a party?"

Her pained surprise made Janice feel like a worm. "I didn't mean a real party. Merely a cup of tea. I thought coming to the H house for a while might shorten the day for you. It must seem horribly long."

Millicent Hale's shudder was slight, quickly under control. "This day is neither longer nor harder than many other days have been in this horrible country. Has Bruce been heard from?"

"They radioed that they would leave the northern camp early tomorrow. Would reach headquarters in the afternoon."

"Have they found Jimmy?"

"Nothing was said about Mr. Chester. At least Mr. Grant told me nothing."

With a sob, relief perhaps, Millicent Hale laid her face on arms outflung on the desk. Janice tried to comfort her.

"I wish that I might help you."

"Help!" The woman rose with a haste which catapulted the somnolent Pekinese to the rug. Her voice shook with anger. "Help! You! You've snatched all the good in life there was left for me. You knew Bruce years ago, I hear. Met him again, ran away from the man you were to marry, disguised yourself as a boy, brought a trunkload of seductive clothes and came hotfoot after him, didn't you?"

"And got him!"

Janice banged the door behind her. Humiliation succeeded fury. If moments of crisis revealed one's true self, she and Millicent Hale had not shown up well under the late passage-at-arms. Two tenement-house women fighting over a man would have stripped down to the same basic frenzy.

"And got him!" What would Bruce think if he heard what she had claimed? The question which haunted Janice's waking hours, intruded on her dreams, bobbed up again! "Was Bruce in love with Millicent before I came?"

As she opened the H house door she heard a thud. Pasca, his plaid shirt of a blinding brilliance, was laying a log on the fire.

"Set up the card table," she said. "Lay the cloth and arrange the Chinese pewter tray the way I showed you. Be sure that the water for the tea has been freshly boiled. Grate cheese on crackers and brown them, put others together sandwich fashion with guava jelly and chopped nuts."

The man's stolid face brightened in a childish smile. "How many tea? One? Two? Tree?"

"Four cups. Put on your white coat." As she removed a faded flower from the bowl on the table desk which had been full of red roses the first time she entered the cabin, she asked casually, "You like the white coat, don't you? What do you wear when you go to dances? Feathers and blankets or just ordinary clothes? Perhaps you don't dance? Perhaps you weren't at the squaw-dance the night the Samp sisters had the party for me?"

He stiffened into immobility long before she had finished speaking. Before he answered he shuffled across the room, removed the embroidered tea-cloth from the dresser drawer.

"I not go to dance, no sirree. Work all time at Waffle Shop. Tell Kadyama, 'You help. Then I get through much quick, then we two go squaw-dance.' He say no. He plenty lazy all time." He spread the cloth carefully and pattered into the kitchen.

Later, seated on the spavin-legged stool before the crooked dressing-table, Janice thoughtfully buffed her already polished nails.

Lad the party come? Janice flung open the door in response to a knock. Her smiling lips stiffened. Ned Paxton. Alone. She feigned enthusiasm.

"Come in. Where are the others?"

"Coming. I'm the vanguard. As the relations between the Samp sisters seemed a little strained, I left them to fight it out." Back to the fire, he lighted a cigarette. Janice was conscious of his critical scrutiny of the room as he inhaled and exhaled a long breath of smoke. His cynical eyes came back to her in the fan-back chair.

"So you chose this in preference to what I could give you?"

His amused incredulity stung her. She struggled to keep her voice as lightly contemptuous as his.

"But, you see, I didn't have to take you with it."

"Touche! Score one for you."

Janice asked with honest curiosity: "Why did you want to marry me, Ned? I am different in all my tastes from the girls with whom you play round."

He frowned as he regarded her with appraising eyes. "You'd be surprised if you knew how many times I have asked myself that question. I went out of my way to meet you. I was curious. I had heard that in spite of the fact that you neither smoked, drank, gambled nor petted, men hung round you in smitten swarms, that you had more friends than any girl in your set. I didn't believe it, but I fell for you like all the rest."

"Smoking for some inexplicable reason makes me dizzy and cutting out the whoopee stuff was no virtue in me. I tried it all. I don't like the ugly and sordid, and more particularly the cheap things of life. They leave tarnished memories. My inhibitions ought to prove to you that I wouldn't fit into your scheme of living."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Married to a Tree**

The Hindu believes it is unlucky to marry a third time. Therefore a man who has had two wives, and wants to marry again, first goes through the ceremony of being married to a tree, which becomes his third wife. Then he marries his chosen bride.

The tree is draped in yellow cotton and a sari (the principal robe of a Hindu woman) is placed beside it. Water is then poured round it three times. The customary screen is erected between the "bride" and bridegroom, and the usual bridal necklace is placed round a branch of the tree.

Immediately after the ceremony the tree is cut down and burned.

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**Marrying an Angel**

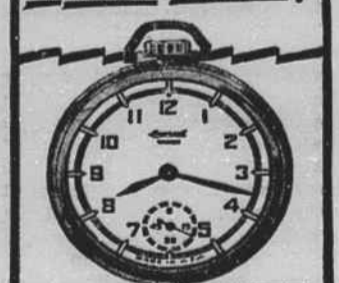
Theme song in an Armenian wedding might easily be "I Married an Angel"; part of the bride's wedding costume is a pair of cardboard wings covered with feathers which she wears fastened to her head.

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