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FOREST LAWN CEMETERY  
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**CREMATION**  
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'Seaworthiness'

"Seaworthiness" covers not only a ship's condition but many other factors, including the quality of officers and crew. Seamen have won judgments for injuries received on "unseaworthy" ships, in one case because the mate was brutal and in another because the Chinese crew could not understand orders without an interpreter.

Pull the Trigger on  
Constipation, with  
Ease for Stomach, too

When constipation brings on discomfort after meals, stomach upset, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, and bad breath, your stomach is probably "crying the blues" because your bowels don't move. It calls for Laxative-Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels, combined with Syrup Pepsin for perfect ease to your stomach in taking. For years, many doctors have given pepsin preparations in their prescriptions to make medicine more agreeable to a touchy stomach. So be sure your laxative contains Syrup Pepsin. Insist on Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin. See how wonderfully the Laxative-Senna wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your intestines to bring welcome relief from constipation. And the good old Syrup Pepsin makes this laxative so comfortable and easy on your stomach. Even finicky children love the taste of this pleasant family laxative. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna combined with Syrup Pepsin, as directed on label or as your doctor advises, and feel world's better. Get genuine Dr. Caldwell's.

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Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" 100% MUCH FASTER  
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Making Shadows  
Every substantial grief has 20 shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—Sidney Smith.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666 LIQUID TABLETS** MAKE ALL NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

More Raleigh Jingles  
Raleigh Cigarettes are again offering liberal prizes in a big jingle contest running in this paper. One hundred and thirty-three prizes will be awarded each week.—Adv.

**FRED ALLEN**  
... is on the air  
**THIS SUNDAY NIGHT**  
and  
**EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT**  
with **KENNY BAKER**  
Portland Hoffa  
Al Goodman's Orchestra  
**TEDECO**  
KFAB-KOIL—8 P.M. C.W.T.  
KLZ—7 P.M. M.W.T.  
and other C.B.S. stations  
Presented by **Texaco Dealers**

WNU—U 10—42

**DOAN'S PILLS**  
THE TRUTH  
SIMPLY TOLD.  
Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's Pills under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.  
If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.  
Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging back ache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous. It played out.  
Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won worldwide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

Lighted Windows  
By EMILIE LORING  
© WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS  
THE STORY SO FAR: Bruce Harcourt, Alaska engineer, finds a lady's satin slipper buckled with brilliants on Fifth Avenue. When he answers an ad for its return he is amazed to learn the owner is Janice Trent, sister of his college chum. She had quarreled with her fiance, rich Ned Paxton, a gay blade, and was about to leave his auto when she changed her mind. Her slipper fell out, however. Bruce impulsively asks her not to marry Paxton. But she turns away from the subject. Returned to Alaska, Harcourt saves a bridge from collapsing. Hale, the chief engineer, responsible for the flaw in construction, had left before the spring breakup. The camp has a new secretary, Jimmy Delevan, apparently a sickly youth who keeps much to himself, but the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, take a motherly interest in him.  
Now continue with the story.



Harcourt seized his erstwhile superior in a grip of steel.

CHAPTER III

"The new secretary is quick and accurate as a sharpshooter," said Tubby.  
"Never see him round," Harcourt observed.  
"He isn't. Sticks close to the Samp girls. I'll bet they baby him. Women have to have something to women."

led to the kitchen. Martha Samp stood in the opening like an avenging fury. Under one arm was a massive yellow bowl. She emphasized her ultimatum with the wave of a batter-covered spoon. Hale met her steady eyes. With a snarled imprecation he stalked from the shop.  
A sigh of relief like the passing of a vague wraith sighed through the room as he banged out. Men resumed their seats and their attacks on the waffles heaped on their plates. As the atmosphere cleared Harcourt demanded in a low tone:  
"Why the dickens did you fly at Hale, Tubby? Keep out of this mess. Disappointment plus his habits has crazed him. The very absurdity of his accusation should have held you."

Had she run away before the ceremony to escape the publicity attendant upon a last-minute broken engagement? He remembered the frozen voice he had heard at the telephone the night he had returned the slipper. The black slipper. He could see the buckle of it now.  
A slight cough at the door drew his eyes as steel to magnet. Lean, gaunt Martha Samp, with admonitory finger at her lips beckoned with the hand which clutched a newspaper.  
Without another glance at the sleeping girl, Harcourt crossed the room. Martha Samp hooked one bony finger into the pocket of his coat and drew him outside the cabin. She soundlessly closed the door. Still holding him she led the way to a rude woodshed. Put her lips close to his ear.  
"You've found out?"  
"He nodded."  
"The Lord be thanked! I won't have to take the responsibility. What you got to do?"  
Towers of purple dusk were rising against the afterglow. Far off snow caps, like white islands, dotted a rose-streaked indigo horizon; hot blue and white stars, cool red stars spangled the sky. Harcourt's eyes came back to the lined, gaunt face of the woman beside him.  
"Send her home on the first boat. This is no place for a girl."  
"Sakes alive, I'd like to see any harm come to her with Mary an' me here!"  
"But, Miss Martha! You don't think she should stay here masquerading as a boy?"  
"Course not, now that you know. But, she hadn't oughter go back. Read this. It came in today's mail. Weeks old, I suppose." She opened the newspaper, pointed with a knobby finger.

Returned from a shower and a change of clothes, Harcourt gathered up the mail heaped on the table. Newspapers, letters, magazines. He lighted his pipe, settled deep in a comfortable Morris chair and opened a long, official envelope. What had the authorities to say to him, he wondered? Dark color rose to his face as he read the letter. The authorities had to say that he had been made chief of the outfit, in place of Hale, demoted and recalled.  
Harcourt stared thoughtfully into the fire. He had made good. He had come to this northern country after having been honorably discharged from the Engineers Corps of the army six years before. This promotion meant the doubling of his salary. It meant that he could provide certain luxuries for a wife—a wife in this wilderness! Not so good. He had indulged in all sorts of wild visions since his return from the States, had pictured Janice in the fan-back chair which had been designed for a lovely woman. Had she married Paxton, Paxton of the golden tongue and purse? With difficulty he switched his train of thought. Hale was out of it. Would he be a good sport and make things easy for his successor or would he fight?  
Fight. Harcourt answered his own question as he entered the candle-lighted Waffle Shop and met the malevolent glare of the demoted chief.  
Tatima, the Indian waitress, moved from table to table, a savage from the tips of her beaded moccasins to the top of her superb head. Her face was darkly, tragically beautiful. Her black hair, parted in the middle, was drawn with satin smoothness over her ears, the blood flowed redly under her olive skin. An immaculate white apron partially covered her gay cotton gown, from her neck hung a string of evenly cut, sapphire-blue beads.  
Harcourt took the chair which Grant had reserved for him. He sensed the lull in talk as he entered. Did the men already know of his change of status? Opposite him sat Stephen Mallory, the coast missionary, white-haired, lean, Alaska-seasoned.

"Ba-gosh, I saw vermilion when he insinuated—"  
"Forget it!"  
"He wouldn't have been demoted had he behaved himself."  
"He knows that. That's the tragedy of it. He has dug his own professional grave and realizes it. He's a wizard of an engineer when he's himself. I've learned so much from him that I shall be everlastingly grateful."  
"Mebbe so, mebbe so."  
Tatima came over to Harcourt's table and said: "Miss Martha she say for you to go to her cabin, soon's waffles eat, Walk in, she say. She come soon."  
Stephen Mallory looked after her thoughtfully. Shook his head. "Tatima's a puzzle to me. In a crisis she'd revert to the pagan creed of her ancestors, which was to end a quarrel by the surest and easiest method."  
"Ba-gosh, then she'll get Hale sometime."  
"Cheerio, Tubby, Hale will be off before she realizes that he's going."  
As he made his way to the living quarters of the Samp sisters, he reflected on Hale's vicious thrust. Home-breaker! Evidently he intended to twist friendly sympathy for his wife into a sordid liaison. Tubby and he had been sorry for Millicent Hale. Dainty as a figurine, the woman, little more than a girl, had taken her marriage vow, "And leaving all others cleave only unto him," literally. She had followed her husband into the wilderness. Once or twice when her brother had been away from headquarters, she had turned to him or to Grant in an extremity. They had done what they could to help.

Hale obeyed instructions and walked into the Samp cabin without knocking. The room was characteristically New Englishish, furnished as it was with the Lares and Penates the sisters had brought. It had an atmosphere of homey charm. An old-time melodeon stood in one corner, a radio kept it company. Curious samplers, quaint silhouette portraits brightened the moss-chinked walls. From the warm security of the hearth rug a coal-black cat regarded him unblinkingly with slightly disdainful green eyes. Over one arm of a wing chair drawn near the fire dangled a pair of legs and feet encased in leather leggings above heavy shoes. From its depths came the sound of soft, regular breathing.  
Harcourt smiled broadly. Grant's secretary asleep, he'd bet a hat.  
He tiptoed across the room. He noted the boots, small for a boy even. His eyes traveled over the curled-up body in its rough brown tweed to the face. His heart suspended action. His glance flew from the vivid mouth with the faint red line of irritation above the upper lip to the tapering fingers from which dangled a small golden mustache. A way lock of black hair had fallen over one eye. Long lashes, gold-tipped, lay on the crimson cheeks.  
The world crashed about his ears. The boy asleep in the chair wasn't a boy! It was the girl to whom he had said good-by in New York. It was Janice Trent.  
Harcourt never knew how long he stood staring incredulously at the girl's face. Janice Trent! Impossible! What had brought her into this wilderness? Had she married Paxton and found the marriage unendurable? No, had she gone so far as that she would have stuck it out.

Slacks Ensemble With Skirt  
Is Ideal for Defense Work

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Slacks ensemble is ideal for defense work.

like those shown in the center of the above picture. Slacks are simply constructed and easy to make as these give emphasis to the growing sentiment among women that it is wise to sew and to save these days. This one-piece slacks suit is cut from a very simple pattern, and it is made of serge-a-head, a wonder fabric of all-rayon weave that looks exactly like an expensive French serge. It washes and irons beautifully and can be had in white or a range of exquisite colors.  
Search the fashion centers over, and you won't find a more complete many-purpose slacks outfit than the nicely tailored four-piece suit shown to the right in the above illustration. This foursome consists of slacks, coat, skirt and sleeveless jacket fashioned of black and white check rayon weave. Checks, by the way, are the rage this season for jackets and slacks suits. You'll be seeing and hearing about checked fabrics wherever you go. This stunning slacks ensemble is purposefully designed to take care of versatile costume needs for the woman who leads a busy life. You can mix and match the various pieces to your heart's content, and it is more than a work suit. Whether you travel by train or by air, or motor to your destination, or dash about town to keep appointments, this smart many-piece suit can be manipulated to tune perfectly to the occasion.  
If it's a bright accent you are seeking for your slacks, you'll find plenty of it in the new blouses that are made of the splashiest big colorful prints imaginable. When a yen for the utterly feminine besets you, wear a dainty white frilly and sheer blouse. Make sure that it is styled with a foamy white jabot, for they are wonderfully smart.  
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'Menu' Buttons



Buttons are more decorative than ever in the spring fashion picture.

Brothy white lingerie touches will make their appearance as separate collars and jabots and various frills. There is also a new movement to make snowy lace accents look as if they were actually a part of the dress. A newly arrived black crepe frock has bell sleeves with a section cut out, then filled in with lace insets that give the impression of lace undersleeves.  
New, too, are the lace rosettes used like buttons. Many hats are lace-trimmed and there is promise of a tie-up between lingerie hats and lingerie neckwear.  
In Gay Colored Squares  
Girls are going to have lots of fun wearing the new skirts made of quaint calico printed to look like big squares of different colors and designs. A yellow calico skirt can be worn with a bright red blouse. Or, try a green skirt with an inset of yellow to match the yellow in a tri-color blouse. For a dainty effect, wear a blouse of sheerest white lingerie with your calico skirt.

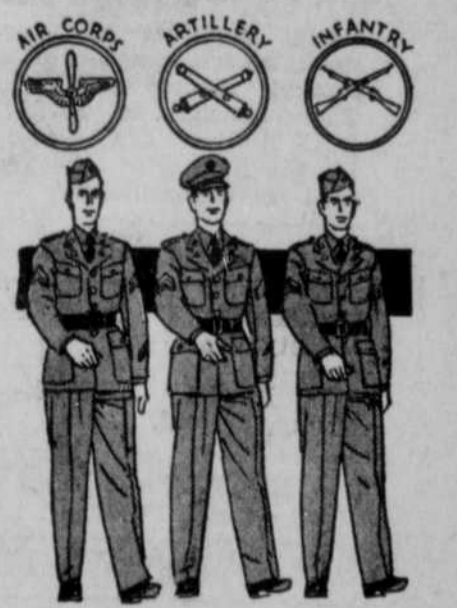
Drawstring

Very new and smart are straight coats, jackets, and even sweaters, that are brought snug into the waistline with a drawstring. It is a technique that is being applied to cloth and to suitings as well as to rayon wash materials.

Perky Sailor

Cunning are the new little sailors arriving for early spring wear. They are worn tilted provocatively over the eyes. In many instances the veil and the trimming is quite ornate.

Citizen's Guide  
To Armed Forces



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Dishonest Man  
Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—Archbishop Whately

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