

right on up to the present. First, I'd like to know your name—your full name."
 "It's—it's Ethel Mae Harmon."
 "I see. And you worked for Representative Lucas for some time, didn't you?"
 "I've been his housekeeper since he's been in Washington."
 "Did you know him before that time?"
 "Yes. I knew him."
 "Very well?"
 The little woman looked worried now, dark lines of agitation showed on her forehead and about her eyes, clouding her beautiful face.
 "Yes, you might say that I knew him very well," she said.
 "Would you tell us all about it? It's the only way we'll ever get at the bottom of this man's death."
 Slowly at first, the woman began her story, interspersing it with sobs

which she tried hard to control. Rita Hayes, prize sob-sister of my paper's staff, arrived on the scene just in time to take down a stenographic record of the woman's amazing story. It is this record, rather than the highly colored story which Miss Hayes later wrote from it, that I reproduce here.
 "I first knew Paul Lucas," the woman said, "about thirty years ago, when I was nineteen. He was a young man then, a law student just out of college. He had attended Harvard for four years, but strangely enough had come back to his home in Mississippi to study for the bar. He said he did this because he planned to practice in Mississippi and wanted to get acquainted with the law governing his own state."
 "He was a very handsome fellow, then; very tall and straight, with features that were typically white. Only a few of his best friends in the South ever knew that he was a Negro, and he never took the trouble to inform them of the fact. His practice was largely among white people, and nobody seemed to question him."
 "When it came to getting married, though, he returned to his own race and picked me out because, although I was dark, I could easily pass for Spanish or Cuban. For twenty-eight years after that we lived together happily. We had one son, who is twenty-three now. Until last month he held a fine political position in Mississippi. But last month he was fired."
 "Two years ago, my husband decided to run for a seat in Congress. He had been prominent in Mississippi for a long time, and was well known and well liked. He was elected by a large majority and came on here to Washington, leaving us to take care of ourselves down in Mississippi."
 "I suspected that he had grown tired of me, or else he didn't want me to come to Washington, where complications might arise because of my color. So I stayed in Mississippi and let him do as he wished in Washington. My son was working, and he managed to support me as well as his own little family. I never could understand why Paul never sent me any checks after he left Mississippi. After all, I had married him and he was supposed to contribute to my support. But I was too proud to ask him for anything; I simply let him go on with his work in Congress and admired him for the splendid showing he was making."
 "When my son lost his job, though, I saw that something had to be done. Not caring to live on his slender savings any longer, I decided to come to Washington and talk to Paul."
 "I found that he had changed a great deal since he had left the South. He wasn't the same man at all. He refused even to see me for more than a week. Finally, when I forced my way into his office, I begged him to treat me civilly. He told me frankly that if he introduced me to Washington society as his wife, every bit of prestige he had would be lost and his word would carry no more weight on the floor of the House."
 "I said to him, 'You forget that you are a Negro yourself. What if I decided to tell that to the newspapers, especially those down in Mississippi, whose people you are supposed to be representing?'"
 "He laughed at me, Inspector. He said, 'Nobody'd believe you. And you can't prove anything.'
 "I said, 'I can prove I'm your wife.'
 "He laughed again. 'You can't even prove that,' he said. 'It might interest you to know that we were never legally married—that the license which was used was not properly signed or witnessed.'
 "What did you do when he told you that?" the inspector interrupted.
 "I screamed. You can imagine what a shock it was, to discover after all those years that my marriage had not been legal. I couldn't believe it. I still can't believe it. But finally, almost in desperation, I begged him to give me something to do—some little job in which I could be near him as often as possible without annoying him. You see, I still loved him. And I would have done anything rather than return to Mississippi."
 "Finally he gave in. He gave

me—his wife—a job as housekeeper in his own apartment. And here I've lived since then, there in that little room in the back. He's never been the same to me since I took the job. He's treated me meanly—like a servant. I can't stand being treated that way—by him. Two weeks ago matters came to a head. I discovered, for one thing, that he was having an affair—as old as he is—with another woman, a white woman, a widow...
 "What did you do then?"
 "First I sent for my son, and he came here from his home in Mississippi. Then I went quietly to Paul and warned him that if he continued his affair with this woman, I'd disclose him for what he was—I'd inform this woman that he was nothing but a typical, down-south Negro with crazy ideas—"
 "And what did he say to that?"
 "He reached into his desk and drew out a pistol. I suppose he intended to shoot me. Lord, how I wish now that he had! But my son had been waiting in the reception room and when he heard the commotion, he came into the office. Seeing what was happening, he rushed in and managed to wrestle the gun from Paul."
 "My husband quieted down and tried to apologize, saying that he had lost his head. But by that time I had the upper hand. I showed him my son—his son. Inspector, the resemblance between the two of them was remarkable! It left not the faintest shadow of doubt. I turned to Paul triumphantly. 'What better marriage certificate could I have than this?' I asked him."

Bright Sayings of the Children

What Do Yours Say?

Send them to us and they will be published.
 My daughter, Jean, age 3 years, was watching me wash her sweater. The colors faded in washing. When she wore the sweater the next day her aunt admired it and remarked what a nice clean sweater it was. Jean said: "Yes, auntie, but you should see how it faded."—J.C.
 Our young son, age 9, was elected secretary of his club. His mother asked him if he kept the minutes of the meeting and he answered in all seriousness: "They didn't keep minutes; they stayed as long as they wanted to."—M. C. C.
 Little Coralee on entering the living room one morning discovered that the slip covers had been removed from the chairs.
 "O, look, mama," she exclaimed, "the chairs has tooked off their nighties."—Mrs. J.
 Recently I helped my little daughter dress for a party. Noticing that I was taking particulars pains with her appearance, she asked: "Why are you such a good mother? Did you take lessons?"—Mother.

ENGLISH

Words Often Misused
 Do not say, "There are a dozen of eggs in the box." Say, "There is a dozen of eggs," or, "There are five dozen of eggs."
Words Often Misspelled
 Legitimate; note the two i's, not tam.
Words Often Mispronounced
 Itch. Pronounce ich, i as in "it," not as "each."
Synonyms
 Fault, error, defect, flaw, blemish, imperfection. Ominous, portentous, sinister, inauspicious.

DON'T GET UP At Night

If you are one of the millions who must get up several times a night, your trouble is probably due to an irritation of the bladder. Just try taking Gold Medal Haarlem Oil Capsules. During 237 years this fine, old preparation has helped millions. Why not you? Insist on GOLD MEDAL.

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This Girl Is Never Lonesome

When men's glances linger, then frankly admire... what feminine heart doesn't thrill? Know this thrill! You can have alluring beauty. Dr. Fred Palmer's Skin Whitener Ointment softens and lightens the darkest skin, clears up pimples, blotches and tan marks, and does away with that "oily, shiny" look. Use this preparation regularly to make your skin soft, delicate and charming. This amazing Ointment is made in the famous Dr. Fred Palmer's Laboratories where are also made those other beauty aids you know so well: Dr. Fred Palmer's Skin Whitener Soap, Skin Whitener Face Powder, Hair Dresser and Hid Deodorant which may be had at all drug stores for 25 cents each or will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Dr. Fred Palmer's Laboratories, Dept. C, Atlanta, Ga.

Send 4c in stamps for trial sample of Skin Whitener, Soap and Face Powder.

DR. FRED PALMER'S Skin Whitener
 KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION YOUTHFUL

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BEAUTIFUL

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Herolin Pomade Hair Dressing is sold for 25c by all leading drug stores or direct from **HEROLIN CO. ATLANTA GEORGIA**

Who is the mysterious "other woman?" What occurred in the congressman's room the night before his death? Don't miss the dramatic revelations of next week's thrilling installment.

Embarrassing Moments
 Send your Embarrassing Moments to the Editor and it will be published.
 My watch would not run, so I took it to the jeweler who had repaired it previously and asked him to make good his year's guarantee on his work. He refused to do anything without charge, stating that it had been over a year since he had repaired the watch. When I became angry and insistent, he opened the case of my watch and showed me the marking and date he had put in fourteen months ago!
 J. D.
 While I was waiting in a florist's shop, I noticed a bullfinch sitting on a perch. I went over to him, and whistled to him several times, but the bird would not respond. Finally, when the clerk came over to get my order, I remarked to him that the bird must be ill. Then he informed me that it was only a stuffed bird.
 A. B. G.

THE HUMAN THING TO DO
 What to wear to the football game. A knitted sport dress, fur or heavy coat and a little felt hat, then you know that no matter which team wins, yours is a winning costume.
 Particularly popular at tea time are hot bread, hot muffins, hot gingerbread, etc. These should be served in a covered dish.
 Gentlemen do not offer their arms to laddies when going to lunch. They walk in with whomever they are near, or go in last.
 Folded tea napkins are placed between plates at afternoon tea. Each guest picks up her own plate and napkin.

Glands Wear Out Here's a New Gland Tonic
 Science has now found a way of supplying the body with gland secretions which certain glands often fail to produce sufficiently and which are absolutely necessary for building health, strength and vitality. You can have free proof. Send today for this new wonderful GLAND TONIC—GOLDGLAN—and Try It 20 Days—FREE
 This successful treatment has brought pep and strength to thousands of run-down, weak men and women. It should quickly do the same for you! NO LETTER NECESSARY. Just send this ad with name and address and 10c for postage and packing. Medical Aid, 529 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Dept. GM-72

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 FREE SAMPLE Just send name, address and 3c stamp, to cover mailing costs, for Free Sample of Lucky Mo-Jo Incense. Mo-Jo Co., 5251 Cottage Grove Ave., Dept. 140, Chicago.

SO NERVOUS, EVEN LIGHT CHORES WERE MISERY

New York Woman Also Felt Sluggish Until Friend Advised Her of Remedy

Mrs. Florence Swain of New Rochelle, New York, wants to tell her friends of a recent bad experience which she feels many other people are going through, and how to get rid of the condition. Read what Mrs. Swain, who is well known in New Rochelle, says: "For a long time I was feeling very low-down and sluggish and just didn't seem to be able to get up in the morning. I always felt drowsy. I tried everything to get rid of this condition. I bought a lot of stuff, but it just didn't seem to do any good.
 "Finally a friend of mine told me about Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Having used so many different kinds of stuff I was doubtful. 'How can what you take inside of you clean your skin?' I wanted to know. 'Try it, Florence,' said she, 'and see for yourself. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin thoroughly cleanses the whole system and gives Nature a chance to clean up your skin.' I decided to ask a druggist and he said that was right. So I got a bottle and started taking it. Inside of a week that tired, mean feeling I

used to have went away, and I was as full of life as my young ones. I noticed with joy that my skin started clearing up too; now it is just as clear as a baby's. I can't say too much for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and want to thank this newspaper for the opportunity to tell my friends about it."
 Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a standard family medicine, is recommended as a delightful laxative. This standard old medicine can be taken by children with perfect safety as well as by adults. It cleanses the system, driving out poisonous matter that fouls the bloodstream. It clears up ugly blotches and pimples. Treating facial eruptions from the inside, by removing the body poisons which cause them, is more effective than rubbing some preparations on the outside.
 If your own skin is muddy and broken out, or you are out of sorts and bilious, get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin today at any drug store.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO Have Lots of "It" AND BE STRONG, ROBUST, HEALTHY

How would you like to be popular, and strength, to restore vitality and youthful vigor, to make you happy and healthy with not a care in the world. . . lots of that physical charm which attracts everyone—start improving your health today with the aid of St. Joseph's G.F.P. You'll be surprised how much more attractive you will be to others after taking this rich, vegetable tonic.
 For St. Joseph's G.F.P. helps to banish those wretched ailments so common to women, helps to build up energy

and strength, to restore vitality and youthful vigor, to make you happy and healthy with not a care in the world.
Helps You or Money-Back
 Your druggist sells the big dollar bottle of St. Joseph's G.F.P. on an absolute money-back guarantee. Start taking it today. If it doesn't make you eat better, sleep better, and make you feel stronger and more robust in every way, your money will be refunded.