

Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING
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SYNOPSIS
THE STORY SO FAR: Bruce Harcourt, Alaska engineer on a rare visit to New York to confer with heads of his company, finds a lady's slipper, black satin, buckled with brilliants, in the middle of Fifth avenue. He is leaving the next night for the North. He tries to find a secretary for the camp but none of the men interviewed wanted to go to Alaska. He answers an ad asking for the return of the slipper. To his amazement, the girl who lost it is Janice Trent, sister of a college chum whom he knew as a kid. Janice is to be married to Ned Paxton, rich, but a bit too gay with the ladies. Janice and Ned quarreled in an auto and she was about to leave but changed her mind. The slipper, however, had dropped off. Bruce impulsively asks her to break off the marriage. But she leads him on to talk of Alaska.
Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER II

What had Janice meant by that? But Bruce kept blithely on. "I referred to the breaking up of the winter ice. We've been building a bridge. It spans a river which flows between living glaciers."

"It makes my teeth chatter. It sounds horribly cold!"
"Cold! I'll say it was cold. Snow storms were continuous. But it isn't always like that in winter. There are days when the banks of streams are vague and misty with young green and you can smell spring in the air. The summers are glorious. Sunshine days. Birds singing. Long twilights. Ferns and brilliant flowers, fruits and vegetables, double the size of those grown here."

"Do you live in a tent when—when on location?"
"By 'on location' do you mean when I'm at headquarters? A tent! I'm a house-owner. Three years ago a young architect joined the outfit as a draftsman. Someone had fooled him into thinking that the experience in the frozen North would lengthen his life. He came with an outfit suitable for winter sports and a pair of pearl-handled revolvers. To keep him cheerful and occupied I suggested that he draw plans for a log house for me, he was not physically fit for anything else."

"What is it like? I'm all excited."
"He called it an H house. It is built of logs chinked with moss. There is a long room in the middle with the length of the rooms at either end going the other way." With a pencil he drew the letter on a card. "Like that. Stone chimneys at each end of the living-room provide fireplaces for the other two rooms. We use those in summer; in winter good old Yukon stoves are the only things which will keep us warm. Having gone so far in our plans, we lost our heads, went cuckoo and added a model kitchenette and a bath for each bedroom. Sent for oodles of price-lists and catalogues of fittings. The boy architect and I had the time of our lives selecting them. I spent money like a drunken sailor."

"Did the boy architect get well?"
"No. 'Twas a tough break for him. He was the nephew of the Samp sisters."
"Your H house sounds marvelous."
"I wouldn't have believed it could mean so much to me. When I rush into headquarters behind my dog-team, I can see, perhaps through falling snow, smoke curling upward from the chimney. The glow from lighted windows sets the icicles which fringe the eaves agleam. Snow piled almost to the roof sparkles like an old-fashioned Christmas card. Although I know that only my husky, Tong, and my house-boy, Pasca, are waiting for me, a sense of home-coming warms me to the marrow."

Into the silence which followed boomed the voice of a tower clock. She rose quickly.
"I've kept you here talking and talking. If you don't hurry you will miss your train—I wish—I wish I dared make you miss it!"
He caught the glint of tears in her eyes as he laid the costly wrap across her shoulders. A tide of passionate desire to pick her up in his arms and run away with her possessed him.

At her door he said unsteadily:
"You've given me a wonderful memory to carry back to Alaska."
The quick, almost frightened clutch of her fingers touched his blood with flame.
"Don't marry him, Jan. Don't—"
She twisted one hand free to press it against his lips. "Don't say it. Then you'll never be sorry. Good-night."

He kissed the slim fingers fervently. "Good-by," he whispered.
From a spur on an Alaskan mountainside, Bruce Harcourt regarded the recently completed bridge which straddled the river. The breakup was due any hour, any minute.
"It won't be long now before we know how good we are," he told himself. He turned at a hail. A man, almost as broad as long in his Eskimo parka, which hung down to meet the tops of his skin boots, was hurrying toward him.

"Tubby! Back so soon? Boy, but I'm glad to see you!"
Theodore Grant Junior's green eyes responded to the affection in the greeting. His face was rough from lack of a shave, but his teeth showed beautifully white as he grinned.



Your H house sounds marvelous.

"I've got him, ba-gosh!"
"Got who?"
"Got who? Has your memory frozen up? The secretary. An assistant for myself, Theodore Grant Junior, accountant extraordinary for this branch of the Alaskan Expeditionary Force to crack a way through the great Northwest."

"How did you get him?"
"From an agency in Seattle. They sent him on the first boat. I'll bet the old tub had to plow and crush its way through ice. And keep your shirt on, Bruce. I brought the Samp girls."

"The Samp girls! Tubby! Have you gone plumb crazy?"
"Now listen!"
"Listen! Look here, does Hale know?"

"Hale! What's he got to say about it?"
"Considering that he's chief of this outfit, considerable."

"Chief! Who's had to take his place most of the time this winter? You. He opened up high, wide and handsome while you were away. He got the Indians on their ears, driving them like slaves when he was sober and chucking their squaws under the chin when he was plastered."

"Just the same why the dickens did those two women leave the Waffle Shop at headquarters, which is remote enough, to come out here to this wilderness of snow and ice?"
"That's what I asked them. Martha inveigled me into the shop to talk it over. Heaped my plate with the hottest, crispest waffles, dripping with melting brown sugar and butter, Bruce—butter; filled my cup with honest-to-goodness coffee and reminded:

"Mary and I can't do missionary work with books, but we can with food. One of the biggest forces which pros men on to devilry is the trash they put into their stomachs. That bridge you're building is a big thing for the country. I've been talking with the men who worked on it. They claim that 'twill stand or fall in the spring break-up."

"She's right."
"She argued that we wouldn't be here long, that she and Mary would like to see the interior, and on and on ad lib., ad infinitum. That she wanted to keep our courage up with good food. She has the missionary spirit, all right."

Waffles and brown sugar! Real coffee! Harcourt's opposition oozed.
"Now that they are here, they will have to stay. I can't spare a man to take them out. Got your secretary located?"

"The Samp girls have taken him under their wings. He's no cave-man. Even in his parka and mukluks he's as slim as a fishing-rod. He's got a little mustache like the down on a yellow chicken's back, black curly hair—big crimson spots on his cheeks."
"I get you. T.B. That's why he was willing to leave the land of lights and movies."

A workman came running toward them.
"Chester," he said, "sent me to tell you the false works has suddenly moved!"

Harcourt's face whitened. The false works! The two thousand piles which had been driven forty feet into the bottom of the river!

"How much! Quick!"
"Fifteen inches! Sudden as the crack of doom!"

"Where's Hale?"
"Gone back to headquarters with his dog-team. Said everything was O.K. Didn't need him; he'd take the boat out to Seattle to get Mrs. Hale. Said you'd had your leave, he'd take his."

"Gone! Without letting me know! Get every man out, Tubby!" Harcourt started on a run.
In the prolonged nightmare which followed, Bruce Harcourt felt as though he were his own double looking at a great motion picture. Steam from every available engine was turned into every available feed-pipe. Men chopped seven-foot thick ice away from the piles. A stinging needle-pointed Arctic night settled down. The river rose. The forest quiet was broken by the chop, chop of picks. The piles must be kept free. Hundreds of cross pieces were unbolted. The shifting into place began. No man relaxed his vigi-

lance until another stood ready to go on with his job.
If he thought of anything but the bringing back of the bridge into place, Harcourt thanked God for the Samp sisters. They were indefatigable. They made the men stop for hot coffee and waffles put together sandwich fashion with succulent brown sugar. Once he glimpsed a boy hovering in the background. The new secretary?

Melting. Chopping. Coaxing. Melting. Chopping. Coaxing. The hours dragged on.

Inch by slow inch the span settled back on its concrete bed. Haggard, exhausted, with a two days' growth of beard on their faces the engineers watched the last bolt driven in. From the distance came a faint rumble. It increased in volume.

Grant clutched Harcourt's arm. "It's coming!" he whispered through stiff lips.

The rumble increased to a roar. The river had broken loose. Carrying ice and timber before it, it swept along on its mad rush to the sea.

Rigid, tense, the two men watched the wreckage and ice sweep by. The bridge stood immovable against the onslaught. Grant's eyes were unashamedly full of tears.

"You've done the trick, Bruce. This day will mark a crisis in your life and Hale's."

"What's the name of that secretary of yours, Tubby?"
"Jimmy Delevan."

"Delevan? Did he help during the late excitement?"
"Sure he did. He was everywhere. Perhaps not so helpful in some spots as in others. One of the men found him freeing a snowshoe rabbit which had been snared. When he explained that the rabbits were the chief source of feed for the dog-teams, Jimmy Delevan went quite white, walked off without answering, but with the rabbit clutched tight in his arms like a baby."

Three shrieks of a small steamer's titanic siren echoed and re-echoed among the snow-tipped mountain tops.
"B-o-a-t! B-o-a-t!"

The cry set in motion Eskimos and Indians, countless uncanny voices. Dogs responded with wolfish wails.

"I never watch that boat come in, but I wonder what turn old Fortune will give her wheel," observed Grant at his elbow.

"Its arrival is packed with significance, Tubby. So many on this last frontier have pasts."

"I'll bet the wheel turns for Hale this time. He and the Mrs. are coming in on this boat. It's six weeks since we fought to save that bridge. He went off to Seattle before he knew that it would stand the break-up. I'm mighty sorry for his wife, but—our reports went by air, must have reached the authorities weeks ago."

"I made mine as charitable as possible, considering the fact that a flaw in construction imperils hundreds of lives and wastes thousands of dollars."

"I'll bet you put on the soft pedal, Bruce. In the interest of cool and impartial accuracy, Jimmy Chester—ba-gosh, how he hates Joe Hale, if he is his brother-in-law—and I didn't. In my capacity as accountant for the outfit I reported unvarnished facts. Here come the mail-bags and Stephen Mallory. It's good to see the Dominie again. I'm glad we're back on the coast, even if we are hundreds of miles from civilization. I wonder how long we'll have to stay in this raw place?"

"Until we have developed a railroad terminal. The authorities have decided not only to extend the tracks north but to connect the Alaskan system with Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles. That's what I've been doing these last six weeks. Even got a piece of track laid as an object lesson. Left Jimmy Chester in charge. He's a human dynamo, in spite of the fact that he looks like a stage Romeo. Part of this outfit is to scout by plane and report bridge possibilities. That means that next winter we'll begin pier-setting again. How's the new secretary working out?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FARM TOPICS

HOG PRODUCTION AND FARM PLAN

Plenty of Grain Is Seen Necessary for Success.

By E. M. Regenbrecht
(Swine Husbandman, Texas A. & M. College.)

Hog production, a basic item in the Food for Victory program, easily can be made successful if properly fitted into a profitable farming plan.

Especially suited as a small enterprise, hog production primarily is dependent for success upon the availability of an abundance of grain feed. Hogs always pay more for corn, barley, or grain sorghums than does the grain market. About four pounds of feed produces a pound of pork, but the feed must be properly balanced. Feeds used to balance the farm grain usually are higher in price than the latter but the quantity is small.

Farmers who keep from one to three sows almost always make a success, Regenbrecht says. Hogs do not do well when run in large groups because sanitation and disease prevention become serious problems with large herds. The principal item of expense in hog production is the grain feed, but if this is grown on the farm, or obtainable locally at reasonable prices, the enterprise easily can be established on a profitable basis.

While a sandy, well-drained soil is the most suitable, hogs can be successfully raised on a heavy black soil, but in such case concrete feeding floors are almost a necessity. Hog pastures are necessary, with small grain for winter, and sudan for summer the best. Native grasses such as bermuda are good for a short time in the spring, but soon get hard and tough, and become of little value. A good pasture will furnish 50 per cent of the needed protein and otherwise reduce the cost of production.

Suitable equipment—a movable hog house, a few troughs and a self-feeder—can be built at small cost. A concrete wallow can be classed as almost a necessity. If hogs are kept comfortable they make rapid and economical gains and losses from overeating are avoided. It is likewise true that hogs which do not have a dry, warm place in which to bed during the winter will not make as much profit as those properly sheltered.

Save Money by Making Own 'Homemade' Soap
With the fats and oil situation giving this country considerable worry, rural families with cooking fats available can save by making homemade soap.

Enameled or granite ware is suitable for small batches of soap, but for larger batches an iron kettle is recommended. A large granite or wooden spoon is best for stirring. The four ingredients of soap are lye, water, fat and perfume. Lye should be pure and uniform, and if possible soft water should be used since it will improve the quality of soap.

Fat used should be clean and light-colored and it should be clarified as it accumulates. Clean tin cans, well covered, are best for storing the fat until a sufficient amount has been collected for soap making. Both fats and oils must be washed free from salt. Rancid greases may be purified by boiling with a solution of one part of vinegar and five parts of water.

Scents such as oil of citronella, bergamot, oil of lavender, geranium or sassafras may be added to perfume the soap. This will help destroy the odor of the fat.

Killing Cattle Lice
A dairy herd infested with lice causing severe cow discomfort cannot provide top milk production. Powdered sabadilla dusted on the infested parts is a popular louse killer. It may be used alone or mixed with equal quantities of powdered tobacco and flowers of sulphur. Work the powder well into the hide during dusting. Blanket the animal for a few hours after treatment and thoroughly brush the skin, preferably out of doors.

It is well to repeat this treatment in 15 days in order to get lice that hatch from the nits. Use care when applying the sabadilla powder not to get it up the nose and mouth. A handkerchief or doubled cheesecloth placed over the nose and mouth will prevent irritation.

What Next??
A writer with a flair for "looking up" information tells that honey isn't merely a jar of liquid amber to give zest to the breakfast toast and flapjacks. During the past few years packing firms have bought honey in large lots for curing hams, and many carloads of it have been bought by brewers. Hydromel (honey and water) is one of the oldest drinks known in Europe, and honey brandy and honey champagne still are considered delicacies.

Latest Silhouette Combines Box Pleats With Long Torso

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



all-around box pleats below a deep hip yoke.

The costume shown to the right in the above illustration conveys the most welcome and highly important style news, that the bolero costume has returned in all its glory to the fashion picture. You will see boleros played up throughout the style program this season. In this case self-color eyelet embroidery elaborates the bolero jacket of a two-piece navy sheer costume. The bodice, softly draped at the top, is pink.

To the left above in the picture is shown a two-piece dress that uses a shantung weave, combining white, orange and brown in daring contrast. The separate skirt features box pleats from a hip yoke. Box pleats are really newer than side pleating. Eminently correct for a wartime "suit wedding" is the creamy beige sheer ensemble at the top right in the above illustration. The full-length coat looks like a dress but is really a wide pleated skirt seamed to a jacket top, with self-covered buttons down the front from neck to hemline. Finely pleated bowknots trim the four slot pockets that adorn jacket and skirt. The dress worn under this coat repeats the pleated skirt of the coat, while gathered bodice fullness develops from a deep yoke.

Generally speaking, the favorite silhouette is the long torso effect with some sort of pleated skirt. Also, there is much interest in slim wrap-around skirts and those which have slenderizing harem drapes. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

New Flounce
Style Show Reflects Lowly Fabrics' Use
A preview of spring and summer styles held in Chicago recently showed the 18,000 buyers from 17 states that they were going to carry home an array of chambrays, calicos and denims in women's and children's fashions. For these lowly fabrics have come into their own because of the influence of war.

Style and practicality are still the theme in these fashions, for the designers have kept their eye on both national defense needs, and the desires of millions of women purchasers in stores throughout the nation. Dresses, garden costumes, play clothes and work uniforms—all have been styled by the designers to reflect the signs of the times.

Until manufacturers run out of twills and such fabrics which are fashioned into foundation garments, girdles are here to stay, despite the rubber shortage.

Priorities on tin and other defense needs have caused the fastenings instead of hooks and eyes, zippers, buttons and clasps to be substituted. Everything in garments has taken on the practical atmosphere. Everything except the hostess coat which still remains silken and luxurious.

Now They Trim Your Hat To Match Your Blouse!
There is going to be a riot of frilly, frothy neckwear, and milliners are giving us something new in the way of hats that repeat the snowy lingerie accents. For instance, a wide brimmed straw or felt hat may be outlined with an organdy frill that repeats the frill used in the showy jabot. The jabot is one of the most important neckwear items featured this season.

Serve and Adorn
Besides serving industry, women will also adorn it. Trousered uniforms, made from denim and chambray, without trim or buttons, and with tight cuffs as accident preventives were noticed in a recent spring and summer style show.

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 tonight!"

Do You Bake at Home?

If you do, send for a grand cook book—cramped with recipes for all kinds of yeast-raised breads and cakes. It's absolutely free. Just drop a postcard with your name and address to Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.—Adv.

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. ADLERIK, with its 5 carminative and 3 laxative ingredients, relieves gas quickly and gets bowel action surprisingly fast. Ask your druggist for ADLERIK.

Alien Needles
The ordinary steel sewing needle, used in every American home for generations, has never yet been manufactured in the United States.

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At the first sign of a cold, make up your mind to avoid as much of the sniffing, sneezing, soreness and stuffy condition of your nostrils as possible. Insert Mentholatum in each nostril. Also rub it vigorously on your chest. You'll be delighted with the way Mentholatum combats cold misery and helps restore comfort. Jars or tubes, 30c.

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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.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up at night, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

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