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Making Shadows

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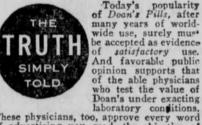
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of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

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ziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffi-ness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous,

ness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, il played out.

Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!







"Never see him round," Harcourt "He isn't, Sticks close to the Samp stood in the opening like an avenggirls. I'll bet they baby him. Woming fury. Under one arm was a en have to have something to mothmassive yellow bowl. She emphasized her ultimatum with the wave

A sigh of relief like the passing of

a vague wraith soughed through the

room as he banged out. Men re-

sumed their seats and their attacks

on the waffles heaped on their plates.

As the atmosphere cleared Harcourt

"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

"Ba-gosh, I saw vermilion when

"He wouldn't have been demoted

"He knows that. That's the trage-

dy of it. He has dug his own pro-

fessional 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 everlasting-

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

thoughtfully. Shook his head. "Ta-

tima'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

"Ba-gosh, then she'll get Hale

"Cheerio, Tubby, Hale will be off

before she realizes that he's going."

quarters of the Samp sisters, he re-

flected on Hale's vicious thrust.

Home-breaker! Evidently he intend-

ed 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 wom-

an, little more than a girl, had taken

her marriage vow, "And leaving

literally. She had followed her hus-

band into the wilderness. Once or

twice when her brother had been

away from headquarters, she had

turned to him or to Grant in an ex-

tremity. They had done what they

He obeyed instructions and walked

into the Samp cabin without knock-

ing. The room was characteristically New Englandish, furnished as it

was with the Lares and Penates the

sisters had brought. It had an at-

mosphere of homey charm. An old-

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 regard-

ed 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 en-

cased in leather leggings above

heavy shoes. From its depths came

the sound of soft, regular breathing.

secretary asleep, he'd bet a hat.

Harcourt smiled broadly. Grant's

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 sus-

pended 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.

en over one eye. Long lashes, gold-

en-tipped, lay on the crimson

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

Harcourt never knew how long he

stood staring incredulously at the

girl's face. Janice Trent! Impossi-

ble! What had brought her into this

Janice Trent.

A wavy lock of black hair had fall-

all others cleave only unto him."

As he made his way to the living

demanded in a low tone:

had he behaved himself."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so."

he insinuated-"

"Forget it!"

ly grateful."

method."

sometime.'

could to help.

"Red spots still in evidence?" "Yep. They wouldn't admit it, but suspect the men steer clear of

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, re-

sponsible 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

Now continue with the story.

ly interest in him.

observed.

much to himself, but the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, take a mother-

CHAPTER III

"The new secretary is quick and

accurate as a sharpshooter," said

"Poor boy! It's a tough break. Curious I've never seen him."

built stone fireplaces when Harcourt entered his cabin. A tawny husky, stretched at length on the couch, lifted his head from the pillows and whacked a welcoming tail. His master laughed

Logs were blazing in the roughly

as he rubbed his wide-apart ears. "I suspect there's something wrong with this picture, Tong. If we had a missus you wouldn't be allowed to sleep on that couch, old

fella." The dog concurred with a guttural rumble. Returned from a shower and a change of clothes, Harcourt gath-

ered 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 re-

Harcourt stared thoughtfully into ne 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 ne 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 candlelighted Waffle Shop and met the malevolent glare of the demoted

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.

A blond giant, with the regular features of a Greek deity, thickened and coarsened by over-exposure to self-indulgence, loomed above the table. He dropped a hand on Har-

court's shoulder. "So-that was your business in the States. To turn informer! You think you've supplanted me in thisas in another quarter?"

Harcourt shook off the heavy hand. Clean cut, well groomed, lean, virile, head high, he was the antithesis of the man glaring down upon him. His gray eyes were like black coals.

"Don't waste theatrical clap-trap on me, Hale. You have your orders. I have mine. I'll see that they are carried out.'

"I get you! Wait until I turn in my report, you - you homebreaker!"

Grant sprang to his feet. "Skunk!" Hale lunged at him. The men in the room rose as in a body. Harcourt seized his erstwhile superior in a grip of steel. His voice was low.

"Cut this out, Hale. You-" "Get out of this shop, Hale! An'

led to the kitchen. Martha Samp | 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 teleof a batter-covered spoon. Hale phone the night he had returned the met her steady eyes. With a snarled slipper. The black slipper. He could imprecation he stalked from the 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 goin' 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

Stephen Mallory looked after her "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.

Bruce Harcourt stared down at the pictured faces on the sheet. Janice Trent! Paxton! The letters of the caption under them danced imp-

Bride Disappears Four Days Before Wedding.

Janice had run away to escape Paxton. Would he try to find her? She was here, in disguise, asleep in the cabin behind him. What should he do? What could he do but stand between her and a heart-breaking future? He looked at the paper again, tried to say lightly:

"It's absurd to think this has any connection with-with Grant's sec-

The woman sniffed. "Sakes alive, let's you and me not play at crosspurposes. We're the only ones that child has to help her. I know that's her because she told me that she'd run away from marryin'. When I saw this paper I guessed that she was the girl 'twas all about. Lucky time melodeon stood in one corner. she had spunk to throw him over. You kin tell from his face, handsome as a picture, easy-goin', that, where women's concerned, he's as false as Mary's teeth."

In spite of his anxiety Harcourt laughed as he visualized the glittering uppers and lowers of the younger Samp sister.

"Does Miss Mary know?" "Of course, but she won't tell no

one. Jimmy Delevan, as she calls herself, told me that she'd known you back in the States." "Does she think that I suspect

her identity?" "Sakes alive, no! She's sure you don't. First time she laughed since she arrived-she's got a laugh like music-was after she came face to face with you up in the woods, the time the bridge was movin', an' you didn't recognize her. She's safe with Martha an' me. We're tickled to death to have someone besides a black cat to make fools of ourselves over. The men haven't come near Jimmy Delevan. They don't like the red spots on his cheeks."

Harcourt's throat contracted unbearably. He had forgotten. That lovely girl threatened-he demanded unsteadily:

'You don't think it's serious?" Martha Samp grunted derision. 'Serious! Don't you know paint when you see it? She's as sound as I am, an' there ain't nothin' sounder between here and India's coral strands. She thought the red cheeks would be an explanation as to why she came up into this country."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Slacks Ensemble With Skirt Is Ideal for Defense Work

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IME was when slack suits were I regarded as an amusing and passing whim of fashion, especially by women who prided themselves on being conservative in dress. Nevertheless, slacks persisted in the mode, with the result that today fashion-wise leaders declare that slacks are headed for their greatest success season. Of course there's a reason. And that reason is that they are undeniably practical.

Women will need slacks for the busy life they must perforce lead in the days to come. You will be needing them for doing your bit in civilian defense, for work on the farm, for bicycling, for hours of recreation and rest. Yes, there's no doubt about it. Slacks have become a positive "must have."

In many jobs where women are taking the place of men, in field or factory, the call grows more urgent each day for clothing which hasn't any loose gewgaws or extra fullness to catch in machinery. Wide slacks are no more practical than skirts. Utility slacks must be narrow at the bottom or caught in at the ankles after the manner of the workaday outfit pictured to the left in the above illustration. This surf blue denim coverall is one of the types favored for farm or defense factory work. Its surplice closing, tie-belt that eliminates the use of any sort of metal fastening, huge pockets and buttons for holding trousers in at the ankle are required utilitarian features. A bright peasant square tied about the head adds a pleasingly feminine touch.

There is a time for work and a time for play. When work is done, slip into immaculate white slacks

'Menu' Buttons

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 serg-a-hed, 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 jackets and slacks suits. You'll be them .- Froude. 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 manypiece 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.)

Even Serves as Buttons

Frothy 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 sec-

tion cut out, then filled in with lace

insets that give the impression of

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 lin-

Lace Trims Dress and

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

ship?

Citizen's Guide

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wilderness? Had she married Paxdon't you never step foot in it again! ton and found the marriage unendur-You're not boss no longer," twanged able? No, had she gone so far as that she would have stuck it out. a woman's voice from the door which

Buttons are more decorative than ever in the spring fashion picture. Treated, for the most part, as trimming or accessory accents, they are made to achieve striking effects. Use them on a jacket or a dress and watch the reaction of admiring friends. Among the stunning buttons designed this season, two of the most thrilling types are the ceramic roses used to trim the afternoon dress, shown at the top in the above picture, and "menu" buttons like the huge "turkey on a plate" buttons that dramatize the tailored jacket illustrated below. Remember, many a last year's dress or suit achieving the height of fashion!

gerie neckwear. Calico Skirts Printed

lace undersleeves.

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 tricolor 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 can be made to look new with this the eyes. In many instances the year's buttons. A thrifty way of | veil and the trimming is quite ornate.