

Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING
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SYNOPSIS

THE STORY SO FAR: Janice Trent runs away from wedding Ned Paxton, rich, but a gay blade. Disguised as a tubercular youth, she becomes camp secretary in Alaska where Bruce Harcourt had been made chief, replacing Joe Hale who had been going down hill. Janice keeps out of sight of Bruce, who knows her. But one day, while visiting the cabin of the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, he sees her asleep in a chair. Jimmy Delevan, the secretary, is the very Janice whom he had on his last visit to New York impulsively advised not to marry Paxton. He decides camp is no place for a woman, but Tubby Grant, his assistant, insists it's hard to get a good secretary in the wilderness. Janice tells Bruce her story. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER V

"And then?" asked Harcourt. Janice went on:

"I saw you. I clutched at your suggestion that we go out for dinner. Suppose my resentment proved but a wooden sword of defense against Ned Paxton's persuasive smile, suppose it broke, I asked myself. If I were out of the house when he came, its strength wouldn't be tested. And then as we talked all my old liking for you, my trust in you, came sweeping back. You sold me Alaska. When you spoke of the secretary you couldn't get I had an inspiration. After my first year in Society with a large S, feeling as futile as a goldfish in a crystal bowl, bored to tears by the ceaseless round of teas and dinners and dances, of ushering here, selling something there, I plunged into a secretarial course and made good, rather exceptionally good. Father lost his money before he died. I had the choice of three alternatives: marriage, living on my brother, or getting a job. The first was no longer to be considered; the second was an impossible situation. Why should I not take that Alaskan position? Remember that I observed that there would be dozens of girls ready to go?"

"I do."

"Well, later in that sleepless night I began to wonder why you should have been the man out of all the hundreds astir in the city to appear at the dramatic moment to pick up my slipper. You had acknowledged that you believed that there was an unknown force in the world which no one as yet understood. That force wouldn't bother with me the second time, I argued, if I were dumb enough to ignore its attempt to help. Was this my chance to earn a living, to escape the publicity which my cancelled wedding would broadcast? Remember that you said that young trees grow more sturdy after transplanting?"

"They don't bring plants from a hothouse to this wilderness and expect them to grow."

"Perhaps they don't, Bruce, but I'll take a chance that I'll flourish."

Harcourt steered himself against her charm. "Go on! Explain Jimmy Delevan."

"Mussolini! Holding my nose down to the grindstone of facts, aren't you? I devoted two days to thinking the situation through, while at the same time I superintended the return of wedding presents. I knew that so far as the work went I could do it. I decided to try for the position, to put thousands of miles between myself and Ned Paxton."

"Do you still love him so much?"

"I wonder now if it was love. This northern country has done things to my sense of values. To proceed with the story of my young life—I left New York stealthily—to evade reporters—with my trousseau—almost all of it—I remembered what you said about the chic women—and a few cherished possessions. I had told Billy that I had broken with Paxton. He was white with relief. Then one day I slipped away leaving a note, telling him not to try to find me, that I was going away to stay until after the excitement had blown over, to be near an old friend—that's you."

"Go on."

"That was what I did. I went to Seattle. It had seemed delightfully easy when I planned it. Imagine my amazed consternation when I found that the agency at which I applied would not send a girl to an engineers' camp in Alaska. A man had been demanded and a man would be sent. The agent glared at me with such suspicion that I scrunched like a gypsy worm beneath the heavy heel of his disapproval."

"At least there is one man in the business with sense."

"Don't growl; you cramp my narrative style." She disciplined a nervous laugh. "Because my imagination began to project all sorts of hazardous risks I determined to crash through or perish in the attempt. I won't give in to a fear complex—ever again. I settled down to constructive thinking. I remembered a newspaper story of an English woman who for years had passed herself off as a man, remembered that because of the husky note in my voice I had taken men's parts in dramatics. Good old subconscious had done the trick. I would apply as a boy. A dye for my hair, a low drawn hat, Prince of Wales style, tweed suit, a hectic, a super hectic flush on my cheeks to suggest a reason for my exile, and lo, Jimmy Delevan evolved."



"They don't bring plants from the hothouse to this wilderness and expect them to grow."

Harcourt passed his hand over his face as though by the gesture he could smooth the perplexities from his mind.

"And one darnfool agent fell for you?"

"With a groan of relief he swallowed me, bait, hook and sinker, signed me on the dotted line."

"I have no words in which to express my opinion of your infernal recklessness in coming to this wilderness!"

"You are doing fairly well. Stop pacing the floor as though you were an Alaskan bear and listen. I'll acknowledge that for a moment the silence, the wildness, the terrific expanse of land, sea and sky got me by the throat. I hadn't had the slightest conception of what the word Alaska stood for, this part of it. When later I thought of the clothes I had brought—trunks of them—ordered and designed for the prospective wife of a millionaire, the table linen and bedding I had selected from my bountiful supply, for the first time in my life I touched the borderland of hysterics. I laughed till I cried. But I licked the fear-complex. I'm here."

She rose laughing, exultant, lovely. "And I have made good, yes? Haven't I, Mr. Grant?" she demanded of the man who entered the cabin with the husky at his heels. The dog thrust his nose into the girl's hand. Every hair of Blot, the black cat, bristled as though electrified.

"I'll say you have. What's he going to do?"

Harcourt looked from Grant's round, smooth face, with its belligerent green eyes, to Janice's. A man like Paxton wouldn't let such a lovely girl slip away. She was safe here. The outfit needed her.

"Jimmy Delevan goes."

At Grant's sharp protest and an indignant exclamation from Janice he held up his hand.

"Wait a minute! Your secretary stays, Tubby, but only as Miss Trent. And if she stays she will do exactly as I say." Ignoring her indignant protest, he went on: "Make up your mind to it—otherwise there is a boat going out tomorrow—and you go with it."

His jaw set grimly. How a feminine invasion could mess up a situation! His turmoil of mind was reflected in his voice.

"Does Jimmy Delevan go or does Miss Trent stay?"

"Miss Trent stays," the girl assured promptly.

"Then she is not to report for work until after the boat goes out tomorrow." Without waiting for an answer Harcourt crossed to the door.

As he walked toward his office his thoughts returned to Janice Trent. She had run away from her prospective bridegroom because she didn't trust him, yet loved him so much she didn't dare stay. His lips tightened.

The Hales would be off tomorrow. Millicent was sweet and much to be pitied, but she had claws, and he had a conviction that she would scratch deep and raggedly where other women were concerned. She had reigned as queen in this outpost camp. She would not abdicate gracefully.

At the door of his office he collided with a man coming out. His red face registered relief.

"Been looking for you everywhere, Chief."

"What's wrong?"

"Hale! Had a slight shock. We radioed to Fairbanks to ask if we should take him to the hospital by plane. Answer came, 'No! Keep him there.'"

"We can't keep him here."

"Search me. Mrs. Hale says he'll go tomorrow if he goes on a stretcher—but the Doc will have the say."

"Where were we, Miss Trent?" Theodore Grant Junior tilted back in a chair beside the typewriter desk in the administration office he and Bruce Harcourt shared at headquarters.

Janice read from her note-book.

Grant's voice went on and on till steam-shovel gangs and ditching gangs filed in endless procession through the girl's mind. She stopped for an instant to flex her fingers. Grant noted the surreptitious action.

"I'm sorry. You're such a bird

at it I forget that you're not a machine. That will do for the present."

He departed. Tong bestowed a moist doggy kiss upon Janice's hand before he followed at his heels.

She clasped her hands behind her head, tipped back in her chair, regarded the moss-chinked walls, the old-time Yukon stove, which made the modern fling cabinets seem blatantly nouveau riche, the high desk at which the chief of the outfit worked when he was in the office. Through the open window she could see the kennels and the huskies in the yard, some rollicking, some soaking in sunshine, some yelping.

Months had passed since the night Bruce Harcourt had returned her slipper, had brought vividly to mind her childish adoration of him. When he had stepped out upon the stage of her life again he had seemed a divine answer to her prayer to know what was right to do. Their paths crossed. Immediately the pattern of her life was changed. Her trust, her belief in him, in his power to surmount obstacles, surged up from her subconscious where it had lain quiescent through the years. He knew what he wanted and went after it. Why shouldn't she do the same?

The way which had threatened to be rough with complications had smoothed out like a trotting-park when she had seen the Samp sisters. She had told them the truth at once. Gaunt Miss Martha's agate eyes had disappeared in a network of fine lines.

"If you're bent on keeping this job, tell Harcourt the truth, quick, or he'll send you back hummin'." Keep clear of Hale; he might—well, just keep clear of him, that's all."

Three weeks had passed since she had discarded her disguise and gone to the office in one of the sports suits of her trousseau. The engineers had greeted her with smiling courtesy, the workmen with sheepish grins. What explanation had Bruce Harcourt made to them? She had her own log house now, connected by a covered passage with the Samp cabin. It had gone up as by magic after Bruce had decided that she might stay.

Bruce had commanded her to keep out of sight till Hale had sailed and then—Hale hadn't sailed. The physician from Fairbanks had decided that it would be a risk to move him, that he would be better where he was, had warned him against excitement, letting his temper get the best of him. Was his wife in love with Bruce Harcourt? Was he in love with her? Had Millicent Hale been one of the lures which kept him in this northern wilderness? Did she resent the presence in camp of another woman of his class?

What did Bruce Harcourt think of it all? He was rarely in the office. One day he would be up the inlet in the launch to inspect the damage done by the rise of a stream, next he would be off with a section-gang and a steam-shovel; perhaps before forty-eight hours had elapsed he would be miles away inspecting the work of a ditcher. Not once had he entered the Samp cabin which had become the evening rendezvous for the engineers. Why didn't he join them? Why did he treat Tubby Grant's secretary with distant courtesy? Her leisure time was full. Jimmy Chester was teaching her to shoot; Tubby was patiently training her to be a fairly efficient photographer; the geologist of the outfit provided her with a hammer and showed her how to get at the secrets pebbles and rocks had concealed within them. What fun she and Bruce might have together.

The ring of the telephone brought her iridescent day-dream and the front legs of her chair down in a simultaneous crash. She answered the call.

"Office."

"Hale speaking. Is this Miss Trent?"

"Yes."

"Will you take pity on a poor duffer who's been forbidden to write and take a letter or two for me?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hale. When?"

"At once if you will. I want it ready to go in the first plane that takes off."

"I will come."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

History in the News

By FLEMING SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Last of the 'Boomers'

WHEN recent press dispatches chronicled the death of 81-year-old Maj. Gordon W. Lillie at his home in Oklahoma, the words "Pawnee Bill" and "Wild West Showman" and "partner of Buffalo Bill" were featured prominently in the headlines. But the passing of this frontiersman had more significance than those words imply.

For Gordon W. Lillie was the last of the "Boomers," that race of stubborn, courageous men who, in the late eighties, were determined to establish homes for themselves and their people on the "last frontier"—the Indian lands in Indian territory—and when they won their fight, the frontier era in American history was definitely over.

Lillie was born near Bloomington, Ill., on February 14, 1880. His father was a miller who had no great desire to move West but when his mill was burned in the early seventies he decided to seek his fortune in a new country. Starting west in a covered wagon he eventually arrived at Wellington, Kan., and there young Gordon Lillie grew up. Meanwhile he had managed to secure a high school education and this resulted in his being asked in 1882 to conduct a school at the Pawnee agency in Oklahoma. He learned the language of those Indians, gained the friendship of influential chiefs and eventually was made an honorary member of the tribe.

In 1883 "Buffalo Bill" Cody, who had just started his Wild West show, engaged a band of Pawnees to accompany it and he wanted a man to take charge of them. Lillie took the job and remained with the show for two years. During this time he



MAJ. GORDON W. LILLIE

met May Manning, a Philadelphia girl, and they were married in 1886. With her husband as her tutor, Mrs. Lillie became one of the best riders and rifle-shots in the show business.

A disagreement with Cody resulted in Lillie's withdrawing from his company and organizing a Wild West show of his own. It prospered for a time and even made a two-year tour of Europe. Then came lean days in the show business and Lillie returned to the Southwest. There he found a large group of settlers who had been demanding that congress open up the Indian Territory for homesteading.

The leader of the "Boomers" had been Capt. D. L. Payne, the "Scout of the Cimarron," but he had failed to win his objective. After his death the "Boomers" were looking for a new leader and Lillie was asked by the Wichita Board of Trade to take charge of the thousands of prospective settlers who had gathered near there and who were a menace to the peace of the community. "Pawnee Bill" accepted the task, organized the settlers into an orderly body and by the time of the famous "run" on April 22, 1889, he had won national recognition.

Curiously enough, "Pawnee Bill" failed to take any land himself, nor did he profit by another, but smaller, "Boomer" movement which resulted in the opening of the Cherokee Strip in northern Oklahoma in 1893. With Oklahoma well settled, Lillie turned again to the show business. Within a short time he was the only serious rival of "Buffalo Bill" Cody in this type of enterprise and in 1907 a merger of the two shows was arranged. The two men worked together until 1910 when Cody retired. Although Lillie made a fortune in the show business, he lost most of it, as the popularity of that kind of entertainment waned. He recouped much of it in the oil business and by 1919 he was able to retire to a big ranch which he had bought near Pawnee, Okla. He built a 14-room red stone ranch house on Blue Hawk peak, overlooking the town, and devoted himself to raising buffalo until he had one of the largest private herds in the world.

In 1936 Lillie and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at Taos, N. M., with a renewal of their marriage vows and a public reception at which they were presented with a gold-painted automobile by their friends. Two weeks later, while returning in this "golden chariot" to their Oklahoma ranch home, they were involved in a collision in which both were seriously injured. Soon after reaching their home Mrs. Lillie died and after her death "Pawnee Bill" seemed to lose his interest in life. But death did not summon him until this year.

Practical Attitude Will Not Spoil Fun of Easter Paraders

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE 1942 Easter style parade will be more than a mere display of chic and flattering apparel. Not that it will be lacking in feminine charm, for the new fashions are as intriguing and eye-appealing as bright, pretty accessories can make them. However, it is with a two-fold purpose that women are selecting their Easter outfits and assembling their spring wardrobes. Women are not choosing their new clothes from the viewpoint of attractiveness alone, but back of it all is a steadfast desire to buy wisely, purposefully and thoughtfully with an eye to the future.

The present sane, careful, wholesome buying movement demands expression, and from all reports and appearances, that expression is the suit of handsome material styled softly and becomingly with a versatility that reveals a fresh fashion inspiration that has been born of war needs.

Women are becoming alertly "fabric wise." They want quality materials that are given an undated styling which will carry them valiantly through more than the current season. They are regarding wool weaves in a new light, knowing full well they must buy wool with a view to serviceability, long wear, as wool supplies for civilian use are being reduced as rapidly as the requirements for army service are expanding. It behooves every woman to take jealous care of her wool suits, dresses and coats these days, for most of the newer fabrics will have but a percentage of wool.

Color is the big news for suits. With a fine philosophy our style creators have worked out the problem of making the suit that is designed to be utterly utilitarian radiate a message of cheer in such striking colors as geranium red, ivy green, spring-like yellow, hyacinth blue and related bright hues.

Jersey Jacket



It's smart to be sleeveless. New on the spring fashion program is the sleeveless jacket worn with a simple shirtwaist dress. The New York creation illustrated in the above picture scores high in style credits. The dress is fashioned of a bow-knot print. The jacket of wool jersey highlights the lighter tones of the printed design, and is distinctive because in addition to being sleeveless it has huge patch pockets and a sewed-in belt.

Accessories are creating such a splurge of color they give to suits a brightness that radiates throughout the entire spring fashion picture. Especially smart with navy suits and gray woools, and also with checks and stripes, are vivid gloves, bags, shawls and hats. And don't forget plaids when choosing the new suit or coat. They are more important than ever.

Covert is a leading fabric for spring. We see this sturdy fabric in the trim man-tailored suit shown at the top left in the above illustration. Instead of a coat it has a modish cape for dash and extra warmth. Capes will be seen more and more as the months go by. This serviceable ensemble is in tan. Coverts are also being widely shown in defense blue. Both colors take vivid accessories beautifully.

The novel flannel plaid suit pictured to the right above is young and cheerful. In red and soft gray tones, it has a generously pleated skirt and a snug fitting double breasted jacket which buttons high, and is accented by four vertical pockets.

Fine spun rayon gabardine brings its nice tailoring to fashion the costume to the left, below, in the above illustration. The fitted high-buttoned jacket sports three large pockets, while the skirt is styled with trim box pleats.

Novelty jeweled buttons mark the front closing of the jet black rich rayon faille suit to the right, below, in the above picture. The high, rounded lapels, flap pockets and kick-pleated skirt are excellent fashion points. A flaring milan straw bonnet with grosgrain edging adds distinction to this costume.

Pictured to the right in the inset in the above picture is a wool plaid greatcoat belted in leather which, because of its good looks and hard-wearing qualities, is a "must" in every active woman's wardrobe. This huge block plaided sturdy go-everywhere tweed is in a wonderful color blend of deep blue, dark wine and beige. It is beautifully fitted, with full straight sleeves and dashing skirt lines.

Taffeta Is a Popular Fabric for Accessories

A new trend in fashion this season is the use of taffeta for trimming. It is being used for piping, pleating, bordering, wide tie-girdles, yoke treatments, pockets and in countless other intriguing ways.

One of the latest versions is the navy dress piped and trimmed with navy taffeta. There is also a liberal use of taffeta in contrast colors, and taffeta plaid hats and bags have a high style rating.

White Hats

Millions are creating most attractive little white hats this spring to be worn with suits or ensembles. They are styled with a view to flattery and many have sprightly little dotted white veils.

Chevrons

A patriotic gesture is the trimming of junior hats, blouses and sailor suits with gaily colorful chevrons and stars. You can buy these motifs all ready to applique.

Unbleached Muslin

Cottons will be worn extensively this spring and summer. There is promised a plentiful use of unbleached muslin dyed in rich colors.

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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"WHICH DO I LIKE BEST?"

THE WONDERFUL RICH TASTE — OR THE MILDNESS? It's a stand-off," says

W.M. Smith WIRE CHIEF

MAN! WHAT GRAND TASTE WITH SUCH COOL, REFRESHING MILDNESS—SWELL AROMA! AND DON'T OVERLOOK PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT FOR QUICK, EASY ROLLIN'. PACKS BETTER IN PIPES, TOO!



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