

SYNOPSIS THE STORY SO FAR: Janice Trent tuns away from wedding Ned Paxton, rich, but a gay blade. Unbeknown to Bruce Harcourt, a family friend, she becomes secretary of an Alaska camp of which he is chief engineer. Millicent Hale, wife of the man whom he succeeded, is also attracted to him. Bruce at first wants to send Janice back. On a trip to the city, she encounters Paxton and tells him she is married to Harcourt. The latter hears it and insists on a wedding that day. At the camp to which they return by evening, the Samp sisters, aided by Tubby Grant, Harcourt's assistant, arranged a wedding party.

Now continue with the story.

#### CHAPTER X

Harcourt picked up the belt and holster which he had dropped to the desk when he came in. The shoulder holster which held its twin was

"Pasca!" No answer to his call. The boy was doubtless helping the Samp girls in their preparations.

Plump Miss Mary in a dove-gray taffeta, its balloon sleeves proclaiming it of the vintage of '94, its rosepoint bertha suggesting a grandmother of parts, greeted him as he entered the Samp living-room.

"Well, now! Well, now! Janice is dressing, Mr. Bruce. Mary and I begged her to wear one of her lovely evening dresses for our party. She let us choose it from a trunk in the storehouse." She patted his sleeve. "Don't you look nice."

"That goes for you too, Miss Mary. You almost knocked my eyes out with your pretty dress." He bent his head and kissed her rosy, wrinkled cheek. "Thank you for arranging Jan's room. When did you hear the news?"

"You're the most heart-warming person, Mr. Bruce. I feel as though I'd been sitting in the sun after I've been with you." She smiled through tears, dabbed at her eyes. "Mr. Tubby radioed the news before he left the city. Such a surprise."

Janice was lovelier even than he had thought her. Her pale blue gown, silvery as the edges of a cloud, suggested a fairy loom. Slippers which matched her gown had bows of sparkling stones which were repeated in the clasp of a bag of antique brocade. She laid a mandarin coat, heavily embroidered with mauve and purple iris, carefully over the back of a chair.

He picked up the mandarin coat. "Taking this?"

"Yes. I'll use it as a wrap. Isn't it gorgeous? I found it in my room here. Tubby must have bought it for a wedding present when he went back to the city. He knew that I was mad about it. I suspect that it was frightfully expensive. It is taking goods under false pretenses for me to accept it. I ought to give it back, but I love it. Can he afford to buy a thing like this?"

"Probably not every day, but weddings do not occur every day at headquarters. Why hurt the donor by returning his gift? Let's go."

An orchestra, consisting of fiddle, flute and saxophone, agonized into the Wedding March from Lohengrin, as they appeared in the doorway of the Waffle Shop.

Janice laughed and parried questions, played her part brilliantly. No one could suspect from her manner that she was not the most gorgeously happy bride in the world, Harcourt told himself with a tinge of bitterness. Her radiance vanished like sunshine blotted by a cloud as Millicent Hale approached.

"Dear Mrs. Harcourt, how sweet of you to provide an occasion for civilized clothes. I am consumed with curiosity to know how you accomplished it. I've heard Bruce declare repeatedly that never, while he was in Alaska, would he marry. What brand of coercion did you use?"

The malice of the attack rendered Harcourt speechless. Was the little woman whom he had considered pathetically helpless like that? Was Janice as amazed as he? He glanced at her in concern. She was looking straight into the eyes watching her with cat-like intentness.

"It was a method quite my own, Mrs. Hale. You couldn't possibly use it." Harcourt came out of his trance of surprise, laid his hand on her bare arm. She shook it off, turned to extend her hand to Chester. Challenged gaily:

"Why the gloomy brow? Cheerio! This is a party, not a memorial service."

Before he could answer Tubby Grant seized him. "Want you, Jimmy. Going to

stage an old-timer. The Samp girls are stepping out in a quadrille." "Salute Partners!" Miss Martha spread her plum-color taffeta skirts

with work-worn hands and curtsied to the floor, recovered, made a deep obeisance in response to a shouted, "Salute Corners."

Her beautiful dignity set the keynote for the dance. The others kept watchful eyes on the sisters, who sailed through the figures with the grace of an angular and a chubby

"Change Partners!" Millicent Hale was first to give out. She turned to Bruce:

"I haven't danced so much nor so hard since the winter I came out. Do take me home, Bruce. Jimmy fails." has disappeared. Joe will be furious if I stay longer."



court hesitated. Why pick on him? Better to humor her. She might make a scene. Anything was credible after her hateful attack on Jan-

"Of course I didn't need an escort this short distance, Bruce, but I had to consult you about Jimmy."

"Jimmy! What's the matter with

"That's what I want to know. Today when I entered our cabin, he was threatening Joe with a pistol." An empty shoulder holster hanging against a log wall flashed on the

"As I entered," said Millicent," Jimmy was saying:

screen of Harcourt's mind and was

" 'Send for her again and I'll shoot you. You've messed up my sister's life, that's enough. Get me?'

"I couldn't believe it was Joe huddled in his chair, livid, afraid. Joe afraid! As I looked at him I thought what a poor fool I had been all these years, not to stand up to him, not to threaten him. He is a bully and a coward, Bruce, and I've never before found it out."

"If you have lost your fear of him, it is a lot gained, Millicent. For whom did Joe send, do you know?"

"No. Unless-unless Jimmy found out about Tatima. Joe has made a fool of her with flattery. Nothing worse, I'm sure, but she follows him about like a dog."

'I'll speak to Jimmy. He will have to turn over his gun to me, if that is the use he is making of it."

"Talk with him, Bruce. Poor boy, he has never forgotten his experiences overseas. You will have more influence than anyone else." She laid her hand on his arm. "We all dump our worries on your shoulders, don't his. we? I shan't dare do it now that you are married. I feel as though I had

lost you." Under pretense of producing his cigarette case Harcourt stepped back.

"You can't lose what you never had, Millicent. Good-night!"

He heard her little gasp as he turned on his heel.

As he entered the Waffle Shop Miss Martha and Miss Mary, crimson faced from the exertions of the dance, with mammoth white aprons over their creaking taffetas, were serving the ice-cream which Grant had brought hundreds of miles in a plane. As he approached Janice he heard Jimmy Chester say harshly:

"He'll never send for you again." Had Joe Hale sent for Janice? The suspicion tightened Harcourt's lips. The girl looked up at him. There was a hint of resentment in her voice.

"Oh, you have come back. Jimmy and I had decided that you didn't like the party, hadn't we, Jimmy?" It was evident that she had seen him go out with Millicent. He answered evenly.

"I'm crazy about the party. Did you think I would leave before I had danced with my bride? The musicians have finished their gorge and are tuning up. By the way, Chester, be ready with a track-laying gang to go up the inlet at reveille. You have all the specifications. Short notice, but you can make it. Want to push the work while this weather holds." He held out his hand. "My dance-Mrs. Harcourt."

He was conscious of Jimmy Chester's pale, frowning regard as they moved away in rhythmic step to the music. He watched him until he left the room. Janice looked up. "Sorry I was catty, Bruce."

He held her the fraction of a degree closer. "Were you catty? Millicent was raw to you, Jan, but don't lay it up against her. This last year has set her nerves on edge." "I wonder if a year here will do that to mine."

"You won't have a chance to find out."

"Won't I? Perhaps you will like having me here so much you'll beg

me to stay." His arm tightened. "Dance well

together, don't we?" There was a hint of strain in her laugh. "The fighting line again. Tubby wants me here if you don't. Yes, we are good. We might make a dancing team, if engineering

"That's a thought. Sorry, but it is time the festivities broke up. All

'You can't lose what you never had, Millicent.'

For the fraction of a second Har- | of us must be sons of toil again tomorrow. We, being the guests of honor, should make a move. That correct? I suspect Tubby of a theto the door, vanish and escape."

As they stole surreptitiously from the Waffle Shop, the heavens still held a trace of the glory of the sunset. Above the broken crater spread a coppery glow.

Janice drew a long uneven breath. "It is more gorgeous than I had imagined." As they turned toward the H house, she said lightly: "Ever since I arrived as Jimmy Delevan, I have been consumed by coriosity to-to see the inside of your cabin."

He answered by throwing open the door. As they crossed the threshold a shower of confetti pelted them. It powdered their hair, lay like colored snow on their shoulders, one adventurous particle clung to Janice's eyelashes. She laughed unsteadily as she brushed it away. "The trail of the resourceful Mr.

Grant. Doubtless he expected you to carry your bride over the threshold, as big strong men do in the movies and points south." Harcourt laid his hands lightly on her shoulders. "We will postpone

that ceremony. Take off your wrap. The room is hot. Pasca keeps these fires roaring." She slipped off the heavily embroidered mandarin coat. He laid it on the couch, crossed to the fire-

on the mantel, he watched her eyes travel from the Indian blankets on the log walls to the Russian samovar, saw them glow with admiration as they rested on the Chinese pewter tea-service, linger on the rich pelts on the floor. They met

"Like it?"

"Love it. How did these rare things get into this wilderness?" "Small trading vessels stop for

any one of a dozen reasons. The captain or mate usually has something choice he will dispose of for a consideration."

"I'm mad about that Chinese pewter. We'll have tea every afternoon."

"Everything I have is yours, Jan." The huskiness of his voice sent the color to her face. That wouldn't do. He opened a door, snapped on a light, said grandiloquently, "Behold the kitchenette!" She stepped to the threshold.

"Pale green, and a gray-and-white linoleum on the floor. My word, but you are modern!"

"I told you that I lost my head over the H house. After we had finished the chimneys, they just naturally required bedrooms to utilize their other sides; bedrooms required baths; a house this size needed a kitchen. I have never regretted it. Planning and ordering kept Archie Harper busy and happy. He worked up to almost the last moment of his life, and now I have it for you." He nodded toward a lighted room. "Your things are in there. If you are not too tired I should like to talk a while, Jan."

"Except for the fact that my feet are shredded to ribbons-that wasn't a dance, it was a riot-I am not in the least tired. I will change my slippers and come back."

"I'll get your sandals." He pulled the fan-back chair a bit nearer the fire. "Sit here-" As she hesitated he added, "Please."

He dropped to one knee in front of her. "Stick out your foot." He gently removed the high-heeled blue slipper with its sparkling bow, put on the sandal. "That better?" She nodded. "The other." He held the slender foot in his hand after it was shod. "Jan, you understand, don't you- Who the dickens is pounding like that? Is Tubby trying to be fun-

ny?" "Someone is beating with both

fists. Go! Quick!" Harcourt pulled open the door. Millicent Hale stumbled into the room. "Bruce!" Her terrified eyes widened as Janice took a step toward her. She shut them. Sobbed. With arms outflung she braced herself against the log wall. Brilliants swinging from her ears, on her green frock, quivered with light. She shuddered. Gasped for control. Harcourt caught her shoulder.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

▲ STUDIO stage hand stole 1 the spotlight from William Powell and Hedy Lamarr when Wendell Willkie (who recently was elected chairman of the board of 20th Century-Fox) visited the stars. Willkie arrived just in time to (Assistant Extension Animal Husbandman, North Carolina State College.) watch them doing their first love scenes in "Crossroads," and offered to change places with Powell. The stage hand, Pinky Picciano, had a brother who was a petty officer on the battleship Mississippi when Willkie's brother Ed was a division officer on the ship, and entertained Willkie and the cast with anecdotes. Incidentally, in his new position Willkie will not "perform any executive duties or be actively connected with the operation of the company."

Eleanor Powell's spun glass hula skirt is scheduled for a tour of the army camps; so are two other costumes-a pink satin tails and top hat and an abbreviated toreador outatrical climax. We will dence round fit. She's bought the rest of the costumes she wore in "Ship Ahoy," and they'll go along.

> When Jack Benny takes his Sunday night radio show to army camps the member of the cast who has the most fun is Rochester; the soldiers



**EDDIE ANDERSON** (Rochester.)

always supply him with a "jeep," and he has the time of his life riding all over camp. "No rougher than the Maxwell," says he.

William Holden was the first married Hollywood man to join the services; quitting motion pictures at the top of his career, he became a private in the army. You'll remember him as the small-time bookkeeper in "The Remarkable Andrew," for his speech for democratic ideals. He married Brenda Marshall last July; she is working at Warner Brothers' in "The Constant Nymph."

Virginia Dale went home to Charlotte, N. C., for a vacation, and returned with a husband, one who's probably unique among Hollywood husbands. He's 28, his name is Courtland Shephard, and his business is, of all things, commercial shark fishing!

There's no sound-effect trickery about it when you hear George or Gracie Allen running up and down of them; count 'em, some time-is near the mike, and Ed Lutas, soundeffect operator, does the skipping cabbage cures rapidly and someup and down.

If it hadn't been for the red polish on her nails, three-year old Patsy Nash would have played a boy in "I Live on Danger." She was discovered when she and her mother were waiting for a bus. Producers William Pine and William Thomas wanted a little boy for the picture, thought she'd do. Then they also discovered the red polish, learned that she was a girl-and rewrote the part for her. She was so good that they've optioned her for a featured role in the Richard Arlen "Interceptor Command."

It begins to look as if the gentlemen have it when correct answers have to be given. During 11 weeks of broadcasting, on Bob Hawk's Friday CBS quiz, 14 men have won \$4,474 in defense bonds; only 8 women have scored, winning \$1,879.

For the past three years Alan Bunce has been radio's popular "Young Doctor Malone"; during that time he's picked up many fine points of medicine, so many that he was chosen to play Dr. Walters" in "Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.," the new Monday through Friday dramatization which is being presented in co-operation with the radio division of the war department.

ODDS AND ENDS—Hal Peary, the air's "Great Gildersleeve," has signed at RKO to appear with Fibber McGee and Molly in their next picture . . And RKO has cast Randolph Scott and Jackie Cooper in top roles with Pat O'Brien in "Battle Stations," a story of three U.S. navy gunners . . . One of screendom's favorite juvenile teams, circus fans.

Mickey Rooney and Freddie Bartholomew, will be reunited in "Yank at Peanut Eton" . . . Their last appearance together was in "Lord Jeff," four years ago . . . "Tish," adapted from Mary is being screened by Metro.



HORSES. MULES MORE VALUABLE

Restrictions on Tractors And Machines Is Cause.

By SAM L. WILLIAMS

Much has been sai dand written about "Old Dobbin" resuming his place in the "agricultural sun"about a return to the horse and buggy days, now that war-time shortages of tires and metals threaten to restrict the use of modern laborsaving tractors and machines.

Horses and mules have never lost their importance on the farm. "The value of workstock on North Carolina farms is twice as great as that all cattle and calves, and five times as great as the value of all hogs and sheep.

Horses and mules furnish a large percentage of the basic power essential in the production of all agricultural commodities. This has always been true, despite the increase in tractors and other machinery in use on the farm.

#### Now Profitable.

Raising horses and mules is a profitable business when they are used as a source of farm power, and as a means of supplementing the farm income through the sale of surplus animals produced. Four good animals can plow four, disc 15 or harrow 30 acres a day in the spring season; do other kinds of farm work at a proportionate rate; and raise enough colts to furnish replacements, if wisely managed.

"In this way, the work animals reaching an age of 6 or 7 years can be sold each year and younger animals bred to replace them. A good look resolutely, I will not say at team of well-broken horses or mules will demand a much higher price than matched pairs of yearlings or things as they really are; if we two-year-olds. Pasture is the first avail ourselves of the manifold consideration in properly feeding blessings which surround us, we workstock.

#### AGRICULTURE IN INDUSTRY

By FLORENCE C. WEED

Sauerkraut Juice

Sailors on early American clipper ships ate sauerkraut to keep in good health when they went on year-long voyages, and their descendants have kept up the habit in order to keep well at home.

A scientist at the University of Oklahoma reports his success in feeding infants by adding sauerkraut juice to milk. Physicians are prescribing it in the treatment of some diseases, bearing out the old theory of Erasistratus, famous Syrian physician, who prescribed cabbage for his patients in 249 B. C.

Many a farm family still keeps a sauerkraut barrel in a dark corner of the cellar, but most of the kraut used is canned in the states of New York, Wisconsin, Ohio and Michigan. Here the cabbage is cured in wooden vats. Only salt is added to stairs. A set of wooden steps-12 draw out as much as 88.8 per cent of the water content from the cabbage. In warm fall weather, the times within two weeks tests the 8.5 per cent lactic acid required by government standards. To be well cured and tasty, it must ripen for several months before being canned.

The first sauerkraut juice was canned in 1924 and has found a good market. It is obtained by drawing off the brine from the vats while the cabbage is curing, then straining and clarifying it by a centrifugal machine that throws out all the cabbage particles. A mixture of half tomato juice and half sauerkraut juice is even more popular because of its attractive color.

The cabbage leaf contains large amounts of vegetable wax.

### Farm Notes

Unusual Situation

For the first time in history, more soybean oil meal than cottonseed oil meal has been available for livestock feeding. Another unusual feature of the feed situation is the comparatively low cost of linseed oil meal, due to increased flax acreage and the availability of meal from Argentine.

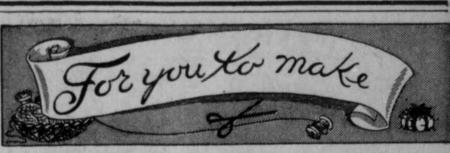
Part-Time Farms Between 1930 and 1940 there was a sharp increase in ownership of small part-time farms near large cities.

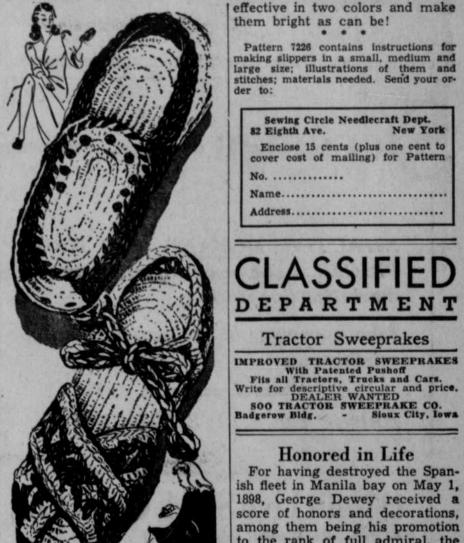
Nut That's Not a Nut

The peanut, America's favorite food at baseball games and circuses, really isn't a nut at all. It's a pea, a member of the bean family. Nutpea or peanut, it's still good to eat, say the nation's baseball and

Peanuts Morale-Builder

Peanuts - American farms produce more than 1,000,000,000 pounds for eating purposes annually-rank Roberts Rinehart's delightful stories, high as a morale-building food because they are rich in vitamin B1.





Glorious Inheritance

If we do our best; if we do not

magnify trifling troubles; if we

the bright side of things, but at

can not but feel that life is indeed

a glorious inheritance.-John Lub-

them bright as can be!

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Enclose 15 cents (plus one cent to

cover cost of mailing) for Pattern

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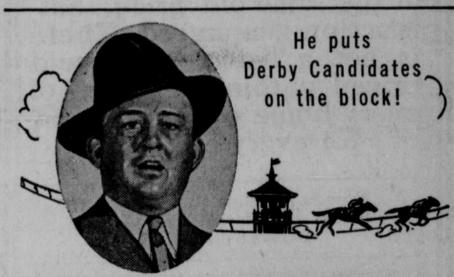
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DEALER WANTED
SOO TRACTOR SWEEPRAKE CO.
Badgerow Bldg. Sioux City, Iowa Honored in Life

For having destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila bay on May 1. 1898, George Dewey received a score of honors and decorations, among them being his promotion to the rank of full admiral, the third in the history of the United UG cotton makes the gayest States navy. Congress also passed new crocheted slippers-soles a law permitting him to remain and all. Get started now. They're on active duty for the rest of his grand for play shoes, too. They're life and he was even discussed as a possible presidential candidate.

Laziness and Poverty Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him .-



# HE'S A "SELF-STARTER"



DOC BOND OF VER-SAILLES, KY. is "head auctioneer" at many of the biggest race-horse auctions. He also sells Blue Grass farms and manages his own. He says: "I like a breakfast that tastes good, and keeps me going strong till noon. A big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk hits me right ... helps keep me on my toes." Copr. 1942 by Kellogg Company

Ame: '-z's Answer . . .

## **PRODUCTION** and **MORE PRODUCTION**



\*Per Cake: Vitamin A-2000 Units (Int.) Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>-150 Units (Int.) Vitamin D-350 Units (Int.) Vitamin G-40-50 Units (Sb. Bour.) All of these vitamins go right into your bread; they are not appreciably lost in the oven. Ask for Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast—with the yellow label.

it is wise ... to read the advertisements in this newspaper before you set out upon a shopping tour.