

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. Unbeknownst 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. Millicent asks Harcourt to see her home. Her husband, Joe Hale, had been laid up by a stroke. Later, when Harcourt and his bride are at home, Millicent knocks at the door and stumbles in, frightened.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XI

"Steady, Millicent. What has happened?" asked Bruce.

Her throat contracted. Her voice was a hoarse whisper. "Joe's dead! Shot!" She covered her eyes with one hand. "You're white as death, Bruce. Don't be sorry for me. I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited."

With a stifled exclamation he withdrew his hand. She crumpled to the floor.

Harcourt picked his way through the maze of the Eskimo camp and ordered Kadyama to appear at the office at two o'clock for questioning by the Commissioner now on his way.

On his way back to the office Harcourt recaptured the picture of last night in the H house. What had Jan thought of Millicent Hale's frenzied cry: "I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited!"

He had been furiously angry at the implication, had opened his lips to refute it when Millicent had crumpled. For an instant he and Janice had stared into one another's eyes, then she had pointed to the woman on the floor.

"Better put her on the couch. Looks as though she had been wading. Her skirt is wet."

He had only vaguely noticed that as he lifted her.

Shortly afterward, Grant and he had entered the Hale cabin. Joe lay where he had fallen. They had searched for a revolver, had found nothing but Hale's own which hung in its holster, unloaded, clean barreled. He had sent Tubby for Jimmy Chester and two engineers. While he was waiting, he had picked up the dog to shut him out of the room. A blue glass bead had rolled from between his paws. Tatima! Incredible. He put his hand over the breast pocket of his khaki shirt. The bead was safe in case it was needed in evidence. He had not told the other men of his find.

Could it have been Jimmy! He would have a hard row to hoe if his threat to Joe Hale came out at the inquest. Millicent had heard it. Had she confided in anyone but himself? No matter what Jimmy had threatened, he wouldn't shoot Hale. What had he been saying to Janice when he had interrupted their talk at the dance? "He'll never send for you again!" C. J. Lord.

"Boy! In the excitement I forgot about that tick-laying gang you told me to take out at reveille, Chief," Chester reported. "I've been at the H house with Millicent this morning trying to find out what she wants done about—things."

"Hear you were all excited day before yesterday because Hale had sent for someone. For whom did he send?"

Jimmy Chester stared out of the window. "For Miss Trent."

"Janice! How did you know?"

"Met her coming out of his cabin. Had just been talking with Millicent at the Waffle Shop, so I knew she wasn't responsible. She wouldn't tell why she had been there. I went at her wrong, I guess, so I just walked in and read the riot act to Joe Hale."

The Commissioner and his deputies were coming by plane, Harcourt said.

"Go up to the field, Chester, and see if you can help in the landing." Harcourt looked after Chester as he hurried away. He liked neither Jimmy's color nor his steady voice.

Martha Samp hailed him from the steps of the H house.

"Any danger to Mrs. Hale in moving her?"

"Not a mite. I was goin' to speak to you about that. Your cabin's no place for her. You send Pasca along to help and I'll see that she's moved."

"And that Janice comes back to the H house?"

Little lines crinkled from the corners of her eyes like rays drawn to indicate the setting sun.

"I'll do my best, but what'd you do to hurt her last night, Mr. Bruce?"

"I hurt her?"

"She looked white as a still when I went into the H house. When I told her we'd better leave M's. Hale where she was, she kinder sniffed an' said:

"'Of course. I haven't a doubt but she'd like to stay here forever,' an' off she marched. I was that troubled about her that I kept runnin' over to the Waffle Shop to stand outside her door. There was a light goin' but it was still as death. Sakes alive, don't go so white, Mr. Bruce,



"I walked in and read the riot act to Hale."

or I'll be sorry I told you. You've got so much on your mind."

"Never be sorry that you have told me anything about Janice, Miss Martha. Tell her to come back. If she refuses, tell her that if she doesn't come I will come after her. I may have much on my mind, but not too much for that."

Janice stepped back to get the effect of the red geranium trees in nail-kegs on either side of the Waffle Shop door. Gorgeous against the background of weather-bleached log walls.

She looked thoughtfully at the Hale cabin. Not yet twenty-four hours since Joe Hale had gone. An hour or more ago the Commissioner and two deputies had landed on the flying-field. She had not seen Bruce since he had lifted Millicent Hale from the floor and laid her on the couch. With a hurried, "Call the Samp girls," he had dashed out. As she had worked over the unconscious woman, she had tried to crush back the memory of her frenzied wail, "I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited!"

The Samp sisters had spent the night at the H house, had sent Janice back to her cabin at the Waffle Shop. She had dropped to the edge of the stripped cot. Rigid and still, had sat there listening for Bruce's footsteps, waiting for him to come and tell her that Millicent Hale's insinuation was false.

He had not come. Toward morning she had dozed fitfully.

Head down, hands thrust hard in his pockets, Tubby Grant approached along the board walk. Tong paced with magisterial dignity behind him, muscles rippling under his tawny coat. Grant overturned an empty nail-keg. Seated on it he took one knee into his embrace.

"Who do you think did it? Kadyama?"

"I wouldn't put it past him. He's talked loud and loud and red against Hale, but that doesn't prove anything. The Pekinese must have been among those present when it happened. He would have scented the Indian, would have warned Hale with his bark."

"Whom are they questioning?"

"Haven't begun yet, they've been busy in the Hale cabin. They want you in the office after lunch to take testimony."

"Will they question me?"

"Why not? You were in the H house when Millicent Hale burst in with the news, weren't you?"

Something flashed in Janice's mind.

"Tubby! I never have thanked you for that gorgeous mandarin coat. I wore it to the H house, had just taken it off when Millicent Hale burst in on us and I haven't thought of it since. You're a dear!"

"Says you. Sorry to hand back the bouquet, but I didn't buy it."

"You didn't! Who did?"

"Your boy friend."

"Bruce? How did he know about it?"

"I told him that you'd almost cried your eyes out wanting it."

"Tubby! You should not have let him spend all that money on me when you knew—you knew what a fiasco that marriage was, that Bruce sacrificed himself to help me."

"Mebbe so. Mebbe so." His face lost its usual expression of cherubic serenity. The pupils of his green eyes contracted as he inquired lightly, "Lady, has it ever occurred to you that you might be a million light-years behind the times?"

The zoom of a plane drowned his words. The motor thrummed deafeningly as it climbed. It circled like a great bee to get its bearings before it shot for the east. Its wings became shadowy and spectral, its hum a mere vibration. Janice clutched Grant's arm, watched the great bird from hand-shaded eyes till it seemed as small as a fly on an enormous blue window-pane.

"Who, w-who was it, Tubby?"

He patted her hand. "Don't get all excited. I got a jolt at first, as the Commissioner has forbidden anyone to leave headquarters. Then I remembered that he told Parks, one of the deputies, to fly back to the city for an expert he wanted."

"My stars, ain't them blooms pretty?" Martha Samp sat on the nailkeg Grant had abandoned. Pulled

off one heavy shoe, grimaced with pain as she flexed twisted toes in their white cotton stocking. "Feet ache like the toothache. I never'd know I had a body if it wasn't for them."

Janice gently massaged the cramped toes. "You do too much, Miss Martha. I would have been glad to take care of Mrs. Hale last night."

"It wasn't the place for you. That feels fine. You've got what my mother used to call, healin' hands. Mary an' I can take care of her easy. Pasca's goin' to bring her to the cabin you had so she'll be near. You pack up the rest of your things an' he'll carry them to the H house. Mr. Bruce wants you there."

"He wants me?"

"Sakes alive, anything surprisin' about that? Those officials are after him every minute. He's takin' the tragedy awful hard. Anyone'd think 'twas his fault it happened."

"Why not let Mrs. Hale stay where she is?"

"Don't talk like a child, Janice, an' you a married woman. Even if it wasn't hard for Mary an' me to be trotting there from here, a man's cabin is no place for a widow."

She cautiously twisted her foot free of the comforting hands. Grimaced as she pulled on her stout shoe. "Want M's. Hale settled before lunch time. Those officials bein' here make more work, but don't they make life thrilling?" Her eyes snapped, her cheeks flaunted red flags of excitement.

"Who do you think did it, Miss Martha?"

"They haven't asked me yet. P'raps they think because my joints are stiff the arteries of my brain are hardening, but they're not. I'm not sayin' anything till I can say it before the right parties. Did you hear that plane go out? They've sent for a finger-print expert. Expert! They'd ought to have questioned me first."

"When I heard the airplane zoom, I thought the criminal was escapin'."

"That would be confessing, wouldn't it? The party who snuffed out Joe Hale is too scared or too clever to confess. I haven't made up my mind yet which. I haven't read the newspapers for years without learning something." Her voice prickled with excitement.

In her own cabin, gazing out at the Stars and Stripes floating high and strong in the clear air, Janice faced two alternatives. She could allow Millicent Hale's "I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited!" to fester in her memory until she became a hateful, unhappy person who would be sent out on the next boat amidst a silent chorus of "Thank God she's gone!"—it was human nature to dodge a person with a grievance—or she could take up her life from the time Bruce had said, "I'll get your sandals,"—go on from there as though the rest of that evening never had happened. It would take a big inside resistance to withstand the bitter pressure of Millicent's implication. Could she do it? She must.

It was not surprising that the Commissioner had given Miss Martha an impression of inefficiency. Janice concluded as after the midday meal she entered the office. He was the antithesis of all the prosecuting officials she had seen on the screen. He was bland and fair. His eyes met hers. Steel drills. The deputy beside him was small and wiry.

Janice glanced surreptitiously at Harcourt. Two little lines cut deep between his eyes as he bent a supple ivory letter-opener back and forth with his strong fingers.

Tubby Grant opened the door to the wood-shed. Kadyama shuffled into the room.

In obedience to a curt word from the Commissioner, he perched on the edge of a chair.

"You've threatened to get Hale, haven't you?"

Evidently the official believed in the attack direct.

"Ump. I say that one, two, p'raps tree time."

"Why?"

The Indian's eyes, beady as a trapped rat's, shifted to the Commissioner's face. "He steal Tatima."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IF THAT Victory Caravan appears anywhere in your vicinity you'll certainly want to see it. Players enlisted by the Hollywood Victory committee to tour for Army and Navy relief are Charles Boyer, Eleanor Powell, Merle Oberon, Rise Stevens, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, Bert Lahr, Frank McHugh, Ray MacDonald, Desi Arnaz, Cary Grant, James Cagney, Joan Bennett and Olivia de Havilland.

It wasn't hard for Paramount to line up a cast for "Wake Island"—Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey, Albert Dekker and Barbara Britton lead it. But stunt pilots were a necessity—and only four could be found! Fifteen years ago there were at least 100 who vied for jobs in such pictures as "Wings" and "Hell's Angels"; now they're in the army, navy, marine corps and Royal Canadian Air force.

When Betty Jane Rhodes was a child actress, appearing in "Forgotten Faces," Herbert Marshall used to buy her miniature airplanes as gifts. Reginald Denny gave her two



BETTY JANE RHODES

model planes with tiny gas engines. She's a welder in an aircraft plant in the new musical, "Priorities of 1942," completely surrounded by planes, and is air-minded enough to be perfectly happy.

Richard Lyons, seven-year-old son of Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyons, is carrying on with his screen career while his parents star on the radio in England instead of on the American screen. He has an important role in "Atlantic Convoy"; is playing an English refugee, which comes close to his own life.

Pat O'Brien's youngsters—Maureen, seven, and Sean, five, visited their father on location at the Alhambra airport for "He's My Old Man," and persuaded the technical advisor to take them on a flight. The "flight" consisted of taxiing from one end of the field to the other.

Lynn Martin appeared several weeks ago in a singing commercial on the air's Radio Theater, and received so much praise that when a night club sequence appeared in a later script she was promptly signed for it. Also, she was engaged to sing with Ray Noble's band on the Edgar Bergen show.

The last picture John Beal did in Hollywood before he went to New York to appear in a stage play was "The Man Who Found Himself," in which Joan Fontaine was getting her start. He gave her a pep talk, told her to stick to it and some day she'd win the Academy Award. She visited him on the set of "Atlantic Convoy" the other day. "I just came to tell you that you told me so!" she said.

Pat Friday, another young singer recently heard with Bergen, told Ray Noble that he played Cupid for her and her aviator-husband. They were listening to his orchestra, at a Los Angeles hotel, and to its music her husband told her that she was the most beautiful girl in the world. She thinks the music had a lot to do with it—"But it was so beautifully done that I just had to marry him!"

Jean Tennyson, star of "Great Moments in Music," has inaugurated a "Share Your Birthday With Men in the Service" campaign—she took her 45 pound birthday cake to the Stage Door Canteen in New York and divided it among men of the armed forces.

ODDS AND ENDS—Evelyn Keyes wears exotic perfumes—so pity Glenn Ford, playing opposite her in "He's My Old Man," as he's allergic to perfumes... Sounds like a record of some kind—in his first five pictures Roger Clark kissed Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Lupe Vélez, Ruth Ford and Eileen O'Hearn... Robert Ryan has reported to RKO Radio for one of the choicest roles ever handed a screen newcomer, that of the lead in "Name, Age and Occupation"... "Parachute Nurse" brought Marguerite Chapman and William Wright their first screen kiss—and when he grasped her the first time she slipped and turned her ankle!

Prints Combined With Plain Fabrics Make Fashion News

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THIS season's prints are gorgeous and excitingly beautiful, especially the gay florals which are such flatterers every woman adores them. To add to their lure, they are being styled with artistry and resourcefulness which are breathtaking in their novelty and eye-appeal as well as their versatility.

This is especially so in regard to the print-with-plain theme which is interpreted so artfully one could almost believe that a contest is on among designers as to who will create the most ingenious and fascinating effects. The flair for individualizing prints in dramatic ways is strikingly interpreted in the attractive gowns pictured in the above illustration. In these smart New York creations the accent is on bright and brilliant florals dramatically contrasted with dark backgrounds.

The dress to the left looks toward summer. It is of navy sheer. The designer employs a technique which is receiving wide exploitation this season, namely, that of appliqueing cutout print motifs for accent and excitement. Sprightly white daisies are applied on the skirt. Also, white daisies are applied to outline a wide band of bright red faille around the midriff, this girly effect adding a definite note of style distinction. A spray of the cutout daisies decorates the shoulder.

What promises to be most popular of all skirts during the coming months is the skirt of fabric-conserving type, such as wrap-arounds that eliminate zipper or button fastenings, or the dashing side-saddle skirt that goes back to the days of the side-saddle riding habit. The dress shown to the right in the above illustration belongs to the last

category. It features an adroit use of the newest of the new colorful border prints as shown in advance summer collections. The hat is of lacquered navy straw trimmed with grosgrain.

As a guide to buying your print frocks and ensembles it is well worth while to saunter through fabric displays with the thought in mind of discovering what's new in prints. You will find a revelation of new and original ideas, for prints this season have quite a way of their own that differentiates them from the usual order. Some give you a special design for the skirt, perhaps a splash of gay florals on navy or black, with a waist section that poses a single huge matching flower cluster at just the point to give the effect of a corsage either at one shoulder or to accent a girly effect.

If you "make your own" this matter of having the color and scheme of design worked out for you in perfect ensemble simplifies home sewing. Then, too, if you plan to buy a print costume ready made, you will select it more intelligently after acquainting yourself in advance with fashion-right prints.

Featured items that give print dresses and ensembles "style" include such interesting details as quilted pockets, cuffs, collars, lapels and borderings. An eye-catching fancy is a single cluster of flowers here and there that sparkles with exquisite hand beadwork. Boutonnieres made of floral cutouts that look realistic add a beguiling touch, as do also the ruche effects formed of the flowers of the print. And so the story of prints goes on in endless pageantry this season! (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Soft Styling



This dress in the original is intensely interesting. It is done in gray, which is a color of definite importance this year. Then, too, it claims distinction in that it adopts the new soft styling with huge dolman sleeves. The material is silk gabardine and being in gray makes it doubly smart. The gored skirt is topped with an interestingly cut hip-length blouse with a white bengaline dicky. Outstanding fashion details are the unique cone-shaped pockets of quilted gray satin, the laced-down-front fastening and, especially, the sleeves which look strictly new—this season. Gray, softly draped, as you see it here, is as easy to wear as any other color.

Culotte Meets Need As Cycling Costume

The pendulum of popularity swings back to the ever practical culotte costume. It is declared to be the logical dress to wear in many of the defense activities, for gardening, flying, bowling, tennis, golf and, above all, for bicycling, which has become so very popular.

In fact this return of the culotte is attributed for the most part to the bicycle fad. There's a new culotte that is much in demand because of its practicality. By a simple snap adjustment it can be transformed into an undivided skirt—travel in it, go about on your shopping tours—in fact make it a practical all-purpose utility dress.

For the new culottes sturdy cottons are best, especially denim (handsome in the new rust shade), gabardine, and also crinkly seersucker.

Dickey Front Is Lovely In Pin-Tucked Organdy

There is considerable interest shown in dickey fronts, in pique for tailored outfits and in laces or bright prints for dressier effects. Very lovely are those of finely pin-tucked pastel organdy with frilly cuffs to match.

While white is the first choice for neckwear there is a decided favor expressed for frills and furbelows in pastel tones.

Checked

A widespread vogue is on for checks. Suits in brown or black checks are at the top of the fashion list. These are made in classic tailleurs, or they are styled with eton or bolero jackets. Wear with them a pique dickey for a crisp, clean look.

THINGS for You to Make



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