

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. After a wedding party arranged by the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, Bruce and Janice go home, only to be disturbed shortly by Millicent who tells them her husband, Joe Hale, has been shot dead. "If you had only waited," she exclaims to Bruce, and crumples. Bruce spends the night in investigation. The commissioner arrives, and a probe is on. He is asking Kadyama, Indian, about Hale and Tatima, his girl friend.



Tatima swaggered in.

CHAPTER XII

"Well? She's not your squaw, is she?" continued the Commissioner. "She promise to marry on me. She work for Meester Hale. She say she lak dark mans no more, she lak gol' hair."

"Where were you yesterday?" "In mornin' cleanin' out hangar."

"Did that take all day?" "No sirree. Word come dat chief marry. Mees Samp seesters, they sen' me to woods. I cut everyt'ing green. Bring to H house and put 'em round room."

"Yourself?" "Mees Hale come an' Meester Chester. Bruder, seester, dey work togadder, oder mens come too."

"Were Mrs. Hale and Chester in the H house all the time you were?" "No sirree. Meester Chester go first. Say to her, 'You feenish.' She sen' me for more green. W'en I come back—she gone too."

"Gone, had she? Where were you last night?" "Squaw-dance."

"Was your girl friend"—he amended—"was Tatima, this girl you expect to marry, with you?" "No. She stay at Waffle Shop for beeg marriage party there." He qualified, "She come to dance late, stay long night through."

The Indian girl was called next. Tatima swaggered in, head back. Her face had the curious color dark skin has when drained of blood.

"Have a good time at the Indian dance last night?" "Who, me? Me go to Indian dance?" Her contempt was superb. "I stay at Waffle Shop all night, help Mees Samp seesters clear up after marriage party."

The Commissioner grinned at Kadyama.

"Sit down."

Tatima favored him with a disdainful glance. "Who, me? I stan' up."

"Suit yourself. You work for Mr. Hale?"

"Who, me? I work for Mees Samp seesters."

"What do you do there?" "Wait on table. Wash deeshes, sweep, do much t'ings. Work hard."

"Yet, you had time to take care of Mr. Hale's cabin?" She tossed her head, set her lips in a heavy red line of defiance. Harcourt commanded: "Answer the Commissioner's questions, Tatima. We all know that you worked for Mr. Hale. Tell the truth."

She regarded him from under lowered lids. Hunched her fine shoulders.

"Who, me? Tell truth? You not like it p'raps much as you t'ink. I tell, I work for Meester Hale." A spasm of feeling twisted her face. She bit her lips. A drop of blood stained her teeth as she went on. "I tak' care of cabin w'ile Mees Hale gone away."

"Been there since her return?" "One tam, p'raps."

"Remember losing this?" The Indian girl bent forward to stare at his extended hand. In the center lay a blue glass bead. She clutched at the string about her neck. Inscrutability veiled the fright which had flamed in her eyes. She drew: "Lose bead two days ago. Same tam she there."

With a nod she indicated the girl at the typewriter desk. Janice felt the color mount to her hair as the four men looked at her.

"You mean that young lady at the desk?" "Sure, I mean she. Meester Hale he phone for her to come. Say he have secret letter. First he send Mees Hale to Waffle Shop. Mees Trent come. He tell her letter. He tell her she beautiful. After w'ile he say, 'I kees 'er han'. I—"

"Didn't like Hale to tell Miss Trent that she was beautiful, did you?" "Who, me? I not care. He say to her, 'You run away from marryin'. Kees an' run kin'. An' she say, to keep to bees-ness. He talk more, much more. Then beads break. I busy pecking them up. I hear no more."

"Didn't hear Miss Trent's voice again?" "Ask much questions, don't you? P'raps you t'ink Tatima some leetle detector. I hear her speak outside, that all. She speak very mad to Meester Jimmy Chester, 'fore he come in."

"Chester! Did he come into the cabin?"

"Sure, he come. He say very loud, 'What you mean sending for Mees Trent, Joe? Try any funny business an' I'll shoot.' An' then Mees Hale come in an' say, 'What you doin' with that pistol, Jimmy? Joe's frightened!' An' then she laughed an' laughed 'though she didn't know what she doin', an' I went to Waffle Shop an' wash deeshes."

"You didn't see Mr. Hale again alive?" "Who, me? I not see heern again, never."

"That's all. You may go."

She swung out, head up, the Yakutat blanket trailing from one hand. The Commissioner watched her till the door closed. Made a note on his pad.

"You take stenographic notes, don't you, Grant? Take Miss Trent's testimony."

He looked at Janice. "Sorry to bring you into this, but I want to hear about your visit to Hale's cabin."

"Mr. Hale phoned me to come and take a letter from his dictation. A codicil."

"Codicil! Did he sign it?" "I don't know. I put it in shape and sent two copies to him by one of the men."

"Make a rough draft for me when we get through this afternoon. While you were at the Hale cabin, what happened?" "Tatima has given an exact account."

"You met Chester as you went out?" "Yes."

"What did he say to you?" "He asked what I was doing in Hale's cabin."

"And you answered?" "That it was none of his business. The suspicion in his voice made me furious."

"Mm! All the next day you were away from headquarters. I understand. There was a party here in the evening. Did you dance with Chester?" "Yes."

"Did he mention your meeting of the day before?" "Yes. He apologized for his manner and I explained why I answered as I did."

"You parted good friends?" "The best!" Thank heaven that was over! She had squeezed by without telling what Jimmy had said in reply.

"Was that all that was said?" Her assurance crashed. Good grief! She wasn't under oath, she hadn't sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth. She would say nothing which could incriminate nice Jimmy Chester. She smiled engagingly at the Commissioner.

"Anything more would have been anti-climax, wouldn't it?" His smile was bland, too bland. "You were in the H house when Mrs. Hale came last night, weren't you? Sorry to remind you of what must have been a gruesome intrusion on your happiness, but I want to know what happened."

"We were sitting by the fire talking when someone beat furiously at the door. Mrs. Hale stumbled into the room. She was breathless as though she had been running. She braced herself against the wall, tried to speak. Mr. Harcourt said, 'Steady, Millicent. What has happened?'" Her eyes were wide with horror as she called out, 'Joe's dead! Shot!' She pitched forward to the floor."

"You can remember nothing more that was said? See who's knocking, Grant."

Janice's eyes met Harcourt's. He must be intensely relieved that she had been relieved from answering that question. Tubby Grant opened the door. Martha Samp stood on the threshold. In one hand she held a box. Harcourt rose.

"We were to send for you later, Miss Martha."

The woman's grim lips twisted in a smile. "Which's polite for sayin', 'What you doin' here?' Mr. Bruce, I came to save you wastin' the government's time." She stepped into the center of the room. Her voice quavered with excitement. "Found the revolver that shot Joe Hale? Must be somewhere."

"Obviously." The Commissioner's voice dripped sarcasm. Martha Samp frowned at him.

"What do you mean speakin' like that to me, to a woman old enough to be your mother? I want you should understand that the engineers in this camp didn't leave their manners behind in the States. You et ten waffles for your lunch, Mary told me. I ain't under any obligations to feed you an' your assistants while you're here on this case. If you try to be a smarty with me, you'll eat with the men or the Eskimos, understand?"

Tubby Grant camouflaged an exuberant chuckle with a racking cough. Dauntless Martha Samp belligerently faced the Commissioner. A smile tempered the amazement on his face as he rose. He was decidedly attractive when he stepped outside his official self, Janice decided.

"Miss Samp, if it's a case of love my waffles, love me, I'm eating out of your hand. I never tasted anything so good. Sit down. We'll listen so long as you'll talk."

She sat down.

"Sakes alive, I guess you don't know what you're promising. I'm quite a talker when I get goin'. However, I haven't got so much to say unless I get started on crime or matrimony. Surprisin' how often you'll find 'em related. I've found the pistol." From the box she cautiously extracted a revolver wrapped in a soft white cloth. A revolver with a gleaming mother-of-pearl butt.

The office whirled before Janice's incredulous eyes. Bruce Harcourt's! "I found it on the shore when the tide went out," Martha continued. "When I heard about Mr. Hale, an' there not being any weapon found, I says to myself, 'First thing'll be done will be to examine and check up on every pistol at headquarters. 'Tisn't likely though that whoever did it will keep it by him, he'll get rid of it. No place I know of better than the shore.' So every chance I had I ran down to the shingle while the tide was low. I had what you call a hunch that it wouldn't be far away, and it wasn't."

The Commissioner broke the revolver. "One cartridge gone." He replaced it on the table. "Ever seen this gun before, Miss Samp?" "Yes."

"Where?" "It belonged to my nephew, Archie Harper."

"Who owned the revolver after your nephew—went?" "Mr. Bruce."

"Did you know that it was missing, Harcourt?" "Yes." Curtly Bruce Harcourt told of his discovery of the empty holster on his wall, added that he had inquired among the engineers if anyone of them had borrowed it.

"Mm. Didn't connect it with the shooting, I suppose?" "The shooting hadn't occurred at the time I missed it."

The door swung slowly open. A man with dazed eyes swayed on the threshold. His face was bruised, his clothing torn. The Commissioner stared at him, open-mouthed.

"Parks! Where did you come from? Plane crack-up?" The man's head achieved a wobbly shake. "Never got off. Fella grabbed me as I was climbing into the cockpit. He flung me down with such force that I was stunned. I heard a roar an' then I didn't know anything."

"What did he look like?" The Commissioner shook the dazed man in his eagerness.

"Go easy. I fell on that arm. Couldn't tell what he looked like, goggles on. But when he grabbed me I noticed a big black seal-ring on his finger."

"Who wears a seal-ring in this outfit, Harcourt?" "Chester, the second engineer."

"Mrs. Hale is Chester's sister?" "Yes."

"I'll talk with her next. Is she able to see anyone, Miss Martha?" "Twil do her good to rouse out of her daze. If M's. Hale isn't roused I'm 'fraid she'll get lower an' lower in her mind. 'Twould be a pity. She's got a lot to live for."

"What'd you mean, she's got a lot to live for?" "Joe Hale was a rich man, I've heard. He didn't need to work, but he was crazy over bridge-building."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TO YOUR Good Health

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

FLU AND PNEUMONIA

It has been interesting to watch the progress physicians have made in controlling certain ailments.

At one time the results obtained in the treatment of appendicitis brought praise or blame to the surgeon who performed the operation. The fact that the patient or the patient's family did not call the physician until it was too late was never considered.

When it was found that taking food or a laxative during an attack of appendicitis was responsible for many deaths, the death rate in appendicitis immediately dropped.

The next step in cutting down the death rate was early operation—within 36 hours from the beginning of an attack.

Another dreaded acute disease—pneumonia—is being fought successfully by the use of the new "sulfa" drugs, as they are called. During the flu epidemic of 1918-19 physicians had no special or specific drug with which to fight pneumonia which so often followed attacks of flu. There was always the question as to which drugs or drug were most effective and whether the heart stimulant should be used early or late in the disease.

During the autumn and winter of 1940 and 1941 there was a widespread epidemic of flu, followed as before by pneumonia. By the use of the sulfa drugs, the death rate in pneumonia continued to fall despite this flu epidemic.

However, physicians using these drugs in pneumonia state that the prevention of deaths from pneumonia still depends much on the promptness with which the patient calls the doctor. Statisticians point out that in 40 per cent of the fatal cases the doctor was not called until the fourth day of the illness or later, and in 12 per cent, not until the eighth day or later.

A gratifying point about the new drugs is that they save such a large percentage of pneumonia patients among the young and middle-aged. In cases of very young children who did not get a "good start" in life, and in older individuals with heart, kidney, bloodvessel and chronic chest conditions, the sulfa drugs have not been so effective.

The Metropolitan Information service points out, however, that too often the efforts of the physician cannot save the patient because delay in calling him has put the patient beyond help.

Treating Liver and Gall Bladder Cases

It is known that among the many duties performed by the liver is the storing of glycogen—sugar—which can be used by the body when the amount of starch or sugar eaten is not enough for the body's needs.

An editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association giving the results obtained by research workers, points out that while the storage of glycogen in the liver is important, the presence of proteins in the liver is even more important from the standpoint of preserving the liver cells from damage.

Thus a patient seriously ill with liver and gall bladder trouble, in which operation has become necessary, has heretofore been given meals rich in starch so that a good supply of glycogen would be present at the time of operation. The discovery that protein foods will give greater protection in less time is a great step forward in the protection of liver tissue.

"These experiments appear sufficiently conclusive to warrant the adoption of a high protein, high starch, no fat diet in the before operation treatment of the patient seriously ill with disease of the liver and gall bladder."

Another discovery as to the value of the protein diet is that swelling of the parts of the body due to an excess amount of water in the tissues following operation, or any injury in fact, is due to a great extent to lack of proteins.

"Under normal conditions the swelling (edema) due to operation begins to disappear 48 hours to 72 hours after operation, but if not enough of the proteins is present, swelling actually increases causing a mechanical obstruction of the passage of food from the stomach into the small intestine.

The suggestion, then, is in these liver and gall bladder cases, that the diet consist of 80 per cent proteins, 20 per cent starch foods, and no fats.

QUESTION BOX

Q.—Is there any nourishment in buttermilk? Why is it recommended in diet for colitis?

A.—There are 80 calories in a glass of buttermilk. It is recommended because it helps prevent intestinal putrefaction, is soft and bland—does not irritate.

Q.—Could you tell me if there is a cure for involuntaneous melancholia? Is gland treatment of any help?

A.—Ask your physician about the use of ovary extract.

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

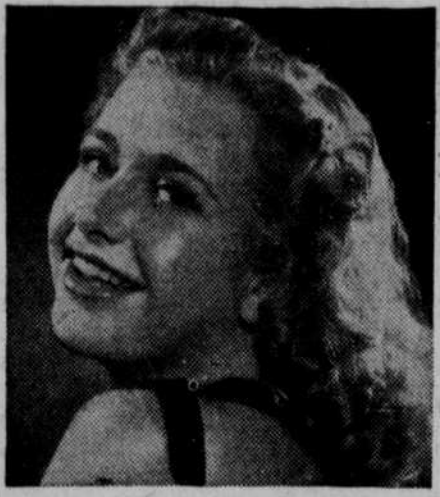
By VIRGINIA VALE

WARNER Brothers' "Heroes Without Uniforms," a story of the American Merchant Marine, will be the first of a group of films telling us things that the government wants us to know. Lowell Mellet, co-ordinator of government films, recently submitted to industry leaders a list of 30 topics about which the government wishes the public to be informed. Originally it was planned to use his ideas as material for short subjects, but it now seems likely that some of them, at least, will be developed into feature-length pictures.

"Parachute Nurse" has what might be termed an All-Starlet cast, virtually an all-feminine one. When Charles Barton, the director, counted noses he found Marguerite Chapman, Shirley Patterson, Alma Carroll, and eight other beauty-contest winners.

Now it's Priscilla Lane who's having to learn card tricks. Jan Grippio, who tutored Veronica Lake for her

sleight-of-hand role in "This Gun for Hire" is doing the same for Priscilla, for "Silver Queen," in which she plays opposite George Brent.



PRISCILLA LANE

Three of the cast of Columbia's "The Invaders" have signed rather unusual contracts. Glynis Johns, Eric Portman and Anton Walbrook have agreed to appear in Hollywood within three months after the war is ended; won't leave England till then.

When you see Paramount's "Wake Island" you'll see a setting that's absolutely authentic. The contracting firm which made the actual defense installations for the Wake Island marine garrison before the Japanese attack is in charge of construction at the Salton Sea location for the picture. It is recreating on the shores of the California island sea an exact duplication of the Pacific atoll establishment. John Farrow is directing "Wake Island," with a cast including Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Albert Dekker and Barbara Britton.

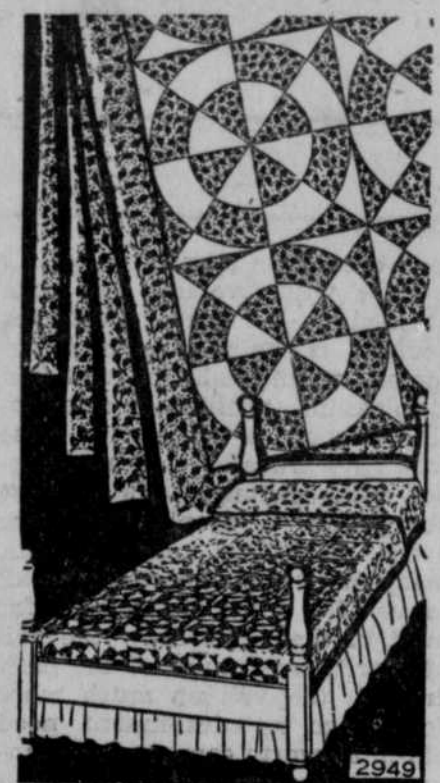
"Crossroads," the Hedy Lamarr-William Powell picture, brought up a slight dilemma at Metro. Powell, Basil Rathbone and Felix Bressart all had mustaches, and all were loath to part with them—but three was just too many for one film. Powell is a suave diplomat in the picture, Rathbone felt that a villain must have a mustache. Bressart couldn't bear to part with his. You'll have to see the picture to find out who lost out.

That's Ginger Rogers' mother whom you'll see as Ginger Rogers' mother in "The Major and the Minor"; she'll be making her screen debut. She had been a drama editor and a dramatic coach, she's been in charge of the younger players at RKO and this past year she's been installing a dairy at Ginger's 1,100-acre ranch in Oregon—but never before has she been an actress.

The famous musicians of the future may find themselves forming a "Those Who Were Helped by Major Bowes" association. For instance, take the Aquaviva brothers. Anthony, 17, a clarinetist, recently on the Major's program, said that if he won a prize he'd help his younger brother, Nicholas, to get the kind of tutoring he was getting. Anthony won \$100, second prize. The Major suggested that he have Nicholas addition for the program. Nicholas, 14, won first prize. So Major Bowes, with the help of everybody who voted for the lads, helped them along.

ODDS AND ENDS—Returning to the lot where she was an important star, Evelyn Brent reported to Paramount to play a role in "Wrecking Crew"; Richard Arlen, Jean Parker and Chester Morris co-star in it. . . Harry Sherman may reunite several famous western stars in "Buckskin Empire"—William S. Hart, Hoot Gibson, William Farnum, Jack Holt and Richard Dix. . . Vivian Leigh is being sought for the lead in "Frenchman's Creek" . . . William Warren is in London during an air raid in his new "Lone Wolf" comedy thriller; last time he was actually there was during a zeppelin raid during the last war.

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The longest painting on record was the Panorama of the Mississippi, a canvas nearly 16,000 feet in length, which depicted the 1,300 miles of landscape of the river between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans, says Collier's. Executed by John Banvard between 1840 and 1846, this picture was exhibited by being passed between two upright revolving cylinders and required two hours to be shown in its entirety.

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