

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. That night, after a wedding party arranged by the Samp sisters, elderly owners of the Waffle Shop, Mrs. Hale breaks in on the newlyweds with the cry that her husband had been shot dead. She also says: "If you only had waited, Bruce." Bruce spends the night investigating the murder. A Commissioner arrives to conduct an official probe. Jimmie Chester, Mrs. Hale's brother, who hated her husband, runs off in a plane. Bruce and the Commissioner set out to find him.



"I will take you down the coast in my yacht."

CHAPTER XIV

A yell of horror cracked in Bruce's throat. He seized his rifle, climbed down from the cockpit, stumbling, slipping, raced toward the man wielding a gun like a club as a great polar bear charged at him. Another, smaller, bleeding, roaring horribly, was struggling up from the ice.

Harcourt stopped. Raised his rifle. Fired. His gun cracked again. Again. Both animals crumpled into mounds of white fur. The man who had been defending himself jumped back, turned.

"Bruce! Bruce!"

The universe steadied. Panting, bleeding, ahen, dripping with moisture, Chester stumbled forward. His eyes were the eyes of a man who has stared death in the face.

"Just in time! I shot—the cub—didn't know there was another and—"

"and—" he swayed. Harcourt caught him.

"Take it easy, Jimmy, till I can get you into the cockpit."

With moans, Chester pulled himself up.

As he climbed into the cockpit, Chester mumbled deliriously:

"Take me back—Chief. Crazy stunt to run away. Milly heard me—threaten—Joe. I'll—come across with—"

His face contracted in pain. His eyes closed.

Grant's usually clear voice was toneless. "Did you get those notes typed?"

"Yes."

He picked up the sheets Janice indicated. "You're good, you are certainly good. When you leave you'd better take a turn at the reduction of the Public Debt."

"Leave! What do you mean?"

"Don't like the way this guy Paxton has been hanging round since our Hero left. He and his 170-foot yacht, with its twin 550-horsepower engines, make headquarters look as bare and unlovely as a plucked chicken. I'll bet Bruce would be fit to tie if he knew that bozo was here."

"Ned arrived before he started."

"He did! And he went off and left you!"

"Of what importance am I in comparison to his job?"

"Says you." Grant's always ruddy skin took on a deeper tint. He clearly gave her the impression that in his opinion Harcourt was deeply in love with her. But he quickly changed the subject.

"I've just found out that Kadyama didn't appear at all at the squawdance the night Hale was shot."

"He told the marshal that he was there after nine."

"He sure did. But he wasn't."

"Where was he?"

"That's what I mean to find out. You're the only person I've told. Don't breathe a word to anyone. The Commissioner and Harcourt are sure that Mrs. Hale knows more about the late unpleasantness than she is telling. They radioed that they would be back at headquarters tomorrow. Didn't say whether they were bringing Chester. Get her up to the H house for a cup of tea this afternoon, can't you? I'll drop in. Philo Vance stuff. If your former fiance comes, all to the good. I suspect that the sunny presence of a multi-millionaire might help dispel her gloom."

As she walked the short distance to the Samp cabin, Janice marshaled her memories. Where had Pasca been the evening of what he called the marriage-party? He had welcomed Bruce and herself when they landed on the flying field. She couldn't remember having seen him even for a moment during the festivities.

She paused abruptly on the threshold of the Samp living-room. Ned Paxton was beside Miss Mary at the table from which books and lamps had been removed to make space for a profusion of unmounted photographs. Martha, in the wing chair, white-stockinged feet on a stool, shoes on the floor beside it, peered from behind a newspaper.

"Sakes alive, aren't you through work early, Janice?"

"Mr. Grant closed the office early. I had finished the work he left. I suspect that he didn't want to be bothered with me. Immediately I thought of a tea-party. Where is Mrs. Hale?"

Martha Samp's voice was grim. "She isn't what you'd call cheerful.

I kinder think Millicent's goin' to enjoy widowhood like some folks enjoy poor health. She's talkin' an awful lot about missin' Joe. Now, makin' allowance for the shock, an terrible unhappy with him."

"You don't understand folks who aren't hacked out of Plymouth Rock, as you are, Martha."

If one of the scarlet-coated Hessians on the hearth had slashed with his gold saber, Janice wouldn't have been more surprised than she was at the younger Samp sister's outburst. Martha stared at her with faded agate eyes.

"Mary Samp! What foolish talk! Have you gone plumb crazy?"

"Crazy! I've just come sane. I've spent over two years of the precious few I got left cookin' waffles up in this wilderness, where you don't ever see anybody, when I might have been seeing places, real places, an' having clothes, real clothes. Great things are goin' on in the world, an' all I know is waffles an' then more waffles."

Martha Samp opened her lips.

"Mary Samp! Your head's been turned readin' those fashion magazines. Foolish things."

"They ain't foolish. They're like fairy tales to me. When I read 'bout slim, slithery women in trailin' silver dresses an' ermine capes an' emerald bracelets glitter-gleamin' on their arms, I'm them. You an' I are not poor. You like to pile up money. I don't. I'm going to spend my half. I'll stay here till the last boat goes out, then I'm through with pots and pans and waffles."

Her sister's voice was as sharp as a razor, though Janice saw the glint of tears in her eyes.

"Sakes alive, Mary Samp! I didn't know you had so much spunk! An' here I've been layin' awake nights wonderin' what would happen to you if I died. I guess I'm not so important as I thought I was. You'd probably get on a heap sight better without me. If that's the way you feel, you needn't wait for the last boat. Go as soon as you like. I don't need you."

Paxton, who had been standing by the mantel smoking, flung his cigarette into the fire. He laid his hand on Mary Samp's heaving shoulder.

"Call her bluff. I will take you down the coast in my yacht. I'll give you the time of your life. I will take Mrs. Hale too, if she'll come."

Mary Samp wiped misty eyes with a shaking hand. "I'd like it, Mr. Paxton."

Millicent Hale was seated at a desk littered with papers when Janice entered her cabin. In her black frock she seemed passionless, remote, intangible as a shadow. The fire cast rosy shadows on her skin without warming it, flashed reflected flames into the strained eyes without lighting them. Janice felt her color rise in the face of her well-bred surprise.

Mrs. Hale touched her black frock. "You are inviting me to a party?"

Her pained surprise made Janice feel like a worm. "I didn't mean a real party. Merely a cup of tea. I thought coming to the H house for a while might shorten the day for you. It must seem horribly long."

Millicent Hale's shudder was slight, quickly under control.

"This day is neither longer nor harder than many other days have been in this horrible country. Has Bruce been heard from?"

"They radioed that they would leave the northern camp early tomorrow. Would reach headquarters in the afternoon."

"Have they found Jimmy?"

"Nothing was said about Mr. Chester. At least Mr. Grant told me nothing."

With a sob, relief perhaps, Millicent Hale laid her face on arms out-fung on the desk. Janice tried to comfort her.

"I wish that I might help you."

"Help!" The woman rose with a haste which catapulted the somnolent Pekinese to the rug. Her voice shook with anger. "Help! You've snatched all the good in life there was left for me. You knew Bruce years ago, I hear. Met him again, ran away from the man you were to marry, disguised yourself as a boy, brought a trunkload of seductive clothes and came hotfoot

after him, didn't you?"

"And got him!"

Janice banged the door behind her. Humiliation succeeded fury. If moments of crisis revealed one's true self, she and Millicent Hale had not shown up well under the late passage-at-arms. Two tenement-house women fighting over a man would have stripped down to the same basic frenzy.

"And got him!" What would Bruce think if he heard what she had claimed? The question which haunted Janice's waking hours, intruded on her dreams, bobbed up again! "Was Bruce in love with Millicent before I came?"

As she opened the H house door she heard a thud. Pasca, his plaid shirt of a blinding brilliance, was laying a log on the fire.

"Set up the card table," she said. "Lay the cloth and arrange the Chinese pewter tray the way I showed you. Be sure that the water for the tea has been freshly boiled. Grate cheese on crackers and brown them, put others together sandwich fashion with guava jelly and chopped nuts."

The man's stolid face brightened in a childish smile. "How many tea? One? Two? Tree?"

"Four cups. Put on your white coat." As she removed a faded flower from the bowl on the table desk which had been full of red roses the first time she entered the cabin, she asked casually, "You like the white coat, don't you? What do you wear when you go to dances? Featherers and blankets or just ordinary clothes? Perhaps you don't dance? Perhaps you weren't at the squawdance the night the Samp sisters had the party for me?"

He stiffened into immobility long before she had finished speaking. Before he answered he shuffled across the room, removed the embroidered tea-cloth from the dresser drawer.

"I not go to dance, no sirree. Work all time at Waffle Shop. Tell Kadyama. You help. Then I get through much quick, then we two go squaw-dance." He says no. He plenty lazy all time." He spread the cloth carefully and pattered into the kitchen.

Later, seated on the spavin-legged stool before the crooked dressing-table, Janice thoughtfully buffed her already polished nails.

Had the party come? Janice flung open the door in response to a knock. Her smiling lips stiffened. Ned Paxton. Alone. She feigned enthusiasm.

"Come in. Where are the others?"

"Coming. I'm the vanguard." As the relations between the Samp sisters seemed a little strained, I left them to fight it out." Back to the fire, he lighted a cigarette. Janice was conscious of his critical scrutiny of the room as he inhaled and exhaled a long breath of smoke. His cynical eyes came back to her in the fan-back chair.

"So you chose this in preference to what I could give you?"

His amused incredulity stung her. She struggled to keep her voice as lightly contemptuous as his.

"But, you see, I didn't have to take you with it."

"Touche! Score one for you." Janice asked with honest curiosity:

"Why did you want to marry me, Ned? I am different in all my tastes from the girls with whom you play round."

He frowned as he regarded her with appraising eyes. "You'd be surprised if you knew how many times I have asked myself that question. I went out of my way to meet you. I was curious. I had heard that in spite of the fact that you neither smoked, drank, gambled nor petted, men hung round you in smitten swarms, that you had more friends than any girl in your set. I didn't believe it, but I fell for you like all the rest."

"Smoking for some inexplicable reason makes me dizzy and cutting out the whoopee stuff was no virtue in me. I tried it all. I don't like the ugly and sordid, and more particularly the cheap things of life. They leave tarnished memories. My inhibitions ought to prove to you that I wouldn't fit into your scheme of living."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
Consolidated Features—WNU Features.

NEW YORK—A veteran watchman of sea lanes assumes command of the vast South Pacific area for the Allied Nations, just at a time when J. **Admiral Ghormley** pan's southward lunge **'Never Leaves a Loose End About'** makes transport possibly the crucial issue of the Pacific war. For his success in keeping men and goods moving across the Atlantic in the World War, Vice Admiral Robert Lee Ghormley was rewarded with the Distinguished Service medal.

At 58, he takes on a far-flung area of land and sea, including many vital bases, fighting not only for sea-way for the U.S.A. but for New Zealand, Australia and the Free French. His command covers all land, sea and air forces of the four nations. He will be responsible to Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, commander in chief of the United States Pacific fleet.

Admiral Ghormley is known to navy officers as "thoroughly dependable," rather than picturesque or showy. One of his shipmates of the first World War, recently said to this writer:

"He is a good tactician, and a hard plugger, with a patient mastery of detail. He's always wide awake and if he were a hockey player he'd be a crack goal keeper. He had a tough, lonesome job, guarding overseas transport in the first World War, and carried it through perfectly, with big results and little glory. He keeps his mind strictly on his work."

Admiral Ghormley was born in Portland, Ore., and took an academic degree at the University of Idaho. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1906. He commanded the Nicaraguan naval operations and his decorations include the Nicaraguan Campaign badge and the Victory medal.

He was made assistant chief of naval operations in 1936 and held that post until relieved of this duty on August 9, 1940, when he was sent to London as a special naval observer for the American embassy. On April 22, 1942, he was ordered to Auckland to organize joint naval operations with New Zealand. He became a vice admiral on September 20, 1941.

INDUSTRY and government, it would appear, have been keen competitors for the services of Mrs. Anna Rosenberg. Industry, for the moment, is

Dexterously She in the lead, **Juggles Federal And Private Jobs** \$22,500 a year, while the government gets a cut of only \$13,500 in her hectic working year. She keeps them both at arm's length and attends to the most deserving.

She weighs in at 112 pounds, desk-side. She comes through a hard working day with all the frills and ruffles of her exiguous person still fresh and in place.

The house appropriations committee lights up Mrs. Rosenberg's manifold activities and jobs in exploring doubles in federal jobs, along with private employment. As regional director for the social security board, she receives \$7,500 a year and her salary as a consultant on the staff of Nelson Rockefeller, coordinator of American affairs, nets her \$6,000 a year.

In 1914, the girl from Budapest, here with her parents at the age of 14, settled a strike. In the Wadleigh high school, which she attended, students struck against compulsory military training. She called a student meeting and made an impassioned speech which ended the strike and got her considerable newspaper attention. She was Anna Lederer then. When we entered the war, she left high school to sell Liberty bonds and Thrift Stamps. In 1919, she married Julius Rosenberg, now a rug merchant.

Even then she was plagued by demands for her services. She studied practical politics with Belle Moskowitz, political ally and mentor of Alfred E. Smith. This association led to fund-raising and organizing work for philanthropies, widening into a broad field of trouble-shooting in industrial and social welfare issues.

"Yes, Phil, John was on the phone a few minutes ago and he said you were a so-and-so. He is, too? Listen, I'll get up a nice little dinner and get you two together."

That is a fair sample of her work-a-day telephone talk. She has worked almost entirely in the woman's land between the warring forces of industry and labor, and between one or both and government. She is a wife of a woman, a five-foot three brunette to give exact specifications, always nicely tailored, with a penchant for plenty of feminine fixings.

Slacks Gain in Popularity For Work and Leisure Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



EVERYWHERE women are feeling an urge within to be practical-minded in regard to "clothes." Entering new fields of work as so many are during these strenuous times, taking up new and arduous jobs for the first time, women are not waiting for fashion to tell them what to wear, but spontaneously they have adopted well-tailored slacks and slacks suits as the practical thing for voluntary defense work, for factory work, for defense farming and gardening, for first aid and for the endless list of patriotic activities now going on at high speed.

Not that the enthusiasm for slacks ends with the utility aspect of the what-to-wear question, for there's just as much excitement going on in regard to slacks costumes to wear in off-duty hours spent in leisure and relaxation, or in active sports.

As a result of this unanimous demand for women's slacks for everyday wear as well as for leisure moments, designers have rushed to produce a larger and more varied collection of attractive styles than ever before in both costumes and "separates." An excitingly wide range of attractive fabrics especially designed for these costumes has appeared in fine rayon constructions which offer style, beauty and wearing quality at prices to suit any woman's budget and requirements.

Spun rayon reproductions of classic linen, silk, wool and worsted constructions are more interesting than ever this season. In the popular price range, slacks and slacks suits appear frequently in spun rayon fabrics of the linen, shantung and gabardine types, as well as smart covert, hopsacking, flannel and fine-wale corduroy interpositions. For heavy manual labor in factories, denim made to withstand wear and tear scores high. This serviceable never-wear-out material comes in several smart colors in addition to the traditional blue.

The vogue for bright shirts with neutral slacks has inspired the

smart combination done in fine-tailored spun rayon shown at the lower left in the above illustration. The slacks in light beige are full-cut. The full-sleeved windbreaker blouse in a lighter-weight version of the same material is gaily plaided in rose, green and beige. Other costumes use contrasting shirts in spun rayons or challis or jersey types.

Careful tailoring distinguishes the easy-to-wear slacks suit shown in the foreground on the seated figure. It is in a fine linen-type spun rayon which tailors beautifully and is both cool and practical. The straight-cut slacks are topped by a matching short-sleeved shirt which can be worn as a tuck-in blouse or as a flattering hiplength jacket.

As smart and comfortable on a defense job as it is at a summer resort the attractive slacks costume at the top left, in the above illustration follows the fashion by teaming contrasting colors of the same fabric. Fine spun rayon in a chic linen weave is used in red-striped beige for the sporting shirt. The slacks of the same material are in deep blue.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Smartly Checked



Fashion's fancy is turning to checks and plaids with renewed enthusiasm this season. Unless you have a coat or a dress or a blouse or a suit of checked material in your summer wardrobe, you are losing out in "style." There are new cuts in wool-like textures that make up beautifully in suits that launder perfectly. The new checked rayon crepes, such as fashion the suit pictured above, are ever so good-looking and very much in demand. A monotone blouse that picks up the color in the check and the band trimming on the jacket add interest to this smart outfit. Very stylish—correct is the sailor hat which carries the color of the check in its bow trim and flattering veil.

Pique Makes Lovely Graduation Dresses

It's time to begin to think of a graduating dress which will later on serve happily for general summer wear. Designers are solving the problem by using eyelet pique. It is cool, it is pretty as can be, it launders marvelously and all the summer through it will most likely prove your favorite dress. One designer does the clever thing by supplying two sets of buttons for variety's sake—white for graduation day and red plastic strawberries for a vivid accent later on in the summer.

A white marquisette gown over a rayon taffeta slip is suggested for formal graduation and for summer dancing in the months to come. A yoke trimming and bows here and there on the skirt of embroidered organdie banding bring an added note of charm into the picture.

Practical and lovely is a simply fashioned dress of sleek white jersey either left all white or enlivened with vivid embroidery touches.

Parasol Brims Can Be Worn Either Up or Down
Brimms are made to flatter this season. Designers are imparting softening effects in the way of ruffles of ribbon or lace that make a wide brim still wider. Some of these parasol brims are convertible into any style you want them to be. You wear the parasol brim as a face-framing bonnet, or you can flip it back to halo about your pompadour in daring off-the-face fashion.

The newest models have crocheted crowns. Large straw cartwheels are definitely good style for summer.

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Sufferer—You don't say. Is your wife at home now?

Hope Never Dies

Mrs. Green was proudly displaying a new hat to Mrs. Gray.

"It's lovely," said Mrs. Gray: "but how do you manage to get so much money from your husband?"

"Quite simple, my dear," was the triumphant reply. "I just tell him I'm going back to mother, and he immediately hands me the fare."

Simple as That

"Yes, I came face to face with a lion once," said the club liar, "and I was alone and unarmed."

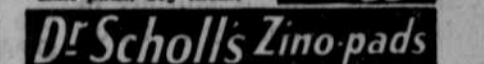
"Heavens, what did you do?" asked a new member, who didn't know his man.

"What could I do? I tried staring straight into his eyes, but he just continued crawling towards me."

"How did you get away, then?" "I just left him and passed on to the next cage."

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