

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 ray 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 she 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 newly-weds 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. Ned Paxton and his yacht arrive at the headquarters town.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XV

Ned Paxton looked stern. "What do you know of my scheme of living? I want a woman at the head of my house, for the mother of my children, who has an infallible instinct for the fine and beautiful things of life and the courage to go after them. And I'm going to get her. You must have thought me an easy mark when we met at the hotel. I was dazed by the news of your marriage. As the day wore on I grew suspicious. Asked a few questions. Discovered that you married Harcourt after you met me that morning. Why did you do it?" Janice had almost liked him again, trusted him as he confided his ideal of family life. The savage contempt of his question hardened her heart.

"Continue sleuthing. Find out." "I have it on rather good authority that Harcourt was not in love with you. I suspect it was a case of knight-errantry on his part. Girl announces that she is married to him. What could he do but come across with the ring?"

"You will have to answer that question yourself, Ned. But, after all, how can you? What do you know of the ambitions, struggles, sacrifices, self-discipline which lie behind what you call knight-errantry? You see. You want. You buy."

His face was dark with anger. "You said that once before. I don't like it. I'll prove to you that I can earn one thing I want—that's you. Think I don't know that this marriage stuff is a bluff to save your face? He drew her close. She protested sharply.

"Ned! Let me go!"

The kitchen door banged open. Tong dashed into the room. Head lowered, brush drooping, one corner of his lip snarled to reveal a fang, baleful eyes watchful, he stood as motionless as a creature in bronze.

Paxton released Janice. His laugh showed a tinge of strain.

Pasca shuffled into the charged silence.

"Tatima in kitchen with deesh. Mees Samp seesters send her."

"Aren't they coming?" Janice's voice dripped disappointment. "Tell Tatima to come in, Pasca." Grant entered by the front door. "Tubby, I'm glad you have arrived to swell the list of those present, it looks as though my party might be a frost."

"Says you. How are you, Paxton? Where's Mrs. Hale? Well, what'd you know? See who's here!"

Tatima had come in from the kitchen.

"Mees Samp seesters send plate. They say, sorry they can't come to party."

"Tell them that I am terribly disappointed." The girl lingered, twisting her bracelets in conscious expectancy. "I never saw so much lovely silver jewelry. Something tells me you've had a present."

Tatima assumed indifference. "Who, me? Kadyama geeve to me. He geeve me much more. I marry on him. He chief's son. Some day I beeg cheef's squaw."

There was a thread of excitement in Grant's laugh. "Kadyama's struck pay-dirt, has he? Where's his gold-mine?"

"He noding like gol' mine. Money owe him long time for card game. Yesterday man pay. Kadyama buy silver from Ossa."

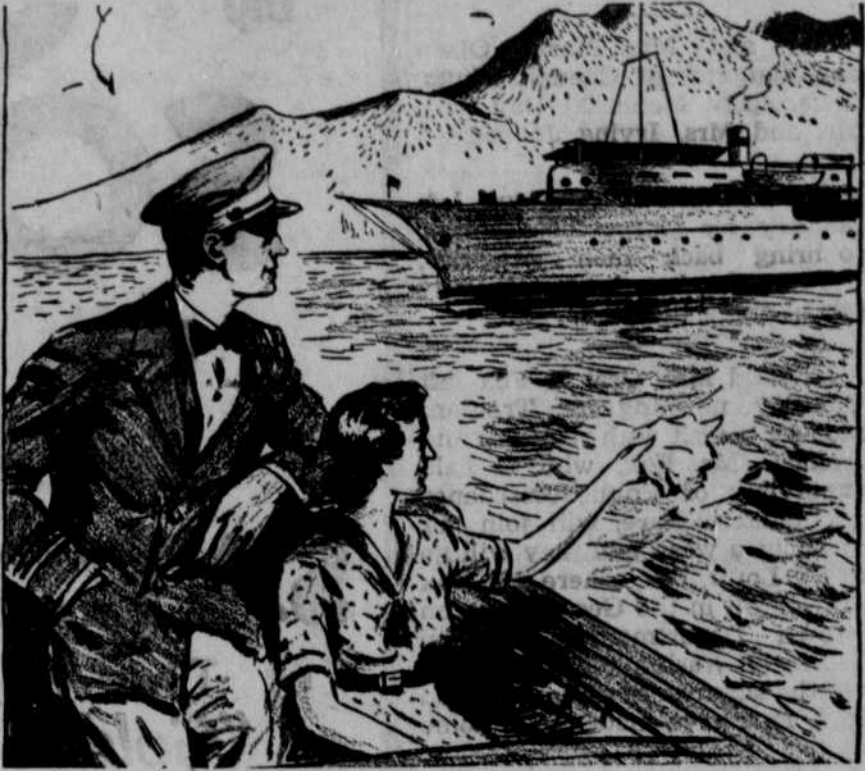
"Who's the rich stranger? I'd like to get up a little game with him myself."

Tatima sniffed scorn. "Stranger! Pasca pay heem. Pasca have beeg fat roll of money, Kadyama say."

Coming aboard Ned Paxton's boat had set old memories twanging unbearably, Janice reflected uneasily. Mary Samp's eyes were big with wonder. She perched on the edge of the seat like a plump pigeon on a ledge ready to take off at the slightest warning. Millicent Hale, in a deck chair, had removed her black hat. Her fair hair seemed fairer in contrast to her sombre frock.

Janice sniffed. Why had the fragile woman in black such power to hurt her?

Was Ned Paxton intrigued by her? Admitted that it was a glorious day, that fact did not explain her presence on this boat. Tubby Grant had been responsible. That was unfair. She alone was responsible for what she did. She was white, free



Janice waved to those on the boat

and considered over twenty-one, quite old enough to make her own decisions. Had it all been Tubby's insistence, or had she been glad of the chance to be away from Bruce returned? After supper last night, Tubby had held her up outside her Waffle Shop—had begged her to second his efforts to have Millicent Hale away from headquarters when the Commissioner and Harcourt arrived the next afternoon. From the fact that his name had not been mentioned in the radio message, there was every reason to believe they were bringing Jimmy Chester. He had asked Paxton to co-operate by inviting a party on his yacht for a nearer view of the erupting volcano.

Grant's plan had seemed sound. Now, on thinking back over the conversation, she wondered that he had not referred to Tatima's startling disclosure as to the source of the money which Kadyama had lavishly expended on silver jewelry. Where could Pasca get so much cash so suddenly? Was it part of that taken from Joe Hale when he was shot? It would account for Bruce's revolver having been used, for Pasca's absence from the squandance.

A ship's bell struck. She counted. Eight bells. Was it possible they had been sailing three hours? Tea time. She joined the group under the awning. Paxton rose.

"You stood so long staring over the rail, we decided that you were making up your mind for a swim."

"Not in this icy water. I was wondering if we could approach the volcano near enough to get a picture. I brought a movie camera."

"I'll talk with the Captain and the native pilots. We have two aboard. Meanwhile, will you show Miss Mary the interior of the boat? You know every crack and cranny of it, though you haven't seen it since I had it re-decorated—for you."

The last words were so low that Janice wondered if anyone but herself heard them. Miss Mary admitted:

"I'd like real well to see it."

Mary Samp's eyes shone, her cheeks reddened with excitement as they passed from one part of the yacht to another. The silver and blue, black and rose and gold of the staterooms reduced her to a state of thrilled speechlessness. On the threshold of the main lounge she clasped ecstatic hands.

"Well, now! I suppose this is what folks call modernistic!"

Two Filipino boys were bringing the tea things when they returned to the lounge deck. Janice's lips twitched with laughter as she remembered Pasca's high-held tray. That reminded her, where had the Eskimo procured the money to pay Kadyama?

"Janice!" She looked up. Paxton was standing before her fastening a holster belt. "That's better. You were a hundred miles from here. I'll bet you couldn't tell whether you've had tea or not. You have. The sea is running smooth. If you want to get near enough to the volcano to take a picture, the Captain says that it will be perfectly safe for the native pilots to take you in the launch."

Janice's premonition nerves tingled. Darn her imagination. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime. Would she let her fear-complex rule? She would not.

"I'm all excited! Am I to go alone?"

"No. I'll go to make sure that you don't fall out of the boat in your excitement. The sky is not quite so clear as it was, we'd better get a move on. The yacht will follow. We will turn back the moment you say the word."

Seated in the launch, Janice waved to the two women and the Captain bending over the rail to watch them start. Miss Mary's eyes were troubled, Millicent Hale's inscrutable, the Captain's complacent as he listened to the purr of the motor, rhythmic as a kitten's breathing, observed the skill of the native pilots who had shed their coats and caps, gold braided with the yaci's insignia, and had stolidly wriggled into kamalaykas, which looked like waterproof overalls with a hood. When at a proper distance, Janice focused the camera on the group

on the deck. She cranked until the faces were dim.

"Here! I wonder what Tubby will say to that. He is teaching me the motion-picture art. I've even learned to develop films. When I return to civilization I will be equipped to go on the lecture platform."

"Then you expect to return to civilization?"

Apparently absorbed in the intricacies of the black box she held, she answered abstractedly:

"Return! Of course. Then some day we are going to South America to build a bridge."

Paxton laughed skeptically before he crouched down behind the engine to light a cigarette.

From whence had that iridescent bit of fabrication bubbled, Janice demanded of herself in dismay. From the rows and rows of Spanish books in the H house? Had those spelled South America to her subconscious?

The launch was running parallel with a green shore from which twin mountains lightly clothed with alders and willows, arid, with volcano ash, rose in a graceful sweep to taper into dazzling white cones. Beyond towered higher peaks like purple shadows. She could make out an abandoned Indian village, its tumble-down huts shining weirdly white in the distance. Were those uprights carved totem poles? She turned eagerly to Paxton as he came aft.

"See that Indian village, Ned. I wish—"

The sentence died on her lips as a rain of tiny rocks showered upon the boat. They burned as they struck her hands, hissed as they fell into the water to float away like dingy snow-flakes. Orange and scarlet flames fired curling vapor, belching smoke, till the sky seemed one frightful conflagration.

"Hol' tight! Hol' tight!"

Janice hadn't needed the hoarse shouts of the pilots as a warning. Instinctively she had gripped the side of the launch.

"Come about! Make for the yacht!" Paxton shouted.

Too late. With the roar as of all the thunder-bolts forged in Vulcan's workshops let loose, with a crash which rocked the world, the volcano blew up. Fascinated eyes on the spectacle, Janice saw what looked to be the back of a great sea monster rise to the surface.

An island being born? Paxton caught her in one arm, clung tight with the other hand. A wave which seemed mountains high rolled toward the launch, caught it as though it had been a chip in a puddle, swept it shoreward with incredible speed. Sweat ran down the bronze face of one pilot as he strained at the wheel. The eyes of both bulged with terror. Overhead feathery, scotching clouds merged. The world which had been all sapphire, emerald and crystal went dreaddraught gray. Stinging white foam flew back in drenching spray. Smoke rolled and twisted like a boa-constrictor in the throes of acute indigestion. The boat climbed a huge roller, lunged sickeningly in the trough, staggered and shuddered when a fresh wave struck it. The sea snarled and hissed under a shower of hot stones. Spray blurred Janice's eyes as she strained them in an effort to see what lay ahead. Another mighty smash and shock of water, greater than its predecessor, lifted the boat like a toy and flung it on the shore.

For a dazed instant she sat with eyes tightly shut. She had thought that last plunge would end everything. Paxton touched her shoulder.

"We're safe, Jan. Don't, don't go to pieces now that the danger is over."

"Go to pieces!" She blinked, forced a smile. "I was merely orienting myself, that's all."

The launch was stranded on a pebbly beach. The native pilots were huddled in the bow. Paxton, livid, tense, was standing over them. With a final word he came back to her.

"We'll have to camp here until the yacht picks us up. The men say there is a hunter's shack somewhere on this shore. They are dumb with fright. That was all I could screw out of them. We'd better find it before another wave catches us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'Attention: A. Hitler'

THIS is marked "Attention: Adolf Schickelgruber, alias Hitler": You say the Jews and Poles are "inferior races" and not fit to associate with your tribe of "Nordic supermen." So, ever since you came to power in Germany, you have subjected them to the cruelest, most senseless persecution that a so-called human being ever visited upon his fellow-men.

This is to tell you about something which took place recently in the second largest city of a land where its citizens "hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

In this city a great crowd of people gathered to dedicate this monument:



That figure on the left is the likeness of a man named Robert Morris. (Possibly you wouldn't know about him, Herr Schickelgruber.) That majestic figure in the center is George Washington. (Surely you've heard of him!) The name of the man on the right is Haym Salomon and—mark this well, Adolf!—he was a Polish Jew! In fact, it was to honor especially this scion of what you would call a "doubly inferior race" that this monument was erected.

The reason they are clasping hands, Herr Schickelgruber, is because they once joined together in a fight for freedom from the tyranny of a stupid king in whose veins, incidentally, ran the blood of that race which you boastfully call "Nordic supermen." Now, 160 years after their successful fight for liberty, they are still clasping hands as a symbol of the unity that exists in the nation which they helped create and against which you declared war last December.

This monument is symbolical of another fact also, Herr Schickelgruber. You have conquered the native land of Haym Salomon but some day it will free itself from your hateful rule just as the native land of Robert Morris and George Washington (and Haym Salomon's adopted land) freed itself from the hateful rule of another despot of German blood!

The Morris-Washington-Salomon monument which was dedicated in Chicago recently pays belated tribute to one of the unsung heroes of the American Revolution. Born in Poland in 1749, Salomon came to America in 1772 and set himself up as a broker and commission merchant in New York city. He might have made a fortune for himself but he hindered his chances by joining the Sons of Liberty to help resist oppressive acts of the British crown.

Imprisoned by the British soon after the opening of the Revolution, Salomon escaped to Philadelphia. There he met Robert Morris who had been made superintendent of finance and upon whom fell the task of providing the money to pay Washington's soldiers and keep the struggling new government from collapsing for lack of funds. It was to Haym Salomon that Morris turned when he was desperately in need of money to keep the revolution going and the Polish Jew never failed him.

The ledgers of Robert Morris, which have been preserved, are filled with no less than 75 entries bearing the name of Haym Salomon and, although the total amount of money which he supplied will never be known, it is estimated that it totaled at least \$800,000. Although it can not be proved definitely that all of this was his own money, it is probable that the most of it was.

And his reward? When he died January 6, 1785, it was found that he was virtually bankrupt. He left a widow and four children facing poverty and it is a melancholy fact that for more than 80 years his heirs tried in vain to get recompense from congress for the money which Salomon had lent to the patriot cause.

Besides providing money for the expenses of Washington's army, Salomon helped equip and form independent companies of soldiers for whom there were no public funds. He also advanced money to some of the leading men of the time who could not have continued in public service without this help. Among the famous generals and statesmen whom he helped are these: James Madison, \$426; General St. Clair, \$220; Baron Steuben, \$100; General Mifflin, \$738; Edmund Randolph, \$378; General Mercer, \$5,373; and J. Ross, \$8,000.

Novel Fabrics, Bright Colors Combined in Youthful Skirts

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

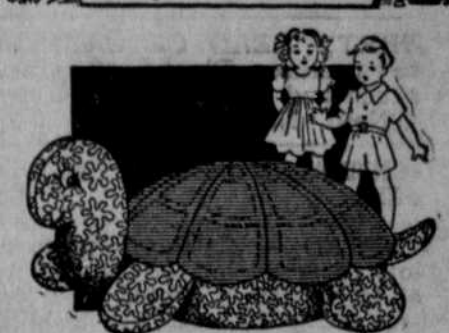


THE skirt-and-blouse fad which has been going the rounds among the younger crowd is gaining momentum. More than ever the fashion picture for summer is showing up this trend to gay skirts of peasant extraction with dainty feminine blouses or with blouses that are frankly colorful and casual for practical wear.

"The more the merrier" is apparently the prevailing sentiment among youngsters who are making it their hobby to acquire skirt-and-blouse collections made of most unexpected materials. In their skirt wardrobes you'll find skirts of patchwork calicoes that look as if they had stepped right out of grandma's quilting bee into the "bright lights" of the fashion world. Then there are the flamboyant flowered prints that revel in eye-smashing gypsy colorings, the skirts made of ordinary flour-sack muslin dyed in vivid reds or greens or purples, and the new bordered effects that give you bandings of embroidery or print to finish off wide-skirted hemlines.

From the way young-girl fashions are carrying on at present it is self-evident that no teen-age or little-sister wardrobe will be complete unless it includes a generous quota of dirndls or variously styled skirts. Some will feature the popular broomstick types, with others it will be suspender effects (many colorfully embroidered) or some other spectacular stunt either in way of a wide embroidered band or a band of applique flowers finishing off the hemline. Of course, the collection will include a skirt concocted of materials in all the colors of the rainbow sewed together, not hit or

THINGS for YOU TO MAKE



Pattern No. Z9393

THE skeptical eye of Mr. Turtle beams with joy at the thought of the many childish companions he'll soon have. Yes, he is a cuddle toy for the little ones, and you will have as much fun making him as the children will have in playing with him.

Plain color makes his shell—print his body; the pattern is Z9393. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

Franklin's Creed

I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by His Providence. That He ought to be worshiped. That the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion.—Franklin.

When the soldier talks about "the skipper" he means his captain, the head of his company. And that's just what the title "captain" means. It comes from the Latin word "caput" meaning "head." Another leader high in Army men's favor since '18 is Camel Cigarettes. (Based on actual sales records from Post Exchanges and Sales Commissaries.) It's the gift they prefer from the home folks. If you have a relative or friend in the service, send him a carton of Camels. Your dealer is featuring Camel cartons to send to service men.—Adv.

A Gentle Way to Treat Constipation!

Get up and cheer, constipation sufferers! If you are one of the millions of people with normal intestines who suffer due to lack of "bulk" in the diet—here's news of a gentler, pleasanter way to win welcome relief!

You see, many medicinal laxatives prod the intestines into action or draw moisture into them from other parts of the body. But KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, a crisp, delicious cereal, acts quite differently. It works principally on the contents of your colon, helping you to have easy and normal elimination. Eat it often and drink plenty of water. ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek. If your condition is not helped, by this simple treatment, see your doctor.

Do You Bake at Home?

If you do, send for a grand cook book—cramped with recipes for all kinds of yeast-raised breads and cakes. It's absolutely free. Just drop a postcard with your name and address to Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.—Adv.

BUNIONS
Get this quick relief. Lifts shoe pressure, soothes, cushions the sensitive spot. Costs but a trifle.
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52 yrs. old) HEED THIS ADVICE!!
If you're cross, restless, suffer hot flashes, nervous feelings, dizziness, distress of "irregularities"—caused by this period in a woman's life—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once!
Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women, and is famous to help relieve distress due to this female functional disturbance. Thousands upon thousands of women have reported gratifying benefits. Follow label directions. WORTH TRYING!

YOUR GOOD WILL
The manufacturer or merchant who advertises, makes public the fact that he wants your good will. And he realizes that the only way he can keep it is by giving good values and services.

Tri-Color Knit



Here is a veritable beauty of a sweater. You'll love its colorfulness which answers the demand for color that is heard everywhere in the field of fashion this year. This simple, straight pullover in black, banded with three contrasting colors is guaranteed to give smart accent to the simplest of black day-time skirts, dressing it up for an important occasion.

It's Going to Be

A Flowery Summer

Flower jewelry, flower buttons, flower prints, be-flowered hats, flowers worn in the hair, all point to an extremely "flowery" summer ahead.

The flower idea is especially announced by wee hats (if they can be called hats) which consist of nothing more than a huge cluster of flowers arranged on a wide bandeau, so that the flowers pose over the brow in a stunning bouquet. These flower fantasies are entrancing, and their enchantment is increased by whiffs of colorful veiling.

The newest white frocks take on elaborate appliques of cutout print flowers, and the latest white jersey swim suits boast flowery surface decoration.

Colorful Purses Feature New Initials of Plastic

Exotic, dramatic shapes, as well as versatile media and bizarre color, distinguish the new bags. They are done in everything from straw to plastic. There are such bold color combinations as lime green with scarlet or color-bright wood beads worked on multicolor striped linen or spectacular cotton backgrounds. Novelty closings of plastic or wood are also featured.

The most striking color touch of all is offered in the new initials which you can buy in the handbag sections or at jewelry counters. These are of plastic instead of metal, and you can get them in almost any color you desire. Red on black or on white is stunning.