



By EMILIE LORING
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CHAPTER I

Fifth Avenue. In that quiet hour before dawn. In the middle of its polished surface, like a dark isle in a glistening ribbon of river, rested a slipper. Black, satin, buckled with brilliants.

Bruce Harcourt stopped short. He turned the bit of satin over and over in his hand. It was warm. The feel of it sent a curious glow through his veins. It must quite recently have covered a slender foot. Dropped from the now distant automobile? He thrust the disturbing bit of foot-gear into his top-coat pocket, gravely regarded the glittering avenue before he entered the Club door. Twenty-four hours more of this and he would be on his way to the wilderness. Soon he would be seeing only forests, glaciers, fields of snow, rails, steam-shovels and the paraphernalia of engineering.

He was not sorry to go back. His college classmates who had given the dinner for him tonight wouldn't believe it, though. What was she like? Dark? Fair? Hard? Tender? Morning and his last day in New York. He stretched his long, lean body. His last day in New York and a full one. Before he left on the midnight train he had to keep innumerable business appointments, confirm orders for materials, and hire a secretary. Why couldn't Tubby Grant have found one for himself on the coast?

Returned from his shower he regarded the slipper on the dresser. Would the owner advertise? He'd take a look at the evening paper. The following eight hours proved more crowded and the search for a secretary more futile than he had imagined. The mere mention of the word Alaska set the prospects he interviewed into shivering refusal.

"Tubby'll have to get one for himself on the coast," he concluded as he opened the door of his room at the Club.

He shook out the evening paper, located the Lost and Found column and ran his finger down the list. "Here it is!" He read the advertisement through twice.

LOST. Monday evening on Fifth Avenue, black satin slipper with rhinestone buckle. Reward, if returned at once to J. Trent, 0001 Madison Avenue.

J. Trent. J. Trent. He had heard that combination before. He turned the name over and over in his mind. Click! It slipped into place. Janice Trent! Billy Trent's sister "Jan." He remembered her as a leggy child of twelve when he had spent his last college vacation before the war at the Trents' country place. She had exasperated her brother and himself by tagging after them on fishing expeditions. Darn shame that he and Billy, who had meant so much to one another, had drifted apart. He had gone to Trent's office at once upon his arrival in New York, only to learn that he was out of town.

He stared unseeing at the advertisement. Last night at the dinner when he had regretted Billy's absence, Silsbee, the class gossip, had confided:

"Trent's a little gob of gloom these days. Can't blame him. His father played the market, lost practically everything he had and passed out. His sister Janice is to be married in a week. Marrying a multi who's got a way with the ladies. The two are at a prenuptial blow-out in this very hotel now. Confidentially, Billy heard that Paxton—that's the prospective bridegroom's name—had been making whoopee in an adjacent city and he has gone to investigate. Gosh, how do these sheikhs get away with it!"

An hour later, in answer to his ring, a trim maid admitted him to the Madison Avenue house, a slice of old-time aristocracy sandwiched between new-time shops. He gave his errand, not his name. As he waited in the cheerless reception room, where pictures leaned dejectedly against the walls, where chairs were shrouded in ghostly covers, and furniture was crated, he heard the murmur of voices in a room beyond, the imperative ring of a telephone. Someone answered, Harcourt looked at his watch impatiently. Would J. Trent keep him waiting while she gossiped? He couldn't help hearing the frost-tinged voice.

"No . . . It was unparadorned. . . I shall not see you. . . Don't come. . . I have said my last word. . . You have had thought of that before. Good-by."

The receiver clicked on the hook. Could that have been a prospective bride speaking, Harcourt wondered. Her voice had given him the creeps. Of course there could be two J. Trents in the City of New York, but—

"You have my slipper?" He curiously regarded the girl on the threshold. Little Janice Trent grown up. The same boyish croak in her voice that he remembered. Who would have thought that the angular child would develop into beauty? Her glinting brown hair

waved softly close to her boyish head. The ardent curves of her lips showed vividly red against her pallor.

"If this is yours." The long, gold-tipped lashes flew up. Her eyes were the color of bronze pansies, slightly beaten by the rain of recent tears, he surmised. Incredulity, amazement, certainty followed one another in her voice.

"Why Why, you are Bruce Harcourt!" Impulsively she extended her hands. The satin slipper dropped to the floor as he caught them.

"Then you haven't forgotten me?" "Forgotten you! How could I? Remember how I tagged you and Billy and how furious you boys were when you drove off to the Country Club? I was ready to scratch out the eyes of any girl you looked at. However, no matter how obdurate my brother remained, you always relented, and said, 'What's the difference? Let her come along, Billy!'"

She was eager, radiant. Her fingers seemed to cling to his. His hold tightened.

"Where did you find the slipper?" "Winking and blinking in the middle of Fifth Avenue before dawn this



Her fingers seemed to cling to his. His hold tightened.

morning. I have been consumed with curiosity to know how it came there."

A flame of color tinged her face. She freed her hands.

"I started to get out of a roadster. I had opened the door, put one foot out to jump when—"

"Reckless child! Go on, when?" "When I—I changed my mind." He had the sense as of a door closing between them. "It's wonderful to see you. I had been told that you were in Alaska."

"Have been for years. I'm starting back tonight." "Tonight! What a shame that Billy is away. You will stay and dine with me, won't you? This house is a mess. We've sold it and are clearing it, but we still have a cook."

"I have a better suggestion. Dine with me—unless—I was told last night that you were about to be married. Perhaps you are not free."

"I am free to do as I like." The color which the surprise at his identity had brought to her face faded. "I'd love to go, only let it be some quiet place where we can talk."

"Anywhere you say. You know your New York better than I." She had selected an hotel up town. They talked of her family, the loss of her mother and father, of Billy, of the enormous growth of the city, of the changes in it, in the fashion of plays, of books, of clothes since he was last in New York.

As the gray-haired waiter set the coffee on the table and withdrew to a discreet distance, Harcourt suggested:

"We still have time for part of a show. I don't leave until midnight." "I would rather sit here and talk."

"Suits me. Will you smoke?" She shook her head. Elbow on the table, dimpled chin in one hand, she drew hieroglyphics on the cloth with a rosy-nailed finger.

"No. My fiance so admires the accomplishment in his friends that I wonder he chose a girl so pre-war in her tastes and habits as I."

"And you have promised to marry a man of whom you can speak so contemptuously?"

In the room beyond a violin swept into the music of Scharwenka's Polish Dance, with a swing and fire which set Bruce Harcourt's pulses thrumming to its tempo. She folded

her hands—ringless, he noted in surprise—lightly on the table, as she answered his question with another. "Ever met Ned Paxton?"

"No."

"Then you wouldn't understand. He has attracted me unbelievably, while something deep within me protested, 'You know that you don't trust him.' Moth and candle stuff, I suppose. He has hurt my heart and my pride, yet when he smiled and explained, I would dope my intelligence—instinct, rather—forgive him and remember his good qualities. He has them. Old people adore him, children like him—but he doesn't get on with dogs. Why am I telling you all this, I wonder?"

He answered the troubled sweetness of her eyes, her mouth, so proud, so unhappy, more than her words.

"Because you've reached the point where you've got to talk. You used to tell me everything when we went fishing together. Remember?"

"I remember what a pest I was. But let's not talk any more about Jan Trent, I'm fed up with her and her problems. How did you happen to go to Alaska? Tell me about it. It sounds so bracing and crisp and clean."

Harcourt lighted another cigarette. "I wish that it always conveyed that impression. I've fought and died trying to get a secretary for our outfit. I'll bet I've interviewed fifty of them, short and tall, lean and fat. The mere name of the country sets an applicant's teeth chattering."

"I should think there'd be dozens of girls crazy to go."

"Girls! What would we do with a girl in our outfit? We go hundreds of miles into the interior. Ours is no coast cinch. I'm after a man."

"Are there no women there?"

"Of course, wonderful women in the cities, cultured, chic, keenly conversant with world conditions; others on remote farms, nuggets of gold, if rough ones; but not in our business. That is not quite true. There are three: Millicent Hale, wife of the chief engineer of the department to which I'm attached, and the Samp sisters."

"Samp! What a curious name. What do they do?"

"Two years ago Mary and Martha Samp appeared at our headquarters on the coast at the mouth of an inlet, and established a Waffle Shop."

"Can they cook?"

"Cook! I'll say they can. The men crowd the shop every night. They would do anything for those two women, who look as though they might have stepped out of the comics of a colored supplement. Martha, the elder, is lean and gaunt, with a tight little top-knot of rusty hair, speaks her mind no matter how welcome or unwelcome her conclusions may be. Mary is round and plump, with big, innocent blue eyes which seem to be eternally interrogating life and being eternally surprised at the answer. They brought an enormous black cat, Blot—he does look like spilled ink when lying on the rug. The Eskimos and Indians who work for us regarded him with the amazement they might have bestowed upon an elephant, don't quite like him."

"And the chief's wife—Millicent, you called her?"

"She has a double interest in headquarters. Her brother, Jimmy Chester, is third engineer. He is devoted to her. She is a pretty but pathetic little woman. She has—"

"You needn't describe her. Calling her 'little woman' was as enlightening as sticking up a danger sign on thin ice. I recognize the type. Your description sounds delightfully homey. Not at all like what I thought life in Alaska would be."

"Life—human life in Alaska—is no different from life in many other places. People are born, die, marry and divorce, love and hate; the last two a little harder perhaps than when nearer civilization. There are as many people there to the hundred with ideas and ideals as anywhere else."

"Tell me more. Tell me about the country, your work, everything." She was like an eager child begging for another story. "It will keep my mind off my problems."

Her problems! Paxton, of course. Impulsively he spoke to the little girl he had known.

"Be a sport. Acknowledge that you've made a mistake. Don't go on with this marriage, Jan."

Her eyes were intent on a slim finger tracing the pattern in the damask cloth. "Are you suggesting that I back out at the eleventh hour? Think of the stacks of presents! Think of the publicity! Forget me. Tell me about Alaska."

With the sensation as of knuckles smartly rapped, conscious of deepening color, Harcourt acknowledged, "My mistake! Alaska is a big subject."

"Begin anywhere. Can you get into the northern country at this time of year? Will you go by boat or dog-sleds?"

"By plane. You people in the States don't realize that the development of airways in Alaska is one of the romances of aviation."

"Then you are an aviator as well as an engineer?"

"Rather more engineer than aviator at present. I combined the two professions overseas. Tonight I go to confer with the Crowned Heads of our department. I'm due back at camp before the spring break-up."

"What is that?" You see, my curiosity is insatiable. It isn't all curiosity," she admitted, in a voice half eager, half mysterious.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Suit Designs Feature Bright Color and Dressmaker Lines

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BRIGHT colors, daring colors, clear colors will help the American woman express her confidence and courage. No matter how simple a suit may be, it's going to glorify color for all its worth. The colors for suits are really quite breathtaking. Especially daring are the bright reds, the Kelly greens, light beige and golden yellow. Navy is highlighted with brass buttons, with snowy lingerie touches and with red-and-white accents.

And watch for violet shades! So many will be in evidence you will probably feel as if you are looking through violet colored glasses. There will be violet hats, violet boutonnières, violet gloves, suits of violet gabardine, wool mixtures and spun rayons. Just wait and see!

The use of soft styling, as well as the emphasis on daring use of color, was brought out forcefully at the style preview recently presented to capacity audiences at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago.

Designers have apparently taken great care to stay away from anything "mannish," for women will be more eager than ever, this spring, to look their feminine best. Dressmaker styles feature softly draped lines without sacrificing any of their tailored simplicity.

Shown to the right in the above illustration is a costume suit that is practical, functional and distinctly feminine. This is one of the new tie-belt fashions of the soft dress-

maker type for which a decided preference is shown. Made of a stunning plaid, it has large patch pockets for convenience as well as "looks." The back is belted in smart fashion. These lovely plaids come in blue and red, beige and brown, and also in beige, brown and green.

Soldier blue is a far flung color this season. You will see it in hats, gloves, and, of course, in suits. The fitted reefer shown to the left in the above picture is of soldier blue. Smooth shoulders, comfortably cut armholes, loose sleeves and a high notched collar are smart style points. The novelty buttons are made of plastic overlaid with a gold design.

A chic dressmaker suit of all wool in a delectable pastel shade is shown in the center of the group pictured above. This suit has the set-in belt which distinguishes the majority of smart suits this spring. Note the detachable bengaline collar. Youthful collars of this type are predominant in casual neckwear fashions. A suit of this type invites all sorts of pretty accessories. It can be worn all day long, its "dressiness" depending on the accessories you wear. The blouse may be simple and casual, of the costume type, or one of the lingerie types.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Tuxedo Front



Fashion decrees that women must maintain the charm of femininity, whether they wear uniforms, just plain workaday clothes, or more luxurious "off duty" apparel. Special emphasis is placed on coats to wear over new spring print frocks and the little one-piece classic dresses. The attractive model pictured above has the tuxedo revers destined for spring fashion triumphs. A fleecy, handsome wool in a beige shade known as "King" is used for this coat. Beige is to be a leading color this spring.

Wood and Plastics Make Novel Jewelry

Casual jewelry to wear with daytime clothes is apt to be made of most anything these days.

The most fascinating necklaces, bracelets and lapel ornaments are being made of shells. These are often delicately flower-like and tinted in realistic colors.

Ceramics and plastics are handled with deft workmanship. Medallions of plastic bear clusters of flowers in relief.

Wooden jewelry is shown in profusion, some delicately wrought of wood as thin and pliable as papyrus. Others, especially the long necklace worn with slacks, are created of chunky nuggets of wood painted in blazing colors.

One studio is turning out exquisite pieces made of fish scales, each tiny scale wired (not pasted) to form wee boutonnières.

Favorite of the Young—Bright Printed Jerkins

Two-piece dresses stressing the long-torso line are favorites with the younger set. The jerkin idea is also popular for it is, after all, in the long-torso class. One of the most popular ideas is the pleated skirt of black or navy crepe which is topped with a long-torso blouse made of a bright print. The newest versions have the surplice fastening.

Jersey Dirndl

The teen-age youngsters are enamored of the new full, flounced dirndls that are made of bizarre printed jersey. Suspender bodices are new and popular. The straps are embroidered in gay peasant fashion. You will love the new fichu shawls that are crocheted in lacy, open mesh and self-fringed by hand.

Army Brides

Thousands of weddings now taking place must necessarily be informal owing to the stress of time and circumstance. Suits are already being displayed for the war bride who must do without the traditional wedding.



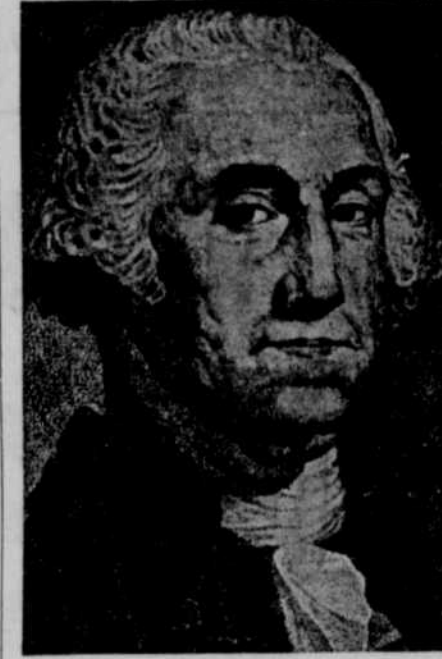
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'First Business Man'
GEORGE WASHINGTON—industrialist and business man—is a distinction that might well be added to the traditional title of 'Father of His Country' in describing our first President, whose 210th birthday anniversary is being celebrated by his fellow Americans throughout the nation.

Washington is remembered best as a soldier and statesman. Yet his entire life from his early days as a journeyman surveyor to his last years as a farmer, represent the career of a shrewd, hard-headed, successful business man.

Were he alive today there is no doubt that he would be in the thick of the war production effort. The machines, the munitions and the magnitude of the job might dwarf what he was accustomed to in 1776. But the mind and ability that made him No. 1 man of his era would make him right at home in the mammoth task of producing the guns, the planes, the tanks, the ships and foodstuffs needed to beat the Axis.

Matter-of-fact entries in Washington's many-volumed diaries testify to the profitable success of his numerous business enterprises. Washington was a large-scale manufacturer. He was the foremost producer and exporter of flour in the Colonies, operating three mills at one time. Mount Vernon carried on an extensive weaving trade that produced a variety of cloth, much of which was sold Washington's employees operated a tannery. He engaged in a fishing business on the Potomac. Washington was an expert on water transportation and helped sponsor the construction of canals running inland from the Virginia and Maryland seaboard. He was a capitalist, placing his loans chiefly on landed security. He was a road builder.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

He was eminent as a professional engineer. He was a canny dealer in land.

A phase of Washington's career frequently overlooked was the business-like methods he used in organizing the Continental army. His military leadership rested not so much on strategy, as on his dogged ability to keep an army everlasting in the field, in spite of nearly fatal shortages of food and supplies. He won the Revolutionary war as much by his ability to recruit soldiers, feed, clothe and supply them, handle his officers shrewdly, deal effectively with governors and the Continental congress and secure loans from patriotic citizens, as by his feats as commander-in-chief of the Continental army.

But of all Washington's business enterprises, he showed perhaps the greatest ability as a scientific farmer. Moreover, he made contributions to agriculture's development that are followed by farmers everywhere today. The list of things he pioneered is surprising.

Washington practiced crop rotation before anyone else in the colonies tried it. He was the first American to grow alfalfa. He was the first to carry on experiments with clover as a soil-building crop. He introduced timothy hay to North America. Three-quarters of a century before soil chemistry was discovered he carried on experiments with fertilizers in an attempt to restore exhausted fields. These experiments helped pave the way for soil improvement as it is carried out today.

The reason for Washington's continued study of crops and farming methods was because much of his Mount Vernon lands were not very fertile, and he was the first Virginian to see that tobacco culture was sucking fertility out of the soil and not restoring it to the owner's pocket.

In those days there were no means for testing the soil and determining its need for nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. Modern fertilizers were not in existence, there were no state agricultural colleges, no department of agriculture and no county agents to assist the farmer as there are today. Washington had to rely on personal investigation. Thus Mount Vernon became a veritable agricultural experiment station. Washington's efforts to put back into the soil plant foods removed by growing crops are reminiscent of what intelligent farmers accomplish today.

STOP TALKING ABOUT YOUR AILMENTS!

That's a physician's advice to those troubled with indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Talking about it may aggravate the condition. ADLA Tablets help you FORGET to talk about it—their Bismuth and Carbonates relieve you QUICKLY. Ask your druggist for ADLA Tablets.

More Raleigh Jingles

Raleigh Cigarettes are again offering liberal prizes in a big jingle contest running in this paper. One hundred and thirty-three prizes will be awarded each week.—Adv.



Cost of Business Letter

Considering the stenographer's salary and the cost of stationery, stamps and other overhead, the average investment in a business letter is about 60 cents.

How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Appetite of Evil
Evil has an appetite for falsity and eagerly seizes upon it as truth.—Swedenborg.

Relieves distress from MONTHLY FEMALE WEAKNESS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound Tablets (with added iron) not only help relieve cramps, headache, backache but also weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to monthly functional disturbances. Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." They also help build up red blood. Follow label directions.



DIG DEEP FOR VICTORY Dig Into Your Pocket and Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NICKLE-DROPS COUGH DROPS

Our Kingdom A good mind possesses a kingdom.—Seneca.

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Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, painless under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination. There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS