

Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING
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SYNOPSIS

THE STORY SO FAR: Bruce Harcourt, Alaska engineer, finds a satin slipper on Fifth avenue and on answering an ad learns it belongs to Janice Trent, sister of a college chum. Janice quarreled with her fiance, rich Ned Paxton, a gay blade, dropping her slipper as she tried to leave his auto. Impulsively Bruce asks her not to marry Ned. Harcourt returns to Alaska, saves a bride from collapsing. Hale, chief engineer, had blundered. This and other failures led to his dismissal. Bruce is made chief. The camp has a new secretary, Jimmy Delevan, hired by Tubby Grant, Bruce's assistant. Jimmy seems a tubercular youth who keeps out of sight as much as possible. Bruce had never seen him when one day he walked into the cabin of the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, and discovers the youth is Janice. She is asleep in a chair. Martha shows him a newspaper which arrived that day. It tells of Janice disappearing four days before her wedding.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IV

"Has she seen that paper?" asked Harcourt.

"No," replied Martha. "That helps. Be sure that no one else sees it. Burn it. A useless precaution. Others like it, doubtless, have come in this mail. I must go to the office. You haven't told me yet why you sent for me, Miss Martha."

"I want another room built on the cabin for her. She's brought all her handsome wedding things, sheets and pillow slips made of pink crepe. Mary's near gone out of her mind over it all. She loves pretties. If the girl is going to stay she ought to have a cabin hitched on to ours."

"I'll talk with you about that later. I'm due now at the office. So is—Jimmy Delevan, but tell him not to come. Grant must take the notes."

His mind was in a turmoil. Should he tell Janice stay? He must get in touch with her brother. Billy couldn't have known that she was coming.

Pasca, his part Indian, part Eskimo servant, who filled the dual role of house-boy and mechanic, was shuffling about the cabin living-room when he entered for his papers.

"We all mighty glad you big boss now, yes sirree."

"Thank you. Don't put on any more wood. You'll have me roasted alive."

"Cold later. I know these country. Much number cold nights. But, I do what you say." He lingered.

"What is it? Got something on your mind?"

The man's confirmatory grunt deepened the two little lines between Harcourt's brows.

"I got Kadyama on mind."

"What's the matter with him? Doesn't he like helping at the Waffle Shop after his regular work? Want more money?"

Pasca's dark eyes narrowed to glinting slits in his heavy face. "No sirree. He lak helpin' Mees Samp seesters, much good eats. He i'ink he marry on Tatima. He big chief's son. One day Meester Hale tell her she fine gal—Mees Hale off in Seattle—pay her plenty money to keep hees cabin clean. Tatima lak money. She lak beads an' gold nuggets. Now she tell Kadyama, 'Who, me, marry on Indian? No sirree! I lak gol'-hair men.' An' he say, he get Hale some day. You big boss now. You do somet'ing to mak Tatima lak heem. Save much trouble."

Harcourt's lips tightened as he looked up into the earnest face. Another complication.

"Tell Kadyama to take it easy, Pasca. Hale goes out on the boat day after tomorrow. He'll never come back."

The man's expression lightened. "He go day after tomorrow, you say? I tell Kadyama, yes sirree. He i'ink Tatima under spell. Says black cat—black debbil. T'ings happen after he come. Bad! Bad! Bad! He keel him, sometam, p'raps."

He shuffled out. Harcourt looked after him in consternation. He had known that the native laborers regarded the black cat as an omen, but he hadn't realized that Blot was looked upon with superstition. Better suggest to the Samp sisters that they keep their pet under guard.

He wondered if he were as colorless as he felt, as later he faced the men of the outfit, the consulting engineers, the heads of divisions.

"What the dickens has Janice done to her hair? I thought it was brown," he caught himself wondering before he directed curtly:

"Take the minutes of the meeting, Grant."

"But, my secretary—"

"Isn't coming." He was conscious of Tubby's grunt of surprise.

As in a haze he read instructions and outlined plans from the data furnished by the authorities.

Later, in the living-room of his cabin, he slipped into a brocaded lounging-robe, crimson as a Harvard banner, girdled like a monk's frock. His tail nerves relaxed as he felt its softness.

"You should see the fighting line of your mouth," Janice had said that night in New York.

"The present complication won't soften it any, Jan," he thought.

Tubby Grant slammed in. "What's the big idea cutting out my secretary tonight?" His greenish eyes were indignant, his voice aggrieved.



Pasca said: "He keel him, sometam, p'raps."

"Delevan! Do you know who Delevan is?"

For an instant the guarded eyes of the two men met. Grant grinned sheepishly.

"I'm not dumb if I am fat."

"No, and no use bristling like a turkey-cock, Tubby. My mind's made up. I'll send her back to Seattle."

"Ba-gosh! Don't." The plea was a wail. "Think of the time we had finding a secretary. And she's good. Did Martha Samp show you that paper?"

"She did."

"It's up to us to shield the girl. Why send her back to the man she ran away from?"

"Shield her? Of course—but how? It's a tricky situation. Tell Delevan to stay in the Samp cabin till I see—her—him tomorrow. Good-night."

Harcourt stood at the open door watching Grant's stubby figure till it melted into the dusk. What ought he to do? There were two alternatives. Send her back, or acknowledge to the men that she had been sent under false pretenses and have her appear as a girl.

"Good morning, Bruce!"

With a barely repressed exclamation of annoyance, Harcourt returned the greeting of the woman who smiled at him from the office door. She was small and slender.

"It's great to see you back again, Mrs. Hale."

Color flooded the thin face. "Mrs. Hale! Why this sudden assumption of ceremony, Mr. Harcourt?"

He laughed. "Business for business hours. I picked up that slogan when I was in the States."

Remembering Hale's ugly thrust, "Home-breaker!" uncomfortable, feeling like a cad, Harcourt stuck to his guns. Could he warn the little woman without seeming a conceited fool?

"Come out, Millicent. I want to talk to you." As they stood in the strong, warm sunshine outside the door, he regretted gravely:

"I'm sorry about Hale's demotion. He can't have a very friendly feeling toward me. You'd better—"

She shrugged her understanding. "Better keep away from your office, you mean? Why should you be sorry? The best man wins in the end always, doesn't he? I've felt all that I can feel about Joe. When he reached Seattle, I was refreshed, rested. He was like his old self. I had the courage to go on, but since he heard of his demotion he has been unbearable. I suppose I shouldn't have left him alone last winter—they tell me that he was worse than ever—but, I had reached the stage where I couldn't endure my life here another moment. However, I shan't be on your mind much longer. I came to tell you that we are going out on tomorrow's boat, to ask you to help. If I'd known that he was to be sent home, I wouldn't have come back. I don't dare confide in Jimmy; he goes off like a rocket if he thinks me unhappy. Joe says he won't go, but he's going. I've ceased being a dumb Dora. He's going." Her voice rose on the last word and broke in a sob.

"Take it easy, Millicent. Grant and I will help you get him off. I'll see that Jimmy keeps on the track-laying job till you get away. Perhaps when Joe is back among his own people he'll straighten out."

"Do you think I fool myself? Do you think I believe that a man who has let himself go so far as he has can ever come back? Oh well, what's the use talking about it. You've been dear to me, Bruce. If only—if only I could stay with you."

Her reckless suggestion sent the blood surging to Harcourt's forehead.

"Millicent, you've heard me say before that an engineers' camp was no place for women. I'm mighty glad that you are going back to civilization."

"But you like having the Samp sisters here."

"They are not women, they're ministering angels. I suspect they are fixtures. Were I to banish them and their waffles, I'd have a strike on my hands. I'm going to the shop now to discuss building another cabin for them."

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

Star Dust

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

FOUR soldiers from the middle west got the thrill of a lifetime recently. Claire Trevor, who'd been working late at Paramount on "The Black Curtain," was driving to a Hollywood cafe for dinner when she saw them trying to thumb a ride. She stopped and asked them if they'd have dinner with her. There were no introductions. In the middle of the meal one of them suddenly exclaimed, "Gosh, I know you—you're Claire Trevor!" Resultant casualties, one glass of water, spilled; two cups of coffee, dropped. Cause, amazement of fellow guests.

Claudette Colbert's slated to play another of those beautiful, brisk newspaper women that we see so often on the screen and so rarely in



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

real life. She'll do it in "No Time for Love." Fred McMurray, the hero, plays a sand hog, who works on a tunnel project under the Hudson.

We're told officially that Jean Parker, now playing in "Hello Annapolis," has just planted the largest one-girl victory garden in Hollywood—half an acre, all vegetables, which she's taking care of entirely herself. Anybody who's ever taken care of a vegetable garden knows that either her screen career or the tomatoes and beans is going to be sadly neglected.

"Klondike Kate," who's in Hollywood to select an actress to portray her in the Columbia story based on her life, gave the same final test to all candidates, including Evelyn Keyes, Jinx Falkenburg and Shirley Patterson—had each roll a cigarette.

Jonathan Hale, who plays a bit in "Joe Smith, American," is a great-grand-nephew of Nathan Hale—plays the part of a foreign agent who beats up a man who's inspired by Nathan Hale's words, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Joan Fontaine better get ready for the biggest year of her screen career, now that she's won the Academy award for her work in "Suspicion," whether she really wants to go on making pictures or not. She was sure that one of the other nominees, her sister, Olivia de Havilland, Bette Davis, Greer Garson and Barbara Stanwyck, would get it.

"On-the-air" habits of radio folk—Fred Allen chews gum, swing organist Milt Herth chews candle wax; the Andrews Sisters squeeze each others' hands, Phil Baker squeezes the golf ball that he always carries in his pocket. Tallulah Bankhead grips her script so hard that afterward it shows the marks of her finger nails on every page.

Sixteen-year-old Linda Ware postponed her Paramount commitments because her doctor said she'd have to take a rest, preferably out of town. She went to New York. A week later she'd accepted a singing engagement at a swank night club, was discussing the lead in a musical show opposite Ray Bolger, and had four offers for guest shots on the air. They say the doctor's threatened with apoplexy.

Bob Hawk's Friday evening radio program, "How'm I Doin'?", is one of Uncle Sam's heaviest buyers of defense stamps. The program authorities keep a \$2,000 reserve on hand at all times.

Two men are responsible for keeping actress Ann Thomas in New York, when she had an opportunity to join Shirley Temple in the radio version of "Junior Miss"; they're Mr. Ace of radio's "Easy Aces," (she's his stenographer in the air show), and Mr. Meek of "Meet Mr. Meek."

ODDS AND ENDS—Since Fred Allen moved his broadcasts to Sunday evenings he's right back where he was nearly ten years ago, with "Fred Allen's Bath Club Revue." Kate Smith photographed almost 1,000 sailors' caps when she appeared at the Great Lakes U. S. naval training station. Norma Jean Wayne was only 14 days old when she made her screen debut as the new baby of the screen's "Blondie" series. Warner Bros. has to find new leading men for "The Hard Way" and "The Widow Wouldn't Weep" because Jeffrey Lynn's in the army now. Metro's bought "Dragon Seed," by Pearl S. Buck, and will make a picture of it.

Suede Answers the Call for Pretty but Practical Fabrics

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE necessities of wartime economy have challenged women to make very selective choices in the way of timely and appropriate dress. In preparing the new collections, those entrusted with the responsibility of creating clothes to meet these demands are motivated by a desire to maintain charm and attractiveness while always keeping in mind, however, the urgent call for practical wearability. Particularly in the matter of materials women must buy now with an eye to the future.

In this search for practicality plus chic and charm, it is with the utmost enthusiasm that designers of note are turning to richly colorful suede as highly desirable for dresses, suits, coats, hats, shoes and accessories. Arguments in favor of suede rest not only on its attractiveness, its subtle softness and its ready adaptability, but from the utterly utilitarian viewpoint there is nothing to surpass suede and the various leathers now so successfully used in costume design.

To demonstrate that a complete wardrobe of apparel done in serviceable, colorful, ever-flattering suede can be made to serve for almost every occasion in a busy woman's life, we are illustrating here with a trio of coat, dress and sportswear fashions. Note, also, that this group of suede apparel convincingly demonstrates that smart clothes today reflect a tailored simplicity that is nevertheless unflatteringly feminine.

A graceful classic coat of suede is shown to the left in the above picture. It will prove an investment that will pay big dividends in style

and will be good from one season to another. That's something to be considered in buying, now that so large a percentage of wool and other materials must be diverted into other channels to help win the war.

Centered in the group illustrated above is a beautifully fitted frock done in a lovely, dusty pink suede. Here again is reflected the charm of simple lines and detail. This dress has the new soft shoulder line and a trimming of brown suede for the belt and a touch of it at the neck. The hat and bag are made of the same rose shade. Brown suede shoes and gloves complete the outfit.

Leather for sportswear always carries a definite note of style and charm and at the same time has no peer when it comes to sturdy wearing qualities. The attractive sports costume shown to the right in the above picture is typical of the western ranch styles that are so popular this season. Here you see an ensemble done in three pieces, the skirt in gold-flecked tweed, the blouse in a plaid of the same gold with green and white, the leather waistcoat in green suede.

In the way of accessories, the tiny sailors made of pastel suedes are combined with matching suede gloves. Just now the violet shades are being heralded as first in fashion for spring. For a springlike look, choose a pastel plaid suit with violet tones in its coloring. Wear with this one of the new violet suede sailors adorned with a generous cluster of violets.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-U 11-42

Only GOOD MERCHANDISE Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

Pine Cones



Of rayon fabric which packs easily, the all-purpose resort dress illustrated above uses Florida pine-cones and needles for its print motif. This winsome fashion comes in lily-white prints on lively blue, green and carotry tan grounds, or in the same attractive colors on a white ground. It has a smart peplum and fashionably collared low-cut V-neckline.

Wrap-Around Solves Fastener Problem

With the scarcity of metal because of priority rulings, the resourcefulness of designers has again been challenged to the point where necessity becomes the mother of invention. All of which, in the final analysis, reacts to the good fortune of fashion's followers. For it is certain that the current vogue for tie-it-yourself fastenings brings with it a new and fascinating styling.

There are the new skirts that drape to one side where they tie without aid of a slide fastener, hooks and eyes or button fastenings. A double duty dress is made in one piece for casual wear. For "dress-up" there is an extra apron effect that you can tie on in a jiffy. Many of the smartest coats are self-tied wrap-overs. Blouses are fashioned, also, with surplus fronts that tie to one side. Some jackets and many blouses tie in a series of little self fabric bows down the front.

Your Gloves Can't Be Too Colorful These Days

More color in gloves is the spring forecast. Which means we are going to wear gloves with our spring outfits in such audacious colors as Kelly green, bright red, purple, cerise, vivid blue and bright pink. Gloves also will be made of the same print as that in your blouse, dress or hat. The fact that novel materials will be used for gloves also adds to their interest.

Straw Ensemble

Novelty tie, belt and three-strand necklace ensembles, all crocheted by hand of synthetic straw, are made to be worn with a related sweater. Pretty snoods are also crocheted in a lacy, open mesh stitch, with special attention to matching the colors to the peasant skirts with which they are ensembled.