

# PATTERNS

SEWING CIRCLE



1539B

HERE'S the frock which deserves an important place in every spring wardrobe. In Pattern No. 1539-B we offer the champion of classic styles, the button front shirtwaist dress which, in smartness of line, neatness of detail and comfort in fitting has never been surpassed.

Cut with shoulder yokes, this dress is easily fitted. Below the yokes are gathers which permit the comfortable fullness for the bodice. The only decoration needed are buttons and a matching buckle for the fabric belt.

Pattern No. 1539-B is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 14 (32), short sleeves, requires 4 yards 36-inch material.

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# 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. Disguised as a tubercular youth, she becomes camp secretary in Alaska where Bruce Harcourt had been made chief, replacing Joe Hale who had been going down hill. Janice keeps out of sight of Bruce, who knows her. But one day, while visiting the cabin of the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, he sees her asleep in a chair. Jimmy Delevan, the secretary, is the very Janice whom he had on his last visit to New York impulsively advised not to marry Paxton. He decides camp is no place for a woman, but Tubby Grant, his assistant, insists it's hard to get a good secretary in the wilderness. Janice tells Bruce her story. Mrs. Hale is attracted to Bruce. Hale treats her badly. Hale suffers a stroke and they can't leave as scheduled. Hale calls Janice to take some dictation. Now continue with the story.

## CHAPTER VI

Janice wondered what Tubby and Bruce would say about her going. She had a sense of breathlessness as she pushed open the door of the Hale cabin. Joe Hale was seated in a wheel-chair near a window. He would have been good-looking had he lived decently, Janice told herself in that first glance.

"Good of you to come, Miss Trent, particularly as I now have no claim on your time. Feel like a boob not to bring up a chair for you, but the doctors won't let me take a step. Tyrants! Mrs. Hale ran over to see the Samp girls fifteen minutes ago. Seized this chance to get an outline made for a codicil to my will. Not that I have the least intention of passing out, but, I've had a tap on the shoulder."

Curious that his explanation left her with the same sense of uneasiness which had seized her as she entered the cabin, Janice thought. Was smoke coming from that pipe laid on the mantel? Had Mrs. Hale been gone fifteen minutes? Would tobacco keep hot that long? If she were away and Hale himself couldn't move, who had put it there? He selected a paper. "Here is the memorandum of what I want to dictate. You look as though you could keep a secret, Miss Trent. Beautiful women as a rule are dumb; I'll bet my gold nuggets you're an exception. I kiss your hands—in spirit."

She had heard that caressing inflection before too, she told herself, with a bitter little twist of her lips. If he wanted to impress her with a sense of friendliness, not in the manner of Ned Paxton should he approach her. She responded in her crispest voice.

"A secretary is supposed to be a machine, not a person when taking dictation, Mr. Hale. Ready."

She tried to remain indifferent to the meaning of the codicil she was transcribing, but it was startling. Plap! Plap! Plap! Plap! Plap! Plap! The sounds came from behind the screen. Small revelatory crashes that meant but one thing. A broken string of beads. So, Mrs. Hale was at home. Listening. What was the big idea?

"What was that?"

Was it imagination or did Hale relax?

"Buttons. That nitwit dog of Millicent's has upset her work-basket again."

A brilliant blue bead rolled soundlessly across the rug and stopped behind his chair. Janice brought her teeth sharply into her lip to keep back an exclamation. Tatima! Tatima was behind the screen.

Hale's suave voice broke into her reflections. "So, you ran away from marriage. Kiss and run type, yes?"

Janice's blood sang in her ears from fury. She managed to keep her voice steady.

"Go on with your dictation, Mr. Hale. I have left important work at the office."

"Where were we? I remember. That's all." He pulled a thick roll from his coat pocket. Peeled off a ten-dollar bill. "Take this. I've no right to your time."

Janice rose. "Thank you, no. I will type the material at once and send it for you to look over."

"Efficient, aren't you? I'd thought of letting the deserted bridegroom know where you were, but we need you here."

She looked steadily back at him as she snapped the rubber band on her note-book.

"May I suggest that you mind your own business?"

The force with which she closed the door behind her relieved her overcharged spirit. In her dash from the cabin she collided with Jimmy Chester.

"Someone told me that you were here. What do you mean by coming when Millicent is at the Samps?"

For an instant Janice stared incredulously. Then she twisted herself free. She vented the remainder of her fury on him.

"What business is it of yours why I went there?"

"I'll make it my business," he answered savagely and pulled open the cabin door.

Millicent Hale stood in the doorway. Under one arm was her toy Pekinese.

"I know that I'm breaking rules, your rules, coming to the office, Bruce, but I'm desperate. I—I—"

she bit her lips, clenched her frail



Hale said: "So you ran away from marriage. Kiss and run type, yes?"

hands as though with all her being she were holding back a flood of emotion. "Tubby Grant told me that you and he were to air-trot tomorrow, were to scout out a place on the river from which to start the road toward the new bridge. That after that you would fly to the city. Take me. I'm fed-up on myself, on everything in this terrible wilderness. I haven't left our cabin for more than an hour since Joe's break-down, my nerves are on edge. If I go I can get some things he needs. Mary Samp promised to look after him. Why not take Miss Trent, that is if Argus of the Hundred Eyes will let her go."

Her voice, her wistful lips, her misty eyes set off fiery pin-wheels of anger in Janice's mind. Harcourt smiled indulgently. Men were pulp, men in the hands of a soft, purry, "little woman" like that, the girl told herself furiously.

"If Miss Trent will come. Care to go air-trotting, Miss Trent?"

Fly! Janice thrilled her imagination, attested fervently:

"I'd love it."

"Then it's a date. Be sure you're ready on time. The plane starts the minute the sun pokes its rim above the horizon, passengers or no passengers."

With eager assurance of a prompt appearance Millicent Hale departed. "And by the way," said Bruce, "I'll suggest that you go slow with Jimmy Chester."

A little demon of contrariness took possession of Janice. She thoughtfully nibbled the end of her fountain pen, as she looked up with ingenious eyes.

"I'm surprised that you don't include Tubby Grant in the taboo."

"Tubby's immune. He's working to prove to a girl back home that he can make good, Jimmy's different."

Janice indulged in a delicately regretful sigh. "He is fascinating even if his eyes are tragically old."

Harcourt left his desk, loomed over her. "Attractive! Jimmy's a coking engineer, but he's pulp where girls are concerned. The war left his eyes old and his temperament slightly twisted. You might as safely play with high explosives. He's the type who would do something desperate if he got the wrong slant."

Squatted cobbler-fashion on the cot bed in her cabin Janice regarded herself in the roughly framed mirror above a dressing-table fashioned from a packing-box.

She barely breathed as she met the mirrored eyes. Who was that girl really? What was she? Did she herself know what lay deep in her mind? What profundities of passion and sorrow, love and hate smoldered within her visible body? She had come north in quest of a different self, a fearless self. Had she found it?

Dishes were rattling in the Waffle Shop. That meant that supper preparations were going forward. She'd better slip into her gown. Miss Martha would be sending a tray into the living-room shortly. The Samp sisters would not permit her to step foot in the Shop when the men were eating there.

Kadyama was filling the wood-box in the living-room, she could hear him shuffling back and forth. Regular as clock-work. One could tell the time by his coming and going. A curious character. Sardonic. Taciturn. She avoided him when she could.

What was that sound? Coat half off, she listened. Something running round and round like mad. Blot having a fit?

She thrust her arm back into the satin sleeve, dashed through the passage, stopped on the threshold of the living-room. Overturned chairs waved legs in air as though in exercise of their Daily Dozen. Spools rolled on the floor from the overturned work-basket. A slammed door cut a terrified "Meow!" in half.

Blot! Blot had been kidnapped! By Kadyama? Hadn't Bruce said that the natives feared the cat as they did the Evil Spirit? It would break the Samp girls' heart if anything happened to their pet. Could she rescue it?

She jerked open the door, ran in pursuit of a bent, scurrying figure hooded in a brilliant Yakutat blanket. The tip of a lashing black tail

hung below it. Where was the Indian taking the cat?

Janice's breath came unevenly. The wide, full trousers swished about her feet, the strap of one parchment-kid sandal snapped. He had passed the Waffle Shop without being noticed. To the kennels? They were back of the office. Surely someone there would see him. What was the kidnaper's idea? He didn't intend—he did! He did!

Her shout of protest cracked in her dry throat—for all the world as though she were shrieking for help in a nightmare—as a struggling, kicking, spitting black ball was flung with terrific force into the yard where a dozen or more slant-eyed, ruby-tongued huskies were yipping and yelping and rollicking. They stiffened to rigidity as they regarded the motionless black heap. A trimly built Siberian broke the spell with a joyous yelp. He nosed the stunned cat, tossed it. A husky with baleful yellow eyes caught it, sent it whirling back. Like a shuttlecock it flew from dog to dog to an accompaniment of barks and growls.

For a split second Janice hesitated as imagination projected a picture of herself being torn to ribbons. The kidnaper had vanished. Then she fumbled frantically at the gate. They would kill Blot. Where was the trick latch? She had it. She dashed into the midst of the excited tormentors, caught the black cat in the air, held it high as the dogs sprang for her. Gleeful yelps deepened to menacing growls. She backed toward the gate. Two or three huskies, she couldn't tell how many, sneaked behind her. Her heart pounded in her throat. She didn't know much about dog psychology, but she knew enough not to run.

Claws ripped at her dahlia jacket, at her satin trousers. She lost a parchment sandal. The slim gray Siberian carried it off, worrying it as he went. She backed cautiously, saying over and over, soothingly:

"Nice boys! Down! Down!"

Her lips were too stiff to voice command. The husky with the baleful glare stalked toward her in a sullen wolf-walk, lips lifting in spasmodic snarls. Suddenly he reared. His gold-flecked eyes were on a level with hers, his wrinkled nose bared yellowed fangs. Sneering at her, was he? Would she ever get outside that fence? Miss Martha would say, "There's a gate in every wall, my dear." There was in this one if she could only make it. The wolf-dog was leaping—

"Drop the cat! Good God! Drop the cat! At him, Tong!"

Janice was conscious of a tawny shape flashing by her, of the impact of bodies, of a yelp of pain, before an arm was flung about her shoulders. She looked up into eyes blazing in a face, livid, lined. Bruce! Of course. Hadn't he appeared at the exact psychological moment to pick up her black slipper? She still clutched the cat as he drew her outside the gate.

She looked over her shoulder. Tong, his brush hanging straight, fangs bared, beautiful head lowered, glared at the dogs cowering away from him. She controlled a shiver.

"Come on."

She looked up at Bruce Harcourt whose fingers bit into her arm.

"I'm going as fast as I can with one sandal. This ground isn't a trotting-park."

She glanced down at her silk-stockinged foot, regarded incredulously her shredded pajamas. She laughed, sobbed, laughed again.

"Stop it! You'll have hysterics in a moment."

Her voice caught treacherously in the midst of indignant denial. Without warning, Harcourt picked her up in his arms. She tried to free herself.

"Stop wriggling. You're heavy enough as it is."

"I can walk. It's absurd to carry me."

Breathing hard, he set her on her feet in the living-room of the Samp cabin. He closed the door and backed up against it. His face was darkly red as he demanded:

"Don't you know better than to run round this camp dressed in those things? I saw you from the office window. Couldn't believe my eyes. Look at yourself."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Ingenious New Prints Are as Refreshing as Spring Itself

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS GLORIOUSLY fresh as spring-time itself are the lovely print styles in frocks and costumes now being shown for wear in the Easter parade and on through the season. There is no shortage of beauty in their styling, colors or fabrics. A noticeable trend toward emphasis on good lines and restraint in trimming adds extra grace to these new offerings to winter-weary wardrobes.

According to those engaged in fashion industries we are definitely on our way toward an era of femininity in dress. Not extravagant, frivolous garb, mind you, but winsome, becoming clothes such as our men in war service want us to wear when they come home on leave, or seek diversion in recreation centers that offset the grimness of war.

It is just such charm that is expressed in the pretty dresses and hats pictured in the above illustration. As ideal an Easter costume as ever ventured forth on a sun-drenched spring morning is the very good-looking jacket costume of fine rayon print crepe shown to the right, below, in the above picture. To wear this slender one-piece frock and trimly fitted jacket effectively a proper foundation garment, smooth of line through hips and midriff is imperative. Then, too, snowy white accents to give the final endearing touch of femininity must be added, just as you see them pictured here. Try to find anything more ladylike, more expressive of good taste, to wear on a fair Easter morn.

If there is one thing that is contributing more than another to the glory of the new fashions, it is the ingenuity with which designers are combining prints with plain fabrics. The current handling of cutout print designs applied on a monotone fabric is developing into a technique of high artistry and amazing originality. Print and plain are artfully

combined in the stunning frock shown to the left in the above picture. Here a pretentious apple design is ingeniously applied to sooty black smooth-draping rayon crepe at one side of the softly flared skirt and on the opposite shoulder. The attractive motif is repeated on the wide patent leather belt.

Special attention is called to the matching lacy woven pyroxilin hat and bag twosome. The entry of plastics into millinery design is one of the important fashion highlights this season. Here is a very convincing demonstration of the emphasis that is being placed on fetching accessories.

An exotic south sea island pattern printed on fine textured rayon crepe makes the attractive daytime frock centered in the above group. Soft draping through the bodice front and an all-around pleated skirt combine to create an effect of ease and grace. Note the wide brim of the hat. The wide brims are going to breath-taking dimensions, according to the new millinery for spring and summer.

Contrasting with the wide-brim vogue are the prettily feminine little hats that are as capricious as perky ribbon bows and color-bright flowers and whimsical veils can make them. Such a hat is the lovely pink rose-laden one shown in the inset above. Wee sailors, not much bigger than the palm of your hand, are chic this season, their style vying for supremacy with sailors of enormous brim.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Suit Hats



Fashion is placing great emphasis this spring on perky little headgear, which milliners call "suit" hats. As the name implies, these chic headpieces are designed to wear with suits and with casual tailored town jacket dresses. Typical are the two models pictured in the above illustration. The little sailor done in the "suit" hat manner is very popular. As the picture at the top shows, the rolled coiffure is particularly adaptable for the girl who favors the sailor type. The other hat is a clever new tricorn of black felt faced with mustard yellow bachelors. This spring, more than ever, you can change your suit by changing your accessories, especially your hat.

## Colors Are Matched For Busy Shoppers

The calendar has us thinking about our spring wardrobes again, but this year we Americans are putting more serious thought into this subject than we ever have before. We are thinking earnestly in terms of efficiency in planning new clothes and right here is where the new color-related fashions fit in.

The plan is one whereby you can have a complete wardrobe, everything from your dress or suit to your lipstick in beautiful basic colors which match and mix perfectly. Any of us who want or need color-combination advice, or who must be strict with our budgets, or who have only a lunch hour to shop for a complete outfit, will find everything available in the same place in the new color-related fashions now being shown in leading stores.

## Play Shoes Are Colorful With Mexican Embroidery

Play shoes are a riot of color and design, with bright red shoes among the favorites.

There are also many red and navy combinations, and there are interesting novelty shoes fashioned of natural colored or multicolored straw.

The fancy suedes are enlivened with colorful Mexican embroidery.

## Navy-and-White

There will be an overwhelming number of navy blue suits, coats and ensembles making their debut this spring. Especially in the spotlight are sheer navy bolero costumes that are bewitchingly frilled with snowy white accents.

## Necklaces

Coffee beans, shellacked cereal, watermelon seeds, painted and unpainted nuts, corks, leather peach-pits or what-have-you are strung into the most eye-catching necklaces imaginable. Smart with sports clothes!

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When you have many children's clothes to make, you can save time and effort if you use a sort of factory method. Cut out three or four dresses at a time (using different materials if you like). You can finish them in a variety of ways.

Be sure to leave sufficient space between the walls of the refrigerator and between the dishes on the shelves to allow free circulation of cold air. It is the continual circulation of cold air through an electric refrigerator that preserves your food.

Use your vacuum cleaner on your draperies and slip covers before laundering them; it will make for less washing and rinsing and thus save wear on the articles.

Disconnect electric iron as soon as you have finished with it, thus preventing fires and the burning out of iron.

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SEEDLESS

## Sunkist

California Navel Oranges

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

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WNU-U 13-42

## SHOPPING Tour

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