

# 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. By a device, she becomes secretary at a wilderness camp in Alaska. But Bruce Harcourt, newly appointed chief, who has known her since girlhood was not aware of it till later. Mrs. Hale, wife of the deposed chief engineer, is also attracted to Harcourt. Her husband treats her badly. Hale suffers a stroke or feigns one. The departure of the Hales from Alaska is postponed. Hale is believed to have an affair with Tatiana, an Indian girl. Her sweetheart, Kadyama, resents it. Hale calls Janice in the absence of Millicent Hale to take some dictation, a codicil to his will. Millicent suggests going with Bruce and his assistant, Tubby Grant, on an airplane visit to the city. Janice is invited also. At the last minute, Millicent can't go. Janice enjoys the trip and the bustling Alaskan city.

Now continue with the story.

## CHAPTER VIII

Was she really thousands of miles from New York, Janice asked herself, as she passed modern buildings, a college, homes with gardens, riotous garden borders, with clumps of pale yellow day lilies, spikes of larkspur in every known shade of blue, patches of early pink phlox, mists of Gypsophila. She was amazed at the size of the flowers and fruits forced to tropical luxuriance by the constant dew and mist baths.

She was mentally tabulating the varieties of flowers she had noticed as they entered the lounge of a hotel, set in the midst of several acres of ground. It was thronged with tourists who had arrived by the railroad.

Refreshed, with her skin windburned to a dusky pink, cooled by a dust of powder, she met Grant in the foyer.

"The main dining-room is swarming with tourists. Harcourt has ordered eats in a private room. There are a lot of newspaper men about and he's dodging being interviewed about the bridge."

She turned as Harcourt entered. "Hope you don't mind the cramped quarters. The place is jammed. The tourists will be off after breakfast."

"Breakfast?"

"What time did you think it was? We started at sun-up."

"I can't believe it. How far have we traveled?"

"Hundreds of miles."

Indian boys, in native costume, entered with trays. Amber coffee, pots of it; rolls, crisp and delicate; raspberries, crimson, gigantic—on raspberries—cream clotted; bacon in crisp curls; a thick bear steak which oozed delectably red at touch of a knife; potatoes baked to bursting flakiness. Janice purred content as she tasted the fruit.

"So this is Alaska!"

Grant grunted skeptically. "A part of it. Wait till we take you bridge-building next winter out into a country where the nights are twenty hours long."

Grant chuckled. Harcourt suggested:

"Show Miss Trent the town, Tubby. Don't let her buy any fake furs."

Later he asked, "Need any money, Janice?"

"No thanks, I brought all my pay." She lingered on the threshold.

"Aren't you coming with us?"

"Can't. Business. I will walk as far as the bank with you and Tubby, then I'll meet you at the field in an hour."

The streets were thronged with tourists, with automobiles, luxurious imported models, smart town cars, shabby out-at-the-elbow fluffers whose only possible excuse for existing was that they kept moving. Fat oily Eskimos with square flat faces, fat little noses; bronzed Indians in lurid blankets; squaws selling baskets and beads; brazen women, their chains of gold nuggets their fortunes; sourdoughs with heavily lined faces, humor sparkling in their faded eyes; officers in o. d.

A hand touched Janice's shoulder. She had been too engrossed in the panorama to hear footsteps. She smiled radiantly.

"Tubby, this is a wonder—" She looked up. The world went into a tailspin. Ned Paxton? She must be dreaming. No, those were his intensely blue eyes. His hand tightened. She was conscious of mounting anger under his caressing smile.

"So here you are!"

She twisted free.

"So here you are! What are you doing so far from the Great White Way?"

His eyes held hers. "I came for you."

"For me! How did you know where I was?" She could cheerfully have bitten out her tongue for gratifying him with the question.

"Oh, an interested party, who had seen our pictures in the paper, and recognized you, radioed your whereabouts, and I started. I expected to find you, but not so soon."

An interested party! Hale? Was that the explanation of the demoted chief's sinister chuckle yesterday?

Somehow she must get rid of her ex-fiance before Bruce and Grant came. Could she infuriate him so that he would hate her, leave her?

"Did you buy that radio information as you have bought everything all your life? You boast that you bribed your way out of college scrapes. You were the youngest captain in your regiment. Why? Not because you were a better soldier, but because your father was a Senator with oodles of money."



"It would be awkward—because—well, I'm already married."

She stopped for breath. His eyes were dark with amazement, his lips hung open. Of a sudden, color surged under his fair skin as though it would burst through, it reddened even his ears.

"If I buy, you'll admit I pay the highest market price." He took a step nearer. "Like you all the better for that flare, Jan. Crazy about you. Now I'll never let you go. You know that you love me. I'll forgive you this school-girl trick. We'll be married here."

"Oh, no, we won't." Who was speaking? Janice listened to the voice which seemed like her own, yet not her own, which came from a long way off. "It would be awkward—because—well, because I'm already married."

"Married!" His grip on her shoulder tightened till it hurt. "Married!" He turned her toward him. "What's the matter with your face? Does friend husband beat you up? To whom are you married?"

The strange voice so like her own yet not her own answered promptly.

"To Bruce Harcourt. I—"

She turned at a curious sound. Behind Tubby Grant, whose green eyes bulged, whose boyish mouth sagged in surprise, stood Bruce Harcourt.

His eyes steadily compelling her eyes, it seemed hours to Janice before he spoke. Then he said evenly: "Met an acquaintance, Jan?"

Paxton laughed. Anticipated the girl's answer.

"An acquaintance! I am the man she was to marry. Is to marry. Just who are you?"

"Bruce Harcourt. Janice told you that she was already married to me. After that, your boast is an insult to her and to me."

Janice stepped between the two men as he took a step forward.

What evil spirit had prompted her to drag Bruce into the mixup? But Harcourt laid a silencing hand on her shoulder. He ignored the blond man regarding them with skeptical amusement.

"We must be off, Janice. Found orders here which will take us back at once."

Paxton laughed indulgently.

"Don't linger on my account, Jan. I know where to find you. Sent my boat up the coast; I am to join it by plane. Life may be real, life may be earnest in this wilderness, but I'll bet by the time I arrive you'll be fed up on it, be Reno-minded and raring to get back to the Great White Way."

Harcourt reached for him. Janice blocked his advance with all her strength.

"Bruce! Bruce! Don't make a scene here—please."

With a laugh and a mocking bow Paxton backed away.

"I'm sorry, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know why I said it."

"Said what?"

"That you—that I—oh, don't make me repeat it. You know."

"Come."

He slipped his arm within hers and led her to the sunny room in which they had breakfasted.

"Sit down, Janice. I want to talk to you."

Harcourt leaned against the table, arms crossed on his chest.

"Although his name wasn't mentioned I gathered that the man was Paxton?" She nodded assent. "Why did you barricade yourself behind a lie?"

"Someone touched me on the shoulder. I looked up expecting to see Mr. Grant. When I saw Ned, a sense of unreasoning terror, panic, stampeded me. The world went into a tailspin. My one thought—if you can call my mental process thinking—was to put an unscalable wall between us. I had been so happy all morning—"

"You had been happy?"

"Gorgeously. When I looked up and saw that man it was like—like a plunge back into the nightmare of those weeks before you found my slipper. When he said that someone who had seen my picture in the paper had radioed him my whereabouts—"

"Did he say who?"

"No. When he said, 'We'll be married here,' I heard a voice, which didn't seem to be mine, report: 'That would be awkward, because—well, because I am already married,' and then he said—"

"That being the case there is only one thing to be done now. Remember that yesterday I told you I had a plan? It won't interfere in the least with your onward, upward business career. I tried to prepare you for it last evening when I hoisted that 'No Trespassing' sign. I want you to marry me."

"No! No! No!"

"It is the only way. You can't go back to headquarters except as Mrs. Bruce Harcourt. Tubby's gone for a notary public—luckily there is no five-day marriage law in the northern wilderness—when we get back we'll announce that we set off this morning with every intention of being married, wanted to avoid fuss, etc., etc. Let's try Miss Martha's test. We will live in the same house for two months before the marriage decree becomes final. Get me? It won't be any different from living with your brother Billy. If you discover at the end of that time that I appear at breakfast ready to bite, annulment is easy. We'll be modern—call it trial companionship. Understand me? I will give you ten minutes in which to think it over."

He opened the door, closed it behind him. Janice tried to weigh the situation dispassionately.

Suppose she consented to the plan Bruce advised? She would still be secretary to the outfit, do her share in opening up the great north country. Why shouldn't she help as well as the Samp sisters, who were making history with their Waffle Shop? Life here thrilled her.

A knock at the door. Had ten minutes passed already? Her heart shot to her throat and fanned its wings. She steadied her lips.

"Come in."

Bruce Harcourt closed the door behind him.

"Well?"

Janice swallowed hard. "Don't stand there like a judge about to announce a life-sentence. I—I've decided. I'm going—back."

"To New York?"

"No. To—to headquarters."

"You understand that you go only as Mrs. Harcourt?"

Something in Janice's heart snapped.

"Of course I understand. You made it plain enough that you wouldn't take Janice Trent back with you. I know that you don't really want me—I know that I'm tagging again—that I'm utterly selfish—but—I want to stay in Alaska. I can't really hurt you by marrying you—temporarily, can I?"

The tense gravity of his face broke in a smile.

"No. You can't really hurt me by marrying me." He picked up the telephone.

"Office? Harcourt speaking. Tell Mr. Grant that I am waiting for him."

The sense of unreality persisted through the civil ceremony, performed by a short, fat little man who intoned through a nose pinched to compression by tortoise-shell eyeglasses.

A hand touched hers, slipped something on her finger. She met Bruce Harcourt's eyes. Asked breathlessly:

"Is it over?"

He looked at her without answering. Grant and the notary said a few words of felicitation and departed. Harcourt released her hand.

"Quite over. Now, Tubby will take you shopping. We haven't much time. I must get back to headquarters."

Resentment at the lightness of his tone, at the fact that he was eager to turn her over to his henchman, pricked at Janice's not too steady nerves. How could he take the situation so lightly?

"You speak as though you were in the habit of being married every day."

"Not every day. Never before to a girl who was miles away during the ceremony, who didn't sense the fact that I existed."

Janice's heart was twisted by contrition.

"Bruce! Bruce! Forgive me. I was beastly. I was dazed, that was all, dazed. It came so suddenly. Let's not start out as though we were going to fight and die over this. I'm not sorry I did it, really I'm not. I'd do it again this minute."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# History in the News

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

## First Signal Officer

IN THE post library at Fort Monmouth, N. J., is a simple velvet-covered box with an engraved plate which reads: "Compass and chain worn by Brigadier General Albert J. Myer, First Signal Officer, U. S. Army. Presented by his daughter, Miss Gertrude Myer, through Major General Campbell B. Hodges, by the Chief Signal Officer to the Commanding General, Fort Monmouth, March 3, 1942." This latest addition to the collection of early signal corps equipment at Fort Monmouth is a memorial to the man whose foresight and pioneering with flags and torches, during and after the Civil war, blazed the way for the army's streamlined signal communication systems.

When 20-year-old Albert J. Myer was graduated from Hobart college in his native state of New York in 1847, his graduation thesis was titled "A Sign Language for Deaf Mutes" and it contained the germ of the visual signaling system which he was to devise later. After his graduation from Buffalo medical college, he practiced for three years. Then, in 1854, he was commissioned assistant surgeon in the army and ordered to New Mexico.

In the dry climate of the Southwest, where the clearness of the air made it possible to see objects at a great distance, Myer became enthusiastic over the possibilities of visual signaling and devoted his leisure hours to developing a simple system. In 1858 the war department recognized the work of the young doctor by appointing a board to examine "the principles and plans of the signaling, mode of use in the field and course to be pursued in introducing to the army." The next year John B. Floyd, President



Buchanan's secretary of war, commended his system to congress which appropriated \$2,000 for the "manufacture or purchase of apparatus and equipment for field signaling." It also authorized the appointment of one signal officer on the staff of the army with the rank and pay of a major of cavalry and on June 27, 1860, Assistant Surgeon Myer became Major Myer.

The army's first signal officer soon had an opportunity to demonstrate the value of his system. He was detailed to duty with Gen. E. R. S. Canby's expedition against the hostile Navajos in the Southwest, where an extensive test of his new system, using both flag and torch, proved a distinct success. The result was the opening of a signal school at Fortress Monroe, Va., under his direction and at the outbreak of the War Between the States, Myer was called upon to organize signal communications in the Army of the Potomac. Immediately after the battle of Bull Run, he submitted a plan for a separate signal corps but it was not until March 3, 1863, that this was done.

Within a year he was no longer Major Myer but Colonel Myer, having been brevetted lieutenant-colonel for gallantry at the battle of Hanover Court House and colonel for similar services at Malvern Hill. By the time the war ended he had been brevetted brigadier general.

After the war Colonel Myer, who had been relieved of duty as chief signal officer following a disagreement with Secretary Stanton of the war department, was reappointed to that post by President Johnson. He succeeded in having West Point include signaling as a permanent part of the cadet course and the naval academy at Annapolis also adopted his methods. Myer was promoted brigadier-general on June 16, 1880, and died in Buffalo, N. Y., two months later, on August 24, while still on active duty in the service he had organized.

Myer has another distinction which entitles him to the grateful remembrance of his fellow-Americans—that of "Father of the Weather Bureau." In 1869 he proposed that the peacetime activities of the signal corps be extended to include sending out storm warnings. He influenced congress to establish the United States weather bureau under the direction of the signal corps and during its first 10 years it was supervised by "Old Probabilities," as Myer became familiarly known all over the United States.

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## Fast Driving

A recent study, made to determine the cost of operating an automobile at a low and a high speed, revealed that, when two identical cars are driven over the same 1,000-mile course, one at 25 and the other at 65 miles an hour, the latter consumes 60 per cent more gasoline and 800 per cent more oil and causes 700 per cent more wear on the tires.

Older folks say it's common sense . . .



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NR TO-NIGHT; TOMORROW ALRIGHT



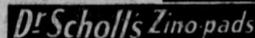
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As time goes on advertising is used more and more, and as it is used more we all profit more. It's the way advertising has—

of bringing a profit to everybody concerned, the consumer included

## Doubly Smart



Yes, you are seeing double! Matching boutonnières of fresh flowers, one on each lapel, make a novel decoration on smart new suits this spring. This is a style recommended to out-of-town beaux who will want to wire greetings that will outline local competition. If it's a single corsage she wants for her new spring costume, camellias, gardenias and combinations of variegated colorings are all good guesses. Daisies and violets, as pictured above, make charming twin lapel pieces.

## The Flowers That Bloom On Your Dress, Tra-La!

Among the highlighted fabrics for spring, smooth surfaces predominate. The worsteds are particularly smart, as this spring is starting off in a decidedly tailored manner. Faille, wool jersey and knits continue strong.

This season's prints glory in novelty and color. Important are the new butterfly prints, the lace-patterned types and gorgeous florals. Amusing, also, are the vegetable prints, cabbage roses in full bloom and the apple motifs. There are more plaids, stripes and checks than ever, and the "dotted" theme persists.

## Bows Run Rampant Over Necklines and Pockets

Necklines are having a frilly time of it this spring. Jabots are as frothy and white as snow drifts, or fleecy clouds on a summer day. Collar and cuff sets in pastel blues or pinks are ever so good this season. There's also a rush for huge, softly tied bows or sprightly butterfly ties. Bows also trim pockets and cuffs and are posed at the shoulder. In fact, bows are apt to light anywhere on one's costume and be fashionable.

## Loose Curls

No tight curls, all extremely loose and very feminine looking, is the new fashion edict. Shorter bobs are assured, always with an easy-to-manage promise. Pompadour versions will continue to be worn and the "trick" is to wear your hat back to show the pompadour.