

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. She suffers a stroke or feigns one. The departure of the Hales from Alaska is postponed. Hale is believed to have an affair with Tatima, 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. When unexpectedly she encounters Paxton, she tells him she is married to Harcourt. The latter overhears it and insists on a marriage that day. Janice becomes Mrs. Harcourt.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IX

The smile Janice loved flashed in Bruce's eyes, his hands lightened on hers. "That makes it unanimous." He raised her hands, dropped them quickly, said lightly: "What will you do with your half hour? What do you want most? Beauty parlor?"

"No, much as I longed to come to the wilderness I wouldn't have dared had I not been born with a permanent wave. I want plants. Dozens of plants. Any color, any kind that the florist thinks might grow in front of the Samp cabin."

"Why the Samp cabin? Why not in front of mine?"

The question tap-danced round and round in Janice's mind as she kept pace with Tubby Grant along the concrete walk.

They stood for a moment looking in at a fur sale.

Janice watched the bargaining without a quickening of her pulses, only to stop with an ecstatic "Oh!" before the window of a Japanese shop in which was seductively draped a sumptuous mandarin coat of turquoise blue.

"Want it?" inquired Grant sympathetically.

"Want it! I would want a potato sack if it had that divine coloring."

"Get it. We have time."

"Just like that! You don't realize, Tubby, that my total principal is fifty dollars I had left from the family estate after buying a trousseau. I had to plunge. One can't marry a Croesus and go to him with clothes like a beggar-maid's."

They were back to the flying field in time.

"Why didn't you bring the greenhouse?" Harcourt teased.

He drew Grant to one side. Janice heard the murmur of his voice, punctuated by an occasional eager assent from Tubby. "Sure!" "Great idea!"

As Harcourt turned away with a final word he caught his sleeve. "Hold on, Bruce, I forgot something." He held his chief by a strap on the sheepie coat.

"Of course, get it. Look for us at five o'clock."

She watched in amazed unbelief as Grant returned to the plant-laden tax.

The plane had more the look of a sinister-eyed creature than before, as Janice approached it.

"Hop in!" He fastened the straps. "Decided that I would stop on the way back and inspect a gang which is repairing a stretch of track not far from the shore of a beautiful lake. The camp has a good landing-field. We'll fly over hidden reservoirs of oil more extensive than any yet discovered, above gold deposits richer than the Yukon. They are so far from the railroads and shipping facilities that it would cost more to develop them than they are worth. It's a grizzly and Kodiak belt. Might see a bear!" His laughing eyes met hers. "No danger at this time of day or I wouldn't take you."

"Aren't we to wait for Tubby?"

"No. He will charter a small plane which will take him—and those million or two plants, directly to headquarters. He has things to do for me."

On and on, through a thin cloud, out again. Janice's thoughts were a chaotic jumble of past, present and future. What had she done to the life of the man sitting as still as a bronze pilot beside her? What had she done to her own life? Shut the door of it in Ned Paxton's face. She had that satisfaction. She hadn't been fair to him about the army. Even if influence had boosted him into a captaincy, he had been decorated for extraordinary bravery. The wheels lighted like a butterfly. The plane staggered a little, shuddered a little, stopped. Harcourt cut the switch, pushed up his goggles, smiled.



A man with several days' growth of beard grinned a welcome.

nounced his marriage. Janice felt her color mount as she met the man's astonished eyes. He pulled himself together with obvious effort.

"If you can call any place in this God-awful country good. As though we hadn't trouble enough fighting flies and mosquitoes, a couple of hunters have been stirring up the bears. Better take some cushions. I'll carry them. This way."

Very shortly they emerged into a clearing through which the brook flowed swiftly, singing to itself, now softly, now loudly, as it tumbled and rippled its way to the lake.

Part way up the stream a fall, a few feet high, plunged into a sombre, bush-rimmed pool. The pagan beauty of the spot was awe-inspiring.

Harcourt arranged the cushions on a comparatively smooth stretch of ground. "Sit here while I get a fire started."

In a few moments twigs and small logs crackled cheerily. Johnson, having accumulated a pile of wood, departed. Janice laid a white cloth the Samp sisters had provided, bordered it with feathery ferns. She spread out the tempting lunch. Gulls' eggs stuffed with anchovy; sandwiches so wafer thin you could taste the knife, as the English say. Little balls of minced salmon, coated with tomato jelly. A jar of mayonnaise to accompany them. Dates stuffed with orange marmalade or marshmallows. Coffee, hot, pungent. From the distance came the sound of men's voices, the ring of steel on steel.

But Janice was worried. Her thoughts raced wildly.

She said finally: "I was thinking that it was a pity I hadn't been dropped from the plane before I messed your life up as I have done."

He clasped his brown, muscular hands about one knee. "You haven't messed up my life, Jan. Today merely precipitated what had to be done if you are to stay here. When I've been away from headquarters my mind has been half on you, half on my work. When I saw you in the kennel yard—it stops my heart now to think of it—I swore to myself that either you would go back to Billy, or you would give me the right to look after you here. I intended to fight it out with you tonight. Paxton's appearance merely precipitated the crisis."

"I know now that I don't want Ned Paxton."

"You think you don't. Wait till he appears at the mouth of the inlet in his palatial yacht. Meanwhile, get this straight, except that you will take up residence in my cabin and be called Mrs. Harcourt, life for you will go on as usual. You will have your secretarial work to help make time fly. I shall be away days at a time. I shan't bother you."

"You wouldn't bother me if you stayed, Bruce."

He stood up. He looked immensely tall, his face bronzed by the sun. "Thanks. I will interview the section boss, then 'we'll take-off.'"

"I'll be back in fifteen minutes. Don't mind what Johnson said about bears. They are not feeding at this time of day. You are perfectly safe here. I can hear you if you call. Exercise all you can, we have a long flight ahead of us, but don't wander away from the brook."

Janice watched till his tall, lean figure was lost in the underbrush.

How still the forest was. The fire had died down to blinking red coals and flaky gray ashes. Violet haze hung above it like a brooding spirit. A bluejay as large as a New York State crow, which had perched on a swaying branch across the stream, regarded her from beady eyes in a pert, tip-tilted head. A hummingbird flashed and stabbed into the hearts of pink blossoms on a tall spike. Bees hummed. Long festoons of moss swung like flitting gray wraiths. The shadows were turning to amethyst dusk. She could hear men's voices, the crashing of branches.

Squawking protest, the curious bluejay took wing. The martens vanished. She jumped to her feet, her heart pounding. The sound of snapping branches wasn't coming from the direction in which Bruce had gone. The alders across the stream shook violently. A bear!

Darn her imagination! Hadn't Bruce said that they weren't feeding at this time of day? Just the same—

Her eyes dilated in terror. Across the brook a great Kodiak crashed through a clump of alders. It stopped. Regarded her, its head swaying from side to side as though in pain. Two bloody marks on a shoulder were alive with flies. To the girl's excited fancy the creature looked as big as a house. With an infuriated growl it splashed one great foot into the brook. Coming for her? She kept her eyes on it as she backed cautiously away. She tried to call. Her voice wouldn't come. Nightmare, that was what it was, nightmare. That red eyes! Terrible eyes! An ear-splitting roar. That ought to bring the men. They were coming. She could hear their yells. Branches crashing. The bear stopped in the middle of the brook.

"Jan! Jan!"

She tried to answer the anxious call. Her voice cracked.

"Don't shoot, Johnson. You might hit her. Jan! Jan!"

"Here!" The word was a mere whisper. Nightmare. If she couldn't call she could move, couldn't she, not stand as though she were hypnotized. With all the force of her will she dragged her fascinated stare from the red eyes, coming nearer and nearer. She ran in the direction of the voices, stepped into a hole filled with water. Fell heavily. The shock freed her voice. Pulling herself up she called. She stumbled over a hummock. Harcourt caught her before she reached the ground.

"Jan! Jan! You're not hurt?"

She rested against him as she struggled for breath. Laughed shakily.

"Hurt! No. At last—I've—I've seen a bear, Bruce."

"For the love of Pete! What a target!"

A rifle shot followed Johnson's shout of exultation. Another. Then a crash, splashing water. A yell of triumph.

"Eight feet long, if it's a foot, and four feet high at the shoulders. I'll bet it weighs fourteen hundred pounds, Chief."

Harcourt bent over the head lying on the pebbles. "How do you account for its being out at this time of day, Johnson?"

"Hunters. See the two marks on the shoulder? The bullets didn't kill the old fella and he hid in the bushes. I bet they gave him a pain." He grinned at Janice. "We'll send you the pelt for a wedding present, M'arr."

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson, I should love it."

Johnson watched their take-off. As the plane climbed Janice waved to him. The wind flung her arm back across her breast.

Could it have been only this morning that she had left the Samp cabin tingling with a desire for adventure, she asked herself, as hours later they came down in the field at headquarters. Pasca, his bronze face split by gleaming rows of white teeth, charged from the hangar.

"We all mighty glad you and Mees get marry. Yes sirree."

Harcourt swung Janice to the ground. "Thank you, Pasca. We are mighty glad, too. Has Mr. Grant arrived?"

"He come two—tree hour ago. Much flowers. Much bundle. Mees Samp seesters, they cry. They make for beg party. Yes sirree."

Harcourt smiled at Janice. "I'm afraid that we're in for a celebration."

She looked at the grinning, expectant Eskimo. A flicker of amused comprehension in Harcourt's eyes was reflected in hers as she echoed debonairly:

"Afraid! I should hope that there would be a celebration. One—one doesn't get married every day."

History in the News

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

Historic Leg

ACCORDING to a recent press dispatch from Washington, an old building in the navy yard there has a human leg entombed in its cornerstone! The leg once belonged to a gallant young officer in the Union army who figured in a sensational "atrocity story" during the War Between the States.

Ulric Dahlgren was his name and he was born in Bucks county, Pa., just a hundred years ago. The son of Admiral John A. Dahlgren of the United States navy, 19-year-old Ulric left his uncle's law office in Philadelphia at the outbreak of the war to accept a captain's commission in the army. Assigned to duty with Gen. Franz Sigel's forces, the young captain was placed in command of a battery of heavy guns and howitzers, furnished by his father, which repelled an attack on Harper's Ferry by "Stonewall" Jackson.

Later Dahlgren served on the staffs of Generals Burnside, Fremont, Hooker and Pope and so distinguished himself at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville and at the second battle of Bull Run as to win rapid promotions until he was a colonel by the time he was 21. He also fought heroically at Gettysburg and a short time later, during a skirmish at Hagerstown, was so seriously wounded as to require three amputations on one leg. After his leg was cut off, his father requested that it be interred in the cornerstone of a building that was about to be erected at the navy yard in Washington and this request was honored.

Dahlgren recuperated aboard one of his father's ships and in February, 1864, he reported for duty with the cavalry corps of General Meade's army. He was equipped with an artificial leg but he carried a crutch strapped on his saddle for use when he dismounted. Soon afterwards he was given command of a picked force of 300 men, a part of the army of Gen. Judson Kilpatrick, who was assigned the task of making a raid on Richmond to liberate the Union prisoners at Belle Isle, south of the Confederate capital.

Partly due to the treachery of a guide, Dahlgren's force was ambushed by Confederate cavalry and home guards and the young colonel and 31 of his men instantly killed. A day or two later Richmond newspapers began screaming the news that documents, found on the body of "Ulric the Hun," revealed his orders to assassinate President Jefferson Davis and members of the Confederate cabinet, set fire to the city and commit all sorts of outrages against its citizens.

Historical scholarship of recent years has established the fact that these documents were forgeries, but at the time many high Confederate officials believed that they were genuine and this "atrocity story" created a sensation in the North as well as the South. Dahlgren was buried on a farm near Richmond but after the war his father had the body removed to Laurel Hill in Philadelphia.

Dahlgren was one of the most daring officers in the Union army. At one time he dashed into Fredericksburg with a single company of the Third Indiana cavalry, drove out a large force of Confederate cavalry, held the town for several hours and then returned safely with 31 prisoners. At Chancellorsville he held up the Confederate advance by a desperate charge and at the second battle of Bull Run, as chief of artillery under Sigel, he fought off "Stonewall" Jackson's attacks long enough to enable the disorganized Federal forces to throw up entrenchments from which they could not be dislodged.

"Ully" Dahlgren was the youngest colonel in the army, a tall, slim lad looking rather like Lindbergh except for a tawny goatee," writes one historian. "Even as an invader he charmed all he met on the raid against Richmond. The officers who were his prisoners said he was most civil, sharing his food and his flask with them. 'He was most agreeable and charming, very fair-haired and young looking, with manners as soft as a cat's,' another reported to the Examiner in Richmond and all agreed on his superb composure under the strain of the raid."



Ulric Dahlgren

Hats Are the Most Intriguing We've Had for Many a Season

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE most significant news about millinery fashions this season is that they are utterly, prettily feminine, versatile and flattering. Designed with a purpose they are—hats that patriotically serve as gloom dispellers and spirit uplifters in these times so tense with war activities and anxieties.

That is why the new hats are so purposefully gay with color, so charmingly be-flowered and be-ribboned, so flatteringly be-veiled and so versatile in mood. The little flower fantasies with which the spring season is starting off are simply enchanting, but no more so than the new tremendously wide brims so softly and becomingly wrought into graceful lines.

Then there are the very diminutive sailors dashed right down over the brow or perched jauntily back of the pompadour, each and every one bewitchingly veiled. There are calots "ad infinitum," and they are set back of the pompadour, too, and the color-bright and debonair wide brimmed felts paired so dramatically with the new spring suits—not a dull moment in millinery realms anywhere!

The accompanying group illustration presents a series of outstanding millinery trends. Very feminine is the glamour hat shown in the upper left corner. It is just such little flowery fantasies which, together with a sprightly whiff of veil, will give fillip to your suit or dress on a sunny spring day. Dusty pink is its color theme, a color that brings out the fresh radiance of a young complexion. Candy straw is the medium and pink flowers are massed at the front.

Saucy sailors after the manner of the one pictured to the right, above,

abound in the millinery picture. It's made of colorful plaid taffeta, has an upturned brim and plaid streamers. Too smart for words with your spring suit!

A hat with a flattering, feminine brim is centered in the group. This "picture" model is of navy toyo with red velvet ribbon and bunches of cherries.

In the lower left corner is a flowery confection that typifies what is and what is to be during the coming months in the way of becoming chapeaux to wear with your gay prints or your softly styled tailleur. And that brings up an important point; namely, it's fashionable to wear flowered headgear with suits nowadays. This has come about because suits are in such a vast majority. Because of the call for practical clothes, one's hat and accessories are drafted into the role of supplying the "prettifying" accents. The veil flaunted by this dainty sailor of tucan straw is green. So is the band of felt that encircles the crown. The wealth of wild flowers that adds glory to this winsome sailor are in a pretty confusion of multi-colors.

Concluding the story of the group, the hat below to the right has one of the new dashing and debonair brims that are the "last word" in casual types to wear with everything from prints to tailored suits. It is made of powder blue ice cloth with an allover stitching covering the brim. The enhancing veil is black splashed with blue dots. The softly styled blouse is made of a vividly colorful print patterned with enormous flowers. Many of the smartest blouses this season are just like that—gay as a tropical garden in full bloom.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Arrangements for A Lovely Wedding



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When Your Back Hurts—

And Your Strength and Energy Is Below Par
It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, headaches, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling. Sometimes frequent and scanty urination with smarting and burning is another sign that something is wrong with the kidneys or bladder.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won countrywide approval than on something less favorably known. Doan's have been tried and tested many years. Are at all drug stores. Get Doan's today.

DOAN'S PILLS

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MODERNIZE

Whether you're planning a party or remodeling a room you should follow the advertisements... to learn what's new... and cheaper... and better. And the place to find out about new things is right here in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read regularly.

Longer Shorts



Spring seaboard fashions are personified by this many purpose wardrobe essential. Gray flannel and deep pockets that would delight the heart of any little boy make these longer shorts ideal for the woman who wants the comfort of shorts without the need for wearing the more extreme versions. Popular for southern resort wear earlier this winter and spring, these will undoubtedly be favorites for summer wear all over the country.

Dress-Up Clothes Versus Functional

There is no doubt in the mind of anyone as to the outstanding importance of functional clothes for women busy in defense work and home activities. Everyone connected with apparel industries is doing a grand job in supplying these needs.

However, as they get more and more into the subject they find that the dress-up side of the question demands more than passing attention, for the feeling is growing that it is also a patriotic duty to be one's prettiest at the right time and at the right place. The entertaining of men home on furlough, or at camp in strange and new surroundings, has resolved into a continuous program of benefit and dance parties. So have your pretty party frocks ready, girls. It's your patriotic duty.

Just now the new shorter length evening frocks made of lace or dainty sheer stand in fashion's spotlight. Quite as important are the straight-line, narrow floor-length dresses which have a dignity of their own.

Morning, Noon and Night It's Cotton Everywhere!

It is going to be a banner year for cottons of every type, from utilitarian denims and gabardines to the most ethereal sheer weaves.

For evening wear there is a tendency to wear exquisitely sheer embroidered and lace-trimmed lingerie-type dresses and blouses. The sheerest of voiles and the crispest of organdies are being made up with endless ruffles in as dainty a manner as fancy can picture.

Shawls

Shawls with evening gowns and sports dresses made of self material for daytime costumes and of filmy chiffon or lace for evening will animate your appearance with a definitely new style touch.