

# 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. Unbeknownst to Bruce Harcourt, a family friend, she becomes secretary of an Alaska camp of which he is chief engineer. Millicent Hale, wife of the man whom he succeeded, is also attracted to him. Bruce at first wants to send Janice back. On a trip to the city, she encounters Paxton and tells him she is married to Harcourt. The latter hears it and insists on a wedding that day. After a wedding party arranged by the Samp sisters, who run the Waffle Shop, Bruce and Janice go home, only to be disturbed shortly by Millicent who tells her husband, Joe Hale, has been shot dead. "If you had only waited," she exclaims to Bruce, and crumples. Bruce spends the night in investigation. The commissioner arrives, and a probe is on. Jimmie Chester, Millicent's brother, who hated Joe, seizes a plane in the meantime and hops off.  
Now continue with the story.

## CHAPTER XIII

The Commissioner's eyes were sharp but reassuringly friendly as he took command of the situation.

"Mrs. Hale, did you quarrel with your husband before you went to the dance last evening; did he object to your leaving him?"

"Was it only last evening?" he shivered. "He didn't want me to go."

"But you went?"

"Yes. For a short time."

"Did he threaten you?"

"Not more than usual."

"Mm. I see. Had he quarreled with anyone at headquarters?"

"With Mr. Harcourt. You can't suspect him, you can't! Bruce never quarreled with him. He was at the Waffle Shop every moment till he walked home with me and then he didn't come in."

"But the shooting was done with his revolver?"

"How do you know?" The question was a strained whisper.

"It was found on the shore."

She looked up with agonized eyes at Harcourt standing by the mantel.

"Bruce! Bruce!"

"You and your brother were in the H house helping decorate it. Did you notice whether the gun was there?"

"I—I didn't notice."

"Anyone there besides you and your brother?"

"Kadyama brought in the greens. Miss Mary was unpacking some things in one of the bedrooms."

"Mrs. Hale, describe what you found when you entered the cabin."

"Joe was lying face down on the rug. Wheel-chair overturned. I don't know how long I stood staring at him. I felt something tugging at my skirt. It was my little dog begging to be taken up. That broke the spell of horror. I raised Joe's head and shoulders, realized what had happened and rushed for Mr. Harcourt."

The Commissioner fitted spatula finger-tips together with nice precision. "Any theory as to the motive for the attack on your husband, Mrs. Hale?"

Her thin fingers tightened. "No. Unless—unless it was robbery. Joe always carried a lot of cash."

"Why did you go for Mr. Harcourt instead of your brother?"

"Go for Jimmy? Why he hated Joe and—she stifled a cry with one hand. "You're not trying to make out that Jimmy did it, are you? Bruce! Bruce! You know Jimmy. You know that he's incapable of a thing like that."

"Did he tell you then that he was going away?"

"Away! Where?" She was on her feet, swaying as she stood. Harcourt pressed her back into the chair.

"Take it easy, Millicent. Jimmy went off in a plane."

"Where, Bruce, where?"

"In just one hour he will be on his way to find out. We won't trouble you any more now, Mrs. Hale. Good afternoon. See you in the morning. Come on, Harcourt."

Out of earshot of the Samp cabin, the Commissioner stopped.

"That woman knows more than she's telling, a whole lot more. We'll let her think we're as dumb as she thinks we are, while we go after Chester."

The Commissioner said Bruce knew every field where a plane could land. Harcourt admitted it.

"I do. We have three large camps stocked with provisions for two years. They have good fields. Unless Chester had an accident, he must have come down in one of those. He wouldn't go to a city or town of any size. If he is running away, he would know that you would have his description broadcast."

"We'll start in an hour. Leave someone in charge with instructions to let Mrs. Hale have her head. Get 'em all feeling secure, that's the idea. Going to eat at the Waffle Shop?"

"No. At my cabin. I want to talk with Pasca, my house-boy, and leave Grant in charge."

Tubby Grant was strumming a mournful ditty on his ukulele as Harcourt entered his cabin and left instructions.

"Keep your eye on Janice, will you?"

"What a heck of a honeymoon!"

"By the way, Millicent suggested robbery as the motive of the attack on Joe. No money was found on him or in the cabin, you remember. Kadyama will bear watching."

Smoke rose from the chimney.



Out of earshot of the Samp cabin, the Commissioner stopped.

drifted lazily into the pink afterglow, as Harcourt entered his cabin. He stopped on the threshold.

Was that really an embroidered cloth and shining silver on the small table laid for two, or was he seeing things? The plates and tumblers of the warranted-to-withstand-wear-and-tear variety were his—he would swear to that. Who was humming to the accompaniment of an egg-beater? He flung open the kitchen door.

"Janice!"

The girl in her gay smock, furiously beating eggs in a bowl, bobbed a dancing-school curtsy.

"What are you doing here?"

"Here! Didn't I send word by Miss Martha that if I did not return to the H house pronto he would come for me?"

"I didn't send for you because I wanted a cook."

"Don't bite. Miss Martha intimated that as a chef Pasca left something to be desired. I see my duty and I done it. Look at that asparagus with sauce vinaigrette. I found a basket of gulls' eggs. I'm making an omelette, a plump, yellow omelette, not one of those thin things with a soap-suds filling. Something tells me that I have mortally offended your house-boy. He cares so awfully for himself as a cook."

Harcourt looked gravely at Janice seated across the small table.

"For the first time in my life I understand why my father always said grace at his own table. Mother was something for which to give daily thanks if he had nothing else." He cleared his voice. "Where did all this elegance come from?" He touched the beautiful cloth with a shining silver spoon.

"I told you that I had not realized quite into what I was adventuring. Thought I might have an occasional afternoon tea."

"And you drew this. It is all wrong, Jan, but we won't go back to that now." He looked at the clock. "I am taking off in just thirty minutes."

"Where?"

"After Jimmy Chester."

"Oh, no! Not nice Jimmy Chester! Does the Commissioner think he did it?"

He told her of the interview with Millicent Hale, while Pasca served the simple supper. As the Eskimo set cups of coffee on the table, Harcourt smiled at the girl.

"This has the restaurant at which we dined beaten a mile. Feed Tong, Pasca. Fuel the Tanager. I will be at the field in ten minutes."

As the door closed behind the man and dog, Janice asked:

"Why are you taking that particular plane?"

"Because I can take off after a run of less than three hundred feet, and come to a complete stop one hundred feet from the spot where the plane first touches the ground. As I don't know where I may have to come down, it's the best bet."

He looked at her steadily. "Do I need to tell you that Millicent's intimation that it would matter to me if she were free is a figment of her crazed imagination?"

Janice was intent on the pattern she was etching on the cloth with the tip of a silver spoon.

"Imagination! It sounded like the real thing to me."

He caught her shoulders. "You know better. You know that I—Good Lord, is that the Commissioner knocking? Can't he allow me a minute with—with my family?"

He opened the door. The smiling, impeccably dressed man facing him said suavely:

"I was told that I would find—"

"Ned!"

The choked exclamation came from Janice. Harcourt glanced at the clock. Five minutes before he was due at the flying field. Only five minutes. He looked straight at Paxton, whose eyes were on the girl.

"Come in, Jan, here is a friend from the outside world." As she took a step forward he glanced unseeingly at his wrist-watch. "Sorry that I have to leave headquarters just as you arrive, Paxton, but Janice and Grant will show you the wonders of this north country."

He caught the girl in his arms. "It's like tearing my heart out to leave you, Beautiful!" He kissed her

eyes, her throat, her mouth. She struggled for an instant before she relaxed against him. He pressed his lips to her hair. "Dearest!"

"Ha-ar-court!"

The Commissioner's shout outside crashed into his husky voice. Janice caught the back of the chair as he released her. Her long lashes were a dark fringe against her colorless skin. Paxton was staring out of the window, a fighting set to his shoulders.

Harcourt picked up jumpers, helmet, rifle. His blood raced. He had intended to kiss Janice lightly, a mere gesture to impress the late fiancée with the reality of their relationship. The feel of her in his arms had set him aflame. He had kissed her as though he were starved for her—as he was. Would she forgive him?

She followed him to the door in true wifely solicitude. Said in a voice disconcertingly steady:

"Good luck to you, Bruce."

As he stepped to the board walk she leaned forward to whisper furiously:

"Your technique is superb. You must have had heaps of practice. But why martyr yourself to impress Ned?"

He caught her hand. She twisted it free. Stepped back.

The door closed.

Harcourt was still stubbornly clinging to the conviction of Jimmy Chester's innocence when on the third day of the search he left the northernmost camp. Not one of the three he had visited had yielded a clue. The Commissioner was irritated and air-worn. He had ordered a return to headquarters, had radiographed Grant to expect them that afternoon. As Harcourt climbed to cruising altitude the first uneasiness as to Chester's safety seized him.

Once he thought he heard the vibration of an engine ahead. It couldn't be the Commissioner, must be a sound mirage. He sent the plane up again and came out into the sun. The altimeter registered a mile.

He kept above the clouds till he came into clear sky. Descended to get his bearings. Was that a camp below? Men, looking no bigger than beetles, moving. Digging? Probably archaeologists in search of the first Americans. He looked at the compass. His heart stood still. It had gone dead. Some electric current in that prickling rain storm had done the trick. Where was he?

A buzz in his ear warned him that he must have more forward speed instantly or the plane would stall and spin out of control. As he climbed swiftly he looked round the horizon to get his bearings. Toward the south the sky was black with smoke. Old Katmal tuning up. Now he knew the direction in which to fly.

He mounted into the clouds. They were moving south. They would serve as compass. The drone of an engine? Was he really hearing it? The effect was weird. Suddenly fog caught him.

To his astonishment he came out into brilliant sunlight. What an infernally queer world! The berg-dotted sea was over his right wing. In his relief he laughed. The plane had flopped on its side. He righted it and took his bearings.

How long had he been flying aimlessly in the storm? He glanced at his wrist-watch. Noon. He frowned at the gas gauge. Couldn't do much more experimenting with that supply. He peered over the side of the ship. An ice-floe. Big as an able-bodied island with acres of plateau. He wing-slipped nearer, wires humming. Dots! Three of them! Two moving. One inert. A plane on its side! The phantom of the clouds cracked-up? Could one of the dots be Chester? No. Jimmy went alone.

Engine shut off, he side-slipped down. Landed, bumped and skidded over the rough surface to a stop. The floe stretched away illimitably, not a collection of cakes but acres of grinding, heaving ice-fields, their smoothness broken by an occasional crevice choked with loose fragments, by swiftly running rills. He pushed back his helmet. The crippled plane! Good Lord, what a wreck! Propeller smashed, one wing gashed into fringe by the ice. Where was the pilot?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Short Length of 'Ballerina' Skirt Offers New Style Trend

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ONE of the most fascinating style trends of the season is the "ballerina" influence seen in dressy frocks for "noon to midnight" wear. This flattering mode has been appearing lately in stunning street and midcaul lengths styled entrancingly for both afternoon and evening wear.

The degree of formality of these festive frocks which are so charming for daylight dancing and evening party wear depends upon their styling and upon the type of fabric used. Emphasis on luxurious weave is the rule. Your new ballerina frock may be crisp and perky in checked rayon taffeta (a newly important fabric), or it may be ethereal and fairylike in misty rayon mousseline or in such glamorous rayon fabrics as handsome faille, or filmy marquisette with very special emphasis on the importance of black sheers and lazes.

These daylight dancing dresses are at their height of glory for immediate wear. They will be helping to bid farewell this summer to skirts using yards and yards of material. The new fabric conservation program begins with fall and winter clothes. It is interesting to note that in the models pictured in the above illustration the silhouette is faithful to the original ballet inspiration in bodice as well as hemline. Necklines are flatteringly low in cut and are likely to be squared, heartshaped or slashed in a deep plunging V-shape. In sleeve lengths you will find every type from brief shoulder caps to wrist length, fitted or bishop styles.

Shown to the left in the above illustration is a daytime-length version of the smart ballerina frock fashioned of fine rayon faille in a flattering shade of "plantation" green with a graceful overskirt of exquisite rayon lace in matching color. The fitted bodice, with its long-torso style and becoming V-neck, is typically "ballerina."

A charming multicolor floral cut-out design of the flower print of the softly draped rayon crepe bodice is repeated in applique on the filmy rayon marquisette skirt of the enchanting midcaul-length ballerina frock designed for gala evenings shown centered in the illustration.

Pictured to the right is a dramatic interpretation of the midcaul frock for dining and dancing that uses romantic black rayon lace with unexpected and very effective ruffled cuffs of snowy marquisette at the wrist. A black rayon taffeta slip adds crispness to the full flare of the skirt. It is dresses of the type of this black beauty that will be worn by guests attending fashionable weddings this summer. Huge-brimmed hats, also in black, will top these adorable lacy sheer black frocks. Pompadour versions of petite flowery bonnets misted in beguiling colorful veils will also be popular.

From all indications the "pretty" black frock is destined to triumph anew this summer. These sheers will practice their "black magic" in beguiling feminine versions dramatized with tiered skirts, detachable apron fronts, transparent yokes and fringe and lace trims, to which will be added delicate pastel or vivid color accents. No smart summer wardrobe will be complete without at least one of these black frocks of fragile beauty.

The new "black" vogue is also evidenced in stunning suits softly tailored of handsome faille or moire. For the most part these suits subscribe to the new slim short silhouette that is making conversation these days.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

# AROUND the HOUSE Items of Interest to the Housewife

As dried fruit is usually soaked before cooking, save the soaking water to cook the fruit in, thereby saving much of the food value of the fruit.

Keep butter covered in the refrigerator lest it pick up flavors from other foods. Also keep butter in the coldest part of the refrigerator. Eggs should be stored in the refrigerator but they do not need the coldest spot.

To clean window screens, lay them on a flat surface, rub them gently with a small brush dipped in turpentine, then in benzine, then wipe them dry. This cleans and helps prevent rusting.

To save steps and energy in a two-floored house, double up on cleaning equipment. Keep one set upstairs—floor mop, cleaning powders and cloths, dustpan and a broom—and another downstairs. This much equipment will last twice as long as one set, so it is not impractical.

Individual service table mats save lots of laundering. Use them in place of luncheon or tablecloths. For outdoor or porch serving try the prettily decorated oilcloth mats; they only need a daily wiping with a dampened cloth.

Cinnamon toast may be made without sugar by blending 2½ tablespoons of honey with two-thirds tablespoon butter. Increase amounts as desired.

If the summer porch rug looks rather forlorn give it a good scrubbing then, when dry, a coat of porch paint. After two days spread with clear floor varnish, and you have a rug which will probably give you another year's wear at small cost.

Small pieces of toilet soap that accumulate in the bathroom should not be thrown away. Add water enough to cover them and put on stove until dissolved. This makes an excellent soft soap.

If one-half level teaspoon of baking powder is added to every four eggs used in making a soufflé, it will not fall after it has been removed from the oven.

# PREPAREDNESS by the AMERICAN RED CROSS

Volunteer for Victory—offer your services to your Red Cross.

"WHAT can I do?" Now that we are at war, that is the question that every woman is asking herself. For those women who want to do a real job where they are urgently needed, there is the Volunteer Nurse's Aide Corps of the American Red Cross. One hundred thousand Nurse's Aides will help relieve the acute nursing shortage at home, according to Mrs. Walter Lippmann, who is the volunteer director of this Red Cross service. Trained nurses are daily being called for service with our armed forces.

A Volunteer Nurse's Aide performs many routine hospital duties and relieves the trained nurse for more technical work. She bathes and feeds patients, makes beds, takes temperature and pulses, assists in keeping records, does unsterile bandaging and attends to many details essential to a patient's comfort.

Eligible for enrollment are American citizens or friendly aliens, between 18 and 50 years of age, with the equivalent of a high school education and in good health. A Nurse's Aide must complete an 80-hour intensive training course; 35 hours of classroom instruction and 45 hours of supervised practice on hospital wards. She also agrees to serve 150 hours per year without pay in hospitals, prenatal, industrial or other clinics and public health agencies. The standard first aid course is a requisite for the first year of service and the Nurse's Aide may be assigned to Emergency Medical Field Units set up by Civilian Defense, to speed to the aid of civilians, wounded in air raids or disasters.

More than 12,000 Volunteer Nurse's Aides are in training or already trained, but many more are needed. It is too late when the bombs fall or an epidemic strikes. Prepare now and help safeguard the nation's health. Contact your local Red Cross chapter for information as to nearest training facilities available.

Prepared exclusively for WNU.

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**WE FOUND A BETTER WAY**

IN 63 B. C. MARCUS TULLIUS THURD INVENTED A SYSTEM OF SHORTHAND USED IN THE ROMAN SENATE—AND CREATED A BETTER WAY OF RECORDING SPEECH.

THE BETTER WAY TO TREAT CONSTIPATION DUE TO LACK OF PROPER BULK IN THE DIET IS TO CORRECT THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE WITH A DELICIOUS CEREAL, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. EAT IT EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER.

# Hand-Crocheted Bathing Suits Are Draped and Ruffled



This flattering brim and beguiling mesh scarf look as if they had just left the workrooms of an expensive designer, but you can crochet them for yourself. The brim looks like straw, but it is actually cotton crocheted treated with a starch solution. The fish net open mesh as seen in the scarf has become a hobby with fashion. It is used for the making of the now-so-fashionable fancy snoods in which young girls are so prettily caging their curls. It is stretched over linen handbags. The newest idea is to top your summer blouse with a fishnet sleeveless bodice. For a dramatic note for simple summer frocks, the hand-crocheted, scarfed wide-brim hat as here shown is just about 100 per cent perfect. Part of looking your best this summer will be keeping yourself looking fresh and cool and, even after hours at work, as crisp as a lady of leisure.

# Casual Dresses Designed For Stay-at-Home Life

No more long drives in the car. So we will have a new program of "stay-at-home" entertainment. Already invitations are being sent out to "come and enjoy yourself" at a backyard barbecue party or picnic.

Of course you will want to dress to the occasion, which will mean picturesque, young and refreshing cottons done in rustic style. For these, gingham, flowery chintzes, chambrays, mattress ticking stripes and an endless list of sturdy cottons will fit picturesquely into the scene.

**Glass Jewelry**

Jewelry, as well as handbag and shoe ornaments, is being made of colorful glass. Flower motifs in jewelry are favorites. You can get earrings, bracelets and clips to match. Very lovely necklaces cluster flowers about the throat. The colorings are superb in these attractive glass "jewels."

# CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

Enjoy Better Results when you use Clabber Girl for quick breads, biscuits and other nourishing foods... Enjoy Better Value when you buy Clabber Girl.

Ask Mother SHE KNOWS

# A CYCLE OF HUMAN BETTERMENT

ADVERTISING gives you new ideas, and also makes them available to you at economical cost. As these new ideas become more accepted, prices go down. As prices go down, more persons enjoy new ideas. It is a cycle of human betterment, and it starts with the printed words of a newspaper advertisement.

JOIN THE CIRCLE READ THE ADS