

# Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING  
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**SYNOPSIS**  
THE STORY SO FAR: Running away from marriage to Ned Paxton, rich but a gay blade, Janice Trent becomes secretary in an Alaska wilderness camp over the protest of Bruce Harcourt, a long time friend. Bruce is chief engineer, succeeding Joe Hale, deposed for negligence. Millicent Hale, his wife, is also attracted to Bruce. Janice tells Ned Paxton she is married to Harcourt. The latter overhears her and insists on an immediate marriage. The newlyweds are interrupted at home that night by Mrs. Hale who says her husband has been shot dead. She exclaims: "If you had only waited Bruce." Bruce spends the night investigating the murder. When Jimmie Chester, Millicent's brother, runs off in a plane Bruce brings him back. In the meantime, Ned Paxton invites the women to his yacht. Janice and he, and two natives, leave in a launch to view a volcano closer. Suddenly it erupts. The boat is stranded on a lonely beach.



She took careful aim. Fired.

## CHAPTER XVI

An uncanny howl from somewhere inland rose to crescendo, slid into diminuendo and died away.

"What's that?"  
The teeth of one of the pilots visibly and audibly chattered as he answered Paxton.

"That a wolf cry, yes sirree. Smoke an' fire drive dem to shore. Dey no lak fire. Not much ever come over time. Hunters come here. Shack up by trees."

Paxton's voice showed strain. "You've clung to your camera, I see. We may wish it were something to eat before we get through. There are two cans of crackers in the launch, that's all. If only this infernal smoke would lift, we'd get back to the yacht. The men were right. There's the shack."

Janice's heart went into a tailspin. On a little hill, a spur on the side of the mountain, sagged a cabin of warped, weather-beaten boards.

She didn't know how long she and Paxton stood there staring at the distant hut. He wheeled at sound of the put-put of an engine starting. With a startled oath he ran back to the water's edge. Janice stumbled after him. As they reached it, the stern of the launch vanished into the mist.

"Come back! Come back!" Paxton shouted. Only the fading throb of the engine responded. He drew his revolver and fired into the air. As though in answer, a wild wail was relayed by echo after echo through the woods. Janice caught his arm. Her voice came raggedly.

"Ned! Ned! Save your ammunition. Remember that ghastly howl."

A shower of hot stones pelted the man and girl. Rain splashed.

"Come on, Jan. We'd better make for that shack while the going is fairly good. I'll bet it leaks like a sieve, but it will be some protection. Those infernal quitters threw out a can of crackers. I'll take that along."

He picked up the tin.

They passed great patches of blue lupin. Wild raspberry bushes, higher than Janice's head, clawed at her wet clothing, as though to direct attention to the dead ripe fruit hanging in maroon clusters. She gathered handfuls, carried them in her hat which she had lined with a damp but spotless handkerchief. The woods rustled with the motion of unseen life. A porcupine rattled across the trail ahead. An other swam down stream, two martens scuttled into a tangle of brush. A fox trotted by, stopped, one foot raised, looked back before he dashed off as though pursued by furies. A fat ptarmigan rose with a whizz which sent Janice's heart into her mouth. A few blood-thirsty mosquitoes buzzed about her head, before drifting smoke sent them winging. Did everything living feel the pervading imminence of danger?

Paxton's eyes were inscrutable as they met Janice's. Something about the grimness of his mouth set her heart thumping. He waved his hand toward the hut.

"Let's investigate. I have a light. I was trained by an old sea-dog never to leave the ship without a flash, a gun and matches." He pulled an electric torch from an inside pocket of his soaked blue coat. Its glow revealed a room high enough for a man, a tall man, to stand upright without hitting his head. A bunk against one wall was heaped with dried boughs of spruce. A loose-jointed pipe, one end poking through the roof, acted as smoke-conductor between a rusty cook-stove and the outer world. A degenerate chair and a rickety stool kept dissolute company. A table, whose legs sprawled outward like those of a teetering new-born calf, supported two tallow streaked bottles and a dirty pack of cards. A rusty kettle and a frying-pan burned black hung from a crude shelf. Against the wall leaned an axe with a long handle and nicked blade.

Paxton snapped a gold lighter. After several futile attempts he succeeded in producing a small flame which he applied to a candle stub in one bottle. "We will save our matches for the fires. My knowledge of camping is all laboratory stuff, no field work, but I know enough for that."

They hung over the table breathlessly till the wick caught and a flickering flame set ghoulish shadows astir on the walls. Paxton

snapped off the electric torch, laid his revolver on the shaky table, a card of matches beside it.

"Those must be kept dry. Think you can start the fire in the stove while I collect brush for a signal to the yacht? Wrecked on a desert island stuff."

He flung his wet blue coat over the chair-back. Axe in hand he smiled at her from the threshold. Good, but not good enough. Did he think she didn't know that the outside fire was more to keep off marauding animals than to signal the boat, that she had forgotten those banshee howls? She steadied her lips and smiled back at him. This last hour had aged him unbelievably. It had set deep crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes, etched lines between his nose and lips. Except for war service, all his luxurious life he had played hard and worked little. His once immaculate buckskin shoes oozed mud; his soaked white flannel trousers were criss-crossed with black lines, where wet shrubs had lashed at him; little green rivulets, sponsored by his necktie, were cavorting down the front of the silk shirt which was plastered to his body. His eyes with a laugh in their blue depths met hers.

"I don't like the suggestion of criticism of my appearance in your expression. You're not so hot yourself."

The liking she had felt for him during the first weeks of their acquaintance, which had flamed into love—or fascination—crumbled into gray ashes of doubt and distrust, stole back. It warmed her voice.

"I'm a sight. I feel like a rag doll which has been left out in the rain."

She heard the crackle of brush under her feet.

She lifted a rusty cover from the stove. Her thoughts raced on as she laid a fire of dry leaves and brush. Billy and Bruce had taught her woodcraft when they had taken her with them on their fishing expeditions. If only Bruce were with her instead of Ned Paxton.

She struck a match to escape the memory which set her heart pounding unbearably. She watched the dry leaves ignite before she clapped on the rusty cover. She listened. The fire roared. Had she put in too much fuel?

How the pesky thing smoked. She wiped her smarting eyes as she hunted for a damper. Her throat stung. It was humiliating not to be able to start a dinky little fire, but she would have to ask Ned to help. She stepped to the entrance for air.

What was that? Good grief! What was that behind the tree near him? A dog? A gray dog? A dog's eyes wouldn't be green. A wolf! What was hanging from the creature's cruel mouth? Cloth! A piece of plaid cloth caught on one yellowed fang. Sicken! She tried to call a warning. Her tongue dried to the roof of her mouth. Her body prickled with horror. The animal took a stealthy step toward the man on the stump. Stopped. Not a muscle rippled under its skin. Ned would have no chance to save himself.

Eyes on the motionless creature, Janice backed to the table, seized the revolver. On the doorkill she dropped to one knee. "Steady! Steady! Remember Jimmy's instructions," she warned herself. She took careful aim. Fired.

Man and beast leaped simultaneously. The wolf soundlessly slunk into the shadows. Paxton ran toward her, caught her shoulder. Shook her.

"Why in heaven's name did you do that?"

She steadied trembling lips. "It was a wolf—just back of you—he was watching you—hungrily. I thought—I thought—"

She dropped her head in her hands. Shuddered uncontrollably. "A wolf! You shot him?"

"I shot at him." There was a touch of hysteria in her laugh. "I'm not too good."

"God, we'll have the whole pack down on us."

Indignation steadied Janice's nerves as no commendation would have done. "I call that darned ungrateful. You would have been torn to shreds if I hadn't fired."

"Why didn't you yell?"

"Yell! I was dumb with horror. I came to the door to ask you to help with the stove, saw that terrible creature moving toward you, and fired."

He loosened the fingers still clutching the revolver, laid it on the table.

"Did you care when you thought me in danger, Janice?"

Her heart flew to her throat. Blue eyes aflame could be more terrifying than fierce green eyes.

"Care! Wouldn't you care if you saw a human being in peril of his life? Isn't the smoke stifling? Can't you do something to stop it?"

"I—" He coughed, sneezed, wiped his eyes. "What's the matter with the infernal thing?"

Lids half shut, tears marking grimy furrows down his cheeks, he poked about the stove. Tears brimming from her smarting eyes, Janice tried to help. He shook what seemed to be a damper. The portion of the pipe which pierced the roof fell with a clatter which set her already taut nerves twanging like violin strings under the fingers of an impassioned virtuoso. A vicious orange-red fang shot from the standing smoke-stack, licked at the rotting branches of the roof. Damp as they were, they ignited. Fire ran from twig to twig.

The man and girl stared incredulously.

"We've done it now! Quick! Out of this!"

Paxton pushed her to the door, caught up the revolver as he dashed by the table. Janice grabbed her camera, snatched the tin of crackers. As they jumped to the mossy log she heard the crackle of wood. The walls of the shack were on fire.

Side by side they watched the lurid light inside flicker, flame, wane. Heat poured out as through the door of a furnace. Janice turned her back.

"I'm thoroughly toasted on one side. 'Tis an ill wind, etc.' It would have taken hours before an ordinary fire to dry our clothes. What is the next feature on this peppy program? It ought to be announced over a coast-to-coast hook-up."

Paxton's eyes shone blue and clear in his smoke-grimed face. "Janice, you're the best sport in the world. You set a great pace." He steadied his voice. "The fire's dying down. We'll have a warm, charred shack at our backs. That will be some protection."

"Protection from what?" She hated herself for the terrified catch in her voice.

"From prowlers. You heard the native pilot say that the volcano smoke would drive animals to the water. They will come down the bed of this brook from the interior."

Hours passed. Hours filled with nerve-racking suspense, listening, listening for the sound of a boat which did not come, with the drip of rain, the pelt of hail, flash of lightning and detonations of thunder. Janice dropped to the mossy log in front of the shack which gave out an acrid odor of smoldering wood.

Paxton carefully laid a heap of brush beside him as he dropped wearily to the log. The fire had died down to red coals.

He opened a gold cigarette case. "One left." He snapped it shut. "Glad you don't smoke. Otherwise I would have to sacrifice that on the altar of chivalry. Any crackers?"

She drew one grimy piece from her pocket. "The last?" She nodded. "Put it back. I have indulged in too many calories already. I'll lose my boyish figure if I don't watch out."

"What's that?"

"What? Where?"

Janice gripped his sleeve. Pointed. Two lambent green dots glowed between low alders.

With a muttered imprecation, Paxton threw on the pitifully inadequate pile of brush beside him. The fire flared. The sinister points of light retreated. A howl tore through the distance. From near at hand the blood-curdling wail was answered.

Paxton rose swiftly.

"I'm going for more wood."

"Where? You mustn't. It isn't safe."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# History in the News

By FRED SCOTT WATSON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

## No. 1 Flag-Waver

SINCE Flag day will have more significance for Americans this year than it has had for a quarter of a century, it's likely that June 14 will see the greatest display of our national emblem in the history of America. And if America's "No. 1 Flag-Waver" has his say about it, there will be one dramatic incident, the like of which has never before been seen!

It's his idea to have the outstanding celebration of the day in the national capital. It will center around the Washington monument at the top of which will be flown a huge flag, 50 feet or more in length. And with pictures in the newspapers and newsreels in the movies showing this spectacle all over the United States, it will be a vivid reminder of the spirit of Flag day for weeks and months afterwards. On July 4 he hopes to see the flags of the United Nations likewise flown from the top of the huge shaft.

Who is this "No. 1 Flag-Waver"? His name is J. Henry Smythe Jr., he is a University of Pennsylvania graduate and he has been responsible for several such spectacular events which dramatize patriotic celebrations. Back in 1920, as an assistant director of the New York Red Cross roll call, he planned a pilgrimage to the Statue of Liberty where a 100-foot high Red Cross flag decked the base. This celebration, the first of its kind ever held there, commemorated the centenary of Florence Nightingale's birth and for it Smythe (who, incidentally, is known



"We're in It—Let's Win It!" cries J. Henry ("Slogan") Smythe Jr.

as "the slogan champion of the world") paid tribute to the "Lady of the Red Cross Lamp" thus: "That lamp of Florence Nightingale, Like Freedom's Torch, must never fail."

In 1937, as a member of the mayor's committee, he managed the Constitution week program on Bedloe's island which was the principal observance of the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution. There were fireworks at night and, as "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung, "bombs bursting in air gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

But stage-managing such spectacles is only one of his many achievements. He is responsible for the nation-wide observance of January 17 as Franklin day. Smythe started that in 1921—previously only Philadelphia had thus honored the immortal Ben.

Smythe, however, is probably best known as a sloganizer. He won his reputation in that role during World War I. Barred from the fighting forces by defective vision, he went overseas as a lieutenant in the American Red Cross. But his greatest service was in thinking up and donating slogans to help win the war—more than 1,000 of them. Among them were "Buy and Keep Liberty Bonds!", "Do Your Bit to Keep It Lit!" (the Torch of Liberty), "Lend It to End It!", "Buy Bonds to Arm Armies!" and one which was very popular in England—"Lend That Shilling for Shelling!"

Now that we're at war again, he's at it again. Right after Pearl Harbor he swung into action with "We're in It—Let's Win It!", "Our Taxes Lick the Axis!", "On to Rome and Berlin! Bonds Help Us Win!" and hundreds more. And even before Gen. "Jimmy" Doolittle and his daredevils had swooped down upon Japan, J. Henry ("Slogan") Smythe was suggesting "Let's Go—Tokyo!"

Smythe, who calls himself a "Philadelphia-born New Yorker," first won fame in 1904 when he went to the Republican convention in Chicago. Right after the nomination of "Teddy" Roosevelt, Smythe reached the platform with a flag and a megaphone and shouted "All together now—three cheers for the President!" Then: "Roos-e-velt! Roos-e-velt! Roos-e-velt!" The roar of cheers nearly tore off the roof of the convention hall and the 29-year-old Pennsylvanian became known all over the country as "The G. O. P. Megaphone Man."

# Newest Beach and Swim Suits Feature Dressmaker Influence

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ONE glance at the new bathing apparel gives us the heartening assurance that there will be no lack of charm, versatility or fashion interest on the beach this summer.

Wool and rubber priorities have only added fresh impetus to an already important trend toward a wider use of other fabrics this season than usual to make up for the curtailment in other directions.

All of which means for swim wear a glamorous and exciting collection of graceful and flattering suits in a wide range of intriguing materials with very special emphasis on handsome rayon weaves which include such interesting textures as shantung, jerseys, luxurious looking crepes, taffetas, failles and many other types. Calicoes and ginghams, too, have their place in the swim suit realm, as do piques, fine sharkskins and many other striking novelties.

Another important new angle to beach wear and swim-suit fashions is the dressmaker influence which prevails throughout their styling. That is not surprising, for the widespread use of a surprisingly long list of fabrics would inevitably call for dressmaker technique in their styling, and you may be sure the designers are making the most of it.

You can swim this year in a softly draped or moulded dressmaker suit of fine rayon crepe or sleek jersey, or be gay and perky in a trim, bare-midriff halter and shorts costume of brisk acetate rayon sharkskin. You'll see, also, "little girl" ruffled suits in crisp rayon taffeta, gingham or quaint calicoes. There are tailored princess styles galore in such rich materials as the new and very fashionable failles and shantungs which offer a range of most lovely brilliant and dusky colors.

The swim suits pictured in the above illustration subscribe to the

new dressmaker trend in versatile moods. Note the pert fashion at the top left in the group. The fact that it is fashioned of a fine rayon shantung in a sooty black is significant, for black is the smartest thing you can wear in play clothes. Black linens, thin black mesh weaves and black shantungs are also ultra chic for town wear in tailored jacket suit or two-piece jacket dresses. A thin white edging at neck and hem accents the rich black of the shantung that makes this flattering princess swim suit, with its "bra"-topped bodice, slender waistline and gracefully flared skirt. The narrow self-fabric sash ties at the front.

The vogue for fluid, molded lines has inspired the charming two-piece bathing suit shown at the upper right, which uses soft-draping acetate rayon jersey in a striking navy and white print design for its surplice-draped "bra"-top and new shirred-on dirndl skirt.

Very gay for beach or swimming is the flared one-piece suit at the lower left. It is intriguingly styled of rustling rayon taffeta in a tiny green and white check. Sprightly self ruffles outlined with navy rick-rack braid trim the brief skirt and flattering heart-shaped décolletage.

The beautifully tailored two-piece bathing suit in crisp white rayon sharkskin seen on the figure reclining in the foreground to the right is trimmed with bows and a wide band of coin-dotted navy rayon crepe. The use here made of polka dots carries out the newly fashionable use of dots as trimming for accessories, and for whole costumes.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Party Finery



Even this six-year-old isn't too young for a beauty lesson that makes flowers its theme. See the pretty posy in her hair. Young girls, and children, too, are taking to wearing flowers in the hair instead of hair ribbons. As to the cunning bouquet she is carrying in her hand, it is a replica in miniature of the one her mother will be wearing. Yes, indeed, matching bouquets of snapdragons, carnations and sweet-heart roses make charming gifts for traveling or far-away soldier husbands and fathers to wire to mother and daughter when the calendar points to a birthday or some other very special event. Flowers, like the bright colors being featured this season, help to cheer both the wearer and those who see her looking so daintily charming. And it's her duty to look charming!

## Many Still Prefer Black-and-White

Regardless of all the fuss being made over vivid color and plenty of it, many women are turning enthusiastically to black and white.

They consider the costume ensemble ideal that includes a black and white print frock done in the latest manner of side drape, finished off with a pleated frill and pleated collar fitted to a low neckline. This is topped with a black straw wide brimmed hat crowned with waxen white gardenias. The shoes (low heeled pumps) and the bag should be in glistering patent leather.

## Cotton Lace Suits Join List of Summer 'Musts'

Lace is good news these days, for it is one item that is not on the government "want list." Very swank for summer is cotton lace in a large sporty pattern made into jacket and skirt suits for summer day wear.

You can get bewitching suits with skirts pleated for action, topped with jackets of the favorite long-torso type that so beautifully slenderizes your figure. In navy these lace suits are too attractive looking for words, and for dressy summer wear a white or wheat-color lace suit gives you a costume that will take you anywhere with an assurance of being accounted among the best dressed.

## Black Lace

There is a new fashion developing which is worth while considering. It is the blouse that is made of the most exquisite black lace you can find in the stores. Make it up simply but effectively. Wear it in the afternoon with a black satin or taffeta skirt and in the evening with a diaphanous chiffon skirt in lovely pastel coloring.

# Farm Topics

## Soil Building Measures Help Seedings

### Tests Over Eight Years Show Interesting Results

By J. F. DAVIS  
Research Assistant  
Department of Soil Science, Michigan State College.

How soil building measures improve not only the yield but the quality of seedings and small grains was demonstrated by an experiment carried on by the soil science department of Michigan State college.

The program covered an eight-year period and included crop rotation, the use of commercial fertilizer and a green manure crop plowed under. The rotation—corn, oats, wheat and alfalfa for two years, with sweet clover plowed down once in eight years—is typical for a large number of farms in north-central United States.

For every dollar spent for fertilizer a return of \$3.60 was realized, according to a tabulation of the results. In the experiment, 150 pounds of 4-16-4 fertilizer per acre applied to the oats and 250 pounds of 4-16-4 on wheat, seeded to alfalfa, resulted in an increase of 4.9 bushels of oats, 8.1 bushels of wheat and 1 ton of alfalfa hay.

That all the advantages gained from the use of fertilizers cannot be measured in increased yields alone was shown by the fact that a distinct improvement in quality was recorded, with plumper kernels and less shrunken grains. From the particular land devoted to this experiment the farmer exhibits grain samples, and when selecting his show samples he invariably discards grain from unfertilized plots.

Fertilizer applications proved more effective in some years than others. The average oats increase due to fertilizer was 4.9 bushels per acre. However, in 1936 this increase was 9.8 bushels and in 1940 it was 8.9 bushels. The wheat yield showed corresponding variations. In 1938 the increase in yield due to fertilizer was 18 bushels per acre; in 1939, 10.1; in 1940, 19.5; and in 1941, 4.3 bushels. Wheat grown on unfertilized plots was invariably of inferior quality to wheat produced on fertilized plots. Moreover, the lower the yield on unfertilized plots, the poorer the quality of grain.

In another series of tests the 1940 alfalfa yield was more than doubled by fertilizing the preceding barley crop. A plot fertilized with 200 pounds of 0-20-0 and eight loads of manure per acre applied on the barley, yielded 2.11 tons of alfalfa on the first cutting. The yield of plots receiving no fertilizer was .98 tons, and on plots on which manure alone was applied the yield was 1.65 tons.

## AGRICULTURE IN INDUSTRY

By FLORENCE C. WEED

(This is one of a series of articles showing how farm products are finding an important market in industry.)

### Oil Plants

To find out whether oil plants might be profitably grown in this country, the National Farm Chemistry Council has distributed seeds for test plantings. Farmers from Maine to California have tested the seeds and reported their results which are often favorable. With disturbed world conditions, imports may be still further curtailed and there may be a need for domestic oil to supplant the foreign supply.

Sunflower seed finds a ready market for birdseed and poultry feed mixtures. Our domestic supply of about 7,000,000 pounds is grown in Illinois, Missouri and California. It is an old crop which the Indians on the east shore of Lake Huron raised for their needs. They used stalks for cloth, leaves for fodder, flowers for yellow dye.

Since 1936, a small amount of rapeseed oil has been crushed each year in this country. It is used as a lubricant, mixed with minerals, and finds a place in the manufacture of rubber substitutes.

Safflower has been investigated as a possible oilseed crop for the northern states. It is a quick drying oil and can be used in the manufacture of paints, varnishes and enamels. In India, the blossoms are used for saffron dye and the oil is used for light.

The Perilla plant grows best in the cotton belt, especially in southern Virginia. It is difficult to handle, however, because the seeds burst from their pods when ripe.

## Agricultural Notes

We in the Farm Security administration started out to relieve the economic plight of disadvantaged farm people. We learned certain fundamentals—that you build an economically sound life not on credit or even the land itself. You build it on the people.—C. B. Baldwin, FSA administrator, U. S. department of agriculture in a speech before a farmers' meeting.