

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. The two natives run off with the launch. Paxton and Janice spend a fearful night. Their fire keeps the wolves away.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVII

Paxton reassured Janice: "It is safer than staying here with the fire dying. With those great gaps in the base boards, the shack instead of being a safety zone might prove a trap. As we came up the hill I saw a big log by the side of the brook. It will last till dawn if I can get it here. It's not far. There are no eyes glaring from that direction. Keep between the shack and the fire."

"I'm going with you."
"Janice. If you want to help, do as I say." His eyes burned like twin blue lights in his soot-streaked face. This night must have been a grueling, muscle-racking experience for a man who had for years lived softly. She capitulated with sympathetic understanding.

"I will do whatever you say, Ned. I'll keep the home fires burning."
"That's the stuff. See those two humps on the trees that look like misshapen heads hoisted on petards? The log is under those. I noticed it when we came up the brook. Hang on to the revolver but don't waste a shot. Watch out. If you see points of light between me and the fire, yell like a maniac but don't shoot."

"Ned, before you go I want to take back what I said about your never having earned anything. Tonight you have earned my unwavering respect and friendship."
"Friendship! Think I'll be satisfied with that?"

Slow seconds dragged into interminable minutes as she waited, watched, listened. The rain had stopped.

A warning howl rose from beyond the fire. Heart in her mouth she sensed swift, stealthy movement, green eyes shifting. The beasts had discovered Ned. Suppose she yelled. What help would that be to him? Fire, only fire would keep them back. Wood! Wood was what she needed. Could she pull a board from the shack? No. She might bring the whole wobbly thing down and be buried in the ruins. The door! She seized it. Within her welled a terrific physical impulse. She wrenched the bullet-riddled thing from the one rusty hinge. Dragging, lifting, jerking, she dropped it on the coals. It flamed brightly.

Thank God for that. Instinctively she looked up. Were her eyes deceiving her or were those stars? Stars, like a million lighted windows. They gave a sense of home glowing through the darkness, sent her courage soaring like a captive balloon let loose. All her life lighted windows had fascinated her.

A touch on her shoulder. She started to her feet. A sob of relief tore up as she looked into Ned Paxton's grimy, weary face.

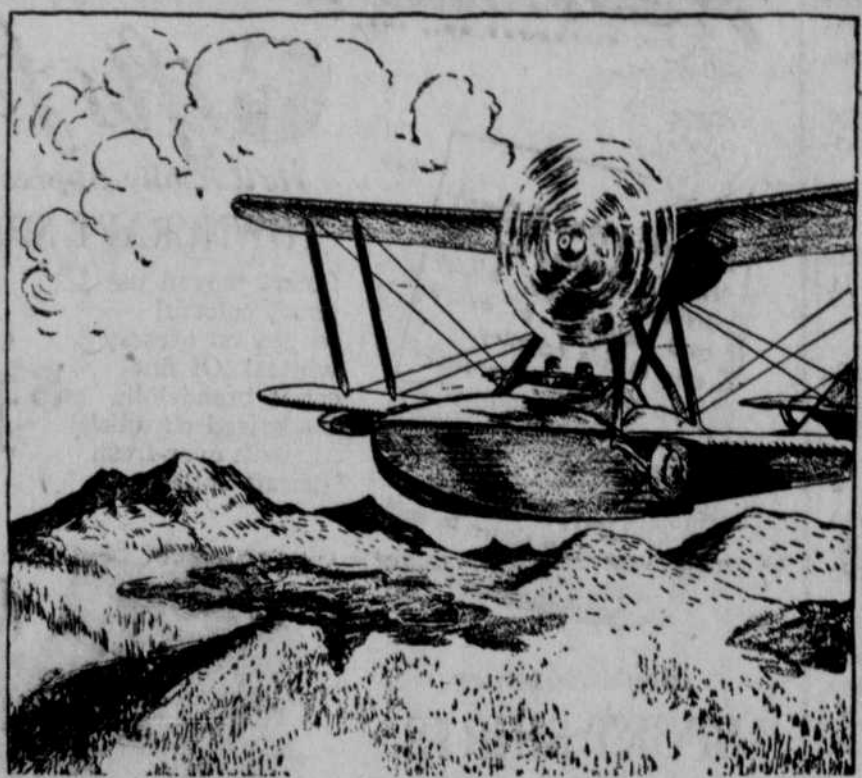
"How did you get back?"
"After you threw the door on the fire we didn't need that log. Crawled back. There is a pink light in the east. The wind has changed. It's blowing the smoke away. They will find us soon. Meanwhile—" he cleared the huskiness from his voice to suggest practically, "let's sit on the log. You may feast on that broken cracker. I'll smoke the last cigarette."

She smiled at him tremulously. "Ned. I like you better than ever before. You seem so—so different."
His mouth was grim. "Different! I have been different since you told me that I bought everything I wanted. Don't care for that word 'like.' I want your love, Jan."

She laid her hand on his. Could she make him understand?
"I love Bruce Harcourt."
The undisciplined spirit of the man to whom she had been engaged flamed in his voice. "He can't have you. Think what I can give you. Jewels, travel, sables, homes anywhere you want them."

"A home means more than a house, Ned. Somehow I've learned that in these last weeks. I feel terribly old and wise tonight. A home is built by mistakes and struggles as well as by love. It means mutual sacrifices, mutual responsibilities, spiritual companionship. You can't buy a home." She felt the hand under her clenched. "I didn't mean that you were trying to buy my love now, really I didn't. You will believe me, won't you?"

He looked down at the scorched, bruised fingers. His haggard eyes met hers. "I believe you. Jan darling, I can't let you go!"



Pasca clutched his arm. Pointed.

Bruce Harcourt looked down at Chester lying on the cot in the cabin which had been built for Janice. Stephen Mallory bending over the unconscious man was real, so was the smell of antiseptics in the air. The coast missionary gave a final touch to the bandaged arm and straightened.

"He'll be stiff for days, but nothing more serious unless inflammation sets in. Better get to bed, Harcourt, you look all in."

"All in! You don't know the half. I've had hair-raising adventures and escapes since I came into this north country but nothing equal to the hell of these last hours. Came down twice on the shore. Had to risk it, though I knew if my self-starter went on the blink I was done for. Radio wouldn't work. Compass useless. Chester half dead, I thought. Good Lord! Why am I living over that? It's behind me. If you are sure Jimmy is all right, I'll turn in."

"I'll stay with him."
Harcourt's tired eyes narrowed as he stepped out upon the board walk. Lights, voices in the dormitories at this time of night! What happened? Moonlight dappled the sparkling water with silver. What did he miss? Paxton's yacht! Gone! Janice!

He flung open the door of the H house. In the fanback chair, shoes on the rug beside her stockinged feet, sat Martha Samp. Her face was deeply lined, her eyes seemed to have been pushed back into her head with a sooty finger.

"Where's Janice? Where's Grant? What's happened?"
She patted the hand on her sleeve. "Sakes alive, Mr. Bruce, don't get scared yet."

"Scared! What do you mean? Where's Janice? Has she gone with—with—are you here to tell me?"
Bruce dropped his head on an arm outflung on the mantel. Martha Samp explained quickly:
"She's gone with Paxton, if that's what you mean, but not the way you think."

"Where is Janice? Where the devil is Grant?"
"He's gone in the launch huntin' for Kadyama. That sneaky Indian is out in his kayak an' Mr. Tubby is sure he knows somethin' about the shootin'." Paxton took M's. Hale, Mary and Janice out for a sail. They were goin' to get as near that belchin' volcano as they safely could. It was a beautiful day when they started. Along about four a storm came up, sudden. There was a great rumblin' an' then a wave which seemed mountains high swept up. Almost reached this plateau."

"Go on! Go on!"
"Even then we didn't get anxious about the boat, 'tis such a big one. About two hours ago the radio station picked up a message from the Captain."
The color went out of her face. Her fingers picked nervously at his sleeve.

"Well? Well?"
"He said that the yacht was all right an' M's. Hale an' Mary, but that he was cruisin' round to pick up the launch."
"The launch! The Modern Mariner's launch! Who was in it?"
"Janice and Paxton and two native pilots."
"That message came two hours ago! Pascal!"

The Eskimo swung open the kitchen door in answer to his shout. His beady eyes bulged in their slanted slits. His bronzed face was curiously colorless. "Fuel the Sikorsky. Quick! Be ready to take-off."
"Yes sirree, I hustle."

Martha wiped away two big tears. "Sakes alive, I didn't know I could feel so sentimental. Got all worked up 'cause Mary didn't come back. Now I know she's safe I'm kinder crackin' up. I've got hot chocolate on the stove at the Waffle Shop. You can't fly right if you don't take care of yourself. You stop there an' have a cup. I'll fill a thermos bottle and pack a basket with food. When you find Janice, she'll be hungry as a bear, prob'ly. Now don't you worry. Remember there's a gate in every wall."

A gate in every wall. Harcourt repeated the phrase over and over as the amphibian climbed. It kept at bay thoughts which almost drove

him mad. The overturned launch! Janice hurt. Janice suffering. Janice on some lonely shore with Paxton.

"You fly up play tag with stars, yes sirree." Pasca's guttural voice came through the ear-phone in warning. "Gettin' day quick. Look—see. We fin' dem now."

"Watch the shore for signs of a fire, Pasca."
Below, the white yacht steamed slowly, like a fabled bird floating on the breast of the water. Still searching. From a volcano-top in the east a column of smoke rose languorously, as though the force within the mountain was too exhausted from its orgy to do more than send out a puff of hot breath.

"Look! See!"
Harcourt leaned over the side to follow Pasca's shaking finger. Listened at a precarious angle, a launch was piled up on a beach under a cliff. He sent the Sikorsky wing-slipping down for a closer view. The launch from the Modern Mariner! Each foam-tipped wave set the contents awash. Life preservers floated out with the receding tide.

Harcourt strained his eyes till they seemed starting from their sockets, flew low over it. Not a sign of life. No smoke rising from the woods near. That wrecked boat didn't mean necessarily that Jan had been in it when it struck. Paxton might have thought it wise to go ashore before. Paxton!

"She's safe! I know she's safe!" Harcourt told himself savagely and climbed into the air. On toward the mountain. Pasca, who had been leaning over, looking down, clutched his arm. Pointed. Above a clearing on the shore hung a blue haze. Wood smoke! No mistaking that. He leaned over. Shouted directions to the Eskimo. Could he land on that shore? He must. The great winged creature obeyed his lightest touch, came down and settled on the water with the ease of a mammoth swan. On the edge of the shore Harcourt touched the control which released the landing wheels. It taxied smoothly up the sloping beach.

He flung helmet and goggles to the seat before he climbed out. Revolver in hand, he gave a few curt directions to Pasca.
"I do what you say. Your face white as crater-top. You fin' 'em pretty quick now. All fine an' dandy. Yes sirree."

Harcourt nodded. His throat ached unbearably. If Janice were under that smoke haze she would have heard the plane. She would have rushed to the shore long before this. Perhaps she was hurt.

Horror clutched at his throat, he stumbled into a clearing. Stopped. Caught at a scorched spruce to steady himself. Were those real persons on the threshold of that blackened shack? Their clothes were scorched brown, their faces smooched as stokers'. The girl's head rested against one side of the door frame which leaned like the Tower of Pisa. The man was huddled against the other. Were they—before his parched tongue could formulate the word, he had his hand on her shoulder.

"Janice! Janice!"
Paxton lifted heavy lids. Closed them. Mumbled sleepily: "Damn you, Saki. Why you wake me?"
He tumbled over flat as the girl sprang to her feet. She held out her hands. Sobbed.

"Bruce! I knew you'd find us."
"He caught her close in one arm. His hand tightened on his revolver. "Look up at me, Jan."
She leaned her head back against his shoulder. The grimace about her mouth was dented with dimples, laughter shone through tears in her sleep-clouded eyes.

"Look at you! You don't have to growl that command. I never was so glad to look at anyone in all my life."
"Thank God!"
His heart swelled in a passion of gratitude. She was living, safe unharmed. He slipped the revolver into its holster. The arm which held her tightened. She pressed her face against his breast before she confided with unsteady gale:

"I hate to see—grossly material at this climactic moment, but you don't happen to have a broiled live lobster or sea-food Newburg up your sleeve, do you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Released by Western Newspaper Union.

He Taught Us to Honor the 'Star Spangled Banner'
YOU are a good American, so you arise when the band or orchestra plays "The Star Spangled Banner" and you stand with head uncovered when the American flag passes by. You do that as a mark of respect for our national anthem and our national emblem.

Perhaps you didn't know it, but one man is largely responsible for both patriotic customs. You may never have heard of him but he was an officer in the United States army and his name was Caleb H. Carlton. Moreover, to him belongs a certain amount of credit for the fact that "The Star Spangled Banner" IS our national anthem.

The story of Caleb Carlton and his part in establishing these customs came to light recently when his daughter, Mrs. Mabel Carlton Horner of Philadelphia, presented to the Friends of the Middle Border society at Dakota Wesleyan university at Mitchell, S. D., a letter written by her father back in 1914. In that year the citizens of Baltimore were planning to observe the centennial of the event, the successful defense of Fort M'Henry, which inspired Francis Scott Key to write his immortal song.

Unable to attend the celebration, General Carlton sent his regrets in a letter which said:

I especially regret this as I was probably the first officer of the United States army to order this air played at all band practices and to require all persons present to rise and pay it proper respect. I was promoted to the colonelcy of the Eighth United States cavalry in 1892 and assumed command of that regiment at Fort Meade, S. D., when my wife suggested that I try to establish a special national air, such as all other nations had. We selected "The Star Spangled Banner" as it was written under very unusual circumstances.

Our printed programs for parades, band concerts, etc., stated that "The Star Spangled Banner" would be the last air



BRIG. GEN. C. H. CARLTON

played. A note at the bottom of the programs required all persons within hearing to rise and all men not under arms to remove their hats. During all practice marches, as well as in garrison, this custom was followed and the same behavior required of all civilians within the lines.

The New York Times referred to the fact that the colonel of the Eighth cavalry was trying to establish a national anthem. This attracted the attention of Colonel Cook, in command of the recruiting depot at David's Island, who wrote me that he was having recruits taught to sing our national air. I suggested that he concentrate his instruction on "The Star Spangled Banner."

When Governor Sheldon of South Dakota visited Fort Meade our custom was explained to him. Later I attended a reception given by Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania at the governor's mansion in Harrisburg and he promised me that he would try to have the custom established among the state militia.

Not long afterward I had an interview on the subject with the secretary of war, Daniel E. Lamont, and my impression is that it was but a few months later that he issued an order requiring "The Star Spangled Banner" to be played at every army post every evening at retreat. In addition to this I tried to enforce respect for our national flag by having every one rise and remove their hats when the Colors passed them.

Several years later the adjutant general of the army issued an order that "the musical composition familiarly known as 'The Star Spangled Banner' be designated as the national air of the United States of America, but that these regulations are binding only upon the personnel of the military and naval services." In 1916 President Wilson issued a similar order, but it was not until March, 1931, that congress passed a bill, which was signed by President Hoover, officially designating "The Star Spangled Banner" as "our national anthem." The man most responsible for this law was the late Capt. Walker J. Joyce, then a national officer of the V. F. W.

Thus the seed which had been planted by Caleb Carlton at a frontier army post in South Dakota just 50 years ago bore fruit in the national capital and gave to America her official hymn.

Carlton was born in Ohio in 1836 and was graduated from West Point in the class of 1859. His first service was on the Pacific coast from which he returned in time to take part in the fighting that followed the First Battle of Bull Run. Thereafter he was actively engaged throughout the war, except for six months in Libby prison, after being captured at the Battle of Chickamauga. For his gallantry in battle he received two brevets but at the close of the war reverted to his rank as a captain of infantry in the regular army.

Summer 'Date' Dresses Made of Eyelet Batiste, Waffle Pique

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE stage of fashion is all set for a program that will dramatize beguiling "sweet simplicity" in party and other "date" dresses fashioned of very lovely fine lingerie cottons.

In the new summer collections you will see the endearing charm of sheer organza revived in all its former glory, the soft grace of supple cotton voiles, the quaintness of flower-sprigged dimity, the prettiness of cotton laces. You will see dotted nets and swisses and the puritan simplicity of immaculate waffle pique.

Wise choices are being made now by young party-goers and by brides-to-be and their attendants. They are selecting dresses which will double as evening gowns. To them the dress to the right in the above picture will make an instantaneous appeal. It is of white waffle pique (an outstanding fabric this summer) trimmed with Irish crochet. The youthful formality of this gown is a delight to the eye with its floor-length skirt and its demurely buttoned bodice with the very new low neckline. The crochet lace trim on the girlish pique sash is very effective. Note, too, the cotton thread crocheted gloves. That dress, gloves, sash and all can be tubbed to perfection is certainly a persuasive argument in favor of this winsome costume.

The revival of exquisitely fine embroidered batiste is a matter of rejoicing. Important days and events deserve a "best" dress, and here you see it shown to the left in the above group. The eyelet em-

broided batiste of which it is fashioned is the sort you'll treasure the whole summer through. This frock is cut along lines that give a long-torso effect. It has a flattering square neck and dainty wee ruffles.

Special emphasis is given to the return of lovely batiste frocks. Women of discriminating taste are turning to them this season for wear to choicest events. They are embroidered and fascinatingly lace-trimmed and are sometimes so exquisitely hand wrought they should be handed down as heirlooms.

When it comes to sheer, fragile-looking prints, there is an endless array this season. These often carry border effects and, when made up, have an air of exclusiveness about them like that of the quaint party dress centered in the above illustration. If you have a way with the needle, here's a dramatic gown for you to whip up in short order in a stunning printed cotton. Its flounced skirt is in keeping with a new trend this season and the very popular square neckline adds charm to the snugly fitted bodice.

A story of many chapters could be written about the interesting things designers are doing with waffle pique. To give a touch of vivid color the bodice of a white pique dance frock may be trimmed with bandings eyeleted in bright red. Then, too, very striking daytime dresses place appliques of gorgeous cutout florals on pique in wide border fashion around the full hemline, with corresponding touches on the sleeves. Unique and interesting piques for summer school wardrobes combine gingham with pique in cut out flower motifs of the gingham applied to the pique.

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I'M THE WHITE SOAP, THE RIGHT SOAP FOR LAUNDRY AND DISHES.

For Cycling



This cycling costume conforms with priority rulings. Blue denim goes into the pinafore-topped cut-lottes. The divided skirt features the new above - the - knee length. Handy hip pockets with brown disk buttons of wood are smart details. The blouse of printed calico looks as if it might have been fashioned from Aunt Jimima's red bandana handkerchiefs. Red shoes, blue socks, a natural straw hat and a postman handbag complete this costume.

Show Novel Styles For At-Home Wear

Leading stores are giving much attention to apparel for at-home entertaining. This is being done in recognition of the fact that there will be considerably fewer long-distance motor trips being taken this season due to gas restrictions and tire conditions. There will be more garden parties and barbecue parties which will take on delightful informality. Contrasted with them will be the more important dinner-in-the-garden affairs.

For the latter, lovely hostess gowns are being shown styled of rayon satins, gorgeous prints and many beautiful sheers in pastel tones. For the more informal parties, novel and amusing dresses are to be found, some charming with a rustic beauty, others of utterly utilitarian gingham or calico or gaily flowered chintz. Among the most popular of these dresses are apron dresses, slacks outfits and simple shirtwaist types, with emphasis on giddily colored dirmdils for the younger set.

Flowers Drip Gaily From The Sides of Your Head

If you have been keeping up with new trends in flower trims and hats, you will have discovered that designers are handling them in new and unique ways. The graceful pendant flower trims are charming and ever so flattering. The flattery about them lies in the way the flowers are placed so as to trail down at one side. In some instances they fall pendant over each ear. Usually this method calls for graceful long stems. Sometimes the hat is a mere bandeau with flowers attached. The fashion is also carried to big brims. In that case the flowers trail from underneath the brim in artistic positioning.

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