

Postal Censorship Ferrets Out Messages From Enemy Agents

Experts in the office of censorship in New York city, where foreign mail is examined, leave no stone unturned to make sure that no messages to aid the enemy go out in the mails. All incoming foreign mail is carefully examined by a staff of expert workers. In the picture at the right an expert in the office of censorship uses a mirror to examine the inside of an envelope.



Picture Parade



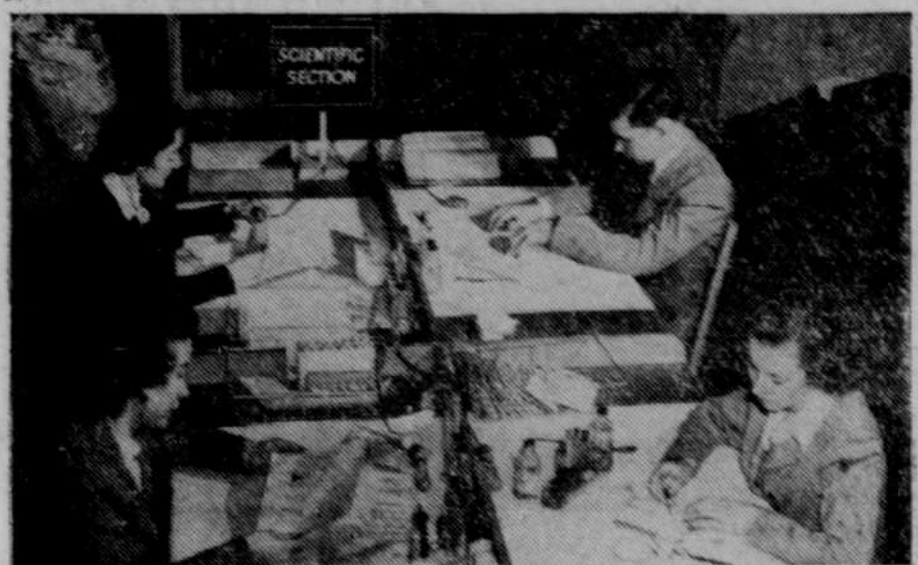
A general view in the office of postal censorship in New York city. The employees in this office are on to all the tricks of the spies, and their bag of tricks is a pretty big one.



Lt. Col. Harry O. Compton, district postal censor, and head of the office of postal censorship in New York, shown at his desk.



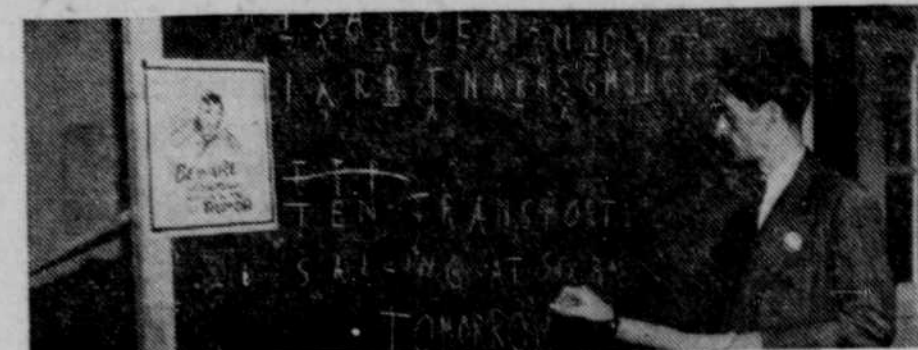
A girl worker uses a magnifying glass to examine a letter written in Dutch. She is searching for a possible code message.



It would take a smart spy to get his message past this assembly of expert spy busters in the scientific section. Suspect messages are given an especially careful going over to discover any hidden code or invisible writing meant to convey a message to the enemy.



Here a worker is developing invisible writing discovered in a letter—and you can be sure the letter did not go through.



Hard at work deciphering a code message found in a letter. Things like this give the experts lots of work to do.

Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING

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. Bruce comes to the rescue finally. Now continue with the story.



The Indian bared yellow teeth in a wolfish smile.

CHAPTER XVIII
Harcourt's voice shook. "Nothing up my sleeve, dear, but eats in the cockpit."
"And smokes?" Her voice spoke betrayingly. "Ned has suffered untold tortures since his last cigarette. He has been wonderful, Bruce, but he is so exhausted I was frightened. Thank God, you've come. You're so—so staunch, so brown, so—so heart-warming."

Bruce Harcourt tapped on the door of Janice's room. No answer. He glanced at his wrist-watch. Ten o'clock. He tapped again. Dead to the world probably, tired child. Immediately upon landing on the flying field soon after dawn, she had gone to the H house, two of the men had rowed Paxton out to his yacht. He hated to waken her, but the Commissioner wanted to push the investigation. Chester was up, bandaged, grim-lipped, ashen. They needed Jan to take stenographic notes. He lifted the latch, entered the room. She lay as in a rosy cloud, bare arms outspread as if she had flung herself face down in utter exhaustion. Her hair which waved to the shoulders of her orchid pajama blouse still showed damp traces of a shampoo. Her hands were scratched and burned. On one a circlet of diamonds emitted tiny sparks. His ring.

With a sudden surge of love and longing he pressed his lips to her bare arm. He spoke softly twice before she stirred. She opened the one visible eye, gazed up at him unseeing, as though her spirit were struggling back from a far country, sat up with a start. A delicate flush spread to the little damp curls at her temples.

"Bruce! What are you doing here?"
He felt his color mount to match hers. "I knocked and knocked. You didn't answer—I walked in. The Commissioner wants you to take notes. Feel equal to it?"

She was pulling on a satin coat colored like a Persian amethyst. "Equal to it? The silly season must be on when you ask me such a question. I'll be with you in just ten minutes." As he lingered at the foot of the bed, she added crisply, "that is, unless I'm detained by callers."

He laughed. "I'm going."
As he strode along the board walk he relived the few moments before the charred shack, when he had held Janice in his arms. Did her emotion at seeing him come from any deeper feeling than relief at being rescued?

The question lay like an undertone in his mind as he conferred with the Commissioner and his deputy in the Samp living-room. Jimmy Chester appeared unconscious of the black-robed woman beside him who clutched at his hand with its dark seal-ring. The Commissioner sensed her appealing loveliness if Jimmy didn't. Bruce Harcourt told himself, as he noted the official's furtive glances in her direction. The eyes of Martha Samp were on the same business, as she sat stiff-jointed as a marionette in the wing-back chair. Miss Mary, in a low rocker, was darning a sock. She looked up as Janice entered in a navy blue frock with collar and cuffs of exquisite fineness.

"My dear! My dear! I lived centuries last night. I didn't know how you had grown into my heart—until—until—" she wiped her eyes. "Martha was right when she said where you were was home for her and me."

Janice left a kiss on her soft gray hair before she took the chair with a broad arm which the deputy fustily placed for her.

The Commissioner looked up from his notes. "Bring in the Indian girl."
Miss Mary padded out of the room breathlessly, her usually serene face crinkled with anxiety.

Tatima swayed in on the heels of the younger Samp sister. Her practical work-dress was a maze of brilliant color, her blue beads were her only ornament. Her great dark eyes smoldered, she tossed her superb head as she met the Commissioner's grilling eyes.

"Hear you've had a present lately."
"Who, me?"
"Yes, you. Who gave you that

silver jewelry you were swaggering round in?"
"Who told you I—w'at you say, swagger?"
"Answer my question. Who gave you the silver?"
"Kadyama."
"Is that true?" He turned to the lowering Indian, who stood awkwardly twisting a soft hat in his hand.

"Yes. I geeve it. She marry on me."
"Cost a lot of money, didn't it? Where'd you get the cash?"
Kadyama shot the inquisitor a murderous glance before he motioned with his thumb.

"Pasca pay money he owe."
Harcourt stared incredulously at his house-boy. Pasca with money!
"Is this true? Did you pay Kadyama money?"

Pasca looked furtively at Chester. Did he answer with a slight nod or was it a figment of his own hectic imagination, Harcourt wondered.

"Yes sirree. I pay Kadyama much money. Lettle game we had. I lost. He want long time I pay."
"Where'd you get it?"
"He geeve it me." All eyes followed his nod toward the couch.

"Mm. You say that Mr. Chester gave it to you. Know where he got it?"
"How I know where he get it? He mak much money p'raps. All engineers mak much money."
"Why did he give it to you?"

"Meester Chester, he say to me, 'I geeve you two hun'd dollar—you help me.' He nice fella. I say 'Sure.'"
"How did he want you to help him?"
"He say he must mak quick get-away in plane the fella you sen' for finger-print man go in. I help your man, honest lak, then Meester Chester, pull heem out hard. I help Meester Chester get off, den lock up your man. Meester Chester pay me two hun'd dollar. I pay Kadyama. Yes sirree."
"Is this true, Chester?"
"Yes."
"Where'd you get that money? Hale's roll?"

A contemptuous smile touched the corners of Jimmy Chester's blanched lips. "No. E've never needed to steal from my brother-in-law."
"Then where—?"
"Just a minute, Commissioner. I wish next you'd ask Kadyama why he wasn't at the squaw-dance the night Joe Hale was shot. Why he was hanging round the back door of the Hale cabin." Grant's voice caught in a gulp, his green eyes blazed with excitement. Kadyama started to bolt. Grant caught him.

"Come across, Kadyama."
The Commissioner sat forward in his seat.
"Yes, Kadyama—come across."
A speck of foam bubbled at the corners of the Indian's lips, his eyes burned deep ruby lights.

"Aw right, I tell. I went to Hale cabin—good chance—one, two dance goin', everybody there, he alone, to tell heem Tatima my squaw."
"Did you tell him?"
"Never had no chance. I go in back door. Look roun' screen. Meester Hale sit in wheel-chair countin' roll of money. I tink, now's my time. I step out—not quick enough—front door open, slow—slow—"

"Go on! Who came in that door?"
Kadyama pointed to the couch.
"Chester! I thought so. What did Hale do when he came in?"
Kadyama sniffed contempt. "You tink you pretty smart fella, eatch me, huh? Not Meester Chester come in. She, Mees Hale." He pointed to the woman who sat, fair head bent, clutching her brother's hand.

Millicent! She had said that she had found Hale dead! Harcourt crushed back dismay, to listen.
"Mrs. Hale. Are you sure?"
"Let me speak."
"Sit down, Chester, your turn will come. Go on, Kadyama, what happened next?"

"Meester Hale, he begin to talk loud an' hard. Vera fast. Mees Hale say nothin'. She open table drawer, tak out somethin'. She laugh, she say:
"See this revolver, Joe? I borrowed it. Bully in you skulk when Jimmy treaten you. I try it. If you say one word more, I fire. E' you curse, jump for her, he catch re-

voicer way from her han', it fire, he fall. I go."
The occupants of the room sat as still as though under the spell of a necromancer.

Millicent Hale rose, caught the mantel shelf to steady herself.

"Kadyama is telling the truth. I had seen my husband cringe before my brother's threat. I thought, 'Perhaps I've been too easy, perhaps Joe will have more respect for me if I defy him.' I had been frightfully unhappy. It seemed as though I couldn't go on another day. I was crazed with despair." Her voice, which had been broken, steadied. She straightened, cast off confusion, fear, like a princess discarding a tattered cloak. "Believe me or not, I had not the slightest intention of shooting my husband. I didn't even know the revolver was loaded. I had never had one in my hand before I took Mr. Harcourt's down from the wall and hid it in our cabin. Before I could make my grandstand play of aiming it, Joe had caught it. It went off. He fell. Terrified, I tried to lift him. Horrified, I realized what had happened. I would be accused of shooting him, I, who never in my life had hurt anything. What should I do? A roll of money lay at his feet. I tucked it into the bosom of my gown. Crazed, I picked up the revolver, stole down to the shore, flung it into the water. I raced and stumbled to the H house to tell Bruce Harcourt what had happened. He would advise me what to do. When he opened the door—I remembered that—that—he was married—I called out something, then the room went black." She dropped to the couch. Her brother put his bandaged arm about her.

The Commissioner's eyes were points of steel as he regarded them.

"If that's true—" he held up his hand as Millicent Hale opened her lips. "I believe you. Only a fool would doubt your story—why in the devil did you make your get-away, Chester?"

"It was a dumb move. When Harcourt told me that his revolver had been stolen, the remembrance of my sister's laugh after I had threatened her husband flashed through my mind. I remembered the questions she had asked, the interest she had shown in the holster on the H house wall the afternoon we were decorating for the party. I was certain that she had shot him. I felt responsible. I had put the fool idea into her head. I didn't realize it was an accident. I thought if I got away you would think I did it. It would give us time to figure out the best thing to be done."

The Commissioner glared at Kadyama. "Why haven't you told of what you saw?"
The Indian bared yellow teeth in a wolfish smile. "Why I tell? Much obliged to Mees Hale. She save me much trouble—p'raps prison. I help her. When you say I shoot heem den plenty time to tell."

"It didn't occur to you that coming across with the truth was the best thing to be done, I suppose, Chester?"

"Sakes alive, Mr. Commissioner, it occurred to me." Martha Samp's agate eyes sparkled.
"You—you—suspected the truth all this time?" The Commissioner's diction suggested a skipping motor-engine.

"I did. I told you I heard her and her husband quarreling. I didn't try to hear what they said. I slipped away as I told you, thinkin' that while ice-cream might be coolin' to the tongue, 'twouldn't do much to tempers. That night when I went to the H house an' found her skint all wet and draggled, I suspected; when I found this tucked in her bodice—I knew."

She drew a roll of bills from her pocket, tossed it to the table. Color darkened the Commissioner's face. His fingers twitched with anger.

"You've let us sweat blood over this when all the time you knew! Why didn't you tell, woman?"
Martha Samp rose in impressive dignity. "You came here like a lord. Just thought I'd see how a real live official handled a case. I've got my knowledge from the papers, an' I'll say right now, reports are much more interesting than the real thing as conducted by you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cotton Plays a Stellar Role Throughout the Fashion Drama

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHAT'S the smartest fabric for summer? Cotton! Gingham, calicoes, denims and other equally humble cottons have soared to such heights of importance you can count on finding them 'way ahead of more pretentious fabrics in popularity.

Then, too, there is a feeling spreading among women that cottons are American and that it's a fine patriotic gesture to wear simple, pretty clothes that radiate cotton freshness. And so it is! In the gallant "spirit of '42" we are returning to the sweet simplicity of fashions made of cottons ranging from the most lowly, practical working-aday types to appealing, lovely sheers that are correct even for formal wear.

To add to the zest of things, the current trend to cottons brings into use materials that were once never thought of in connection with costume design, such as, for instance, upholstery prints, pillow ticking, awning stripes, quilted calicoes, quilt patchwork prints. The truth is, anything on the "what-have-you" list of cotton materials qualifies as high fashion these days if given artful and ingenious styling.

Just now a novel cotton that comes under the glare of fashion's spotlight is quilt patchwork print. It is used for the cunning dress to the right in the above picture. You will see these amusing prints that make gay color contrast their theme in all the best store windows and on all the best beaches and in all the finest gardens. That calls to mind the latest entertaining "stunt," backyard barbecue parties for stay-at-homes with whom long motoring trips are taboo due to gas restrictions. Alert to the new movement,

designers are creating cunning fashions of gay cottons. In the country casual pictured the patchwork design of the printed calico adds interest to the simple lines of the dress. The square neck and set-in waistband are smart style details. A triangle of light color at the neck achieves a yoke effect, with another in the skirt to look like an apron.

Darling daughters, as the illustration to the left in the above pictures shows, are going to the shore and out to swim as well, in striped glazed chintz. This cotton drapery fabric has made the hit of the season, appearing everywhere, in evening gowns, daytime dresses and play clothes. The pinafore shown covers a striped "bra" and plain green chintz shorts.

The clam-digger overall and wrap-around skirt of the play suit centered in the group is equally at home working in the garden or on the beach. The material for this outfit is long-wearing and easy-to-wash denim in the popular faded blue. Its demure blouse, with pleated frills on the collar and cuffs, utilizes yellow calico in a quaint print. Without the blouse the overall is a grand costume in which to absorb the vitamin-giving rays of the sun.

Watch summer suits made of cottons! They're the rage this season. The long-jacket types lead, and they are of gingham, seersucker, gabardine, chambray, denim and shantung (black shantung is very smart). They are the smartest ever for about-town wear. Dressier suits are made of gay cotton prints.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

War Bride



This charmingly feminine coiffure, especially designed for the war bride, is presented by the Chicago and Illinois Hairdressers' association. The bride's hair is arranged in a rolled-back pompadour indented with a deep shadow wave, which provides a perfect complement to the coronet bridal veil. Clusters of loose finger curls are arranged at the neckline.

Suit Fabrics Can Be Sheer or Sturdy

The suit mode has carried over from spring to summer. The difference in suits now and then is chiefly in the materials, which feature gingham, washable gabardines in pastels, navy or black.

A leading favorite is the suit made of black shantung. You can wear the new shantungs all summer long and look well dressed.

An interesting item about summer suits is that so many have short sleeves. Most of the longer ones are of the open "bell" type, and they do not reach to the wrist.

Thin black mesh suits are a foremost fashion. These illustrate the renewed enthusiasm for the dressier uses of fragile black. This trend is carried on in lace-trimmed afternoon dresses with their exquisite detail.

Newest of the Browns

Is the Smart 'Ginger' Making conversation everywhere in fashion circles are the new summer browns. Merchants are showing everything from hats and shoes to dresses and wraps in the new browns.

These are called by various names, including toast, cinnamon, cocoa, luggage, and the newest of all is ginger brown. A shantung suit in ginger brown is a "last word" in fashion. Also, many of the best looking prints are in brown and white.

Clever Designers Use Glass, Seeds and Nuts

Now that so many materials have been restricted, it is interesting to note what clever media are taking their place.

Quilted Hats

Ask your milliner to show you the newest in quilted hats. No doubt you will be shown hats of yellow hambray quilted in the latest smart manner, for yellow is a much emphasized color in millinery fashions this season. Flowered chintz quilted is also very smart.