

Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING
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CHAPTER XIX

The Commissioner showed symptoms of apoplexy. "You could be jailed for holding back testimony."

Martha Samp bristled. "Sakes alive, could I? Because I waited for M's. Hale to tell herself. She's been a loyal wife. She's been through hell without whimpering. I knew when she got to thinking she'd straighten things out. The world's just bubbled with stories of man's loyalty to man, but there isn't so much said about woman's loyalty to woman, an' letting her tell her own story was my idea of loyalty to her."

"Suppose she hadn't told?"
"She did, didn't she? But I provided against that. When I've read about trials it's seemed to me that testimony re-hashed months after the crime took place couldn't be very accurate. The morning after the shooting I wrote down everything I'd heard and seen. Sealed it. Took it to the radio man. He stamped it with place and date just as he does letters that go out. Here it is." She handed the Commissioner an envelope. He turned it over in his hand. Conferred with the deputy. Rose.

"My associate and I agree that the late Joe Hale met his death by accident. The inquest is closed."

"All you little doughboys come and get your chow!" The ringing call of the bugle pierced Bruce Harcourt's absorption—as he left the Samp cabin. Would he find Janice at the office, or would she have gone to luncheon? She had slipped away directly after the Commissioner had pronounced a verdict of accidental shooting. Paxton, immaculately attired, with deep lines of exhaustion about his eyes and an apparent stiffness in every joint, had come in, had announced an afternoon departure. He had offered to take anyone who wanted to go back to the States. Millicent had been tearfully eager to get away. Mallory advised expert surgical treatment for Jimmy Chester.

Janice was hooding her typewriter as he entered the office. Her cheek still bore faintly pink evidence of Blot's mercurial temperament, but her eyes and smile were radiant.

"Now that the cyclone of excitement has passed over, I hope to accomplish something."

Harcourt picked up a letter from his desk. "This is Alaska. You mustn't expect life here to be like life in New York. It's a different story in this wilderness."

"Paxton's yacht goes out this afternoon with Mrs. Hale, Chester and the Commissioner aboard. I want you to go with them."

Amazed consternation wiped the happy radiance from her face. "I! On Ned Paxton's boat? You advise that?"

"Two days ago I would not have permitted it, but he has proved himself trustworthy. This letter is from your brother Billy. I wrote him after I discovered the identity of Jimmy Delevan. I've told you before that I will not let you spend a winter here. As soon as I can get leave I will join you and we'll—well, we will talk things over. I will cable Billy to meet the yacht at Seattle."

"Just like that!" Her eyes were brilliant with anger, he could see her throat contract. "You needn't trouble to cable Billy. I'm not going. Tubby Grant hired me to work for the outfit. I shall keep my position here. You talk about my going back as though it were as simple as setting out for dinner and dance. How am I to earn my living when I get to the States? It isn't so easy to pick up a job. Perhaps you think I'll live on my brother. Absolutely not!"

Indignation swept him like a red hot wave. "My life does not need a job. You'll have half my salary, more if you need it."

"Your wife! I'm not your wife. I'm merely a companion on trial. Money doesn't figure in that agreement. Do you think I would accept it from you? You can't give me even understanding. When you made good my silly lie to Ned Paxton, I saw myself as I was, always at the mercy of my imagination. I determined that I would do my utmost to make you happy. I didn't know then that 'if you'd only waited' you would have married Millicent Hale."

"Jan!"
"That whitens your face, doesn't it? You can have her now. Better go along in the yacht yourself and start annulment proceedings. Once you told me that when you munched back behind the dog-team and saw the H house through the falling snow, it seemed like coming home, although you knew that only a husky and a house-boy waited for you behind those lighted windows. I had thought that next winter you might be glad to find me there too. My mistake."

The picture she conjured of her lovely self waiting for him to come in through the snow-filled darkness set Harcourt's blood afire. With all his strength he resisted her charm. He kept his voice under rigid control.

"That means that you will go—this afternoon?"

Her breath was a straggling sob. She caught her lips between her teeth. From the threshold she de-

fed him. "Iceberg! I'll go, but only from the H house. Now that the one person to be impressed by convention is leaving—I will return to Argus of the Hundred Eyes and Miss Mary. They'll be glad to have me back with them." Grant pushed open the door. "Thank heaven, you've come, Tubby. You almost lost your secretary. Your superior officer was giving her notice. Don't ruffle up like a turkey-cock. She wouldn't accept it." The door closed behind her before Grant emerged from a stupor of surprise.

"New orders for us came by plane this morning. No bridge-building this winter. Retrenchment all along the line. We are to push the tracks from here south while the weather holds—the Crowned Heads are all excited about pulp-wood possibilities—then keep the repair shops at headquarters humming till spring."

"Headquarters for us all. Janice will be crazy about the winter here. We'll teach her to pilot, to handle a dog-team."

Harcourt crossed to his desk. "I want her to go out on Paxton's boat with the others this afternoon."

"Says you!" The words bubbled with indignation. "Granted you're a yow of an engineer, as a married man you're a total loss. Isn't he, Miss Martha?" he demanded, as the elder Miss Samp entered the office.

"Isn't he what? I heard you shout—Mr. Tubby, as I came from M's. Hale's cabin—she's pretty near packed up—an' dropped in to see if you were tryin' to talk with Fairbanks without a wire."

Grant's grievance was too acute to permit of appreciation of her humor. "You'll shout when you hear that the chief wants Janice to join the party on Paxton's yacht."

"Sakes alive, has the excitement turned his brain?" Miss Samp dropped into a chair. "Course 'tisn't any of my business any more than 'tis Mr. Tubby's, but why are you sending that child away, Mr. Bruce?"

"You have been so kind to Janice that it is your business, Miss Martha. I don't want her to experience the hardships of a winter here. Remember what this life did to Millicent Hale."

Martha Samp's gnarled fingers stroked the glossy coat of the black cat circling in her lap. She regarded Harcourt with shrewd eyes.

"Did he! It made a woman of her, didn't it? Think back. She came here just an ordinary, spoiled, flighty young married girl. At first she fretted. Then she kinder found herself. Never complained. She developed the heart, the endurance of a noble woman."

"And how did it end?"
"You mean about her kinder flyin' off the handle at the last? I've got a pretty good idea of what caused it. She got to leanin' on you, Mr. Bruce, you were all her husband wasn't. When Janice came along, so pretty an' gay an' attractive, she got to broodin' on her troubles an' 'thinkin' life played favorites, an' something snapped. She hadn't any notion of hurtin' Joe. Course she shouldn't have threatened him, but who doesn't do a fool thing or two in the course of a life? Doesn't it restore your faith in human nature to find an officer of the law with the common sense to recognize an accident when he sees one, an' not try to make a criminal out of a female who hasn't enough sense to leave a revolver hangin' in its holster?"

Martha Samp's argument seethed like an undercurrent in Harcourt's mind during the afternoon as he packed for Chester, sent messages, helped the Commissioner with his

reports. Not until she came to the shore to embark in the launch which was to take her to the yacht did he speak to Millicent Hale. Her hand clung to his, her violet eyes were tear-filled.

"I wish I were the one to stay with you, Bruce."

He smiled and shook his head. "You have forgotten the long, dark winter. I'm willing to bet that with the first sight of the lights of Vancouver, you'll be thanking all the gods that be that you're back in civilization."

Side by side Harcourt and Grant watched the launch as it shot like a brown streak for the yacht. Indians and Eskimos stood in groups on the shingle behind them, section bosses and engineers, with unconsciously wistful faces, waited for the Modern Mariner to hoist the anchor.

Janice was leaning against the H house, eyes on the pale blur which was gliding into an opaline mist. Her long lashes were wet, but she faced him with gay bravado.

"Sorry not to have been moved out before you came back, but Pasca was so busy helping the travelers off that he had no time for me."

He caught her by the shoulders. "You're not going back to the Samp cabin. You will stay in my house."

She defied him flippantly. "Big Chief! Heap bossy! You tried to push me out of headquarters, and now you are dictating as to where I shall live. I am working for Tubby Grant, not for you."

His hands tightened. "Jan, my dear, don't you know what it means to love a person so much that you would tear your heart out if you thought it best for her?" He cleared his voice of huskiness. "I know that you are forcing yourself to stay, triumphing over what you think is a fear-complex, what I know to be imagination. I know, also, that if you stay here you are bound to be miserably unhappy."

Angry tears drenched the eyes which made them think of bronze pansies. "How do you know that I would be unhappy? You and Tubby and the Samp girls think Mrs. Hale a marvel of sweetness and light because she carried on. Why shouldn't she? It was her job. You talk about love. A lot you know about it. I can see you following a person half across the world. Not a chance!"

"Jan!" The incredulous whisper brought her eyes to his. Even his lips whitened. "Jan!" He caught her up in his arms, kicked open the door. His laugh was a caress. "This time I'll carry my bride across the threshold as big, strong men do in the movies and points south." He set her on her feet, gently raised her chin till her head rested against his shoulder, demanded softly:

"All right with you, Beautiful?"
Eyes valiant, lovely color tinting her soft skin, she answered with an unsteady attempt at raillery. "I never did think much of that trial companionship idea of yours. If you care—"

"Care! If I care!" In a fury of passion he kissed her eyes, the hollow in her throat, her mouth. Kissed her vehemently, thoroughly. Said with a husky, reckless laugh: "That's how I care."

Tubby Grant pushed open the door. "First call for tea in the dining-car! You—" His voice dwindled to a gurgle. He blinked something suspiciously like tears from his wistful green eyes. With a softly breathed, "Praise be to Allah!" he gently closed the door from the outside.

(THE END)

History in the News

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

The Real 'Father of Independence'

ASK the average American who was the "Author of the Declaration of Independence" and the chances are that he will answer correctly—"Why, Thomas Jefferson, of course!" But we who, on the Fourth of July, honor the signers of that immortal document, are all too likely to forget completely the real "Father of Independence!"

Richard Henry Lee was his name and for him, "independence" was more than just a word. It was a living reality—and a family tradition. When Oliver Cromwell overthrew the rule of the Stuarts, his great-grandfather, Richard Lee, with Sir William Berkeley, held the colony of Virginia to its allegiance to Charles I and it was Richard Lee who made the treaty with Cromwell's forces by which the colony was recognized as an independent dominion.

With such a heritage, it was not surprising then that Richard Henry Lee should become a valiant defender of the right of men to be free. Elected to the house of burgesses in 1757, his first speech was one denouncing the institution of slavery and advocating a tax upon the importation of slaves so heavy as eventually to destroy that traffic. Long before his fellow-Virginian, Patrick Henry, was demanding



Richard Henry Lee

"Give me liberty or give me death!", Richard Henry Lee was rebelling against the attempts of the government overseas to limit the liberties of its American colonies. In 1772 Lee protested against the establishment of admiralty courts, which took away the right of trial by jury, and when the Boston port bill was passed, he suggested the sending of delegates to a colonial congress which should take such measures as were necessary to resist such tyrannical acts. When the First Continental congress was called the next year, Lee was one of the first delegates chosen from Virginia and in that congress he became a member of all the leading committees. He wrote the memorial to the British people, pleading with them to help correct the injustices to their American cousins and he is also credited with writing a similar address to the king.

Then came the convening of the Second Continental congress to which Lee was again elected a delegate. In 1775 he was one of a committee which drafted the commission of another fellow-Virginian as commander-in-chief of the Continental army and George Washington put on his buff-and-blue uniform to lead the fight for American liberties.

Heretofore the talk had been about the "rights of English citizens" but as the year 1776 opened men began to talk about the "rights of Americans." And of all those who dared to begin using the word "independence," Richard Henry Lee was the most outspoken.

Then came June 7, 1776, and on that date Richard Henry Lee offered his historic resolution "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, free and totally dissolved."

Some of the fainthearts were horrified at this drastic step. But slowly and surely the sentiment for independence gained ground. At last a committee was appointed to draft a Declaration of Independence. By every right Richard Henry Lee should have been on that committee and have written the historic document. But he had been summoned home by illness in his family. Thus the task fell to Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. So Jefferson became the "Author of the Declaration of Independence." But who can deny that to Richard Henry Lee rightfully belongs the title of "Father of American Independence?"

Although Lee returned to Philadelphia in time to sign the declaration, it is an ironical fact that he almost lost that liberty which he so loved. For a force of British swooped down upon Stratford, his ancestral home, and Lee narrowly escaped capture by them. Until 1779 he remained in congress, taking a leading part in preparing plans for treaties with foreign nations which brought the help so desperately needed by the Patriots. For a time he commanded the militia of his native county in repelling British raids along the coast of Virginia.

Summer Fashions Tell a Story Of Fascinating Color Trends

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT IS with a lavish hand that fashion dealt out color during the spring season, and the emphasis on color glamour in the style picture is rushing on at a fast and furious rate in the summer program.

It is not only that designers are making a brilliant record in carrying out color technique that gives full play to the imagination in the matter of almost unbelievable combinations that either contrast or blend, but the fact that featured in-dulgent colors are in themselves so refreshingly "new" and out of the ordinary makes this a season that fairly thrills with excitement. Speaking in general, the scheme of things seems to indicate gowns and suits styled with sophisticated simplicity, yet so strikingly colorful there's never a dull moment throughout the current fashion program.

Two outstanding trends that lead to a new high in color glory in the summer picture stress flattering, romantic grays in soft sheers for both day and evening wear, and also a mad rush for dresses, coats, millinery and accessories done in bright yellows, lemon yellow being most important of all.

The flattery of these colors is told in the two handsome, summery costumes pictured in the above illustration. In each instance it is color that exultantly gives drama to the ensemble. The simple dress, topped with a swank, short box coat, shown to the right presents a monotone color scheme in the very new lemon yellow. The dress is the newly approved length with the straight skirt which is on the way for fall. The sleeves are short, as most sleeves are wont to be in summery frocks. A wide girdle belt of self-fabric fastens in front with a square covered button. The coat has cuff-

less bracelet-length sleeves. The hat is in matching yellow draw with white polka dot veiling strap under the chin.

With ladies of fashion who appreciate the refined loveliness and subtle flattery of soft grays a preference is growing for costumes made of exquisite gray sheers having an air of distinction about them that makes definite appeal to discriminating taste. The smartly styled summer gown pictured to the left in the above illustration is in this class which dramatizes sophisticated simplicity which conveys its message through style-color contrast. It is detailed with touches of chartreuse, and the wide-of-brim sun hat is carried out in chartreuse.

Speaking of color importance, "ginger" is very much exploited this season. The fashion-alert are wearing colored straw hats with their black, navy or white dresses and suits this season, and the popularity of this color is reflected in entire costumes, from hat to shoes, carried out in monotone ginger with which topaz jewelry is effectively worn. Considerable attention is being given to brown-and-white alliances. This is especially noticeable in the latest prints, so many of which are in brown patterned on a white background or in white on brown. Hats of brown straw that are be-ribboned in white are also fashionable.

Color is especially carrying on at a fast and furious rate in the realm of play clothes and casual daytime apparel.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

OLD phonograph records are now being collected for our fighting men. The movement is headed by Kay Kyser, Kate Smith and Gene Autrey, and endorsed by Ginny Simms, Lily Pons, Benny Goodman, Guy Lombardo and practically all the other top notchers in music. Used and broken records will be converted into scrap and sold, and new records bought for U. S. army camps, forts, naval stations and marine bases here and overseas. The American Legion and the Legion Auxiliary will do the picking-up. If you've got a man in the service, you know what a fine thing this is.

Columbia has two of last season's greatest grid greats, Bruce Smith of Minnesota and Frankie Albert of Stanford, on the lot in films based on their own lives. Two All-American teams will figure in each picture.

RKO added a potential 26,000,000 customers for its "Sweet and Hot" with the announcement that two highly popular coast-to-coast programs will appear in the forthcoming Tim Whelan musical, which co-



LUCILLE BALL

stars Lucille Ball and Victor Mature. Charles Victor and his "Court of Missing Heirs" program, and Ralph Edwards and the "Truth or Consequences" company have been signed up for the picture.

Director Alexander Hall sent a camera crew around the city to photograph kissing shots for a trailer for "They All Kissed the Bride." He was so impressed by a girl whom the camera caught kissing a young man good-bye at a railway station that he offered her a screen test. She was Evelyn Scott, of Salt Lake City. She accepted, but didn't show up—she'd married the man she kissed!

Betty Rhodes, one of the top singing stars in radio, will be Bing Crosby's leading lady in his next Paramount picture, a radio story tentatively titled "Manhattan at Midnight." She has her own half-hour weekly radio show, singing over a 90-station network.

Susan Peters is the happiest girl in Hollywood. She was just one of a hundred ambitious young actresses, with a small role in "Tish"—and then suddenly she had the second feminine role in "Random Harvest," starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, and a new long-term contract with Metro to boot. A local girl, she'd been trying for two years to get a start in pictures.

Recently Jack Holt visited his son Tim on location for "Pirates of the Prairie." Seeing some cowboy extras he'd played with, Jack sat down on a bench in front of a saddle shop to talk with them. A shot was made of Tim riding by—and later it was discovered that, by mistake, Jack appears in his son's picture.

Lana Turner is cheering—she won the dramatic role of the young wife in Metro's "Marriage is a Private Affair," based on the book of that name. It's a rich and sympathetic role, the sort that young actresses dream of getting.

Amelia Earhart's favorite racing plane, the one in which she broke several national records, is being used by Pat O'Brien in his role of a dare-devil pilot for Columbia's "Flight Lieutenant." It had been rented for spectacular film scenes in which O'Brien is supposed to make test dives. It was not until O'Brien saw Miss Earhart's signature scratched on the instrument panel that he learned the plane had been hers.

ODDS AND ENDS—Lucille Manners had terrific "mike fright" until an engineer took a microphone to pieces and showed her how it worked... Lionel Barrymore was asked by Rudy Vallee if he would consider taking his brother's place on the Vallee radio program, but he refused because of ill health... Columbia's "Lucky Legs" revises the "pixilated sisters" Frank Capra introduced in "Mr. Deeds" in Adele Rowland and Elizabeth Patterson... Feodor Chaliapin Jr., son of the famous Russian basso, has a short but spectacular role, that of Kashkin, in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"

MYSTERY ROMANCE ADVENTURE

SELECTED FICTION
by GIFTED AUTHORS

YOU HAVE JUST CONCLUDED READING A

WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT

Grooming Essential To Chic Appearance

Now that wartime chic is ushering in simplicity in dress, placing special emphasis on practical suits, it becomes more than ever essential that special care be given to the matter of neat grooming.

A simple, becoming hair-do, a fresh looking complexion, a sparkle in your eye and you will look attractive no matter how simple your suit or your uniform.

Economy is the better part of beauty these days, so the busy woman will find it practical to invest in some basic, many purpose products. One of these is with hazel. Borrow the good qualities of this old standby from your medicine chest, and give yourself a facial. With hazel applied with a piece of cotton cleanses, freshens and tones up the skin all in one quick operation.

And be sure to take good care of your clothes. Brush them often and have them cleaned when necessary to preserve the life of the garment.

Brush your hair, scrub your face, file your nails to an efficient oval and you will find that, although all this takes a little time, it will pay one of the most priceless dividends—the chic appearance only good grooming can give.

Fine Batiste

In the revival of exquisitely fine batiste for the making of "nighties" and foundation slips an old fashion is becoming a new fashion. In the better lingerie departments and specialty shops a revelation of lovely lace-trimmed and finely tucked garments is to be seen reminiscent of grandmother's cherished wardrobe of dainty "undies."

Bows on Parade



The new slim silhouette advocated by the War Production board in its fabric conservation efforts is smartly interpreted in this New York creation of brown crepe animated by pert little bows of brown and white polka-dotted crepe. Bows are certainly going on parade this summer in unexpected ways. This scatter treatment, for example, animates the dress neckline to hemline. The large cartwheel hat is of white sheer straw. Note the flattering border of brown horsehair mesh. And the hat, in a clever style gesture, buttons on.