

# Lighted Windows

By EMILIE LORING

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## CHAPTER XI

"Steady, Millicent. What has happened?" asked Bruce.

Her throat contracted. Her voice was a hoarse whisper. "Joe's dead! Shot!" She covered her eyes with one hand. "You're white as death, Bruce. Don't be sorry for me. I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited."

With a stifled exclamation he withdrew his hand. She crumpled to the floor.

Harcourt picked his way through the maze of the Eskimo camp and ordered Kadyama to appear at the office at two o'clock for questioning by the Commissioner now on his way.

On his way back to the office Harcourt recaptured the picture of last night in the H house. What had Jan thought of Millicent Hale's frenzied cry: "I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited!"

He had been furiously angry at the implication, had opened his lips to refute it when Millicent had crumpled. For an instant he and Janice had stared into one another's eyes, then she had pointed to the woman on the floor.

"Better put her on the couch. Looks as though she had been wading. Her skirt is wet."

He had only vaguely noticed that as he lifted her.

Shortly afterward, Grant and he had entered the Hale cabin. Joe lay where he had fallen. They had searched for a revolver, had found nothing but Hale's own which hung in its holster, unloaded, clean barreled. He had sent Tubby for Jimmy Chester and two engineers. While he was waiting, he had picked up the dog to shut him out of the room. A blue glass bead had rolled from between his paws. Tatima! Incredible. He put his hand over the breast pocket of his khaki shirt. The bead was safe in case it was needed in evidence. He had not told the other men of his find.

Could it have been Jimmy! He would have a hard row to hoe if his threat to Joe Hale came out at the inquest. Millicent had heard it. Had she confided in anyone but himself? No matter what Jimmy had threatened, he wouldn't shoot Hale. What had he been saying to Janice when he had interrupted their talk at the dance? "He'll never send for you again!" Good Lord.

"Boy! In the excitement I forgot about that track-laying gang you told me to take out at reveille, Chief," Chester reported. "I've been at the H house with Millicent this morning trying to find out what she wants done about—things."

"Heard you were all excited day before yesterday because Hale had sent for someone. For whom did he send?"

Jimmy Chester stared out of the window. "For Miss Trent."

"Janice! How did you know?"

"Met her coming out of his cabin. Had just been talking with Millicent at the Waffle Shop, so I knew she wasn't responsible. She wouldn't tell why she had been there, I went at her wrong, I guess, so I just walked in and read the riot act to Joe Hale."

The Commissioner and his deputies were coming by plane, Harcourt said.

"Go up to the field, Chester, and see if you can help in the landing."

Harcourt looked after Chester as he hurried away. He liked neither Jimmy's color nor his unsteady voice.

Martha Samp hailed him from the steps on the H house.

"Any danger to Mrs. Hale in moving her?"

"Not a mite. I was goin' to speak to you about that. Your cabin's no place for her. You send Pasca along to help and I'll see that she's moved."

"And that Janice comes back to the H house?"

Little lines crinkled from the corners of her eyes like rays drawn to indicate the setting sun.

"I'll do my best, but what'd you do to hurt her last night, Mr. Bruce?"

"I hurt her?"

"She looked white as a still when I went into the H house. When I told her we'd better leave M's. Hale where she was, she kinder sniffed an' said:

"Of course. I haven't a doubt but she'd like to stay here forever, an' off she marched. I was that troubled about her that I kept runnin' over to the Waffle Shop to stand outside her door. There was a light goin' but it was still as death. Sakes alive, don't go so white, Mr. Bruce, or I'll be sorry I told you. You've got so much on your mind."

"Never be sorry that you have told me anything about Janice, Miss Martha. Tell her to come back. If she refuses, tell her that if she doesn't come I will come after her.

I may have much on my mind, but not too much for that."

Janice stepped back to get the effect of the red geranium trees in nail-kegs on either side of the Waffle Shop door. Gorgeous against the background of weather-bleached log walls.

She looked thoughtfully at the Hale cabin. Not yet twenty-four hours since Joe Hale had gone. An hour or more ago the Commissioner and two deputies had landed on the flying-field. She had not seen Bruce since he had lifted Millicent Hale from the floor and laid her on the couch. With a hurried, "Call the Samp girls," he had dashed out. As she had worked over the unconscious woman, she had tried to crush back the memory of her frenzied wail, "I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited!" The Samp sisters had spent the night at the H house, had sent Janice back to her cabin at the Waffle Shop. She had dropped to the edge of the stripped cot. Rigid and still, had sat there listening for Bruce's footsteps, waiting for him to come and tell her that Millicent Hale's insinuation was false.

He had not come. Toward morning she had dozed fitfully.

Head down, hands thrust hard in his pockets, Tubby Grant approached along the board walk.



"I walked in and read the riot act to Hale."

Tong paced with magisterial dignity behind him, muscles rippling under his tawny coat. Grant overturned an empty nail-keg. Seated on it he took one knee into his embrace.

"Who do you think did it? Kadyama?"

"I wouldn't put it past him. He's talked long and loud and red against Hale, but that doesn't prove anything. The Pekinese must have been among those present when it happened. He would have scented the Indian, would have warned Hale with his bark."

"Whom are they questioning?"

"Haven't begun yet, they've been busy in the Hale cabin. They want you in the office after lunch to take testimony."

"Will they question me?"

"Why not? You were in the H house when Millicent Hale burst in with the news, weren't you?"

Something flashed in Janice's mind.

"Tubby! I never have thanked you for that gorgeous mandarin coat. I wore it to the H house, had just taken it off when Millicent Hale burst in on us and I haven't thought of it since. You're a dear!"

"Says you. Sorry to hand back the bouquet, but I didn't buy it."

"You didn't! Who did?"

"Your boy friend."

"Bruce? How did he know about it?"

"I told him that you'd almost cried your eyes out wanting it."

"Tubby! You should not have let him spend all that money on me when you knew—you knew what a fake that marriage was, that Bruce sacrificed himself to help me."

"Mebbe so. Mebbe so." His face lost its usual expression of cherubic serenity. The pupils of his green eyes contracted as he inquired lightly, "Lady, has it ever occurred to you that you might be a million light-years behind the times?"

The zoom of a plane drowned his words. The motor thrummed deafeningly as it climbed. It circled like a great bee to get its bearings before it shot for the east. Its wings became shadowy and spectral, its hum a mere vibration. Janice clutched Grant's arm, watched

the great bird from hand-shaded eyes till it seemed as small as a fly on an enormous blue window-pane.

"Who, w—who was it, Tubby?"

He patted her hand. "Don't get all excited. I got a jolt at first, as the Commissioner has forbidden anyone to leave headquarters. Then I remembered that he told Parks, one of the deputies, to fly back to the city for an expert he wanted."

"My stars, ain't them blooms pretty?" Martha Samp sat on the nailkeg Grant had abandoned. Pulled off one heavy shoe, grimaced with pain as she flexed twisted toes in their white cotton stocking. "Feet ache like the toothache. I never'd know I had a body if it wasn't for them."

Janice gently massaged the cramped toes. "You do too much, Miss Martha. I would have been glad to take care of Mrs. Hale last night."

"It wasn't the place for you. That feels fine. You've got what my mother used to call, healin' hands. Mary an' I can take care of her easy. Pasca's goin' to bring her to the cabin you had so she'll be near. You pack up the rest of your things an' he'll carry them to the H house. Mr. Bruce wants you there."

"He wants me!"

"Sakes alive, anything surprisin' about that? Those officials are after him every minute. He's takin' the tragedy awful hard. Anyone'd think 'twas his fault it happened."

"Why not let Mrs. Hale stay where she is?"

"Don't talk like a child, Janice, an' you a married woman. Even if it wasn't hard for Mary an' me to be trotting there from here, a man's cabin is no place for a widow."

She cautiously twisted her foot free of the comforting hands. Grimaced as she pulled on her stout shoe. "Want M's. Hale settled before lunch time. Those officials being here make more work, but don't they make life thrilling?" Her eyes snapped, her cheeks flaunted red flags of excitement.

"Who do you think did it, Miss Martha?"

"They haven't asked me yet. P'raps they think because my joints are stiff the arteries of my brain are hardening, but they're not. I'm not sayin' anything till I can say it before the right parties. Did you hear that plane go out? They've sent for a finger-print expert. Expert! They'd ought to have questioned me first."

"When I heard the airplane zoom, I thought the criminal was escaping."

"That would be confessing, wouldn't it? The party who snuffed out Joe Hale is too scared or too clever to confess. I haven't made up my mind yet which. I haven't read the newspapers for years without learning something." Her voice prickled with excitement.

In her own cabin, gazing out at the Stars and Stripes floating high and strong in the clear air, Janice faced two alternatives. She could allow Millicent Hale's "I'm free! Free! If you'd only waited!" to fester in her memory until she became a hateful, unhappy person who would be sent out on the next boat amidst a silent chorus of "Thank God she's gone!"—it was human nature to dodge a person with a grievance—or she could take up her life from the time Bruce had said, "I'll get your sandals,"—go on from there as though the rest of that evening never had happened. It would take a big inside resistance to withstand the bitter pressure of Millicent's implication. Could she do it? She must.

It was not surprising that the Commissioner had given Miss Martha an impression of inefficiency, Janice concluded as after the mid-day meal she entered the office. He was the antithesis of all the prosecuting officials she had seen on the screen. He was bland and fair. His eyes met hers. Steel drills. The deputy beside him was small and wiry.

Janice glanced surreptitiously at Harcourt. Two little lines cut deep between his eyes as he bent a supple ivory letter-opener back and forth with his strong fingers.

Tubby Grant opened the door to the wood-shed. Kadyama shuffled into the room.

In obedience to a curt word from the Commissioner, he perched on the edge of a chair.

"You've threatened to get Hale, haven't you?"

Evidently the official believed in the attack direct.

"Ump. I say that one, two, p'raps tree time."

"Why?"

The Indian's eyes, beady as a trapped rat's, shifted to the Commissioner's face. "He steal Tati-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Smile Awhile

## Ultra Modern?

Realtor—I know, we have just the house you want—without a flaw.

Prospect—But what will we walk on?

## Patience Plus

Traffic Policeman—You've been sitting here in your car for three hours, and you say you're just waiting for a man.

Motorist—Yes, officer, I'm waiting for either of the gentlemen who own the car in front of me or the car behind me.

## How It Is

Bim—Oh, you mustn't blame me for my ancestors.

Tim—I don't. I blame them for you.

A worm will turn, but what's the odds—it's the same on both ends.

## He Got It!

Friend—That wasn't a very big account of your daughter's wedding in the papers.

Daddy—No; the big account was sent to me.

## Your 1942 Income Tax Guide

### YOUR INCOME TAX

Weekly Income	TAX (APPROX)	
	Single	Married
\$15	\$ 1	\$ 0
25	46	0
30	68	3
35	89	22
45	134	67
55	183	112

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## Free Switzerland

The Swiss Confederation was formed August 1, 1291, when Valley Uri, the Valley of Schwyz and the lower Valley of Unterwald combined in an "Everlasting League." By 1499 the Swiss league had practically won its independence from the Hapsburg empire, and in 1648 that status was formally recognized.

Swiss custom is to celebrate the independence as dating from the formation of the confederation and on August 1, last, Swiss all over the world observed the 650th anniversary of their freedom.

## REDECORATED



John—Was that your new girl I saw you with last night?

Bob—No; just the old one painted over.

## On Her Own

Marjorie—I see you're getting better marks lately. What's the reason?

Jancy—Daddy's away on a business trip, and I have to do all my work myself.

The nightmare often turns up after you've eaten like a horse.

## New York's Harlem

The 250,000 Negro inhabitants of the Harlem section of New York city actually constitute only 48 per cent of its total population. Spanish Harlem contains 120,000 people and Italian Harlem contains 150,000 people, the latter being, incidentally, the most densely populated section of Manhattan.

## Expensive Tin

Excluding quicksilver, tin is our most expensive common metal. It costs three times as much as aluminum, four times as much as copper, seven times as much as zinc, nine times as much as lead and thirty-one times as much as steel.

# Van Camp's



The best for the least  
—a savory feast

PORK and BEANS

## A CYCLE OF HUMAN BETTERMENT

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

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