Thief Likes Soft Rugs

An ingenious thief accomplished an amazing act of thievery, according to the manager of a Chicago apartment house. Police, while admiring the feat, would like to nab him and ask him how he did it. One morning, recently, the manager discovered to his amazement that sometime before dawn, a thief, without disturbing any of the guests, had quietly pushed tables, chairs, ash stands and other furnishings out of the way and then departed with a 12 by 12 ankle-deep rug that was in the lobby. And the doors and windows of the apartment are locked tight every night.

Italy Extending Electric System

Italy is rapidly extending its electric power system. Official figures at Rome show that last year 500 or more miles of railway were electrified, bringing the total up to nearly 2,500 miles. The newest power development is the harnessing of the Italian lakes, whose beauty will not be impaired despite the fact that the waters will be utilized for both industry and agriculture.

A Legend Ruined

The Telemaque, a French brig sunk in the Seine of Quilleboeuf, 150 years ago, which was believed to have been carrying part of the personal fortune of Louis XVI and other treasures, has been raised after salvage operations lasting nearly a year; but the only object of interest recovered was a barrel of rusty hand-forged nails.

'Mrs. Prospect' Has Say

Research and surveys throughout the years prove that 85 per cent of all automobile sales are influenced by the desires and fancies of "Mrs. Prospect." Apparently "Mrs. Prospect" just comes along for the ride. And hence the importance of upholstery in the new car.

Combination Pipe, Cigarette

For the pipe smoker who likes an occasional cigarette, tobacco shops in New York city are featuring a combination pipe and cigarette holder made of aluminum. The cigarette holder is produced by removing the pipe stem.

Bubbles in Jelly

Bubbles sometimes appear on the top of hot jelly when it is poured into glasses. They should be removed as quickly as possible with a small spoon dipped frequently into warm water. Do not move the jelly until it is firm.

Public Aids Sick

Over 90 per cent of the capital invested in American hospitals represents public moneys, supplied directly from tax funds and indirectly by community campaigns, non-profit charities and philanthropy.

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The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER — W. N. U. Service

THE STORY SO FAR

Carol Coburn is Alaska born, the daughter of Klondike Coburn, a "bush rat," who died with an unestablihsed mining claim.

Carol is returning north to teach in an Indian school.

Aboard ship, she is annoyed by Eric (the Red) Ericson, an agitator. She is rescued by a young engineer.

They talk of the changes that had come to the north, and of course a good deal about themselves. It is a dark night on the deck of a ship and they chat quite freely.

There is no doubt that a touch of romance enraptures the pair.

Carol tells of working her way through a university and of a trip to Europe as companion of a rich man's daughter. "That was a break," he says.

INSTALLMENT II

"It was," I agreed. "It was all rather wonderful. But it made me feel like a deserter. And it was too good to last. Just when I was telling myself I had about everything one could ask for, I got a letter from Alaska, nearly seven months old."

"Telling you what?" prompted the voice at my side.

"Telling me my father had been found dead on the open trail," I answered, doing my best to be casual about it. "He'd been found there, frozen to death, between his Chakitana claim and Trail-End Camp. His grub bag was empty. Two of his dogs had died and the others must have left him in the night. I can't help thinking of that lonely grave between the hills when you talk about the uselessness of the sourdough."

"I'm sorry," said my companion, with a quick note of contrition. He stood beside me, for a full minute of silence. "Where was your father's claim on the Chakitana?"

"That's what I've got to find out," I told him. "But it seems to be somewhere along the Three-Finger Range between the Cranberry and Blackwater Pass. Father, you see, was just an old-fashioned sourdough. He was always brooding about some final strike that was going to make him a millionaire. And he always felt there was a fortune in that mine of his, once it was opened up. It was his secret. And he hugged it tight, even from me."

"But the important point is, did he establish his claim?"

"I'm afraid not," I had to admit. "That's one of the things I've got to find out."

He leaned closer, as though trying to decipher my face in the starlight.

I found myself moving away a little. Lonely ladies, after midnight on starlit nights at sea, needed the feel of something solid under their feet.

"It was kind of you," I said as I drew my polo coat closer about me, "to help me as you did."

But he disregarded that valedictory note.

"I don't even know your name," he reminded me.

Names, on a night like that, didn't seem to mean much. We were up between the stars, I wanted to tell him, where time and titles didn't count.

"Who are you?" I found myself asking, foolishly glad because of his nearness.

He didn't answer me at once. And in that moment of silence I summoned up courage to reach for the forgotten flashlight. Then I pressed the button and framed his stooping head in a sudden shaft of light.

I gulped as the light fell on his face. That face was strong and bronzed and touched with a quiet audacity that went well with his big frame. But I had seen it before, in an altogether different setting. For this was the mackintoshed man who had stood in the rain with a blonde and blue-eyed girl in his arms before the Yukon pulled out from the Seattle wharf. He had been so absorbed in that last clasp that he almost missed getting aboard.

The memory of that scene promptly chilled and steadied me. An ice wall as wide as the Columbia Glacier seemed to drift in between us.

"I don't suppose it makes much difference," he said out of that silence, "but my name is Lander, Sidney Lander."

"No, it doesn't make much difference," I heard myself saying in an oddly thinned voice.

"Why?" he demanded, conscious of that remoter note.

"We'll probably never see each other again," I said with a limping enough effort at indifference.

"But I think we will," he corrected with unexpected solemnity. My hand, resting on the rail, could feel his bigger hand close over it.

"Hasn't Eric the Red done enough of that?" I asked in an adequately frosted voice.

The man who called himself Sidney Lander promptly lifted his hand away.

"But I still want to know your name," he quietly reminded me. "I think you owe me that much."

I laughed and stood silent a moment.

"My name's Carol Coburn," I finally admitted, "free, white, and twenty-one, and heading back to the icebound hills of her birth."

"Coburn?" he repeated. And his voice impressed me as almost a startled one.

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I announced, "with the Koyukuk usually suppressed."

"What was your father's name?" he asked.

"His real name," I said, "was Kenneth Coburn. But back on the creeks he was known as Klondike Coburn."

That brought silence between us again. And when the man beside me spoke, it was in an oddly altered voice.

"It's a small world, isn't it?"

I didn't, at the moment, see much point to that observation.

"I was beginning to feel it was an oppressively big one," I said as I stared out over the lonely hills.

"How long," he asked, "will you be at Toklutna?"

"For at least a year," I told him. "But why do you ask?"

"Because I think I'll be seeing you," he said, without the slightest trace of levity.

CHAPTER II

It wasn't until the crowding and confusion of our shore stop at Cordova that I saw Sidney Lander again. Then I caught sight of him on the dock, stooping over a wire-covered crate. He let out a long-haired sheep dog which disdained the chop bone held out in front of it. The quivering animal merely flung itself on its master, whimpering and crazy with joy.

"This is Sandy," he said as he stroked the dog's nose. "There's just Sandy and me."

"I'm flying in to the Chakitana," he said. "But Sandy doesn't like air travel." I could feel his eyes on

Instead of answering me he led me toward the gangplank.

my face. "You go on to Seward, of course?"

"Then in to Toklutna," I said.

"It would be funny, wouldn't it, if we found ourselves on the same trail there?" he said.

"What does that mean?" I asked, when the Yukon's warning whistle gave me a chance to speak again.

Instead of answering me he led me toward the gangplank over which the last of the passengers were crowding aboard. The smile faded from his face as he stood there, with my hand in his. He neither spoke nor said good-by. But his eyes, as he looked down at me, did things to my heart action. For my woman's instinct told me that something was stirring deep in that bear cave of silence. Those eyes, I felt, were saying something that his lips seemed afraid to put into words.

All the way to Resurrection Bay, in fact, I felt oddly alone in the world. It seemed less and less like going home.

Yet I knew, once we reached Seward, that I was back on the frontier.

But when I found myself face to face with that solemn big schoolhouse surrounded by a straggle of cabins that made it look like a mother hen surrounded by her chicks, no sense of high adventure reposed in my arrival.

It was Miss Teetzel who spoiled everything. For Miss Teetzel, the school head, proved to be a somewhat dehydrated spinster with an eye like a bald-headed eagle's and a jaw like a lemon squeezer. I could see her disapproving glance go over my person, from my gray tweed cap with its rather cocky Tyrolean feather to my frivolous suede pumps. I plainly didn't fit in with her idea of what a teacher should be.

I didn't much mind being consigned to the smallest and meanest room in the big old building. But I couldn't overlook the spirit of hostility with which I was ushered into my far-north mission. For that spirit expressed itself, once I'd unpacked, in the first task with which Miss Teetzel confronted me. It was to take charge of the washing from the children's ward. And it was rather a septic mess to get clean, even with the power machine which Miss O'Connell showed me how to operate. But I knew the lemon-squeezer lady was playing an operatic air or two on the keyboard of my endurance. So I put on my rubber gloves, and shut my teeth, and went through with my job.

It wasn't until my third day at Toklutna that I had a chance to humanize the cell-like baldness of my room.

Miss O'Connell helped me do the decorating. And this same Katie O'Connell proved herself the one girl I liked in that new valley of loneliness. She had Irish gray eyes, a sense of humor, and a frame like a man's. She was, I discovered, really a graduate nurse and should have worn a uniform. But she bowed to the law of the frontier and dressed that muscular body of hers in mannish-looking flannel shirts and khaki breeches and high-laced hunting boots.

At Toklutna she plainly found plenty to do. For of the thirty-seven children in our school three had tubercular neck glands, two had congenital hip disease, and another dozen either ear trouble or ominous chest coughs. They were the offspring of the once stalwart Eskimo and the noble red man of the North, proving how merciless the hand of mercy could sometimes be. Our civilization, plainly, hadn't done much for those misfits. We thought we'd been helping them, but all we did was take away their stamina and pauperize them. We left them so improvident they came to regard it as foolish to go out and fish and hunt and trap.

So they let the white man bask in the glory of the white man's burden. They gave up and wallowed in shiftlessness and loafed about in rags and mated and reproduced and passed their ill-begotten offspring over to Toklutna to feed and clothe and make into good little Americans.

Miss Teetzel, I soon discovered, did her best to keep the native girls in the school from talking with the old women of the outside settlement. For these verminous old squaws had a lot of tribal superstitions they tried to pass on to the youngsters. According to Miss O'Connell, they made a practice of not letting their first-born children live, especially the Copper River Indians who believed that if their first little papoose lasted only until he was eight or nine months old his father went straight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Katie O'Connell, in fact, was on the warpath because of an Indian couple who sneaked over into the Matanuska Valley with their seven-months-old baby, ostensibly on a hunting trip. But if they came back without that papoose, our grim-eyed nurse proclaimed, she was going to have them locked up for life.

Miss Teetzel took the savor out of my mission. She also quietly contrived to make me as uncomfortable as possible. She seemed to feel that the scrub brush was a major factor in pedagogics.

But Sidney Lander was right. I hadn't much to work on at Toklutna. The little slant-eyed Eskimos, I found, were both brighter and merrier-minded than the Siwash children. They all seemed fond of music, though, especially the march music Katie and I pounded out on the old school organ. So the two of us concluded that a little dancing might brighten up the emptiness of their evenings. We tried putting them through an old-fashioned square dance or two. And just when the fun was at its highest Miss Teetzel appeared and looked me over with that sardonic eye of hers.

"I'm afraid," she observed, "that you're a trifle too modern for us."

I had to swallow it, of course. But after that we were restricted to group-singing and saluting the flag and a handful of dolorous old hymns which my Siwash charges translated into a pagan chant of woe.

As I quartered back across the schoolyard, after stopping a fight between two of my little redskin warriors (based on a can of tinned cow stolen from the kitchen), I bumped into Doctor Ruddock, who looked us over once a week. He stopped, with his black bag in his hand, and rather solemnly looked me over.

"You're not very happy here," he said. "How'd you like a whack at a school over at Wasilla?"

My first impulse was to tell him that I didn't believe in running away from things. But I said, instead, that I was waiting for rather an important report from the Record Office at Juneau.

He glanced at the shabby old barracks that overshadowed us.

"Well, if they crowd you too hard here, let me know. I can pull a string or two, when you're ready. And that Matanuska Valley, if I don't miss my guess, is going to be very much on the map."

The memory of that message didn't stay with me as long as it might have. For on my way to my room Katie O'Connell handed me a letter from Sidney Lander. It had come out from Chakitana by airplane and had been mailed at Fairbanks. The writer of that letter said that I had been very much in his thoughts. But the comforting little glow a message like that could bring just under one's floating ribs was cut short by the further message that the sooner I could marshal all data and documents in connection with my father's Chakitana claim the more definite it would make Lander's course of action in the immediate future. "The Trumbull outfit and I are parting company," it concluded.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

by Roger B. Whitman

(© Roger B. Whitman—WNU Service.)

House Building.

A CORRESPONDENT is planning to build a brick house, and asks a number of questions both about the house and about the filled-in land on which it will stand. The questions about the land can be answered only after an examination, and the possible making of borings. I should not think of putting up a house without the assistance and advice of an architect. I strongly advise my correspondent to engage an architect for the job, not only for the design, but for all the other services that an architect performs for his client.

Testing a Chimney.

Question: Water sometimes leaks into my house through a fireplace chimney, apparently because the flue tiles are poorly set with cement that crumbles easily. Capping the chimney is suggested, but I am afraid to accept for fear that sparks can get through the crumbled cement to the house timbers. If water can, why not fire?

Answer: You can settle that question by making a smoke test. Start a small but smoky fire of tar paper or something similar, and when the smoke is pouring out of the chimney, cover the top of the flue with a board or a piece of wet carpet. The smoke will then seek another outlet, and will find its way through defects in the masonry. If these show up, and the house fills with smoke, you should rebuild the chimney for safety.

Damp Spots in Plaster.

Question: My house is four years old. The ceilings in the bedrooms and living rooms show damp spots whenever it rains or on a damp day. Can this be patched? Please advise if anything can be done to help these damp streaks.

Answer: Look for the causes of these damp spots. If they are located near the chimney it is possible the roof flashings around the chimney are leaking. Damp spots in the ceiling near windows may indicate the need of caulking between the window frames and outside walls. Leaks in a roof might be a possible cause. After correcting the trouble, the plaster can then be repainted.

Laying Linoleum.

Question: My future husband is planning to lay linoleum in the kitchen and bathroom of our new home, over an under layer of paper. What kind of cement should be used?

Answer: The laying of linoleum is a job that requires considerable experience and skill; for otherwise there are likely to be openings between the sheets and along the margins that will make trouble. I strongly recommend that you have the job done professionally. Linoleum makers provide the special cement that is needed; but one variety comes with the cement already applied to the linoleum, and needing only to be moistened.

Frosted Glass.

Question: I have an oil lamp of clear glass, to which I wish to give a frosted appearance. Is there any paint which will produce this effect? Is there any color which can be used on glass, and if so, how is it applied?

Answer: If the lamp is to be used for lighting, no coating that can be applied to glass would be heat resistant. However, a dealer in glass could frost it with an acid. If the lamp is to be used for decorative purposes only, the glass can be coated with a liquid that gives the effect of frosting. This liquid can be had at most paint stores. As paints are opaque, they would not be suitable for coloring glass.

Asbestos Siding.

Question: You have mentioned white clapboard and siding of the same material as asbestos shingles, with the advantage of weather-proofness and freedom from painting. Where can this be obtained?

Answer: Material of this sort is handled by dealers in building materials and also by the same people who handle roofings. The material is actually compressed Portland cement reinforced with asbestos fibers. It will not need painting, but in the course of time it will pick up dirt and soot, which can be removed by washing.

Brown to Light Gray.

Question: My bungalow is now finished with brown stained shingles. I want to change to light gray. My plan is to put on a coat of aluminum paint and then a coat of gray stain. Can I use oil stain over aluminum paint, or must I use ordinary paint?

Answer: You cannot use stain over paint, for it is so thin that the color would not show. You are right in using aluminum paint to hide the dark color. You can follow with any kind of good quality house paint.

Water for a Pool.

Question: On our land, surface water runs off into our woods. Could this water be caught in a pool for water lilies? What sort of a contractor would do the work?

Answer: For a pool you will need a more regular supply of water than rain. In a drouth the pool would go dry, and even in rainy seasons the water might become stagnant. Also, it would be a mosquito breeder. Instead of a pool, have you considered the possibilities of a woods garden? Ferns, jack-in-the-pulpit, trilluum and plants of that sort.

If You Read in Bed You'll Want This Bag

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

THIS bag was planned as a hospital gift for someone who was finding days in bed difficult enough without having books, magazines, writing materials and spectacle case scattered about and forever getting lost. If you like to take an assortment of reading matter to bed, sick or well, you will enjoy a bag like this. Its hanger hool

may be sewed to box springs and there you are with everything at hand.

The bag shown here was made of a remnant of heavy cotton upholstery material in tones of green with a touch of red in the pattern. The red was repeated in the sateen lining. The sketch gives all the dimensions and shows how the lining and the outside part were made. A coat hanger was cut down to measure 12 inches from end to end and was placed between the lining and the outside; these being stitched together around the top, as illustrated.

• • •

NOTE: As a service to our readers Mrs. Spears has prepared a series of six booklets of her original ideas. Each booklet contains 32 home-making projects with illustrated directions. Booklets are numbered from 1 to 6, numbers 3 and 4 containing directions for other types of bags and door pockets that will make housekeeping easier. Booklets are 10c each and may be ordered direct from:

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