The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

W. N. U. Service

THE STORY SO FAR

Carol Coburn, Alaska born teacher, is annoyed by Eric (the Red) Ericson, an agitator. She is rescued by a young engineer, Sidney Lander. He is working for the Trumbull company which is contesting her father's claim. He is engaged to Trumbull's daughter. But a new romantic spark is kindled. Carol, however, is on guard against her own emotions.

Carol and Kate O'Connell, nurse, set out to find an Indian baby reported abandoned by its parents. Sockeye Schlupp, an old sourdough pal of Carol's dad, leads them to his shack, where Lander is nursing the missing baby. It has been found by his dog. When Lander tells her he won't be long with the Trumbull company she asks "Why not?"

INSTALLMENT IV

"Because you happen to be Klondike Coburn's daughter. And I don't relish the thought of working against you. It's your father's claim they're trying to swallow up on a clouded title."

"But I'm not sure that claim was ever established."

And it was equally obvious that his right either to champion my cause or control my destiny had never been established. But, for all that, an absurd little robin of happiness stood up on the tip of my heart and started to sing.

"We can't go into that now," Lander said as old Schlupp came in with an armful of stovewood. And Katie, a moment later, was announcing that you couldn't kill some children with a club. All this little papoose needed, she called out to us, was food.

"Then she ain't a-goin' to kick the bucket?" questioned Sock-eye.

"Of course she isn't," said Katie. "But if I could lay hands on her fool redskin father I'd have him drawn and quartered."

The old fire-eater's face brightened up with a new eagerness.

"I'll do it for you, lady," he said with a large and rounded oath. "Sam Bryson was a-tellin' me that no-account Injin's hidin' out in a hill camp up above the Happy Day Mine. And I'd sure relish roundin' him up and ventilatin' his good-for-nothin' carcass."

"No," Katie said, "that's a luxury we can't afford. But he's going to be made an example of by due process of law. And if either of you men will take Miss Coburn and the baby back to Toklutna in the truck I'll get help and push on to the Happy Day and see that this baby killer is put where he belongs."

Sidney Lander, who had been looking down at the blanket-wrapped papoose, lifted his head and caught my eye.

"I'll take Miss Coburn through to Toklutna," he quietly announced. And I could feel my pulse skip a beat, casual as I tried to appear about it all.

It was Sock-Eye who crossed to the door and looked out.

"There's sure a smell o' snow in the air," he warned. "We'd best fix up that truck more comfortable and stick a shovel in between the blankets and grub bags."

CHAPTER IV

Before we were an hour out on the road snow began to fall.

By the time we were up in the hills we had drifts to buck. When it was necessary for Lander to stop and get busy with his shovel, I'd give my Indian baby its needed attention and nest it down in its cocoon of blanket-wool again, with only its pinched little yellow face showing like a seal's at the bottom of a blowhole. Then we'd fight our way on for another hundred yards or two.

So we ploughed on, feeling out our way in the uncertain light. Twice, when we slewed perilously close to the ravine that yawned at our car wheels, I thought the end had come. And twice, where the trail wound so vaguely about the upper slopes, we had to cut our way through drifts, with the help of the shovel. We did very little talking. But I could breathe more easily when we were over the hump and dropping down into the next valley.

Yet even there the drifts and darkness were too much for us. We got off the road and bumped head-on into a spruce stump. The old truck, with indignation boiling from its radiator cap, refused to go farther. I could see Lander's grim smile as I sat there staring out at the flailing snow. There wasn't a shack or settler, I felt sure, within ten miles of us.

"What'll we do?" I asked with a gulp.

"I suppose we'll have to sleep out here," he casually announced.

"I suppose so," I agreed. But I wasn't as placid-minded about it as I pretended. Lander, in fact, stared into my face for a moment or two before swinging down from his driver's seat. Then he lighted the primus stove and hung a lantern from one of the bows of our little covered-wagon truck-tent. And then, after shutting out the snow and wind by closing the end flaps of the tarpaulin, he announced that he was going to have a look ahead along the trail.

He stayed away longer than I expected. By the time he got back, in fact, I'd melted snow and had our coffee boiling on the primus stove. The smell of that coffee made our little canvas-covered cave seem rather homelike. And my cave mate watched me with a ruminative eye as I warmed milk and fed the quietly complaining Indian baby. When our papoose was back in its blanket-muffled basket, and we sat eating, with the primus stove between us, it seemed oddly paleolithic to be squatting there on a bundle of hay, dining on bacon and beans and sourdough bread.

Lander helped me pack things away when the meal was over.

"You're facing this like an old-timer," he said.

"I used to go out on the trail with my father," I reminded him.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," he said. "Can you remember his camp on the Chakitana?"

"I was never there," I had to admit.

"Then it won't be easy to explain what I want to," he went on. "Your father had a real mine there. And he must have known it."

"Of course he did," I said, recalling ghostly scraps of talk from my childhood.

"Well, so does the Trumbull outfit," proclaimed my companion. "The Chakitana Development Company always wanted a clean sweep of that valley bottom. They even sent me up there as field engineer to find out how the land lay and corral any territory needed to round out their development work. It was your father's claim which cut their field in two and kept them from having full control."

"He always said he'd never sell out," I explained.

"Of course he did," cried Lander. "He may have been a lone-fire prospector, but he knew he held a key position there. And when they

"He always said he'd never sell out," I explained.

couldn't buy him out they did what they could to cancel on him."

"Then he had his patent?" I asked.

"Yes; but they tried to cloud his title by claiming his location lines were wrong. The official survey, when his first twenty acres were patented, showed the eastern limits of the claim to border on the Big Squaw where that creek ran into the Chakitana. The Big Squaw, in the open season, has a fine flow of water. And you can't mine in Alaska without water. I saw the Fairbanks Exploration Company spend a year and a half bringing water to their placer fields. And Trumbull wants that water for his upper shelf just about as much as he wants the claim."

"How do you know all this?" I asked.

"Because I've seen the Trumbull papers. And I made it my business to investigate some of the Trumbull moves. I know, for example, that while his engineers pretended to be doing development work their powdermen planted enough dynamite in the right place to change the course of Big Squaw Creek. Then they brought in a Record Office surveyor who naturally found the Coburn location stakes all wrong."

"The thing that puzzles me," I interposed, "is why you're not loyal to the man you're working for."

Lander's laugh was curt.

"If you can't sense that," he said, "I can't explain it to you." He laughed again, less harshly. "Let's put it down to the fact that a man can't work for a boss he doesn't believe in."

I still found a blaze or two missing along that trail.

"But why should he call my father's claim a fraudulent one?"

"Klondike Coburn, he contends, was born on the Canadian side of the line."

"That's true enough," I conceded. "But what about it?"

"A great deal. It means he wasn't a citizen. And the law says a patent can be allotted only to citizens."

"But my father was naturalized," I told him, "a year or two before I was born. He even used to talk about when he moved up out of the Indian class and got a right to vote."

Lander's spine suddenly stiffened.

"Are you sure of that?" he demanded. "Trumbull claims there's no record of it."

"But I have his papers," I explained. "He sent them out to me so I could get my passports when I was sailing for Europe."

I wondered at the grimness with which my companion said, "Good work!" And I remembered the faded and dog-eared certificate, with the photo attached, also slightly faded, showing my father looking young and strong, in the pride of his early manhood. I'd always treasured that picture of him, the only one I possessed.

"That means our battle's half won," proclaimed Lander.

"Why do you say our battle?" I asked. Lander's face, as our glances locked, hardened a little. Then he laughed his curt laugh.

"Since I muddled into this thing," he said, "I'm going to be bullheaded enough to see it through."

"But it's all so long ago," I objected. "And you can't wreck your career championing lost causes."

"My career isn't wrecked. I'm thinking of swinging in with the Happy Day outfit, in fact, just beyond the Matanuska."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because then we won't be so far apart," he said.

"You've been very kind to me," I said.

"You're easy to be kind to," Lander retorted with a quiet intensity that should have shifted my heart action into high. But I had certain things to remember.

"What does that mean?" I exacted.

He leaned a little closer under the swaying lantern.

"It means I'm happier being with you than with anyone who walks this good green earth."

I was able to laugh a little. "It isn't green," I reminded him. "And you might also remember why you so nearly missed the boat at Seattle?"

I could see his jaw muscles harden as he sat staring at me in the dim light from the lantern.

"I guess I'm running a little ahead of schedule," he said as he rose to his feet. I watched him, with a small tingle of disappointment, as he backed out of the tent opening.

"You're not going away?" I cried out above the whining of the wind.

"I'll bed down up in the driver's seat," he casually remarked. And in a few minutes I could feel the tremor of the truck as he climbed aboard, up in front. I could hear him, a moment later, as he nested himself under his double blankets.

He wouldn't, I knew, be very comfortable there. I even wondered, as I stretched out on the hay next to my blanket-swathed little papoose, if wind and cold wouldn't drive him back under cover, where he had a perfect right to be.

CHAPTER V

I was awakened, early the next morning, by Lander reaching in for the lantern. The drifter was over, he explained, but he'd have an hour of shovel work before we could hope to climb back to the trail bed.

He hadn't slept any too well, I'm afraid, up on his wind-swept driver's seat. I detected a sort of glum fury in his movements as he shoveled at the snowdrift that embedded us. Even after I'd boiled coffee and cooked breakfast for him he impressed me as unnecessarily constrained and silent.

It was late in the afternoon when we got through to Toklutna.

Miss Teetzel promptly ordered the Indian baby to the infirmary and sent for Doctor Ruddock. Lander, ignoring the lady's glacial eye, quietly asked me if I'd be good enough to give him my father's naturalization papers.

I had no way of knowing what Miss Teetzel said to Lander during my absence. But I didn't like the heat-lightning fire that glowed in those deep-set eyes of his as he took the proffered document from me. He studied it, for a moment, the lines of his mouth still grim.

"I'll take this, if you don't mind," he said as he tucked it away. "It'll help to clear things up."

I wasn't unconscious, all the while, of Miss Teetzel's narrowed eye fixed on my face.

"There's one point I should like to see cleared up," she announced, her lips pressed into a foreboding straight line. "Where did you spend the night?"

"Why, in the truck, of course," I answered. "There was no place to go."

"And this man?" she questioned, with a second stony glance at the altogether unimpressed Lander.

"Naturally, he slept in the truck too," I quietly acknowledged.

The lemon-squeezer jaw took on a new line of grimness.

"I've an idea, Miss Coburn," said the lady of unpolluted purity so icily confronting me, "that your days in this school are quite definitely numbered."

It was Lander who spoke first.

"What does that mean?" he said.

"It means, sir," was the icily enunciated reply, "that there are certain things this institution will not stand for. And you and your perilously modern traveling companion have just been guilty of one of them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Meals-Appeal

By AMY SMITHERS

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

IT WAS Aunt Dora's diary that started it all. Aunt Dora kept close track of everything that happened to any member of the family. This morning she had read out to Naomi:

"Why, it's just three years ago today that Tom Tyler was introduced to you, Naomi. Three years—m-m-m—three years." It was not so much what she said. It was the way her voice had trailed away softly into silence that hissed as it started.

Oh, Aunt Dora didn't say that she thought Naomi was a flat tire. Dear, no! Dear, gentle Aunt Martha wouldn't hurt the feelings of a mosquito. Naomi, nevertheless, caught the gleam; three years was a long time to "go with" any man without having at least the offer of an engagement ring. Naomi had never heard Tom mention the word marriage in any positive, definite fashion.

Tom stopped in twice a week and allowed himself to be persuaded to have dinner with them. He had a habit of saying admiringly: "You certainly look 'cute' in that apron, Naomi! If there's anything a man likes to see it's a pretty girl in a pretty apron. It makes him think of home and mother and good meals and so on. That's the way to get 'em—meals-appeals! There's nothing like meals-appeal."

"Three years," Naomi whispered to herself as she frosted the layer cake. "Three years! Why, Alice Parker met Jim Parker only a year ago and they're—married."

She opened the drawer to find a fresh tea towel and saw the pretty little organdie apron that she had laid there for the evening. At that moment her Aunt Dora walked into the kitchen.

"Making marshmallow frosting?" she asked. "Tom always likes your marshmallow frosting."

"Marshmallow frosting!" said Naomi, suddenly. "Why, I wouldn't give Tom Tyler a mouthful of this cake if his tongue hung out of his head a mile! And if I ever put on that apron again, it'll be because some one fastens the rags on me when I'm dead!"

She took the delicate little wisp of froth and tore it almost viciously from left to right and up and down. "Why—Naomi, darling!" gasped her Aunt Dora.

When that evening Tom Tyler cheerfully ran up the stairs of the apartment building he was astonished to meet Naomi coming down.

"Where're you going?" he asked.

"Oh—out," she said, with a shrug.

"Out?" he echoed. "Out? Out where? You're such a domestic little home body—why, Naomi! I always think of you as being home." This last was said with a reproachful glance that might, had it not been for Aunt Dora's diary, have melted her completely.

"Pooh!" she remarked airily. "Home body, indeed! I guess I have stayed at home too long—about three years too long," she added in an underbreath.

"But where are you going?"

"Why, I'm going out to dine, if you must know," she said demurely.

"Alone?" he demanded.

"Ah, yes—unless," she dimpled, "I meet Prince Charming at the door, awaiting me in a coach and four or an eight-cylinder car of cream color with brown bandings. I just adore cream-colored cars, don't you, Tom?"

He eyed her uneasily. "Say, will it be all right if I go along with you?" he asked.

"If you can finance yourself—yes. Otherwise, no." She spoke candidly.

"Well," he said a half-hour later when they were settled at a central table with an orchestra playing a vigorous melody, "I—I guess I don't understand women at all. I—why, I thought you liked to stay at home and cook and wear little soft-looking aprons—"

"I don't," she cut in heatedly. "I hate to cook."

He stared at her. "Jiminy, I never knew you were so pretty, Naomi. You look so—so demure."

"Demure!" she scoffed. "Let's dance this while they're hustling along the fodder, eh?"

"Pep," he murmured, well-pleased. "Ah, you have it, my dear. Pep! Super-pep, eh? And that pretty dress, I never saw that before. Did I?"

"I guess you never saw me before either, maybe? Huh?"

And that night when he took her home after a movie and a little bite of supper they talked for a long, long time in the living-room. When he left, Aunt Dora came out.

"Didn't Tom stay rather—late?" she asked gently.

"Well, now that you speak of it, Auntie, I guess he did, a little," said Naomi softly. "And if it isn't midnight yet, I have a little entry for your diary today. If it's after midnight it makes it a day over three years. Tom and I are going to be married some time next month, Auntie."

"Well, now," murmured Aunt Dora. "We'll have to enter that item in the diary in red ink. Come to think of it, I had no black ink the day you met him and I entered that in red ink, too!"

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

PARAMOUNT'S "The Lady Eve" is certainly one of the best pictures that has come out of Hollywood in years and years; it's the third excellent picture in a row for Preston Sturges, who wrote and directed it. Henry Fonda acquires new laurels as a comedian, Barbara Stanwyck is completely delightful, the rest of the cast (which includes Charles Coburn, Eric Blore and William Demarest) couldn't be improved on.

The company launched the picture in New York with something different in the way of a cocktail party. A night club was turned—more or less—into a Garden of Eden, and five pretty girls were engaged to act as Eves. Since there's a snake that plays a prominent part in the picture, one was provided. Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the Bronx zoo, was present; he felt that the party would do much to dissipate the popular phobia against snakes. A consultant psychologist theorized on perfect women in general and the five Eves in particular. Then Emma, the snake, departed for the zoo, and the women guests breathed easier.

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Whether you're an "Andy Hardy" fan or not you mustn't miss "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," if you want to see the debut of one of filmdom's best bets. She's Kathryn

Kathryn Grayson Mickey Rooney
In "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary."

Grayson, who's not quite eighteen, and is being hailed as a real discovery.

Eighteen months ago, when she sang at a Los Angeles musical, she attracted the attention of Metro executives. Before the afternoon was over she had an appointment with Louis B. Mayer—the next day she had a contract. After that she checked in at the studio school—took a regular high school course, had lessons in music, diction, make-up, dramatic training.

She has a magnificent coloratura voice, can sing C above high C, and it is predicted that she may become one of the greatest coloraturas the world has ever known. She's delighted over being in pictures—but in another two years she's going to tackle the Metropolitan opera.

—*—

Hortense Monath, who recently appeared as soloist with the NBC Symphony orchestra, has made a name for herself as a concert pianist in both Europe and America, playing with many of the most famous orchestras.

She really has a second career; she browses in the musical literature of the ages and brings forth each year a series of programs for the New Friends of Music, one of New York's more important musical organizations. She thinks there's too much sameness about most musical programs — she also disapproves of intermissions, encores, stage seats and prima donna-dom.

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There's no telling how many of our future radio stars will succeed because Fritz Blocki, producer of "Your Dream Has Come True," gave them a start. Auditioning for the program is no ordinary affair. The entire week preceding a broadcast is spent in listening to the many people who want to appear on the program; when it's difficult to make a choice between actors, a recording of the voice in question is made and the radio department makes a decision.

As big name actors and actresses have no meaning on this program, the unknowns have a wonderful opportunity—and under Blocki's skillful tutelage they are sure of getting excellent training.

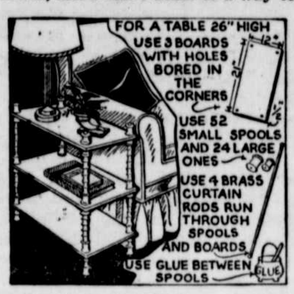
—*—

ODDS AND ENDS—Frank Capra paid $4,000 for an opinion during production of "Meet John Doe"—hired 350 extras to secure their reactions to two versions of a speech by Gary Cooper . . . When radio's "Henry Aldrich" reached the screen Jackie Cooper played "Henry" in the first two episodes; now that he's outgrown the role, Jimmy Lydon takes over . . . Meanwhile Ezra Stone goes right on being "Henry" on the air . . . "This is England," the short brought over by Harry Hopkins, is being released by Columbia Pictures . . . Lana Turner tried eight different coiffures before she found the right one for her role in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

"DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I have made a pair of spool shelves like those you give directions for in your Sewing Book No. 3. They are painted watermelon pink to match the flowers in my bedroom curtains, and they are very pretty hung at each side of the windows. I would like to make some end tables of spools for the living room, but I can't think of a way to



make them rigid. Have you any suggestions as to how this may be done? B. P."

Curtain rods are used through the spools to make the legs. Better take along a spool to try when you shop for the rods; and get the type that has one piece fitting inside the other. If the spools are a little loose on the rod, it won't make any difference for they must be glued between each spool, and also between the spools and the table shelves. I have shown in the sketch everything else you need to know to make this table. Good luck to you!

• • •

NOTE: If you have an iron bed or a rocking chair you would like to modernize, be sure to send for my Book No. 3. It contains 32 fascinating ideas of things to make for your home. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York

Enclose 10 cents for Book No. 3.

Name .....

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A Bit Mixed

Cross marriages between two families produce some queer mix-ups, but the situation created by an American takes some beating.

He married the daughter of his own daughter's husband by another wife, thus making him the son-in-law of his son-in-law.

His daughter, therefore, became his stepmother-in-law and his bride her own stepmother.

His wife has just given birth to a daughter. She is her step-grandmother's sister, her own mother's step-aunt, and her father's step-sister-in-law. Phew!

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Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use *Doan's Pills*. *Doan's* have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*
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