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.

40% SAVINGS FOR NO ACCIDENTS

BLUE RIBBON NO ACCIDENT CLUB — SPONSORED BY SAVES LIVES — NATIONAL MUTUAL INS. CO.

NO ACCIDENT AWARD

A Club organized to provide Automobile Insurance at a lower cost for Safe Drivers.

If you have not had a chargeable accident in the past 3 years we invite you to join this selected class of car owners who save 40% on their insurance.

WRITE FOR RATES:
(NO AGENT WILL CALL)

NATIONAL MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Court Square Building
BALTIMORE, MD.
Licensed By The INSURANCE DEPARTMENT of the State of Maryland

The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER — W. N. U. Service

THE STORY SO FAR

Carol Coburn, Alaska-born daughter of a "bush rat" who died with an unimproved mining claim, returns North to teach school. Sidney Lander, mining engineer, rescues her aboard ship from annoyances of Eric (the Red) Ericson. Lander is engaged to Barbara Trumbull, whose father heads the company fighting Coburn's claim. Lander breaks with Trumbull and moves to Sock-Eye Schlupp's shack.

One of Carol's pupils is Salaria Bryson, a big, out-doors young woman, also in love with Lander. She can hunt a bear easier than read and write.

When little Frieda Engstrom gets lost, Carol sends for Sidney. Carol finds the little girl.

A nerve wracking ordeal is past.

INSTALLMENT X

I was, for a minute or two, quite forgotten in the tumult of those crowding figures. Then I was startled by Sock-Eye Schlupp, who cried out as he accosted me with an approving thump on the back: "You're good leather, girl! You're good leather!" And I was equally startled when Olie, without saying a word, crept rather shyly up to me and tightened his arms about my waist. I simply pressed his head against my breast, in my happiness, and held it there for a silent moment or two.

I realized, as I heard them talking of all going back to the Eckstrom house for hot coffee and schnapps, that I was very tired.

"I've a horse for you here, teacher, if you want to ride," Sam Bryson suggested with an unexpected absence of truculence.

"I'd rather go home," I said from some mysterious trough of depression following after my wave of exaltation.

Lander pushed through the crowd and stood beside me.

"Sandy and I'll see you get home safe," he said as he linked his arm in mine.

Neither of us, for some reason, had much to say. And in that silent partnership of a peril confronted and conquered I felt unexpectedly close to the man at my side.

"Can I come in?" my companion quietly inquired.

A wave of recklessness went through me as I stood looking up at him.

"Of course," I said, conscious of something portentous in the midnight quietness about us. We only live once, I told myself as I stared up at the star-strewn sky.

I had to fight back the impulse to let my two reckless arms creep up about his stooping shoulders. I could even feel surge through me a secret hope that he himself would be ruthless and reckless, that those two strong arms of his would reach out and draw me so close all thought of our yesterdays and our tomorrows might be forgotten.

Then I drew up, abruptly, with a little gasp of surprise. For plainly, in the midnight quietness, I heard the nicker of a horse.

A moment later, in the shadow of the shack front, I could make out the uncertain figure of a man.

"That you, Sid?" challenged the man standing beside the horse with an empty saddle.

"Yes," answered Lander in an oddly flattened voice. The intruder, I could see, was Sock-Eye. And for all the darkness I could feel something accusatory in his stare as he confronted us.

"You forgot your horse," Sock-Eye explained.

That was all he said. But to me it seemed to carry a hint, as I realized we weren't so alone in the world as I'd imagined.

CHAPTER XII

The breakup, this year, meant more than the coming of spring to Matanuska. Along the railway siding at Palmer great piles of lumber were being unloaded. Train after train brought in a mountain of machinery and supplies. Federal engineers in khaki and high-tops went about consulting blueprints and driving stakes and squinting through theodolites. Then a little colony of tents began to dot the roadside, and two or three trim cabins of peeled spruce logs appeared out of nowhere.

That meant, I was told, the ground was being laid out for the two hundred families to be brought in from the Middle West, the new settlers who were to show the outside world that Alaska was something more than "Seward's Icebox."

But nothing seemed ready for that incoming army. Not one-tenth of the land was cleared and fit for cropping. There was no shelter for livestock, no homes for women and children. The only solid habitations appeared to be a string of old bunk cars which had been pushed down the valley siding. In these the CCC workers were to sleep and eat, like navvies, until a tent colony could be established. And three days later the toilers themselves put in an appearance, a whole trainload of them, promptly making the quietness of the valley a thing of the past.

They were like children turned loose on a holiday, romping and singing and ki-yiing, quarreling and drinking.

Sock-Eye, viewing them with a morose eye, reported that they'd been raising hell all the way up from Frisco and Seattle. He further announced that the first banjo-strumming cheechako who made a crack about his shooting irons would get three ounces of lead in his larynx.

"They won't listen to us," snorted Sam Bryson as his S'lary and I dined on yak meat after a two-hour school lesson. "But before summer's over they'll be bellyachin' about everythin' goin' wrong."

"I tell you, Pop, they're just a bunch o' half-wits," averred Salaria. "They're yappin' about not usin' any old-timers. But before freeze-up next fall they'll find swingin' in a hammock don't git no houses built. They're hot-airin' about town halls and administration buildin's when they ain't even a road built or a well dug or shack logs ready for a wickyup."

"What," demanded her father, "kin you expect from fruit-tramps and dock-bums? And what'll we git from that shipload o' broken-down sodbusters when they're dumped in this valley? From a lot o' silk-shirt cake-eaters who'll be askin' the gover'ment to drop around ev'ry mornin' to do their milkin' for 'em?"

"But won't it mean something," I ventured, "to start a settlement that's really going to take root here? Isn't that what Alaska needs, settlers who bring in their women and children and stay on the land?"

"They won't take root," contended Salaria's father. "They'll jus' whimper around for more relief and then head for outside agin. And down in the States they'll be sayin' Alaska's only fit for Eskimos."

It was then that Salaria presented me with a surprise.

"I can't see," she said, "why a squarehead like Sid Lander should be wantin' to swing in with them."

"To swing in with them?" I echoed.

"As sure as sundown," proclaimed Salaria. "That misguided hombre seems t' feel this is the biggest thing

"They'll jus' whimper around for more relief."

that's happened since the Children o' Israel hit out for the Promised Land. He thinks it's as dog-goned stirrin' as the Pilgrim Fathers' landin' on Plymouth Rock. And he reckons it ain't too late for the right man t' step in and git things organized."

"What can he do?" I asked, wondering at the small thrill that went through my body.

"He can't do nothin'," retorted Sam Bryson. "He's got a fool idee that if them Federal bureaucrats make him field manager up here he kin straighten out a tangle that was started wrong from the first. He contends the whole scheme should be took out o' the hands o' the War Department and give to a practical-minded worker."

I thought over this on my way home. I was still thinking over it as I swung through Palmer and stopped for a moment to watch three CCC workers languidly throwing baggage into a truck backed up to the railway siding.

"Look who's here," I heard a slightly mocking voice observe.

I detected, in that voice, an unpleasant ring of familiarity. And even before I glanced about I knew it was my soapbox orator known as Eric the Red.

"So you've swung in with the cattle," he said as he dropped to the ground. Then he laughed. "Matanuska's no longer the mudhole it was!"

I felt sorry that in the last few weeks, I'd given up the habit of going about with Sock-Eye's old six-gun swinging at my hip.

Eric swung out from the truck and came striding along beside me.

"I don't think you're going to like this valley," he had the effrontery to proclaim. "Something tells me you're likely to get what I got on the Yukon."

"Is that a threat?" I demanded.

"No, it's just a reminder," he said with a venomous sort of bitterness. "You had your innings, and I'm going to have mine. And d'you know what's going to happen to you?"

I essayed no answer to that challenge. But I felt less defenseless as I noticed an open car pounding and lurching along the deep-rutted roadway. In it I could see a man, a wide-shouldered man, wearing a leather coat and a leather-vizored cap.

I realized, as he came closer, that his face was strange to me. I lost no time in wrenching my arm away from Ericson's clasp and signaling the stern-eyed traveler.

"Will you help me?" I called out.

"What's wrong here?" asked the driver, without getting down from his seat.

"This coward," I cried, "is threatening me."

"Threatening you with what?" inquired the stranger, still impartial. But he swung down from his seat.

"I don't know what," I had to admit. "But it's not the first time he's annoyed me."

"Has he any claim on you?" inquired the still noncommittal stranger.

"Of course not," was my quick retort.

Then he turned back to Ericson, who was advertising his composure by lighting a cigarette. But in doing so, I noticed, my enemy quietly backed a step or two off the road.

"I think, son, you'd better be on your way," the tall and grizzled stranger announced in a disappointingly casual voice. Then he turned to me and once more looked me over. I didn't like the assessing way that glacial eye inspected my person. He was, I could see, very sure of himself.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To my home," I answered. "That's in the Jansen shack down the valley."

"Get in," he said, "and I'll take you there."

"Do you belong in the valley?" he asked as he picked his way along the puddled ruts.

"I'm the teacher here," I explained. That brought his eye quickly back to my face.

"What's your name?" he questioned, in a voice too well modulated to be called curt.

"I'm Carol Coburn," I answered.

"So you're Carol Coburn," he said with meditative quietness. "I rather thought we'd be coming together soon."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I'm the new owner of the Happy Day Mine," he said. "My name's John Trumbull. But I'm not quite what your friend Lander is trying to make me out to be," he added. "I've never tried to steam-roller orphans out of their rights."

I felt, all things considered, the need of caution.

"Then you acknowledge I have rights?" I asked.

"Where?" he inquired, obviously fencing for time.

"In the Chakitana," I answered.

"Have you ever been there?" he questioned.

I told him that I hadn't.

"Then you don't and can't understand the situation," he said with a fatherly sort of deliberateness. "There may be mineral in that claim. But what good is a claim when it's out on the edge of nowhere and road-building costs more than your mine could produce?"

"Whose mine?" I asked in a slightly sharpened voice.

His cool and not unkindly eye considered me for a moment.

"That's a decision, apparently, neither you nor I can make. It all goes back to vested rights and the records. And since we've come together in this friendly way, I don't even want to talk about it."

"But it will have to be talked about," I reminded him.

"There's been too much of that," he announced, "especially from Lander. Are you in love with that man?"

It was plain that he didn't believe in beating about the bush.

"I'm quite heart free," I said, meeting his side glance without a flicker.

"You know my daughter's going to marry Lander?" he finally observed.

"So she told me," I retorted.

"This whole mix-up is something we've both inherited," he asserted, after another moment of silence. His tone, I thought, was more friendly. "Neither of us asked for it. And there ought to be some reasonable way out of it."

"What would you suggest?" I quietly inquired.

I had the feeling of being weighed on a pair of invisible scales.

"I'd suggest that we leave Lander out of it," he said, "and go at the thing without rancor or prejudice. Lander's bullheadedness hasn't got you anywhere. And it won't get him anywhere."

"I've never had any cause to question his loyalty," I asserted.

"Well, I have," was the prompt response. "And if you'd fly out to the Chakitana and actually look over the ground you'd understand the situation a little better."

"With whom?" I questioned.

"With me," he answered.

I laughed a little. For I pictured him, in my mind's eye, burying me in one of his test pits, or emulating the Wicked Uncle of the Babes in the Wood and leaving me to die in the unmapped wilderness.

I could see his frown at my prompt, "No, thank you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

PRODUCTION IS THE KEY TO OUR WEALTH

EACH ARTICLE of merchandise produced in American factories—every automobile, suit of clothes, agricultural implement, radio and the thousands of other things men build and use—adds to the national wealth. The more we produce, the wealthier we become as a nation, and as individuals.

Each pay day in each factory marks a step in the distribution of the national wealth. Of the value of all production, from 68 to 70 per cent goes to the men employed in the factories. That is labor's dividend. Another 24 to 27 per cent goes to government as taxes—municipal, county, state and federal.

What is left goes to those who provide the tools—the factory buildings and the machines—and to those who manage the business and find the customers.

That has been the method of distribution of America's wealth throughout all of our history. Under that method the distribution to the individual has increased materially, despite an ever-increasing population.

We, as individuals, cannot get more unless we collectively produce more. We cannot produce more by breaking down the industries in which we collectively do the producing and from which we individually receive our share of what we help to produce.

• • •

COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC INFORMATION

AFTER AMERICA'S ENTRY into the first World war, a Committee of Public Information was organized, with George Creel as chairman, and the secretary of state, secretary of war and secretary of the navy as the other members.

Creel did not attempt to tell newspaper editors what they could or could not print.

Through his hands went such information as the government wished to give to the public and he controlled all war pictures from the allied lines. His big job was to maintain an enthusiasm for the war in which we were then engaged.

According to Walter Davenport, in Collier's, we will soon have another Committee on Public Information, the main job of which will be to create an enthusiasm for America's participation in the second world war. There is a difference.

• • •

PRIDE OF THE NAVY —A FOUR-YEAR PRODUCT

THE FIRST REAL battleship the United States has built since we agreed with the rest of the world to cut down our navy, and actually scuttled some of our ships to keep that promise, will go into commission in April.

The new ship is the North Carolina, the largest and most modern fighting ship this country has ever built. A 35,000-ton monster, fitted with every appliance that will aid in making her a destructive terror to an enemy. She will carry a crew of 1,450 officers and men. It has taken nearly four years to build her and it would take four years to build another. We have not yet learned the secret of mass production in battleship building.

• • •

THE AFTERMATH

A MINNEAPOLIS MAN who had traveled through the airplane and ship producing towns of California, asked a native business man:

"What will happen when the demand for defense equipment is over?"

The reply: "Just what happens when you stick a pin in a toy balloon."

The same question and the same answer will apply to every other state.

• • •

THREE GENERATIONS

A FEW DAYS AGO a disheartened man committed suicide in Los Angeles. His grandfather had amassed a fortune of several millions, but the last of it was gone, and the grandson killed himself. It was a case of "three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." That keeps continuously redistributing America's wealth whether the third generation commits suicide or otherwise.

• • •

PHONY DEALS

WASHINGTON TELLS us there must be no profiteering in our defense preparations. Then we are told of funny or phony land deals, of funny or phony prices in the location of training camps. Wonder if a real investigation might reveal some profiteering or something else.

• • •

PATRIOTISM AND POLITICS

PATRIOTISM and partisan politics do not mix well. Patriotism says we must build ships and other defense equipment where they can be built best and quickest; that we must locate training camps at places most advantageous and best suited for the purpose. Partisan politics says our defense equipment must be manufactured where it will produce the most votes, or where those votes are most needed, and that training camps must be located with the same purpose in view.

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:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York

Enclose 10 cents for each book ordered.

Name .....

Address .....

DON'T BE BOSSED

BY YOUR LAXATIVE—RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY

● When you feel gassy, headachy, logy due to clogged-up bowels, do as *millions* do—take Feen-A-Mint at bedtime. Next morning—thorough, comfortable relief, helping you start the day full of your normal energy and pep, feeling like a million! Feen-A-Mint doesn't disturb your night's rest or interfere with work the next day. Try Feen-A-Mint, the chewing gum laxative, *yourself.* It tastes good, it's handy and economical . . . a family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT 10¢

Our Vanity Hurt

That which makes the vanity of others unbearable to us is that which wounds our own. — La Rochefoucauld.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF **COLDS** quickly use **666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

Blush of Men

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity.—La Bruyere.

CORN FREE, HAPPY FEET

SALVE PADS & TAPE 15¢ — SALVE PADS & TAPE 15¢

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN SALVE AT ALL DRUG STORES--SINCE 1890

$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$

We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

● In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.

● It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.

● When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$