Few Good Drivers

Only one person in about 500 may be regarded as a really good driver, according to the director of the California State Department of Motor Vehicles. In short, a good driver is almost as hard to find as a place to park.

Dust Cloth

To prepare a satisfactory dust cloth, put several drops of oil on an old cloth, and place it in a glass jar with two other cloths. One will be above it and one below it. Leave it for one or two days before using.

Pressing a Skirt

When pressing a skirt, instead of using a damp cloth, take a small paint brush, dip it in warm water and moisten the seams on the inside. This saves time and ironing. —Maggy.

Father of History

Herodotus is called the "father of history," because he was the first writer who so unified the record of events as to raise historical narrative to the level of literature.

Busses Brave Heat

Motor bus service is maintained over a 600-mile route from Damascus to Bagdad across Arabian desert, where temperatures range up to 145 degrees.

Two Pairs of Horns

The Chousinga, a small East Indian antelope about two feet high, is distinguished from all other living ruminants by having two pairs of horns.

Synthetic Gas

Germans have synthetic gasoline in tablet forms, according to cable reports. When mixed with water these tablets produce auto fuel.

Department Store Sales

American department stores annually do a $3,500,000,000 business, comprising 10 per cent of the total United States retail volume.

Diesel-Electric Locomotive

Diesel-electric locomotive is used on the cog railway which ascends Pikes Peak. Formerly steam engines were used.

Prevents Darkening

Placing the eggs in boiling water will prevent the yolks from darkening, when preparing them for hard-boiled eggs.

First Socialist in Congress

Victor Berger was the first Socialist to be elected to congress. He was elected in 1911.

Famous for Myrtle Wood

Coquille, in the state of Oregon, is famous for its many articles made of myrtle wood.

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The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER — W. N. U. Service

THE STORY SO FAR

Sidney Lander, mining engineer, is engaged to Barbara Trumbull, but apparently has fallen in love with Carol Coburn, Matanuska school teacher. Salaria Bryson, one of her pupils, a big out-door girl, is also in love with him. Carol's father died in Alaska with an unproven claim which Trumbull is contesting. Lander quits his employ, becomes field manager for the Matanuska Valley project. Sock-Eye Schlupp, an old sourdough, and others, are skeptical of the project's success. Eric (the Red) Ericson has been stirring discord among the workers. At last, too, a school is put up. Salaria discusses Sidney with Carol. Salaria has no idea Carol is interested in him.

Teacher and pupil find a common rival in Barbara.

INSTALLMENT XIV

She said it without enthusiasm.

And I, in turn, had my suspicions. She was hungering, not unlike myself, for something beyond the knowledge that comes out of books.

"Love is never wasted," I said, reaching for solid ground in that copybook maxim.

Salaria's glowering eyes studied my face.

"Then why," she demanded, "does a silk-wearin' and washed-out she-cat who ain't got the guts t' stick t' his side tie up a real man like Sid Lander? Why should she harpoon him for life and then back-trail t' the States and reckon he's safe among us walrus-eaters?"

I gravely considered that double-barreled question.

"I suppose it's because he's a man of honor," I finally affirmed.

Salaria crossed to the door and looked out at the towering peaks of the Talkeetnas.

"Honor wouldn't cut much ice," she said over her shoulder, "if I was the blubber-eater he was pickin' out. If he wanted a woman around his wickyup as much as he wants this cock-eyed colony on the map," she abandonedly proclaimed, "he'd damned soon see my shoepacks under his bunk rail!"

I kept telling myself, after that talk with Salaria, that there was something dignifying in the job of teaching, in molding the minds of the young, in bringing light into the dark places of the world. I was the lamp in the valley.

But the lamp, plainly, stood in need of some new oil. And full as my days were, I'd a feeling that something important in life was forever slipping around the corner before I could quite catch up with it. Yet all I could do, I argued with myself, was to tighten my belt and carry on. I'd no intention of turning into a grumbler. These two hundred families, I maintained, would eventually do for Alaska what the covered wagoners did for the Coast States, seventy long years ago. Or even what the Pilgrim Fathers did for New England.

Yet construction lagged because wrong material had been sent in and the workers wouldn't work. Some of the misfits and troublemakers had already been sent back to the States, to spread the news of the colony's collapse. Some of the others imposed on the Commissary and wolfed more than their share of the supplies. Some growled in secret and some drew up a daily round-robin of complaints. Others went to Wasilla and got drunk. And the less illiterate of the women-folk deplored the rawness of the country that had betrayed them.

In a city of tents, where privacy was unknown, I saw things and heard things that at first touched me with horror: love-making with all the candor of the kennel, family-fights echoing through thin walls of canvas, the moans of child-birth mixed with the strains of a mouth-organ, a loose woman with a canine cluster of idlers about her, stripped men bathing openly in wash-tubs, mothers in sunny corners combing lice from their children's hair, girls jeered at as they slipped into an unscreened outhouse, stained sheets and flimsy underwear flapping on clotheslines, farm-stock surrendering to the biologic urge under one's very nose, profanity and praying side by side, grossness and greediness, empty cans and offal, crying babies and thrumming banjos.

It was all honest and open enough. It was too open, from Betsy Sebeck unbuttoning her waist and giving her big breast to a crying baby with a dozen males watching the operation, to the bed-pots which, in a land without plumbing, had to be emptied in the light of day. But that reversion to the primitive. I told Katie, produced both a bluntness of address and a coarseness of fiber. And women, I contended, felt it most.

Katie didn't agree with me. She said modern woman had got a damned sight too refined for this world, that it did her good to get out on the frontier where life could fling her back to first principles.

"We're here," said Katie, "for just one end: to work and reproduce."

"That," I retorted, "leaves us no better than animals."

"Well, that's what we are," Katie affirmed, "only the fripperies make us forget it."

"But surely civilization's brought us something worth keeping," I suggested.

Katie laughed.

"We're not as civilized as you imagine," she said as she buttoned her mannish-looking leather coat. "You'll find that out when your baby's pulling at your breast."

A touch of unrest, I noticed, extended even to my pupils. They could boast of a big yellow motor bus to carry them to the school door every morning. But only a sprinkling of them came. Compared with the children of the old-timers, the stolid little Scandinavians and Finns and native Alaskans who were inured to hardship, the A R C newcomers were both harder to manage and more exacting in their demands. They arrived well fed and well clothed, their lunch-boxes stuffed with Commissary food. They were eyed with envy by the native-born children, who probably saw an orange only at Christmas. But these wards of Uncle Sam came carrying two or three oranges, day by day. Sometimes they had grapefruit and chocolate bars and store cake. Since the supply proved unlimited, they liked to have a pitched battle with those comestibles.

After a final overreckless barrage of oranges I had to make it a rule that no Project child was to bring more than one orange into the classroom. It gave me an unpleasant feeling just under the fifth rib to see poor little Olie Eckstrom rummaging through that waste, for a half-eaten orange or two, to carry home to his sister Frieda, who couldn't come to school until her mother was able to get to Anchorage to buy her a pair of shoes. I began to realize that you can hurt people by too much help.

I was singing as I went to the road with my water pail one morning. And as I turned I came face to face with Eric the Red.

"Why avoid me, Moon of my Delight?"

"Why avoid me, Moon of my Delight?" he said with his habitual and hateful mockery.

"Why shouldn't I?" I asked. I compelled myself to meet his gaze. For along the road I could see the approaching figure of Olie Eckstrom, swinging his tin milk pail as he whistled to the tree tops.

There was something maddening about the cool assurance of Ericson's smile.

"Why should you, sweet lady, when it's written in the stars we're to come together?" His laugh was both brief and unpleasant. "I'm still awaiting that happy hour. And when it arrives I don't intend to be the forgotten man."

I made no response to that. Instead, I turned and called to Olie, who quickened his pace as he caught sight of me. My little Swedish friend was no Goliath, but even his diminutive figure meant an acceptable ally along that lonely road.

Ericson, watching that figure in bibbed overalls, essayed an ironic gesture of farewell and moved on down the road.

" 'E ban a bad man," Olie announced with quiet conviction.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

Olie's answer, when he gave his reasons, was in English both broken and bewildering. But in the end it rather took my breath away. For from the slow-tongued Swede boy I gathered that he had been in the habit of collecting building blocks for his sister Frieda, small board ends that could be picked up between the lumber piles along the siding track. The workmen there were apt to treat him roughly and drive him away with a cuff and a kick. So it was natural, the night before, that he should promptly hide away when he heard voices. But he was able to gather the gist of the talk among those transient soreheads. And their plan, apparently, was to stage a demonstration in front of the Commissary (where a curb had been put on the open-handed distribution of Federal supplies) and while the officials were busy with that riot Ericson and his followers were to start a fire, a purely accidental fire, in the great piles of timber and equipment that lined the railway track.

CHAPTER XVIII

Lander listened, with a quiet enough eye, as I told him what I could of Olie's story.

Instead of venturing any comment on the situation he asked me if John Trumbull had been in touch with me during the last few days. When I informed him to the contrary he led me over to his truck, saying he'd be glad to drop me at my school door.

"But you can't tell how this will turn out," I argued, "and if it's going to be dangerous I want to be around."

"That's just when I don't want you around," he said. "You've had trouble enough in this valley."

"But it may mean danger for you," I persisted.

Our glances locked, for a moment, and I could see a warmer light well up in his eyes. His brief laugh was both cool and self-confident.

But when we stopped at Palmer and he had a quiet look over the towering supply piles along the siding there his face took on a new seriousness. For hidden under a layer of empty hemp bales, between two piles of pine flooring, he found a five-gallon can of gasoline. The contents of this can he quietly emptied into his truck tank. Then, after a moment's thought, he filled the can with water. Making sure his movements were unobserved, he restored the cap to the can and restored the can to its hiding place under the hemp bales.

My pupils didn't get the attention they should have that day. There was many a flicker, before the afternoon wore away, in the lamp of learning.

I was still in my classroom, after the big yellow bus had carried away the last of the children, when Sock-Eye appeared in the doorway.

"I ain't much of a hand at g'ography," he said as his bearlike eyes blinked up at my wall map, "but I've got me a homemade chart here I'm needin' a mess o' help on."

He produced a soiled and rumpled sheet of paper diversified with many pencil-markings and placed it on the desk top in front of me.

"What's this?" I asked, trying in vain to read some meaning into the roughly penciled lines.

"That," said Sock-Eye, "is a map o' Klondike Coburn's claim on the Chakitana as I kin best work it out. That's the mine, remember, that ought t' be yourn."

"John Trumbull says it shouldn't," I reminded him.

"And Sid Lander says it does," retorted Sock-Eye. "But I ain't goin' into that now, girlie. What I want t' check up on is where them location stakes o' your old pappy ought to stand." His stubby finger pointed to a marking on the map. "Here's the Chakitana, and it ought t' be about here the Big Squaw comes in. But I can't figger out which side o' that crick the Trumbull outfit is anchored to."

"I'm afraid I can't help you much," I said. "You see, Sock-Eye, I've never been there."

"Then why ain't you there now?" demanded the old fire-eater.

"Because I'm needed here in the valley," I answered. "And Sidney Lander's supposed to be looking after my claim."

"Yes," snapped Sock-Eye, "fussin' round with these pie-eatin' pikers and waitin' for a bunch of law sharks t' put in the final word. But court rulin's don't git you nowhere, back on the cricks."

I sat looking at Sock-Eye until he shifted a little uneasily under my gaze. I was thinking, as I studied his seamed old face, that he was so misplaced in time that he was pathetic. He impressed me, for all his bristlings of belligerency, as childishly helpless before the newer forces crowding in on his trail. He made me think of a cumbersomely armored turtle, overconfident of his safety as he ambles along a motor highway between the flashing wheels of change that could so easily crush him.

"What's right or wrong," I finally observed, "isn't decided by gunpowder."

Sock-Eye's laugh was brief and raucous.

"More'n once, girlie, I've seen it blow a short cut t' the seat o' justice," he said as he patted the worn leather of his gun holster. "And this valley wouldn't be where she is if she could rouse up a leather-slapper or two t' straighten her out."

The desolate old figure took a bite of plug tobacco, chewed vigorously, and spat into the stove front. "Filled with a mess o' women and gas cars that ain't needed here."

"The trouble with you," I suggested, "is that you've lived too long alone."

Sock-Eye looked at me with the kingly scorn of the unmated male.

"Because I never got me a woman?" he demanded.

"If you want to put it that way," I acceded.

Still again Sock-Eye spat adroitly into the stove front.

"I ain't had trade nor truck with 'em for forty odd years," he averred. "And I guess I'll git along without 'em to the last roundup. No, ma'am, I ain't succumbed t' the plumb loco idee a shack ain't a home unless there's a female fussin' round the dough-crock."

"What can you do?" I asked.

Sock-Eye chuckled in his leathery old throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

My Week

by Eleanor Roosevelt

WNU Service — United Features

'THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA'

We dined on a recent night in the Lafayette hotel in New York city, where one gets, I think, into the proper mood for a holiday evening. Then we went to see "The Doctor's Dilemma," which I much enjoyed. How young and lovely Katharine Cornell looks! Though it is hard to think of Raymond Massey as anything but Abraham Lincoln, he did give me a reminiscent feeling of being in Harley Street.

George Bernard Shaw gives one food for thought, even though it is not always pleasant thought. In this particular play at least, the weaknesses depicted are amusing, serious though their consequences sometimes are.

* * *

The next morning, after seeing a number of people with whom I had appointments, I went to the British War Relief Society, Inc., offices. I was impressed by the variety and efficiency of the work and the number of volunteers in the executive and administrative positions.

It seems to me that if all the varied organizations working for British relief could be joined under one head, the expense of administration would be greatly reduced and more money would be available for the actual needs of the sufferers in Great Britain. I hope that the new committee appointed by the President will succeed in doing this for all the different groups working for various countries. I went to see Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt's division, which is working with school and college people who want to help the youth of Great Britain. I also saw some of the Greek war relief work. The next time I have a few minutes to spare in New York city, I shall go to their headquarters.

I had a chance to talk for a few minutes with Miss Rachel Crothers, would have liked to go up to the theater division, which is also working in this same building for British relief. I shall try to do that also the next time I am in New York.

* * *

I caught the nine o'clock plane back to Washington. We had a very pleasant flight which, as usual, became a little bumpy a short time before we landed. However, I had already eaten my lunch, so I did not have to maneuver the soup and coffee carefully for fear of having them land in my lap instead of my mouth!

* * *

PAN AMERICAN FESTIVAL?

I was much interested the other day in talking with Mr. John Anson Ford of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Gertrude Knott of the American Folk Festival. They are eager to have a Pan-American folk festival in Los Angeles this year. The idea seems to me to have merit and to promise something beautiful and interesting, but as yet it is only in the stage of being planned.

I have just received a notice of a book about the Quakers. It is written by ex-President Comfort of Haverford, and called, "Just Among Friends." It is designed to give information about this particular religious group, their activities and philosophy. I think it will be of interest to a great many people.

With Laughlin Currie, back from China, the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek sent the President and me two interesting seals. I doubt if many would know if I used mine, that I was putting "Eleanor Roosevelt's" seal at the bottom of my letter, or that the President put "Roosevelt" at the bottom of his. Nevertheless, the Chinese characters will make a very impressive decoration.

* * *

'RANDOM HARVEST'

I have finished James Hilton's "Random Harvest." In the play of the imagination it reminds one a little of "Lost Horizons." The man who is always seeking his lost memories, is not very different from the rest of us, for most of us go through life seeking something.

We do not always find it, so that we can end our tale with the happy cry: "It is not too late." Mr. Hilton seems very familiar with the baffling situation that faces most people, either because of some lack in themselves, or surrounding circumstances which make the accomplishment of their desires unattainable.

I have also just read through the scenario for a motion picture written by Robert Van Sittert, an Englishman. It gives a remarkable picture of Czechoslovakia before and after Munich. Finally, it leaves you with the assurance that the people may be subjugated, but so long as the thing we call the soul of a people lives on, even in the hearts of its children, there is inevitably a day of resurrection and liberation.

* * *

VOCATIONAL TRAINING

I hope those who came to dine with me recently in the interest of the Young Men's Vocational Foundation, Inc., found the evening worth while. The stories which were told by the various speakers, seemed to give a very good idea of why we should be interested in lending a helping hand to boys who come out of our training schools.

Beyond that, everything that was said seemed to emphasize the importance of knowing conditions which the youth of our country face.

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TIPS to Gardeners

QUICK FLOWER GARDENS

MANY people want quick results in the flower garden, and for them the lists of annual flowers offer effective aid.

A highly satisfactory, and economical hedge, for instance, can be grown in six or eight weeks from seed. Kochia is the plant. A single packet of Kochia seed will provide a full, bushy hedge along the front or side of the yard. For a flowering hedge, Four o'Clock will produce attractively within two months after seed is planted.

Glowing borders of flowers that beautify the yard, and at the same time provide ample cut flowers for the housewife, may be enjoyed the first summer. The fastest-growing and most dependable annuals for cutting include the Zinnias, Marigolds, Bachelor Buttons and Petunias. There are tall, medium, and dwarf varieties of each.

Most widely used of fast-growing annual vines is Heavenly Blue Morning Glory, whose giant, soft-blue flowers are in a class by themselves. It is well to scratch the coat of Heavenly Blue seeds before planting them to speed their otherwise slow germination.

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● 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

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Pinkham's Compound is famous for relieving pain of irregular periods and cranky nervousness due to such disturbances. One of the most effective medicines you can buy today for this purpose—made *especially for women.* WORTH TRYING!

Hollow Sound

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.—Shakespeare.

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try *Doan's Pills. Doan's* help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. *Ask your neighbor!*

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