means to express love, to be helpful, therefore to meet love, to be recompensed. It means to express intelligence, and therefore to be needed, to be in request. Since everything is thought, the only real activity is thinking, and no one can be stopped thinking. To think rightly and actively is to be employed and must result in right human employment. Consequently no one need be unemployed.

Supply consists of ideas. Even from the human standpoint this is true. Everything really is an exchange of labor, of value, or an exchange of ideas. Now there is never an idle idea, never a useless idea. In the universe of Spirit the perpetual unfoldment or interchange of ideas goes on spontaneously. "In God's creation ideas become productive, obedient to Mind," Science and Health tells us (p. 544). This is what we need to remember, to affirm, and to understand in order to make a business prosperous or to obtain needful supply. It must be borne in mind that there is never a shortage of ideas, they are infinite and limitless and belong equally to each of us. It is our attitude towards these ideas that matters. We need to appreciate their value. Let us suppose that a man has a shop and wants to make it a success. What is he dealing with primarily? Not things, but human thoughts. Translating things into thoughts, he needs to see how valuable and desirable are his wares. The ideas of willing service, of honesty, of efficiency, and graciousness are amongst those he has to offer, and everyone wants these and values these and is glad to remunerate the individuals expressing them. Even the butter and eggs or the boots and shoes he may sell express thoughts of usefulness or nourishment, and so on.

Again let us see that there is no relation between money and needs. It is divine Mind that supplies all our needs. Here a distinction must be made between wants and needs. You might *want* to buy a large property or to take a world tour, but that would be a want, not a need. Everything you *need* you can legitimately claim and appropriate from the divine affluence without counting your money. If you say, "If I buy this now which I need I may not have enough to get so and so later which I also need," you are limiting yourself, and looking not to Mind but to pelf to supply you. Remember that the pounds, shillings, and pence are but the symbol of the infinite supply that is behind them. The widow's cruse never ran dry, and in the same way, the funds will never fail you if you look to the infinite Mind to supply them.

Lack is mesmeric in its tendencies, therefore it must be broken by iterating and reiterating the truth. The truth it is most essential to perceive in this connection is that of man's unity with his divine source. Lack presupposes separation from God. Maintain your uninterrupted unity with the inexhaustible source of all good, your oneness with the productive, sustaining, divine Principle of being, and you will prove its redemptive operation in human experience.

In the last analysis, my friends, this thought of oneness with the divine, will be found to be the solution of all our problems. "I and my Father are one," said the Master, and he further prayed "That they all may be one . . . even as we are one." To be one with God means to be comforted, to be protected, to be empowered, and to be supplied at all points and at all times. It means the satisfying of all our desires, for God includes *all*, and so there can be nothing left to desire. Maintain this oneness, for it is God's free gift to man; and in the measure that you grasp it, you will find it to be the transformer of experience. Faber, who wrote so many well-known hymns, has expressed this thought in the following words:

"To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.
So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,
Missing my joy—I walked the earth
Myself God's sanctuary."

Pastor Developing Cloth Fresco

A streamline version of an ancient art is being developed by the Rev. Omer J. Chevrette of West Warren, Mass. He has been granted a patent on his process of painting fresco on cloth, a work that seemingly has aroused the interest of the art world. Under Rev. Chevrette's process, a sketch is first outlined in pencil, the cloth is saturated with dyes, and when dry are covered with water color pigments. This process gives depth and richness of tone as well as a lasting picture. Under the ancient process, artists first outlined a sketch of fresh plaster, then laid in colors which would sink into the plaster and make a permanent picture. Rev. Chevrette is spending all his spare time on his new process.

Reducing Divorces

Appalled by the increasing number of divorces applied for and granted, the National Divorce Reform League of New York has been exerting its efforts to put through legislation that would enable the courts to handle divorce cases in a more efficient manner. The league is not seeking to remold human nature, but is chiefly interested in liberalizing divorce and marriage laws and improving the lot of alimony payers. However, the odd reasons, often described for divorce, has prompted the league to effect worthwhile reforms before marriage has been consummated. Therefore, the league recommends that the laws governing marriage be made more stringent. It asks that two weeks elapse between the application for and the issuance of a license. Another important recommendation of the league is the one asking for all domestic relations cases and that this court be supplied with a clinic. Attendants at the clinic would make every effort to effect a reconciliation.

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 loves Carol Coburn, Matanuska school teacher. Salaria Bryson, a big out-door girl, also loves him. Carol's father died with an unproven claim which Trumbull is contesting. Lander quits his employ, becomes field manager for the government's Matanuska Valley project. But all is not smooth in the great valley experiment.

Eric, the Red, makes an inflammatory speech. Carol also speaks up and Eric stops her. A shot rings out and Sock-Eye Schlupp, an old "sourdough" friend of the Coburns, pistol in hand, orders Eric to dance. Sock-Eye is ordered arrested but vanishes. Salaria also has gone.

INSTALLMENT XVI

Salaria didn't come back that night. By the following noon, her father became alarmed. He even appeared at the Administration Building and asked for help. And it seemed the most natural thing in the world that Lander and his lean-nosed Sandy should be among those who hurriedly made ready and trailed out into the surrounding hills in search of her. Why Lander headed out past the Happy Day I don't know. But I do happen to know that when Barbara Trumbull intercepted him on the outer trail and offered to join him in what she termed his gesture of gallantry, he promptly and firmly declined her companionship. This, apparently, piqued the lady from the superintendent's lodge, for she later visited Katie's tent office and made inquiries as to the character and appearance of the missing Artemis. And it obviously didn't add to her questioner's happiness when Katie informed her visitor that Salaria Bryson was the most superb specimen of vital and lawless womanhood she'd ever clapped eyes on.

It was unfortunate, I suppose, that Lander should have been the searcher who eventually found Salaria. He succeeded in locating her, late the second evening, half way up the slope of Big Indian Mountain, in an impromptu camp behind a windbreak. For she was woodsman enough to take care of herself in the open. When Sandy nosed her out, in fact, she was quietly broiling bear steaks over a campfire. But she had been unable, apparently, to resume her homeward journey because of a hurt ankle, incurred when she had a hand-to-hand encounter with a wounded black bear. There may have been some question as to the extent of her injury, but the bear carcass was there to substantiate her story of the encounter.

They had to rest and make camp on the way, which took up a night and a day. The ankle, I gathered, grew worse, and for some of the distance Salaria surrendered her independence of spirit to the extent of permitting her rescuer to carry her. At other times, by clinging to his shoulder, she was able to hobble along at Lander's side. And I could imagine how the forlornly primitive heart of that dusky Artemis went pit-a-pat against her ribs when she felt those sustaining arms about her. But the final portion of that safari wasn't as harmonious as it might have been. For it happened to be John Trumbull's car that picked Salaria up, just beyond the Happy Day, and carried her to her father's door. Lander, for quite discernible reasons, declined to ride in that car with his charge. And Trumbull's openly expressed view of the adventure in no way added to Sam Bryson's peace of mind.

"The first thing," I suggested, "is to have Doctor Ruddock look at that ankle of yours."

Salaria, however, promptly declined the services of Doctor Ruddock. She agreed, in the end, to let me bring Katie and her first-aid kit to the shack. And it wasn't long before that expeditious nurse had the ailing member looked over and strapped up.

"Will she be all right?" I asked as Katie's Black Maria went lurching back to Palmer.

Katie's Celtic gray eyes met mine.

"It's not her ankle that needed strapping up," announced the Red Cross nurse. "It's that many-hungry heart of hers that needs attention."

Katie smiled at my small and meditative, "Oh!"

"Isn't it a bad sprain?" I inquired.

"There's something there all right," conceded Katie. "But I've seen girls dance half a night on a foot worse than that."

This gave me something to think about.

"You mean," I suggested, "that Salaria wasn't as helpless as she pretended?"

Katie's laugh was slightly enigmatic.

"Such things," she observed, "have been known to happen. She probably saw him coming and thumped herself with a stone."

When I stopped at the post office for my mail I saw Lander's truck there. A moment later Lander himself came out, with an open letter in his hand. He looked harried and haggard.

Just then the Trumbull car swerved in and shuddered to a stop close beside the truck of battleship-gray. Alone in the driver's seat was Barbara Trumbull, with her face pale and her eyes flashing fire.

"I've just seen the heroine of your mountain adventure," she said. "She seems less ashamed of the situation than you do. She was, in fact, barbarously frank about it all."

Lander stiffened.

"Then there's nothing much for me to say."

That brought a vibrata of passion and hurt pride into Barbara Trumbull's voice when she spoke.

"I suppose not," she cried. "Especially as it isn't the first time you've indulged your penchant for nocturnal romance."

I made no response to that oblique thrust. But Lander's movement as he stepped between us seemed almost a sheltering one.

"That's about enough," he said in a voice as hard as nails.

"I'll say it is," cried the lady to whom life must have brought very few frustrations. And it was all so futile and foolish that I felt vaguely sorry for her. For with a shaking right hand she drew a ring from her finger and with a little gasp of anger flung it at Lander.

She flung it badly. It went past the tight-lipped man and landed in the road dust a dozen paces away. But Lander disregarded it. He merely stood there, rather gray of face, studying the woman in the driver's seat who so abruptly threw in her clutch and roared off down the long-shadowed roadway.

I picked up the ring and held it out to Lander.

"You'd better keep this," I said. "It'll all straighten out in time."

But Lander didn't seem to hear me. His eyes remained on the vanishing car, even when I forced the ring into his hand. Then he looked at me, like a sleepwalker suddenly awakened.

"Do you believe that rot?" he challenged.

I tried, quite without success, to laugh the tragedy out of his face. "I

His eyes remained on the vanishing car.

went through much the same thing, without any apparent peril," I reminded him. "I've always rather banked on your honesty."

"Then you trust me?" he asked in a disturbingly lowered voice.

I tried to keep my heartbeats steady under the questioning gaze that rested on my face. The barriers, I felt, were finally down between us. It was only my woman's pride, I suppose, that made me fight back the impulse to comfort him in his unhappiness.

"Of course," I answered.

"Then you'll have to keep on at it," he grimly asserted.

"Why?" I asked with a creeping sense of disappointment.

That sense of disappointment sharpened as he reached for the letter which he had thrust into his coat pocket.

"Because I've just had word Trumbull's putting through his cancellation of your Chakitana claim. He's to head through to the mines there as soon as a plane can pick him up."

It failed to stir me as it should have. There was a cloud on my heart, I remembered, more important than mine claims. But men, I also remembered, too often preferred facing a hard fight to uttering soft words.

"It's not easy to understand," he patiently explained. "But your father's patent was granted and recorded. There's no dispute about that. But the Territory has a large area of unsurveyed land, land remote from any center of population. The Chakitana falls under that heading. So the field notes of a survey for any claim there, where the survey is not tied to a corner of the public survey, has to be tied to a location or what they call a mineral monument, something showing definite adjacence to some recognizable landmark, such as a creek or a river or a mountain. Is that clear?"

"I think so," I dubiously responded.

"In the case of the Chakitana claim," he proceeded, "the anchoring landmark is the Big Squaw Creek. But the Trumbull plat shows the Big Squaw to be where he wants it, and not where your father first found it. And Trumbull's intention is to fly in with the Registrar of Mines and a couple of official surveyors and have his plat reading confirmed."

"Then what are we to do?" I asked.

"I want you there as owner," was his answer, "when that official survey is made."

"But how?" I asked, trying to speak calmly.

"We'll go by plane," he explained, "as soon as I can get one in here to pick us up."

I found something consoling in my thoughts during the tumult of packing and making ready and saying an abrupt good-by to my schoolchildren, who faced their midsummer vacation a few days earlier than they had expected.

I hurried on to explain to Katie. But Katie, when I found her in Doctor Ruddock's new surgery surrounded by crates and boxes, didn't seem greatly interested.

"Why the sudden grandeur?" I asked that tight-lipped lady as I watched her hanging curtains in the wide-windowed living room that still smelled of fresh paint.

"Then you haven't heard?" queried Katie. "It's that boss of mine, getting the nest ready for the new ladybird."

"You don't," I demanded, "mean the nurse from Seattle?"

"Of course I mean the nurse from Seattle," was Katie's even-toned reply. "She's sent up her silver and linen. And the lady herself lands at Seward on Friday." Katie adjusted a curtain pin and stepped down from her chair. "They're to be married on Saturday at Anchorage. And Ruddy wants everything shipshape when they swing back to Palmer on Sunday."

Katie endured my stare without flinching.

I studied the line of Katie's brawny shoulders, dark against the window light.

She smiled a little, at my gasp of protest, but deep in those Celtic eyes of hers I could see the light of tragedy.

CHAPTER XX

It's odd how destiny can hinge on small and unforeseen things. In this case it was nothing bigger than a safety pin that proved the god from the machine.

For our flight in to the Chakitana wasn't as prompt as Lander had expected.

"I can't get a plane in today," he explained. "Eery ship within flying distance seems either chartered or spoken for. And in that I detect Trumbull's fine Italian hand."

So, having no choice in the matter, I waited. The Project was like a prospector's pan: what seemed like foolish agitation was really a sorting out of the true metal, with the weaklings and the rubbish slowly washed out over the rim of the North.

Week by week, the real workers were taking root and making their half-finished homes a little more livable, or building fences and sheds, or clearing and draining and seeding more land—and discovering it to be incredibly rich land, land that could grow thirty-pound cabbage-heads and Climax oats that would run sixty-five bushels to the acre.

The twenty-hour summer day breathed warmth into that black bowl, touching the dead silt into life, steaming, abundant, explosive life. It brought growth that one could almost see with the naked eye, hay that could hide a team of horses, a tropical prodigality of growth, rank and arrogant, gargantuan vegetables, grain as high as a man's head, too rank with straw, peas and vetch that smothered themselves in their own luxuriance sweet-peas that could over-run a cabin and smother it in bloom before frost cut the mad growth short, berry-brambles that became a forest, muskeg-surfaces that turned into a choked tangle of grass and alder and cranberry, tilled gardens where potatoes grew as big as footballs, where carrots were like war-clubs, where one strawberry could fill a teacup.

The tillers of that soil may have wondered where their ultimate markets were to be. But they tapped its richness and were stunned by its rewards. And much of the glory, I also knew, went to the women who worked at their side.

They had waited so long to get into homes of their own that there was some excuse for the noisy and foolish way they kept celebrating every escape from tent life. Each one of those rough-and-ready housewarmings had meant an all-night party, with mouth organs and accordions and much to eat and drink. Yet now and then a more gracious note had struck through the rougher noise. When the Saari family, sedate Finns from Wisconsin, commemorated their accession to their five-room bungalow of spruce logs, they first sprinkled salt on the doorstep and then conducted a service of prayer in the living room where the carpenters' shavings still littered the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRASSROOTS

by WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE TOMORROWS OF AMERICA

THE TOMORROWS OF AMERICA will be radically different as compared with the 150 years of yesterdays.

We have changed our philosophy of living, our way of life. Whether for better or for worse, only time will tell. We are sailing a socialistic sea, but what specific form of socialism is not yet apparent.

That the tomorrows of America will produce another Henry Ford is improbable. Individual initiative will not be encouraged as it was during the yesterdays. The effect such a course may have on our continued increase in national wealth is today unknown.

During the 150 years of yesterdays, government was supported by the people, it was the servant of the people. For the tomorrows, the people expect support from the government; they are willing that government shall be the master.

Will it work? Only time will tell.

Within another year America will have a national debt of $100,000,000,000 or more. That is approximately one-third of the total of our national wealth. It is much more than the total of national income for one year.

To what extent can government continue to support the people of America? To what limit can such a system be financed?

Can, and will, government create wealth as the American profit system has created it during the 150 years of yesterdays?

The change from the yesterdays we have known, and under which we have prospered, to the questionable tomorrows has come to us through a revolution which we asked for and insisted upon, but which we did not recognize. By classes—vocations—we have demanded special consideration. We have asked for and received class legislation to benefit one minority after another. Those of each class or vocation have considered only themselves, not the American people as a whole, and have been given what they asked for.

We can look forward to the path of the tomorrows with trepidation, but with a hope, at least, that it may lead us to a desirable destination. It is a path we are to follow regardless.

• • •

TOOK BALLYHOO TO SELL LIBERTY BONDS

THE UNITED STATES will offer us war savings stamps, "baby" bonds, and regular government bonds, the sale of which will at least partially pay for our own preparedness and our aid to England.

Will the American people buy in any considerable quantity without an accompanying sales ballyhoo?

The first World war was financed largely by the sale of government bonds, but that sale was effected only by a vigorous and spectacular sales campaign. The effort was to sell to the people, not to the banks. The government wished the people—the Toms, Dicks and Harrys—to have a direct financial interest in the war, to have them feel it was actually their war and that they were the fellows who wanted to see the Kaiser properly licked.

With spectacular showmanship the government put it over in the large cities for the first loan. It did not work so well in the country, where big parades, scores of "minute men," speeches and other spectacular methods could not be applied.

For the second and future loans, the government appealed for support to the country press. It proposed to publishers that they sell underwritten advertising to local merchants, banks, churches, lodges and to individuals. Country newspaper publishers did that to the extent of more than 500,000 pages from the second to the Victory loan. In response to that advertising, people of rural America bought Liberty bonds.

The national treasury can sell government bonds by telling the banks how much each must take. But can it sell them to the extent of several billions to people of America without arousing through some method an enthusiasm for preparedness and for aid to England? That is a question to be answered. My guess would be "no."

We would all like to see the European dictators licked. We do not approve of them, but we should like to have some idea as to what the result of such a licking would be.

Will it result in a better world for all concerned, or will it be but a prelude to more rivalry, more selfishness, more greed, and in the end, more war?

What are we paying for, and possibly fighting for?

• • •

HAWAII IS AMERICAN

A DISTINGUISHED California official in a recent speech told of the "import from foreign lands" of the pineapple juice now consumed in America. We have spent half a billion and more dollars in fortifying that "foreign land" that it might protect California and the rest of continental United States from a possible enemy. The "foreign land" referred to is the United States territory of Hawaii. We do not "import" from Hawaii any more than from California or Iowa.

Open Window Urged

Car windows should be open at least an inch or two, even in the coldest weather. Carbon monoxide sometimes collects in closed cars and menaces the driver. Carbon monoxide can make you drowsy and fatigued and in extreme cases cause death.

Collects 42,000 Pencils

The pencil collecting hobby that Ed Johnson of Pratt, Kan., started as a boy has grown up with him. He now has 42,000 of them and claims it is the "largest pencil collection in the world outside of a newspaper man's pocket."

Cooling off Guns

Cannonading had to stop on the third day of the Battle of Gettysburg in order to cool the guns in anticipation of a fresh attack, Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday discloses in his book, "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg."

Auto Registered in N. Y.

First state to register motor vehicles was New York, says the Automobile Club of Southern California. During the first year of registration, 1901, revenues from fees were approximately $1,000.

Cleaning Plaster Ornaments

To clean plaster ornaments, try dipping them in thick liquid starch. Brush off the starch when dry and the dirt will come off with it. The plaster will be spotless and clean as when new.

Gay Filler

Scatter portulaca seed in the cracks in crazy paving. It will come up next spring and give a gay picture in midsummer. It will not germinate until the weather is warm.

No Bank or Hotel

British Somaliland, a protectorate since 1884, with an area of 68,000 square miles and a population of 350,000, still does not have a railway, hotel, bank or European hospital.

Longest Stretch

The longest stretch of straight railroad track in the United States is between Wilmington and Hamlet in North Carolina. It is a straight track 78.66 miles long.

Lindbergh Baby Cost Most

Kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, and the trial of Hauptmann, consumed more time and cost more than any other subject in newsreel history.

Near Top of Nazi Force

Ernst Udet is very near top man of the Nazi air force. About fourth to Goering. Udet shot down 62 Allied planes in the World war.

40% SAVINGS FOR NO ACCIDENTS

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