

Gems of Thought

"THE art of living is concerned with human relationships even more than with wild Nature.—Havelock Ellis.

All a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother.—Steele.

Self ease is pain; thy only rest is labor for a worthy end.
—Hittier.

In all science error precedes the truth, and it is better it should go first than last.—Walpole.

You have no leisure to read books? What then? You have leisure to check your own insolence.—Marcus Aurelius.

FAMOUS ALL-BRAN MUFFINS. EASY TO MAKE. DELICIOUS!

They really are the most delicious muffins that ever melted a pat of butter! Made with crisp, toasted shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, they have a texture and flavor that have made them famous all over America.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening	1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar	1 cup flour
1 egg	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup All-Bran	2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 6 large muffins, 3 inches in diameter, or 12 small muffins, 2 1/4 inches in diameter.

Try these delicious muffins for dinner tonight or for tomorrow morning's breakfast. They're not only good to eat; they're mighty good for you as well. For several of these muffins will add materially to your daily supply of what physicians call "bulk" in the diet, and thus help combat the common kind of constipation that is due to lack of this dietary essential. Eat ALL-BRAN every day (either as a cereal or in muffins), drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk." ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Time for Greatness

Nothing great is produced suddenly, since not even the grape or fig is. If you say to me now that you want a fig, I will answer to you that it requires time; let it flower first, then put forth fruit, and then ripen.—Epictetus.

★★★★ STAR HIT FOR PENETRO COLDS MISERIES

Economizing Time

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—Hale.

Help to Relieve Distress of

FEMALE PERIODIC COMPLAINTS

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help relieve monthly pain, headaches, backache and ALSO calm irritable nerves due to monthly functional disturbances. Pinkham's Compound is simply marvelous to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." Famous for over 60 years! Hundreds of thousands of girls and women report remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING!

Misnamed

Oft has good nature been the fool's defense, and honest meaning gilded want of sense.—Shenstone.

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD

Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions.

These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.

If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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

"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 wickypup as much as he wants this cock-eyed colony on the map," she abandonedly proclaimed, "he'd damned soon see my shoe-packs 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 trouble-makers 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.

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.

"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.

I was singing as I went to the road with my water pail one morn-



"Why avoid me, Moon of my Delight?"

ing. And as I turned I came face to face with Eric the Red.

"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 sore-heads. 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."

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 beaklike 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 clumsily 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 bit 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 idea a shack ain't a home unless there's a female fussin' round the dough-crook."

"What can you do?" I asked.

Sock-Eye chuckled in his leathery old throat.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUST BEHOLD

That's Love

"If you love work, why don't you look for it?"

"Alas, lady, love is blind!"

The seven ages of women are: Her own and six guesses.

No Airs

"Shall I paint you in evening dress?"

"Oh, don't make any fuss. Just wear your usual smock."

Admitted Mistake

"What's wrong with your finger?"

"I hammered the wrong nail."

THAT SORT



Spree—Chugwater makes very sure of himself before he does any bragging.

Whiffenpoof—Ah, he's a safe blower, then!

Some Proof

Helen—Do you believe the saying that there are always as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?

Thelma—I'm not quite sure. The uncaught ones must be smarter.

Back Talk

A little worm was feeling lonely, so he popped out and looked about for someone to play with.

At last he noticed another little worm, and said, "If you come and play?"

The other little worm replied: "Don't be daft. I'm your other end."

So It Seems

The angler had just landed a catch when the inquisitive woman chanced to be passing.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that poor little fish!"

The angler replied: "Well, madam, if he'd kept his mouth shut he would not have got into trouble!"

INDIGESTION

may affect the Heart

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Are We Witless?

We dare not trust our wit for making our house pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice cream.—Emerson.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT St. JOSEPH ASPIRIN 10¢

Finishing Touches

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.—Shakespeare.

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Fortune Corrupts

We are corrupted by good fortune.—Tacitus.

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