

# JUST

## Obliging Her

"Last night George annoyed me and I told him I never wanted to see his face again."  
 "What did he say to that?"  
 "Nothing; he just turned out the light."

## Open for Bids

Having an unusually heavy crop of hair because he had been on a country visit and hadn't bothered to get a haircut, a man went immediately to his barber when he returned to town.  
 "Haircut?" asked the barber.  
 "Not now," said the man. "I just dropped in for an estimate."

## SAW IT COMING



Sis—Did you tell Mr. Smythe I would be engaged for a half hour?  
 Tommy—No I told him you'd be engaged in a half hour.

## Old Model

Father (to four-year-old)—Why, what are you crying for, son?  
 Junior—Well, you said you and mommie was going to get a new baby, and it's 'fraid you will trade me in on it.

## Put Fear in Him

"Have you caught the burglar yet?"  
 "No," replied the village constable, confidentially, "but I've got him so scared that he doesn't dare show himself when I'm about."

## BEAT HEAT

Dust with cooling Mexican Heat Powder. Dust in shoes. Relieves and eases chafe, and sunburn. Great for heat rash. Get Mexican Heat Powder.

## Poetry a Demi-God

The basis of poetry is language, which is material only on one side. It is a demi-god.—Emerson.

## "MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN [38-52] yrs. old HEED THIS ADVICE!



Thousands of women are helped to go smiling thru distress peculiar to women—caused by this period in life—with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 50 years. Pinkham's Compound—made especially for women—has helped thousands to relieve such weak, nervous feelings due to this functional disturbance. Try it!

## No Need of Whip

Flattery is the bridle and saddle with which you may drive the vain man.

### KILL ALL FLIES

Place anywhere. Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies. Guaranteed, effective. Neat, convenient—cannot spill—without soil or injury anything. Lasts all season. See at all dealers. Harold Somers, Inc., 150 De Kalb Ave., E. 47th St., N. Y.

#### DAISY FLY KILLER

## Dealing With Faults

Bad men excuse their faults; good men will leave them.

AT GOOD DRUG STORES

Why Suffer?  
**MENEIL'S MAGIC REMEDY**

BRINGS BLESSED RELIEF

**RHEUMATISM NEURITIS LUMBAGO**

## SPECIAL BARGAINS

WHEN you see the specials of our merchants announced in the columns of this paper you can depend on them. They mean bargains for you.

● They are offered by merchants who are not afraid to announce their prices or the quality of the merchandise they offer.

# 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 C. Burns, 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, calls on Carol to tell her she ought to be in Chakitana to fight for her father's claim. He himself is moving on away from the new Matanuska; it has become too "civilized."  
 The old "bush rat" has nothing but contempt for the new project. Carol asks what he plans.

## INSTALLMENT XV

"I can break trail for the back hills where a he-man's still got breathin'-room," was his solemnly noted reply. "I can mush on to a valley that ain't overrun with weak-lin's and womenfolks."

"Thanks," I said.  
 "I ain't got nothin' against you, girlie," he said. "I've been strong for you from the first crack out of the box. I savvied, from that snowy day I spotted you on the trail, you was good leather. And later on I savvied you was mixed up with a bunch o' snakes here. That's why I kind o' hate t' mush on and leave you sittin' out on a limb."

"I've always managed to take care of myself," I assured him.  
 "That's what you think," said Sock-Eye. "But it's time some plain-spoken hombre put a bee or two in your bonnet. For I savvy a heap more'n you imagine, girlie. You think Big John Trumbull'll give you a square deal on your claim trial. But he won't. He ain't built that way. And there's a glib-talkin' tarantula right over in that transient-camp who's s'ggerin' on bustin' you up in this colony, when the chance comes around. And he's got Trumbull behind him."

"Is that Eric the Red?" I demanded, my thoughts suddenly back to more imminent things.

"That's the bird," acknowledged Sock-Eye as a leathery old claw stroked his six-gun holster. "And in the good old days when us sourdoughs cleaned up a camp as she ought to be cleaned up that wind-jammer'd have swung from a tamarack bough afore he'd passed out his second mess o' pizen-talk. I don't like what he's sayin' about you and Sid Lander. I don't like anything he says."

"What's he got against Lander?" I asked.

"One item worth mentionin'," Sock-Eye said with his not unkindly smile, "is the fact that Lander's ridin' range for you."

"Why should he ride range, as you put it, for me?"

"Why, that long-legged giloot's so crazy about you, girlie, he can't see straight."

I could feel the color come up into my face.

Sock-Eye's gaze wavered away and regarded the design I'd embroidered on a gunny sack for a floor mat.

"I ain't nosin' into that tie-up with the Trumbull dame. That's something 'twixt him and his Creator. But there's that girl o' Sam Bryson's. S'lary ain't what you'd mebbe call civilized."

"She has her good points."  
 "Mebbe she has. But when a maverick in petticoats like that gets an idee in her head, when she's set on somethin' she ain't no special right to, she's a-goin' after it like a wildcat after a rabbit."

I began to discern the threatening bush about which my old friend was so artfully beating.

"Lander seems able to take care of himself," I ventured.

"Mebbe he is," retorted Sock-Eye. "And mebbe he ain't. But book learnin' and shadow-boxin' with the Ten Commandments ain't goin' t' help you much when you're competin' against a she-wolf."

"I haven't," I ventured, "seen signs of any conflict."

"You wouldn't," acceded Sock-Eye. "But as I told you once afore, gold's where you find it. And so is a hombre's consolation for livin' alone. But it's mebbe worth rememberin' that both the man and the metal is usually corraled by the forager who's first t' hightail it in t' where the strike is."

I sat, deep in thought, after he had gone. I picked up two letters which had to go to the post office at Palmer and at the same time gave me a ponderable excuse for invading that forbidden territory.

As I approached the Commissary I realized that crowd was doing more than loiter. A few of the men had pitchforks in their hands; a few had pick handles and axes. Still others, I noticed, carried heavy clubs of spruce wood. And a broken cheer went up from them as Eric the Red pushed through their ranks and mounted the porch end.

"Are we cattle," he demanded, "or are we freeborn Americans? Instead of coming to a colony of homes you were brought like driven sheep to a hobo city of lousy tents. You were fed on tainted beef and big promises. Your women and children waded through mud and you

were told to grub out spruce roots or go without a crop. And when your children fell sick they were taken away from the homes where they belonged and carried off to a jerry-built pesthouse and kept prisoners there while a couple of overfed she-nurses sat around smoking cigarettes and playing checkers with an imported sawbones who lined up your little ones and vaccinated them whether they needed it or not. And now it's about time—"

That was as much as I heard. For a wave of resentment went through my body and rang a little bell somewhere at the back of my brain. I found myself clambering up on the porch beside the momentarily silenced Ericson.

"Wait a minute," I heard my own voice shouting above the jeers and the derisive laughter my over-abrupt eruption gave birth to. "I want to tell you the truth about this trouble-maker and what he's doing to this colony. For if you're fools enough to let him poison your minds with his cheap lies and his half-baked Red ideas you don't deserve the



"You've a chance to conquer this last frontier."

chance this Project is giving you. You've a chance to be nation-builders. You've a chance to be heroes. You've a chance to conquer this last frontier and make happy homes here and—"

But the envious rabble-rouser at my side had no intention, obviously, of surrendering the stage to an outsider. There was a shout of laughter as I was unceremoniously bumped off the porch end.

"Don't listen to this kid-tamer," I could hear Ericson shouting as I gathered myself up. "She can't pull that kindergarten stuff with men like us who know our own minds. And know, as well, that she's the private pastry of that imported college-dude engineer who's trying—"

And that, still again, was as far as Eric the Red got.  
 His speech was cut short by a bullet that splintered the porch post within ten inches of his head. Before he could recover from his astonishment at that interruption a second bullet cut through the crown of his hat and buried itself in the woodwork behind him.

I glanced back, at that second shot, and caught sight of Sock-Eye standing just beyond the outer fringe of the crowd.

"Grab that old fool," someone cried. "He's drunk."

"Drunk, am I?" he croaked as he advanced slowly toward the porch end, the clustered bodies making way for him as he so threateningly moved forward. "Mebbe I am; but I'm still sober enough t' scotch a two-legged snake."

The only person who didn't fall back was Ericson. I don't know whether it was courage, or whether it was hopelessness.

Sock-Eye took three slow steps toward him.

"Now dance high, tenderfoot," he suddenly barked out. And with equal abruptness the two poised pistols repeated that bark, splintering the porch floor at Ericson's feet.

Ericson didn't exactly dance. His foot-movement, as a third bullet nipped the toe of his foot, must have been largely an involuntary one. But his repeated movement, as another bullet cut into the sole-edge of his other boot, might have been interpreted as a none too happy dance step. And that was repeated until he stood with his back against the porch post.

When he suddenly holstered one of his revolvers and jerked out his sheath knife I thought, for a dreadful second or two, that the old fire-eater was so far forgetting himself as to disembowel a helpless enemy. But I could see, when it was all over, that the flashing knife blade had merely severed Ericson's belt and slashed loose his trouser legs, leaving him standing there bare-kneed below his ridiculous cotton shorts. Then with incredible dexterity the old desert-rat swung the twisted leg cloth around the younger man's startled body, knotting him there a prisoner against the post. His movements were more leisurely as he tied a third strip about Ericson's thin neck.

I had no clear suspicion of Sock-Eye's intentions until I saw him stroll down the steps and pick up an empty salmon tin lying in the road dust. There he eyed it with solemn approval.

His steps were distressingly unsteady as he returned to the porch and placed the tin on Ericson's head. A laugh went up from the crowd when Ericson shook the can from its resting place.

Sock-Eye solemnly replaced it.  
 "Do that again," he croaked, "and I'll sure fan the bump o' veneration off'n your skull."

He backed slowly away, the full length of the porch.

"That gun-fanning old fool's going to pull the William Tell trick," cried someone at the edge of the crowd.

"Better get an apple," cried another guttural voice.

But I couldn't see any excuse for mirth in the situation. I could feel my heart come up in my mouth as I saw Sock-Eye's long arm swing about in an airy half-circle, with the heavy six-gun in the tremulous old hand.

The shot rang out before I could reach the porch. And at the same time the empty salmon tin went spinning through the evening air.

Sock-Eye, ignoring the shouts of the crowd, went solemnly after it. His intention, apparently, was to repeat that foolish and perilous performance. But it was cut short when a military-looking car swung in from the highway and Colonel Hart swung out of the seat beside his driver.

"Arrest that man," he called to the Anchorage marshal who stood on the running board.

But with an altogether unexpected nimbleness Sock-Eye rounded the Commissary, dodged out past the stock shed, and disappeared in the spruce scrub, at the same time that Katie and her Black Maria roared closer along the highway that skirted the railway siding. On the seat beside her was Salaria, armed with a rifle, and plainly a self-appointed vigilante.

"Who's hurt?" I heard Colonel Hart call out as the ambulance shuddered to a stop.

"Two transients caught setting a fire," answered Katie. "They showed fight and had to be subdued."

"And it was Sid Lander done the subduin'," proudly announced the self-appointed vigilante at her side.

## CHAPTER XIX

When Barbara Trumbull and her father came in, they came by plane. What prompted that return was, of course, unknown to me.

But I was more worried, at the time, by Sock-Eye's abrupt disappearance. The bullheaded old gun-fanner had possessed himself of two pack mules, which he hid in the hills beyond Knik Glacier and loaded down with grub and equipment and three cases of dynamite. Rumor had it that S'lary Bryson had not only been his go-between during those preparations but had been his companion and trail mate on his first day's travel out through the hills. And after that the silence had swallowed him up.

When I went to the Bryson shack, to glean a little more light on the matter, I found Sam alone there, alone and singularly acid-spirited. But when I questioned if Sock-Eye wasn't too old and erratic-minded for lone-fire prospecting like that he refused to share in my fears.

"That ol' sourdough knows his hills. And he knows how t' mush through 'em, winter or summer."  
 "Where's Salaria?" I asked as I made a show of producing the textbooks that motivated my visit.

"Bear shootin'," was Sam's truculent reply.  
 "I'm sorry," I said, "that she's missing a lesson."

That seemed to give Sam the opening he wanted.

"It ain't wringin' no tears out o' me," he protested. And there was no mistaking the tremor of indignation in his voice. "What's more," he continued, "instead o' all this book-readin' doin' my S'lary a bit o' good, it's fillin' her up with enough loco ideas t' founder a pack horse. And I ain't thankin' you or anyone else for pizenin' her mind and makin' her about as easy t' live with as an underfed she-grizzly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## It Cost Whistler Topper To Appease Swinburne

The artist Whistler had just entered the London Arts club, when an alarming uproar broke forth. It came from the coattroom. Hastening there he found the poet Swinburne, in an insane fury, tramping on hats and shrieking:

"My hat—they've stolen my hat!" his hair flying, his arms windmilling, his eyes blazing.

Contemplating the scene for a few moments, Whistler removed his hat, and approached the poet.

"Isn't this your hat, old chap?" he asked, fitting it on the yellow mane. Swinburne accepted it with a kind of howl and rushed out. Whistler went home that night bare-headed, but pleased.

## Islands in Pawn

When we talk about the British isles we are apt to think only of the big ones, forgetting that once upon a time the Isle of Wight had a king of its own. So had the Isle of Man. Henry Beauchamp was crowned king of the Isle of Wight in the reign of Henri VI. King Henry placed the crown on his head.

The Orkneys and Shetlands once belonged to Norway, but they were handed over to Scotland as dowry with a Danish princess in 1468. They were, so to speak, pawned, because for a long time Norway held the right to redeem them by payment of a sum of money. Later, the claim was renounced.

SCRATCHES OR MINOR CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES, RUB

## PENETRO

## Unsought Thoughts

The thoughts that come often unsought, and, as it were, drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.—Locke.

## DON'T BE BOSSED

BY YOUR LAXATIVE—RELIEVE CONSTIPATION THIS MODERN WAY

● When you feel gassy, headachy, lory 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¢**

## Short World

Think not thy time is short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity.—Sir Thomas Browne.

## Service Stations

There are over 240,000 service stations in the United States, with Texas having the most.

## Largest Library

The Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., is the largest library in the world.

## Inwardly Borne

Great joys, like great griefs, are silent.—Marmion.

**Black Leaf 40** KILLS LICE

OUR "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER

JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

WNU-7

25-41

## Driven by Thought

A spur in the head is worth two in the heels.

## Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night when you feel tired, nervous, all upset... use Doan's Pills.  
 Doan's are especially for poorly working kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**