

The Lamp in the Valley

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

W. N. U. Service

Carol Coburn is Alaska born, the daughter of Klondike Coburn, a "bush rat," who died with an unestablished mining claim. Carol is returning north to teach in an Indian school. Aboard ship, she is annoyed by Eric (the

Red) Ericson, an agitator. She is rescued by a young engineer. They talk of the changes that had come to the north, and of course a good deal about themselves. It is a dark night on the deck of a ship and they chat quite freely.

There is no doubt that a touch of romance enraptures the pair. Carol tells of working her way through a university and of a trip to Europe as companion of a rich man's daughter. "That was a break," he says.

INSTALLMENT II

"It was," I agreed. "It was all rather wonderful. But it made me feel like a deserter. And it was too good to last. Just when I was telling myself I had about everything one could ask for, I got a letter from Alaska, nearly seven months old."

"I was beginning to feel it was an oppressively big one," I said as I stared out over the lonely hills. "How long," he asked, "will you be at Toklutna?"

I liked it that new valley of loneliness. She had Irish gray eyes, a sense of humor, and a frame like a man's. She was, I discovered, really a graduate nurse and should have worn a uniform. But she bowed to the law of the frontier and dressed that muscular body of hers in mannish-looking flannel shirts and khaki breeches and high-laced hunting boots.

CHAPTER II

"Telling you what?" prompted the voice at my side. "Telling me my father had been found dead on the open trail," I answered, doing my best to be casual about it. "He'd been found there, frozen to death, between his Chakitana claim and Trail-End Camp. His grub bag was empty. Two of his dogs had died and the others must have left him in the night. I can't help thinking of that lonely grave between the hills when you talk about the uselessness of the soursough."

It wasn't until the crowding and confusion of our shore stop at Cordova that I saw Sidney Lander again. Then I caught sight of him on the dock, stooping over a wire-covered crate. He let out a long-haired sheep dog which disdained the chop bone held out in front of it. The quivering animal merely flung itself on its master, whimpering and crazy with joy.

At Toklutna she plainly found plenty to do. For of the thirty-seven children in our school three had tubercular neck glands, two had congenital hip disease, and another dozen either ear trouble or ominous chest coughs. They were the offspring of the once stalwart Eskimo and the noble red man of the North, proving how merciless the hand of mercy could sometimes be. Our civilization, plainly, hadn't done much for those misfits. We thought we'd been helping them, but all we did was take away their stamina and pauperize them. We left them so improvident they came to regard it as foolish to go out and fish and hunt and trap.

"I'm sorry," said my companion, with a quick note of contrition. He stood beside me, for a full minute of silence. "Where was your father's claim on the Chakitana?"

"This is Sandy," he said as he stroked the dog's nose. "There's just Sandy and me."

So they let the white man bask in the glory of the white man's burden. They gave up and wallowed in shiftlessness and loafed about in rags and mated and reproduced and passed their ill-begotten offspring over to Toklutna to feed and clothe and make into good little Americans.

"That's what I've got to find out," I told him. "But it seems to be somewhere along the Three-Finger Range between the Cranberry and Blackwater Pass. Father, you see, was just an old-fashioned soursough. He was always brooding about some small strike that was going to make him a millionaire. And he always felt there was a fortune in that mine of his, once it was opened up. It was his secret. And he hugged it tight, even from me."

"I'm flying in to the Chakitana," he said. "But Sandy doesn't like air travel." I could feel his eyes on me.

Miss Teetzel, I soon discovered, did her best to keep the native girls in the school from talking with the old women of the outside settlement. For these verminous old squaws had a lot of tribal superstitions they tried to pass on to the youngsters. According to Miss O'Connell, they made a practice of not letting their first-born children live, especially the Copper River Indians who believed that if their first little papoose lasted only until he was eight or nine months old his father went straight to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"But the important point is, did he establish his claim?"

"I'm afraid not," I had to admit. "That's one of the things I've got to find out."

They were the tip-off on the plan the secretary discussed with the President, in Mr. Wickard's own words. It is pretty cagily expressed but if you know how, you can read between the lines. This is what Secretary Wickard said in a public speech during the congressional battle on the lend-lease bill:

He leaned closer, as though trying to decipher my face in the starlight. I found myself moving away a little. Lonely ladies, after midnight on starlit nights at sea, needed the feel of something solid under their feet.

"I don't even know your name," he reminded me. Names, on a night like that, didn't seem to mean much. We were up between the stars, I wanted to tell him, where time and titles didn't count.

Overproduction Held Unlikely. "Frankly speaking, there is little likelihood that we will produce too much meat, butter, cheese, milk and other dairy products in the months to come. I have an idea that all we produce in the South and elsewhere will be needed."

"It was kind of you," I said as I drew my polo coat closer about me, "to help me as you did."

Instead of answering me he led me toward the gangplank.

Almost all of the products to be sent to Britain under the lend-lease plan will be proteins (meat, milk and milk products and eggs). There will be, however, some cotton, wheat and tobacco, but these commodities will constitute a minor part of the shipments. The practical arguments for sending proteins are obvious:

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my face. "You go on to Seward, of course?"

1. The extra physical demands on fighting men require a greater protein diet.

"Who are you?" I found myself asking, foolishly glad because of his nearness.

"Then in to Toklutna," I said. "It would be funny, wouldn't it, if we found ourselves on the same trail there?" he said.

2. These products up to now have been shipped to England all the way from Australia, New Zealand and the Argentine. Two trips can be made from New York to Britain while one is being made from these distant points.

"I don't suppose it makes much difference," he said out of that silence, "but my name is Lander, Sidney Lander."

All the way to Resurrection Bay, in fact, I felt oddly alone in the world. It seemed less and less like going home.

Unfortunately the protein commodities which are needed by England are not the ones we most want to sell. They do not constitute our great surpluses, disposition of which has caused the biggest headaches in the department of agriculture since the farm problem was tossed in the government's lap.

"No, it doesn't make much difference," I heard myself saying in an oddly thinned voice.

But when I found myself face to face with that solemn big schoolhouse surrounded by a straggle of cabins that made it look like a mother hen surrounded by her chicks, no sense of high adventure reposed in my arrival.

Furthermore, they are the products which, later on, when the defense industries expand, we will need at home because if all our unemployed were working full time and eating three meals a day, we would not have enough proteins at the present rate of production to satisfy them. The things we do want to get rid of—the things of which we have enough and to spare—are not as greatly affected by increased employment. Department of agriculture experts here will tell you any day that in prosperous times there is not an important increase in the use of cotton, tobacco and wheat.

"We'll probably never see each other again," I said with a limping enough effort at indifference.

It was Miss Teetzel who spoiled everything. For Miss Teetzel, the school head, proved to be a somewhat dehydrated spinster with an eye like a bald-headed eagle's and a jaw like a lemon squeezer. I could see her disapproving glance over my person, from my gray tweed cap with its rather cocky Tyrolean feather to my frivolous suede pumps. I plainly didn't fit in with her idea of what a teacher should be.

But as far as the British go, they have to consider first things first, and they have all the cotton, wheat and tobacco they need, or they can get these products as conveniently from their own dominions as from the United States.

"But I still want to know your name," he quietly reminded me. "I think you owe me that much."

I didn't much mind being consigned to the smallest and meanest room in the big old building. But I couldn't overlook the spirit of hostility with which I was ushered into my far-north mission. For that spirit expressed itself, once I'd unpacked, in the first task with which Miss Teetzel confronted me. It was to take charge of the washing from the children's ward. And it was rather a septic mess to get clean, even with the power machine which Miss O'Connell showed me how to operate. But I knew the lemon-squeezer lady was playing an operatic air or two on the keyboard of my endurance. So I put on my rubber gloves, and shut my teeth, and went through with my job.

So this new "lend-lease" market won't solve the problem of farm surpluses. Nevertheless, it will absorb some of them, for the government is insisting that along with the proteins, some of the surplus products will be included in the commodities we dispose of under the lend-lease plan.

"Hasn't Eric the Red done enough of that?" I asked in an adequately frosted voice.

The man who called himself Sidney Lander promptly lifted his hand away.

How long this new market over-

"But I still want to know your name," he quietly reminded me. "I think you owe me that much."

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I announced, "with the Koyukuk usually suppressed."

On the same day that President Roosevelt declared that he approved of wire-tapping by department of justice operatives where sabotage was suspected, the guards in the Capitol building were replaced by policemen and no one is now permitted to carry packages of any kind into the building. Even cameras have to be checked at special stands at the entrances.

"My name's Carol Coburn," I finally admitted, "free, white, and twenty-one, and heading back to the icebound hills of her birth."

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I announced, "with the Koyukuk usually suppressed."

The average American soldier eats about 40 per cent more than he does in civilian life, according to the national defense advisory commission. He gets much more than 40 per cent more meat. In some localities as many as one-third of the draftees who are otherwise eligible for army service have to be turned down because of physical conditions due entirely to deficiency in diet.

"Carol Koyukuk Coburn," I announced, "with the Koyukuk usually suppressed."

"What was your father's name?" he asked.

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"His real name," I said, "was Kenneth Coburn. But I back on the creeks he was known as Klondike Coburn."

"That brought silence between us again. And when the man beside me spoke, it was in an oddly altered voice."

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"It's a small world, isn't it?" I didn't, at the moment, see much point to that observation.

Miss O'Connell helped me do the decorating. And this same Katie O'Connell proved herself the one girl

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Washington Digest

England May Get Food Under 'Lend-Lend' Bill



Increasing Shortages Now Appear Likely; Roosevelt Opposed to Censorship Of 'Defense' Information.

By BAUKHAGE
National Farm and Home Hour Commentator.

WNU Service, 1395 National Press Bldg., Washington, D. C. WASHINGTON.—In the past few weeks the tall figure of a Hoosier farmer has been seen frequently entering and leaving the White House. This was not so strange to us who watch the busy portals because the man was Secretary of Agriculture Wickard. Like other members of the cabinet, he is called in for frequent conferences with the President these days. Cabinet officers and other government officials have been helping the President plan the concrete steps to be taken to aid Britain under the lend-lease bill.

FOUR enticing designs—the loveliest of the year—are these for pillow slip embroidery. A refreshing iris motif, the appealing bird pair, a butterfly and flower arrangement, and the cross stitch basket of pansies will find favor.

But what a lot of us did not guess was just what Secretary Wickard was up to. The purpose of those visits has not been officially announced, as I write these lines. But it can be safely predicted that he was working out plans with the President to include farm products among the first supplies to be loaned or leased to England.

As 22902, 15c, you receive an easy-to-stamp transfer of all four designs—and, you may stamp this transfer more than once. Send order to:

Secretary Wickard was able to achieve his purpose partly as a result of his own persuasiveness, and partly for other reasons that I will explain later.

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
Address

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CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Overproduction Held Unlikely. "Frankly speaking, there is little likelihood that we will produce too much meat, butter, cheese, milk and other dairy products in the months to come. I have an idea that all we produce in the South and elsewhere will be needed."

BABY CHICKS
Blood-Tested Chicks. Popular breeds \$5.50 100 assorted for layers \$4.65. Cockerels \$3.25. Postage prepaid. RUSHTON LA FOLLETTE, Box 445, Milltown, Ind.

The reports about the British food situation are not too encouraging. The British have lost their sources of food supply on the continent. They are handicapped still further by their shipping losses. The English may want some of our food and want it pretty soon. If they call on us, I think we will answer the call."

Deceptive First Sight
Things are not always what they seem; the first appearance deceives many; the intelligence of few perceives what has been carefully hidden in the recesses of the mind.—Phaedrus.

Almost all of the products to be sent to Britain under the lend-lease plan will be proteins (meat, milk and milk products and eggs). There will be, however, some cotton, wheat and tobacco, but these commodities will constitute a minor part of the shipments. The practical arguments for sending proteins are obvious:

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On
Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly always the cough or you are to have your money back.

1. The extra physical demands on fighting men require a greater protein diet.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

2. These products up to now have been shipped to England all the way from Australia, New Zealand and the Argentine. Two trips can be made from New York to Britain while one is being made from these distant points.

Seeking Truth
If you seek truth, you will not seek to gain a victory by every possible means; and when you have found truth, you need not fear being defeated.—Epictetus.

Unfortunately the protein commodities which are needed by England are not the ones we most want to sell. They do not constitute our great surpluses, disposition of which has caused the biggest headaches in the department of agriculture since the farm problem was tossed in the government's lap.

A VEGETABLE Laxative
For Headache, Biliousness, and Dizziness when caused by Constipation. 15 doses for only 10 cents.

Furthermore, they are the products which, later on, when the defense industries expand, we will need at home because if all our unemployed were working full time and eating three meals a day, we would not have enough proteins at the present rate of production to satisfy them. The things we do want to get rid of—the things of which we have enough and to spare—are not as greatly affected by increased employment. Department of agriculture experts here will tell you any day that in prosperous times there is not an important increase in the use of cotton, tobacco and wheat.

Dr. HITCHCOCK'S LAXATIVE POWDER

But as far as the British go, they have to consider first things first, and they have all the cotton, wheat and tobacco they need, or they can get these products as conveniently from their own dominions as from the United States.

Vices Become Manners
What once were vices, are now the manners of the day.—Seneca.

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SOOTHE MINOR BURNS MOROLINE
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

How long this new market over-

Worth of Mirth
An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.—Baxter.

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TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS
quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS 24 LIVE COUGH DROPS

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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!

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BRIEFS . . . by Baukhage

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