

# FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

**SYNOPSIS:** At Russian Lake in the Canadian Northwest, where he is searching for Igor Karakhan, international crook, Curt Fenmore meets and falls for a drunken half-breed a Russian girl known as Sonya. She is determined to press on into the land of the dangerous Klondike Indians, against Curt's advice. Curt is charmed to find that his new enemy, the half-breed in the case, is Karakhan's "contact man"; he obtains a map of the Lilluar territory from an old trapper, however, and determines to protect Sonya as best he can.

## Chapter 19 OUT OF THE FOG

Two mornings later, at her camp 40 miles up river Sonya awoke at daybreak, parted the tent-flap and looked out. Ralph and the two guides were still rolled up in their sleeping bags. Through the gray smoke mist rising from the cold waters of the Lilluar, pairs of nesting teal and ducks zipped overhead, their swift wings whistling long after the birds were swallowed up in the mist. Overhead in the tall pines little vireos and flame colored warblers, flitting through the branches and darting out into the air, were already busy with the fledgling problem. Stepping down to the water edge, she propped her mirror against a stone, bathed her face and hands, and brushed her hair. Back at the campfire, she raked some coals out of the ashes, put a fire going, and cooked bacon, trout, scones and coffee. Ralph and the two guides still showed no signs of waking, so she took a small bucket and started up a mountain torrent to a thicket of red raspberries. Not long after she reached the patch, she happened to glance back

and broke for the woods. "You will stay and have breakfast with us, won't you?" "If you'll let me give you a hand with that berry-picking." "All right." He took up her bucket, and they went back along the torrent to the patch. "I didn't know Paul and you were intending to come up this way," she remarked, bending down a tall briar. He answered her unspoken question. "We're prospecting up the Lilluar." Sonya did not know whether to believe him or not. Ever since meeting him she had been trying to figure him out. He certainly didn't appear to be a prospector. He was miles above the type. Except for her father, she had never met a man whose quiet efficient power impressed her as much as his. She hated to think that he was just a drifter, leading a carefree existence. That was all right for the men at Russian Lake, but he had better stuff to him. "Paul and I are going up as far as the pass," he volunteered presently. And then he came out with the purpose of his visit. "If there's no objection on the east side of the fence, our parties could sort of be neighbors. In this country people usually throw in together that way." His offer, as fine as it was unexpected, nearly took Sonya's breath. She wanted to snap it up instantly before he could change his mind. Two days of river travel had showed her how little she and Ralph knew about the Strong-Woods and how worthless those lazy guides were. With Curt leading the party she could feel safe, and if anybody could get on good terms with the

at camp and was startled to see a canoe nosing out of the river fog, a canoe with two men in it. They glided ashore, beached the craft and walked up to her fire, with their rifles in the crook of their arms. And then she recognized them as Curt Ralston and his young partner!

They were a welcome surprise, out of the fog. For several reasons she was never gladder to see people than those two. But what were they doing up the Lilluar? They hadn't mentioned that they intended to come north from Russian Lake.

Through a screen of boughs she watched them a minute. They did not wake Ralph or the guides. Curt pointed at her breakfast keeping warm in the ashes, and looked around for her, evidently knowing she was up.

She stepped out to the timber edge. Curt saw her then and came up along the torrent. "You're awake early," he greeted with his likable smile. He was casual enough, as though just meeting some chance acquaintance; but Sonya saw the man's tribute to her in his eyes and noticed how his glance clung to her face and hair. She felt sure he had not come upon her camp by accident but with some definite purpose.

"I couldn't sleep with a morning like this just outside the tent," she answered. "Your breakfast looked so good that Paul and I almost grabbed it

and broke for the woods." "You will stay and have breakfast with us, won't you?" "If you'll let me give you a hand with that berry-picking." "All right." He took up her bucket, and they went back along the torrent to the patch. "I didn't know Paul and you were intending to come up this way," she remarked, bending down a tall briar. He answered her unspoken question. "We're prospecting up the Lilluar." Sonya did not know whether to believe him or not. Ever since meeting him she had been trying to figure him out. He certainly didn't appear to be a prospector. He was miles above the type. Except for her father, she had never met a man whose quiet efficient power impressed her as much as his. She hated to think that he was just a drifter, leading a carefree existence. That was all right for the men at Russian Lake, but he had better stuff to him. "Paul and I are going up as far as the pass," he volunteered presently. And then he came out with the purpose of his visit. "If there's no objection on the east side of the fence, our parties could sort of be neighbors. In this country people usually throw in together that way." His offer, as fine as it was unexpected, nearly took Sonya's breath. She wanted to snap it up instantly before he could change his mind. Two days of river travel had showed her how little she and Ralph knew about the Strong-Woods and how worthless those lazy guides were. With Curt leading the party she could feel safe, and if anybody could get on good terms with the

Klondike, he was the man to do it. "If the idea doesn't appeal to you," he said, "please don't be hesitant about saying so. You mustn't let us break into any of your plans." "Oh, but it does appeal to me!" "You like it, then?" Sonya hesitated. In Curt's tones and his manner she could see that he was interested in her. On a lengthy wilderness trip together where they would be thrown into constant intimate association, he might come to have a very great deal. It wouldn't be right to allow that. "But you'll be traveling so much faster than we," she objected. "Oh, no; we'll be taking it leisurely, scouting for float as we go. To be frank, I don't believe you and Ralph are up to water-dogging on a mountain river. Till you get on to the hang of things it mightn't be a bad idea to have a couple of experienced people along. Also, if those guides don't prove dependable, you wouldn't be left in the lurch."

"Your offer is magnanimous, Curt," she stammered just a little over his first name. "I don't know anybody else who'd have made it. But we'd be a positive nuisance." "Our company isn't much to boast of," Curt said. "I don't know anybody else who'd have made it. But we'd be a positive nuisance." "Our company isn't much to boast of," Curt said. "I don't know anybody else who'd have made it. But we'd be a positive nuisance."

As they went on filling the pall Curt congratulated himself on having neatly solved a tough problem. (To be Continued)

# ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

By Frederic J. Haskin

Q. What degree of humidity is desirable with certain room temperatures? L.S.R.

A. It has been stated that the comfort zone at rest includes conditions varying from 63 to 71 degrees F., effective temperatures. Around 65 to 68 degrees temperature a wide range of humidity is permitted, although humidities in excess of 70 and below 30 are neither practicable nor desirable. The desirable humidity for a home is estimated at from 30 to 40 percent at a temperature of 70-72, depending upon the air motion.

Q. What was the original meaning of blackmail? N.S.

A. It was originally rent paid in labor, grain or baser metal as distinguished from silver or white money. It was also a certain rate of money, corn, cattle or the like, paid in northern England and in Scotland to certain men who were allied to robbers, to be protected from pillage.

Q. Please give the purpose of Hull House, A.W.L.

A. Hull House was established in Chicago in 1889. It is a social settlement of women which aims at being a social, charitable, and educational center. The building includes an art building, free kindergarten, gymnasium, creche, and diet kitchen. Classes, lectures and concerts are supported.

Q. How many Americans were killed in action on Armistice day? T.D.L.

A. War department records show that 213 members of the American

expeditionary forces were killed in action on November 11, 1918, between 12 o'clock midnight and 11 a.m., the latter being the hour at which the armistice was signed. So far as is known, no battle deaths occurred after 11 a.m.

Q. What was the name of the dam which broke and caused the Johnstown flood? N.T.

A. The Southfork dam disaster on June 1, 1889, caused the Johnstown flood in which 2209 lives were lost.

Q. Did Abraham Lincoln once hold a license to sell liquor? K.M.

A. It is recorded at the county clerk's office, Springfield, Ill., that a license was issued to William F. Berry to keep a tavern under the name of Berry & Lincoln at New Salem, Ill., on March 6, 1833. A copy of this license is now on display in the Lincoln Museum, Washington, D. C. In addition to the above, Douglas, in one of the debates, accused Lincoln of selling liquor. Lincoln admitted this and said: "While I was selling liquor Douglas was drinking it."

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# Sundown Stories

## ALMOST TIME

By Mary Graham Bonner  
"I do need something to keep my ears back," sighed Willy Nilly. "I certainly must attend to them as soon as Christmas is over."  
The Puddle Muddlers were feeling sleepy and after a good dinner Santa gave them they all took naps. Top Notch and the Chickadees and Ducks perched on top of a great book case filled with new books. Rip took a sleep on the floor near the stove and Willy Nilly rested in an old rocking chair. Santa and Great Boy were the only ones awake.

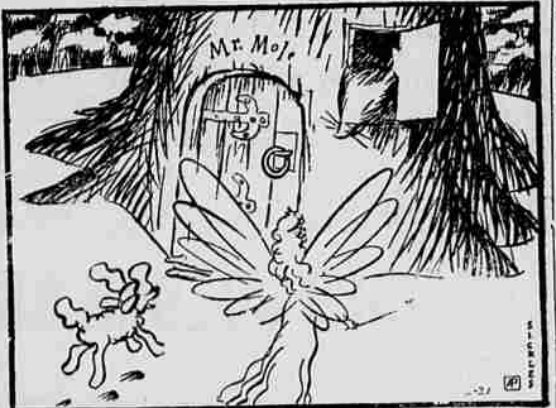
"I have their present ready," whispered Santa, "and I've taken all their hints. Now there are lots of people who don't like being given hints, but Santa does."

"I know you do," agreed Great Boy in his lowest dog voice. "I put all their gifts in the sleigh now so they won't see us doing it," whispered Santa, so he and Great Boy went out to the sleigh, carrying a great many packages—not only what they had asked for but more besides.

The reindeer were becoming very impatient. They wanted to start. Santa gave them lichen, or moss, which they liked better than anything, and patting them, said: "It's almost time, my fine Reindeer."

When Santa and Great Boy went back into the shop the Puddle Muddlers were awake. "Don't you want to join the parade?" Santa asked. "What parade?" they replied in surprise.

Tomorrow—"The Parade"



A little mole stuck his head out calling, "Who's there?"

Synopsis: Toyland is upset because its favorite doll, Christina, made invisible by a bracelet given her by a queen. They try to help her, but only one person knows how to take off the bracelet. The bracelet hints who that person is.

## Chapter X THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES

The white woolly dog was no eager to help Christina, who had been made invisible by a magic bracelet, that he just scampered off across the snow fields without saying where he was going.

Christina ran along behind him for a while, and then she stopped and said, "Woolly Dog, where are we going? Who are you hunting?" "That's right," he barked. "I was in such a hurry. He looked unhappy so that Christina laughed and scratched his ear.

He could feel her but he couldn't see her. I tell you, it's funny talking to someone you can't see. "But the bracelet said the person who can make me visible again lives at the roots of a tall pine tree," said Christina. "Where is there a big woods?"

"That's it," said the dog. "That's where I was going. I know. Come on," and off the dog went, faster than ever.

Soon they saw a dark pine woods ahead of them. When they came to the first tree the dog said, "Now you knock on each tree and see if anyone lives there."

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



2-21-33

## REG'LAR FELLERS



12-21

## NEEDED: THE SERVICES OF A STRONG MAN



12-21

## HIDE AND SEEK



12-21

## AND WHY NOT?



12-21

## ACROSS

- 1. Wingle
- 2. Uncluse
- 3. Exhibit
- 4. Article
- 5. Arrived
- 6. Distant
- 7. Time long
- 8. Piece gone
- 9. Demons
- 10. Pieces broken off
- 11. Indian title of address
- 12. Thick piece
- 13. Buried
- 14. Biblical
- 15. Heavy nail used in shoe
- 16. Article
- 17. Priestly bracelet
- 18. Perch
- 19. Profiling to be learned
- 20. Prevaricate
- 21. Measurable aspect of duration
- 22. Writing fluid
- 23. Musical sounds
- 24. Moves on wheels
- 25. Dotted with six equal square sides

## Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

ACT PAPA W SEA  
SHE ALIBI CAD  
PANEL RESTORE  
RED LA PAR  
ALT DOTE RIOT  
RA SEVERS ATE  
IT ONE OHO HE  
SAC TRADER EN  
ENOS STEM CRY  
GET OS NOW  
OVERRAN HUMID  
TIN ANLE USE  
OAT PACER SEE

## DOWN

- 1. Youth loved by Christina
- 2. Tibetan monk
- 3. Living both on land and in water
- 4. Vegetable oxidation
- 5. Away
- 6. Resolves into grammatical elements
- 7. Pertaining to a historical period
- 8. Emblems
- 9. Gardens
- 10. Implement
- 11. Dampness
- 12. School of whales
- 13. Injure by heat
- 14. Corrosion on iron
- 15. Offering opposition
- 16. English river
- 17. Units
- 18. Mixture
- 19. Patron saint of sailors
- 20. Bolt
- 21. Long fish
- 22. Percutaneous
- 23. Means of a certain variety
- 24. Greek letter
- 25. Melodiously
- 26. Depend
- 27. Public vehicle
- 28. Wine
- 29. And not
- 30. Series of tennis games

## PUFFY



12-21

## TAILSPIN TOMMY



12-21

## BROWNIE BECOMES "JOHN DOE"



12-21

## MUTT AND JEFF



12-21

## MUTT NEEDED NO TRAFFIC LIGHTS TO KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING



12-21

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