

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: The great quest of Curt Tennyson ends when he returns to Edmonton after a winter spent hunting moose in the sub-Artic in Rosalie Marlin, whom he expects some day to marry. The second is A. K. Marlin, her father, his old chief in the Royal Mounted. A-K wants Curt to track down Igor Karakhan, international crook, who has stolen the Mounted for 9 months. Curt has an offer of a good job, and does not want to return to the Mounted force. But the sight of A-K—gray, bowed under his wooly curls, changes his mind. Curt agrees to help him.

Chapter Five ON THE WING

Curt swore to himself that when he got through with the Karakhan business he was through and done and would not allow himself to be entangled any deeper.

"I'm not 'still a Mounted," he denied. "I'm taking this on to pay back a little fraction of what I owe you, A-K, and because—well, I guess I'm part wolf-hound and can't resist a good chase. If I run that fellow down it'll be worth half a dozen Consolidated jobs."

"There won't be any 'if,' Curt. You'll take him."

He tried to say it confidently, to hide his own doubts. At the best Curt had only an outside chance. The difficulties of the hunt were appalling. Yonder in that city of a

hundred and thirty thousand a certain man had disappeared last fall. He had stepped out into the flowing streams of humanity and those streams had closed over him, obliterating every trace.

Shrewd detectives, men like Inspector Baldwin, had miserably failed to track him. The scene was cold, nine months cold. As immediate havens for Karakhan, down the west coast lay a score of cities ranging up to a million; and across the Pacific yawned all the teeming ports of the Orient.

At Yale they struck the Fraser, followed it on west, and reached Vancouver an hour before noon.

After registering at the airport, Curt sent Smash to the Marlin home where A-K had invited them to stay while in the city. He himself went directly to the Mounted headquarters.

Of his former associates on the Silent Squad the only two still there were Arnold Baldwin, now an inspector, and Duty-Sergeant Holden.

"So the Old Man clapped you on this case, eh?" Baldwin remarked, in his precise Oxford. He roared it that an outsider had been brought in, and took no pains to hide what he felt. "Well, you're damned welcome, Tennyson! I'm glad to give over and let someone else do the falling."

Curt paid no attention to the resentment. There was work to be done, not personalities to be indulged.

At a desk in Baldwin's office he went over the whole Karakhan case with the inspector and Holden. Failing to trail Karakhan, they had planned inquiries in his old haunts abroad; but the Cosack had not gone back. They had tried to trace his swindle money to banks or depositories, but he had turned it all into unregistered securities, as anonymous as cash.

They had sent tracers to the various societies of Russian emigres, shadowed his Vancouver acquaintances and watched their mail, and had made all the customary contacts with police agencies in the States, the empire and Europe.

When the conference ended, Baldwin tilted back in his chair and looked challengingly through his cigarette smoke at Curt.

"Well Tennyson," he demanded, "can you improve on our work?"

"I don't see how; you've done a real job, Arz," Curt said, rather absently. He was studying a picture on the desk, the picture of a black-haired girl of twenty-two. "This Mathieson girl"—he indicated the photo with his cigarette holder—"was she very well acquainted with Karakhan?"

Tomorrow, Curt makes a date with "this Mathieson girl."

He circled once for altitude.

He circled once for altitude.

He circled once for altitude.

He circled once for altitude.

He circled once for altitude.

He circled once for altitude.

He circled once for altitude.

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ALL-ELECTRIC KITCHEN ON DISPLAY AT COPCO

Many out-of-town visitors as well as local people have taken the opportunity to inspect Medford's first "all-

electric" kitchen which is now on display in the lobby of the Copco home office building on West Main street. This new electric kitchen embodies all the latest time and labor-saving equipment, including an electric range, refrigerator, dishwasher, food mixer, ventilating fan, radio, television clock and many smaller appliances such as percolator, toaster, etc. The cleverly designed cabinets

and drawers installed by the Trowbridge Cabinet Works of this city have caused much favorable comment, and illumination represents the last word in modern kitchen lighting.

The Copco kitchen is open for inspection daily, except Sunday, from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m., and every local housewife is cordially invited to see the up-to-date exhibit of modern kitchen equipment.

SOVIET CHIEF HAILS U. S. IN BROADCAST

MOSCOW, Nov. 21.—(AP)—Michael Kallinin, president of the union

of soviet socialist republics, gave a message of goodwill and friendship to the American people tonight. He spoke over an international radio broadcast distributed in the United States through the facilities of the National Broadcasting company.

S. P. Extension Authorized WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—(AP)—The Southern Pacific Railroad com-

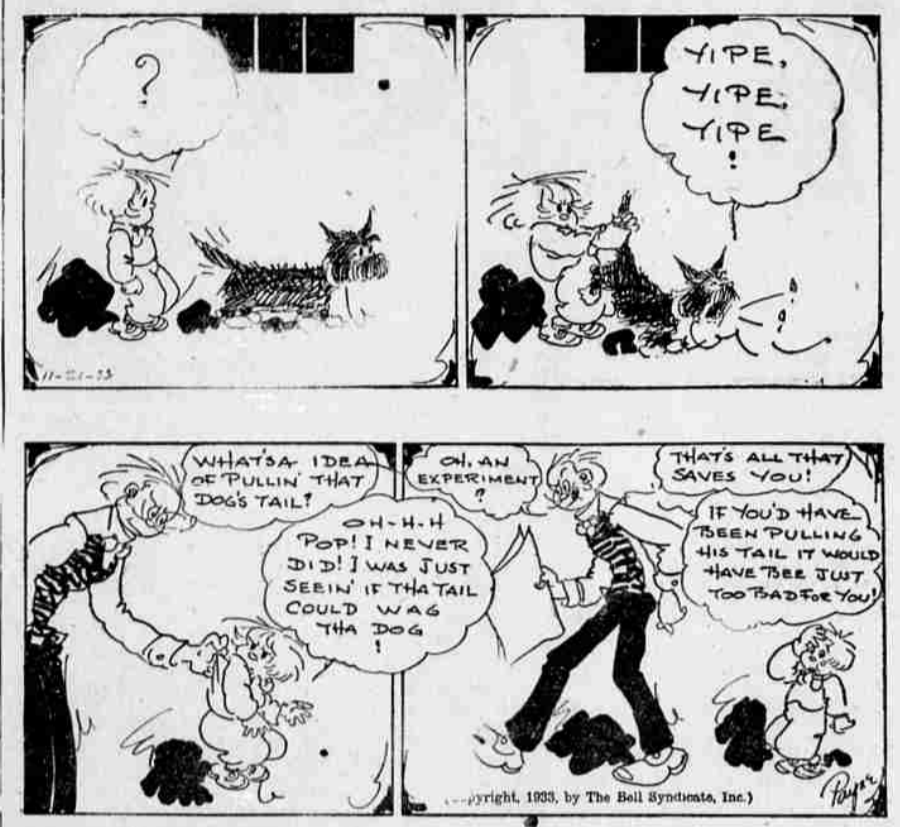
pany today was authorized by the interstate commerce commission to extend its lines from Seghers station west to the Stinson mill in Washington county, Oregon.

Phone 542 We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones Phone 696.

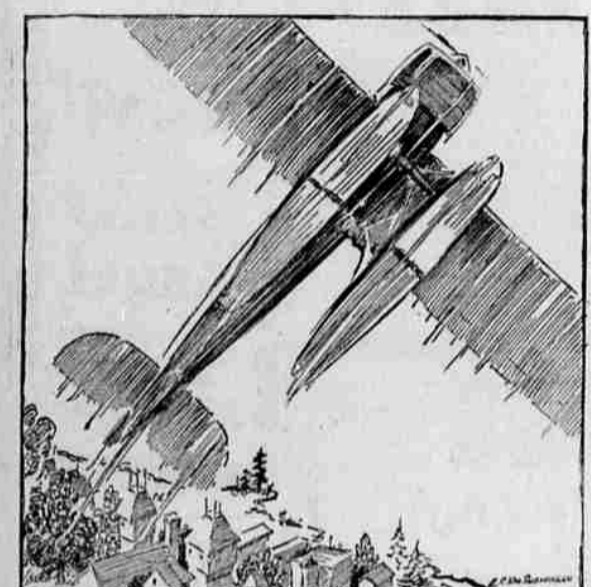
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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And yet he was asking Curt to pick up that man's trail and run him to earth! It was like trying to find a cloud one had seen last week. Besides all those tremendous handicaps, Karakhan had always been a shade better than any man ever sent after him. He had the power of money, the advantage of a cold trail, and the whole world for his hiding place.

But at least it would be a magnificent hunt. This battle between Tennyson and that criminal of two continents was going to be a battle worth watching.

He wondered how Curt would go about the search. What methods could he use that hadn't been used already?

"Have you got any idea of how you're going about the business, Curt?"

Curt nodded. "I'm going to make use of his weak point."

"His weak point?"

"Women," Curt said tersely.

EARLY the next morning Curt and Smash checked out at the hotel, ate breakfast, and taxied through the gray wet dawn to Cooking Lake.

At a private pier Curt's trim amphibian was rocking on the wavelets. A three-place cabin plane, the sturdy ship had carried him and Paul and Smash all over the Koo-we-watin barrens, up and down the water-logged Mackenzie country, and westward into the unknown Arctic Rockies.

Across long "dry hops" where a knocking motor would have meant a fatal crack-up, it had taken them unflatteringly, so that they had come to look on it as one of them, a silent partner.

contest, and will go to Chicago to compete in the national finals. His record in raising hogs and sheep was judged the best in 11 western states.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—(AP)—A recommendation for denial of the application of radio station KOIN of Portland to increase its day-time operating power from 1,000 to 2,500 watts, was made to the federal radio Ralph L. Walker.

Walker said that while granting the application would permit the station to increase its day-time service area without objectionable interference with other stations, "it would appear if additional facilities are to be assigned Oregon, they should not be placed in Portland."

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Brownie Becomes "John Doe!"

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—Guy Drong's Idea

By EDWIN ALGER



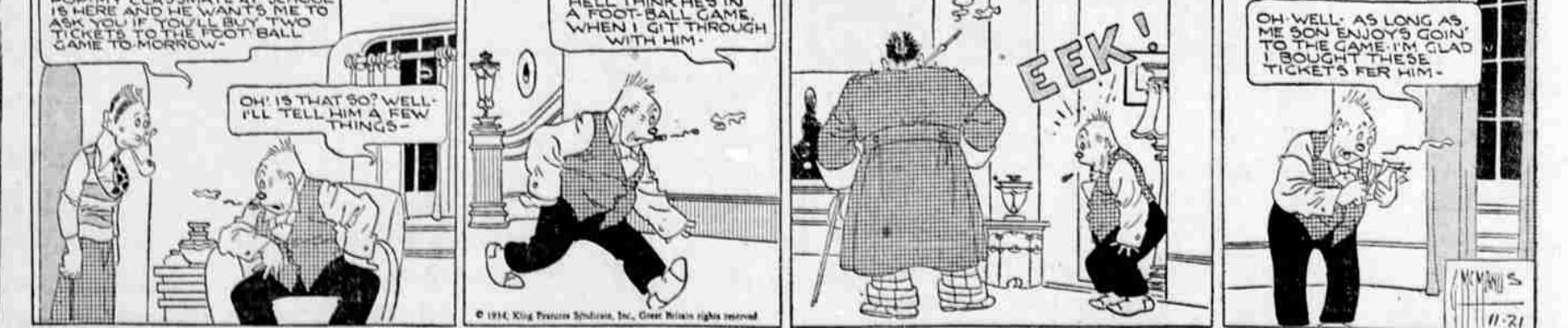
THE NEBBS—This Way, Please

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation