

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

by William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Tennyson returns to Edmondton after a winter of wolf hunting in the sub-Arctic region to take a job that will pay him a large salary. But he sees Rosalie Mathieson whom he expects to marry, some day, and later Rosalie's father, A. B. Mathieson, Curt's former boss in the Royal Mounted. A-B wants Curt to return to his old job long enough to track down Igor Karakhan, international crook who for 8 months has defied the Mounted. Finally Curt gives up his rosy prospects and out of regard for A-B takes up the trail. At Vancouver he learns from Inspector Baldwin of Helen Mathieson, a former friend of Karakhan.

CHAPTER SIX DATE FOR CURT

BALDWIN flushed slightly. "Miss Mathieson and Karakhan were together a deal here in town, and—uh, took trips up the coast."

Curt noticed the flush and the hesitation. He wondered what Baldwin's reluctance to talk about her meant. Was he holding something back?

"Is she still here in Vancouver?"

"Yes. Manages a beauty shop down on Kirk street."

"Do you know her well enough to get me a date for this evening?"

"Oh, let her alone, Tennyson. I've covered that lead. She doesn't know anything important. That Russian was too eager to tell her anything about himself. He didn't tell anybody."

"I'm not going to grill her. I just want a talk."

"She won't date with a stranger."

"Try her, won't you? By the way, better use a fake name—Ralston will do, Curt Ralston. And I'm a flyer with the Consolidated Minerals."

Baldwin was willing enough to cooperate, for he felt confident that

and honeyuckles, made him think of the many evenings he had spent there with Rosalie during the summer vacation or when she was home from girls' school; but his thoughts of her now were not very kindly.

He resented her attitude last night in Edmondton when he told her he had turned down the Consolidated offer. She had quarreled with him, then sulked and kept away from him, and spoiled the whole evening. She could be kittenish and companionable when she wanted to, but her pleasantness did not seem to go very deep.

He suspected, too, that her engagement rested pretty lightly with her. For all her childish irresponsibility in most ways, she was heady enough on some points, and one of them was the matter of her marriage.

He believed that their engagement was a kind of anchor to windward with her; that besides himself she was keeping a whole string of possible husbands, much as prospectors liked to keep a large number of claims—in the hope that some particular one of them might come through big.

AFTER changing clothes, he taxied back to Kirk Street for his strange date with the Mathieson girl.

He walked into the reception room of the beauty parlor. On a lounge, a girl sat reading a magazine, a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl in a pretty black-and-white silk frock. Curt thought she was merely some client of the shop.

She laid the magazine aside and rose up. "Are you—Mr. Ralston, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes. Is Miss Mathieson at—?"

"He bit the question off short. For he suddenly noticed that the corset she was wearing was his, and as she confronted him under the hanging light he recognized her as the girl of the picture on Baldwin's desk.

"I'm Helen Mathieson," she said. The surprise nearly floored Curt. She was so exactly the opposite of all his expectations. Her girlish dignity and her shyness toward him, a stranger, completely blasted his former uncharitable opinion of her. He thought her as charming and sweet a girl as he had met in a long time.

For a moment he felt that somebody surely had made a mistake somewhere; it seemed preposterous that a girl like her could ever have fallen in love with the Cossack Karakhan.

He took her to dinner at a restaurant garden, and they had a short dance afterward. Wanting a quiet talk, which was impossible at a theater, he suggested a canoe ride. They taxied to the park, rented a canoe and drifted out upon the lagoon.

Monday, Curt learns a fact of importance.



Curt thought she was merely a client.

nothing would come of it. Picking up the phone he called a number and got Miss Mathieson.

"Helen? Arn Baldwin speaking. How are you? ... Glad to hear that. I say, Helen, are you free this evening? Why I ask, I've a friend here in town, Curt Ralston, an aviator with a prospecting company. He's facing a lonesome evening, and I wondered whether you wouldn't step out to dinner with him."

"Beg pardon? ... You don't care to? But I wish you would, girl; he's rather a close friend of mine, and I believe you'd like to know him. ... You'll phone me later? Better make it 'yes' now, Helen. He's entirely a gentleman, you understand—otherwise I wouldn't have suggested this. Please. ... You will? That's mighty sweet of you! ..."

He set down the phone. "Seven o'clock at her shop, Curt. If you pick up anything new from her, I'll turn in my commission and get a job as a traffic cop."

Curt thanked him, left headquarters, sent a box of flowers to the Mathieson girl, and went out to the Marlin home.

SMASH was gone. He had slept a few hours, the housekeeper said; then had done some telephoning, changed clothes and left immediately. "Soaking up some more sociability," Curt thought.

Going out to the vine-clad porch with his pipe and the notes he had made at headquarters, he began blocking out his program in rough outline. The clean swift way of locating Karakhan was to trail him, to pick up his trail leading away from Vancouver and follow it.

There were other methods of going about the business; he knew of several which Baldwin and the Silent Squad had overlooked; but they would take months of grubbing work.

He had a theory of how Karakhan had made his get-away and he meant to test it thoroughly before turning to the slower methods.

The porch, with its climbing roses

LUMBER OUTPUT TO EXCEED 1932

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22—(AP)—The National Lumber Manufacturer-

ers' association today predicted a 30 per cent increase in lumber production in the United States for 1933 over 1932. The estimate was based on figures for the first 44 weeks of the year. The association's report to the industry said this year's production would approximately be 13,000,000,000 feet, of which about 2,000,000,000 feet will be hardwood.

In 1932 the hardwood production as reported by the United States census bureau was 1,405,596,000 feet while softwood production was 8,742,538,000 feet. All regions this year, the report said, will show substantial gains over last year, with Washington, Oregon and California the leading states in that order, as they were in 1932.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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SALVATION ARMY SALE IS FRIDAY

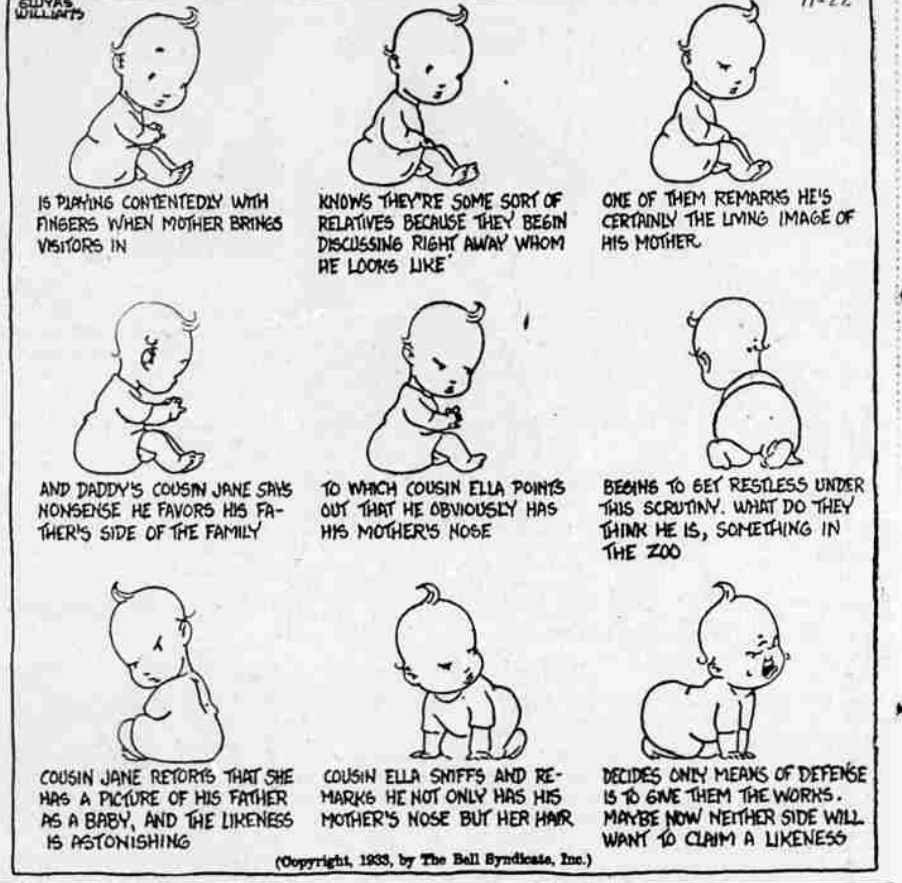
The members of the local chapter of the Home League, which is the

international women's organization of the Salvation Army are making plans for their semi-annual sale of work and demonstration to be held on Friday, November 24th. The sale will start at ten a. m. and continue throughout the day at the army's new headquarters at 411 East Main street. Mrs. Violet Rudy, home league secretary, will be in charge.

The ladies will offer for sale, among other things, a large number of new quilts of various designs, which have been made by members of the league. At 8:00 p. m. the work of the league will be demonstrated and a special program of music and other items of entertainment offered. No admission will be charged.

FAMILY LIKENESS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Clouds And Rain Only Memory!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



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BOUND TO WIN—So Far, So Good!

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Just Charge It

By SOL HESS



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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REJECT SALEM'S OFFER FOR WATER SYSTEM
SALEM, Nov. 22—(AP)—The city of Salem's offer to purchase the local plant of the Oregon-Washington Water Service company for \$250,000 was rejected today.

THE DALLES, Nov. 22—(AP)—A brief requesting that navigation locks at the Bonneville dam be constructed of sufficient size to permit passage of ocean-going ships, will be forwarded to Washington, D. C., this week.

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