

FORBIDDEN VALLEY

By William Byron Mowery

SYNOPSIS: Curt Tennyson and Paul St. Clair are trailing Igor Korobkin, international crook, into the Canadian northwest. At the edge of the dangerous Klondike Indian territory they join parties with Ralph and Sonya Nichols, presumably entomologists collecting insects for study. As Forest LeVoor, Korobkin's scout, is warning him of the strangers' approach, Curt is trying to learn whether the Nichols really are entomologists. He asks Sonya if she recognizes a beetle he has caught.

Chapter 19 THE TRUTH

SONYA chose her words carefully. "It's a very interesting species. Wouldn't it make a nice scarf pin?" Quite true, Curt thought. And quite like a girl, to say that. However, her description wasn't exactly scientific. He hated to go on with his questioning—a wisp of hair playing against her cheek was almost his undoing. But he made himself be relentless.

"Do you know what family it belongs to?" Sonya stiffened a little and glanced up at him, a sharp searching glance as though she guessed why he was quizzing her.

"I don't care to give a mere opinion," she parried deftly, on guard. "A person ought to make a microscopic examination before trying to classify."

Curt dropped the subject, slipped the beetle into his pocket, and started back to camp with her. He had found out what he wanted to know. Sonya had no idea what the beetle was.

At his first chance he took Ralph aside and showed him the Cicindela. Ralph knew no more about it than Sonya did, and furthermore he lacked her quickness of wit in getting out of a tight corner. Planned down for an answer, he pretended to recognize the insect, and gave it a Latin name, but his bluff was a miserable one.

In a brown study Curt set the beetle free and walked over to Paul, to tell him what he had just found out. Neither Ralph nor Sonya was an entomologist at all. They knew absolutely nothing about the subject. He told Paul about the beetle.

PAUL glanced toward the fire, where Sonya was getting the meal ready. "What are they doing in this country then?"

Curt made a gesture of bafflement. "You tell me and I'll tell you."

"Prospecting, maybe. Cheechakos take to that."

"Ralph wouldn't recognize a gold conglomerate if he stubbed his foot against one; and she's worse."

"Vacationing?"

"I can think of pleasanter ways to spend a vacation than water-dogging up this river and taking chances with these Klondikes. And why should they make such a secret about a mere vacation?"

"Then what's your guess?" "I haven't got even a guess! All I know is this: whatever they're up to, it's important. They know they're running into danger, know it as well as we do, but they intend to go right on regardless. And another thing—Sonya's the real leader of those two. She's the determined one. Ralph's just a tall to her kite."

Paul nodded. "Yes. It's not hard to see that. But what are you going to do about them?"

"Have a show-down with her and make her tell me the truth about this trip."

When the party got ready to go

Curt kept putting off his "show-down" with Sonya, for he hated to break into the pleasant mood of the hour. Even after a week of intimate association he never could tell how she would react to something, or what to expect from her next.

Often he tried to analyze the tumult of his emotions toward her. He had never consciously said to himself that he had fallen in love with her. But he did realize now how lifeless were his relations with Rosalie Marlin, how utterly they lacked fire or meaning. As the very heart of the contrast between those



two girls, he knew that he respected Sonya, whereas he had never respected Rosalie or anything save her prettiness and as a companion for a light-hearted evening.

At a creek mouth where a family of otters were tumbling about in a foamy overfalls, they stopped to catch a string of trout for supper. Giving Sonya his rod, he leaned against a boulder, not in hand, wanting her to have the pleasure of taking them all. At such times, all too rare with her, she appeared to forget herself and shake off the trouble which he had seen on her face that night when he crouched behind the cordwood.

"Like it?" he asked, as he lifted the string of trout into the canoe and they started on.

She nodded, her eyes shining. They skirted along in silence for a few rods. Just as Curt was thinking up a tactful way of broaching his talk with her, she surprised him with a sudden unexpected question:

"Curt, you're not really a prospector, are you?"

For a moment he thought she had pierced his mask and had found out why he really was in there.

"Why, yes," he asserted evenly.

"What makes you think I'm not, Sonya?"

"I just can't imagine you as merely a prospector, Curt."

"Why?"

She studied her answer. "I'm wondering how you can be satisfied with a life like this, year in and out, Curt. You're out of things, out of contact with the world; and you're making no contribution to—to—call it human society. For most men it'd be all right, but not for you."

"Why do you single me out?"

"Because, Curt, you've got the capacity for something richer and



on again, he suggested to Nichols: "Ralph, you're pretty tired; maybe you'd better go with Paul this afternoon so you can take things easy. Sonya can go in my canoe. We'll work ahead and have camp made by the time you come in."

Sonya stepped into his canoe and they started out ahead of the others. By the time they reached the foot of a rapids four miles up stream, they had left the heavily laden boats out of sight around a bend. Portaging around the rapids and the overfalls above, they came out upon a long quiet stretch.

more useful than a buried-away existence like you're leading. Please, you don't mind my being frank?"

"Why, certainly not," he assured. But deep down, her philosophy did trouble him, arousing his old fears about the tyranny of duty. He knew that when he went back to the Three Rivers country he would carry her words with him, and that they would lift their voice between him and a complete enjoyment of his adventurous freedom.

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Tomorrow, Curt tries to penetrate the mystery of Sonya.

ASK DISMISSAL LIQUOR CHARGE

PORTLAND, Dec. 8.—(AP) Advancing the contention that with prohibi-

tion repeal accomplished, the federal court is without authority to try the case, a motion for dismissal of a federal grand jury indictment charging liquor law violation, was filed in federal court yesterday by Delmore Lessard, attorney for Henry Myers.

Myers was indicted for unlawfully transporting and for possession of liquor. Lessard contended the 18th amendment has been repealed by the 21st amendment and that the 21st amendment contains no saving clause. His motion for dismissal of the indictment will be acted on later.

DAWES IN PRAISE OF NEWTON BAKER

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—(AP) A demand for support of the President, politica-

notwithstanding, brought a salvo of applause as Charles G. Dawes, introduced Newton D. Baker to an audience here. The republican former vice-president praised the Democratic former war secretary for holding to his course even under storms of adverse public opinion in war time.

"He was serving," Dawes said, "under a great war President of the United States—Woodrow Wilson. In these times, there is the same need to stand behind the President of the United States. There isn't any more occasion for politics now than there was then."

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S'MATTER POP—

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THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—If Speed Only Knew!



BOUND TO WIN—Welcome To Dan Jeppard's Mansion!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—The Moth And The Flame

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



ARMORY IMPROVEMENT NEEDS EYED BY MAJOR

Major Elmer Wooten, adjutant general's office, Oregon National Guard, is spending several days in Medford inspecting the armories located here and at Ashland, with a view to making numerous much needed improvements to these two buildings.

PORTLAND, Dec. 8.—(AP)—A dispatch to the Journal from Washington, D. C. today said "Inquiry by Senator McNary as to the proposed \$15,000 loan for a gymnasium for the state normal school at Monmouth has brought reply from the PWA that the legal, financial and engineering divisions are at work on it."

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