

FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER I

"Such hair! Such eyes! Such color! Laugh if you will, Whittemore, but I swear that she was the handsomest girl I've ever laid my eyes upon!"

"There was an artist's enthusiasm in Gregson's girlishly sensitive face as he looked across the table at Whittemore and lighted a cigarette."

"She wouldn't so much as give me a look when I stared," he added. "I couldn't help it. G-d, I'm going to make a full-page cover of her tomorrow for Burke's. Burke does not print women for the cover of his magazine. Why, demmit, man, what the deuce are you laughing at?"

"Not at this particular case, Tom," apologized Whittemore. "But—I'm wondering—"

"His eyes wandered ruminatively about the rough interior of the little cabin, lighted by a single oil-lamp hanging from a cross-beam in the ceiling, and he whistled softly."

"I'm wondering," he went on, "if you'll ever strike a place where you won't see one of the most beautiful things on earth?" The last one was at Rio Piedras, wasn't it, Tom? A Spanish girl, or was she a Creole? I believe I've got your letter yet, and I'll read it to you tomorrow. I wasn't surprised. There are pretty women down in Porto Rico. But I didn't think you'd have the nerve to discover one up here—in the wilderness."

"She's got them all beat," retorted the artist, flicking the ash from the tip of his cigarette.

"Even the Valencia girl, eh?" There was a chuckling note of pleasure in Philip Whittemore's voice as he leaned half across the table, his handsome face, bronzed by snow and wind, illumined in the lamp-glow. Gregson, in strong contrast, with his round, smooth cheeks, slim hands, and build almost womanish, leaned over his side to meet him. For the twentieth time that evening the two men shook hands.

"Haven't forgotten Valencia, eh?" chuckled the artist, glancingly. "Lord, but I'm glad to see you again, Phil. Seems like a century since we were out raising the Old Ned together, and yet it's less than three years since we came back from South America. Valencia! Will we ever forget it?"

"When Burke handed me his first turn-down a month ago and said, 'Tom, your work begins to show you want a rest,' I thought of Valencia, and was so profoundly homesick for those old days when you and I pretty nearly started a revolution, and came within an ace of getting our scalps lifted, that I moped for a week. G-d, do I remember it? You got out by fighting and I through a pretty girl."

"And your nerve," chuckled Whittemore, crushing the other's hand. "That was when I made up my mind you were the nerviest man alive. Gregson, did you ever learn what became of Donna Isobel?"

"She appeared twice in Burke's, once as the 'Goddess of the Southern Republics' and again as 'The Girl of Valencia.' She married that reprobate of a Carabobo planter, and I believe they're happy."

"It seems to me there are others," continued Whittemore, pondering for a moment in mock seriousness. "There was one at Rio when you swore would make your fortune if you could get her to sit for you, and whose husband was on the point of putting six inches of steel into you for telling her so, when I explained that you were young and harmless, and a little out of your head—"

"With your fist," cried Gregson joyously. "G-d, but that was a mighty blow! I can see that winter now. I was just beginning my poster when—chug!—and down he went! And he deserved it. I said nothing wrong. In my very best Spanish I asked her if she would sit for me, and why the devil did he take that as an insult? And she was beautiful!"

"Of course," agreed Whittemore. "If I remember, she was the loveliest creature you had ever seen." And after that there were others—a score of them at least, each lovelier than the one before."

"They make up my life," said Gregson, more seriously than he had yet spoken. "They're the only thing I can draw and do well. I'd think an editor was mad if he asked me to do something without a pretty woman in it. G-d bless 'em, I hope I'll go on seeing them forever. When I can't see beauty in woman I want to die."

"And you always want to see it in the superlative degree?"

"I insist upon it. If she lacks something, as Donna Isobel wanted color, I imagine that it is there and she is perfect! But this one that I saw tonight is perfect! Now what I want to know is this. Who the deuce is she?"

"—where can she be found, and will she sit for a Burke, two or three miscellaneous, and a study for the annual sale," struck in Whittemore. "Is that it?"

"Exactly. You've a natural ability for hitting the nail on the head, Phil." And Burke told you to take a rest."

Gregson offered his cigarettes.

"Yes, Burke is a good-natured, peevish old soul who has a horror of spiders, snakes, and skyscrapers. He said to me: 'Greggy, go and seek nature in some quiet, secluded place, and forget everything for a fortnight or two except your clothes and half a dozen cases of beer.' Read! Nature! Dozen! Think of those cheerful suggestions, Phil, while I was dreaming of Valencia, of Donna Isobels, and places where

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Oliver Curwood was born in Owosso, Mich., June 12, 1878. He is a descendant on his father's side of Captain Marryatt, the novelist. He broke into the newspaper business in 1900 and broke away in 1907. He resigned as editor of the Detroit News Tribune to devote himself entirely to literature. He is a former member of Troop B, Michigan State Cavalry. One of the foremost authorities on matters pertaining to the Canadian Northwest, he is the only American ever employed by the Canadian Government as an explorer and descriptive writer. He has one of the largest collections of great game photographs in America. He took them himself. He is author of more than a dozen novels and numerous short stories.

nature cuts up as though she had been taking champagne all her life. G-d, your letter came just in time!" "And I told you little enough in that," said Philip, quickly rising and pacing uneasily back and forth across the cabin floor. "I gave you promise of excitement, and urged you to join me if you could. And why? Because—"

"He turned sharply, and faced Gregson across the table.

"I wanted you to come because the

capital, gets Nicaragua mixed up in the trouble, and draws three French ships to the scene. Six weeks after the wine-drinking he is president of the republic, de facto. And all of this, Greggy, because of a kiss. Now, if a kiss can start a revolution, unseat a President, send a Government to smash, what must be the possibilities of a fish?"

"I'm getting interested," said Gregson. "If there's a climax, come to it, Phil. I admit that there must be enormous possibilities in—a fish. Go on!"

CHAPTER II

For a moment the two men stood in silence, listening to the sullen beat of surf beyond the black edge of forest. Then Philip led the way back into the cabin.

Gregson followed. In the light of the big oil lamp which hung suspended from the ceiling he noticed something in Whittemore's face he had not observed before, a tenseness about the muscles of his mouth, a restlessness in his eyes, rigidity of jaw, an air of

got away from Carabobo, when Donna Isobel pointed out my way to us, with the moon coming up over the mountains as a guide? That isn't the moon, that's the aurora borealis. You can hear the wash of the bay down there, and if you're keen you can catch the smell of icebergs. There's Fort Churchill—a rifle shot beyond the ridge, asleep. There's nothing but Hudson Bay Company's posts, Indian camps and traps here between here and civilization, which is 400 miles down there. Seems

suppressed emotion which puzzled him. He was keenly observant of details, and knew that these things had been missing a short time before. The pleasure of their meeting that afternoon, after a separation of nearly two years, had dispelled for a time the trouble which he now saw revealing itself in his companion's face and attitude, and the lightness of Whittemore's manner in beginning his explanation for inducing him to come into the north had helped to complete the mask. There occurred to him, for an instant, a picture which he had once drawn of Whittemore as he had known him in certain strange times still fresh in the memory of each—a picture of the old, cool, irresistible Whittemore, smiling in the face of danger, laughing outright at peripetias, always ready to fight with a good-natured word on his lips.

He had refolded the map, and drew another from the bundle of papers. It was drawn in pencil.

"And then, Greggy," he went on, smoothing out this map where the other had been, "I struck my chance. It came in the middle of the night, and I sat up with a campfire laughing at me through the flap in my tent, stunned by the knockout it had given me. It seemed, at first, as though a gold mine had walked up and laid itself down at my feet, and I wondered how there could be so many silly fools in this world of ours. Take a look at that map, Greggy. What do you see?"

Gregson had listened like one under a spell. It was one of his careless boasts that situations could not freeze him, that he was immune to outward betrayals of sensation. This seeming indifference—his light-toned attitude in the face of most serious affairs—would have made a failure of him in many things.

But his tense interest did not hide itself now. A cigarette remained unlighted between his fingers. His eyes never took themselves for an instant from his companion's face. Something that Whittemore had not yet said thrilled him. He looked at the map.

"But lakes and rivers," he said. "You're right," exclaimed Philip, jumping suddenly from his chair and beginning to walk back and forth across the cabin. "Lakes and rivers—hundreds of them—'thousands of them!' Greggy, there are more than three thousand lakes between here and civilization and within forty miles of the new railroad. And nine out of ten of those lakes are so full of fish that the bears alone 'em small fishy. Whitefish, Gregson—whitefish and trout. There is a freshwater area as large as the ocean claim that the world represents on that map three times as large as the whole of the five Great Lakes, and yet the Canadians and the Government have never wakened up to what it means. There's a fish supply in this northland large enough to feed the world, and that little rim of lakes that I've mapped out along the edge of the coming railroad represents a money value of millions. That was the idea that came to me in the middle of the night, and then I thought—I could get a corner on a few of these lakes, secure fishing privileges before the road came—"

"You'd be a millionaire," said Gregson.

"I thought it was a fish," protested Gregson, mildly. "Pretty soon you'll be having it a girl in a trap—or at the end of a fish line—"

"And if I should?" interrupted Philip, looking steadily at him. "What if I should say there is a girl—a woman—in this trap—not only one, but a

score, a hundred of them? What then, Greggy?"

"I'd say there was going to be a glorious trap."

"And so there is, the biggest and most unusual snarl of its kind you ever heard of, Greggy. It's going to be a queer kind of fight—and queer fighting. And it's possible—very possible—that you and I will get lost in the shuffle somehow. We're two, no more, and we're going up against forces which would make a dozen South American revolutions look like thirty cents. More than that, it's likely we'll be in the wrong locality when certain people rise in a wrath which a Helen of Troy aroused in another people some centuries ago. See here—"

He turned the map to Gregson, pointing with his finger.

"See that red line? That's the new railroad to Hudson's Bay. It will be above Le Pas now, and its builders plan to complete it by next spring. It is the most wonderful piece of railroad building on the American continent, Greggy—wonderful because it has been neglected so long. Something like a hundred million people have been asleep to its enormous value, and they're just waking now."

"That road, cutting across four hundred miles of wilderness, is opening up a country half as big as the United States, in which more mineral wealth will be dug during the next fifty years that will ever be taken from Yukon or Alaska. It is shortening the route from Montreal, Duluth, Chicago and the Middle West to Liverpool and other European ports by a thousand miles. It means the making of a navigable sea out of Hudson's Bay, cities on its shores, and great steel foundries close to the Arctic Circle—where there is coal and iron enough to supply the world for hundreds of years. That's only a small part of what this road means, Greggy. Two years ago—you remember, I asked you to join me in the adventure—I came up seeking opportunity. I didn't dream then—"

Whittemore paused, and a flash of his old smile passed over his face.

"I didn't dream that fate had entered me to stir up what I'm going to tell you about, Greggy. I followed the line of the proposed railroad, looking for chances. All Canada was asleep, or too much interested in its west, and gave me no competition. I was alone west of the surveyed line; east of it steel corporation men had optioned mountains of iron and another interest had a grip on coal-fields. Six months I spent among the Indians, French and half-breeds. I lived with them, trapped and hunted with them, and picked up a little Cree and French. The life suited me. I became a northerner in heart and soul, if not quite yet in full experience. Clubs and balls and cities grew to be only memories. You know how I always hated that hothouse sort of existence, and you know that same world of clubs and balls and cities has gripped at my throat, downing me again and again, as though it returned my sentiment with interest. Up here I learned to hate it more than ever. It was completely happy. And then—"

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Tarzon and the Jewels of Copar

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued)

WERPER heard the men approaching. To be apprehended as the slayer of Mohammed Beyd would be equivalent to a sentence of immediate death. The fierce and brutal raiders would tear to pieces a Christian who dared spill the blood of their leader. He must find some excuse to delay the finding of Mohammed Beyd's dead body.

Returning his revolver to its holster, he walked quickly to the entrance of the tent. Parting the flaps, he stepped out and confronted the men, who were rapidly approaching. Somehow he managed to force a smile to his lips as he held up his hand to bar their further progress.

"The woman resisted," he said, "and Mohammed Beyd was forced to shoot her. She is not dead—only slightly wounded. You may go back to your blankets. Mohammed Beyd and I will look after the prisoner. Then he turned and re-entered the tent, and the raiders, satisfied by this explanation, gladly returned to their broken slumbers."

As he again faced Jane Clayton Werper found himself animated by quite different intentions from those which he had formed a few minutes before. The excitement of his encounter with Mohammed Beyd, as well as the dangers which he now faced at the hands of the raiders when morning must inevitably reveal the truth of what had occurred in the tent of the prisoner that night, had naturally cooled the hot passion which had dominated him when he entered the camp.

But another and stronger force was exerting itself in the girl's favor. However low a man may sink, honor and chivalry, has he ever possessed them, are never entirely eradicated from his character, and though Albert Werper had long since ceased to evince the slightest claim to either the one or the other, the spontaneous acknowledgment of them, which the girl's speech had presumed had reawakened them both within him.

For the first time he realized the fruitful and almost hopeless position of the fair captive, and the helplessness of the girl to which he had sunk that had made it possible for him, a well-born European gentleman, to have entertained even for a moment the part that he had taken in the ruin of her home, her happiness and herself.

Too much of baseness already lay at the threshold of his conscience for him ever to hope entirely to redeem himself; but in the first sudden burst of contrition the man, somewhat an honest intention to undo, in so far as lay within his power, the evil that his criminal avarice had brought upon this sweet and unoffending woman.

As he stood apparently listening to the retreating footsteps of the Arabs, though actually engrossed in thought, Jane Clayton approached him.

"What are we to do now?" she asked. "Morning will bring discovery of this," and she pointed to the still body of Mohammed Beyd. "They will kill you when they find him."

For a time Werper did not reply, then he turned suddenly toward the woman.

"I have a plan!" he cried. "It will require nerve and courage on your part, but you have already shown that you possess both. Can you endure still more?"

"I can endure anything," she replied, "but I don't know what you offer us even a slight chance for escape."

"You must simulate death," he explained. "I will carry you from camp. I will explain to the sentries that Mohammed Beyd has ordered me to take your body into the jungle. This seemingly unnecessary act shall explain upon the grounds that Mohammed Beyd had conceived a violent passion for you, and that he so regretted the act by which you had become your slayer that he could not

endure the silent reproach of your lifeless body."

"The girl held up her hand to stop him. A smile touched her lips.

"I've you quite mad," she asked. "You do not know them," he replied. "Beneath their rough exterior, despite their calloused and crumpled natures, there exists in each a well-defined strain of romantic emotion—"

"But how will you explain Mohammed Beyd's death?" she asked. "It will be discovered before ever you can escape the camp in the morning."

"I shall not explain it," replied Werper. "Mohammed Beyd shall explain it himself—we must leave that to him. Are you ready?"

"Yes. I must get you a weapon and ammunition," and Werper walked quickly from the tent.

Very shortly he returned with an extra revolver and ammunition-belt strapped about his waist.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Quite ready," replied the girl. "Then come and throw yourself limply across my left shoulder," and Werper knelt to receive her.

"There," he said, as he rose to his feet. "Now, in your arms, your legs, and your head lying limply. Remember that you are dead."

A moment later the man walked out into the camp, the body of the woman across his shoulder.

A thorn boma had been thrown up about the camp, to discourage the bolder of the hungry carnivora. A couple of sentries paced to and fro in the light of a fire which they kept burning brightly. The nearer these looked up in surprise as he saw Werper approaching.

"What have you there?" he cried. "Werper raised the hood of his burrows that the fellow might see his face."

"This is the body of the woman," he explained. "Mohammed Beyd has asked me to take it into the jungle, for he cannot bear to look upon the face of her whom he loved, and whom necessity compelled him to slay. He suffers greatly—he is inconsolable. It was with difficulty that I prevented him from taking her into the jungle."

Across the speaker's shoulder, limp and frightened, the girl waited for the word.

"No one was watching," he said. "Returning to the body, he lifted it to his shoulder, and, risking all on a quick snarl, ran swiftly across the narrow opening which separated the prisoner's tent from that of the dead man. Behind the silken wall he halted and lowered his burden to the ground, and there he remained motionless for several minutes, listening.

Satisfied at last that no one had seen him, he stooped and raised the bottom of the tent wall, backed in and dragged the thing that had been Mohammed Beyd after him. To the sleeping rugs of the dead raider he drew the corpse, then he fumbled about in the darkness until he had found Mohammed Beyd's revolver.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE DAILY NOVELLETTE

THE GOOSE
By Celia E. Chute

SOLOMON, the Caruthers's goose, had grown so plump and so pompous that it seemed as if he must be aware that great things were expected of him and was doing his best to fulfill expectations. "Solomon is almost as much of a responsibility as Johnnie's Caruthers," said one day, when her husband was extracting Solomon from a tight place in the poultry yard fence. "I begin to be afraid that having him so much on our minds and in our company may affect our appetites for our dinner."

The next afternoon Johnnie came running into the house in great excitement. "The Leonard dog is chasing Solomon," he wailed. "Stavver, come and make him go home!"

Mrs. Caruthers looked out. Solomon was certainly having a perilous adventure. The Leonard dog was crouching about him, making vicious charges. Nothing but the spreading of Solomon's formidable wings and his sharp outcries saved him. "My, what a dreadful dog!" exclaimed Mrs. Caruthers, hurrying to the rescue.

Just then Carrie Caruthers and a young man came around the corner of the house and came to join them. Johnnie's Aunt Eunice called the doctor a foregone conclusion, saying that Solomon's rowly, trying to discover how a foregone conclusion differed from other men. He thought of the foregone conclusion as a foregone conclusion, so he moved nearer and then he moved nearer. "How much of him do you think you can eat?"

"The little face he was looking at contracted suddenly and he realized that the first time Johnnie had realized dinner meant eating Solomon." Actually eating him. "With the wind of defiance ended in a burst of tears."

"Say, Johnnie," said Doctor Arnold, "did you know that I'm thinking of going 'Carrie off to my house so that there be plenty of room for Solomon here?"

Johnnie noticed this remark seemed to irritate his mother dumb. To him, he really didn't seem an all-together objectionable arrangement, although he thought it very foolish for Eunice to be so sure of Solomon and to be room enough for her Solomon and Carrie, too, in that great house. "Carrie ain't going off to your house to live," he said sternly. "Oh, is that so?" said the doctor. "I hardly know what to do about it then, for I don't see her and she said she was willing to go."

Johnnie turned an unbelieving eye on his sister. "It was a shock when she nodded yes."

"You're a foregone conclusion!" he shouted wrathfully. "That's what you are! Aunt Eunice!"

"Johnnie," Mrs. Caruthers seized him by the hand, and she said to him in a posthumous assertion, "I don't want to see you in any possibility. It had been to her that Aunt Eunice had said the statement, and he heard it on Johnnie's lips. "We'll talk about it soon," Mrs. Caruthers said, but she said, "I don't want to see you in any possibility, and I don't want to see you in any possibility, and I don't want to see you in any possibility."

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Flower of the North

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CHAPTER I

A Bump and What Followed

BILLY BELGHIM was running along the sidewalk when one foot chanced to land upon a banana peel.

"What a bump!" cried Billy, sitting on the ground. "I see I've had a bump. I don't know what it is, but it hurts like a hammer."

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"BUSINESS CAREER OF PETER PLINT"

A Story of Salesmanship. Will Be Found on Page 29

(TO BE CONTINUED)