

FLOWER OF THE NORTH

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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THE STORY THUS FAR

Philip Whittemore, courageous fighter cutting his teeth as a business man, married a "big thing" in the Far North, within measurable distance of the Arctic Ocean, and himself up against an enemy he doesn't understand and needs for his friend, Gregory, an artist, who is also a fighter, to help him out. They have fought together the world over and trust each other; but this is the first time that Gregory, in blazer than anything he has ever previously tackled. Briefly, he says, it is—*"Oh!"*

CHAPTER II—(Continued)

"NOT only that," replied Philip, pausing for a moment in his restless pacing. "I didn't think of money, at first; at least, it was a secondary consideration after that night beside the camp-fire. I saw how this big vacant north could be made to strike a mighty blow at those interests which make a profession of cornering necessities on the other side, how it could be made to fight the fight of the people by sending down an unlimited supply of fish that could be sold at a profit in New York, Boston, or Chicago for a half of what the trust demands. My scheme wasn't aroused entirely by philanthropy, mind you. I saw in it a chance to get back at the very people who brought about my father's ruin, and who kept pounding him after he was in a corner until he broke down and died. They killed him. They robbed me a few years later. They made me hate what I was once, a moving, joyous part of—life down there. I went from the north, first to Ottawa, then to Toronto and Winnipeg. After that I went to Brokaw, my father's old partner, with the scheme. I've told you of Brokaw—one of the deepest, shrewdest old fighters in the Middle West. It was only a year after my father's death that he was on his feet again, as strong as ever. Brokaw drew in two or three others as strong as himself, and we went after the beginning. It was a fight from the first."

"Hardly were our plans made public before we were met by powerful opposition. A combination of Canadian capital quickly organized and petitioned for the same privileges. Old Brokaw knew what it meant. It was the hand of the trust—disguised under a veneer of Canadian promoters. They called us 'aliens'—American 'money-grabbers' robbing Canadians of what justly belonged to them. They aroused two-thirds of the press against us, and yet—"

The lines in Whittemore's face softened. He chuckled as he pulled out his pipe and began filling it.

"They had to go some to beat the old man, Gregory. I don't know just how Brokaw pulled the thing off, but I do know that when we won out three members of Parliament and half a dozen other politicians were honorary members of our organization, and that it cost Brokaw a hundred thousand dollars! Our opponents had raised such a howl, calling upon the patriotism of the country and pointing out that the people of the north would resent this invasion of foreigners, that we succeeded in getting only a provisional license, subject to withdrawal by the Government at any time conditions seemed to warrant it. I saw in this no blow to my scheme, for I was certain that we could carry the thing along on such a square basis that within a year the whole country would be in sympathy with us. I expressed my views with enthusiasm at our final meeting, when the seven of us met to complete our plans. Brokaw and the other five were to direct matters in the south; I was to have full command of affairs in the north. A month later I was at work. Over here—no feared over Gregory's shoulder and placed a forefinger on the map—"I established our headquarters, with MacDougal, a Scotch engineer, to help me. Within six months we had a hundred and fifty men at Blind Indian Lake, fifty canoesmen bringing in supplies, and another gang putting in stoves over a stretch of more than a hundred miles of lake country. Everything was working smooth, better than I had expected. At Blind Indian Lake we had a shipyard, two warehouses, icehouses, a company store, and a population of three hundred, and had nearly completed a ten-mile roadbed for narrow-gauge steel, which would connect us with the main line when it came up to us. I was completely lost in my work. At times I almost forgot Brokaw and the others. I was particularly careful of the funds sent up to me, and had accomplished my work at a cost of a little under a hundred thousand. At the end of the six months, when I was about to make a visit into the south, one of our warehouses and ten thousand dollars' worth of supplies went up in smoke. It was our first misfortune, and it was a big one. It was about the first matter that I brought up after I had shaken hands with Brokaw."

Philip's face was set and white as he stood in the middle of the room looking at Gregory.

"And what do you think was his reply, Gregory? He looked at me for a moment, a peculiar twitching around the corners of his mouth, and then said, 'Don't allow a trivial matter like that to worry you, Philip. Why—we've already cleaned up a million on this little fish deal!'"

Gregory sat up with a jerk. "A million! Great Scott!"

"Yes, a million, Gregory," said Philip, softly, with his old fighting smile. "There was a hundred thousand dollars to my credit in a First National Bank. Pleasant surprise, eh?"

Gregory had dropped his cigarette, his slim hands gripped the edges of

the table. He made no reply as he waited for Whittemore to continue.

CHAPTER III

FULL a full minute Philip paced back and forth without speaking. Then he stopped, and faced Gregory, who was staring at him.

"A million, Gregory," he repeated, in the same soft voice. "A hundred thousand dollars to my credit—in a First National Bank! While I was up here hustling to get affairs on a working basis, eager to show the Government and the people what we could do, and what we would do, triumphing in our victory over the trust, and figuring each day on my scheme of making this big, rich north deal a staggering blow to those accursed combinations down there, they were

roped them in by thousands. The shares were ten dollars each, and non-assessable. Five out of six orders were from one to five shares; ninety-nine out of every hundred were not above ten shares. It was damnable. The very people for whom I wanted the north to fight had been humbugged to the tune of a million and a quarter dollars. Within a year Brokaw and the others had floated a scheme which was worse than any trust, for the trusts pay back a part of their steals in dividends. And I was responsible! Do you realize that, Gregory? It was my fault that the project, it was my reports from the north which chiefly induced people to buy. And this company—a company of robbers licensed under the law—I am its founder and its vice president!"

veloped, could be made to pay a dividend of fifty cents a share on the stock issued within two years. This, I thought, would be at least a partial return of the original steal. Brokaw worked the thing through in his own way. He was authorized to vote for one of the directors who was in Europe, and he won over two of the others. As a consequence we voted all of the money in the treasury, nearly six hundred thousand dollars, and the remainder of the stock that was on the market, for development purposes. Brokaw then made the proposition that the company buy up any interest that wished to withdraw. The two M. P.'s and a professional promoter from Toronto immediately sold out at fifty thousand each. With their original hundred thousand these three re-



Whittemore wiped his face. The lines settled deeper about his mouth.

at work, too. While I was dreaming and doing these things, Brokaw and the others had formed the Great Northern Fish and Development Company, had incorporated it under the laws of New Jersey, and had already sold over a million dollars' worth of stock! The thing was in full swing when I reached headquarters. I had authorized Brokaw to act for me, and I found that I was vice president of one of the largest speculative robbery combinations of recent years. More money had been spent in advertising than in development work.

"Hundreds of thousands of copies of my letters from the north, filed to the hilt with the enthusiasm I had felt for my work and projects, had been sent out broadcast, luring buyers of stock. In one of these letters I had said that if a half of the lakes I had mapped out were fished the north could be made to produce a million tons of fish a year. Two hundred thousand copies of this letter were sent out, but Brokaw and his associates had omitted the words, 'if a half of the lakes mapped out were fished.' It would take fifteen thousand men, a thousand refrigerator cars, and a capital of five million to bring this about. I was stunned by the enormity of their fraud, and yet when I threatened to bring the whole thing to smash Brokaw only laughed and pointed out that not a single caution had been omitted. In all of the advertising it was frankly stated that our license was provisional, subject to withdrawal if the company did not keep within laws. That very frankness was an advertisement. It was something different. It struck home where it was meant to strike—among small and unbigoted investors. It

"You stayed in," said Gregory. "I had to. There wasn't a loophole left open to me. There wasn't a single point at which I could bring attack against Brokaw and the others. They were six veritable Bismarcks of devilry and shrewdness. They hadn't overstepped the law. They had sold a million and a quarter of stock on a hundred-thousand-dollar investment, but Brokaw only laughed when I raged at this. 'Why, Philip,' he said, 'we value our license alone at over a million!' And there was no law which could prevent them from placing that value upon it, or more. There was one thing that I could do—and only one. I could resign, decline to accept my stock and the hundred thousand, and publicly announce why I had broken off my connections with the company. I was about to do this when cooler judgment prevailed."

"It occurred to me that there would have to be an accounting. The company might sell a million and a quarter of stock—but in the end there would have to be an accounting. If I was out of the game it would be easily made. If I was in—well, do you see, Gregory? There was still a chance of making the company win out as a legitimate enterprise, even though it began under the black flag of practical fraud and fraud. Brokaw and the others were astonished at the stand I took. It was like throwing a big, red plum into the fire. Brokaw was the first to hedge. He came over to my side in a private interview which we had, and for the first time I convinced him completely of the tremendous possibilities before us. To my surprise he began to show actual enthusiasm in my favor. We figured out how the company, if properly de-

veloped, could be made to pay a dividend of fifty cents a share on the stock issued within two years. This, I thought, would be at least a partial return of the original steal. Brokaw worked the thing through in his own way. He was authorized to vote for one of the directors who was in Europe, and he won over two of the others. As a consequence we voted all of the money in the treasury, nearly six hundred thousand dollars, and the remainder of the stock that was on the market, for development purposes. Brokaw then made the proposition that the company buy up any interest that wished to withdraw. The two M. P.'s and a professional promoter from Toronto immediately sold out at fifty thousand each. With their original hundred thousand these three re-

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Whittemore wiped his face. The lines settled deeper about his mouth.

"Gregory, a week after I received this letter two warehouses were burned on the same night at Blind Indian Lake. They were three hundred yards apart. There is absolutely no doubt that it was incendiary."

He waited in silence, but Gregory still sat watching him in silence.

"That was the beginning—three months ago. Since then some mysterious force has been fighting us at every step. A week after the warehouses burned, a dredge and boat-building yard, which we had constructed at considerable expense at the mouth of the Gray Beaver, was destroyed by fire. A little later a 'premature' explosion of dynamite cost us ten thousand dollars and two weeks' labor of fifty men. I organized a special guard service, composed of fifty of my best men, but it seemed to do no good."

"Since then we have lost three miles of roadbed, destroyed by a woman. A terrific charge of dynamite had been used to let down upon us the water of a lake which was situated at the top of a ridge near our right of way. Whoever our enemies are, they seem to know our most secret movements, and attack us whenever we leave a vulnerable point open. The most surprising part of the whole affair is this: In spite of my own efforts to keep our losses quiet the rumor has spread for hundreds of miles around us, even reaching Churchill, that the northerners have declared war against our enterprise and are determined to drive us out. Two-thirds of my men believe this. MacDougal, my engineer, believes it. Between my working forces and the Indians, French and half-breeds about us there has slowly developed a feeling of suspicion and resentment. It is growing—every day, every hour. If it continues it can result in but two things—rain for ourselves, triumph for those who are getting at us in this dastardly manner. If something is not done very soon—within a month—perhaps less—the country will run with the blood of vengeance from Churchill to the Bay. If what I expect to happen does happen there will be no Government road built to the bay, no new buildings at Churchill will turn gray with disuse, the treasures of the north will remain undisturbed, the country itself will slip back a hundred years. The forest people will be filled with hatred and suspicion so long as the story of great wrong travels down from father to son. And this wrong, this crime—"

Philip's face was white, cold, almost passionless in the grim hardness that had settled in it. He unfolded a long typewritten letter, and handed it to Gregory.

"This letter is the final word," he explained. "It will tell you what I have not told you. In some way it was mixed in my mail and I did not discover the error until I had opened it. It is from the headquarters of our enemies, addressed to the man who is in charge of their plot up here."

He waited, scarce breathing, while Gregory bent over the typewritten pages. He noted the slow tightening of the other's fingers as he turned from the first sheet to the second; he watched Gregory's face, the slow ebullience of color, the gray white that followed it, the stiffening of his arms and shoulders as he finished. Then Gregory looked up.

"Good God!" he breathed.

"For a full half-minute the two men gazed at each other across the table, without speaking."

some time to comprehend. He had discovered absolute evidence, he said, that the bunch of trust capitalists whom he had beaten were about to attack us in another way. Their forces were already moving into the north country. Their object was to stir up the country against us, to bring about that condition of unrest and antagonism between the people of the north and ourselves which would compel the Government to take away our license. Remember, this license was only provisional. It was, in fact, left to the people of the north to decide whether we should remain among them or not. If they turned against us there would be only one thing for the Government to do.

"At first Brokaw's letter caused me no very great uneasiness. I knew the people up here. I knew that the Indian, the Kreed, the Frenchman, and the White of this God's country were as invulnerable to bribery as Brokaw himself is to the pangs of conscience. I loved them. I had faith in them. I knew them. I possessed an honor which is not known down there, where we have a church on every four corners, and where the word of God is preached day and night on the open streets. I felt myself warming with indignation as I replied to Brokaw, resenting his insinuations as to the crimes which a 'half-savage' people might be induced to commit for a little whisky and a little money. And then—"

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Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CHAPTER XIV—(Continued)

WITH the weapon in his hand he returned to the side of the dead man, knelt beside the bedding, and, inserting his right hand with the weapon beneath the rugs, piled a number of thicknesses of the closely woven fabric over and about the revolver with his left hand. Then he pulled the trigger, and at the same instant he coughed.

The muffled report could not have been heard above the sound of his cough by one directly outside the tent. Werper was satisfied. A grim smile touched his lips as he withdrew the weapon from the rugs and placed it carefully in the right hand of the dead man, fixing three of the fingers around the grip and the index finger inside the trigger-guard.

A moment longer he tarried to rearrange the disordered rugs, and then he left as he had entered, fastening down the rear wall of the tent as it had been before he had raised it.

Going to the tent of the prisoner he looked about the evidence that some one might have come or gone beneath the rear wall. Then he returned to his own tent, entered, fastened down the canvas, and crawled into his blankets.

The following morning he was awakened by the excited voice of Mohammed Beyd's slave calling to him at the entrance of his tent. "Quick! Quick!" cried the black in a frightened tone. "Come! Mohammed Beyd is dead in his tent—dead by his own hand!"

Werper sat up quickly in his blankets at the first alarm, a startled expression upon his countenance; but at the last words he came out with a relief which replaced the tense lines upon his face.

"I come," he called to the slave, and drawing on his boots, rose and went out of his tent.

Excited Arabs and blacks were running from all parts of the camp toward the silken tent of Mohammed Beyd, and when Werper entered he found a number of the raiders crowded about the corpse, now cold and stiff. Shoudering his way among them, the Belgian halted beside the dead body of the raider. He looked down in silence for a moment upon the still face of his best man, but it seemed to do no good.

CHAPTER XV

Memories

AS TARZAN let the pebbles from his fingers, his thoughts returned to the pile of yellow ingots about which the Arabs and the Abyssinians had waged their relentless battle.

What was there in common between that pile of dirty metal and the beautiful sparkling pebbles that had formerly been in his pouch? What was the metal? Whence had it come? What was that tantalizing half-conviction which seemed to demand the recognition of his memory that in some way he had been connected with it? Had he been there?

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

A complete new adventure each week, beginning Monday and ending Saturday.

"FUNLAND"

Billy and Peggy had themselves among unseen sprites and agreeable spirits. Two of the unseen sprites jeer at Peggy, and Billy fights them.

CHAPTER II

Laughs in a Battle

"HO HO, ho!" That's a good joke on "H" Billy, roared Joker as Billy picked himself up after driving his fist through Mocker's dry head.

"I don't see anything funny," declared Mocker, with a scowl.

"It is this silly game," demanded Wit. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Billy and Peggy in reply. "Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the agreeable sprites, which amused at the bewilderment of the mean sprites.

This fuzed Joker, Mocker and Wit more than ever. From being puzzled they grew fighting mad.

"I'll teach you to laugh at us," they shouted. "Come on, man!"

With that all the mean sprites rallied behind Joker, Mocker and Wit and rushed at Billy.

"In the next chapter will be told how Billy meets the attack of the mean sprites."

woman he had, all unknown to his fellows, loved so devotedly.

Werper himself wrapped the blankets of the dead man about the corpse, taking care to fold inward the scorch and bullet-torn fabric that had muffled the report of the weapon he had fired the night before. Then six husky blacks carried the body out into the clearing where the camp stood, and deposited it in a shallow grave. As the loose earth fell upon the silent form from beneath the tell-tale blanket, Albert Werper heaved another sigh of relief—his plan had worked out even better than he had dared hope.

With Ahmet Zek and Mohammed Beyd both dead, the raiders were without a leader; and after a brief conference they decided to return into the north on visits to the various tribes to which they belonged. Werper, after hearing the direction they intended taking, announced that for his part he was going east to the coast, and as they knew of nothing he possessed which any of them coveted, they acquiesced in his willingness that he should go his way.

As they rode off, he sat his horse in the center of the clearing watching them disappear one by one into the jungle, and thanked his God that he had at last escaped their villainous clutches.

When he could no longer hear any sound of them, he turned to the right and rode into the forest toward the tree where he had hidden Lady Grey-stoke, and drawing her beneath it, he vanished upon his haunches beside the tree, where he could obtain a view of all its branches.

The tree was empty—Jane Clayton had vanished, and the silent watches of the jungle night!

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What had been his past? He shook his head. Vaguely the memory of his childishhood passed slowly in review—then came a strangely tangled mass of faces, figures, and events which seemed to have no relation to Tarzan of the Apes, and yet which

weren't even in their fragmentary form, familiar.

Slowly and painfully recollection was attempting to reassert itself; the brain was mending as the clothes cause of its recent failure to function was being slowly absorbed or removed by the healing processes of perfect circulation.

The people who now passed before his mind's eye for the first time in weeks were familiar faces; but yet he could neither remember the clothes which they had once in his past life, nor call them by name. One was a fair face, and it was her face which most often moved through the tangled recollections of his convalescing brain.

Who was she? What had she been to Tarzan of the Apes? Her about the very spot upon which the pile of gold had been unearthed by the Abyssinians; but the surroundings were exactly different from those which now obtained.

There was a building—there were many buildings—and there were hedges, fences and flowers. Tarzan puckered his brow in puzzled study of the wonderful problem. For an instant he seemed to grasp the nature of a true explanation, and then just as success was within his grasp, the picture faded into a jungle scene, where a naked white youth danced in company with a band of hairy, primordial apes-things.

Tarzan shook his head and sighed. He seemed to see her about the very spot upon which the pile of gold had been unearthed by the Abyssinians; but the surroundings were exactly different from those which now obtained.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—The Boss Waxes Sarcastic



EVERYDAY STUFF

If you would strike a happy gait, One free from driveling complaint, Of daily pains; just cultivate A humor dry when it is raining.

Keep cool when'er the weather's hot, To grutch and grumble is most silly. A kind, warm heart, as like as not, Will give you comfort when it's chilly.

Be breezy when no breezes blow, Be calm when fiercest gales are blowing. 'Neath clouds a silver lining show, And sweep your sidewalks white it's snowing.

Do this and every fellow alike, Despairing optimistic missions, Will swear that you're a Bolshevik Opposing present-day conditions.

GRIP ALEXANDER.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

THE MONOGRAMMED CAR

By Sarah B. Ingham

BETH was aroused from her reading by a heavy chugging sound outside. Looking out she saw a young man darting across the street in a motor car. Evidently something had gone wrong with the machine.

"What a nuisance!" she exclaimed to herself. "Only ten minutes to catch Aunt Sue on that train. I've got to take the motor car. I'll be late. I'll do. Perhaps I can borrow that horse I see in there."

She ran all the way and grew quite excited when she saw the young man exactly where she had hoped to find him. He was a young man in a motor car. "What a nuisance!" she exclaimed to herself. "Only ten minutes to catch Aunt Sue on that train. I've got to take the motor car. I'll be late. I'll do. Perhaps I can borrow that horse I see in there."

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BAH!

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By HAYWARD

"Why, say, are you the Ruth Pemberton that visited the Smiths in New York about six years ago?"

"That's right," answered that pert young man, Mr. Primrose, and now she dismissed the delightful dimples.

"But when she was a rapid conversationist," she said, "I was surprised Monday from New York, and was staying at the Murray building for the summer. It's sure long to find an old friend here. I'm glad to see you, and I sure trust me again. I'll give you my home and then we can resume our talk."

Later in the evening when Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton returned they were very much surprised to find the daughter entertaining a young man on the piazza after they were introduced. The young man was a young man in a motor car. "What a nuisance!" she exclaimed to herself. "Only ten minutes to catch Aunt Sue on that train. I've got to take the motor car. I'll be late. I'll do. Perhaps I can borrow that horse I see in there."

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