

Triumph of John Kars

By RIDGEWELL CULLEN.

A Thrilling Tale of Love, Adventure, Gold and Indians, With Its Stirring Episodes Set in Alaskan Wilderness.

SYNOPSIS.
Allan Mowbray, a trader of the Yukon region, surrounded by hostile Bell River Indians, gets a letter to Alice, his wife, and Murray McTavish, Allan's partner, sets out with a rescue expedition. Allan remains at the post with her son and daughter, Alec and Jessie. But Allan is killed before the rescue party arrives, and Father Jose, mission priest and executor of Allan's will, finds that Allan owned seven-tenths of the post, the sources of whose tremendous wealth seem inexplicable. When McTavish takes for Jessie's hand, all Allan will promise is that she would not be an obstacle in his path. Later John Kars, wealthy and prominent young man of the Northland, stops at Fort Mowbray with his friend, Dr. Bill Henderson, and when he leaves for the trail a week later Jessie admits to her mother that she is in love with him. On a return trip from Seattle, Kars learns that McTavish is bringing in large numbers of guns and cartridges. He instructs Mowbray to get a tally of McTavish's outfit and his time schedule. McTavish tells him Kars' gunmen are in town. McTavish on a short visit to the fort brings reports of Alec's well-being and proposes to Jessie, "I never could love you, Murray," she says.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued)
Dr. Bill Investigates
There was the briefest possible pause, and a sound reached them from outside. But the man seemed oblivious to everything but the passion consuming him. "I know," he broke out with furious bitterness and brutal force. "It is because of that man, that Kars—"
"Don't dare to say that," Jessie cried. "You haven't a right to speak that way." She shrank away from him.
"Well, maybe I haven't, since you say so. But I'm not taking your answer now. I'll ask you again—next year, maybe. Maybe you'll feel different then."
He swung about with almost electrical swiftness as his final words came with a low biting emphasis. And his movement was in response to the swift opening of the door of the office. John Kars was standing in its framing.
"Why, say, you folks, I'm glad to have found you right away," Kars said, with perfect cordiality. "I've just pulled in on the trail, and came right along up."
Murray was completely master of

himself. He was smiling his usual greeting while John Kars shook hands with Jessie.
"You got right down home now?"
"Why, yes," she answered readily. "I'll be along down to pay my respects to your mother. Meanwhile Bill and I need a yarn with Murray here. We're stopping a while."
While he was speaking he accompanied the girl to the door and watched her till she had passed the angle of the building. Then he turned back to the trader.
"Alec's out," he said. "He was shot up in the dance hall at the Elysiad Fields."
There was a sort of amazed incredulity in Murray's dark eyes and his words came haltingly. "Shot up? But—you're fooling. You—you must be God? You tell me!"
Kars shrugged. "I tell you Alec is dead. Shot up."
"God?" Then came a low, almost muttered expression of pity. The poor darn womenfolk! Murray sat, nevertheless in his chair, and his bulk seemed to have become flabby with loss of vitality.
"Yes, it's going to be terrible for them," Kars spoke with a force which helped disguise his real emotions.
By a great effort Murray pulled himself together. "It's—the Shaumbaum," he said. "It's over—that woman, and I warned him. I told him Shaumbaum meant doing him up some way. Ah, he fluffed. Just fluffed, and—guessed he was glad. And now they've got him. It's broke me all up. But the women, Jessie! It's breaking their hearts all to pieces."
Kars stirred in his chair. "We figured that way," he said coldly. "That's why we came around to you first. I'm going to tell you—menfolk—And when I've told you I've got you'll need to stop around a while. That's if you reckon this place is to—Say, they'll need time—plenty. It's up to you to help them by keeping your hand on the tiller of things right here."
Murray leaned back in his chair. "Yes, it's up to me," he said with emphasis. "I don't need the asking—by any one. I was Allan's partner, and Allan's friend. It's my duty and my right to get in between these poor folk and a world that would show them small enough mercy. And I don't hand my right to any man living. I got to thank you coming along to me. But it don't need you, or any other man, to ask me to get busy for the sake of these folk. You can reckon on me looking after things right here. Kars, I'm ready to do all I know. Allan left his work only half done. It was for them. And I'm going to carry it through. The way he'd have had it."
John Kars went to break the news to Alec's mother.
"You have come to talk to me of Alec? Yes? What of him?" Allan Mowbray's eyes were eager. Then, in a moment, a note of anxiety found expression. "He—well?"
"No."
"What has happened? Quick! Tell me!" She stood firmly—unwaveringly. Only was there a sudden suppressed alarm in her voice.
Kars stirred. The jacket buttoned across his broad chest seemed to stiffen him. He raised his eyes to the mother's face for one moment then turned them away. "He—dead? Oh, no! Not that! Oh—God help me!"
Now Kars spoke rapidly. To prolong the telling he felt would be

cruelly unthinkable. "He was shot by a tough," he said. "It was at the Elysiad Fields. He was dancing, and there was a quarrel. If blame there was for Alec it was just his youth, I guess."
Her lips were unmoving. Her eyes terrible in their stony calm. "Go on," she said.
And at her bidding the man talked. He told his story in naked outline, smothering the details of her boy's delinquencies, and sparing her everything which could wound her mother's pride and devotion.
At the conclusion of his pitiful story he waited. His purpose was to leave the woman to her grief, believing that time, and her wonderful courage, would help her. "Jessie will be along," he said.
The mother looked up with a start. "Yes," she said. "She's all I have left. Oh, God, it will break her young heart."
He turned with a movement suggesting precipitate flight. But his going was arrested by the voice he knew and loved so well. "What—what—will break her young heart?"
Jessie was standing just within the room and the door was closed behind her. Once again the fortitude of the older woman displayed itself. "I'll tell you, Jessie, when he's gone."
Kars went up to Jessie. He looked down into her questioning, troubled eyes with infinite tenderness. "Jessie, there's things I can say to you I can't say even to your mother. I want to say them now, with her looking on. I can't put all I feel into words. These things don't come easy to me. You just never had anything beyond my own concerns to look after, ever before in my life. Other folks never kind of seemed to figure with me. Maybe I'm selfish. It seems that way. But now—why? Now that's all changed. Things I always guessed mattered, don't matter any longer. And why? Why? Because there's just two women in the world who got right into my heart, and everything else has had to make way for them. Do you get me, Jessie? Maybe you don't. Well, it's just that all I am or ever hope to be for you. It don't matter the miles between us, or the season. When I get your call I'll answer—right away."
Allan Mowbray and Jessie fought out their own battle, as once before they had had to fight. For days before they had had the little priest who remained ever at their call. The primitive in their lives demanded for them that none should witness their hurt. They asked neither sympathy nor pity, wherein shone forth the mother's wondrous courage which had supported her through every trial. The days passed without the departure of Kars and Bill. Kars could not leave the fort for the adventure of Bell river till he had put beyond all doubt the hopes he had built on the love that had become the whole meaning of earthly happiness to him. Bill understood this. Murray McTavish continued at his post, unobservant, without a sign. His projected journey had been definitely abandoned.

CHAPTER VI.
The Out World.
So two weeks passed. Kars and

long trail hunting around all the while for something, and I guessed that something was—gold. So it was, I know that now. But it was the gold we men folk start out to buy our pleasures with. It was the sort of gold that don't lie around in placers. It don't lie anywhere around in the earth. It's on top. It walks around, and it's in a good woman's heart. Well, say," he went on, moving towards the tree trunk, and sitting down at the girl's side. "I found it. Oh, yes, I found it. But I'm up against it. I can't get that gold till it handed me. And the only hands can pass it my way are—yours."
He reached out, and one hand gently closed over the small brown ones clasped so tightly together. "Just these little hands, he continued, while the girl unresistingly yielded to his pressure. "Say, little Jessie, there's a sort of heaven on this earth for us men-folk. It's a heaven none of us deserve. And it lies in the soul of one woman. If she guesses to open the gate, why, we can walk right in. If she don't choose that way, then I guess there's only perdition waiting around to take us in. Well, I got to those gates right now." One arm unobtrusively circled the girl's waist, and slowly its pressure drew her towards him. "And I'm waiting. It's all up to you. I'm just standing around here—maybe you'll—open those gates."
The girl's head gently inclined towards him. In a moment her lips were clinging to his.
(To Be Continued in The Morning Bee.)

Ukrainian Social Leaders in Chorus
When the Ukrainian National chorus sings at the City auditorium February 1, previous occupations of being a countess, of soldiering in the Battalion of Death, of mechanical engineering, of practicing law and of banking will be represented by part of the personnel of artists.
In the chorus organized by Max Rabinoff there are artists who represent the upper class of Ukraine in society and in the arts and sciences. There are two priests in the aggregation.
The chorus has returned to the United States from Mexico, where it perhaps achieved the greatest success it has had in any of the countries on the North American continent it has toured, as far as attendance at single performances is concerned. On December 26, while in Mexico City, the chorus sang to 32,500 persons who congregated in a bull ring. President Obregon was so impressed with the singing that he offered the chorus management 25,000 pesos (\$12,500) if it would postpone its Pacific coast engagements and remain in Mexico longer.
Mlle. Oda Slobodskaja, leading soprano of the Petrograd opera, and Mme. Nina Koshetz, leading soprano of the Moscow opera, are world-famed singers who are with the organization.

Physicians to Decide if Man Is Living or Dead
Phoenix, Ariz., Jan. 25.—Following a conference with the family of George W. Stevenson, Coroner Fred C. Bolen this afternoon ordered County Physician Harry Felch to assemble a clinic of Phoenix physicians to make an examination of Stevenson's body, which members of his family claim is in a state of suspended animation, but which two physicians, one of them Dr. Felch, have pronounced dead.
Although the doctors who made the earlier examinations declare that Stevenson died Tuesday afternoon, members of the family have refused to surrender the body to an undertaker.

American State Bank Depositors must file claims with Fred E. Bodie, receiver, on or before Feb. 2, 1923, at 1801 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

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In This Week's "Digest"
A Valuable Colored Map
SHOWING THE
French Advance Into the Ruhr Basin

This fine colored map shows the area previously occupied, the lines of the French and Belgian advance, the coal fields, and iron ore districts. At a glance one gets a graphic presentation of the theater of the French occupation in Germany along the Rhine. There is also a smaller map which shows the industrial riches of the Ruhr region.
The leading article in THE LITERARY DIGEST this week reflects the right and wrong of the Ruhr invasion according to the opinions of the American newspaper press and prominent men such as General Charles G. Dawes; ex-Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels; Thomas A. Edison; Henry J. Allen, ex-Governor of Kansas; Dr. Henry van Dyke; President Harry Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago; President David P. Barrows, of the University of California, and others. These men state their views in telegrams received by THE LITERARY DIGEST in answer to the question submitted to them, "Do you think the Ruhr invasion right or wrong?"
Mr. Edison, for instance, believes that "France, Belgium, and Italy have taken the right method to bring things to a focus; the Germans have no cause to complain of a return call by the French, especially when it is unlike the German visit, in being a business call." A directly opposite view is held by United States Senator Caraway of Arkansas, who says: "By the use of force to collect reparations, France puts her interests above those of humanity. In the hope of controlling the world, she is willing to imperil its safety." Other extremely interesting and important news-features in this week's DIGEST are:

Lithuanians Capture Their Seaport
Mr. Harding As a Pension "Watchdog"
Russo-Turkish Solidarity
How Live Mountains Make Deadly Earthquakes
Hemp the Barometer of War
Recipes For Curing the Movies
The Bible Not Demolished Yet
A Non-Pacifist Appeal Against War
How Japan Cuts the Cost of Living
An Unusually Fine Collection of Illustrations Including Maps and Cartoons

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and humor for presentation on the silver screens. A new "Fun From the Press" flashes across the nation every week with the latest laugh-provokers. And where this rollicking reel is showing you can be reasonably sure the same discriminating taste is exercised in selecting the other amusement numbers for you, the best in their respective classes. For good, clean, well-balanced cinema entertainment go to theaters showing "Fun From the Press." Produced by The Literary Digest. Distributed by W. W. Hodkinson Corporation.

"JAZZ-KING" of GREENWICH FOLLIES TO AUTOGRAPH RECORDS HERE FRIDAY
TED LEWIS of JAZZ BAND FAME WILL MEET RECORD PURCHASERS FRIDAY at RIALTO MUSIC SHOP, 1416 DOUGLAS STREET.

The St. Louis Blues—you can hear him play at the theater during the present Greenwich Follies engagement, or hear him in your own home through the medium of a 75-cent Columbia New Process Record bought from the Rialto Music Shop, each one bearing the famous Jazz King's personal autograph. Of course, you will have to hustle to get these autographed records—for it isn't often folks can buy phonograph records autographed personally by the artist who produced them. There will be a flock of eager buyers. Don't miss this chance of giving "Ted" a glad Omaha handshake.

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Hawking and snuffling and also soreness of the mucous membrane go and you will feel fine in almost no time.
Just get one ounce of Parmint (double strength) add to it a little sugar and enough hot water to make a half pint and you've got an inexpensive remedy better than you can buy ready mixed.
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Schubert	Only	Mausfield	Only	\$195.00	
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Its soothing, healing action on the membrane is the reason so many people use it for Catarrh and acute nasal colds.

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