The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

CHAPTER I.

Norah Seaman, hurrying through the gate on to the Croydon aerodrome, overtook and passed a young man in leather coat and helmet, and next instant halted so abruptly that he almost bumped into her.

"Excuse me," she said breathlessly and, looking about her with a somewhat bewildered expression, "Can you tell me which is the Indian mail 'plane?"

"Yes, there she is," said the leather-clad man with a flip of his hand towards the big 40-seater waiting on the concrete floor out in front of the offices and control tower. "But you'll have to hurry if you're going in her. We're due to take off in minutes now. Come along."

"No, I'm not going myself," she explained as she moved forward at his side. "I came to see some friends off and traffic delays kept me late. But I only expected to see one machine."

"Other two are a French liner and a Dutchman," he said. "But I'm afraid you're late to see your friends. All the passengers are in their seats by now, and the steps will be taken away in a minute."

"That's too bad," she exclaimed in tones of vexation.

"I'm her pilot," said the man. "I could give a message to your friends if you like."

"Oh, I'd be so glad if you would," she said gratefully as they came to the little knot of people standing about the steps up into the saloon. "My name is Miss Seaman, and my friends are Doctor and Mrs. Byrne."

"I'm Elliman—Glynn Elliman," said the pilot. "I'll give your message and all apologies for missing them. Time's up, so I'll be off. But I'm sorry you're not coming with us," he added with a smile.

"Thanks again," she said, flashing a smile back at him. "And—yes, I'm almost sorry myself."

He saluted her with a half bow and a touch of his fingers to the leather cap, and was turning away when a shout stopped and turned him.

"Glynn! Hold on, Glynn," came the shout again, and the waiting group looked curiously towards the machine, with another man on his heels struggling into a leather coat as he ran.

The first man made for Glynn and taking him by the arm led him a little aside, speaking quickly. The second man made straight for the machine and clambered swiftly up. Next instant the steps were hauled away, the spectators were ordered to stand clear, and the big engines revved up from a quiet ticking over to a long-drawn booming roar. The huge machine began to roll majestically forward, swing ponderously, and move off on to the 'drome.

Glynn Elliman was still talking to the bare-headed man, but a moment later was left alone as the man made for the office again. Norah Seaman, intently watching the liner gather way, lift her tail and go racing out across the grounds, and then slide smoothly and gently into the air, heard a voice at her side. She turned to find Elliman there.

"Sorry I couldn't give that message after all, Miss Seaman," he said.

"Why, what happened?" she asked in surprise. "I thought you said you were pilot of that machine?"

"So I was," he grinned cheerfully. "But the office switched me at the last moment with orders to hand over to another pilot, and stand by for some other special job."

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" she commented. "Do you get many of these switches and special jobs?"

"Not as often as I'd like," he said. "We've a pretty routine job as a rule. But there was a rumor floating round this morning that a pilot might be wanted to take a machine through to India and maybe that's the job."

They began to move slowly side by side towards the gate.

"How interesting," she said. "You know, I half think I'd like to fly when I go back to India. I'm only home here on a holiday, and then I go back to my father who is employed out there."

"I say," he exclaimed suddenly. "Would you think it cheek—I mean, would you mind my asking you to have a spot of lunch with me here and have a yarn about India. I was out there for years, and know lots of people and places. We might dig up some mutual friends."

She hesitated a moment, and he hurriedly renewed his plea. "Lunch will be all ready in the hotel here. I have to drive in to the London office after, and I'd love to give you a lift in."

"All right," she said with a little nod. "If you're sure I'm not keeping you from anything."

"Great," he answered. "Come along."

Over their lunch they chatted about India, but it turned out she had only been there a year and all the time in one station, and as he did not know it or its people, they found no mutually known friends. But they both enjoyed the meeting, and when Glynn Elliman told her frankly that he was mighty glad he had been held back and so had this chance to know her, she had to admit thit it had been rather pleasant.

By the time he had her seated beside him in his car and was driving out towards Croydon, his mind was very firmly made up that he was going to see a good deal more of her, and he told her so, smilingly, but with an evident resolve at the back of his half-joking words.

"Look," she cried suddenly as the car slowed a moment in the traffic close by a newspaper boy carrying a placard with heavy lettering on it:

"PRINCE FLYING TO INDIA."

"I wonder if that is your special job?" she said. "I suppose you know who the Prince would be?"

"I dare say it's that Napalata chap who is crocked up here," he answered. "I read something about it being urgent for him to get back to India."

"Napalata is the neighbor State to where we live," she explained. "So naturally I'm interested and know the story as far as it has been published. The reigning Prince died out there recently; the one here is his eldest son and he is supposed to proclaim himself and take possession within so many days. But his accident prevents him from travelling to get there in time; ad there's a rival claimant in Napalata who might make trouble."

"Well, I suppose they'll just have to postpone the proclamation and taking hold," said Glynn easily, "or fly him out, if that will get him there in time. Yes, maybe you're right, and that's the special job I'm booked for. Be rather a nice trip, I'd imagine. Sure to do the thing in style."

"Let's get a paper and see what it says," she put in eagerly. "I'm frightfully interested."

They bought a paper and pulled in to the curb to a halt while they read the scanty paragraph it gave to the item. Reports had been cabled from India that there was serious unrest and grave news of religious and racial trouble being fomented in the State of Napalata, that persistent rumors were being circulated that the Prince in London was dangerously or even mortally injured and that the true facts were being withheld from his people in India.

It is believed that only the presence of the Prince in his own capital could disprove these rumors, and it had been stated that this need was felt to be so urgent that plans were being made for the Prince to go by air to India. No confirmation nor denial of these plans had been offered however, by the Prince's staff in London.

"There's nothing much there that we didn't know before," said Norah Seaman when they had read this through. "Except the bit about the possibility of the Prince flying out."

"Wonder why they don't say right out whether it's true or not," said Glynn, driving on again. She laughed. "The usual secrecy of the Oriental mind," she answered. "You know them better than I do, but even I know what a passion they all have for being mysterious and telling nothing."

"That's true," he admitted. "But they'll have to double-padlock their secrets if they want to keep them from the press nowadays."

As they drew nearer to town, she asked that she might be dropped at one of the underground stations from which she could make her way to the house where she was temporarily staying with friends.

"When am I going to see you again?" he demanded, when he had found a station that suited her. "Soon, I hope? What about this evening?"

She shook her head. "That's not possible I'm afraid. I know we are booked to go out somewhere tonight. And besides, you won't know what your orders are until you've been to your office, will you?"

"Don't suppose I will," he admitted reluctantly. "But if it's this Prince flight job, they can't well be chasing off tonight."

"But you don't even know that is the job," she pointed out.

"I'll probably hear within an hour," he answered.

"I confess I'll be most curious to know," she said. "Perhaps that's deplorably inquisitive of me, but it's really exciting to be in touch with things like this. And the Oriental secrecy makes it all the more intriguing."

"Tell you what then," he said. "I'll give you a ring after I hear anything certain—this evening perhaps. What time will you be in?"

They arranged an hour for him to ring, and he noted the telephone number. "And when I phone," he added, "I hope you'll let me fix another meeting as soon as I know what my movements will be."

"I'd like to," she said frankly, as the car stopped. "And I'll ask my friends if you may come along and pay them a call."

"It's a bet," he said cheerily. "And I ring you this evening."

He watched her disappearing into the station, turning to wave her hand as she went.

(To be continued.)

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158 Men and Women Over 100 Years Old

Sofia.—Recent investigations reveal that there are 158 persons in Bulgaria who are more than 100 years old. This figure, in proportion to the total population, gives Bulgaria third place for the world record, Lithuania being first and Portugal second. Of these 158 persons, only four have lived their lives unmarried; eighty-five are men and seventy-three are women; among them are 143 Bulgarians, four Pomaks, three Turks, three Gypsies, two Jews, one Armenian, one Kutzovlach and one Rumanian.

Of the women, eleven have had five children, four had eight, eight have had nine, tree had ten, one has had eleven, one as had twelve, four have had thirteen, ane has had fourteen, one has had fifteen and two have had sixteen.

Of these men and women, thirty-seven were parents before they reached the age of 60, but twenty-eight became parents between the ages of 60 and 65, forty-on between the ages of 65 and 70, twenty-one between 70 and 75, nine between 75 and 80, while two had children when over 80.

Longevity appears to be hereditary, for the parents and grandparents of these old people mostly lived longer than the average. Thirty-three of them are teetotalers, while 125 drink moderately, but only forty-eight smoke, a curious fact in a country which grows tobacco. They are all even-tempered, cheerful folk.

Sixty-nine of them have spent their lives as shepherds or shepherdesses, forty-eight have worked upon the land, eighteen were servants, three were blacksmiths, two dressmakers, two gardeners and one nondescript. Only fifteen spent their lives as housewives.

Budapest.—Ayone really wanting to be a centenarian can do no better than settle in Verbasz, Macedonia. Of the 400 inhabitants twenty are over 100 years old and no death has occurred in the village for more than two years with the single exception of a newborn baby. The aged inhabitants eat, drink, smoke and avail themselves of all the village fun they can get. Physicians say the climate is ideal but they have found no other reason for longevity in Verbasz.

Cold Hands, Feet, Due To Poor Circulation

A girl came to see me recently, writes a doctor, complaining that her feet and hands were always cold and blue. In cold weather they were very uncomfortable and she found the trouble in her hands affected her work badly.

I went into the question of her diet and suggested the usual things about plenty of fresh meat, vegetables etc., but the most important thing I told her was to stimulate her circulation by exercises.

When you get up in the morning take a cold bath (if your doctor agrees) or a bath with the chill off; get in and out of it quickly and rub yourself down as briskly as you can. Immediately afterwards do a series of exercises before dressing. Skipping is prhaps best; otherwise jump up and down on the toes at the same time whirling your arms round and round at the shoulders.

Before, during and after these exercises stand still with the head well back and breathe deeply through the nose. Continue the exerciss until you feel warm and just slightly tired, but stop if they make you giddy.

At first you will do much less than you can later on. In addition you should take a walk once or twice a day.

Land Plaster Deodorant

Gypsum is a naturally occurring sulphate of lime and is found in vast beds or deposits in several provinces of the Dominion. Crushed or ground, it forms the well-known land plaster. Gypsum may be valuable agriculturally in furnishing lime for plant growth as it is fairly soluble in water, but since this lime is combined with sulphuric acid and is present in a neutral condition, it follows, says the Dominion Chemist, that the gypsum has no value for the treatment of sour or acid soils. For this purpose it can not take the place of quicklime, slaked lime, marl, or ground limestone, which, as is well known, are essentially alkaline in character. Land plaster possesses the property of "fixing" ammonia and for this reason is largely used in stables and cow barns. Thus employed, sprinkling or dusting the finely ground material in the stalls, it serves to retain the nitrogen in the very readily decomposable stable fluids, and incidentally to keep the atmosphere of the building pure and sweet, free from ammonia.

"For me, democracy signifies a democratic and humanitarian program carried through in a democratic manner."—Thomas G. Masaryk.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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Exquisite Quality

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Diamond Trade On Up Grade

Government Aid to Employers Has Cut Labor Costs for Manufacturers

Amsterdam.—It goes without saying that the diamond trade and the diamond industry in recent years have suffered seriously from events in finance and economics. In a world of decreasing prosperity diamonds are finding fewer and fewer buyers, while the people who are still buying have, of course, smaller means available for the purchasing of precious stones.

The direct consequence of this situation in the diamond business has been a general demand for smaller stones; but at the same time the demand for expensive stones went on, although to a far smaller extent than before. This symptom was generally accepted by the diamond trade here as proof of the confidence which the public has in the stability of the value of diamonds.

Diamonds are found principally in South Africa, although they occur also in other parts of Africa and in South America. About 90 per cent. of the production is controlled by the Diamond Corporation, Ltd., of London. This company has therefore power to maintain prices. With th decline in the world demand production was reduced, and as a matter of fact most diamond mines were closed long ago.

Because of various circumstances prices of small stones are much lower than before, and the wage factor is playing a big role in the total price of the finished product. Wages of diamond workers, which used to be rather high, had to be reduced in order to meet foreign competition.

The Dutch Government then came to the rescue of Holland's diamond industry. It made an arrangement with the employers which provides for a special allowance on the wages paid for the manufacturing of small stones, thus enabling the Dutch industry to fight foreign competition and at the same time maintain the high quality of its product, which is rightly world-famous.

This resulted in a distinct revival of the diamond industry. Several thousand diamond workers were put back on the job here, and it looks as though this number is going to be increased in the near future, although the goods which are most in demand now require a lot of labor; because of government support the real wages which the manufacturer has to figure in the cost price of the product are lower than at any time during the history of Holland's diamond industry.

The manufacturers for their part are carrying on a "Buy Now" campaign, putting big advertisements in the newspapers over here, something which was never undertaken before, pointing out that diamonds these days can be bought at minimum prices, the "lowest prices in the history of the modern diamond industry," and explaining the investment angle.

Taken all in all, prospects seem hopeful for the diamond industry and Amsterdam seems to be ready to maintain its world reputation.

Praises Harmony Among Canadians

London.—Replying to the toast to Canada at the annual dinner of the Wolfe Society commemorating the 207th anniversary of Wolfe's birth, held at Westerham, Kent, Lieut.-Col. G. P. Vanier, who was guest of honor, said as a descendant of the first settlers of Canada he was happy to pay tribute of admiration to the gallant Englishman Wolfe, with whose name he coupled that of the gallant Frenchman, Montcalm.

The monumen erected to the common memory of two armies symbolized the harmony in which two great races were going forward like brothers, hand in hand for the greater good of the country over which they had fought years ago, he said.

How To KEEP FIT

When your physical regularity is disturbed, and you feel run-down and "headachey" the wise thing to do is to take Andrews Liver Salt on several successive days until the normal rhythm is fully re-established. Andrews will give Nature the aid she needs to do this for you by stimulating the inner cleansing functions. Then, when normal habits are recovered, follow the Andrews Rules of Health.

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The Eye's Treasury

Gold of the reddening sunset, backward thrown
In largess on my tall paternal trees,
Thou with false hope or fear didst never tease
His heart that hoards thee; nor is childhood flown
From him whose life no fairer boon has known
Than that what pleased him earliest still should please:
And who hath incomes safe from chance as these,
Gone in a moment, yet for life his own?
All other gold is slave of outward laws;
This to the deeps of ether takes its flight,
And on the topmost leaves makes glorious pause
Of parting pathos ere it yield to night.

—James Russell Lowell, Poems.

Czechs Ease Travel

Prague.—The Czech State railways, with the idea of encouraging travel by rail, are introducing special coaches for dancers, with good dancing space, jazz band and buffet. Trains will be labelled "dancing," just as they are now marked "restaurant car," for example.

Furthermore, a Czech inventor has invented for travelers, spectacles which throw shafts of light from the readers forehead on the book or newspaper he is holding. These are likely to be supplied on trains also. The glasses are a little heavier than the ordinary kind. The lenses are on the eyebrows instead of in front of the eyes, electric wires connecting these lenses with a small battery carried in the pocket. Ordinary spectacles may be worn with them.

Surgeon Has Heart Attack Completes Operation, Dies

Rome.—In the midst of a delicate obstetrical operation Dr. Giovacchino Triolo suffured a heart attack. He continued however, and saved the lives of Mme. Luisa Giorgi Sorivalo and her baby. As he left the operating room he died.

He "Can't Take It"

Pittsburgh.—Seeking a divorce, W. D. Carnahan said he had "turned the other cheek" to his wife, Isabella, for 30 years. He asserted she broke his shoulder with a potato masher, hit him in the face with a telephone directory, and told malicious stories which helped defeat him in a school board election.

The last straw, however, was when she called in a woman friend to help beat him up, he testified.

"The clergy, as a class, are timid, and afraid to speak out."—Dean nge.

Discipline Child Without Any Fear

Mothers Are Afraid of Losing Affection So They Humor Children

Nature arranges many things, and among them probably is that very thing shouted down so often by child experts—the desire of a mother to hold her child's love by humoring him.

Somehow or other I believe it must be meant for a good purpose or it would not be there.

At the same time there is something else to be considered. Civilization does something to us. The higher we go in intelligence and education the more sensitive becomes the nervous make-up, and normal emotion is exaggerated.

What Culture Brings

Compare the average high-strung woman of any cultured nation with her savage sister. One a sensitive violin capable of a million tunes, the other a primitive instrument limited to a few.

Thus constructed, our civilized mother is vulnerable to hurt much too easily. She fears too quickly and goes to great extremes to preserve what she holds dear. The dearest thing to her is the love of her child for her. She puts it even above her love for him.

I do not think that children love their mothers altogether as we are so often told, because they are selfish and their mothers mean merely convenience and comfort. This does enter into it, of course, but I give all children credit for a higher emotion than that. They love their mothers because they love them, that's all.

Mother's Attitude

Therefore, I think there is less danger of a mother doing a little disciplining than she may think. She must put aside this exaggerated fear of losing her boy's or girl's affection, become a little impersonal at times and take the law into her hands. She will have herself to fight, of course, but if she stops and reasons thus she will see there is small risk. "I cannot go on letting Junior have his own way. As he grows older he will respect me more because he respects himself more. At any rate it is better to sacrifice a little of his devotion to me now if it means that he will be a better man. Anyway there isn't a chance in a thousand that it will make any difference in his real love at all."

There is one thing I think that does make a difference. This is age. A mother's control should be put to work early. When a child is older he is more likely to resent any change of system on his mother's part.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost.—Bishop Horne.

How to Stop a Cold

Quick as You Caught It

Take 2 Aspirin Tablets.

Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

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