The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS

At Croydon Aerodrome, Glynn Elliman, pilot of the Indian Air Mail Liner, meets Norah Seaman who has come to see some friends off.

At the last minute, Glynn is taken off his regular flying and warned to stand-by for a special job. He chats with Norah about this, both wondering if it has anything to do with the press reports of a Prince of Napalata flying to India. He is ill in London, but in haste to return to India, where his father has died. He must be present to claim the throne, which his half-brother, "The Vulture," plots to seize.

Glynn and Norah part, and at the office of Airways, Glynn receives secret orders.

At the Prince's house, he gets instructions to fly a new machine to London from the factory, for the Prince's use. Agents of "The Vulture" in London hear of this and track him to the factory.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"The map—the Airways map," said Stefan, evidently convinced. "At least the Vulture's men can reach the aerodromes half-way from India."

"And if there is an accident at some place like Basra or Bagdad which prevents the Syntax from flying on, it will not be as easy to find another machine there as in London," added Michel.

That night, Glynn Elliman travelled comfortably down to Ribbleston, settling himself in and sleeping most of the way like an accustomed traveller. And in the compartment next to him, Max smoked cigarettes and dozed between them, but never failed to be awake and alertly on the watch at each stopping place to see that Glynn did not leave his compartment.

And in the morning when Glynn descended at Ribbleston, Max also dropped to the platform, keeping his back carefully to Glynn. When Glynn entered the station hotel, booked a room and sent his bag up to it, Max was studying a time-table within earshot of the desk clerk; while Glynn ate a hearty breakfast at the hotel, Max saw him settled to it, watched the desk-girl go off to hers, sauntered up to her relief, gave the number of Glynn's room and got his key, and ten minutes later had been expertly through Glynn's bag (with particular attention to his Passport) and had returned his key to the desk.

After breakfast, Glynn chartered a cab and drove to the aircraft factory on the outskirts of the town, with Max following at a discreet distance in another cab. And while Glynn was being shown the new Syntax-Star, walking round and examining it carefully, Max was telephoning a lengthy but guarded report to Stefan and Michel in their room in London.

Next day there were three lots of people connected with these events busy looking up particulars of air routes to India.

Glynn, thoroughly delighted with the machine he had been trying out that morning, was working out with the test pilot and manager of Hemmings Aircraft Company such matters as fuel capacity, speed, range and distances between aerodromes from London to Karachi.

Stefan and his friends, with less accurate facts of the machine's performance, but with sufficient for their purpose, were doing much the same thing, and noting the likeliest places where an "accident" could be most usefully arranged for the machine or the pilot on the way out—the wrecking of the pilot, as Michel casually pointed out, being just as effective and perhaps more easy to accomplish than that of the machine.

And the third party feverishly hunting out the places along the air route to Karachi was Miss Norah Seamen.

On the Thursday, Glynn Elliman flew the Syntax to a Club aerodrome just outside London, took up the quarters that had been arranged for him at the Club, and telephoned to report his arrival to the Prince's equerry. He also pointed out that he was naturally being asked a good many questions about the machine being there and suggested a little paragraph for the press which might satisfy the questioners without giving away any real purpose of the machine's purpose there.

Accordingly, a brief note appeared in the evening papers to the effect that the new Syntax had been bought by a wealthy South African sportsman and would probably be flown out to him soon by an experienced pilot who had been testing the machine.

The camouflage however failed to deceive those most interested in the destination of the Syntax. "It is a blind that might have succeeded" Stefan remarked to Michel—"if we had not known that the pilot flying the machine had called at the Prince's house just before taking the train to the factory."

"There must be no slip in the watch kept on the Prince's house," said Michel.

"No danger of that," said Stefan. "The latest reports are that he is still in bed with night and day nurses in attendance. If he is taken out, it will have to be in an ambulance, and we can't miss seeing that. And another man watches the Club aerodrome where the machine waits."

But on the same day a consultation was held at the Prince's house which looked like upsetting all the careful plans of plotters and counter-plotters.

The specialists had made a full examination again, and after discussion had delivered their opinion from which nothing would move them. If the Prince were moved within a week, they said, they would not be answerable for the consequences; and they would go further and say that if he persisted in attempting the flight to India before then, he would almost certainly have to be removed from the plane before he got halfway, and would probably die in whatever hospital he found—if he were within reach of one at the critical stage.

After they had gone, the Prince, exasperated and almost exhausted by his fruitless arguments and pleadings, discussed the position with Sir Aylmer, with the equerry and Secretary in attendance.

"The reports from Napalata grow steadily worse," said the Prince. "Have you seen this cabled copy of the leaflets that are being sent round and displayed everywhere?"

Sir Aylmer took the copy the Secretary handed him and read: "To the Priests and People of Napalata. It is our law that the heir to a Prince who has died must proclaim himself in his capital within seventy days, that your eyes may behold his face and your ears hearken to his voice and that so you may know him. One son of our late Prince is in London, injured, dying or dead. The other son is here with his people, and will proclaim himself on the Day of The Feast. He being the only lawfully proclaimed Prince, will then reign and will give rewards to his friends and punishments to his enemies."

Sir Aylmer handed back the copy, and shook his head.

"There was another leaflet," said the Prince, "deriding the report that I might be able to fly. Now, if it has to be told that I cannot do so, it must even weaken those who have supported me so loyally up to now."

"Would it not be possible, Your Highness that the British Government could act?" asked the Secretary. "If it were officially published that the British and Indian Governments supported the claim of Your Highness, would it not weaken the hold of the other party?"

"I'm afraid," struck in Sir Aylmer hurriedly, "I'm afraid that cannot be done. I have already raised the question privately, and am assured, privately but authoritatively, that our Government cannot interfere. The whole matter is one of the laws of Napalata, and the voice of the priests and people. There is no precedent for British interference with the domestic affairs of the State of Napalata."

"There is precedent for the fire and slaughter that will assuredly come on the Day of the Feast," said the Prince grimly. "And for British bayonets being called in to restore peace and law—as after the Moplah rising."

"I see nothing for it," said Sir Aylmer despairingly," but to fall back on the other suggestion—that you make your proclamation here in the presence of witnesses who will sign and swear to it. Then send the sworn copies out by air."

"They would be discredited and disbelieved as the official reports have been," said the Prince wearily. "And no proclamation made here would be within the law of Napatala. Read again what the leaflets said on that."

The Secretary lifted it and slowly read the extract—"....must proclaim himself in his capital within seventy days, that your eyes may behold him and your ears may hear his voice, and that so you may know him."

Out of the silence that followed, the voice of the equerry broke sharply, excitedly—"Highness, Sir Aylmer—I believe I have it. It might fail, but it's—it's a chance."

"True," said the Prince quietly. "You have that English saying about a drowning man and a straw. Speak out."

"A film—a talkie!" cried the equerry. "Make your proclamation on a talking film, send it out by air, and let the people see and hear it."

"A talk film," said the Prince, and laughed shortly. "Truly, I have often cursed the evil they have brought to India. It would be coals of fire if now they helped me. Can such a thing be done—the film be made in time?"

"It—it is most—I mean," stuttered Sir Aylmer, "I don't think there is any precedent—I mean—is there?"

The Prince laughed again. "There is never a precedent until one is set, yet many have been set."

"It can be done in time most certainly," said the equerry, answering the Prince's question. "A horse race that is run in the afternoon is shown on the screens of the theatres the same evening."

The Prince repeatedly softly the words of the Law—"that your eyes may behold his face and your ears may hear his voice, and so you may know him for your Prince."

"But—but—is it your face, your voice?" said Sir Aylmer, still in rather shocked tones. "I mean would it—from a film—be held legal in the Courts?"

But now the Prince was chuckling. "It is an excellent question—and the argument for and against it being within the law will assuredly keep the people busy—perhaps until I can ride at the head of my troops to settle it. But argument follows the cause of it. At least we provide the cause. It is enough. See to it, quickly."

(To be continued.)

The Prince of Wales And a Yorkshireman

A few days ago, visiting unemployment centres in Yorkshire, the Prince of Wales came to the bleak mining town of Barnsley, famous as the home of Barnsley chops and Herbert Smith. Mr. Smith had been the president of the Miners' Federation and was "Ahr 'Erb" to a million miners. It was a nickname of proprietorship, for Mr. Smith was a pit-boy before he was ten. His childhood was spent in some of the bitterest poverty in the country including the workhouse.

Now in his seventies, he is such a man as only Yorkshire can produce. He is grim, gruff, blunt, downright and decided. In a cloth cap and muffler, with a deadly pipe slung between his teeth, he is a vast bulldog of a man with the temper of an autocrat and the thick brogue of the West Riding of Yorkshire. A man who says what he means and means what he says.

At luncheon in Barnsley, the Prince sat with the Mayor on one side of him, Mr. Smith on the other, and a Barnsley chop before him. (The fame of Barnsley chops is due to their size; as they weigh a pound and a quarter, only two of them can be cut from one sheep.) Unemployment and the slums were the sole subjects at the luncheon.

When the speeches began it was Mr. Smith, one of the oldest, hardest and greatest of British trade union leaders, who proposed the Prince's health. Heaving himself to his feet with something of the massive effect of a heavy howitzer getting into position, he talked of the hope with which his class looks to the Prince. He ended with his stolid peroration:

"I had a long conversation with your dear mother and father at Buckingham Palace—and I have not forgotten it. They knew I were a Yorkshireman before I came away. I am putting my confidence in you, and I hope you may long be spared to go on pursuing your work." — London Correspondence of the New York Times Magazine.

Girl Wins Dental Award

For the first time the most coveted award of the London School of Dental Surgery has gone to a girl. She is Miss E. L. B. Stamper, of Willisden, England, and the award is the Saunders Scholarship, the holder of which is regarded as the senior student in the final year of the course. Miss Stamper also took prizes in dental surgery, bacteriology, and dental diseases in children, and a certificate of honor in radiology. The school will not admit women students hereafter.

The urban public libraries of England and Wales issue some 136,231,000 books a year.

A new record depth for the ocean has been discovered. An American expedition, sounding off Porto Rico, reached a depth of 44,000 feet. The previous depth was 34,416 feet in the Pacific Ocean.

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

713

Delicious Quality

Also in Black and Mixed

Teach Children Meaning of Order

Youngsters With Proper Training May Do Much to Ease Burdens of Busy Mother

The other day a little fellow was at our house and sat up at the table to dine. We had no high chair, having passed ours along, so he had to be bolstered up with two green pillows from the living-room.

Perhaps you won't believe us when we tell you that this baby of two years and four months slid down when he'd finished his cereal and baked apples, allowed his napkin to be untied and then gathered up his pillows and marched them back to their accustomed place without a word or suggestion from any one.

Every one was surprised, but his mother said, "He does that at home. If I tell him to clear up his nursery he pushes his little table and chairs back to the wall, puts his toys all in a corner and lays the odds and ends in a pile on the couch. I don't have to tell him now, or name each piece. He picks things up like a grown person."

"How in the world did you ever teach him?" every one wanted to know.

Result of Training.

In the first place she is what we call a "merry" mother. She has a habit of making a game out of everything. Another custom of hers is to say "we" instead of "you" and working "with" him.

The little fellow has been trained to all sorts of things without knowing he was being trained. And that's more than half the battle.

This idea of making a game of a number of things was used to advantage by a friend of ours. Her little girl for some unknown reason tired of milk and was drinking far less than the doctor ordered. The mother worried about it and the doctor suggested giving the child milk in the form of a flavored malted beverage. This, too, the child refused, asking for water instead. However, mother got a bright idea one day. They were playing train and mother announced that it would soon be time for the "man who sells drinks" to come around. Thereupon she left the room, returning a few minutes later wearing a man's hat, and carrying two glasses of the milk drink the doctor said the child should have. "Nice drinks," she called, "ten cents each. Who wants one?" "I do," said her little daughter, and mother handed her a drink and pretended to collect the ten cents. The child drank the milk down sweetly, while mother also partook of the same beverage. After playing this game a few times, the little girl became so fond of the drink that she began asking for it of her own accord.

But about children clearing up after themselves. We see children of two, four, six, eight, twenty, forty, and eighty who have never learned to pick up a thing after they've dropped it or put things right after they've dropped it or put things right after they've been disturbed.

It isn't their fault. A child has to be taught. When he is ten it's too late. When he's eight, or even six, it's almost too late. Neatness must be absorbed with the milk in a nursing bottle. When children are two or three the should have some idea of order.

Moreover, they need not always be waited on. It is absolutely amazing to see the things some children of two and a half or three can do for themselves. Wash and dress themselves, and feed themselves—if not perfectly, at least enough to help out on a busy day—and even bathe themselves. They can put on their own wraps and overshoes, too.

Tying shoes and buttoning hard buttons will be more difficult. It takes the smartest child some time to learn to tie a bow or even a knot. Buttons will be mastered first.

However, the principal thing for a mother to realize is that little children are not helpless. The can be taught to ease her burden, to help keep the house in order, if she will only take time to teach them.

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The Spider

With six small diamonds for his eyes
He walks upon the summer skies,
Drawing from his silken blouse
The lacework of his dwelling house.

He lays his staircase as he goes
Under his eight thoughtful toes
And grows with the concentric flower
Of his shadowless, thin bower.

His back legs are a pair of hands,
They can spindle out the strands
Of a thread that is so small
It stops the sunlight not at all.

He spins himself to threads of dew
Which will harden soon into
Lines that cut like slender knives
Across the insect's airy lives.

He makes no motion but is right,
He spreads out his appetite
Into a network, twist on twist,
This little ancient scientist.

He does not know he is unkind,
He has a jewel for a mind
And logic deadly as dry bone,
This small son of Euclid's own.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin from the Saturday Review of Literature.

Mystery Surrounds Russian Women's Army

What is the mystery about Russia's women soldiers?

According to a London news agency battalions of women soldiers in Soviet Russia are udergoing strenuous training in a general drive to weld the Red Army into a more efficient fighting unit.

"The women soldiers are drilled in exactly the same way as the men," th report stated, "but they are not conscripted for service, their battalions being entirely composed of volunteers.

"It is fairly well known that there are several battalions of infantry, artillery and sappers composed entirely of women."

But another newsagency stated that they had been unable to confirm the existence of women troops in the Soviet armies.

And an official of the Soviet Embassy told the London Sunday Chronicle that he had no knowledge about the alleged Soviet women battalions.

He could neither deny nor confirm their existence.

"All I know I read in the papers," he added.

"The churches are the greatest influence in this world of ours to overcome the present tendency toward greed and for spreading the new philosophy of government."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"In every realm the pathfinders have been few and the truths that at last triumphed were at first the possession of a minority."—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Modish Creations For The Bathroom

A well outfitted bathroom makes the daily bath a real joy. And, speaking of "outfitted," we don't mean fixtures of shining metal or landscapes on the walls, but things you use when you take a bath.

Huge cakes of soap are really more economical than those of medium size. And they're much more fun to use. Rough wash cloths and a long handled bath brush should always be hanging within reach of the person who is taking a bath.

Bath ensembles assure you of non-conflicting perfumed odors. If your soap and bath salts are the same scent as your bath powder, the effect will be more pleasing. The same is true of toilet water.

Many prefer toilet water to bath powder, and others use both. But for the sake of your guests it is a good idea to have a little jug of toilet water in the guest bathroom. Bath oil sometimes takes the place of bath salts. A few drops of it soften and perfume the hardest water.

Why not invest some of your beauty budget money in bathroom luxuries and see for yourself how pleasant the daily bath may be?

The builders of the famous leaning tower of Pisa, Italy, intended it to be vertical, but one side sank when it was only 36 feet high, and they finished it in the slanting position.

At some of the busiest traffic points in London (Eng.) it is possible to count more pedal bicycles than motor cars.

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

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

Almost Instant Relief in this Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy see that you get Aspirin Tablets. Aspirin is the trademark of The Bayer Company Limited, and the name Bayer in the form of a cross is on each tablet. They dissolve almost instantly. And thus work almost instantly when you take them. And for a gargle, Aspirin Tablets dissolve so completely they leave no irritating particles. Get a box of 12 tablets or a bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

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LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH IN A CAKE

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JUST THINK—it takes *less than 1¢ worth* of Magic Baking Powder to make a delicious three-layer cake! And Magic is always dependable—gives the same perfect results—every time. No wonder Canada's leading cookery experts say it doesn't pay to take chances with inferior baking powder. Bake with Magic and be sure!

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