# The Flying Courier

*by Boyd Cable*

SYNOPSIS

GLYNN ELLIMAN, a pilot of Imperial Airways, is travelling as a special "Flying Courier" by the Air Mail to India, carrying two copies of a talking film of the PRINCE OF NAPALATA which it is most urgent shall reach there safely.

The Prince is in London, too ill to travel and the talking film is sent to foil the efforts of "THE VULTURE," his half-brother in India.

On the same Mail liner travels NORAH SEAMAN, a girl Glynn had met only a week before, STEFAN, MAX and DASS, agents of "The Vulture," determined to steal the film and prevent use being made of it in India.

Several attempts are foiled, but at Galilee the attache case in which Glynn carries one film, is stolen from him by the swift substitution of a facsimile bag.

Stefan drops the case and film overboard as they go ashore from the Flying Boat. Next morning, shortly after the liner has left Galilee, Stefan and Max, who have stayed behind, thinking their work accomplished, learn by cable that two copies of the film are carried by the Courier.

Stefan hires a two-seater machine and sets off hoping to catch the liner at its next halt.

"And a nice cold beer and a smoke," said the pilot.

Glynn left them and moved back to the smoking saloon, his hand resting carelessly on the binocular case slung at his right side.

"I wonder," he was thinking, "I wonder if this has anything special to do with me and my courier job."

He reached his place again as the machine began to tilt gently on its downward glide for the Rutbah Wells 'drome.

"Nearly in," he said lightly, "we'll have a good hour to break any fast that remains unbroken."

He leaned over and picked up his binoculars from the seat where he had left them and slipped them into his jacket pocket. Nora watching his movement, glanced up and laughed lightly.

"Glynn," she said. "Why do you always carry those glasses in your pocket, and never in the case for them that you always have over your shoulder.?"

At the very instant she spoke, a man was edging his way past them. Glynn glanced round and saw the spectacled Indian, Dass, caught the swift glance at the binoculars halfway into the jacket pocket, from them to the case slung from his shoulder. Outwardly he laughed carelessly; inwardly he grnaoed. "Now why, just why did she have to say that," he thought, "at the very moment that darn Indian would hear?"

"Dunno," he laughed. "When I'm likely to be using them, they're handier in my pocket. When I leave 'em off, I shove 'em in their case."

Next moment he felt the slight almost imperceptible shudder and the bounce of their wheels touching the ground, followed by the more pronounced swaying of the machine as it ran in over the 'drome to a standstill.

Rutbah Wells is the one spot in the middle of six hundred miles of desert, and beause of this fact, the Iraq Government has built there a strong fort beside the aerodrome. Outside the four square walls of the fort, the desert stretches in every direction. The fort is held by the Camel Police, and its "khan" or hotel provides for the Airways passengers and those who motor past by the desert route. In such a spot, Glynn decided that there could be no danger of an attempt on his precious packet, and it would be safe to alight with the others and eat a meal. But he wished fervently that Norah had not chosen that unlucky moment to remark about this binocular case, and he took care to keep a wary eye on any movement of the Indian to come near him.

As they walked across the few yards from the liner to the fort, Glynn moved alongside Jimmy Doyle, the young Rugger player.

"I wish you'd do me another favour, Doyle," he said. "Those people got my bag after all, but I have a fancy they may not be finished with me."

"They can't do much and get away with it here," said Doyle. "By what I saw from the air, this is just a spot in the howling wilderness."

"Whoever got my bag, didn't go away with it," said Glynn. "But it's gone just the same."

"Count on me for anything I can do to help," said Doyle, cheerily.

"Then just hang around me, watching me and anyone that comes near me without seeming to watch more than you can help. Come on the jump for anyone you see making trouble, and help me sit on his head."

This arranged, Glynn took Norah to their meal with an easier mind. But before they were half way through it, a message came from the wireless operator asking Glynn to come and see him.

"Captain Elliman," said the operator, when Glynn entered his room. "Airways office at Galilee is asking you to speak to them."

"Thanks," said Glynn eagerly with a sudden hope that perhaps something had been found out about the missing case and film. He was disappointed in this, because in answer to his first question he was told that there was no news to report.

"What I wanted to tell you," said the voice from the telephone, "may mean nothing to you, but just might mean something. Do you know anything of the Mr. Stefan who decided to stop off the liner here, and go on to Haifa on some business.

"No, I don't know a thing about him," said Glynn.

"Know anything of the Mr. Max who stayed behind because he was not feeling well?"

"I don't actually know anything," admitted Glynn, "but for a very trivial reason I'm suspicious of him."

"Then this may interest you, after all. Max was down to breakfast and apparently well enough to eat a good one, within minutes of the liner leaving. Stefan got a wire from London, and immediately went frantic about getting a plane that would catch you up. He got it, and he's flying to Rutbah now."

"But I don't know anything about him," said Glynn. "I don't see that it affects me."

"If you suspect Max, you can suspect Stefan. It was clear to me they know each other well, and last thing Stefan shouted from the plane was to Max, telling him to send a wire off at once. Max evidently knew as much about the business he was to wire as Stefan did."

"That certainly does link the two," agreed Glynn. "I was hoping that with Max out of it there would be only one man with us to watch. I may be in for a tough time again if I have a couple of plotters to beat. Is this Stefan fellow able to catch us up?"

"He wouldn't normally," explained the Airways official. He had a head wind to fight and less speed than you have. But the hour you wait at Rutbah gives him a chance, and as he's a passenger by Airways, I couldn't refuse to do as he asked and send a message through to your pilot to wait as long as he reasonably could to let Stefan arrive before the liner left."

Glynn left the fireless room thoughtfully pondering, and sought the pilot. "I've been talking to Galilee, Joe," he said. "They've told me about this fellow chasing us up and that you have been instructed to delay here as long as you can to let him arrive in time."

"That's right," said the pilot. "He should manage it all right. I can safely hang on for an hour and make Basra before it's too dark."

"Course you can't dodge orders," said Glynn, "but if you can cut down the time you wait to the barest limit, I'd be mighty glad. I've a good reason for not wishing that passenger to rejoin us, but can't raise any objection on no more than a suspicion."

"I see," said the pilot doubtfully. "But I don't know how I could explain not waiting an hour or so. But we'll see."

At the end of the regulation hour allowed for the meal, the passengers sauntered back to the liner. They had been told about the machine trying to catch them up and that they might be delayed a little, so while some got in and settled in their comfortable seats, others hung about watching the sky for any distant speck that wiuld give notice of the approaching machine.

The minutes dragged slowly past. Half an hour went, thirty-five, forty, minutes Glynn and the pilot stood waiting together with the Airways official fidgetting at their elbow.

"Better get 'em all aboard," said the pilot.

"If he's not on the floor here within ten minutes," said the official with another glance at his watch, "he misses it."

The word was given and the passengers filed up the steps and into the saloon. Glynn waited to the last with the other two. For some reason he could not understand, he was most desperately anxious they should get off without Stefan rejoining them, and he felt in some way that it was an omen of danger, and perhaps disaster to him if he failed to get away without Stefan on board.

The pilot turned briskly. "All aboard," he said. "No sight of him, so we'll push off."

Gladly, Glynn turned to leap up the steps. But on the instant came a long cry from the look-out, posted on the highest point of the walls. They looked up and saw the man's figure silhouetted against the sky, one arm pointing straight out to the West.

"Curse!" growled Glynn, knowing well what the cry and signal meant.

"There he is," cried the pilot pointing. "Flying high—good six thousand I'd say. Wise bird! Must know there's less force in the head wind up there."

The tiny speck in the sky might have been anything up to ten miles off in that clear air. But even ten miles is a matter of little more than five minutes flying, and Glynn knew that with the machine in plain sight, the liner must wait its arrival.

Glumly he watched the speck grow for a moment, then turned and mounted the steps up into the liner's entrance.

(To Be Continued)


"SALADA" TEA

Orange Pekoe Blend

Fresh from the Gardens


## 'Hydrocarbon' Farming Urged

### For Use as Power——Iowa Scientists See New Era for Growers

New York—Immediate start of a new type farming, with fields growing the "hydrocarbons" of coal and oil for use as power, is urged by three Iowa scientists in a report issued by the Chemical Foundation recently.

A congressional hearing where they are invited to give their findings is announced to begin April 15. The hearing is on the farm relief plan to mix 10 per cent of corn alcohol with gasoline for motor fuel.

The Iowa trio hopes to show that instead of being simply a temporary relief, this use of "power alcohol" will inaugurate the great agricultural revolution predicted by scientists for the last 20 years. This is the growing of chemicals as well as food on farms.

The report is written by Drs. Leo M. Christenden, Ralps M. Hixon and Ellis J. Fulmer of the Iowa State College, at Ames. Coal and oil, most of man's present power source, they explain, are hydrocarbons. All the farmer' harvest crops are carbohydrates.

Chemically, the crops and the coal and oil are all made of the same prime elements, carbon and hydrogen. The atoms of carbon and hydrogen are differently fitted together, and chemists have discovered how to interchange them, so as to change a plant into a hydrocarbon, a fuel which will burn and explode.

## Chicago Proposes To Sell Its Canal

Chicago has decided to sell its celebrated Drainage Canal, which turned its river around, to the Federal Government. It is willing to let it go for $90,000,000.

The offer puts the northern end of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway on the market. But it does not extinguish the controversy over the water which Chicago takes from the Great Lakes.

## Nova Scotia Awaits Heavy Coal Trade

Glace Bay, N.S.—The greatest fleet of colliers ever sailed by the Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation will carry Nova Scotia coal up the St. Lawrence next summer.

Although official announcement is not expected for a few days, it is stated here the corporation already has 22 ships under charter, including most of the 16 operated in 1933. Increased demand that filled about 100 railway cars a day in January is expected to continue.

GOOD NEWS

A St. Catherines visitor to Bermuda recently discovered the fact that one cannot purchase a silk stocking in the Island of the Empire that is not made in Canada. That is good news.—St. Cathrines Standard.

## Women Will Be Leaders of State

### Will be Equally Influential With Men in Managing the World's' Affairs

Toronto—Women in the opinion of Col. Henry C. Osborne, of Ottawa, will "take their place as leaders of the state and be at least equally influential, if not more so, than men in managing the worlds affairs."

Col. Osborne told the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto that women must press forward to seek wider spheres of knowledge because "education is the key to opportunity." He urged that they strive for world peace which he described as the "indispensable means to progress and civilization."

He told his audience that "women have achieved, in English-speaking countries at least, complete equality with men in civil, political, economic and social life." In the process of gaining leadership, he said, they will have to overcome the "fallacy that women are weak and soft."

## A Year's U.S. Crime

The most authentic figures on crime that we have been able to obtain—figures assembled by the National Crime Commission and checked against reports of the Department of Justice and of one of the large insurance companies—show that the United States has each year:

1. Twelve thousand murders.
2. Three thousand kidnappings.
3. Fifty thousand robberies.
4. Five thousand cases of arson.
5. One hundred thousand assaults.
6. Forty thousand burglaries.

That seems like a fair list for a country devoted to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.—Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph.

## Life is Too Short

Life is too short to hold the grudge against one
Who may have been repentant all these years;
Too short for malice, silent or outspoken,
That brings thy brother to the fount of tears.

Let us forgive, as we would hope to be forgiven.
Let us remember trivial things as nought;
Let not these clumsy hands break quivering heart strings—
Life is too short.

## Leisure

What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.
No time to see in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.
No time to burn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.
A poor life, this, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.


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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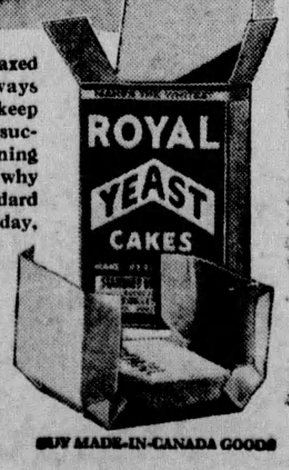


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## Amateur Actors Keep Busy In Spare Time

Liverpool, Eng.—Amateur acting has taken such a hold upon people in the Merseyside area that spare-time actors are now estimated to number 10,000.

There are some 150 amater theatrical societies established within a few miles of Liverpool Town Hall. Occasonally an amateur company hires a professional theater for a weeks run, but the amateurs' activities are enough to provide the chief support for two smaller theaters in the city—and there is talk of the amateurs building themselves a theater to be owned jointly by the principal societies and at which amateur productions would go on throughout the year.


CAN'T SLIP OR SLIDE FALSE TEETH

Don't use any old kind of remedy to keep false teeth in place—use a reliable, recognized one which dentists prescribe such as Dr. Wernet's Powder—the largest seller in the world grips teeth so secure yet comfortable they feel natural. Positively no slipping or clicking—blissful comfort assured all day long. Forms a special comfort cushion to protect and sooth gums. No colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary—breath pleasant. Inexpensive—all druggists.



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Young children easily catch cold. So Mrs. Russel Ward, of Hilton Beach, Ont., wisely says: "If I notice that there is any sign of a cold I give Baby's Own Tablets and find they are a great help." Thousands of mothers do the same not only for colds but for fretfulness, indigestion, constipation, teething troubles, colic, upset stomach and so on. Baby's Own Tablets are *safe* and sure in relieving childhood's common ailments. Price 25c.

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Issue No. 14—'34



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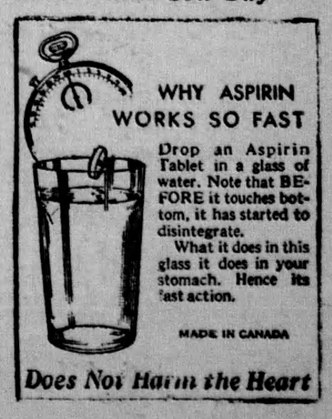


*Does Not Harm the Heart*