The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS

Glynn Elliman, Airways Pilot, is employed by the Prince of Napalata to carry a talking film of the Prince to India in order to foil "The Vulture," relation of the Prince, who is trying to gain control of the Prince's subjects.

Two films are carried by Glynn. One is stolen. Several attempts are made to get control of the other.

Norah Seaman travelling on the plane to visit her father, is interested in Glynn and becomes alarmed at the series of attacks.

Glynn is met by a supposed envoy of the Princes, who declares he has been ordered not to leave Glynn during his stop-over in Karachi. A plot is laid to overcome Glynn who is carrying the film chained to his person.

Jimmy Doyle, Norah and Glynn, under the Indian's advice take a cab to a theatre, where Glynn is to meet a supposed envoy of the Prince who requests him to accompany him to a theatre. Jimmy Doyle and Norah Seaman go with Glynn. They are followed. The Princes envoys in the meantime have become alarmed at the non-appearance of Glynn and institute a search.

The Subardar went on at a quiet pace and Glynn followed, throwing a glance back to see Doyle and Norah a score yards behind. The gardens in which they found themselves were fairly well filled with people strolling about amongst the bushee and over the dusty yellow grasss, or sitting at little tables with coffee or drinks before them. The place was brightly lit by clusters of electric lamps shining through the palm trees and over the flowered bordered walks.

At one part of the grounds was a broad open space with a few palm trees and although their light was softened and tinted by shades, they made the pen space bright enough to be seen clearly from end to end.

The Subardar led the way to a vacant table set immediately under one of the palms and the lights hung in it, placed a seat in readiness, and, as Glynn took it, said anxiously, "If the sahib keeps his hat on, it will shade his face. I know the one who comes and will watch to bring him to you. And may I tell the others to sit at another table where you can join them after your talk with him of the house of the Prince."

"Go ahetad," said Glynn, and settled himself to wait glancing about him at the pleasant scene, the sauntering or sitting customers, the white garbed waiters flitting about amongst them. He saw the Subardar meet Norah and Doyle, speak to them and to guide them to another table about 30 or forty paces from his, and leave them as they took their seats there.

A waiter came to him and presented a card, and Glynn without looking at it, ordered a whiskey-soda. The man went off and Glynn saw another waiter go to the table of the other two and evidently take an order from Jimmy Doyle after a word with Norah.

"I really don't want anything," she said to Jimmy, "but I suppose we can't sit here without ordering so I'll have an iced lemonade."

Jimmy gave his order, and turned with a laugh to Norah. "Seems very quaint, and I can't quite get over it," he said, "that it is only a week ago I was having a drink with the guv'nor at his club. I can't imagine anything more utterly different than that place in Pall Mall and this fantastic Arabian Nights panto setting."

Norah sighed. "I shouldn't mind being back in London again," she said, "or rather that Glynn was safe back there."

"Why now," Jimmy Doyle began in surprise, "I'd have thought you'd be sorry—" he checked and corrected himself, "I mean—er—well, I don't think that Glynn will be sepecially glad to leave—er—to be back there."

She understood perfectly what he meant and his English reluctance to appear to know anything he had not been told. "Jummy," she said quietly, but very earnestly. "We've known each other only a week, and I only met Glynn a week before that, but I find that one week can mean more than many years in some ways. Glynn has given me as much of his confidence as he can in obedience to his employers orders, and I know that carrying out this order mixes him up in all the intrigues and plottings of Oriental craft and politics. When I say I would be glad to know that Glynn is safe back in London, I mean glad to know he is clear of all the danger he is now running."

"He doesn't seem to be worrying much about the danger now," chuckled Jimmy with his eyes on Glynn carefully lighting a cigar, and the waiter bringing to his table a tray with a glass and a syphon.

But as the waiter put the tray down on Glynn's table, the Subardar stepped quickly forward from where he had stationed himself behind the chair upon which Glynn sat, and spoke in rapid angry Hindustani to the obsequious waiter.

"The sahib will permit," the Subardar murmured, bowing to Glynn as the waiter picked up the tray and hurried off. "It is an order that I see you do not drink nothing alone that is not from a bottle which has not been opened before."

"You'd be getting on my nerves, if I had any, Subardar," said Glynn half amusedly. "I see what you're at of course, but it seems a bit silly. I am not a claimant to the throne or anybody special to be poisoned off hand."

"If the sahib permits," said the Subardar, "it is on my head if my orders are not obeyed by me."

"Have it your way," murmured Glynn, "but keep a look-out for our august friend who wants to meet me."

The waiter returned with a full and uncorked bottle of whiskey and a small half bottle of soda water on his tray. He set the tray down on the table and produced a corkscrew, but before he could do more, the Subardar stepped forward, picked up the whiskey bottle examined the cork and the capsule carefully, and then turned the bottle upside down, and with even greater care scrutinised the bottom of the bottle.

"Think the bottle has sprung a leak?" asked Glynn with unconcealed amusement as he watched this business.

The Subardar took the corkscrew from the waiter's hand and dismissed him curtly. "Does the sahib not know that a diamond drill can make a little hole in the bottom of a bottle, and through it the bottle be emptied, or something be added to what the bottle holds."

"I've heard of it," said Glynn idly and watched csaually while the Subardar carefully used the corkscrew, pulled the cork, put the opened bottle on the table and then wiped out the glass wth a napkin left on the tray As Glynn tilted a small drink from the bottle the Subardar opened the half-bottle of soda and passed the napkin around the neck of it. What Glynn did not see was that in process of the last movement, the Subardar slipped a little pellet into the opened bottle of soda.

Glynn himself poured the soda into his whiskey, and because he was thirsty, filled his glass with it, and drank off more than half of the mixture at one slow draught.

"If the sahib permits," said the Subardar a moment later, "I see the one who comes to talk, I see he has another with him, and it is my order that I should know who talks with you."

"Go ahead," said Glynn again, good humouredly. "It's on your head, as you keep reminding me."

The Subardar moved quickly past the table and to two men coming towards them and looking around in search of someone. Glynn saw the Subardar meet and talk a moment with the two, and then turn and lead them towards his table. One of the two halted a dozen paces away, while the other came forward with the Subardar.

"The Secretary of the Vizier of His Royal Highness desires talk with the Sahib," said the Subardar bowing," and he brings with him one of the household he desires to be present at the talk."

"Sit down, please," said Glynn gruffly, as he rose and made a formal gesture of a half-bow. There was something in the man's face that he did not like, but he repressed the instinctive feeling, saying to himself that he had nothing to do with the Prince's selection of a Vizier's secretary—fortunately for the secretary's hold on his job.

The man saluted gravely and ceremoniously, took the seat at the table and with a murmured, "If it is permitted," turned and motioned to the man who had halted, leaving him to go forward. He also came to the table, and with elaborate slowness made his salaams, took his seat and produced paper and fountain pen, prepared to make notes or take dictation of whatever Glynn wondered it might be.

The Secretary began a long monotonous sing-song tones, saying that it was a great honour to be ordered to meet the Courier who had travelled so far across the Black Water, that he had been told of the difficulties and the dangers which had been met and overcome, but that it was sure that His Royal Highness would know of and make due recompense to the Courier.

Glynn sat up with a jerk realising that he was not taking in all that was being said, and, vaguely that nothing was being said, that mattered, and—that—darn the man's droning driel, that was enough to send one to sleep.

"It is late," he said abruptly, "and unless you have other orders for me, I have to take the train to-night. Have you any orders? If not—I mean — if .....not.....well, you understand that .....if not....."

Again he tried to pull himself together with a sense of humiliation that he was so confoundedly sleepy that he was making n ss of himself.

The scribe who was busy with paper nd fountain pen looked up, murmured in Hindustani, "If it is permitted, I have not heard and written. Will the sahib of his goodness repeat.

At the entrance of one of the walks leading into the open electric-lit space appeared a young Englishman with a couple of men of the Indian Police at his elbows. The three began to move methodically and swiftly from table to table glancing at the people sitting at each, and passed rapidly on. The Subardar standingly behind Glynn's chair, coughed loudly, and as the Secretary looked up at him, turned his head stared straight and the questing policemen, and lifted a hand that gave a glimpse of the silken cord.

To be continued

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Let Cows Die, Is Fined $100

Soulanges County Farmer Punished for Gross Neglect

MONTREAL—A fine of $100 and costs or two months in jail was the penalty imposed upon Roch Laroux, Soulanges County farmer, by Judge Maurice Tetreau here, following Laroux's conviction on a charge of ill-treating his livestock. The complaint was laid by members of the farmer's family, the court end of the prosecution being looked after by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Five of Laroux's seven cows had died of starvation, the judge was told, and accused's barn was in disgraceful condition. Four horses were also found starving by officers of the S.P.C.A. Laroux at first pleaded guilty but changed his mind when the court informed him he could be sentenced to a fine of $500, one year in jail and two lashes.

The case proceeded after his change of plea and his children testified accused had enough money to feed his stock but spent both his time and his money in a neighboring village.

Milk and Cream Consumption Off

WASHINGTON— Americans are drinking less milk and cream, an Agricultural Department report indicates.

Consumption in cities and towns last year was estimated at 3,629,470,000 gallons compared to 3,731,743,000 gallons in 1932, 3,739,645,000 gallons in 1931 and 3,782,042,000 gallons in 1930.

Per capita consumption declined from 40 gallons in 1931 and 1932 to 38.8 gallons last year. The decreases occurred chiefly in the North Atlantic states where about four per cent. less milk and cream was used than in 1932. Consumption decreased 3.5 per cent. in South Central states, three per cent. in South Atlantic and about two per cent. in North Central.

Young Men Rally Round Girl Trained In Home Econmics

JACKSON, Miss.—Practical minded young men and wedding bells have created a problem in the home economics department of the Mississippi school system.

F. J. Hubbard, state director of vocational education, says the high turnover of home economics teachers is really getting to be something to think about.

The home economics teachers spend years learning the art of home management, cooking, baking and dressmaking and do their work so well that the young men begin to rally 'round. The casualty list is high, Hubbard says.

"But why not," he added philosophically. A lot of the home economics teachers return to the teaching profession after practical experience in their own home, "and they make excellent teachers."

CHURCH NURSERY

A Methodist Church at Croydon has established a nursery, with toys and cradles, in the church hall, so that mothers may attend service.

"SALADA" TEA

Orange Pekoe Blend

Fresh from the Gardens

f11

Curious World

Sixteen children are born to every 1,000 people in Britain in a year, according to the last statistics; sixty years ago there were thirty births to every thousand of theh population.

Rural Postmen in the North-West districts of the United States have been officially supplied with packets of birdseed to carry with them on their rounds and deliver to the birds.

80,000 pictures a second have been "shot" by a remarkable super-speed movie camera patented in Germany. At this rate the rebound of a raindrop as plain as the bounce of a tennis ball.

Nutria farming is proving successful in Surrey, nutria being a species of swamp beaver from South America, resembling a cross between a large rat and a porcupine, and highly valued for its fur.

Four blind typists are employed by the London County Council at the County Hall.

Big-game hunters are now having their trophies converted into furniture, elephant tusks making excellent bedposts. One hunter has a greatly-prized smoking stand designed from a giraffe's foot.

2,600 finger-prints were taken by the police of Prague to trace a murderer, the only clue to whose identity was a finger-print on the window-sill of the vicitm's house. A scientific sifting of the results brought them their man.

The potato's most dangerous enemy,, the Colorado beetle, is threatened with extinction by a flower, the petunia, whose leaves attract the pest and then poison it.

Stately Old Home

"The Maples" Tavistock, formerly the home of the late Frederick Krug, has been sold in order to wind up the estate, and it was secured for $2,650, observes the Stratford Beacon-Herald

The property itself consists of three and one-half acres, and there was splendid taste shown in the first place in placing the house well back. There are fruit trees and shrubs, flower beds and hedges, a large barn, an ice house and a chicken pen.

The house itself is heated by hot water, has a metal roof, stone foundation, electric lighting, and unlike a number of other large homes, has been kept in excellent repair. The house, solid brick, is 44 by 32 feet and at the rear a solid brick kitchen 20 x 16, and at the front there is one of those spacious and substantial verandahs which speak of comfort and enjoyment. There is a living room on the ground floor, a library and a dining room, hardwood or parquet oak flooring, and this same standard of excellence is carried through all the floors. On the floors above there are seven or eight bedrooms, all large and airy.

Almost every community has such homes, but they do not sell readily today. They are considered too large, and the reason probably is that home life has changed. People are away now more than they used to be; the car has opened wide spaces and long roads to daily venture, and there are many who look for amusement and entertainment outside their own homes. So it is that the stately old home is not in great demand. It seems a pity because it has so much to commend.

MACHINERY EXPORTS UP

OTTAWA—Machinery and farm implement exports for March were valued at $291,469 compared with $142,746 in March, 1933. Chief customers were Australia, $56,413; United States, $55,048; and United Kingdom, $50,212.

COLIC PAINS Ended!

"If my baby boys were restless with colic," writes a Toronto mother, "I gave them Baby's Own Tablets with wonderful results." Very often the cause of colic is some digestive trouble or constipation. Baby's Own Tablets gently rid the system of the disturbance and pains stop at once. Mothers say nothing equals these sweet little tablets for keeping infants and young children well and soothing them when teething or overtired. Absolutely safe. Price 25c at your druggist's. 116

Dr. Williams' **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**

Issue No. 26—'34

All Play and No Work

Jack Will Be a Dull Boy If He Spends All His Time Amusing Himself Instead of Learning To Do Certain Work About the House or Garden — Thus Making Himself Useful

All children should work. We don't mean in mills or factories but either in the house or yard, or even to help dad stack up the cans in the store.

We are advocates of child labor, just as we are champions of child play and child freedom of the right sort. An advocate of labor in this way — of duties that put some iron into them and condition them to the work habit later in life.

It's perfectly silly to bring up children on a diet of pap and then expect them to enjoy hard food later on, silly and criminal to say, "They are just children once," and let them get lazy and expect every one in the house to stand around and wait on them while they never turn a finger.

Soft Life Harmful

It is unfair to the child to have a nurse or governness at his beck and call too long; if he has to make no or little effort to look out for himself physically, it is all wrong.

It is unkind and short-sighted to keep girls out of the kitchen and say, "They'll learn to cook quickly enough when they are married."

Maybe they will, but not being "conditioned" to cook, they will hate it very likely. Or only like it as long as they are emotionally interested.

Too many children go through school and emerge in utter confusion to the world of work — the world of "must", or having - to - use - their - hands - mind - to - support - their bodies. They are suddenly expected to develop work habits entirely foreign to their natures.

They have studied, of course, and that is labor. We do not discount that — but except in the cases of self-earned educations they cannot be expected to face the new situation cheerfully when the world stares to see what they will make of themselves.

Preparation for iLife

Who makes the steady, to - be - depended - upon clerk or stenographer or secretary? The girl who had to get up and help get breakfast and clean her room and scrub the porch Saturday. Who makes the dependable business man or earnest professional? The boy who had to tend furnace and grass and put through a daily job regularly.

As it happens, most children do have some home duties to attend to, but how many of them are made to feel responsible for regular tasks?

There is, of course, the type of parent who goes too far and preempts all of the child's free time. It seems to me that this is one phase of child training in which we go to extremes. The "driver" parent is doing as much harm as the easy parent. It is a wise mother who recognizes the need of playtime and worktime, too, and who can adjust a nice balance.

Balance Work and Play

Just as surely as we allow the youngsters to live perpetually on Easy Street, and wear ourselves out trying to save them from the secret of work, we are knocking the mortar from between the bricks of nationalistic strength.

But individually we are undermining them, too, and misleading them. They cannot live for eighteen or twenty years without any idea of self-help without going soft at the core when they need every bit of strength of character they can summon at the crisis of their lives.

Vacation is coming. Is it to be filled with dawdling, or will it have a few daily hours of assigned duties? There are fourteen hours in a child's day. A lot of time for everything.

Japan to Raise Standard of Living

Geneva—Japan aims to raise her living standards and thus does not threaten world trade through competition made possible by a low standard, Ryozo Asano, representing the Japanese employers, told the International Labor Conference here recently.

"Those who seem obsessed by the bogey of Japanese competition and who fail to see the benefits of trading with a healthy progressive nation, may now dismiss from their minds the fear of a low standard of living in Japan," he said.

If the Japanese are left to pursue their economic activities peacefully, he declared, they will become a huge market for the world's goods. He argued that Japan can only raise its standard of living by a higher industrial development.

A man of seventy-two and a girl of seventeen were married at Pewsey, near Marlborough, recently.

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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

Motorists generally don't seem to realize the importance of the hand signal. Some of them will raise a hand from the wheel for a split second and expect the driver of the car following to see through the people in the back seat. Others put a hand through the open window like a flash and jerk it back as though something had bitten them. Still others wait until they've almost completed whatever movement it is they want to make before signalling. More than half the drivers don't give any signal at all. One of the worst offenders is the chap who reaches the exact centre of an intersection before he makes up his mind to turn left; then he suddenly sticks his hand out from away over on the right side of the road and begins his turn. Usually, in heavy traffic several cars pass him with tooting horns. The fourth or fifth car is likely to bang right into him. His excuse usually is, "Well, I had my hand out, didn't I?" Of course, I remind him that he should have edged over to the centre of the road before reaching the intersection—but it's too late then.

Some day there'll be a definite code for hand-signalling, but in the meantime, the driver who makes SOME KIND of a signal, whether he's turning right or left, or stopping, or pulling out from the side of the road, will save himself, and others a lot of grief.

Well, I'll be seeing you.