The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYMOPSIS

Glynn Elliman, pilot of Imperial Airway, is travelling by Air Mail to India, carrying two copies of a talking film of the Prince of Napalta, who is too ill to travel himself. The talking films are sent as a last resort to foil his half-brother in India, to usurp this throne.

On the same Mail liner travels Norah Seaman, who becomes interested in Glynn.

Several attempts are made by the Vulture's envoys and one film is stolen. Glynn has the other film secured round his waist by a steel chain.

At Karachi, Glynn is met by 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 Prince's envoys in the meantinme have become alarmed at the non-appearance of Glynn and institute a search. Glynn accepts a drink in the theatre restaurant, which has a strong sleeping draught.

"A friend of mine was attacked here," said Jimmy hurriedly pointing to the overturned chairs. "He has been carried away—can't be far—probably robbing him."

The man with the torch turned it on his own face for an instant, and Glynn saw an Englishman in uniform. "I'm police, and I've two of my men with me. Come along."

He swept the light to and fro in a widening circle as far as the beam would reach, ran forward, to the right, to the left, forward again, swinging the beam like a miniature searchlight.

Glynn saw faintly a luminous glow sweep past him for an instant. He heard a shout, the light flicked back, steadied and held on the group. The gripping hands fell away from him, the crouching figures leaped ducked low and ran scattering from the shining light, the shouting and rush of running feet.

In another moment other figures were about Glynn, stooping and lifting his head, asking was he hurt.

He heaved himself to a sitting position, gulped and swallowed painfully, and hurriedly dragged his dishevelled clothes about him to conceal the chain round his waist.

"I've a throat like a lime-kiln," he grasped. "And I think I got a knife scratch across the ribs. No, wait a bit," he added, as Jimmy dropped to his knees with a "Let's see." Glynn funmbled his torn and cut clothes about the chain and slipped it higher up above where he felt the wound, and allowed Jimmy to make a swift examination under the light of the torch. "Nothing to speak of." announced Jimmy, and the police officer agreed. "They slashed through your clothes, but no more than broke the skin. Let's see your throat. Hmmm! Strangler's cord, and pretty forcibly used, too. Lucky they didn't finish you. Have you lost anything?"

"Nothing—except my gun," Glynn said after running through his pockets. "But fancy I know why they didn't finish me off," he went on gently feeling this throat. "I heard them say a robbery wouldn't make much fuss and a dead man would. That reminds me—they had a key, one that would have fitted if—I say, Jimmy, where's Norah? Is she all right:"

At that moment the lights blazed on and flooded the gardens brightly again. A burst of laughter and an ironic cheer rippled round the grounds and merged into noisy chatter.

"Norah's all right," said Jimmy. "I left her by our table. I see her." He moved out from the group, whistled shrilly and waved his hand as he saw her looking anxiously about her. She waved an answer and began to run towards them.

"He's here—and all right," cried Jimmy, as she ran up, and with a smothered exclamation she dropped to her knees beside Glynn and gasped "You—you're not hurt, Glynn? Certain?"

Right as ninepence," said Glynn as heartily as his painful throat and throbbing head would allow. "They were after that you-know-what. By the way, have you got that—no, never mind now. That'll keep."

"I have what you gave me to look after," she answered understandingly.

You're sure," he said with a puzzled frown. 'It's queer, because they had a—however, that can wait."

By now a knot of people, curious to know the meaning of Glynn's position on the ground, and remembering Doyle's earlier yells of help were gathering, but the police waved them off, and Glynn was helped to his feet and to a table.

"We'll get you a drink," said the officer, "and then I'd like you to come with me. I was looking for you, if Im right in supposing you are Captain Glynn Elliman."

"Curious," said Glynn suspiciously. "You're the second lot of police, or supposed police, I've met to-day."

"Yes," said the officer smiling, "The two you met reported it. Pity you hadn't gone with them. It would have saved you this little trouble."

"It was that confounded Subardar said they were fake," said Glynn. "By the way, I suppose he was the fake, and that he has vanished?"

"We'll go into all that presently," said the officer. "Here are the drinks, so let's have them and move on." He turned to Doyle. "Perhaps you won't mind coming too. I understand you were close by when this began."

"Miss Seaman and I were at a table twenty to thirty yards off," said Doyle. "We were waiting until Glynn was through with his interview."

"Yes?" said the officer. "Then perhaps Miss Seaman will kindly accompany us too."

One of the constables came up carrying something held gingerly in a cloth. When he showed it to be Glynn's pistol, Glynn reached for it with an exclamation of joy, but the officer put his hand aside, took the pistol and carefully wrapped it up.

"There may be useful finger prints on it," he said quietly. "We'll take it with us."

The constable explained that he had found it where he had been told to look round for anything by the overturned chairs and Glynn could only say "I remember I tried to grab for it when I felt that cord. Don't remember if I got it or not—I went out with a jerk just then."

Fortunately, as it turned out, his hand had not got to the pistol and then dropped it; and there were finger prints on it which were to prove useful later on.

CHAPTER XIX.

INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE

The three were taken, not as Glynn had expected to police headquarters, but to their hotel where they were awaited by the Chief and the Prince's officer, the latter still ejaculating his relief at the report of Glynn's safety and of having lost nothng.

Glynn also found a doctor waiting him, and after having the wound cleaned and dressed, he was shown along to the private room and was introduced by the young police officer to his chief, who in turn introduced the Prince's officer.

Glynn was a little hesitant over the beginning of the story. He had made such a point of keeping concealed the fact that his precious packet was chained round his waist that he hesitated to discuss it, even to such accredited people as the Chief and the Prince's representative. He had even taken care to hitch the chain and case well up above his waist and keep bunched over it the new shirt he had put on, while his wound was dressed.

"You know, I suppose," he began carefully, "that I am taking something to Napadata?"

"The whole world knows that a copy of the Prince's talking film of Proclamation is on the way there from England," said the Chief. "And our friend here tells me of the cables from London informing the palace at Napalata of various attempts made to rob you. We reasonably assume then that you carry the film; and the Prince's enemies," he added drily "very evidently assumed the same."

"All clear then," said Glynn. "I can't object to you, or them, assuming that, and I don't need to say more about it. I've been looking out for trouble ever since the first attempt to rob me at Athens, but they got away with my bag at Galilee, although I still don't know how or where exactly. They would have destroyed the film in it—thrown it overboard in the air perhaps."

"It is the second copy of it we are interested in," said the Chief quietly, "and what happened since you reached Karachi."

"I had a cable from the Prince's Secretary in London," Glynn went on, "relayed by wireless to the air liner. It said arrangements were being made with the Prince's people in India to have me guarded and looked after."

"And so it was arranged," broke in the Prince's official excitedly. "It is why I am here to meet you when you arrive at the hotel—where you do not arrive; and why I have guards waiting to travel with you from here."

"In fact, Captain Elliman," said the Chief, quietly, "you upset the whole of the arrangements made by gong to another hotel, and keeping your movements concealed. May I ask why?"

"Because I had another wireless from the Prince's Secretary," said Glynn promptly, "saying a man with a scarred brow would meet me and give me a password 'Protected of the Protector,' and I was to take instruction from no other."

(To Be Continued.)

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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

It's a mystery to me why some men can't take their foot off the accelerator once in a while. I suppose it's some kind of disease'—'"speeditis" I'd call it—and it takes a real shock of some sort to cure it. Like hiccoughs only it's a sight more serious. For instance—

Two days ago, about teatime, a big car sailed past me this side of Jonesville. Had a clear road all right, but they were hopping to it — so I thought I'd check up, and maybe tell 'em to slow down a bit. That's how I came to be right there when the crash came, two minutes later.

Did that foolish driver slow down through the village? Not by a jugful. Just went right on as though the place wasn't there. And right by the cross-roads in the middle of the village it happened. Old man Higgins' big police dog ran out right in front. I heard the brakes go on then—the car almost lifted itself off the road—I heard a woman scream and the dog's last shriek—the car wobbled for a second as it went over the poor tyke, and then it struck the post in front of the store.

I was there almost on the second—and what a mess! Radiator and bumper smashed, fenders crushed—driver stunned and bleeding, his wife in hysterics. And a poor old dog dead in the road.

Why can't people slow down going through towns and villages? You tell me.

Well—I'll be seeing you.

"SALADA" TEA

708

Distinctive Quality

Fresh from the Gardens

Gems From Life's Scrap Book

"The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough."—Carlyle.

"The very circumstance, which your suffering sense deems wrathful and afflictive, Love can make an angel entertained unawares.'—Mary Baker Eddy.

"With every anguish of our earthly part the spirit's sight grows clearer."—Lowell.

"Fairer and more fruitful in spring the vine becomes from the skilful pruning of the husbandman."—Mestastasio.

"Let me be pruned, that I may grow."—Bishop Hall.

"Whatever purifies, sanctifies, and consecrates human life, is not an enemy, however much we suffer in the processes."—Mary Baker Eddy.

Who Rules U.S.?

The regular daily and nightly homicides, the regular stick-ups and hold-ups, the regular gang shootings and other crimes of violence continue at their regular rate. They are too familiar to be considered news. So, we ask, in all good faith, who runs this country? We don't see how the decent people can claim to run it. We don't ever see how the city and state and national governments can claim to run it. If the people or the government did run it, do you think for a minute that a few thousand criminals could terrorize with impunity "the richest and most powerful nation on earth?' — New York Journal.

Marke for Rayon

While production of rayon in Czechoslovakia has notably increased, it is still insufficient to supply domestic demand, according to a report from Mr. Sam E. Woods, commercial attache at Prague, made to the United States Department of Commerce. Because of fashion changes, an enormous increase in rayon consumption occurred in 1933, amounting to 5,800,000 kilograms, as compared with only 4,000,000 kilograms in the preceding year.

Three rayon factories were operating during 1933, although one of these was forced to suspend operations toward the close of the year. The total output of these plants amounted to 3,200,000 kilograms of viscose rayon.

And He Won!

Consider the recent campaign in the incomparable state of Kansas. One candidate for the state legislature boasted of his honorable discharge from a local madhouse. In every stump speech, he waved the documents triumphantly. "I have papers here to prove I'm not crazy," he would cry. "Can my opponent say the same?" P.S.—He got the job.—The New Yorker.

Thief Carries Off 200-Pound Safe

JOHNSTOWN, Pa. — Chas. Perando, 37, is serving two to four years for Johnstown's most ambitious robbery. A 200 pound safe, containing $1,000, was carried from a store, pried open and then submerged in a creek.

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In hot weather, stomach disorders and indigestion occur more frequently. Also children may play too hard. Mrs. Mary Mason, 53 Atlantic St., Halifax, N.S., says, "When the children are overtired and restless in warm weather I give them Baby's Own Tablets before retiring and in the morning they are happy, contented children". *Safe* even for the tiniest baby, these sweet little tablets effectively relieve colic, summer complaint, simple fever and all minor disorders. Price 25c package. 216

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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

EXPERT DENIES FEMALE IS MORE DEADLY THAN MALE

Director of New York Zoological Park Says Male of the Species is More Powerful Than It's Mate

New York.—Kipling was all wrong in the opinion of Dr. W. Reid Blair, when he observed that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Dr. Blair is in a position to know a lot about animals, both sexes. He is director of the New York Zoological Park—Bronx Zoo to the nature-loving, bear-feeding and lawn-littering public.

The male of the species, Dr. Blair declared today, is more dangerous, more powerful and more courageous than its mate.

"Among the higher forms of animal life," he said, "the males are larger, fierrer and better equipped with defensive and offensive weapons.

"It has been my experience, handling all sorts of animals here at the zoo, that the males are much harder to handle, much more dangerous than the females."

The reason, he said, is that upon the males falls the burden of protecting and providing for the home.

He gave credit to the females for greater docility, gentleness and adaptability. He also thinks females exhibit more intelligence in captivity—if intelligence is regarded as the ability of a creature to meet new situations.

The females are less obstinate and headstrong than their mates, he asserted.

In some high orders of the animal world, notably among the birds of prey, the female is larger than the male. Even then, Dr. Blair said, the male makes up for his deficiency in size by possessing more dash and courage.

So, in Dr. Blair's opinion, Kipling was merely taking advantage of his nice-sounding, but unscientific adage.

Its only basis in fact, he said, is that sometimes the females shows a little more subtlety in its method of attack.

Dr. Blair mentioned that down in the basement of the animal world, among the lower and more primitive creatures such as insects and crustaceans, the female is usually larger and stronger than the male.

Frequently, she kills and devours him after all biological responsibilities have been met.

But going up the scale of life into the more advanced forms, the mammals for instance, including man, woman's place is in the home and hers is the subordinate, domestic role.

Since this pattern of nature's seems contrary to the ideals of staunch feminists such as public office-holding, trans-Atlantic flying women,—Dr. Blair discreetly declined to do any theorizing or interpreting.

Models Flies

Woman is 'Responsible for Insect Replicas at London Museum

Down a long, narrow passage, made narrower by the procession of mammoth skulls stretching along it in dim perspective; past bays heaped nightmarishly with antlered heads; and so, at last, up a ladderlike staircase to the west tower.

This is not the opening of a thriller; merely a summary of the devious ways behind the scenes at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, London, Eng., by which one comes into the presence of the woman who is responsible for those enormous wax models of flies and caterpillars and mosquitoes which, placed in the glass cases of the entrance hall, have served as an interest-quickening introduction to the Museum.

Titivating the Monster

See Miss Grace Edwards, in her tower-room, titivating a monstrous waxen malaria mosquito. At present it is not quite itself; its evil, greyish body hovers on its stand with only one wing; its head glares baffully, waving outraged antennae from a neighboring stand. But it is better met in this undressed state than in its finished glory, because now the intricacies of its construction are laid bare.

The stages of its evolution are many. First of all there it is life-size—and so small that you involuntarily crinkle up your eyes at it—in a little glass-covered box. Magnifying glasses and book-illustrations assist at the various enlarged drawings which must be rigidly accurate and to scale.

When these have been done the actual modelling can begin.

A plaster cast of the body having been made from a preliminary model, the wax is heated, correctly tinted, and then poured into this mould to cool and harden over central wires.

Authentic Sheen

When the body comes out of the mould the exact markings of the mosquito are painted on it, and, since the mosquito is a hairy fellow, it is stuck with dozens of real hair bristles, or stiffened silk "hairs."

The wing-frames are then made of fine wire, bent and soldered into a beautiful tracery; on to this a gummed fine silk muslin, which is varnished and tinted with the authentic ross and green sheen of an insect's wing. A fine feathery edging has to be gummed all round the wings. There is then the wicked head to be moulded, proboscis and all, and the delicate antennae carefully poised.

Then the Monster is assembled and mounted, poised high on a stand, with wax models of its larvae and pupa beside it, and, behold, it is ready to make its bow to the public.

How long does all this take? At any rate several weeks; such works of art cannot be turned out to a factory time-schedule.

And that they are works of art, experts of all nations will testify. even the layman can judge how expert a modeller Miss Edwards is from a case in the Museum entrance-hall, showing a meal of ham and a roll with house-flies on it. The ham looks succulently real, the roll rather dry. A mouthful of wax would be your reward if you bit into either of them.

The aspiring art-student should weigh well the list of necessary qualifications before choosing this interesting, but exacting career. First, a painstaking accurracy of draughtsmanship in the preliminary sketches, next an uncanny skill in modelling and, thirdly, a color-sense keen enough to cope with the indeterminate mingling shades of nature.

That there are candidates who can pass thi searching test is evident by the fact that, of late years, some of the provincial museums—notably Liverpool and Cardiff—have enlisted a woman modeller to make such wax models as they may require.

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