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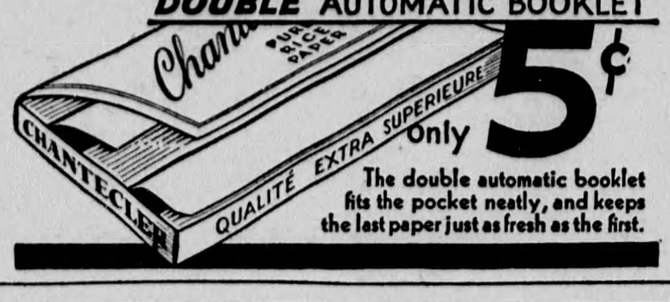

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The Flying Courier

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.

CHAPTER XVIII Cont'd.

Glynn went on to tell how the Subardar had presented himself on arrival at the aerodrome, how he had changed the hotel, advised dining elsewhere and all the rest. A good many questions and answers followed and these covered all the major incidents of different attempts at robbery, such facts as Glynn could give about other passengers by the Air Mail, the wireless messages received, and other matters. Glynn did not see the drift or the meaning of some of the questions, but he answered them all fairly and honestly. But the interpretation the Chief put on some of his answers staggered him.

The last questions were about Norah Seaman, how long he had known her and how he had first got to do so, and all this Glynn told straightforwardly

"You have known or suspected for some time that there were some concerned in these attempts travelling with you?" asked the Chief. "The men Stefan and Max and Dass for example. Did it ever occur to you that there might be another—Miss Seaman?"

Glynn sat and gaped at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then began to laugh.

"Wait" said the Chief. "Here are some of the facts I have gathered from you. You know nothing of Miss Seaman except that she offered you the opportunity of making your acquaintance at the Croydon 'drome the day you were warned to stand by for special duty."

"Yes, but—" Glynn would have interrupted, but the Chief continued—

"It has been suspected for a time that there was a leakage of information from the Prince's household. How or by whom information was gained and passed on is not known, but it has been. The provision of that duplicate attache-case proves it. It may easily have been known you were selected to pilot the Prince's plane, and later to carry the film. There was, therefore, an object in making early, and friendly contact with you. Miss Seaman did so."

"You are stretching possibilities beyond reason," said Glynn contemptuously.

"Let us see" answered the Chief, and went on to mention in sequence other facts Glynn had revealed in the apparently disconnected questions.

His leaving by the Air Mail had been kept secret, but by another coincidence Norah was travelling by it, she was walking and talking with Max approaching the liner at Croydon; and from the first she was evidently interested in the politics of Napalata and asked a good many questions about them. He had been out with Norah at Athens in the evening leaving the coast clear for the bolt of his rooms to be tampered with. She had been close to him on the journey to Galilee, getting off and on the flying boat at the lunching place, during lunch, and again going ashore in the launch at Galilee—and his bag had been stolen and the other substituted at some unknown point on that section of the journey.

"Now we come to further attempts when it was apparently known you carried another copy," the Chief went on. Norah had noticed his carrying binoculars in his pocket with a case for them on his shoulder and she had remarked laughingly on this, in the hearing of the Indian, Dass.

"But she didn't even know. I had not told her I had anything in the case," protested Glynn.

"She may have guessed, or even had a glimpse you were unaware of," was the answer. "Anyhow, it was unfortunate—er—er—accident she made such a leading remark in the hearing of Dass. And the next thing is that street row in Bagdad nearly resulting in the case being cut off you."

Glynn was utterly bewildered. Not for one moment would he believe Norah implicated and working with his enemies—but he could see how the facts would impress an outsider—especially as more and more of them mounted up.

Only she had seen the wireless messages from the Prince's secretary and so could have sent a cable to London telling how the messages were signed and enabling a fake message to be sent similary signed about the messenger with the pass-word. She had every opportunity, too, in their close companionship of seeing the bulge of the case on his hip later. He had given her the key to carry, and he had heard the men in the gardens say they had a key from the same shop as the lock came. She could have handed them that key—"But she didn't" Glynn broke in. "She has it still. I asked her after leaving the gardens."

"There was time to hand it back in the darkness after the attempt failed" said the Chief. "Or she might have lent it long enough for a duplicate to be made. If your friend Doyle had not had the quick wits to shout and direct my officer with his torch to him the key would have unlocked the case in another moment and you would have been robbed."

"Not so easily," answered Glynn. "The key ddn't work because the lock is packed bung full of glue. I'll need a blacksmth and a good many minutes to let me hand my case over at Napalata."

"Did Miss Seaman know you had taken that extra precaution?" asked the Chief, and when Glynn said "No," he added: "Which explains why she would still suppose the key would work."

Glynn could only protest but this he did vigorously enough, although he could not but admit that if the girl had not been Norah Seaman he could hardly have denied or refused to see the strength of the evidence piled up against her.

"You are asking me to believe she is a cheat and a thief and in league to rob or perhaps kill me. I don't and I won't believe it," he said doggedly.

"We must leave it at that for the moment then," said the Chief briskly. "And now I'll ask you to wait in another room for a little while I have a talk with Miss Seaman."

Glynn would have stayed for all this other interview, but the Chief was firm and finally silenced Glynn's objections by pointing out that if Norah were as innocent as he believed he could have no objection to her being allowed to prove it, and she would have ample opportunity to do.

Glynn waited for long and torturing minutes until he was called in again to find Norah sitting very erect in her chair, looking puzzled, worried and angry.

She jumped up at the sight of him. "Glynn, I'm told you know all they suspect and why. There is only one question in all this nonsense that concerns me. Do you suspect me?'

"I can answer that best" said Glynn walking straight over to her, "by asking a question I'd meant to leave until after I had finished this business. Norah, will you marry me?"

CHAPTER XIX

In the meantime two telephone messages had reached Napalata—one that raised rejoicings in the palace of the Prince, and another that brought an outburst of raving and reviling in the household of the Vulture. Both messages were to the same effect, that an attempted robbery of the Prince's Courier had been foiled at the last moment that he was safe, and had lost nothing.

The Prince's Vizier and Secretary sent out word that the Prince's Proclamation film would be shown to the priests and as many as possible of the people without fail next evening, and spies in the palace quickly brought word to The Vulture.

The news roused a fresh storm. "Fools, dolts, incompetent bunglers," he raved at his trembling underling, Abdul Ali, who served him in any capacity from confidential adviser, head of his "Secret Service" of spies and personal agent, to lickspittle toady, and whipping-post when The Vulture had a spleen to vent. "To think those idiots had their very hands on the package, and failed to secure it." The Vulture ranted on. "See that they are brought here to me. I'll make them answer for it. I shall—I shall....." and he described a few of the things he would have done to the bunglers.

"There may yet be time to retrieve the mistake," put in the Adviser humbly, when he could get a word in edgeways.

"Where— when?" demanded The Vulture bitterly. "He will leave by the train tonight, and be here tomorrow."

"It had already been arranged," said Abdul Ali, "that if the Courier could not be reached and the package secured in Karachi, four of your best men should take the train with him from there and seek their opportunity. The journey takes the best part of a day and night, and in that time the four can hardly fail."

The Vulture sat back on his cushions, scowling and gnawing at his nails. Gradually the scowl lightened and a cruel, crafty smile twitched his lips.

"Hardly fail!" he repeated bitterly. "Each new attempt could hardly fail, and yet has failed. But I have trusted too much to the wits of witless ones. Now I shall direct, and they shall act."

"So then assuredly all will be well," cried the sycophant fervently. "It was such direction of a master mind that was lacking, and now—"

"Peace, gabbler," snarled The Vulture. "Have you any man who knows the working of the railway, and can be trusted?"

"Such a man is here under my hand,' said Abdul Ali eagerly. 'He is to be trusted because his life is forfeit to the law if he were given to it."

The Vulture smiled again. "It is well. Send the man to me, and also bring me what maps you can of the railway line."

But when Abdul Ali brought the man and the maps, he was sent about some other business and only learned what the new plan was to be after the railway man had gone to set about his work.

He and one other had hastened away to take the evening train to Karachi, but would leave it about half way there. At a selected spot where the railway ran along a high embankment with a bend in the middle of it a rail would be removed so that the train, travelling fast, would leave the rails and plunge over the embankment to roll over and over to smash at the foot.

"Many or most on the train will be killed," went on The Vulture complacently.

(To be continued)

"SALADA" TEA

Orange Pekoe Blend

Fresh from the Gardens

'Paddle-Wheel' Planes Seen For Future by Scientists

Berkely, Calif.—Airplanes having neither wings nor screw propellors were pictured recently to the American Association, Society of mechanical engineers, as the possible aerial craft of tomorrow, by F. K. Kirksten, professor of aeronautical engineering at the University of Washington.

This prospect, the aeronautical section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was told, is supported by principles of air mechanics developed in Germany, France and the United States, and is of proven practical value.

Professor Kirksten outlined the essential feature of this new type aircraft as resembling nothing so much as the time-tested ferry boat propelled with paddle wheels. Air instead of water would constitute its ocean.

Dealing with the characteristics of cycloidal aircraft and their performance and stability in flight, Professor Kirksten reached the conclusion:

'Idling cycloidal propellors should be superior to fixed wings in standard gliders of airplane form. Cycloidal aircraft offer advantages for military duty in that there are no wings to obstruct the view or to interfere with machine guns. The cycloidal propellor has the important advantage of being noiseless.

"There seems to be no reason why this type cannot excell the airplane in any manoeuvre now performed."

Unless technical improvements of presnt day aircraft are simplified it will soon be necessary for a pilot to gain a doctor of philosophy degree in engineering before he will be able to fly a plane, E. T. Allen, test pilot of California, informed the aeronautical engineers.

The task of the pilot has increased greatly during the shift to the new analysis meteorology in which he is rapidly becoming adept, Allen said.

The pilot must be able to meet the requirements of extensive blind flying operations and operate a highly supercharged engine with rigid limitations upon manifold pressure, power and engine revolutions which involve a whole new field of engineering, Allen pointed out.

Dignity, Elegance Return to Dress

NOTED BACHELOR SEES WANE OF THE CARELESS MODE

PARIS—Says the most fastidious of Paris bachelors, M. Andre de Fouquieres: "Parisians definitely are abandoning that devil-may-care attitude in dressing, and are returning to the dignity, grace and elegance of other days."

Andre's brother, Becq de Fouquieres, is the "Chief of the Protocol" and regulates the deportment of presidents, ambassadors, ministers and even kings on occasions bringing them here. Andre sets the style for unofficial folk when it comes to fashion and social custom.

"Formal evening attire," continues the perfect bachelor, "is the sole attire which is correct for a big dinner, a soiree, or a gala ball and it steadily is resuming its vogue here. To be well-dressed is an expression of optimism, and also a courageous manner of combatting the crisis. To be well-dressed gives confidence to oneself and to others; it cheers and beautifies the atmosphere and clarifies the sky. We must defend Paris against the bad taste and pretentious ugliness of the hooligans who go about hatless, either to save money, or to avoid saluting women whom they encounter. We must protect Paris against such vulgar ensembles as gray trousers, a green vest, a red muffler, a brown coat, a black and orange checker suit."

The dinner jacket, he concludes, "is a masterpiece of vulgarity and ugliness when worn at a fashionable soiree." Tails and a high hat only, harmonize with the beauty of feminine finery for evening.

Storing Lemon Juice An Old Art Well Worth Reviving

Method of "Putting Away" Fruit Described in More Than Century Old Cookery Book

When lemons were plentiful our great grandmothers used to preserve them and oranges in various ways for use when they were scarce. Their juice may be kept indefinitely by boiling it down with sugar to half its bulk and then bottlings, but the fine flavor of the fresh fruit is lost.

In days gone by fresh lemon juice or some preparation of citric acid that preserved all its virtues for a long time was an absolute necessity for long sea voyages. Different methods were tried for this purpose, some of which are worth experimenting on today. In an old book dated 1807 the following is found:

To keep lemon juice buy the fruit when cheap, keep it in a cool place two or three days. If too unripe to squeeze readily roll each lemon under your hand to make them part with the juice more easily. Squeeze the juice into a china basin, then strain it at once through some muslin which will not permit the least pulp to pass. Have ready some perfectly dry, very small bottles, fill them at once with the juice so near the top as only to admit ½ or 1 teaspoonful of sweet oil into each (according to the size of the bottles. Cork the bottles and set them upright in a cool place.

Ready For Use.

The reason you must have small bottles is because, when once opened the lemon juice must be used the same day. When you want to use it, open the bottle, wind some clean cotton round a skewer and dipping it in the oil will be attracted, and when all is removed the juice will be as fine as when first bottled. Care must be taken to squeeze only sound fruit.

With a little trouble the entire lemon may be preserved for the longest cruise in air-tight casks as follows: Take some fine sand and make it very dry. Let it get cold, put a quantity of it into the bottom of a dry cask or other clean vessel; then take the lemons and put a layer of them in, stalk downwards so that they do not touch each other, and strew in more sand, as much as will cover them two inches deep. Then set the vessel in a cold place, and the fruit will be in high preservation at the end of several months. Oranges may be preserved in the same manner.

Bottled Without Sugar.

Fruit juice may be bottled in fruit bottling jars without sugar. Squeeze the juice and strain through muslin into glass bottling jars or fireproof bottles, put in the cork or cover lightly, put into cold water, bring it gradually to boiling, let it boil for fifteen minutes; press the corks in tightly, lift out the bottles and keep them in a cool, dark place till required.

The great point in preserving lemon juice is not to let it stand at all, because if it does a fermentation begins which very materially alters the acidity of the juice's anti-scorbutic qualities.

Wealth From Canada's Mines

Ottawa.—Total dividends and bonuses paid by the Canadian mining companies during 1933 are estimated by the Department of Mines to amount to $30,000,000, compared with $26,500,000 in 1932. These totals are exclusive of dividends paid by petroleum companies, and are also exclusive of stock dividends. Metal mining companies contributed 91 per cent. of the total dividend disbursement in 1933. Gold dividends made up 67 per cent. of the 1933 total paid by all mines, and 74 per cent. of that paid by metal mines. The aggregate total of dividends paid in 1933 was approximately 13.6 per cent. of the value of the mineral output for the year. It is estimated that total dividend payments by Canadian mines in 1934 will probably exceed $50,000,000

Gold mines naturally play a large part in the production of new wealth from Canada's mining industry. The biggest dividend-producer in 1933 was Lake Shore Gold Mines, Limited, which distributed $6,000,000 Hollinger Consolidated was second with $4,182,000, and Noranda third with $3,359,700. Teck-Hughes paid $2,884,300; International Nickel $1,933,900 (all on the preferred stock issue); Dome, $1,716,000; Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, $1,480,000 (including stock dividends); McIntyre, $1,197,000; Wright-Hargreaves $962,500; and Falconbridge, $799,900. Official data as to total dividends paid are incomplete, as several companies do not publish financial statements

Urges Nudism For Children

Vast Aid in Education Hillsdale Professor Contends

Iowa City, Ia.—Nudism has an educational value for the young and growing child, Dr. David M. Trout, professor of psychology at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich., asserted in a prepared address delivered before the Iowa conference on child development.

Children should have the opportunity to see persons nude until they learn fully the anatomical differences," Dr. Trout said.

He further declared that it is unwise to require a child to say prayers or to force any concept of God upon him.

He pointed out that children under six years of age were unable to conceive of God as a reality, and that if ideas were forced upon them they were most likely to become confused.

"If a child asks his mother, 'What becomes of us when we die?' the answer should be, 'We are just dead mother should explain that it is 'just like when you are asleep.'"

Dr. Trout advised parents to encourage the "lies" told by small children.

"Before the fifth year," he said, "the child is unable to imagine time or distance accurately, and for that reason the tales he tells are not lies but the products of an awkward imagination. Parents should treat this story telling as a game, and help the child play it."

SEASON'S BEACH SUITS KIND TO PLUMP FIGURE

The large woman outfitted in a bathing costume styled for her slimmer sister has long been an object of ridicule. Designers of beach wear for 1934 have come to her rescue, however. Not only do the new styles minimize her size, but they are good-looking, as well.

The trend is to wide shoulder straps and armholes cut to detract attention from the plump shoulder, also pleats on the side to decrease the width of

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

I am a fair-minded guy, I reckon, in spite of what people sometimes say about speed-cops. But there is one thing that gets my goat sure and plenty.

What do you suppose we put up signs fore and aft of the country schools for? Ornament—or something?

Know that stretch of highway beyond Johnson's farm, t'other side of Jonesville? A couple of miles of straight-a-way with a little school house on the north side? Well, sir, week last Wednesday I happened along 'bout the middle of the afternoon, when I see a commotion up by the school. I was not long getting there, and, believe me, there was trouble. Group o' little kiddies sobbing; teacher trying to calm them; a couple of ladies sitting on the side of the ditch, holding one another, and crying, too; and on its side in the ditch a light sedan with one of its wheels half a dozen yards away.

The story? Didn't take long to get that. Car comes bowling along — driver gossiping with passenger —too busy to see the school sign—bunch of kids came jumping out of the playground—driver scared of hitting them —loses her head—car wobbles over into the ditch—kiddies scramble for safety—nearly get run down and go into hysterics from sheer fright.

Sure, not much damage done, barring a broken-off carwheel, and a whole lot of jangled nerves but—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MAJOR TRAGEDY.

Why won't people understand that kids haven't got the sense of grown-ups? Why can't people give 'em a chance and slow down by the roadside schools?

Well—I'll be seeing you.

FALSE TEETH
DR. WERNET'S POWDER

Sold the world over—Dr. Wernet's Powder—justly called "the perfect powder"—holds false plates firmer for hours longer. Leaves no sickening gummy paste—teeth fit so snugly yet comfortably they feel like natural ones. Prescribed by world's leading dentists—just sprinkle on. Inexpensive—any drugstore.

Issue No. 29—'34

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