

YU'ANHEE SEE LAUGHS

by Sax Rohmer



SYNOPSIS

Hurried removal of five crates of opium from the liner Wallaroo carrying 2,000,000 pounds in gold to Australia—discovery of a diary dropped by Yuan Hsia See, head of a gang in the Limehouse warehouse of Jo Lung, one of London's biggest "fences"—discovery that Yuan's agents on the Wallaroo are shadowing Eileen Kearney with whom Detective Inspector Dawson Haig is in love—all this occurs before Eileen is kidnapped at Port Said, Haig, trailing Eileen, is plunged into the drugged Bath of Feathers by a trap-door, but escapes from the deadly dungeon and gets the drop on Joseph who topples into the Bath as he is shot. Haig takes all his papers, nails the body into the packing case intended as his, and posing as Joseph, makes his way into Arabia. Escaping arrest, Oesterle disappears from the Wallaroo and appears at Yuan's headquarters in Arabia where Eileen is disguised as Joseph. Haig arrives and is assigned to outside guard duty at Yuan's palace. Yuan and Aswami Pasha aboard a submarine lure the Wallaroo from her course with a wireless appeal for aid, destroy the liner's wireless, remove the gold then sink the liner with torpedoes.

INSTALMENT 27

In the great gardens of the old palace, an unusual quiet reigned. The negroes seemed to have disappeared, to a man. Even the big engine shed adjoining the garages, and its annex with the tall radio masts, were deserted. The big house was still.

Haig strode along a path close under the wall which marked the southern boundary of his patrol. His brain was racing again, and he knew that he must keep a grip on common sense.

He made a detour, so as to pass the window of the hut he shared with the Jackal. The drug-shattered creole sprawled across his bunk, breathing heavily.

Haig realized that practically he had the run of the place; a guardian who was himself a prisoner. Foolhardily he had thrust himself into the place, and he knew that it was not the call of duty, but a mad anxiety for Eileen which had driven him.

He had seen the room in which she was imprisoned apparently under the guardianship of a woman. He wondered if any of the eunuchs remained on duty inside the harem enclosure. He walked along the path below the wall. Very faintly at times he had heard the murmuring of surf far below.

Cautiously he mounted the steps of

the first of the little watchtowers. There were several women in the garden, but Eileen was not among them. The balcony upon which he had seen Eileen was not visible from this point.

Pressing on, he cautiously mounted another flight of steps—he saw something of which his heart seemed to miss a beat. One of the black eunuchs was coming down a side path, carrying a woman's body thrown sackwise over his right shoulder.

One glance was sufficient. He was carrying Eileen Kearney—alive or dead, Haig could not tell! A tall and vicious-looking Arab, white-robed and turbaned, followed.

Automatic in hand, Haig craned over the parapet as the gigantic negro swung suddenly left, descended a flight of stone steps, and disappeared under an archway, followed by the Arab.

Where did that tunnel lead to? Haig heard the bang of a heavy door in the sunken archway.

As he stood plainly in view now to anyone in the garden, he heard a cry! It came from the balcony upon which he had seen Eileen! "Cherlie! cherlie! my baby! where are you?" This was the big woman he had seen on the previous day. She had looked French.

Haig sprang right up on the parapet, waving his arms. Swiftly Celeste indicated that he should conceal himself and wait. Haig drew back and stone steps and along the garden.

presently she came running down the path. "You, up there! you can hear me?" she gasped.

"Yes, yes, I am."

"I know who you are! She told me. Listen, only listen: This is the work of the Chinese hell-cat. It is Said from Keneh who has taken the little one. They have drugged me again, I think, the poor baby. They will take her to Kosehr, and from there to the house of Hassan es-Suk at Keneh. This house—"

"I know it, I know it!" Haig interrupted impatiently. "Go on! Go on!" "There are two motorboats in the harbor. In one of them she will be taken. For God's sake, save her! Here it is bad enough—but there! Stop them—you must stop them!"

"But tell me: where is my best chance—"

"There is only one way," she said: "It is through the gate. But if you could only reach it, the blacks would never question you. And all those pigs are away—"

Haig raced down the stone steps. As it chanced a collapsible ladder, used for pruning purposes, was lying on a path where one of the gardeners had left it! It was heavy, but long. A passionate rage gave Dawson Haig additional strength. Fully extending the ladder, he leaned it up against the high wall, mounted, and stood on the top. The road far below was deserted from end to end. Poised perilously, he began to draw the ladder up, an operation calling for great muscular effort and a nice sense of equilibrium.

A sort of savage exultation lent him the powers of an acrobat. He got the ladder poised like a see-saw on top of the wall. Then, realizing that he could not turn it, he lowered the narrow end onto the hard-baked mud of the path below. Swiftly, he slid down, jerked the tall ladder from the wall, closed its three sections, and dropped it amongst the rank undergrowth in a ditch.

He reached the outskirts of the little terraced town unchallenged—indeed, without meeting a living creature. The palm-lined street on the left, which contained what appeared to be the only cafe in the place, was deserted. None of the squat buildings of plastered mud-brick and wood-work exhibited any sign of life. Tied up to the steps was a dingy-looking motorboat—the same, or its twin, in which he had crossed from Kosehr. Then a distant murmur checked him in his stride. Shading his eyes, he stared. Another motorboat—a mere dot in the blue—was rapidly disappearing around the tail of the island. He set out running again, but had not gone fifty yards when a second time he was pulled up sharply. From the north, far over the sea, beyond the rocky headland which embraced the port, beyond the island, came echoing and re-echoing the sound of a mighty explosion—

Jack Rattray, chief officer of the Wallaroo, was a powerful swimmer. When that rain of Yuan's machine-gun bullets had swept the sea, he had ducked under the protection of the floating deck chair. He discovered that by resting his chin upon a cross-

piece and swimming steadily, he could propel it without any very great effort. He knew provided he could escape a bullet, that it would be possible to keep afloat for hours. But that ghastly stretch around the wreck was now bristling with sharks' fins!

There were fewer sounds from the few poor survivors. But the protecting deck chair, so far, had escaped the attention both of the marksmen and of the sharks.

Rattray summoned all his resources. He meant to survive the tragedy. He must survive it. A floating deck chair and one man's undaunted spirit meant the difference between immunity for these ghastly murderers and that day of reckoning which he swore, with clenched teeth, should come to them.

A gentle, almost imperceptible current, was bearing him seawards. He tried to visualize a chart of the Red Sea and the approximate positions of steamers. He was many miles off the track, and dusk was near. His proper course, then, was to steal southward on this gentle current, and then edge in towards the tail of the rocky island, since rescue by a passing steamer was almost out of the question.

He was now more than a mile from the scene of the disaster. He swung around. The submarine and the dhow, the latter with two boats in tow, was making for the head of the island. It was a screen from behind which, doubtless, they operated.

And, so carefully does Fate weave those comedies in which nilly-willy we all play a part, that it was almost exactly at this moment that Dawson Haig walked down the little jetty to where the motor cruiser was moored.

A pock-marked negro, whom he remembered, and an Arab boy were on board. They both stood up and stared at him suspiciously as he came hurrying along the stone pavement. "Orders!" he said, sharply. "Kosehr!" but as he sprang on board, the crew of two continued to regard him with doubt and hesitation.

"Hurry!" he cried, and swung the formidable club he carried. The negro glanced helplessly at the boy—and the latter threw off the rope. At last the game was in his hands.

By dawn he would be back in Kosehr. There was a wireless station, and a small English colony. He was no longer "Joseph" but had become again in spirit and in fact Detective Inspector Dawson Haig.

He peered anxiously ahead. The leading motor cruiser was not in sight. Even if a car waited at Kosehr, which he suspected would be the case, he could have it intercepted. The game was in his hands!

The course, as he remembered, lay due northwest from the bay for the first forty or fifty miles. There, out of sight of the mainland, it skirted that long, low island. Thence it bore north along a desolate coast for three hours or more, then westerly again, sweeping out seaward to pass Jeddah, and north-west to the petrol station. He might find himself in difficulty, there. Probably they had some means of communication.

Excitation, doubt, fear, fought for supremacy in his mind. They were three hours out from the base, and the long, low island was dropping astern. Four more hours before that swing around which would point their bows to the African coast—which would seem to bring him nearer to Eileen!

They were drawing in to the main coast again. Suddenly, Haig sprang to his feet, shouting excitedly. Almost under their starboard bow floated a piece of wreckage which looked like a deck chair. Then, beside it, a head bobbed up—

(To be Continued)

Monkey Fur For Smart Accessories

Tunics and trains are frequently trimmed with monkey fur, and it is used in various ways as hat trimming. One couturier makes an accessory grouping of monkey fur hat, purse and glove-cuffs.

Several species of the animal are employed by fashion and their colors run from jet black through the greys, browns and on to the rarer pure white. The feet and ears are sometimes used as trimming in the same way that Dilkusha used tiger claws for fastenings. In both instances the feet grab little bone buttons. This is where variety enters and ingenuity is allowed to run rampant. Buttons fashioned like peanuts should be used with the ensemble trimmed with monkey fur and feet, and the ears used as perky trimming for a little round red felt hat!

Australia Adds 24 Planes to Service

MELBOURNE, Vic.—Purchase of 24 seagull amphibians is announced by the Minister of Defence, shortly after announcement of construction of a heavy cruiser in Australia's program of increasing its defenses in view of the uncertain situation in the Far East.

Sir George Pearce, the minister, declared the Commonwealth was reinforcing its defenses in the air as on the sea, and that a contract for the planes, totalling \$1,725,000, was being placed with a Southampton, England, firm.

Earlier he announced placing of a contract for a 7,500-ton cruiser of the British Leander type, armed with six-inch guns.

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Fresh from the Gardens

Are You Guilty?

The Chatham Daily News raises a nice question in regard to courtesy on the highways. In these days of automobile travel it is recognized that when passing other motorists at night a driver should dim his lights momentarily so that the glare be remembered. The News relates the experience of a Chatham woman motorist while returning from Toronto, thus:

As she was passing through the district between Toronto and London she found the traffic heavy. Being a careful driver, driver, she conscientiously dimmed her headlights when she approached other vehicles; but to her surprise and annoyance there was practically no return of the courtesy. As soon as she neared the boundary line of Kent County she found a difference. Other motorists, out of deference to her own signals, dimmed their lights, and travelling was much more safe and pleasant.

The Chatham paper asks: What is the explanation? It may be that many people who find themselves away from home surroundings forget their manners. It is a weakness of human nature that permits indifference toward others when outside the steady influence of friends and acquaintances. Strangers inconvenienced by this spirit may never be seen again; so why bother about courtesy? Night drivers cannot readily be identified, and this may induce carelessness about observing the amenities of the road. This is not a comforting thought, but it may account for the Chatham lady's experience. Surely such offenders would be in the minority. As the News puts it: "Most people have more pride than to flaunt discourtesy. Then why not be as courteous in the dark as in the light?"

Courtesy is desirable everywhere and at all times; but especially on the highways under present conditions of traffic. For years the Ontario Motor League and other organizations promoting safety on the roads have been urging auto drivers to have consideration for "the other fellow." Happily, the majority of drivers are so disposed; but always there will be the selfish, careless individuals for whom traffic regulations are a nuisance; and evidently many of these were on the highway between Toronto and London when the Chatham lady was returning home. It is not news that in good old Kent County she found highway courtesy an established habit.—Toronto Globe.

Electric Lights Used 50 Years in Chile

Santiago, Chile.—The Golden Jubilee of electric lighting in Chile passed almost without notice. Only the newspaper, El Mercurio recalled that fifty years ago in 1884, its Valparaiso edition published a legal announcement of a petition by Senor Carlos Garcia to supply electric light to that port.

Senor Garcia, as president of the ed a dynamo, storage batteries, and Power Company, said he had received a dynamo, storage batteries, and all the latest inventions." He put in a provisional plant of light horse-power to demonstrate illuminating Valparaiso's city square from a distance of four miles.

Lady Astor Wants Great Britain and U.S. Police World

London.—Still showing signs of a black eye inflicted by a child trying to purloin a golf ball, Lady Astor advocates co-operation between the United States and Great Britain to insure world peace.

In an address to a disarmament meeting organized by the National Council of Women, the American-born member of Parliament said: "Our greatest chance of getting peace is to get the British Empire and the United States working together—not against others, but as a sort of policeman."

"In the next fifty years there will be an amazing liberation of the energies of woman."—Fannie Hurst.

IMPORTANT: High class items available for GARDEN PARTIES FINE DANCE CELEBRATIONS Correspondence invited APPLICATED TELEPHONICAL OFFICES OF AMERICA 34 King St. E. Toronto, Ont.

Tissue Grafted to Body Replaces Impaired Glands

Baltimore.—The successful grafting of living tissue into a human body to take up the functions of impaired glands was described today by three Johns Hopkins research workers in a copyrighted article published in the American Journal of Surgery.

Two operations for the transplantation of healthy parathyroid tissue into ailing patients were cited. The success was noted in the rise of the amount of calcium in the blood to normal. The thyroids are two glands near the windpipe. The parathyroids close to the thyroids, control the calcium supply.

Faced with the almost uniform failure of other experimenters, Dr. Harvey B. Stone, associate professor of surgery at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine, and his associates, Dr. James C. Owings and George O. Gey, made their report after more than three years of research.

The first opportunity to apply the method to a human being presented itself early last year. Two patients were brought into the clinic, one suffering from Paget's disease, a form of excessive bone growth, and the other from lack of sufficient lime in the body.

The latter had a thyroid gland removed 16 months previously and showed the effects of this.

One parathyroid gland was removed from the patient who had Paget's disease. An examination showed that it was healthy. Six weeks were required to prepare the tissue for trans-

plantation.

This tissue was first grown in a culture prepared with the serum of the patient from whom the gland had been removed. A similar culture was developed from the prospective recipient and at the end of two weeks the tissue was transferred to it. For four weeks it was grown there to become acclimated to its new host.

The parathyroid tissue was grafted into the loose flesh of the arm pit. The operation was performed on February 17, 1933. Within sixty days the patient responded to tests, showing an improvement, the experimenters reported.

The second case of the experimenters was started more than seven months ago and has progressed to a point where they described the operation as successful. Three operations for parathyroid transplantations and five for thyroid were undertaken recently.

The three scientists declined, because of "insufficient data," to generalize on the possibilities of their discovery in revolutionizing the procedure of treating patients who lack the proper amount of secretion from internal glands.

Speaking for the group, Dr. Stone said, however, they believed they were justified in saying their method "holds great promise for future progress."

The Knowing Pike

A letter to Our Dumb Animals

Some years ago when a resident of Worcester one of the pleasantest of that city's several parks had been in times past a great private estate, with an interesting old mansion and hundreds of acres of hill, lake gardens, etc. The lake was thickly populated with enormous pike.

It used to amuse me to toss into the water an entire loaf of bread and watch the greedy and fat fish pile up three deep about it, many of them throwing themselves clean out of the water. In a short time the bread would disappear to the last crumb; but at first, and before any pike had succeeded in nibbling the hard crust, the loaf of bread would be tossed about like a football.

The city park commission saw that the pike were fed regularly, and the fish also fared well at the hands of picnickers. But the pike increased to such an extent that they had to be thinned out. Therefore the directors of Green Hill Park voted that on one day of the week, on Thursday, anybody was at liberty to fish or cast net from the shore line. The fish were not welcomed by the connoisseurs of good food, but many of the foreign born in the colonies took advantage of the permission and went home with bur-lap bags full of fat pike.

Presently a strange thing was noted, that belongs to that endless dispute. Do animals reason? For although on every other day the pike were present in great numbers and as

voracious as ever, on Thursday they retired one and all to the depths of the upper lake and refused all lures!

Now it may be argued that these canny fish noticed the poles and nets of the fisherman, and came to associate these implements with disaster; but the fact remains that, as the caretakers assured me, the pike invariably retired on every Thursday morning before the fishermen arrived! They did not reappear until Friday morning.

Nation's Soil Wealth To Be Inventoried

New Brunswick, N.J.—A nationwide inventory of the soil fertility resources of the United States will be initiated this summer by Dr. J. G. Lipman, dean of the college of agriculture of Rutgers University and director of the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station.

The major objectives of the inventory, it is learned, are to provide a more accurate basis for national land-use policies and for conservation of the plant food resources of soils.

The analysis will show not only what the various soils contain but also what plant food elements are being removed from the soil, where they are going, and what must be done in the future to maintain the productive power of the soil. It will also facilitate the identification of sub-marginal lands and of soil areas whose soils are lacking in but one or two essential plant food elements.

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2



Kingston Highway, 10 o'clock at night—dark, not much traffic. Two cars in rear-end collision. One car in ditch, driver goofy, but conscious. Second car half off road, radiator still spouting. Bad smash. Drivers loudly blaming each other. Second man says the other chap's tail light was out. Claims he came round a sharp curve at thirty miles an hour and bumped into rear of first car before he saw it. It was one man's word against another's.

"You had no tail light," says one.

"I had so," says the other. And so on.

Just then along came P.C. 2 on his motorcycle. "Well, well," says he to the driver of the car

in the ditch, "so you got yours, eh? Didn't you tell me five miles back that you would stop at the first garage and get that tail light fixed?"

Of course that stopped the argument. Fortunately nobody was seriously hurt, but somebody is going to pay a nice bill for damages and I don't see how the man who was hit has a leg to stand on. He was either trying to save two bits or five minutes' time. In either case it's almost always a losing game. Don't you think so?

Personally, I wouldn't drive a city block without a tail light if I knew it—and, believe me, I'd make it my business to know.

Well, I'll be seeing you.

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