

YUANHEE SEE LAUGHS

by Sax Rohmer



An Arab boy came running. A launch from the gunboat was headed for the jetty.

"There goes the last five thousand," said the Wasp; and, raising his voice: "ALL ABOARD!" he cried. Jo Lung and Dr. Oestler's wife (known on the Wallaroo as Miss Edman) stood at the head of the gangway, anxiously watching the trio on the little wharf.

"Do ye sail?" Macles asked Dr. Oestler. The Austrian thought: "Money opens many doors, ha? There was no escape if he remained ashore. The Marquis and the Pasha plainly had deserted the sinking ship, and the danger must have been great, ha?—since they had left two millions of minted money behind them?" Dr. Oestler nodded briefly and walked up the gangway, followed by Macles and Len Chow. They slipped out to the open sea. Oestler, from the forward conning tower, saw the threatening grey lines of H.M.S. Panther lying half a mile outside the reef. Len Chow gave the order to submerge. Only through the periscope did the doomful shape remain visible.

They sank lower. Dr. Oestler ran down a cramped iron ladder. He stumbled and clutched. It seemed to be strangely tilted.

"They can never see the periscope!" he cried. "Why do we submerge so deep?"

The whole fabric of the underwater craft shook suddenly and quivered.

"Mac!" Oestler screamed desperately. "Chow! Gott! — We're aground!" The Scotsman stopped his engines.

Other voices came, dimly at first—then raised to shouting pitch. "Dr. Oestler," said Macles, "Mr. Len Chow—ye were right in 'e ye said! We're overloaded. There's five fathoms between us and God's sunshin, and no human power can raise us to it. We're buried under the sea, wi' two million pounds and a' our sins!"

The iron-framed doorway was crowded with ghastly faces. Macles sprang to his feet, dropped to his knees, and raised his head and his locked hands.

"O, Lord!" he cried, "for this one wee deed in a sinful life—spare me a grain o' mercy!"

The inhabitants of that nameless town dominated by the palace of Yuan Hee See, willing servants of the master on the hill, had flown at the moment that the battleship had showed her nose over the horizon. Only the eunuchs, like stupid, faithful dogs, remained, huddled in a hapless group inside the great gates of the old palace.

The palace itself surpassed anything which Lieutenant Markham had seen or imagined. The female inhabitants, huddled in cushioned corners, were staring wide-eyed at the intruders.

Lieutenant Markham pressed on through more and more extravagant apartments. . . and suddenly found muscular arms about his neck and tearful dark eyes looking up into his own!

"Oh, thank God, I see you!" cried Celeste. "But tell me quickly— is she safe?—the little girl—Eileen—who was here!"

"She means Miss Kearney, sir," said one of the party. "The American lady who disappeared in Port Said."

Lieutenant Markham, looking into the quivering face, suddenly understood. "I am sorry," he said, "tutty sorry. But I have no news of her. But, I think—" as the woman's massive figure seemed to become limp—"she is safe."

"One of the right sort, sir," said the former speaker. "She could give us a few tips."

"I can give you no tip, my friend," Celeste replied sorrowfully. "All I know is what happen inside these walls." She waved eloquent hands.

"But in that room there—" she pointed dramatically to a narrow door jangled in dull gold—"in that room here, this morning, something happen . . . I think—a GOOD thing."

When the locked door was broken down a horrified group stoop on the threshold of a room entirely paneled in gold lacquer. Lying across a livan covered with black cushions,

delicate ivory body gleaming through the fine texture of a silken robe, lay Orange Blossom—her downward hung head ghastly because of the blood which had drenched it.

"Good God, sir!" came a hoarse whisper. "Some wild animal has been at her—look at her throat!"

"Darling!" Dawson Haig whispered. "Oh, my darling! Take care!" Eileen opened her blue eyes and looked up at him—wondering. Then, with a slow smile, she twined her arms about his neck and drew his head down to her breast.

Dawson Haig held her tightly. He had done much and gained much. At last, he had justified his quixotic choice of a profession. He had fashioned a stepping stone, he knew it, which would carry him from the Criminal Investigation Department of New Scotland Yard to the goal of his ambition. He had been instrumental in breaking up a formidable organization, a danger to the civilized world.

Keneh was being combed. Air force pilots were watching all roads to the Red Sea. The Camel Corps were at Bir Ambar. And the secret base was in the hands of the navy.

"What is it, my dearest?" Eileen whispered.

He stroked the thick waves of copper hair. "Nothing, darling," he replied.

But save, for one glimpse in London, he had never yet come within reach of the THING which tore human throats, and, somewhere deep down in his mind, he seemed to hear the high, battlelike laughter of Yuan Hee See.

(THE END.)

Tops the World

It is the good fortune and the just pride of New Zealand to hold, of all nations, the record for average longevity. The male infant born in that island State can expect, on an average, to live to the age of 65 years, and the female to within six weeks of sixty-eight years.

This is a very remarkable achievement, and makes one wonder how close New Zealand has already come to the top score which is ultimately attainable in the present state of our medical and sanitary knowledge.

The mortality in the first year of life among the white population of New Zealand is only 38.35 per 1,000 for males and has reached the exceedingly low figure of 25.48 for females. The corresponding figures for the white population of the United States in 1930 are 60.56 and 43.21.

Perhaps nothing could testify more eloquently to the excellent health management in New Zealand than this low mortality among babies. For at that stage of life everything depends on proper care of the mother and child. Nowhere along life's path can effort be expended with greater effect.

Latest in Elevators

The latest thing in elevators arrives at your floor in response to your signals; opens its doors, closes them; goes about its business of collecting passengers at other floors, repeatedly opening its doors and closing them, repeatedly stopping, starting—all without direction from human hand.

If you happen to feel it, it's an interesting sensation to find yourself in the hands and apparently at the mercy of a giant without conscience, pity, or any regard for its human charges.

But if no appeal is possible, neither is there cause for complaint. And after a few trips you consign yourself to the machine without a qualm, serene in the realization that not all robots are Frankensteins.—Christian Science Monitor.

Must Spend Wisely

Wise spending is the only thing that keeps business going. Niggardly economy has no place in world's progress. The great trouble with us these days as we see it, is that in time of plenty we did too much foolish spending. Instead of obligating ourselves for debts that meant investment, we launched an orgy of spending for spending only, in which business was not considered and pleasure only thought of.—Durham Chronicle.

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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 and 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.

Well-Dressed Child Wears Comfortable Practical Clothes

The well-dressed child these days wears clothes less fussy, less sloppy, or less stodgey, but much smarter and more comfortable than in former years.

Clothes shown for small girls no longer attempt to make them look like little dolls, and boys are not merely decked out in a smaller imitation of their father's garments. Simple, durable, practical clothes that allow plenty of freedom for arm and leg movement should form the basis of a youthful wardrobe.

From babyhood to the age of eight or so, small girls wear very short, shirred one-piece dresses of jersey, or little pleated skirts with hand-knit sweaters. Simple, short tweed coats, and little round hats or berets complete the day-time picture.

For party wear, the French influence appears. Delicately tucked or embroidered dresses of sheer material, cotton net, or velveteen, according to the time of year, make children feel dressed up without appearing overdressed. Summer dresses for little girls are usually sleeveless and very thin, and may have bloomers to match. On the beach, most children wear sun-suits of jersey, and it is smart to have sweaters to match.

At the kindergarten age, boys' clothes go masculine. Boys should wear shorts until they are about 12—shorts of tweed or flannel, and with them sweaters or little shirts with Eton collars, and Norfolk jackets. Flowing neckties are out and narrow four-in-hands are in, for the young.

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 3,731,745,000 gallons in 1932, 3,739,645,000 gallons in 1931 and 3,752,042,000 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 Economics

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 Crofton has established a nursery, with toys and cradles, in the church hall, so that mothers may attend service.

"SALADA"

Orange Pekoe Blend

TEA Fresh from the Gardens

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 their 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 victim'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, \$55,045; and United Kingdom, \$50,212.

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

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 governess 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.

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.

Preparation for iLife
Who makes the steady, to-be-dependent-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 pre-empted 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.

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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 their 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.

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