

SHANGHAI LOOT

Mandarin Lee Wong brings to San Francisco more than \$3,000,000 of unset jewels to be sold in the United States for the Chinese Republic. He has them insured by Apex Surety, and Manager Miligan details Egypt Carre, famed private detective, to guard them. Working with Carre, is Police Lieutenant Carre. They meet Wong in a suite aboard the S.S. City of Shanghai and view the jewels, which Wong says he will show to some of his countrymen at a hotel dinner. Carre advises caution, inasmuch as he has learned of a plot by international thieves to steal the jewels. "My guests will be Chinese gentlemen," says Wong with dignity.

CHAPTER IV
Egypt shrugged and said nothing more, but when they had left the

lavish suit and were on the open deck, he said to Carewe, "I don't like it. Better keep an eye on the jewels and a guard at the door to make sure no one gets in who doesn't belong."
"The Chinese visitors will be all right," Carewe said confidently. "They're blazing with patriotism, and only the best of them will get in."
"No crooks among them, eh?"
"It would be worth the life of any one of them in this country to make even a try at them," Carewe declared with conviction.

"They have their own ways of taking care of such matters. If someone tries to lift those jewels, it will probably be later on, when they're taken to New York."
"You may be right," Egypt agreed reluctantly. "But if I was after them, I'd crack down as quickly as possible."
"No one knows where they'll be tonight," Carewe argued.

"Don't forget we were tailed."
"That had nothing to do with that business," Carewe decided. "How could it? The boat hadn't even docked yet."
"I don't be too sure about your local talent until we find out who is behind all this," Egypt advised calmly. "Now order an armored car sent down here and see about those three men for the party tonight. I'll stay around until the stuff leaves the ship."

The Hotel Splendide was a mammoth new hostelry, towering high in the jumble of tall buildings that clustering around lower Market St. The fringes of teeming Chinatown were a bare half mile away. Wong would have thought that Lee Wong would have hastened into the midst of his countrymen. The Splendide, however, was a more fitting setting to the dignity of the occasion; there Chinatown was brought, in a manner befitting the mandarin's station and rank.

Two large suites were thrown together, one of them given over entirely to the evening's entertainment. Two long tables, snowy with linen, were set with rare china and sticks. Potted plants and flowers lined the walls.

There were fully three dozen guests. Egypt stood at the door, by the headquarters man, and checked each man as he went in to make his elaborate ceremonial greeting to the most part, many of them round Lee Wong. Small men they were for and stout with good living and affluence, all dressed in the clothes of the modern West.

It was a meal of many courses, elaborate, unnameable. Even the hotel staff who served that meal knew little about many of the dishes they handled. For, in its entirety the banquet had been cooked in Chinatown, delivered course by course to the hotel and whisked up to the tables.

Late that afternoon, the jewels had been released from customs, through which they had been rushed by diplomatic pressure, and carried by armored car to the safety of the big hotel vault. Now, this evening, they were in a steel box on a tapestry covered table against the wall a few feet back of Lee Wong's chair.

Egypt had walked every step of the way from vault to table with the jewels, his hand on an automatic in his pocket. More—he had made sure that the steel box was locked securely and that the two plain-clothesmen on guard were armed and ready for any trouble.

Carewe dropped in to see how things were going. The dinner was barely half through as he and Egypt talked in the reception room of the suite.

"What did you find out about that fellow I stopped this afternoon?" Egypt asked.
Carewe shook his head. "Nothing much so far."
"Should have locked him up and made him talk."

"Not the ghost of a charge against him," Carewe said. "There's a limit. How are you fixed here?"
Egypt told him.
"Not a chance of anyone getting in here," Carewe assured him. "You might as well go home and turn in. This banquet may last half the night."

"I'll be here until I see the plunder locked in the vault again."
Carewe yawned. "Sorry I can't get that much worked up over it," he confessed. "I'm going to bed."

Egypt walked down the hall with him, waited at the elevator. As they stood there talking, one of the hotel maids slipped hurriedly around the turn in the corridor. Her face was deathly white, her eyes staring with stark, mute fear. She made for the stairs at the side of the elevator shaft.

Egypt called to her sharply "Anything wrong?"

She stopped at the head of the stairs, turned fearfully—a buxom, red-skinned woman in her early forties, wearing the plain blue dress and white apron all the chamber maids wore. As she faced them, convulsively kneading the edge of her white apron in her work-roughened fingers, Egypt realized something serious had happened.

But even he was not prepared for words that tumbled from her stiff lips in a half gasp, half wail of fright.

"Murder, sir! With my own eyes—I s-scen his body l-lyn' there!"
Egypt stepped quickly to her, spoke calmly. "Pull yourself together!"

"Y-yes, sir," the woman stammered.
"What did you see?"
"The body, l-lyn' all twisted up in the closet." She drew a shuddering breath.

"I'm from police headquarters," Carewe told her. "I'll take charge of this. Where is the body?"
He showed her his badge. She talked freely then.

"The lady in 329 checked out a little while ago, sir. I was sent up to make up the room. And when I opened the clothes closet, there was a body on the floor!"
"Go down and tell the manager," Carewe ordered. "Come on, Carre."

The door of 329 was standing open. A broom and stack of towels lay on the floor where the terrified maid had dropped them. The door of the clothes closet was ajar. Carewe draped a handkerchief on his fingers and opened it wide.

Inside, lay the huddled body of a man. He was minus a coat and wore a white under shirt. As Carewe caught him under the shoulders and lifted him out; Egypt threw a swift glance around the room but saw no sign of the missing coat.

"He's still warm," Carewe said with a grunt, as he lowered the body on the floor. "Hasn't been this way long... Say! She was talking through her hat! This fellow isn't dead! He's breathing!"

Circular Skirt Stages Comeback

PARIS.—Of the changes in the fashions, the first and foremost is the return of the circular skirt. This must really be taken seriously. Even the new winter coats are full below the hips—so full that they swing as one walks. The slim line is maintained to well below the hips, and then out they go in billowy folds! The upper part of the coat is snugly fitted and buttoned from neck to waist, and the fullness below exaggerates its slowness, giving almost the effect of a corseted figure, an effect which is heightened by the long, tight sleeves. Afternoon frocks have gone or circular skirts and some of the houses use the gored skirt for tailored suits, although the majority make the tailored skirt with an inverted pleat or a pleated godet at the front or back. A favorite skirt, worn with a jacket which has a full basque at the back, has a full back, shirred, pleated or in rounded organ pleats.

More Demand for Hay
We have noticed several references to the poor hay crop in many rural areas of Great Britain due to an excess of rainfall. Canadian exports of hay to the United Kingdom last year totalled 20,221 tons, being the largest quantity sent during the past six years. Indications are that these figures will be surpassed in the current year at more attractive prices to the farmer.
—Kitchener Record.

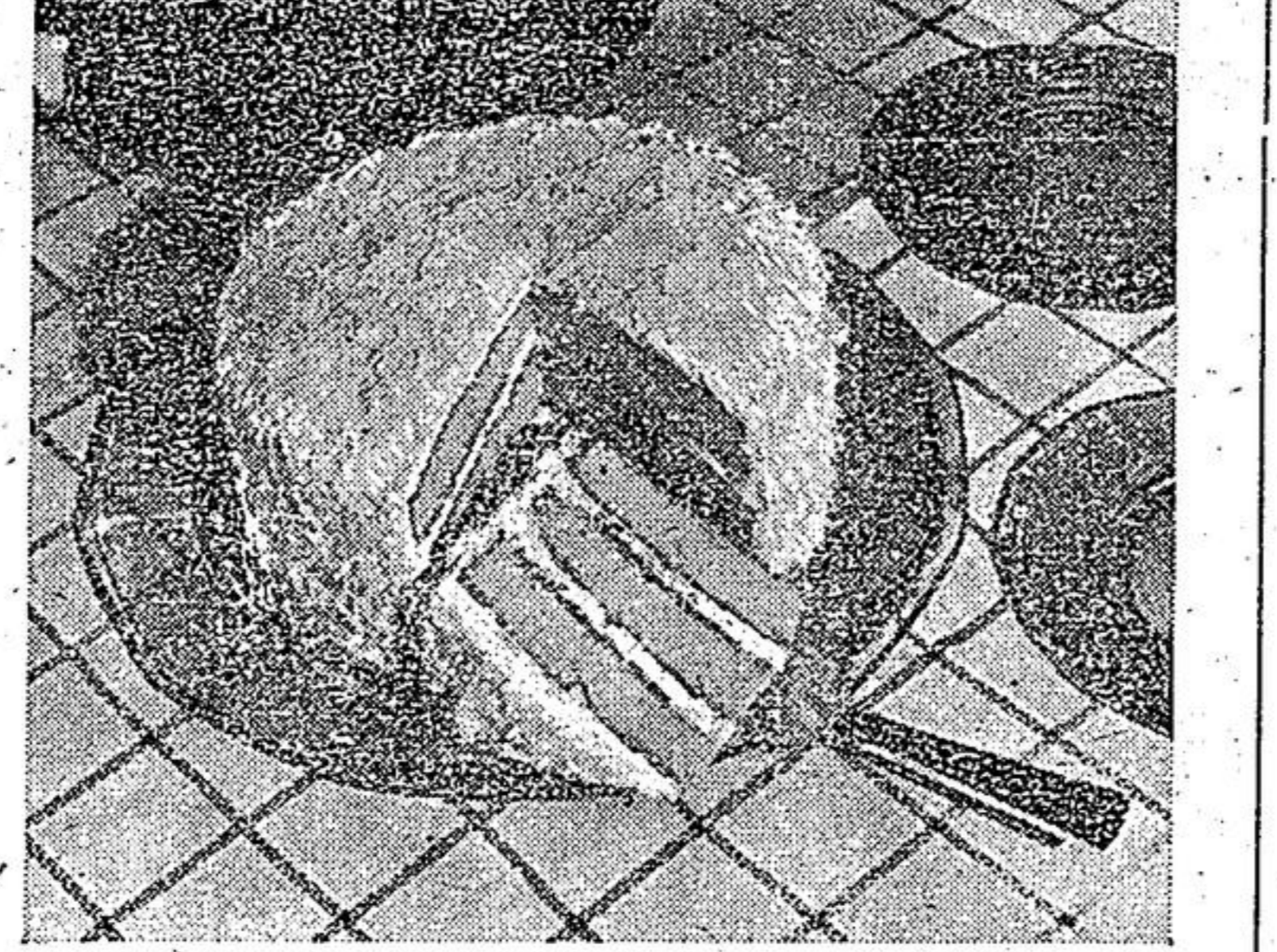
Not the Men!

Some of the men's fashion designers are endeavouring to bring back flower covered waistcoats for the male of the species. The chances are that the average lord of creation will forcibly resist this attempt to turn his manly bosom and adjacent parts into a peregrinating nosegay.
—Brantford Expositor.

Household Science

By SUSAN FLETCHER

The Cake That Makes Guests Linger.



Cocunut Layer Cake Wins High Praise

If you wish your guests-would hurry off don't take a chance on serving cocunut layer cake, for they just will not leave before they have had generous portions—but of course the real hostess prefers them to linger a bit which shows her that their appreciation of her hospitality is truly sincere. A cocunut layer cake gives any meal or party, a gala finish and the guests leave your home with genuine praise and gratitude for your efforts. These cocunut layer cakes are so irresistible enticing—fluffy white cocunut frosting is so suitable for any table decoration and while such a delicious cake is a dessert in itself it can be served with any fruit, ice or quick-setting jelly.

2 cups sifted cake flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 2 1/2 cup butter or other shortening; 1 cup sugar; 3 eggs unbeat; 1 1/2 cup milk; and 1 teaspoon vanilla.
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift thoroughly three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch

layer pans in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Spread cocunut seven minute frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Cocunut Seven Minute Frosting
2 egg whites, unbeat; 1 1/2 cups sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 5 tablespoons water; 1 1/2 teaspoons light corn syrup; 1 can cocunut, southern Style.

Combine egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread. Spread between layers on top and sides of cake, sprinkling with cocunut, while frosting is still soft. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Toasted cocunut may be used; if desired, or one cup quartered marshmallows may be added to frosting before spreading on cake.

THIS WEEK'S WINNER

Orange Cake
Two eggs, 1/2 cup butter, one cup of white sugar, one cup raisins, one orange, 1/2 cup sour milk, teaspoon of soda, 2 cups flour.
Put orange and raisins through the chopper and bake in layers in a moderate oven. This cake is delicious with date filling, and any favorite icing.—Miss G. Hewson, Thornbury, Ont.

ATTENTION

Send in your favorite recipe for pie, cake, main-course dish or preserves. We are offering \$1.00 for each recipe printed.

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Sees Half Sisters After 30 Years

KINGSTON.—After 30 years, John Cooper, of Ottawa, had made the acquaintance of two half-sisters. Mrs. Lorne Irwin, Kepler and Mrs. Herbert Burke, Osso Station. Cooper left home in 1902, before the sisters were born. The family lost contact with him, and it was believed he had been killed in the Great War. Recently it was learned he was still alive and living at Ottawa, and a family reunion was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Irwin at Kepler. Mr. Cooper is still at Osso.

Watch Your Voice

A Soft Voice and Clear Enunciation Are Important.

A harsh, rasping voice, coming from a pretty, well-groomed woman, is sure to jolt the nerves of listeners. All sensitive ears rebel against a flat, dull voice or one that screeches and shouts, and even more against hardly audible, almost-impossible-to-understand conversation.

It is important for mothers to teach young daughters the value of a soft voice and perfect enunciation. Softness doesn't mean too low tones that are barely above a whisper. One should always speak loud enough to make oneself heard easily.

An unpleasant-voiced girl who has enough money for professional facials, hair treatments, exercise courses and other routines certainly ought to rebudget her beauty allowance, cutting down here and there on these treatments and leaving some money to spend with a speech teacher, advises Alicia Hart. It is possible to take ten lessons, get instruction in various voice and speech exercises, then to be able to carry on with them yourself at home.

If you mutter, slur words together and leave sentences unfinished, better read aloud for twenty minutes each day. This is one beauty exercise that costs nothing, yet will show definite results with in a month.

Incorrect breathing often is the cause of jerky, gasping speech. You should breathe deeply, filling your lungs with air, holding your shoulders quiet and making sure that your diaphragm contracts and expands with each breath.

Protect Your Eyes

Many women who bemoan "crow's feet" have only themselves to blame for this unbecoming state. They work, read, sun-bathe, or sit in the glare of the sun without any protection. They motor or walk all day without dark glasses, hat, or eye shades and are surprised when they get home at the crop of wrinkles they see reflected in their mirrors. Eyes should always be protected in some way if wrinkles are to be avoided. Always at the end of the day they should be bathed, and the surrounding skin soothed with special creams or oils.

William Daniels is photographing his twentieth Greta Garbo picture. She will have no other cameraman.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go
The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks pink. A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else, 25c.

Have You an Aim in Life?

The race may not be the swift nor the battle to the strong—but, prizes in life DO go to the mentally alert and efficient.
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Modern Prisons Breed Crimes

Chaplain Says 20 p.c. of Released Prisoners Land Behind Bars Again

CHICAGO.—A penitentiary chaplain told the American Prison Association congress recently that the modern prison taught convicts how to execute the "perfect crime."
POLICE BAFFLED

Education within the prison walls produced men so skilled in crime they baffled the police, declared Father Ellis Weir, Franciscan chaplain of Joliet, in an address prepared for delivery.

These "honor graduates" of the penal system were responsible he said, for "the enormous amount of crimes that have never been solved."

Voicing the spiritual advisor's viewpoint for the first time on a prison congress program since the congresses began 66 years ago, the priest says "We are assured by statisticians that from 15 to 20 per cent of those released from prisons are recidivists and that from \$0. to \$5 per cent are never heard of again. From this the conclusion is drawn that our methods are successful."
BECOME MORE CAUTIOUS

"Before we draw this conclusion we should bear in mind that the man who has paid his price for his crime behind the prison bars will be more cautious in the future not to fall into the hands of the law.

"I am of the opinion that the enormous number of unsolved crimes could be traced to the prison-educated."

Emphasizing that he was "certainly not in favor" of abolishing existing educational methods, Father Weir advocated instead that these methods be "supplemented by moral training."
The chaplain's address opened the fifth day of the six-day congress, that would up its business sessions last night by voting to hire a full time, paid staff to push the fight against crime.

Abolition of the county jail was also named as one objective, with extension of the parole and probation system and solution of the prison labor problem as others.

Paying The Doc.

There is a common belief that wealthy Chinese pay their medical advisers while they are kept in good health and stop the bonus when they are ill, comments the Brandon Sun. Perhaps that story of health insurance ran in the mind of the president of the American College of Physicians and Surgeons, Dr. Robert L. Greenough, in his inaugural address to that body at Boston, proposed a periodic pre-payment plan of costs for medical care. The medical profession may conclude with him that the present system of paying, and too frequently not paying, for such care is a heavy burden both for the profession and the large class of self-respecting persons of moderate incomes. The non-commercial insurance is an idea worth consideration by physicians and it is essential in all forms of public health insurance that the medical profession be consulted and concerned.

Of course, health insurance plans are mainly aimed to assist the indigent and less wealthy but the strain of illness is most pressing on these of moderate incomes. The suggestion of period prepayment to doctors themselves will appeal to those unable to pay more than small amounts. And it would tend more to its success if such a movement started through the doctors than through some agency of government. For all state-aided bureaucracy has faults and drawbacks. In the same convention at Boston further promises were hopefully expressed. The most brilliant discoveries of healing science are of no value to one who needs them but cannot pay and is unwilling or unable to get them for nothing. Paying the doctor is a problem needing grave attention.

Good Silver Deposit Said Found at Arden

TORONTO.—News of silver is added to the lure of the country around Arden in Frontenac County, where a gold strike by Mervin Arney and Fred Loyst is turning farmers, loggers and store-keepers into prospectors and mining magnates.
In Toronto with Arney and Loyst was T. J. Alexander, Arden automobile dealer, who said he had obtained good assays from silver holdings. "The claims are about 14 miles from the Arney and Loyst gold claims, he said. None of the three had any money—in cash. That didn't seem to worry them. Arney and Loyst already are in possession of certified cheques representing deals which climaxed many months of rock-sampling in the Arden country.

Continued losses from the operation of railways in the Netherlands has made government assistance necessary, and the two large lines may be amalgamated.