

# The Mandarin House Murders

By VAN WYCK MASON

CHAPTER XVII

quivering voice say.

"We're at the Soochow Inn. Couldn't get away 'till now. You'll have to hurry—we're leaving almost any minute."

Neither man lingered, but dropped the receivers and took the stairs three at a time. On the sidewalk North paused an instant to call.

"Be careful—the Soochow's a bad spot in a worse neighborhood."

"We will be." Then in his turn the British agent hesitated. "I say, Hugh, did you notice how her voice quivered? She may have been forced to 'phone. You don't suppose this is a trap?"

"It's possible," North called over his shoulder. "We'll see when we get there."

Like fleet juggernauts the police cars tore through streets on which strollers in evening clothes were already appearing. Rickshaw coolies screamed in terror, outraged Sikh police roared futile commands, porters ducked and squealed and more than one barrow coolie narrowly missed annihilation.

"May Kwan-yin preserve this wretched ant," gasped Chao Ku who, riding beside North, had shut his eyes and was clinging to the laprobe rail with both pudgy hands.

Ten minutes could not have passed before the police halted at the mouth of Wehe Lane, unaware that half a block behind them an inconspicuous taxi, operated by the Arrow-like-Speed company, also had stopped. Cautiously, its Chinese driver was craning his neck at the huge touring cars and their hurrying passengers.

"Suppose you take the front Kilgour," North suggested. "We'll cover the rear."

Though the rest of North's men quickly took up strategic positions commanding nearby courtyards and alleys, Inspector Chao Ku lingered near the police car and when every one was out of sight he waddled from the dingy environs of Soochow Inn towards the Arrow-like-Speed vehicle.

Meanwhile Captain North was giving his subordinates a final admonition. "Under no conditions shoot unless in self-defense—we've got to take Colonel Spurr and the others alive. Thorvaldsen! North beckoned one of the few Americans on the S. M. P. force. "You'll go in with me."

Sundry pigs and chickens expressed surprise and resentment when they beheld strangers tramping through their squalid domain

in the rear of the Inn, and a quartet of chow dogs—in the process of being fattened for table—flew snarling at the invaders, but Thorvaldsen's sturdy boots sent them howling to cover behind a row of dilapidated sedan chairs.

"Watch the outer courts," North warned the detectives on either flank. "We're going in now."

Over cobblestones slippery with the slime of years, North and his companion bore down on the steam clouded back door.

"There goes Kilgour's crowd," Thorvaldsen muttered when a shrill jazz band suddenly stopped playing. Somewhere a table crashed and startled voices could be heard. Then from the Inn's back door erupted a small torrent of Chinamen; scullions, waiters, cooks and guests alike sped into the back court, standing to each side of the exit, North and his assistant surveyed the fugitives but made no effort to check their flight. More of the Inn's staff, chattering with fear, came bounding out of the back door like rabbits from a warren invaded by ferrets, but there was no sign of Marya Gallian and her companions.

"Let's go!" North waved on his companion. "Keep your eyes skinned for Kurt and the girl. I'll watch for Spurr."

The smell of steam and the pungent reek of curry, ginger and a dozen other spices beat in North's nostrils when he and Thorvaldsen passed through the grimy kitchen in order to block a pair of doors leading to the front of the Inn. Four or five white ducks added a ludicrous note by fluttering wildly about the kitchen and an enormous battle scarred cat bristled when the door in front of Thorvaldsen flew open and a sing-song girl pattered out, the bright kingfisher plumes in her hair quivering with terror. Everywhere sounded the thud of hurrying feet and the noise of doors being hastily slammed, but Kilgour's voice successfully penetrated the uproar.

"Stay where you are, everybody!" "What-ya mean, stay?" There followed the unmistakable crash of a table being violently overturned. Then a shot preluded the sound of feet racing towards the kitchen. Thorvaldsen snatched out a .38 and tensed himself.

"If that's Spurr," North called, "remember, don't shoot! I want—" He got no further, for, like a bolt of destruction, Wang's Chief of Artillery plunged through the door, an automatic blue-black in his hand.

"Gangway, flatfoot!" No sooner had he glimpsed Thorvaldsen than he fired from the hip and charged on through the kitchen, the white ducks scattering in terror before him.

Instinctively North threw his sights on that broad green back just at that point where the Sam Browne belt bisected it, but somehow his bullet instead when thudding into the kitchen's flyblown ceiling. It severed an enormous string of dried onions and amid a veritable rain of vegetables North ran over to Thorvaldsen.

"How bad?"

"Through the shoulder. I'm okay."

North sprang up, conscious that

## Youngest Exhibitor



NEAL KELLY, the youngest exhibitor in the second annual Haywood County Livestock Show and Home Arts Exposition, is shown here with his bull calf which won a first prize. The boy is only 4 years old. He is proudly displaying the blue ribbon which he won.

Kilgour and his men were advancing down the corridor from the dining room. Sing-song girls fleeing from the Inn's upper floors were blocking the rear exit, but North ploughed his way through them, all the while shouting commands for Spurr to halt. Then his heart stopped; in one of outer courts two reports had sounded in rapid succession.

"Wonder if some of the crowd shot him?" Biting the inside of his mouth with anxiety, North ran on until, gaining the kitchen courtyard, he glimpsed Spurr's green clad figure dashing out of a gate at its far end.

"Where did he go?" "Which way?" "Seen him, Thorne?" "Yes, went that way." "No! I tell you he's hiding in the right hand court." "He shot down Thorvaldsen!" "He's winged. See the blood?" "This way, men!"

Promptly the pursuers scattered, urged on by Kilgour and North. The latter, however, pursued his search so diligently that before long the Soochow Inn lay several blocks behind.

It was a slightly flushed but entirely calm American gentleman who presently entered a dusty little drugstore operated by one Miguel Calvaho, a ginger colored Portuguese. Nodding, the newcomer sought an archaic telephone, put in a call for the American Club and spoke a few sentences in a voice so

## Veteran Back From Johnson City Hospital

Fred E. Buchanan, of Allen's Creek, is back after spending the past month at the Veteran's Hospital in Johnson City, Tenn.

Mr. Buchanan is feeling fine again, and back at work.

low that not even Senor Calvaho's sharp ears could distinguish what he said. This done, the American purchased some cigarettes and seated himself.

Despite the robust odor of an imminent Portuguese supper, the American gentleman lingered to smoke and watch rusty hands crawl painfully on and on past minutes dividing the face of a dingy tin clock extolling groceries sold by a Mr. Mei Lan-pao.

Somebody's Number One boy came in to purchase a package of corn plasters, then a withered old Chinese scuffed up to the counter in search of a paper of ground tiger's bones. His headache was very bad, he complained.

The American had finished his seventh cigarette before the ancient nicked apparatus at his elbow emitted a neurotic ring. Despite his long wait, he raised the receiver quite deliberately and murmured a number into the mouth piece.

"Hot-blooded Colonel refusing in number 12 Kowloon Street. This insignificant person surveys front while chauffeur nephew observes rear."

## NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Haywood County, made in a Special Proceeding entitled, "W. G. Byers, Administrator of the Estate of Frank W. Miller, Deceased, vs. J. C. Miller, and others" the same being No. 202 up the Special Proceeding Docket of said Court, the undersigned Commissioner will, on Monday the 13th day of October, 1941, at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the court house door in Waynesville, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder, upon terms of one-third cash, balance, one-third due twelve months and one-third due twenty-four months after date, the following described lands and premises, situate, lying and being in the town of Waynesville, Haywood County, N. C., to-wit:

BEGINNING at a nail on the inside line of the sidewalk on East side of Main Street in the center of the South wall of the Reeves Noland building now occupied by E. C. Moody Grocery Company, and runs with said margin of said street in a Southerly direction about 43 feet 8 inches to a nail in line with the center of the North wall of the C. A. George building at the center of the stairway; thence with the center of said stairway and the center line of said wall in an Easterly direction, and continuing with the C. A. George line to a point in the Southeast corner of the W. W. Miller property about 160 feet from sidewalk margin; thence in a Northerly direction parallel with Main Street about 43 feet, 8 inches to a point in the Reeves Noland line at the Northeast corner of the F. W. Miller property; thence with the Noland line, in a Westerly direction to and with the center of the South wall of the Reeves Noland building, a total distance of about 160 feet to the BEGINNING.

TOGETHER with and including all rights and easements for rights of way on the East side of said building, and all rights and easements in the adjoining party walls and party stairway, and subject to and excepting such reservations, easements and privileges for alleys and streets now established on the East side of said property, and subject to any party wall and stairway, rights, easements or privileges heretofore granted or conveyed to adjoining property owners by F. W. Miller or his predecessors in title.

This the 8th day of September, 1941.

W. G. BYERS, Commissioner.

No. 1107—Sept. 11-18-25-Oct. 2

## Congratulations Pour In On Livestock Show

Congratulations and comments poured in from all parts of the state and even adjoining states, on the success of the Livestock and Home Arts Show. A few of the comments were:

"I realize more every day that some of the best extension work in the state is being done in Haywood," H. B. Jones, assistant farm management specialist, Raleigh.

"Thanks for your fine livestock catalogue. It is truly a fine job, and gives a well-rounded job of fine work," S. Mitchner, assistant county agent, Winston-Salem.

"Your splendid catalogue will help us plan our work here and we commend you for its excellence," Ed L. Ayers, county agent, Bradenton, Fla.

"I would like to take this means of complimenting officers of the show and the extension workers on the fine publicity which was prepared for this show because this I am sure took lots of time and effort to prepare in such a nice publication and to get the co-operation which was necessary in getting it out," F. S. Sloan, district agent.

"Congratulations to everyone in Haywood who did such a fine job on the show," John Fox, assistant extension editor.

H. Lee Smith, Spartanburg, owner of a large stock farm, "I have attended shows where they had more stock, but never have I seen better quality."

"A highly creditable Livestock and Home Arts show. Congratulations on this splendid achievement," Fred Severance, editor Asheville Advertiser.

"Your catalogue is one of the most attractive arrangements I have ever seen and I wish to congratulate the show on an excellent job well done. I think one of the finest things about your show is that you are making it educational without a carnival, outside entertainment and with free admission," H. W. Taylor, extension

economist in marketing.

"Congratulations upon the beautifully illustrated booklet on Haywood's Livestock and Home Arts Show. I don't think I have ever seen a better prepared premium list," W. Kerr Scott, commissioner of agriculture.

"I would like to compliment you people very highly for the very fine piece of work. It is truly a home product, it is all pictures and information pertaining to your county. I would also like to compliment The Mountaineer on the good job of printing," R. W. Shoffner, extension economist of farm management.

## PREVENT SICKNESS

Cold, windy days are here and for the housewife who doesn't know about our service it means chapped hands, and colds.

Don't court sickness and ill health this winter, send your clothes to us. We'll save you time, energy and money.

**Waynesville Laundry**  
PHONE 205

## IF YOU CAN AFFORD AN AUTOMOBILE

You can afford Automobile Insurance. As a matter of fact you can't afford to be without it. Accidents are expensive and may cost you your car, home and savings.

**L. N. Davis and Company**

Main Street

Phone 77

## THE FINEST CHEVROLET OF ALL TIME



## FOR THE SERVICE OF AMERICA

YOU'RE LOOKING AT

## "THE NEW STYLE THAT WILL STAY NEW"

CHEVROLET'S TRIM "LEADER LINE" STYLING

Chevrolet brings you "the new style that will stay new" . . . with swank, sweeping "Leader Line" Styling . . . with distinctive new "Door-Action" Fenders . . . with smoothly modeled Bodies by Fisher of a size and beauty equaled only by much costlier cars.

And matching this style leadership of The Finest Chevrolet of All Time is the combined performance and economy leadership which has made Chevrolet the No. 1 car for ten of the last eleven years. . . See it—drive this beautiful new car today!

DESIGNED TO LEAD IN STYLING  
•  
DESIGNED TO LEAD IN PERFORMANCE  
•  
DESIGNED TO LEAD IN ECONOMY

**IT PAYS TO BUY THE LEADER AND GET THE LEADING BUY**

**Watkins Chevrolet Company**

PHONE 75

SALES-SERVICE

MAIN STREET

## Hardin's Esso Service

On the Highway At Hazelwood

## HOW TO Lengthen

The Life Of Your Car and

## SAVE Gasoline

Get Yours Today FREE BOOKLET

## Clayton Walker's Esso Station

Depot Street

## STOP!

Ask For Your

Care Saves Wear

Booklet Now!

at

**Dill Howell's Esso Service Station**

Main Street

**DON'T LET your car go to POT!**

HOW TO LENGTHEN THE LIFE OF YOUR CAR AND SAVE GASOLINE

ESSE

care saves wear!

4-PAGE BOOK FREE!

production is being cut which means your present will have to last. So keep it in condition. Your Esso Dealer will see you through this booklet and help you get better mileage. He's offering free check-up and the free book shown is full of helpful tips on preventing wear and saving gasoline. Get your Esso Dealer today!

ESSE

care saves wear