

# The Mandarin House Murders

By VAN WYCK MASON

## CHAPTER XVIII

Street, Captain North was hailing a passing rickshaw just outside the Native Hotel which evoked mixed reactions in the International Zone. North was indeed a minor character on the far side of Soochow. He would be just another foreigner. Moreover, the invasion of the Chinese home was a by-product of an exceedingly important nature. Resolutely, he watched his mind from such a train of thought.

North proved to be a typical member of the better sort, an outer and several inner circles as would normally be such as servants and the less important members of the family. The entrance to the outer circle was a formidable gate, topped with spikes and guarded by the dogs.

"Will you force admission?" North shook his head. "I try that they'd very like Adams—always provided there."

"O Born Before I have any idea of how badly you hurt?"

That hot-blooded Colonel fell in descending from taxi. There were large spots on his side—since removed by Mongol anybody come out of the concept the groom?"

Then it should pay us to go and tell your nephew to know if anyone tries to leave back."

Twenty minutes later a door, set into the spike gates, opened and an elderly "boy," wearing an Euro-american coat and hat over his nap, slipped out.

Chao Ku; this may be North murmured before after the hurrying servant, minutes later the "boy" reappeared before Number 12 in company with a tall white man who close beside him and, in ex-cess, inquired into the patient's condition. A peculiar knock and an explanation "Foreign devil physician" bolts to click sleepily and the door to swing open.

Once inside the courtyard Captain North pressed his 32 even more firmly against the house "boy's" ribs. Judging by the fellow's manifest terror, he was likely to give no trouble, but nevertheless when they had penetrated the inner courtyard and were skirting a moon pool in its center, North whispered:

"Try the slightest sort of a trick, Chu-en, and you'll be bowing before you ancestors."

"Foreign devil physician is here," the messenger repeated when a small grilled window set in a handsomely lacquered inner door shot back.

"Good. Like grayhound conduct him to Taipan."

The problem thus far was resolving itself with so little difficulty that North promptly became apprehensive; it was always unnerving to find a dangerous path unexpectedly smooth.

Two armed guards wearing green uniforms, roughly similar to Spurr's presented arms smartly enough when North halted before a particularly terrifying devil screen, but nevertheless, sharp suspicion lurked in their eyes. Drawing a deep breath, Hugh North entered a room in which only two or three native lanterns glowed.

"Here, Taipan, is doctor man," the "boy" quavered, and, after closing door, he pattered across the room to crouch against the opposite wall, his eyes riveted upon the menace concealed in North's coat pocket.

"Well, sir. Let's take a look at you. Where are you hit?"

"Through—chest. I c'n tell I'm pretty bad Doc." At the feebleness of the voice coming from a couch set deep among the shadows, North was not surprised. Half a glance revealed the adventurer's serious condition. Uniform tunic hurriedly ripped open, booted feet spread wide apart, he lay limp on the great couch clutching a blood stained bath towel to his chest and breathing hoarsely, though his chin was tilted upward as if to ease a pressure on his throat.

"Sorry to find you like this, Colonel. (Even if I were a doctor, there's nothing I could do—you're pegging out pronto.)"

By a prodigious effort, the prostrate figure raised its head an inch

or so.

"Oh, so it's you, Cap? Well—ain't surprised—been—wondering—why you passed up—chance in kitchen—I—" The voice became lost in a strangled, sobbing sort of cough.

"Hard lines, Spurr, but you had more of a chance than either Larousse or Chen."

"Confound it all—you goin' to preach?" The old fire stared in Spurr's faint tones.

"No. Why did you kill Larousse?"

"Frog swine—tried to chisel my—percentage on—deal—Louie was fool enough to turn ugly. Threatened to tip off—police about—my having fixed Dankoff."

"You came back to Adam's room to look for the rule, didn't you?"

"Yeah. I couldn't get it back—watched the Coloniale all night—see if you'd figure—message—took from Dankoff."

"You killed him before Larousse?"

A little silence ensued, during which the house "boy" began to whimper drearily.

"You're one smart guy, North. Sure, I killed him—didn't want no competition—too much dough—this deal—" Visibly the harsh powder burned face commenced to crumple and to fall into softer lines. "How much longer, Cap?"

"Very soon; hadn't you better tell me where to find Adams?"

"No, I will not!"

"Why not?" North's voice was low and very earnest. I'll get him anyhow."

"No, you won't, Cap! Two of my men have orders—kill him—if anybody comes—"

"But he's no use to you now, Spurr, and I want him very badly."

The stricken soldier tried to speak but coughed instead.

"Where's—house boy? Gettin' so dark—can't see him—"

"Here Taipan, here!" The old Chinese scuttled over to kneel beside the couch and listen to Spurr gasp a few sentences in some Manchou dialect unfamiliar to North. Casting the man from G-2 a frightened glance, the "boy" immediately slipped out; the guards growled something, then followed a hurried tramping of feet.

Why was the dying man treating him to such a horrible grin? A sudden alarm seized the man from G-2. low over the couch. "You must tell me what you told that boy!"

"—if you want Adams—Cap—you can go left down corridor—"

Hugh North started to turn, but Spurr's breathing thickened suddenly.

In a minute, I'd better stay with you until—"

Spurr's voice was very faint. "Been alone against the world a long time—guess I can leave it—without no cheering section. I ain't afraid of—" With very little fuss for so turbulent a person, Colonel David Spurr ceased to breathe.

What orders had the dead man issued? Halted at the bedroom door, North hesitated. Save for a sound of stealthy footsteps in the distance, Number 12 Kowloon Street seemed utterly silent. No rifles cracked when he gingerly thrust open the door, so he stepped out. A beam of light slanting across the corridor floor some little distance to his left attracted his attention.

On tiptoe Hugh North stole down the passage. Disdaining the melodrama of a leveled pistol, he kept the weapon in his pocket even when he suddenly stepped forward to fill the doorway.

In the armchair of a comfortable furnished room, a sallow individual clad in ill fitting tweeds sat read-

## Venezuelan Visitor



Gen. Eleazar Lopez Contreras, former president of Venezuela, arrives at the White House on his first visit to the United States. Commander of the Venezuelan army, Gen. Contreras has always advocated cooperation with the U. S.

ing. Abruptly aware of an apparition at the doorway, he dropped his magazine and sprang up—pale eyes wide with alarm.

"What the devil do you want?"

"You, Major."

Six months later, back in Washington, D. C., Captain North had been congratulated officially and (in the nature of his work) privately for that important arrest of Major Adams. The latter, finally conscience-stricken had confessed all details of his flight, deals with foreign spies, and disclosed the all-important formula which was reduced to writing now in secret War Department files. The agent, called Kurt, had disappeared from the Shanghai scene, and Marya Gallian has made no claim to the reward promised for her part in the apprehension of her former "fiance," Adams, incidentally, convicted by court martial on a desertion charge and cashiered, was of so much use to the Government that he has returned to the Far East some say on "private business;" others say Captain North only knows what that "business" is.

The End.

## TRANSACTIONS IN Real Estate

- (As Recorded to Monday Noon Of This Week)
- Beaverdam Township**  
Gurney P. Hood, Com., to Canie Burress.  
J. D. Israel, et ux, to R. W. Mills.  
Donald G. Harkins, et ux, to J. H. Kirkpatrick, et ux.  
Alvin Pressley, et ux, to Doyle Pressley, et ux.  
J. F. Jackson, et ux, to T. A. Clark.  
Sarah Ellen Willis to J. W. Duckett, et ux.
- Clyde Township**  
J. W. Williamson, et ux, to Maggie Penland.  
D. M. Cagle, Jr., et ux, to M. Wesley Vrabel, et ux.  
M. Wesley Vrabel, et ux, to D. M. Cagle, Jr., et ux.
- Crabtree Township**  
Lee V. Rogers to George H. Smith.
- East Fork Township**  
Fanning Burress, et ux, to M. L. Burress, et ux.
- Ivy Hill Township**  
T. N. Howell, et ux, to J. H. Gill, et ux.  
Frank Parton, et ux, to Caldonia Hannah.  
Viola Campbell to Jarvis H. Caldwell.
- Pigeon Township**  
S. B. Blaylock, et ux, to J. E. Pless.  
J. W. Morgan, Jr., et ux, to W. H. Pless.  
C. H. Henson to William Henson.
- Waynesville Township**  
Haywood Home Building and Loan Association to Oliver A. Murphy, et ux.  
Grace W. Hinton, Com., to David F. Underwood.  
G. G. Leatherwood, et ux, to William Singleton.  
Henry Francis, et ux, to Irene Davis.  
N. W. Garrett, et ux, to Herbert Braren, et ux.  
John M. Queen, et ux, to N. M. Medford, et ux.  
R. T. Messer, et ux, to Kate Phillips.  
Jones Plemmons, et ux, to H. G. Laney, et ux.  
J. B. Medford, et ux, to Bernice and Velma McElhannon.  
I. B. Funke to Roy M. Parkman, et ux.  
J. B. Ivey, et ux, to N. Lucretia Colton.  
Mary R. Miller to Helen Conley

- Ray.  
Newton Cook, et ux, to A. P. Ledbetter, et ux.  
Lake Junaluska Assembly, Inc., to N. Lucretia Colton.  
Robert Hooper, et ux, to E. W. McElrath.  
H. B. Atkins, et ux, to E. R. Reidel.  
Dewey Mull, et ux, to Virgil Rogers.  
H. Paul Brigg, et ux, to Mrs. R. Carl Smith.  
Mrs. Inez L. Greene to Mrs. R. Carl Smith.  
R. B. Medford, et ux, to Amos P. Muse.  
J. J. Schabinger, et ux, to Constance F. Herbert.  
James W. Reed, et ux, to E. L. Smith.  
C. N. Allen, et ux, to Howard

- Pasmoro.  
J. C. Winchester, et ux, to A. J. Buchanan, et al.  
C. N. Allen, et ux, to Myrtle Mull.  
W. T. Lee to W. A. Mitchell, et ux.  
J. A. Wilson to William H. Smathers.  
Sallie Quisenberry to Clyde H. Ray.  
Thomas Moody, et ux, to R. A. Ammons, et ux.  
Susan A. Crawford to J. A. Prevost.  
C. C. Francis to Horace Francis, et ux.  
Hilliard B. Atkins, et ux, to J. B. Ivey.  
D. Frank Nichols, et ux, to Randolph M. McHaffey, et ux.



**"NAVY INTELLIGENCE"**

Is it necessary to be a high school graduate in order to enlist in the Navy?

No. Navy enlistees need not be high school graduates. All applicants will be given an examination containing approximately 100 questions. A grade of 50 per cent or better on this examination is sufficiently high to pass the Navy educational standards. However, a high school education will be valuable to the seaman during his Navy enlistment.

If I enlist in the Navy or Naval Reserve, will I be sent to a Navy Trade School?

All new recruits are sent to one of four Naval Training Stations and after a training period they may take examinations for entrance into Navy Trade Schools. Those recruits who pass their examinations with sufficiently high grades are sent to Navy Trade Schools before assignment to the fleet. While attending these schools, they will receive regular Navy pay and free schooling valued at \$1500.

What is the greatest possible pay I can expect to earn during my first term of enlistment?

It is possible to earn as much as \$126 a month by the end of your first term of enlistment, and remember that your clothing, lodging, medical and dental care are all supplied free.

After I have served my term of enlistment, what benefits do I get for re-enlistment?

Depending on your rate and length of service, you can get a cash bonus up to \$300 plus 30 days leave with pay.

What does the term "ash can" mean in the Navy?

An "ash can" is a slang term applied to the depth charge used to combat submarines. The average "ash can" is a container filled with approximately 300 pounds of T.N.T. and can be dropped overboard from a ship and so controlled as to explode at depths ranging from 35 to 300 feet. These are generally carried by the fast ships in the fleet, as a boat dropping a charge regulated to explode at 70 feet depth must move away from the explosion area at a speed of 25 knots or more. These "ash cans" are either rolled off the stern or shot from "y-guns" which burst one right and one left simultaneously.

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Notice of Change In Banking Hours

In cooperation with the National Defense Program, and in compliance with the Wage and Hour Law, this Bank will on and after Monday, October 13, observe the following hours:

FROM MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY  
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NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF HAYWOOD IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. BEFORE THE CLERK.

Pearl Arnold Townsend, Virginia Arnold Wilson and husband, Harry Wilson, VS. Lena H. Arnold (widow of Malcolm H. Arnold, Dec'd.), and Esther M. Arnold, Mary Lillian Meader and husband, Robert Meader, Juliet Arnold Ward and husband, Arthur Ward, Elizabeth Arnold, Robert Arnold and David Arnold, Heirs at law of Malcolm H. Arnold, Dec'd) and B. W. Arnold, Jr., and wife, Mary St. George T. Arnold, and B. W. Arnold, Jr. and Mrs. L. A. Schaaft, Executor and Executrix of the Estate of J. D. Arnold, Dec'd.

The defendants above named, will take notice that a special proceeding entitled as above, has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, North Carolina for the sale for partition of lands belonging to the petitioners and defendants, and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Haywood County in the court house at Waynesville, N. C., within ten days after the 31st day of October, 1941, and answer or demur to the petition in said proceedings or the petitioners will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said petition.

This the 3rd day of October, 1941.  
KATE WILLIAMSON, Ass't Clerk Superior Court of Haywood County.  
No. 1117—Oct. 9-16-23-30.

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