



CHAPTER I

"Good-by, then Eileen. And take good care of yourself. I've probably missed the train and everything—but I don't give a hoot. Be sure to write from Marseilles and cable when you get in. And don't forget I'm coming out in March."

"The girl clung desperately to her brother, her soft arms looked about him. Matt Kearney could feel that she was trembling, and: "What's the matter with Kid Sister?" he asked, squeezing her. "Kid Sister miserable!" "Because you don't want to go back?"

"No. But because somehow, Matt dear," she whispered very close to his ear. "I feel frightened about this journey. Don't be made with me. I know it's silly, and I ought to be used to traveling by now. But I've got a wobby, funny feeling."

Kearney looked down at the tangled curls nestling upon his shoulder; and in the light shining down from the cozy stateroom they beamed and shimmered like burnished bronze. He hugged her affectionately and told himself that a chill suddenly experienced and resembling cold water trickling down his spine was due physically, and mentally to the girl's overwrought condition.

"Kid, dear," he said, and stroked her hair, "play fair. Seeing little girls off is bad enough anyway, without giving a fellow the breeze up."

"I'm sorry, Matt. It was utterly Big Pig of me." "No—only little Pig," he said playfully. "I only wish I were coming with you."

"It wasn't fair, and I shouldn't have said it. It's just this beastly fog and having to let you go ashore in it. Give me a kiss, Matt, and we'll go and hunt Jack Rattray—although I really don't know how you're going to get home."

"Wispis of mist floated under the lights. Not another soul was in sight on that deck, but there was activity on the deck below, and a tremendous clamor on the dockside. The R. M. S. Wallaroo was going out in the morning—sixteen hours late, thanks to one of those fog, London Special, which sometimes hold up Thames traffic for whole days. One last lingering glance Kearney cast into the cozy stateroom which Eileen was to occupy to Colombo. He would cheerfully have resigned six months' pay to be going, too. The wardrobe trunk, which he had labelled himself, a green hat on the rack above the bed, a camera hung on the back of a chair, a dressing case open on the table. The box of a hundred cigarettes which Dawson Haig had brought down to the steamer that morning lay on the turned-back coverlet, and a pile of magazines on top of an unopened cabin trunk; three novels which Matt had brought for Eileen in the rack beside the green hat.

"Ah, well!" he sighed, "you'll be a comfortable Little Pig. Winter, the purser, is a star turn. You're at his table, and he'll see that everything's right. Jack Rattray is an old pal, so that you won't lack company."

The fan in the white raincoat stood just behind him. And, still, peering into the other's face: "Good Lord!" Kearney exclaimed joyfully. "It's Dawson Haig!"

Eileen watched from the rail until fog hanging over the dockside swallowed up Matt's figure. She turned and looked at Jack Rattray. Seeing her expression: "Whatever's the matter, Eileen?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know, Jack!" she replied. She was angry with herself. "I'm behaving like a perfect little idiot tonight. And if you ask me why, I can't tell you. It's just Jim-jams. Except that I think it began with a horrible looking man wearing a fur-collared overcoat!"

"Oh!" said Rattray, conscious that duty called him but held against his will by the girl's unaccountable mood. "When did you see this furry bird? And was it his collar or his overcoat you didn't like?"

"His face! He looked into the open door of my stateroom while Matt was up in your cabin. I saw his reflection in my hand mirror. When I turned, he wasn't there. "Do you mean he was actually in the room—fur collar and all?"

"No—foolish idiot! He was standing in the door way, and he was smiling. . . . the most horrible smile imaginable."

"An Englishman?" "Oh, no, he wasn't! A Chinaman!" "A Chinaman! In a fur coat! No wonder you were shaken up!" "There was a queer musty smell, too."

"Have you seen him since?" "Yes. I saw him afterwards on Jack Rattray's shoulder. "There was a bunch of stuff shipped by a Chinese agency down Limehouse way for a firm in Sydney. Some d—n silly mistake. They're hauling it out now—a h—l of a job—from Number Three dock. This oriental bird was probably the half-wit responsible. It's given me more trouble than the specie."

"Yes. We're a Spanish galleon this trip, Eileen!" Rattray smiled his slow smile. "Minted gold from the Bank of England, consigned to the Commonwealth Bank of Australia. Look! It's just coming aboard. Two million! Well, I must slip off now. They've rushed this little lot aboard us at the last moment, and I've got to find a safe home for it. Take my tin. Turn in with a book and, if you like, I'll have a nightcap sent along in about half an hour. Leave it to me."

"You're a King Pig," said Eileen, and squeezed his arm affectionately. She had known Jack Rattray for three years. He had introduced her to Dawson Haig in Colombo—only a year ago. As he went off with his slow long strides, she turned and entered her cabin. Looking at the books on the rack and pulling a wry face, she contemplated unpacking yet to be done. She had been on board since noon, and knew she was desperately lazy. But, then, Dawson Haig had stayed to lunch when it was announced that the ship couldn't sail—and Matt, the good angel, had clung on to the last possible minute.

"Oh, bother!" she said. She was tired but excited. Her mental condition puzzled her. That was not the first time she had traveled alone. She was used to the sea and had taken her maiden voyage at the age of twelve. The memory of that strange lemon-yellow face, glimpsed between upturned flaps of an astrakhan collar and the pulled down brim of a soft black hat, haunted her ridiculously. Of course, the man was some Chinese shipping agent. The apparent evil of his smile might have been no more than a distorted reflection in the mirror.

Why the Farmer's Dollar Buys Less Than the Other Fellow's

Table with 4 rows and 2 columns. Row 1: Union Wage Scale \$, Distribution Wage Scale \$, Processing Wage Scale \$, Farm Laborer's Work \$, Farmer's Own Work \$.

Here is an interesting chart prepared by The Pathfinder to show why the farmer can not buy his share of the products of industry. The farmer himself can buy only 20 cents worth of products for an hour's work. The farm laborer is better off, for he can buy 25 cents worth. The worker in the processing line gets twice as much as the farmer—that is, 40 cents. The worker in the distributing business works for 50 cents, and the union worker, who tops the scale, averages about 75 cents. The wages cited are based on national averages.

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"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our Columns.

THE DANGER ZONE MARY ELEANOR SMITH

Peggy, aged five, was seated on the hearthrug, busily engaged at playing "company." Her two dolls were sitting on their diminutive chairs with tiny cups and saucers balanced on their knees.

"How do you do, Mrs. Brown," she was saying, "I'm so glad you came. Mummy says you're a lovely neighbor and—"

"I've written it up for my paper, he confessed. (He was London correspondent of the New York Overseas). "But I seem to have overlooked Jo Lung!"

"Don't wonder!" Haig admitted. "He's not an easy man to know. Apart from which, he isn't the spariest mover. The Big Chief is the man who supervised the removal of these cases from the Wallaroo to-night."

"And who is the Big Chief?" "As I'm not sure, I won't answer," Haig replied. "Let's stick to facts."

The two firemen, supporting each other lovingly, at this moment reeled out of the bar. As they disappeared, the door reopened to admit a customer who appeared to belong to the same trade as the fireman. A seafaring man evidently, but sober. Directly the barman having served him had retired.

"O. K., Norwich?" said Haig, addressing the new arrival. Kearney started and stared from face to face; then: "The lorry's back in King's yard. Inspector," the man reported—"and being unloaded."

Dawson Haig nodded, as he turned to the melancholy citizen. "Join up, Wickham," he directed sharply. "All clear!" The man sprang up promptly; and Haig grinned into the bewildered face of Kearney.

"My own methods," he said. "The only way to deal with an oriental criminal." Then, to Wickham: "Got the card from Bernardson?" "Got it at nine o'clock inspector, and came straight here. But I'm afraid I shall have to take your place on the Jo Lung job. The Chief sent for me just as I was leaving. They've got the missing witness in the Bond street case. You're to report back at once."

"D—n!" said Dawson Haig. "Also blast! The Bond street case is a fleabite to what I know to underlie this! Ah, well! Can you talk like a Chicago gunman, Wickham?" he asked.

"Afraid not, sir! Lancashire sees me out!" "What about you, Norwich?" "I was counting on you, Inspector!" "H—!" said Dawson Haig; when: "Obviously," Matt Kearney interrupted, "you're forgetting me! I don't claim to talk like a Chicago gunman, but I have, I am told, a recognizable American accent."

GOOD-BY, PORK-CHOPS

Shrinkle, shrinkle, little pork-chop. As you soar to prices high. Are you going from us forever, In the "New Deal's" clouded sky? How I cherish your fond memory, In the days beyond recall, When you graced the festive table, Of the really great and small; When the working man would greet you, When from toil his day was done, And you graced his family platter, And was loved by everyone; Good-by pork-chop, dear old friend, Now the teardrops fill my eyes, We were pals along life's pathway, Till AAA planned otherwise. —ALVIN A. GOODWIN.

Cleopatra's Needle

The hieroglyphs on the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle are inscribed in vertical columns which are read from the top downward, the middle column is in honor of Thothmes, by whom the obelisk was first erected, and the side columns in honor of Rameses II.

Wood Is Porous

Wood, fiber board, textiles are more or less porous. The porosity varies from 25 per cent in ebony to 75 per cent in balsam wood or fiber boards.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the United States District Court, For the Eastern District of North Carolina Elizabeth City Division In Bankruptcy No. 282 In the Matter of Claude Louis Ziegler, Bankrupt. The petition of Claude Louis Ziegler, of Elizabeth City, North Carolina, for a full discharge in bankruptcy, having been filed in said Court, it is ordered by the Court that a hearing be had on September 2nd 1935, before Hon. E. M. McKinley, Judge of said Court, at Washington, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock M., and that all known creditors and other interested persons may appear at said time and place and show just cause, if any they have why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. —Fayetteville, N. C., this August 1st, 1935. J. W. HEHRING, U. S. Referee in Bankruptcy.

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