



**FIRE-TONGUE**  
BY SAX ROHMER  
NEA SERVICE, INC. 1923

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
Of Charles Abingdon engaged Paul Harley, original investigator to solve for him the mystery of the strange surveillance. While Harley is dining at the Abingdon home Sir Charles falls from his chair to a dying state. The last words uttered by Abingdon are "Fire-Tongue" and "Fire-Tongue." Dr. McMurdoch pronounces death due to heart failure.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
Phil laughed and accepting the arm of Ormuz Khan, walked into a very English-looking library, followed by Rama Dass and Mrs. McMurdoch.

Rama Dass had taken charge of the ladies' cloaks in the hall, and in spite of the typical English environment in which she found herself, Phil sat very near to Mrs. McMurdoch on a settee, scarcely listening to the conversation, and taking no part in it.

Then a song sounded and the party went in to lunch. A white-robed Hindu waited at table, and Phil discovered his movements to be unpleasantly silent. This waiting presently grew unendurable, and:

"I hope Mr. Harley is safe," she said, in a rather unnatural tone. "Surely he should have returned by now."

Ormuz Khan shrugged his slight shoulders and glanced at a diamond-studded wrist watch which he wore. Nevertheless, luncheon terminated, and Harley had not appeared.

"You have sometimes expressed a desire," said Ormuz Khan, "to see the interior of a Persian house. Permit me to show you the only really characteristic room which I allow myself in my English home."

Endeavoring to conceal her great anxiety, Phil allowed herself to be conducted by the Persian to an apartment which realized her dreams of that Orient which she had never visited.

Ormuz Khan conducted her to a wonderfully carved chair over which a leopard's skin was draped and there she seated herself.

She became aware of a heavy perfume of hyacinths and presently observed that there were many little bowls of those flowers set upon little tables, and in niches in the wall.

"She wanted to look away but found herself looking steadily into the comb-like eyes of Ormuz Khan. Phil became aware that a sort of dreamy abstraction was creeping over her, when in upon this mood came a sound which stimulated her weakening powers of resistance.

Dimly, for all the windows of the room were closed, she heard a car come up and stop before the house. It aroused her from the curious condition of lethargy into which she was falling. She turned her head sharply aside, the physical reflexes of a mental effort to remove her gaze from the long, magnetic eyes of Ormuz Khan. And:

"Do you think that is Mr. Harley?" she asked, and failed to recognize her own voice.

"Possibly," returned the Persian, speaking very gently. With one ivory hand he touched his knee for a moment, the only expression of disappointment which he allowed himself.

"May I ask you to go and enquire?" continued Phil, now wholly mistress of herself again. "I am wondering, too, what can have become of Mrs. McMurdoch."

he had immediately, by a mental process which many perils had perfected, dismissed the question of rightful ownership from his mind.

Jammine his hat tightly upon his head, he settled down at the wheel, drawing up rather closer to the two drivers as the chase lay through crowded thoroughfares and keeping the quarry comfortably in sight across Westminster Bridge and through the outskirts of London.

Presently at a lock in the road he saw that the driver of the limousine had swung to the left, taking the low road, that to the right offering a steep gradient. The high road was the direct road to Lower Claybury the low road to decur to the summit.

Nicol Brinn mentally reviewed the intervening countryside, and taking a gambler's chance took the road to the hill. He knew exactly what he was about, and he knew that the powerful engine would eat up the slope with ease.

Its behavior exceeded his expectations and he found himself mounting the acclivity at racing speed. At the highest point, the road, striding a hilltop, offered an extensive view of the valley below. Here Nicol Brinn pulled up and descending, watched and listened.

In the stillness he could plainly hear the other automobile mounting steadily along the lowland road below. He concentrated his mind upon the latter part of that strange journey, striving to recall any details which had marked it immediately preceding the time when he had detected the rustling of leaves and knew that they had entered a carriage drive.

Yes there had been a short but steep hill, and immediately before this the car had passed over a deeply rutted road, or—had had a sudden inspiration—over a level crossing.

He knew of just such a hilly road immediately behind Lower Claybury station. Indeed, it was that by which he was compelled to descend if he continued to pursue his present route to the town. He could think of no large, detached house, the Manor Park excepted, which corresponded to the one which he sought. But that in taking the high road he had acted even more wisely than he knew, he was now firmly convinced.

He determined to proceed as far as the park gates as speedily as possible. Therefore, returning to the wheel he sent the car along the now level road at top speed, so that the railings of the Manor Park, when presently he found himself skirting the grounds, had the semblance of a continuous iron fence wherever the moonlight touched them.

He saved the head of the road dipping down to Lower Claybury, but forty yards beyond pulled up and descended. Again he stood listening, and:

"Good!" he muttered. He could hear the other car laboring up the slope. He ran along to the corner of the lane, and, crouching close under the bushes, waited for its appearance. As he had supposed, the chauffeur turned the car to the right.

"Good!" muttered Nicol Brinn again. There was a baggage-rack immediately above the number plate. Upon this Nicol Brinn sprang with the agility of a wicket, settling himself upon his perilous perch before the engine had had time to gather speed.

When presently the car turned into the drive of Hillside, Nicol Brinn dropped off and dived into the bushes on the right of the path. From this hiding place he saw the automobile driven around the front of the house to the garage, which was built out from the east wing. Not daring to parse his investigations until the chauffeur had retired, he sought a more comfortable spot near a corner of the lawn and there, behind a bank of neglected flowers, lay down, watching the man's shadowy figure moving about in the garage.

Although he was some distance from the doors, he could see that there was a second car in the place—a low, torpedo-bodied racer, painted hellebore gray. This sight roused his thoughts in another direction.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

**WILL START POTENTIAL SOMEBODY IN STATES**  
Charter Chapter of International Organization May Be Formed.  
Greensboro News.

Greensboro is one of the two cities in the south in which charter chapters of Potentia, are likely to be started, Niels Gron, originator of the idea, explained last night.

Mr. Gron, a native of Denmark, has been working on his scheme ever since 1890, when the first Hague peace conference was held. He thought then and still does, that Potentia will result in business relations all over the world being put on a higher plane and that a higher standard of morality will follow better business conduct.

The idea briefly is this: Business men, including manufacturers and those engaged in selling, will be given an opportunity to obtain the seal of Potentia which guarantees the quality of goods offered for sale. For the use of this seal payment is made to the organization. A bonding company insures statements made by the business man concerning his stuff to the extent of \$5,000. The first person proving any statement untrue receives this amount. Manufacturers and retailers are all interested in securing the use of the seal.

But this is only the beginning of the plan, says Mr. Gron. To make the organization independent some means had to be devised whereby an income would be provided. Granting privileges to business men to use seal is the method arrived at.

Money received through this method can be used as the organization sees fit in humanitarian or other work. A system has been evolved whereby any board of directors which fails to handle funds properly or who are not interested in civic betterment can be removed at once. This plan is possible through a system which includes an international advisory council composed of two members of each national council. This international council is responsible to the national councils which are composed of members elected by local councils.

All of these councils have boards of directors who handle the business work. Members of these boards may be removed summarily by the council if anything goes wrong with their activities. But on each of these boards is a member appointed by the national council who cannot be dismissed with other members. This has been arranged so that at no time will the work of the boards be handicapped because of lack of experienced men. Mr. Gron thinks he has evolved a system which will handle the situation easily and which will prevent any mismanagement.

This is all for the business side. But Mr. Gron declares he is more interested in the civic part of the organization than in the business. He believes his organization, whose only platform is honesty in all dealings, private or public will have a tremendous influence on local, national and international politics. He believes that when it is organized as he expects it to be within a short time it will be able to prevent wars. And Mr. Gron is a convincing talker.

Only seven charter chapters will be formed in the south, one at Norfolk, Va., and one in North Carolina, probably in Greensboro, he stated. International headquarters of Potentia is at London. American headquarters is at New York. In all northern European countries and in England people have been much interested in Potentia and numerous chapters have been formed. Danish newspapers have hailed it as being of equal importance to the league of nations. New York editorial writers have discussed the plan favorably. Mr. Gron may be a visionary as some have charged, but if he is he has a big vision.

**Special Session Appears Matter of Small Likelihood.**  
Revival of speculative comment on the possibility of a special session of the General Assembly in 1923 to consider Governor Morrison's proposal for the establishment of State owned port terminals and, possibly a line of State owned and operated steamship, gives added interest to several more or less definite facts.

First: The Water Transportation Commission charged by the legislature with the duty of investigating the feasibility of the Governor's proposal, will not report before February.

Second: This commission will report favorably on the establishment of terminal facilities at port points and the operation of steamship lines by the State if private interests can not be prevailed upon to utilize them.

Third: Immediately upon the receipt of a favorable report from the Commission, Governor Morrison will take the stump in the people as a vital factor in the movement to secure and maintain adequate competition freight rates in North Carolina and to aid from the State.

A call for a session after this, it is virtually certain, depends upon the reception of the Commission's report. At any rate, a special session will not be called before March. The Governor's attitude is reflected in the three months' extension of time allowed contractors at work in the restoration of the interior of the Capitol Building. It was at first contemplated that the work should be finished by January 1. The extension of time was allowed with the full consent of the Governor.

SEE THE PENNY COLUMN—PAGE

**Who Would Have Believed!**  
  
Who'd have thought back in 1776 that some day a radio microphone would have been set up under the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia? Well, it's happened. This striking contrast between the old and new shows Chief Harry T. Baxter, Philadelphia official, broadcasting the history of the

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**COURT CALENDAR**  
The January term of Cabarrus Superior Court will be held January 7th, 1924, before His Honor W. F. Harding, Judge. The Civil Docket will not be called until Monday, January 14th, 1924, and will be called in the following order:

<b>Monday, January 14th, 1924.</b>	
No. 48 Chas. Lipe	Vs. B. L. Umberger.
No. 79 E. P. Black	Vs. A. B. Cook.
No. 84 W. M. Thompson	et als
No. 85 Bell & Harris Co.	Vs. Ada Gorman.
No. 88 Elizabeth Smith	Vs. J. W. Roberts.
<b>Tuesday, January 15th, 1924.</b>	
No. 96 B. W. Means	Vs. Fred S. Young and Gale S. Boylan.
No. 98 Corl Wadsworth Co.	Vs. Bennie White.
No. 101 Maggie Rainwater	Vs. Bell & Harris Co.
No. 102 Love Nusman	Vs. Lawson and J. O. Herrin.
No. 106 Concord Furniture Co.	Vs. W. W. Roberts.
Nos. 107 and 109 W. M. Williams	Vs. John Doe.
J. M. Weatherly	Vs. C. L. Spears.
<b>Wednesday, January 16th, 1924.</b>	
No. 108 Efrid Bros. & Co.	Vs. W. J. Hill, Jr.
No. 111 Abram Ingram	Vs. Sam Harrison
No. 113 C. M. Isenhour	Vs. C. H. Frederickson, trading as Motor Express Lines.
No. 116 C. M. White	Vs. Corl Wadsworth Co.
No. 117 F. H. Willis	Vs. Ed. M. Cook.
No. 118 Satic and A. M. Gaskie	Vs. James Barrier.
<b>Thursday, January 17th, 1924.</b>	
No. 119 C. A. Cook	Vs. J. B. Mangum, et als.
No. 120 Cannon Mfg. Co.	Vs. So. Ry. and Seaboard Air Line Ry. Co.
No. 121 United Merc. Co.	Vs. W. G. Walters.
No. 123 J. S. Overcash	Vs. United Merc. Co.
No. 127 State and Novella Fink	Vs. Dwight Morrison.
No. 128 The Ohio C. Fertilizer Co.	Vs. W. L. Robbins and R. D. Goodman.
<b>Friday, January 18th, 1924.</b>	
No. 130 Amanda Moore	Vs. Ward Reed.
Nos. 135 and 136 Minnie May Bost, W. H. Bost	Vs. E. G. Denny and R. O. Walter.
No. 137 Corl Wadsworth Co.	Vs. D. H. Sides.
No. 140 Mrs. M. L. Allman, Admr.	Vs. Ray Henley.
No. 142 C. S. Love	Vs. A. C. Lambert and J. L. Phillips.
No. 144 Kizziah (Kate) Gardner	Vs. J. F. Cannon, Propounder.

Cases not called on day set take precedence over cases set for next day.  
J. B. McALLISTER, C. S. C.

**In Labor's Name**  
  
The first trust company to open in New York, directly controlled by organized labor started work recently. Warren S. Stone, general chair of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (left), is president of the new Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Co-operative Trust Company. He is shown above with Miss Helen Varick Boswell, vice president, the first woman to hold such a position in New York.

**Charley and Doug Play Medico to "Beau Brummel"**  
  
**THERE'S a saying that no man's a hero to his valet. But Beau Brummel, in his later days, fell into such sartorial disrepute that any self-respecting valet would have sniffed at the Beau's approach and departed for other quarters. Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks strayed into the Warner Brothers West Coast studios just as John Barrymore was portraying Beau Brummel in his fallen estate, decrepit and friendless. They dragged John from the director and forced him to take a spoonful of—ahem! well, something good to drink, while Doug counted the rising pulse.**

**Writer's Cramp Can't Cramp His Style**  
  
When Louis Joseph Vance, paid work on his new novel, the famous novelist, author of the Waldorf-Astoria, his New York Lone Wolf and other stories, was home, installed a dictaphone so forced by an infected arm to use that he could carry on as usual.

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