# The Mandarin House Murders"

CHAPTER IV

rain had stopped and Capforth, seated in the damp of a rickshaw owned by the to-Fly company, could few stars peering a clouds which scudded by so to risk scraping themselves abadowy spire of the Custom, But his attention chiefly was sail light of Marya Gallian's ellow and black ricksaw some fifty feet ahead, ducked rang through sodden traffic, multiplied by wet asphalt, like a thousand gems and charging at the rickshaw always escaped annihilation. and who she really is?" North when the traffic halted to the ad of at turbaned Sikh po-a "Interesting as a lighted The affair of the American he was deciding, could, and have to wait a little. Not night did distracted young of uncertain nationality in out to offer what was tan-at to a bribe of ten thousand

more he considered Marya the more she puzzled him. her geunine anxiety, she ertheless known just what as doing-and had said no an she had to while enlistservices. She had been rather at the door of the Cercle when he had inquired their ion. All she had volunteered Please follow me, Captain. e you to Mr. King's room." stle screeched, a silver kara don the Sikh's wrist gleamed n the traffic again gathered m to further unroll the ing panorams of the Bund. noises, stilled by the down-

began again. Asha wanchee?" Heavy laden coolies were bawling, "Hai hi yo!" "Fa tsai loo-yeh!" droves of incredibly ragged s cringing before belated in evening clothes. On the dezen officers and some slim an girls in evening wraps hout much succees, trying a cab.

the Taiwan Bank lay bethricks from the ungreased of produce laden wheelbarured the eardrums more ly and soon the rickshaw wail of "Way for the dised foreigner" became minth drowsy river noises driftfrom the Whangpoo.

Marya Gallian's rickshaw sped sisted politely but definitely-he oothly past the North China Building and then the Palace Hotel, and North began to wonder whether her destination was the Yangtzepoo quarters. He hoped not; half an hour was the most he could at present devote to her prob-

Cathay's glowing tower loomed brifly overhead and the clairnets of a jazz band blaring away within it for a while penetrated the traffic roar. Just as lights of the Mandarin House shone ahead the leading rickshaw sweryed and, to North's sharp surprise, swung into the curb before it. Promptly his interest in Marya Gallian achieved a new high, for he distinctly heard her call out, "Chancho! Makee stop!"

"-And she's never been to China!" A thin smile flitted over the Intelligence Captain's lean vis-"Well, well."

Deeply intrigued, he watched her grip her rickshaw's handles against the coolie's sudden dropping of the shafts-which nasty little habit will pitch an unwary traveler neatly onto the pavement.

"Your fiance is staying here?" North inquired while interposing an arm between her and an M. P., Lusy hauling an hilarious gob away some hoosegow.

Under the hotel's great steel and glass awning, Marya Gallian cast one darting look about her before she nodded and gathered her evening cape so high as to effectively mask her features.

"Yes, Room 1311-I think Phil said. Oh. dear, I'm so worried." And this was one statement of hers which the man from G-2 saw no reason to doubt.

It was, North preceived, a neat dilemma in which he now found himself. Waiting for him inside would be Sir Guy Huntingden, Major Kilgour of the British Intelligence and probably that fat little lump of Oriental wisdom, Inspector Chao Ku. Especially he hoped Chao Ku would be on hand. Very little went on in Shanghai which escaped the S. M. P. detective's ears.

When they gained the lobby, North paused.

"Please wait for me in the women's lounge, Miss Gallian; better take a magazine or a paper. I may be gone some minutes."

"I'd much rather go with you Don't you see? I must find out what's happened as quickly as I can." Her skilfully tinted lips became crushed between small white teeth. "Please let me go with you."

"You will do as I say," North in-

really needed to get oriented, "I'll be back shortly.'

Bowing to occasional acquaitance, North was nearing the elevators when an assistant manager came up and in a stagey undertone

"You're Captain North, aren't

"The police are waiting for you in room 1311. Please come with

1311! A small buzzing sensation made itself manifested in Hugh North's finger tips.

"1311? A bad luck number and good one. Quite the happy medium in room numbers.'

"It wasn't very happy for Mr. King, sir."

A sudden realization struck North like the warning buzz of a rattlesnake and his long stride slowed a little. "What name did you

"The man who-er, who hanged nimself registered as Mr. King-Phillip King. Gave his address as Baltimore, Maryland."

"Mr. King took the room alone? "Yes, sir. Why do you ask?" "I had an impression that some-

one of a different name had taken

"I could check up, sir. It'd take only a minute." "No. Never mind-it's my mis-

ake. Odd, he mused as the elevator shot upwards, if he had been disposed to accept Miss Gallian's ten thousand pounds-and he never had been—it seemed as if he had already earned it. So Luther Adams and Miss Gallian's Phillip King were not strangers? How in-

teresting. How very interesting. The assistant manager, inpeccable in his neat dinner coat, rapped gently on the panels of a door marked 1311 and called, "Captain North is here, gentlemen."

A broad beam of light sprang out into the hall when the door opened. Simultaneously the assistant manager emitted a sharp—

"Oh, lord! Look at that!" Cast ever so high upon a wall within, the silhouette of a human head and shoulders was etched in sharp relief. From the base of the bent head a thin dark line arose to eventually lose itself in a long tangent across the ceiling.

"How horrible! How perfectly ghastly!" North's companion fumbled at his own throat as if it, too, were constricted.

(To be Continued)

#### Letters To The Editor

Editor The Mountaineer:

The news of the death of my old friend James McLean brings sadness to one who has known him long and well. In all the 50 years that he has lived in Waynesville I never knew him to do other than the honest and square and right thing. He was a man of straight up-and-down character and integ rity, and this he put into his life and work. Years ago, David Gudger and I built our home on the old home place adjacent to Mrs. Annie G. Quinlan. Jim McLean did much of the outside and most of the in- I side work, and today the fine quality of his work speaks for

Here is an incident which shows just what manner of man he was, We were paying our union carpenters 10-hours pay for 9-hour day, Jim, who was president of the for a day's pay."

It may not be generally known that Jim McLean is partly responsible for our present fine system of waterwork. Some of us remember when our water came from a mudhole on the road to Eagles Nest. While Mr. George W. Maslin lived in Waynesville and had a bank in the library building (which he built), he and Jim McLean were on the board of aldermen. During their term of office new waterworks were planned with an intake on Rocky Branch above Massie's on Allen's Creek.

To put in the water line a company was formed of local men who knew no more about the job than Jim did. Mr. Maslin had had experience with able contractors putting in waterworks in other towns where he had lived. Against

strong opposition and the cry "Keep the money at home," George W. Maslin and Jim McLean voted the job to the "foreign" contractors, who did the town a splendid job even if they made no money on it. Explaining his action Jim said to me, "I knew that Mr. Maslin had had experience with building waterworks and I had great confidence

#### **Ratcliff Cove News**

Mrs. James Swayngim has as her guest this week Mrs. Thurman Woods, of Highlands.

Glenn Francis returned to Fort Bragg Sunday after visiting his family here.

Miss Oberia and Miss Ruth Ratcliff, of Asheville, spent the weekend here with their parents.

Rev. and Mrs. Brouton and daughter, Karis, of Weddington, were the guests during the week of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jones.

in him. So I voted with him and

made no mistake." When I go to the Methodist church in Waynesville on September 7 next, dear old Jim will not be there on the steps to give me a hearty handshake and a warm welcome. Nor in the church will I see him take up the collection as he but they struck because we would has for long years past. And I not pay them for an extra four shall hurt worse inside than I do hours which they did not work. now. He was my friend for 50 years, and I cannot let him go to union, refused to quit work saying his grave without putting on rec--"I have never taken wages for ord in the home paper some statework that I have not done. I have ment of the solid qualities of charalways given a man a day's work acter and integrity that were his all the long years of his life,

E. W. GUDGER.

Editor

Waynesville Mountaineer. Dear Sir:

In a recent auction sale held in the Corn Belt, 41 head of Shorthorns made an average of \$1,070, which established a 20 year record over all breeds.

Fourteen bulls made an averaage of \$1,766, the highest price paid being \$4,500. The 27 females averaged \$705. From this same herd a bull recently sold at private treaty for \$7,500.

These cattle were from the famous Edellyn herd which has been using the best cattle obtainable for seed stock. Their present sire, Imparted Calrassie Mercury was 193938 Perth (Scotland) Supreme Champion and was sired by a Perth Supreme Champion whose first calf was also 1941 Perth Supreme Champion.

Haywood county can also demand good prices for breeding cattle if they produce the best. Very truly,

WALLACE WARD. Lake Junaluska

Rev. Brouton is a former pastor U. S. Plane To Carry of Elizabeth Chapel.

Rally Day was held at Eliza beth Chapel Sunday morning with a program presented by the members of Bible class. After the program a pienie lunch was en-

Last year North Carolina layers were credited with a total egg production of 670,000 or 188 per person, reports the State Department of Agriculture.

Sixty Men Being Built

NEW YORK-Construction of a new-type, thirty-seven-ton trans-port plane, capable of carrying sixty fully-equipped soldiers, with a cruising speed of 280 miles an hour, by the Lockheed Corporation of Burbank, Cal., has been reported in aviation circles.

No one ever saved enough at the store on tooth brushes and tooth paste to buy store teeth.

## Legal Holidays

FRIDAY, JULY 4 SATURDAY, JULY 5

In Observance Of

#### **Independence Day**

By Proclamation Of The Governor

Being Legal Holidays, the First National Bank Will Transact No Business On These Dates

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