

# The Mandarin House Murders

By VAN WYCK MASON

## CHAPTER IX

...ago Louie Larousse came down river to meet to make things easier in a room near Adams's as arranged an interview "I don't believe in lettin' on deals like this. Date seven-thirty—Adams said her date he must keep to have kept it," was comment. "And then you know, I phoned him. He sounded kind of upset, but he wouldn't admit why I showed up ahead. Big, knobby hands were apart. "There you have stock and barrel." "Your conversation with me make any mention of his nature?" "So many words. He did enough, that it was more immorally than from a angle." "You tell him you thought he scared?" "Said he'd better be care-er grinned wolfishly. "But he wasn't worrying, he-just couldn't be robbed." "do you mean?" "The whole business was head, eh?" "Someone far Captain North would give a subtle change in gaur's manner. "In his head." Spurr pull-ery long cigarette of Rus-tern and tapped it against heavy gold. "Thanks for a fine case," pleasantly Kilgour. "The old marshall slipped it-er my guns knocked the out of Sunhwa. Say, Cap, to have been along. Had of my young life. Boy! We massaged them Commu-

nists." "No doubt." North brought the speaker back to his original subject. "You seemed quite surprised to see Miss Gallian." "I was. Couldn't quite place her." "You recognized her?" "I still ain't too sure, but blame me if she don't look a lot like Daisy Richter." "You knew this Daisy person?" Kilgour suggested mildly. "Me? No. Bein' a number one 'coaster' she came too high for poor little Dave. Only saw Daisy once in Hong Kong 'bout three years ago." "Why did Daisy leave the China coast?" "Reckon she played both ends against the middle once to often. Anyhow, she skipped for India with a squarehead gun runner." "Think she knows anything about Adams' disappearance?" "Maybe—maybe not." Tarnished gold on Spurr's shoulder straps glistened in a brief shrug. "But my bet is she does; even if she did act up a tree about Adams takin' a powder." "In that case a talk with Marya Gallian may be enlightening. Coming, Bruce?" "No. I'll take my turn later—Think I'll chat with our friend the Colonel." Inwardly thinking, North made no further attempt at persuasion. If the British Intelligence man elected to approach the problem through Spurr—well, it was just as well. "Hey, Cap, better watch your step with that joy baby if she turns on the old S. A." Colonel Spurr's loose smile was not pretty. "Thanks for the tip. Bye the bye, Bruce, you might see if you can learn anything from the newspaper." North indicated the discarded North China Daily News. "But it's two weeks old?" "Doesn't that make it all the more interesting?" North's hand was actually closing

## Into the Frying Pan...for Enjoyment

By BEULAH V. GILLASPIE  
Director, Sealtest Laboratory Kitchen



Courtesy Sealtest Laboratory Kitchen

HOW long since you've served fritters? Yet, most everyone loves them—family, guests, and all! And, since every season is Cottage Cheese time, these Cottage Cheese Parsnip fritters will not only please those hungry people, but will bring a lot of good nourishment—and, help the budget, too.

**COTTAGE CHEESE AND PARSNIP FRITTERS**  
1 cup flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
2 teaspoons salt  
1 egg  
3/4 cup grated raw parsnip  
3/4 cup cottage cheese  
3/4 cup milk

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and 1 teaspoon of the salt. Combine the well beaten egg, parsnip, cottage cheese, milk and the remaining 1 teaspoon of salt. Add to the dry ingredients and mix just enough to moisten. Drop by spoon-

fuls into deep hot fat (360° F.) and fry until brown. Drain on unglazed paper. This recipe makes 18 small fritters. If desired, serve with maple syrup or honey. Six servings.

**COTTAGE CHEESE PINEAPPLE FRITTERS**  
1 cup flour  
2 teaspoons baking powder  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
1 cup cottage cheese  
3/4 cup drained canned crushed pineapple  
1 egg

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Combine the cottage cheese, pineapple and slightly beaten egg yolk and mix well. Stir into the dry ingredients, mixing just enough to moisten. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and drop by teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat (360° F.). Fry until brown. These fritters are rather moist inside. This recipe makes 24 small fritters. Six servings.

Some people want skirts back to old-fashioned lengths. Others still have their eyesight. As profits begin to pile up, business men begin to warm up to the defense program.

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...I'm very anxious to find Luther Adams myself?" "I would believe you, mein Herr," came the surprising retort. "But I do not think you are of the politzei. You are Leonid Dankoff!" "Dankoff? The name impinged on North's consciousness like a clenched fist. "You're absolutely wrong. I'm not—" "Silence! Don't try to lie to me! My people haff not forgotten what you did in Harbin. Where haff you the American Major taken? Answer me!" North could feel the prick of perspiration breaking out on his palms and his throat was going dry as an arroyo in Death Valley. What a monumental irony it would be to perish, now of all times, for some unknown person's misdeeds. Instinct told him death had never before been quite so close. "Don't be a bloody fool! I'm not Dan—" An unexpected thing happened: in a room across the airshaft and directly behind North's captor someone switched on a light. Instantly he struck at the figure thus suddenly silhouetted. The blow landed hard, sending the Teuton reeling backwards, but before North could follow up his advantage he tripped on a piece of furniture and luckily went sprawling just as the second man fired at him. Ears filled with the jangle of shattering glass North from his crouching position fung a wastebasket at the head of his principal enemy—and missed. The missile however disturbed the other's aim enough to render harmless a second shot. "Heraus, schnell!" North cursed the loss of his .32

on glimpsing figures briefly outlined against the yellow rectangle of the doorway. People yelled, doors slammed and the corridor awoke to noisy confusion. (To be Continued)

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**NOTICE**  
Following notice has been posted at stations served by passenger trains 35 and 36 and Nos. 15 and 16. Suspension of train service effective 27th day of July, 1941. The operation of trains Nos. 35 and 36 between Asheville and Salisbury, and trains Nos. 15 and 16, between Asheville and Knoxville, will be suspended during National Defense Emergency, last trains being operated on July 26th. This suspension is for the purpose of releasing passenger equipment and power for National Defense activities and is at the suggestion of Ralph Budd, the Transportation Commissioner of the Advisory Commission to the Council of the National Defense and with the approval of the North Carolina Utilities Commission. SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM H. A. DeButts, Vice-President.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**  
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Emma Dawson, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Waynesville, North Carolina, on or before the 30th day of June, 1942, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 30th day of June, 1941. J. H. McDONNELL, Administrator Emma Dawson, deceased. No. 1086—July 3-10-17-24-31-Aug. 7.

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