# AND FU-MANGHU& GOMPANY ZEA

## V—THE COUGHING HORROR By SAX ROHMER

"HE HAS good reasons!" replied Sayreally possesses information intimical to the asfety of Fu-Manchu, he can only escape doom by means of a miracle simi-lar to that which hitherto has protected

you and me." said Weymouth at this point, "that something comes almost serry night after dusk slinking about the bosse — "it's an old farmhouse, I understand; and on two or three occasions he stand; and on two or three occasions he has been awakened (fortunately for him he is a light sleeper) by sounds of cough-be is a light sleeper) by sounds of coughing immediately outside his window. He is a man who sleeps with a pistol under his pillow, and more than once, on running to the window, he has had a vague glimpse of some creature leaping down from the tiles of the roof, which slopes up to his room, into the flower beds

"Creature!" said Smith, his gray eyes ablase now-"you said creature!"
"I used the word deliberately," replied Weymouth, "because Burke seems to have the idea that it goes on all fours." There was a short and rather strained

silence. Then: "In descending a sloping roof," I suggested, "a human being would probably employ his hands as well as his feet." "Quite so," agreed the inspector, "I am merely repenting the impression of

"Has he heard no other sound?" rapped Smith: "one like the cracking of dry branches, for instance?" "He did not mention of it," replied Wey-

mouth, staring. "And what is the plan?" "One of his cousin's vans," said Wey-

mouth, with his slight smile, "has remained behind at Covent Garden and will return late this afternoon. I propose that you and I. Mr. Smith, imitate Burke and ride down to Upminister under the empty Nayland Smith stood up, leaving his breakfast half finished, and began to wander up and down the room, reflect-

ively tugging at his ear. Then he began to fumble in the pockets of his dressing gown and finally produced the inevitable pipe, dilapidated pouch and box of safety natches. He began to load the muchcharred agent of reflection.
"Do I understand that Burke is actu-

ally too afraid to go out openly even in daylight?" he asked suddenly. "He has not hitherto left his cousin's

plantations at all," replied Weymouth.
"He seems to think that openly to communicate with the authorities, or with you, would be to seal his death warrant."

"He's right," snapped Smith.
"Therefore, he came and returned secreily." continued the inspector; "and if we are to do any good, obviously we must adopt similar precautions. The market wagon, loaded in such a way as to leave ample space in the interior for us, will be drawn up outside the office of Messrs. Pike and Pike, in Covent Garden, until about 5 o'clock this afternoon. At, say, half past four, I propose that we meet there and embark upon the journey." The speaker glanced in my direction in-

terrogatively. "Don't fall to include me in the program," I said. "Will there be com in the wagon?" "Certainly," was the reply; " it is most

Nayland Smith promenaded the room unceasingly, and presently he walked out altogether, only to return ere the inspector and I had time to exchange more than a glance of surprise. He carried a brass ash tray, and this he placed with its con-

mts on a corner of the breakfast table before Weymouth. "Ever seen anything like that?" he inquired. The inspector examined the gruet over with the tip of his little finger and maifesting considerable repugnance in suching it at all. Smith and I watched him in silence, and, finally, placing the tray again upon the table, he looked up

in a puzzled way. 'It's something like the skin of a water

Nayland Smith stared at him fixedly, "A water rat? Now that you come to mention it, I perceive a certain resem-blance—yes. But"—he had been wearing a silk scarf about his throat and now he unwrapped It-"did you ever see a water rat that could make marks like these?" Weymouth started to his feet with some

"What is this?" he cried. "When did happen, and how?"

In happen, and how?"

In his own terse fashion, Nayland Smith related the happenings of the night. At the conclusion of the story:

"By heaven!" whispered Weymouth. "the thing on the roof—the coughing thing that goes on all fours, seen by Burks,

"My own idea exactly" cried Smith, "Fu-Manchu," I said excitedly, "h brought some new, some dreadful crea-

"No, Petrie," snapped Smith, turning upon me suddenly. "Not from Burmafrom Abyzzinia.

Within my view, from the corner of the room where I sat in deepest shadow, through the partly opened window (it was screwed, like our own) were rows, of glassa houses gleaming in the moon-light, and, beyond them, orderly ranks of flower beds extending late a blue bear. of flower beds extending into a bive haze of distance. By reason of the moon's position, no light entered the room, but position, no light entered the room, but my eyes, from long watching, were grown familiar with the darkness, and I could see Burke quite clearly as he lay in the bed between my post and the window. I seemed to be back again in those days of the troubled past when first Nayland Smith and I had come to grips with the servants of Dr. Fu-Manchu. A more peaceful scene than this flower-planted corner of Essex it would be difficult to imagine; but, either because of my knowl. magine; but, either because of my knowledge that its peace was chimerical, or because of that outflung consciousness of danger which, actually, or in my imagination, preceded the coming of the Chinaman's agents, to my seeming the silence throbbed electrically and the night

was laden with stilly omens. Already cramped by my journey in the market cart, I found it difficult to revery long in any one position What information had Burke to sell? He had refused, for some reason, to discuss the matter of that evening, and now, enthe matter of that evening, and now, enacting the pert allotted him by Nayinnal
Smith, he feigned sleep consistently, although at intervals he would whisper to
me his doubts and fears.

All the chances were in our favor tomight; for while I could not doubt that
Dr. Fu-Manchu was set upon the removal
of the ex-officer of New York police,
neither could I doubt that our presents

neither could I doubt that our presence at the farm was unknown to the agents of the Chinaman. According to Burke, constant attempts had been made to achieve Fu-Manchu's purpose, and had only been frustrated by his (Burke's) wakefulness. There was every prob-ability that another attempt would be made tonight.

Any one who has been forced by cir-cumstance to undertake such a vigil as this will be familiar with the marked changes (corresponding with phases of the earth's movement) which take place in the atmosphere at midnight, at two o'clock, and again at four o'clock. Duro clock, and again at four o'clock. During those four hours falls a period
wherein all life is at its lowest ebb, and
every physician is aware that there is
a greater likelihood of a patient's passing between midnight and four a. m. than
at any other period during the cycle of
the hours.

Tonight I became specially aware of

this lowering of vitality, and now, with the night at that darkest phase which precedes the dawn, an indescribable dread, such as I had known before in my dealings with the Chinaman, assailed me, when I was least prepared to combat it. The stillness was intense. Then: 'Here it is!" whispered Burke from the bed.
The chill at the very centre of my being, which but corresponded with the chill of all surrounding nature at that

hour, became intensified, keener, at the nour, became intensified, keener, at the whispered words.

I rose steatthily out of my chair, and from my nest of shadows watched— watched intently, the bright oblong of the window. \* \* \*

ithout the slightest heralding sou a black silhouette crept up against the pane \* \* \* the silhouette of a small, malformed head, a doglike head, deep set in square shoulders. Malignant eyes peered intently in. Higher it rosc-that wicked head-against the window, then crouched down on the sill and became less sharply defined as the creature stooped

Sound of sniffing.

Judging from the stark horror which I experienced myself, I doubted now if Burke could sustain the role allotted him. In beneath the slightly raised window came a hand, perceptible to me despite the darkness of the roof. It seemed to project from the black slihouette outside the pane to be thrust forward—and forward—and forward \* \* \* that small hand with the outstretched fingers.

The unknown possesses unlawe terrors:

The unknown possesses unique terrors: and since I was unable to conceive what manner of thing this could be which, extending its incredibly long arms, now sought the throat of the man upon the bod. I tasted of that sort of terror which ordinarily. ordinarily one knows only in dreams. "Quick, sir-quick!" screamed Burke

Choking down an urgent dread that I had of touching the thing which had reached through the window to kill the sleeper, I sprang across the room and grasped the rigid, hairy forcarms.

Heavens! Never have I felt such mus-cles, such tendens, as those beneath the hirsute skin! They seemed to be of steel wire, and with a suden frightful sensa-tion of impotence, I realized that I was as poweries as a child to relax that strangle hold. Burke was making the most frightful sounds and quite obviously was being asphysiated before my eyes! "Smith!" I cried, "Smith! Help! help! for God's

Despite the confusion of my mind I became aware of sounds outside and below no. Twice the thing at the window coughed; there was an incessant, lashlike cracking, then some shouted words which I was unable to make out; and finally the staceato report of a pistol.

Snarling like that of a wild beast came Sharing like that of a wild beast came from the creature with the hairy arms, and renewed coughing. But the steel srip relaxed not one lots. I realized two things-the first, that in my terror at the suddenness of the attack I had emitted to act as prearranged; the second, that I had discredited the strength of the visitant, while Smith had foreseen it.

Desisting in my vain endeavor to pit besisting in my vain endeavor to pit my strength against that of the name-less thing, I sprang back across the room and took up the weapon which had been left in my charge earlier in the night, but which I had been unable to believe it would be necessary to employ. This was a sharp and heavy ax, which Naytand Smith, when I had met him in Covent Garden, and specially keeping with the Garden, had specially brought with him to the great amazement of Weymouth and myself.

As I leaped back to the window and uplifted this primitive weapon, a second shot sounded from below, and more fierce snarling, coughing, and guttural mutter-ings assailed my ears from beyond the

Lifting the heavy blade, I brought it down with all my strength upon the nearer of those hairy arms where it crossed the window ledge, severing muscle, tendon and hone as easily as a knife might cut cheese. \* \* \*

A shrick-a shrick neither human nor animal, but gruesomely compounded of both-followed \* \* \* and merged into a shaday arm was withdrawn, and some varuely seen body went rolling down the sloping red, then and crashed on to the ground beneath.

With a second piercing shrick, fouder than that recently uttered by Burke, wailing through the night from somewhere below, I turned desperately to the man on the bed, who now was become againsticantly silent. A candle with matches stood upon a table hard by, and, my singers far from steady, I set about obtaining a light. This accomplished, I stood the candle upon the little chest of drawers and returned to Burke's side. "Merciful God!" I cried.

Of all the pictures which remain in my memory, some of them dark enough, I can find none more harrible than that ing through the night from somewhere

can find none more harrible than that I can find none more horrible than that which now confronted me in the dim candlelight. Burke lay crosswice on the bed, his head thrown back and sarging; one rigid hand he held in the air and with the other grasped the hairy forearm which I had severed with the ax, for, in a doath grip, the dend lingers were still fastened, viselike at his throat.

(CONCLUDED TOMORROW.) "The Bluebottle Dividends," by

Earl Derr Biggers, author of "The Seven Keys to Bald-pate," will begin in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

# SCRAPPLE



THE PADDED CELL



The Passing Show. "Oh, John, dear! Rescue me, like they do at the movies!"



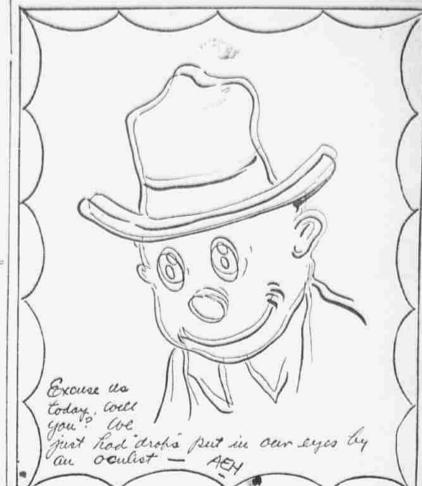
Fashlon is a siy old dame. Soon as Leap Year's tread she hears, Does she vell each malden's face So the lads can't guess her yeara?



nmie-Say, dad, what-Tommle—But it isn't silly questions!

Tommle—But it isn't silly! I just want to know if the earth were destroyed with stroyed while a man was up in aeroplane, where would be land?

GOSH! HURRY UP IVEORLY A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE



" DIF IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



Jimmie-I goteher this ring to be en

### Horrible!



"If this confounded war lasts much longer, it means another cake of soap,"

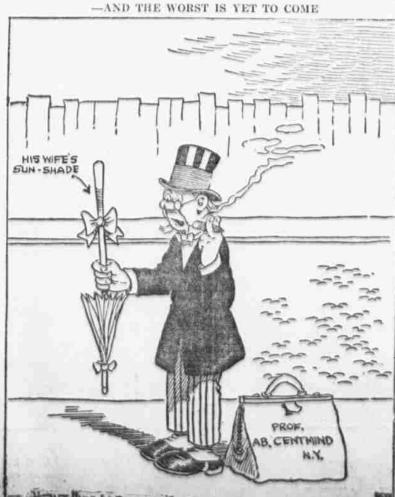
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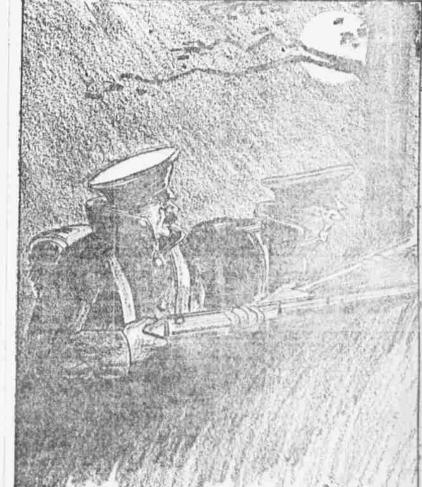


# Spoiled the Scene

in just as Bill was Evelyn-Dear me, what an auntie

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN."





SOLICITOUS

First Tommy (waiting to pick off a German patrol) to his pai-They'd aught to been 'ere afore now, full-I do 'one as nothin's 'appened to them!'





F THAT GUYS WISE

2

### A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR CHILDREN

### FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Dear Everybody-Do you ever forget? There are two kinds of gettingfor-getting and getting. Getting means that some things which you have worked for come to you for your very own. For-getting means that you have lost something.

Once upon a time there was a little girl and her father asked her to put some coal on the fire and she FORGOT.

Now this young person was very fond of reading, so her father told her she must stop reading books for a whole week. For a whole day her eyes looked as though she had been peeling onions. Then her father told her to go down cellar and get a nice big piece of coal and wash it. He told her to tie a ribbon around the piece of coal and put it on her bureau. This she did.

Afterwards her father let her read once more and she seldom says those awful words: "I FORGOT."

DO NOT FORGET TO SIGN OUR PLEDGE. FARMER SMITH,

The Children's Editor, The Evening Ledger, FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor,

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. NAME ..... Address .....

The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

Age ..... School I attend .....

### GREAT DOINGS IN TOYLAND

"Oh, Miss B. Fuddle!" shouted San- | he was all through, Miss B. Fuddle a Claus one morning. "I want to took the letter from the typewriter dictate some letters to you."

Soon Miss B. Fuddle, Santa Claus' what he read: stenographer, came and he said to ter: "I want to dictate some letters to my children this morning and you tet Sugar Plum to fill the typewriter with words so that we can get to Christmas on you see to be surely pork right away."

Miss B. Fuddle found Sugar Plum n the garage trying to thaw out the

"Get some words for my typewriter nd be quick," said the young lady. Sugar Plum ran as fast as he could the room where the words were ept for the typewriter and soon ame back with an armful, which he arefully put in the typewriter, one

Pretty soon Miss B. Fuddle came nd sat down at the machine and anta Claus sat beside her and dicated what he wanted to say. When !



and handed it to Santa Claus. This is

Claus Santa, friend Your, am I.

Kisses cherry 2000 and love of oceans With letters my for Ledger Evening The in look to you want I time to

shall and love my you send I: special interest to tell you. Address Philadelphia of Children Dear The To. all letters to Farmer Smith, Child "Why," exclaimed Santa Claus, dren's Editor, The Evening Ledger,

that rascal Sugar Plum has put the words in backwards!"

"Yes," replied Miss B. Fuddle, "I guess I'll have to make that rascal eat another cake of ice," answered Santa Claus

"Why, he has caten three already this week," said Miss B. Fuddle. "I know, I know," answered the

jolly fellow, "but he must stop for-

### For the Wee Wees

Froggie, Froggie, Standing on your head.

Get up, get up, o please go to bed. boy, good

Little Johnnie Planket, Thank you, thank you, How do you like my blanket?

Johnnie wrote me a letter; won't

### DO YOU KNOW THIS?

Questions for Dec. 1st: (1) I had word on my desk and Willie, the office boy, took the paper it was on and tore it up. I picked the letters out of the waste basket and all I could find were the two words "RED LEG." The first word I had was a Philadelphia newspaper, but I can't think of the name. Will you help me to find one word out of "RED LEG?" (10 credits). (2) What two Holidays in 1915 fall on the 25th of the month? (1 credit). (3) What is the widest street in Philadelphia? (3 credits). (4) What is the tallest building in Philadelphia? (5 credits).

Answers to our questions must be in by Saturday, Dec. 11, and the answers, with list of the 10 children sending in the best answers and getting the highest credit marks, will be published in our club news on Dec. 18, on our ROLL OF HONOR. By that time we will have something of special interest to tell you. Address all letters to Farmer Smith, Chil-