

U-MANCHO & COMPANY

V-THE COUGHING HORROR

By SAX ROHMER

His face was nearly black, and his eyes projected from their sockets horribly.

Mastering my repugnance, I seized the hideous piece of bleeding anatomy and strove to release it.

There was a great stirring all about me. "Smith!" I cried from the window.

"Come downstairs," replied Smith quietly, "and see for yourself."

THE BLUEBOTTLE DIVIDENDS

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

I AM an old woman, and the children of today appeal to me. Why are they not content to be merely the ladies and gentlemen of their forebears?

And then it began on a dark November afternoon. It had been my day at home, and over my excellent tea I had discussed with Professor Banga his forthcoming paper for the Macflower Descendants' Bulletin on John Buryan's influence as seen in early Puritan documents.

"We've had the most exciting time!" Cilly burst out, and then I noted that Minerva's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes very bright and staring.

"You see, Aunt Lucinda," my niece began, "Cilly invited me to go to a lecture by a young Socialist."

"Letting conditions in our textile towns," explained Minerva. "This man—Arthur something—a foreign name—has lived and worked in some of the up-State wool and cotton centers."

"I trust you believed nothing this young fellow said," I remarked, looking hopefully at my niece.

tern," whispered Smith in my ear; "don't tell him yet."

I nodded, and we hurried up to join the group. I found myself looking down at one of those thickset Burmans whom I always associated with Fu-Mancho's activities.

"It turned on its keeper!" he hissed in my ear. "I wounded it twice from below, but he recovered one arm in its insensate fury, its unreasoning malignity; it returned—and there lies its second victim."

"Hold the lantern a moment," he said. In the yellow light he glanced at the scrap of paper.

"What?" I cried, "the brute mentioned us by name?" I was astounded.

"He did," Minerva replied, flushing, and when he said that it seemed to me that every eye in the place was on me I was wild with anger at the injustice of his accusation.

"So she stood up—right there at that meeting!" interrupted Cilly.

"Without even knowing what the war is about," she laughed. "I'm afraid you don't come with an unprejudiced mind."

"The Socialist, Arthur Sabotky," answered Minerva, and I groaned inwardly. "I asked father the questions Mr. Sabotky asked, and he told me if I didn't drop the whole matter I couldn't have that trip to Italy this winter."

"What about it?" I cried, aroused. "Has a gentleman no right to protect his property from the wolves of the slums stirred up by these cheap agitators?"

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Santa Claus one morning. "That dog Catsup has been up to mischief again. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

to me, then went off, staggering, toward the farm "Smith."

"The Amharan, a Semitic tribe allied to the Falashas, who have been settled for many generations in the southern province of Shoa (Abyssinia) have been regarded as unclean and outcast, apparently since the days of Manakel—son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—from whom they claim descent.

"I glanced up from my notes. Smith settled into the white cane armchair and began to surround himself with clouds of aromatic smoke.

"Admiral (seeing enemy's ship sunk)—Who fired that shot?"

"Halt! Another Version Flatbush—When I came out of church on Sunday I found my horse fast asleep in the shed."

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

ism and that sort of thing, but selfish, shallow, and quick to drop any creed that might be the highest in the State.

"Two days passed, and I heard no more of the situation in my brother's household. On Friday night I was due to dine there, and I arrived to hear Minerva humming a cheerful little song as she arranged the flowers on the table.

"Without even knowing what the war is about," she laughed. "I'm afraid you don't come with an unprejudiced mind."

"Dear Children—Our club is getting along famously. And such beautiful letters! Only we should have more of them, for we want to have our Squads organized."

"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."

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SCRAPPLE



"Have you a Sporting Life?" Bookstall clerk (at lonely country station)—"Not very!"

Halt! Admiralty (seeing enemy's ship sunk)—Who fired that shot? Another Version Flatbush—When I came out of church on Sunday I found my horse fast asleep in the shed.



Two of a Kind Law!

"I've often seen crocodiles in tears." "That's nothing. I've often seen whales blubber."



A MERE INTRUDER Guard—What do you mean by stopping the train? Cheery Passenger (who has pulled the communication cord)—There's a very unpleasant passenger who's got into this compartment—behaved very objectionably—damaged the roof and—er—is—traveling without a ticket; would you mind removing him?

Do Women Propose? "Indeed," the speaker went on, "I believe that nine women out of ten propose. As a test, I would ask all married men in the audience whose wives virtually popped the question to stand up."

Foolish Question "Would you love me as much if father lost his wealth?" "He hasn't lost it, has he?" "No." "Of course I would, you silly girl!"

Johnny Knew Teacher—What animal attaches himself to a man the most? Johnny—Why—er—the bulldog, ma'am.—Indianapolis Star.

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL



SUDDEN, COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING OF A MAN WHO SEES A 'CUBIST' PICTURE AFTER HIS FIRST VISIT TO AN OCULIST AND HAD 'DROPS' IN HIS EYES.

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"That will take me all day," replied