FU-MANGHU&GOMPANY 250

V—THE COUGHING HORROR

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. It defied all my efforts; in death it was as implacable as in life. I took a knife from my pocket. and, tenden by tenden, cut away that uncanny grip from Burke's throat,

But my labor was in vain. Burke was

I think I failed to realize this for some I think I failed to realize this for some time. My clothes were sticking clammily to my body; I was bathed in perspiration, and, shaking furfously. I clutched at the edge of the window, avoiding the bloody patch upon the ledge, and looked out over the roofs to where, in the more distint plantations. I could hear excited voters. What had been the meaning of that scream which I had heard but to which in my frantic state of mind I had paid comparatively little attention?

paid comparatively little attention?
There was a great stirring all about me "Smith!" I cried from the window: "Smith, for God's sake where are you?" Factsteps came racing up the stairs. Belied me the door burst open and Nayland Smith stumbled into the room.
"Thunder!" he said, and started back to the doorway.

in the doorway.
"Have you got it, Smith?" I demanded hoursely. In safety's name what is it—what is it-

Come downstairs," replied Smith quiet-

"Come downstairs," replied Smith quiet-ly, "and see for yourself." He turned his head aside from the bed.

Very unsteadily I followed him down the stairs and through the rambling old house out into the stone-paved courtyard. There were figures moving at the end of a long alleyway between the glass houses. a long alleyway between the glass houses, a long alleyway in a lantern, stooped over and one, carrying a lantern, stooped over something which lay upon the ground. omething which lay upon the ground. "That's Eurke's cousin with the lan-

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 Pu Manchu's activities. He lay quite flat, face downward; but the back of his head was a shapeless blood-clotted mass, and a heavy stock whip, the butt end ghastly because of the blood and hair which ching to it, lay be-side him. I started back appalled as Smith caught my arm.

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

'It's gone, Petrie! It has the strength

of four men even now. Look!"

He stooped, and from the clenched left hand of the dead Burman extracted a piece of paper and opened it. "Hold the lantern a moment," he said.

In the yellow light he glanced at the scrap of paper.
"As I expected—a leaf of Burke's notebook; it worked by scent," He furned to me with an odd expression in his gray eyes. "I wonder what piece of my per-sonal property Fu-Manchu has pilfered,"

Smith met the gaze of the man holding the lantern. 'Perhaps you had better re-turn to the house,' he said, looking him squarely in the eyes.

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

He turned to me with an impatient genture "Weymouth has driven into Upminster," he snapped; "and the whole district will be scoured before morning. They probably motored here, but the sounds of the shots will have enabled whose tree with the sounds of the shots will have enabled whoever was with the car to make good his escape. And exhausted from loss of blood, its capture is only a matter of time.

Naviand Smith returned from the tele phone. Nearly twenty-four hours had elapsed since the awful death of Burke. "No news, Petrle," he said shortly. "It must have crept into some inaccessible hole to die."

l glanced up from my notes. Smith set-tled into the white cane armchair and be-gan to surround himself with clouds of aromatic smoke. I took up a half sheet of foolscap covered with penciled writing In my friend's cramped characters, and transcribed the following, in order to complete my account of the latest Fu-Manchu outrage:

"The Ambarun, a Semitic tribe allied to the Falashas, who have been settled for many generations in the southern province of Shoa (Abyasinia) have been re-garded as unclean and outcast, apparently since the days of Menelek-son of Suleyman and the Queen of Sheha-from whor they claim descent. Apart from their cus-tom of eating meat cut from living beasts, they are accursed because of their al-leged association with the Cyncephalus hamadryas (sacred baboon). I myself was taken to a hut on the banks of the Hawash and shown a creature * * * whose predominant trait was an unrea-soning maliginity toward * * * and a feroclous tenderness for the society of its furry brethren. Its powers of scent were fully equal to those of a bloodbound, while its abnormally long forearms possessed incredible strength. * * * A Cyncepha-The other's face blanched. "You don't mean, sir-you don't mean—"
"Irace up:" said Smith laying his hand upon his shoulder, "Remember—he chose to play with fire!"
One wild look the man cast from Smith

[Smith of the strength of the strengt

THE BLUEBOTTLE DIVIDENDS

content to be merely the ladies and gentlement their forebears were? The unrest. seems to be growing. I go to call on my old friend Maria Washburn, and find her weeping softly because her son has sat at table with an anarchist. I alight from my carriage at a crowded corner and discover a Corby girl effering for sale an absurd suffrage handbill, jostled and scoffed at by persons who should be as far from her as the poles. I gaze out through the transparency view of a Swiss chalet in my window, and see a daughter of the

Alkers going down into the slums to preach to the solled and the hopeless. Un est among the children of the poor I could understand, but unrest among the children of Hoston's first families is quite beyond my comprehension. We Bluebot-tles had our experience with it when Minerva, my brother Roger's daughter, wrote a play and actually dragged the revered Bluebottle mame into the theat-rical limelight. It was not exactly happy. We were all relieved when the play was withdrawn and Alberva devoted her time to getting engaged to young Edward Wells. Young Edward is essentially harmless. He has no interest whatever harmless. He has no interest whatever in the lower classes, except to have them get out of the way of his automobile. We all thought the problem of the "uneasy woman"—as the public prints call her-had been forever solved in our family, and

we were very glad indeed.

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 Mayflower Descendants' Bul-letin on John Buryan's influence as seen letin on John Baryan's influence as seen in early Pugrim documents; had consulted with Cousin on ah over the proposition with Cousin a, ah over the proposal to give to the histo real society the old Blueottle homestene at Plymouth, and had

heard from a friend who had recently vis-ited there the p-ans for the winter care of the flower bulbs at the Arboretum. I like to chat thus with my own circle over the issues of the day, as it keeps me abreast of the times, but there is no de-nying it gives one a headache, and I was on the point of taking a brisk walk down Beacon street preparatory to dinner when Minerva came in.

"How are you, Aunt Lucinda?" she in-With her was the youngest Washburn

girl, Cicily, an "advanced" creature who prates of "social justice," attends lec-tures, and otherwise follows paths that should not concern her. I was grieved to see a lady of the Bluebottles in her com-

"We've had the most exciting time"-Cicily burst out, and then I noted that Minerva's cheeks were very pale, and her eyes very bright and staring as though they had just looked at a very strong light.

They had a brief and brainless squabble as to who should tell of the adventure, and Minurya's voice had the sound of hysterics in it. With a sense of impending doom I reached for the teapot that was

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

"Such a hang-one man!" cried Cicily,
"Woulderful black eyes—all the suffering
of the world in them——"
"A lecture about what?" I asked

"Living 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 centres. And his talk was about the pitiable condition of the people there

small waxes and all that."

"A highly colored narrative, I have no doubt," I replied. For I know these agitators, how they sees constantly to in-flame class against class, to gain maudlin sympath; and money, which later I do not question goes into their own pockets. And I looked at Civily Washburn. Her family has never been noted for tact. It was her motile, who told Professor Law-ion, the emilient historian, that in her on all histories were written by Hars But in all the record of Washburn tact-lessness, I had seen nothing to equal this. Cicily Washburn, taking to a lecture, calculated by untruths and false colors to put in an unpleasant position

aciders of stock in woolen mills, my niece a lady of the Bluchottles. For, as everybody in Boston knows, the den mills at Saxton funnish the Blue-de Income. Were it not for them loger would own no motors; I could not import my tea direct and squander a lit-le now and then on some rare edition.

for many years we have substantanted wably on the dividends from Saxton-lonosably and well. "I frust you believed nothing this young rebrand said." I remarked, looking hope-

was ruther-eloquent," answered "He drew some harrowing picres of life in the mili towns. He told pale women and girls working for pit-dres at dangerous machines, of families world into one room, of men fighting to tap their babies on \$6 a week-all this scause of the greed of the owners for smendage distill in dividends. And white he talk d I kent saying to myself: "That isn't fue of Saxton." Then suddenly be said: The worked in Saxton, too..."

By EARL DERR BIGGERS in Boston, he said, 'people in furs and jewels motor to receptions and balls'-his ideas of our life were really quite crude-'they eat rich foods and drink rare wines -and whose money pays the bills? Any morning you may see them-staggering sleep, eyed to the monotony of work-underfed, underpaid, underhappy - the

motors and flowers and wines of the Bos-ton Bluebottles." 'What." I cried, "the brute mentioned s 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.

hopeless army of toilers who pay for the

So she stood up-right there at that meeting-" interrupted Civily.
"Yes, I stood up," said my niece. "The

was wild with anger at the injustice of

necusation.



"We've had the most exciting time!" crowd turned to look at me. The lecturer stopped. I wasn't afraid. I was too angry. I said: 'I beg your pardon, but I am Minerva Bluebottle, and I want to tell con that what you are saying is untrue. The lecturer smiled, 'How do you know it is? he asked. 'I know,' I told him, because I have asked my father, and he as said that these charges are without cundation."

Minerva paused, and I looked at her with admiration. Surely she was a Blue-bottle. While I deplored the publicity of the whole affair, it moved me deeply to be thus assured that no lady of the Bluebottles would sit silent while her family

'I sat down," Minerva went on. "The rish down, since we will smiling in a very wise way, as though he knew so much more than any one else. 'Your father—' he becan, then stopped. 'I should like to talk to you after the lecture,' he said. And he turned to other topics. But before he onded, he spoke of a revolution that was coming. 'And the mill owners know it is coming,' he said, 'for about the mills of Saxton you will see miles of high iron fences which no man can scale. What do these fences mean? Does the man who deals honestly with his fellows need such protection? No those iron spikes are the outward sign of guilty consciences. The mill owners know that sooner or later the nob will clamor for justice at their oors. And they are ready." "
"It was a dandy lecture," contributed

the Washburn girl.

the Washburn girl.

"After the lecture," said Minerva, "we went up to talk to him—"

"Minerva," I shuddered. "A Socialist!"

"Why not?" asked my incomprehensible niece. "He was very courteous, even if e did say some pointed things. He told ne to ask father the size of our dividends tat year. He told me to ask him how a man was to support a family on the average wages at Saxton-18.76 a week. He said I should tie father in a chair, and then read him what the government re-ports, written by unnrejudiced experts, said about living conditions in the wool owns of the State. And he said I should isk about that iron fence." "What about it?" I cried, aroused, "Has

gentleman no right to protect his prop-

"And he said," Minerva went on, her voice strangely vibrant, her eyes thoughtful, "that every time I stepped into my motor I was to think of those other wonen-in the mills. While my maid did my hair, I was to think of them. At dances, at the theatre, I was to think of them asked me to come down to Saxtor and look at some of them, so that when I thought of them I could picture them

"Hank anarchy," I cried. "Minerva, con ought never to have listened to him." "But I did listen," said Minerva, "and I am going to ask father the questions e told me to. Also, I may go down to

I sighed. In the old days I should have expostulated vigorously, but somehow we of the older generation have come to know how little is the use. I pictured the interview between Minerva and Roger-Roger is apoplectic, intolerant, set; to mention the question of our dividends to him is equivalent to putting a lighted match to a skyrocket. When I sighed the are conditine, it was with good reason.

The girls stood up to go. I looked at them. (icily Washburn is a nelsy little And, Aunt Lugish to sale texton body, text for new advence of in Social-

I AM an old woman, and the children of today appal me. Why are they not ter. He said the dividends paid by our mills were the highest in the State. Here with her own comfort. But Minerva! She stood there in my drawing-room with eyes such as Joan of Are might have turned on the waving battlefleza. Her grandfather was an Abolitionist despite the sneers, even blows, of his neighbors. With a Bluebottle a creed is a passion, and I trembled

for the future. The moment the girls had gone I went to the telephone and got Roger at his club. I sought to be diplomatic and gen-tle, but before I knew it my skyrocket brother was soaring in the heavens. "Agi-tators," "demagogues," "damnable falsehoods," roared over the wires. He assured me he would attend to Minerva. I knew very well he was incompetent to handle the situation, but I could only give him some sharp advice which he didn't listen to, and helplessly ring off.

Two days passed, and I heard no more of the situation in my brother's house-hold. On Friday night I was due to dine there, and I arrived to hear Minerya humming a cheerful little song as she ar-ranged the flowers on the table. She

"Aunt Lucinda," she cried, "you have come to a house divided. You must be prepared to take sides."

"I have no doubt your father knows best." I began.

"Without even knowing what the war is about," she laughed. "I'm afraid you don't come with an unprejudiced mind. It's all about the mills, Aunt Lucinda. I have discovered that I called a man a llar without good and sufficient cause."
"What man?" I asked.

"The Socialist, Arthur Sabotky," answered Minerva, and I groaned inwardly.
"I asked father the questions Mr. Sabotky suggested, and he told me if I didn't drop the whole matter I couldn't have that trip to Italy this winter. That looked bad. Blackmail, I call it. I called father, and his face got so pur ple I was afraid of a stroke. So I did drop the matter as far as father was con-cerned. But I arranged to go to Saxton with Mr. Sabotky. "Minerva," I cried, "What are you thinking of?"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



SCRAPPLE



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

Halt!

Admiral (seeing enemy's ship sink)-Who fired that shot?

Old Salt-The ship's cook, sir; he got the range and stove in her side.

Another Version Flatbush-When I came out of church on Sunday I found my horse fast asleep in the shed. Bensonhurst-Why, he couldn't hear

the sermon from there, could he?

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS





Father Takes a Pill

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR CHILDREN

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB Dear Children-Our club is getting along famously. And such beautiful be kept out of mischief for one whole letters! Only we should have more of them, for we want to have our Squads | day," organized. Just to tell you how the Squads work I must tell you about the Postcard Squad in Paterson, N. J., where I have another Rainbow Club. I asked my Postcard Squad to send postal cards to all the children in the General Hospital in that city, and what do you think? The superintendent of the hospital wrote the club a beautiful letter, telling how pleased the children in the hospital were to get the postcards.

We must get our Postcard Squad arranged and organized right away so that we may send postcards to the hospitals of Philadelphia for Christmas

We will tell you where to address your cards, and all you will have to do will be to write the address on the postcard and put a stamp with stick-a-lage on it and you will make some child happy.

Don't wet your pencil or get ink on your fingers, but address FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, The EVENING LEDGER. FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor,

The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

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 Age

GREAT DOINGS IN TOYLAND

School I attend.....

been up to mischief again. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Whatsermatter?" asked Sugar Plum, Santa Claus' "handy man." Just then Catsup came around the of toys."

corner and Sugar Plum started after him. Away they went, through the toy factory and all over the place until Catsup jumped into the Lollypop River and Sugar Plum had to stop.

When Sugar Plum came back to where Mrs. Santa Claus was, he found the dear old lady quite upset, for the telephone wires had been broken and Santa Claus could not hear what was said.

Then what DO you think happened? Sugar Plum took hold of the wires like a stream of water out of a hose-

Mrs. Santa Claus ran for her hus-and, and when the jolly old fellow

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Santa Claus | came to where Sugar Plum was holdone morning. "That dog Catsup has ing the wires he heard the following: "Dear Santa Claus-We, the chil-

dren readers of the Evening Lenges, want you to be sure to visit us this "Why, it is those beautiful children

down in Philadelphia sending a message to you!" exclaimed Mrs. Santa "Yes, they always remember me, said the old fellow. "I get more let-

than from those in any other city." "You may let go of those wires now

and the words came out of his mouth | Philadelphia. There is my dog Catsup all wet. Suppose you take him and wash all the windows in the toy fac-

"Then," said Santa Claus, "you will

"Bow-wow-wow!" went Catsup, as



"Catsup." he shook all the water off of himself onto Sugar Plum.



I used to be a dumb Mr. Frog, But now I'm as bright as can be. Please just look at my picture,

The reason you'll plainly see! P. S. - Dear William Hunter - I liked your letter and I did just what Christmas and bring us lots and lots you said. Lots of love from the

Do You Know This? (1) That careless office boy of mine tore up another word that I was saving. The wind blew the scraps all around the room and when I finally ters from the children of Philadelphia had them gathered up, all I could find were the two words, "NEAR LEO." Then he turned to Sugar Plum and The word that I had written was the name of a little girl who had joined the club. Please help me to find it. and get Mr. Spark Plug to fix them (10 credits.) (2) Why is a caterso that I may talk to my children in pillar like a hot biscuit? (Three credits.) (3) What does the word Philadelphia mean? (Five credits.) (4) What city in Indiana can be made out of this sum: 4+T WAYNE? (Five THE PADDED CELL





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



Phyllis-Do you know, mother, Moses used to have indigestion just like you Mother-Why, dear, whatever makes

you think that? Phyllis-Why, 'cos in our Bible lesson today Miss Smith said, "God gave Moses two tablets."

A MERE INTRUDER



-The Passing Show. 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

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 o stand up." There was a subdued rustle in the

auditorium, and in the dense silence that ensued could be heard sibilant feminine whispers in concert: "Just

you dare stand up!

Foolish Question "Would you love me as much if father lost his wealth?" "He hasn't lost it, has he?"

"Of course I would, you silly girl!" Johnny Knew

Teacher-What animal attaches himself o a man the most? Johnny - Why-er-er-the bulldos, ma'am. Indianapolis Star.

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

