

VOLUME  
I



NUMBER  
4

Published quarterly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Application made for entry at the postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., as second class matter. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$1.00 a year in the United States, \$1.20 a year in Canada, \$1.40 in other countries. English office: Charles Lavelle, 12, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet St., E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers. All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publisher's Chicago office at 849 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1931, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

## Contents for April-May-June, 1931

Cover Design .....	von Gelb	
Hawks of Outremer .....	Robert E. Howard	436
<i>A stirring tale of Saladin and the Crusades</i>		
Tado, Samurai .....	Lieutenant Edgar Gardiner	455
<i>A Japanese youngster proves worthy of his ancestors</i>		
Hsun Hsu (Verse) .....	Hung Long Tom	463
Bibi Love .....	Solon K. Stewart	464
<i>A British soldier's love for an Arab girl—a tale of Mesopotamia</i>		
The Dragoon's Secret .....	Otis Adelbert Kline	474
<i>Khallaf the Strong drags Hamed the Astar through tortures</i>		
Tsang, Sea Captain .....	James W. Bennett	491
<i>A complete novel of a Chinese detective and the Red revolution above Shanghai</i>		
This Example .....	S. B. H. Hurst	535
<i>A story of Burma and the Andaman Islands—and a woman's love for her man</i>		
The River That Stood Still .....	Captain Ed Smith	548
<i>An outlaw datu in the Sultanate of Pahang—a thrilling man-hunt</i>		
The Fanatic .....	Kobold Knight	558
<i>A story of the Moplah rebellion, which swept down in bloody fury on Pallampaki</i>		
The Pearl Robber .....	Frank Belknap Long, Jr.	565
<i>Kanaka Johnny fails to solve the white man's psychology</i>		
Let There Be Light (Verse) .....	Adolphe de Castro	569
The Souk .....		570
<i>A chat with the readers</i>		
The Mirror (Verse) .....	Hung Long Tom	576



*"Tado fell ferociously on the raised arm."*

# Tado, Samurai

By LIEUTENANT EDGAR GARDINER

*Tado Itima was only a youngster, but he proved himself a man worthy of his Samurai ancestry*

**W**HAT is it, danna-san?" Tado Itima's voice was anxious as his master, the seiyo-jin, started back from the open safe. He watched Carruthers wipe his face with his handkerchief, saw how the other's hands trembled.

"Call Ferguson!" Carruthers said in

so terrible a voice that for once Tado obeyed without question and at a creditable speed. In a few moments Ferguson's grizzled head appeared in the doorway of Carruthers' private office.

"Did you open the safe this morning, Ferguson?" Carruthers' voice was strained. His secretary looked up sharply.

"Indeed, no! You changed the combination last week, you remember, and forgot to give me the new numbers."

Carruthers dropped limply into a chair.

"That's so. I had forgotten," he muttered as he covered his face with his hands.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" Ferguson went on.

"Wrong!" echoed Carruthers. "Wrong! The package I put into the safe last night is missing, a hundred thousand yen of jewels has disappeared into thin air! I dropped them into the drawer at closing time—they'd come in too late for me to send them to the safety deposit vault—and I thought they'd be safe enough there for the night. Now they're gone!" Carruthers was shaking like a leaf.

Ferguson gasped. He eyed the modern steel safe in round-eyed wonder.

"Somebody opened it?" he asked swiftly.

Carruthers nodded slowly.

"Who?" Ferguson's single word came like a rifle bullet.

Carruthers' chin sank slowly to his breast.

"Blessed if I know," he confessed. "I'm the only one who knew the new combination and the safe was opened without forcing the bolts," he went on slowly, half to himself. "Nobody knew of that shipment but myself and Westmore, who sent it from Yokohama. I put it away and now it's gone! It looks bad for me."

"It certainly does," corroborated his secretary.

"I'm sunk!" Carruthers went on glumly. "A hundred thousand yen—fifty thousand gold dollars! And the Chief knows that I was playing the market with A-I common stock!"

Abruptly he started to his feet, his hands clenched.

"I've got to find them!" He glared at Ferguson and at the shrinking Tado just behind. "I've got to find them or I'm done!"

Tado slipped swiftly to the partly open door, mindful of sundry beatings he had received from his master for mislaying various small articles belonging to the impulsive seiyo-jin.

"Playing the market with a falling stock on margin," Carruthers went on bitterly. "A fortune in jewels missing from an up-to-date safe that hasn't a scratch on it, whose combination only I know. Who'd believe me when I report it stolen?" He smiled a thin-lipped mirthless smile.

"It's tough," and Ferguson's grizzled head nodded solemnly. "Was any one here when you locked the safe?" he went on.

Carruthers shook his head in negation.

Tado darted through the half-open door; his shrill voice was voluble as he quarreled with the porter.

"Come to think of it," Carruthers went on slowly, "I think Takagawa was in here, cleaning up. I'm sure of it! But, h——! How would that ignorant coolie ever find out the combination? No, that's a bum lead! Let me think."

His hands went to his head again and he slouched dejectedly into his chair, watching with lack-luster eyes as his subordinate softly withdrew.

Carruthers' mind raced in aimless circles as he sat motionless. Who would believe him when he reported the loss? Most of his white associates and some of the Japanese officials knew that he was trading in the common stock of the Asiatic-Import Company; its rapid drop was a matter of jest among his friends when he happened to drop in at the club. One and all they would conclude he had gotten in beyond his depth and had stolen from his employers to recoup. Possibly the firm would have him arrested—

searched. While he might be released for lack of evidence, yet, in that case, he would surely be followed and carefully watched for months—years perhaps. Worst of all, his position as the trusted head of the Osaka branch of the great firm would be gone, and who would employ a thief in any position of responsibility or trust in the Orient?

For as a thief he would stand accused if not convicted. Nor could he go back to the States and fare any better. Before his eyes rose mental pictures of beach-combers he had seen here and there, miserable wretches, despised alike by whites and natives. Idly he had wondered how they lived; well, he would soon know, for he must join them. Even the outcast Eta's life was no harder than that now stretching inexorably before him. As the Japanese would have put it, Carruthers had lost his "face," his honor. Better, like a Japanese in a similar position, to die.

Yet suicide was far from his thoughts; he had not the smiling stoicism of these yellow men among whom he moved. The American impulse to fight was strong within him, to fight regardless of the odds.

TADO sidled softly into the room again. "Danna-san," he whispered, "danna-san!"

Carruthers paid no attention.

Tado's hand stole to the shoulder of this god-like seiyo-jin who had seemed to move so securely, so majestically, among these lesser white men. Like a great samurai, this one, under whom Tado could take service with honor as in happier, far-off days his own samurai father had served under the Shogun.

And now his master was troubled, calamity had spread its somber wings over the god-like one's destiny. What that catastrophe was, Tado neither knew

nor cared; his timid outstretched hand meant unflinching loyalty, be that master's fortune good or bad.

Slowly Carruthers raised his head.

"What is it, Tado?" he asked dully.

"Please, danna-san, Takagawa clean up the office when the honorable one close the seiyo-jin box," Tado whispered. "And just now, Takagawa listen outside the door."

Carruthers' head lifted suddenly, then dropped hopelessly once more. The thought was preposterous. The porter could not possibly have watched his rapid manipulation of the dial, have noted the numbers he stopped at so briefly! As for his spying at the door just now, did not all native Japanese servants spy so in their insatiable curiosity over the doings of the seiyo-jin?

"I've lost my face, Tado," Carruthers said slowly. "I'm done for. You had better find another master." He smiled wryly. "I won't need a servant any more."

Tado drew his slight form erect with all the earnestness of his thirteen years.

"My honorable father wore the two swords," he began. "Often he told me that when one can no longer live with honor one can die with honor."

In spite of his downcast mood Carruthers chuckled.

"Be still, baby," he commanded. "We shall live—yet awhile."

He snapped the safe door shut, gave the disk a rapid twirl and heard the heavy tumblers drop into place. He strode decisively to the outer office, curtly informing Ferguson he would be gone all day. That astounded secretary saw the determined swing of the manager's shoulders, his jaunty demeanor.

"Bet he found it," Ferguson grunted to himself. "Just misplaced it, I guess." He eyed Tado sourly as the little Japanese lad pattered after his master, and that

urchin, after a swift glance at the seiyo-jin's broad back to be sure he was not observed, thumbed his nose derisively at the august secretary. Before Ferguson could do more than curse deeply and emphatically, the two had passed through the crowded outer room where typewriters clacked endlessly and straw-sandaled yellow clerks scuffed silently about. In the colorful, crowded street Carruthers halted momentarily, glancing this way and that.

"We, who are about to die, salute thee," he quoted bitterly. Then with a quick change of spirits, "Well, Tado, where shall we go today? It may be our last happy moments together; let's make the most of them."

Tado's little face wrinkled with perplexity. A few moments ago he was sure the seiyo-jin had been in dire trouble, face to face with a supreme disaster, if the lad were any judge; yet now the god-like one proposed a boyish holiday. He seemed more carefree than Tado himself.

A deformed beggar whined for alms at Carruthers' elbow as he awaited Tado's decision. Instinctively the white man tossed the wretch a silver coin. Carruthers wondered how soon he would himself be begging for the silver he now tossed so carelessly away. He scowled heavily and swung about, with unseeing eyes staring into the doorway from which he had just emerged. Takagawa's head withdrew precipitately out of his range of vision; the porter spat a bitter muttered curse at his white employer as he hurried back to attend to his duties.

"First, I would like to go to the gardens," Tado began in his childish treble, "and after that, by 'rickisha to the shrine that sits on the high hill beyond the city and——" He grew alarmed as he thought of all his boyish desires, gulped hastily, then finished bravely, though his voice trembled at thought of his great

daring—"and then I would like to take the danna-san into the quarter where the beggars live."

He finished that last with a rush. While Carruthers loved to pry into all parts of the teeming city, while he delighted to discover spots where the old Japan still flourished, yet to go after nightfall into the quarter of the Eta, the home of the outcasts and the parasites, was no pleasure jaunt. It was no place for a seiyo-jin, even by daylight; after dark it was as much as a man's life was worth for one to be found wandering there who was as prosperous-looking as Tado's master.

"Righto," Carruthers agreed recklessly. "That's as good as anything. Perhaps in that unsavory hole, Kwannon, the goddess of Wisdom, may give me understanding. Perhaps there she will even up the score."

He hailed a passing 'rickisha, settled himself within, passing a protecting arm about the lad, and gave the necessary directions, quite failing to notice that other similar vehicle that followed unobtrusively in his rear.

THE gardens had been thoroughly explored, the goldfish in the pools had been fed with crumbs of crisp rice-cakes; Tado had stuffed himself with sweetmeats to the point of repletion. The two had loitered along the winding evergreen-bordered road that led to the temple.

Carruthers had dismissed the 'rickisha at the gaudy ornate gate; together, for all the world like a pair of schoolboys, they had puffed and panted up the steep path within the temple-garden walls to the first sacred, red bridge. Just beyond sat a bronze Jizo, god of travelers and children. Mechanically Carruthers gave Tado a few coppers to lay before the shrine, wondering why this patron of weary wanderers was not seated at the

bottom of that steep ascent to assist them to the top.

They paused for breath at the highest point of the second arched bridge, the temple doors yawning just beyond them, its interior cool and dim. Carruthers' gaze passed over the well-tended garden, delighting in its variety of color and form, appreciating everything from the gray stone lanterns peeping, half hidden, among the evergreens, to the bordering mounds of the dead that stretched downward on all sides without the temple walls. These last varied from tiny rock heaps no higher than his knee to imposing piles that almost overlooked the walls enclosing the garden itself. His wandering thoughts were brought back with a jerk as Tado clutched his arm in excitement.

"Look, danna-san!" he whispered. "There at the first bridge! We are followed! All day I have felt it, now I am sure. It is the same one. I saw him first in the gardens, lagging behind us. Now he does likewise at this temple!"

Carruthers looked doubtfully at the Japanese standing on the lower bridge. The squat figure in its blue kimono looked vaguely familiar.

"Nonsense, baby," he grunted. "Who would follow us, and why? You must be mistaken."

"I am no baby, danna-san. I am the son of an honorable samurai. We men do not take fright at shadows. I am not mistaken. I would know that ugly cow-face if I saw it in hell."

Carruthers chuckled delightedly.

"Listen to this little cock crow! Mah! He has not yet shot his pin-feathers and already he imagines himself an eagle!"

Tado subsided sullenly.

"I know what I know," he muttered. "Had I been a baby I would have pointed him out to you and so have given him warning."

Carruthers grew suddenly grave.

"Righto, my young warrior," he said softly. "But why does he follow us?"

"Because of what is gone from the danna-san's strong metal box," Tado hazarded.

Carruthers started.

"I wonder," he mused. "Come, my brave one," he bantered. "We will make sure about this matter, whether he follows us or no."

He led the way about the temple grounds like some aimless tourist. Within the temple a prayer gong boomed four times, the voice of a boy arose across a court as if hurrying laggard monks to assembly. Once more the prayer bell boomed its solemn summons, answered every fourth time by the reverberant echo of a softer bell somewhere far within that walled enclosure.

Tado hummed a droning song popular in the city as the drawling monotonous prayers of the priests arose.

"See, soldier?" Carruthers chuckled. "You were mistaken after all. Not once again have we seen that other."

Tado's head was downcast, but every line of his figure expressed his obstinate refusal to believe. He slipped his foot from the four-inch wooden geta and traced intricate patterns upon the pathway with his big toe.

"But it grows late, Tado. Let us go."

**A**GAIN Carruthers hailed a 'ricksha. With the approach of darkness his troubles weighed him down once more. The morrow marked the end for him as a dominant figure in the A-I company. Another evening would find him imprisoned or, at least, warched. Either way it meant the end of his dreams, his career. He sighed wearily. He was no nearer a solution to the mystery than he had been when he called Ferguson into his private office that morning. The day in

the open had not stimulated his wits to the point of solving the puzzle.

In the 'rickisha Tado wriggled excitedly within his passive arm.

"Danna-san! Danna-san!" he whispered. "We are followed once more! I do not know if it is the cow-faced one or not. That follower of ame-no-Kagase, the scarecrow god, must have known that we were talking of him; therefore he vanished."

Absent-mindedly Tado drew forth a packet of silky Japanese tobacco cigarettes, lit one and inhaled deeply. A sudden swooping reach of the big seiyo-jin's arm and Carruthers held the packet in his huge paw.

"What? Again?" he questioned. "Must I beat you for your supper?"

"I forgot, danna-san," Tado returned unabashed. "It will not happen again."

"See that it doesn't," Carruthers snapped.

"Indeed, it will not," Tado repeated. "Two only I smoked and now the package is gone," he continued in an undertone.

"The 'rickisha follows us yet, danna-san," he went on, raising his voice once more, as he peered past the other's bulk.

"Faster!" Carruthers exhorted the 'rickisha coolie. Obediently the bare-legged steed quickened his pace. The 'rickisha behind came on at the faster gait, as Tado swiftly informed him.

"Perhaps you were right, worm," Carruthers admitted.

The twinkling lights of the city rose to meet them. Carruthers ordered the 'rickisha coolie to double and turn through the crowded streets, but Tado, peering slyly past his form, announced that their pursuer still hung on their track. Carruthers' left hand slipped into his coat pocket and felt the comforting bulk of the automatic reposing therein.

Tado's lean hand slid inside his kimono and touched the keen-bladed knife

secreted there. Only the knowledge that were he to do so he would incur a beating more severe than any he had ever yet received and lose the knife besides, kept him from bringing it forth and parting it.

The 'rickisha drew away from the better-lighted part of the city, the streets grew quieter. Drearier grew the prospect, the houses degenerated to mere hovels, the few pedestrians abroad slunk furtively close beside the matting walls.

Tado thrilled with a tingling apprehension. In the blackness he could no longer distinguish their pursuer. Curtly Carruthers dismissed the 'rickisha at an intersection and proceeded on foot after tossing their panting steed a gold piece and ignoring the handful of silver the coolie proffered in change.

Tado kept close to Carruthers' side, his breath coming unevenly. He kept looking behind him as Carruthers went swiftly forward. Tado's breath hissed sharply through his teeth.

From either side a dark figure had hurtled out of the shadows as the seiyo-jin came abreast of a feeble flickering glow that proceeded from a doorway, together with the smell of bad sake and worse fish. Tado heard the hiss of the boiling pans, the slap of slabs of fish against rusty frying-pans; he glimpsed maid servants, ugly of face, in rusty, disheveled kimonos, rushing about, bearing bottles of the same squat shape as themselves; heard them laughing and chattering with the eaters.

THE cry of warning stuck in Tado's throat as Carruthers swung to meet the foremost. The seiyo-jin's left hand swung upward in a choppy uppercut that smashed suddenly upon the other's jaw, yet too far back for a knockout. The Japanese stopped in midstride under the impact, his head flew back and he sprawled on his shoulders in the dusty street.

With a swift sidewise thrust of his leg, Carruthers shoved Tado out of the way as the other flying figure caught him about the waist from behind. His long length was lifted in that deadly grip as his antagonist tried to whip him from the ground.

Carruthers recognized the grip instantly. Coldly alert, he turned completely over in midair, landing car-like on his feet, his arms pumping up and down in short, savage, murderous blows.

A knife stung him on the leg. His swift downward glance showed him the other Japanese, lips drawn back in a wordless snarl, aiming another upward blow with the flashing steel.

A tiny figure hurtled in; Tado fell ferociously on that upraised arm; lightning-like his lithe arms shot over and under that other brawny one; Tado's weight dropped with a sickening, crunching snap; the Japanese screamed eerily as his elbow shattered and the knife dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"Mah!" Tado grunted explosively; his own naked blade glittered at the Eta's throat.

"Tado! Stop!" Carruthers snapped, and turned to meet the other once more. The dark figure ducked suddenly, but Carruthers' smashing fury of blows tore the knife from his hand with a paralyzing blow on the man's wrist. No further sound came from Tado and the other Eta; dimly Carruthers wondered if Tado had been killed. He went berserk, raining a storm of blows at his half-seen antagonist whose clawing hands were reaching for his legs.

Once those steel talons hooked about his kneecap in an agonizing grip, but Carruthers tore loose and flung himself bodily after his elusive enemy. They rose to their feet simultaneously; the Japanese had found his knife again.

Carruthers felt a searing pain as the

knife glanced against his ribs; his shirt grew warm and sticky with blood as he jabbed viciously at the figure before him, momentarily outlined against the glow emanating from the eating-house.

Again the Japanese rushed him, stabbing wildly. Carruthers leaped to one side, closed in, seized an arm and twisted it violently inward. The Japanese grunted, coughed with a choking, gurgling sound—Carruthers' astounded eyes saw the other's knife protruding from his torn kimono. The seiyō-jin had forced the knife intended for himself into the other's chest, instead. The Eta sagged to the ground, dying. As Carruthers stared aghast, Tado rose, wiping his own dripping blade.

"Come, danna-san," he panted. "Let us run before these fools in the eating-house find the dead and call the police!" Setting the example he hurried forward. In a bound Carruthers was beside him, running like a sprinter.

"The other one——" the man gasped.

"He is dead, too, danna-san," Tado answered. "I did not mean to do it, but he would not lie still. He caught my foot with his good hand and——"

Tado saved his breath for running, his legs twinkled in and out as he strove to keep up with the god-like one. Behind them rose a chorus of shouts, an excited clamor. The diners, attracted by the noise of the battle, had found the dead bodies of the two Eta.

Tado caromed into his master as Carruthers sped into a narrow alley.

"Danna-san! Danna-san!" he panted.

Carruthers slackened his pace.

"What is it, my little fire-eater?" he whispered.

"We must be almost there, danna-san," Tado panted.

"Almost where, my little samurai?"

"Where Takagawa lodges, danna-san," Tado gasped.



Carruthers stopped so suddenly that Tado bounced off his broad back like a rubber ball. He picked the fallen youngster up none too gently.

"What fool's talk is this, little owl?" he growled. But his fingers were as gentle as his voice was rough. "Is Takagawa of the Eta?" he went on.

Tado grinned impishly to himself in the darkness.

"He was," Tado corrected. "And that one whom I killed was his brother," he continued. "It was the cow-faced one who followed us all day."

Carruthers whistled softly.

"What the ——" He stood motionless while his mind raced crazily. With this new knowledge he was again visioning the evening before when he had put away the sharkskin packet of jewels—Takagawa's cat-like lithe tread, his quick nervous movements, his darting glittering eyes. Takagawa, an Eta, an outcast—forced to live by his wits, yet able to worm his way into the A-I office as a porter. This new knowledge about his porter explained many things that Carruthers had noticed almost subconsciously—little things that now bulked large and important. Dimly he remembered, too, of seeing the porter's snarling visage as he had turned away from the office door in the street that morning.

"Where is it, Tado?" he whispered as he glided ahead once more.

ASCANT hundred feet they went forward. Tado peered intently through the thick gloom.

"There, danna-san." His outstretched hand pointed at a hovel a little more disreputable than its neighbors, whose thatched roof sagged drunkenly. A dim fuzzy light showed through the blackness about its walls.

With noiseless tread Carruthers crept closer. His ear caught the low mutter of

voices beyond the dirty oiled-paper barrier.

"It is the voice of Takagawa himself," Tado whispered sibilantly in his ear.

Carruthers' fist smashed through the fragile wall, making a jagged rift from floor to ceiling in the oiled paper. Through the opening he had made he caught a glimpse of two figures springing up from beside a rope-seed oil lamp that glared smokily on a rickety stand, saw too——

His left hand was outthrust, the blued barrel of the automatic gleamed wickedly.

"Stand still, Takagawa," Carruthers ordered curtly. "I've got you—and your loot, too!"

The little Japanese porter leaped backward. The gun spat angrily. Tado's round child eyes stared past his master at the sprawled figure of the porter, at the round black hole in his forehead. His ears were deafened by the roar of the gun in that enclosed space, at the excited whining pleadings of the other shaking wretch, an unsavory dealer in jewels and antiques, who had been in trouble with the police times without number.

Slowly Carruthers stepped into the filthy room. Tado scuttled ahead, his greedy hands grasped the glittering baubles strewed on the low table before the smoking lamp and stowed them again in the soft shagreen packet. Deftly he dropped the closed pouch into the gaping pocket of the seiyo-jin's bloody coat.

"Kill this other father of pigs, danna-san," he pleaded. "He is a rat that seeks a hole and is too cowardly to bite."

The other's face turned gray, his pleading grew more vehement.

"Here! One jewel I stole when that—that crow was not looking!" With a shaking hand he dropped the largest jewel of all upon the table, from which it bounced with a rattle, to roll upon the filthy matting.

Tado pounced after it like a cat after a mouse. He rose, the glittering jewel clutched tight, reaching for his knife.

"Let me unlock the gates of speech for him, danna-san," he begged. "Often my honorable father told me of his own youth and the secrets he learned from the Chinese where punishment is an art."

The Japanese spat out something that is the same in all languages.

Tado slapped him across the mouth.

"Be still, Tado!" Carruthers' tones were steel behind their velvety softness. "We will give him into hands more experienced than yours." He glanced at the body of the porter sprawled grotesquely on its back. "Tomorrow we must get a

new porter," he smiled, "one that is not an outcast."

"Let *me* hire him, danna-san?" Tado broke in swiftly.

"That you shall, wise one," Carruthers went on heartily. "I am beginning to think you should have had the hiring of this one as well. Then, all this trouble would not have happened."

Tado swelled with pride.

"And no more will my danna-san call me baby?" he asked softly.

"Never again, Tado," Carruthers promised. "Baby you are no longer, but a true samurai and a credit to the race of the Yamoto."