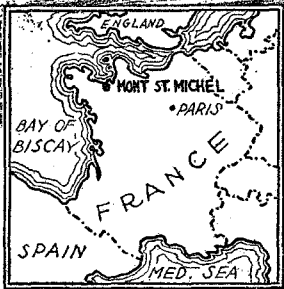
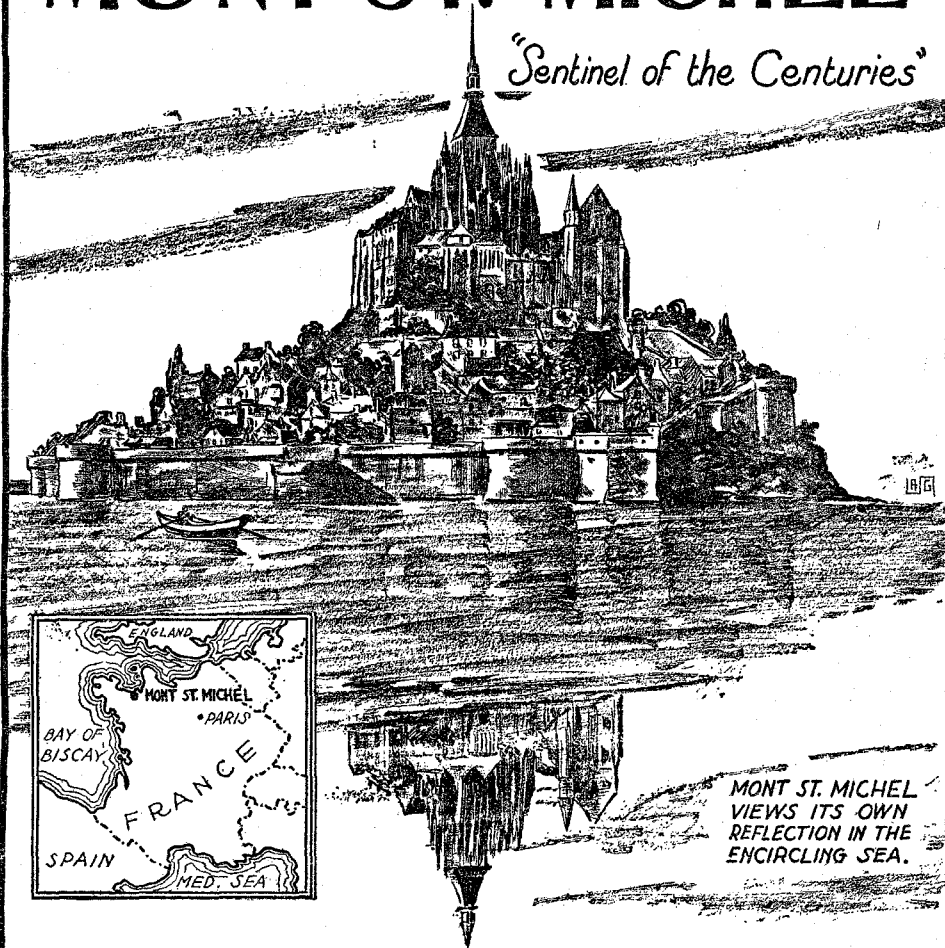


WONDERS OF THE WORLD

MONT ST. MICHEL

"Sentinel of the Centuries"



MONT ST. MICHEL
VIEWS ITS OWN
REFLECTION IN THE
ENCIRCLING SEA.

ACCORDING to an old Celtic myth, Mont St. Michel was a sea tomb to which the souls of the dead were ferried in an invisible bark. A later tradition claims that in the year 708 A.D., when Saint Michael, the saint of high places, appeared in a vision to the Bishop of Avranches, he commanded a chapel to be built upon this granite islet which rises 260 feet above the sea off the coast of Normandy. And so it became a shrine to which pilgrims came to worship, just as to-day tourists come from afar to view this ancient rock city, which has played such a gallant part in French history as fortress, prison and abbey.

A mile-long causeway now joins the island to the mainland, and at low tide its granite cone is surrounded by sand flats. Around the base is a cirlet of medieval walls and towers, while along its single winding street straggle quaint old houses, rising tier on tier as though plastered against the rock. Crowning the isle is an ancient abbey with huge buttresses and bastions flanking a central bell tower and spire.

Sergeant Webb of the Shanghai police finds that Oriental tricks help in tracking an Oriental murderer



Lee fell to his knees, pleaded and begged

“Face”

By ALFRED BATSON

I GOT there within fifteen minutes of the killings, and I talked with fifty people who were in the alley.” Junior Sergeant Willard Webb was making his report to John Dixon, gray-eyed Assistant Police Commissioner in charge of detectives on the Shanghai force. “They were typical coolie factory workers, too excited to remember what they’d

seen, if they’d seen anything. Apparently somebody shot down the cashier as he stepped from the auto with the payroll; somebody else slit open the bag of small change and strewed it over the ground. During the mêlée the cashier’s assistant was downed. Then, while the coolies were fighting for the silver the gang snatched the paper money, and beat it.” He broke off abruptly. “Chief, it was a perfect job—so far.”

Dixon pursed his lips, interrupted. “They were Chekiang Bank notes. Here’s a list of the numbers. What you’re telling me is your idea?”