

THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE HUT IN THE CLEARING

BY EDMUND SNELL.
ILLUSTRATED BY
R.W. SANTERFIELD

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This unusual series of stories deals with the exploits of "Chinese" Pennington, a detective, sent by his government to British North Borneo to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits.

"CHINESE" PENNINGTON lay tapping the toes of his shoes together, gazing through the wreath of smoke that hung above him at a lizard that clung to the ceiling of the veranda of Capt. John Hewitt—commissioner of police. A hand reached down and scratched at a section of white calf that showed between the lowest extremity of a carefully creased trouser leg and the top of a crumpled sock. The strange diagonal slits, behind which his eyes had a knack of disappearing, widened presently, and he looked across at Monica.

"Hot, isn't it?"

"Almost too hot to think. I think you've decided to sit up because I've got lots of things I want to ask you."

"What sort of things, Mrs. Viney?"

"There are heaps of things I don't understand," she told him. "Why don't you arrest Mr. Chai-Hung?"

"You think we ought to?"

"Why, of course. You know him to be the leader of Chinese opinion on the island; you know him to be cunning, unscrupulous, capable of anything *** I can't see why Jack bothers himself to scour the countryside for Chai-Hung's puppets—when the oily Oriental who actually pulls the wires is still at large."



"THE YELLOW SEVEN" SHE WHISPERED.

The man with the Chinese eyes balanced a rubber pouch on his knees and began rolling a fresh cigarette. Monica watched him impatiently. She found it difficult to associate in her mind the two Penningtons, the youthful, immaculate elder who ornamented her brother's bungalow, leading an apparently purposeless existence, and the gaunt, lean scarecrow who, a master of dialects and disguise—wandered undetected from drinking-house to opium-den, from market-place to camp-fire, bounding out the spreaders of a sedition that disturbed the peace of the handful of white settlers that dwelt on these fringes of civilization.

"I'm afraid you have to blame me for that, Mrs. Viney," he said slowly.

"You see, things aren't always as easy as they seem. Chai-Hung is still the most respected Chinaman in Borneo. I'm prepared to admit that there was a time when things looked black against him. It seemed incredible that he should be able to find a way out, but he did. Among a legion of worshiping followers it was by no means difficult for him to discover a scape-goat."

Monica sat up.

"But the Yellow Seven," she persisted excitedly. "Nothing can explain away that."

Pennington spread out his hands.

"I know," he agreed. "In almost every outrage committed that yellow card with its seven black dots has been traced; but what does it go to prove, after all?—merely that the perpetrator belonged to a society or cult among which this symbol exercises a significance. It proves nothing against Chai-Hung."

"But you know?"

"Of course I know. You know—and so does your brother. But it's up to us to prove it. That's what I came to you for. Chai-Hung is red-handed with the cards in his possession. Have you ever seen Ilang, Mrs. Viney? It's a weed that grows high on ill-tended plantations. Once deeply-rooted, it spreads everywhere. To de-

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for an indefinite period."

Monica's forehead wrinkled.

"Oughtn't you to do something?"

Pennington smiled grimly.

"Chai-Hung is being watched night and day."

Monica uttered a deep sigh of content.

"I don't see that there's much to bother about, then. You're bound to get him."

"You'd think so, wouldn't you?"

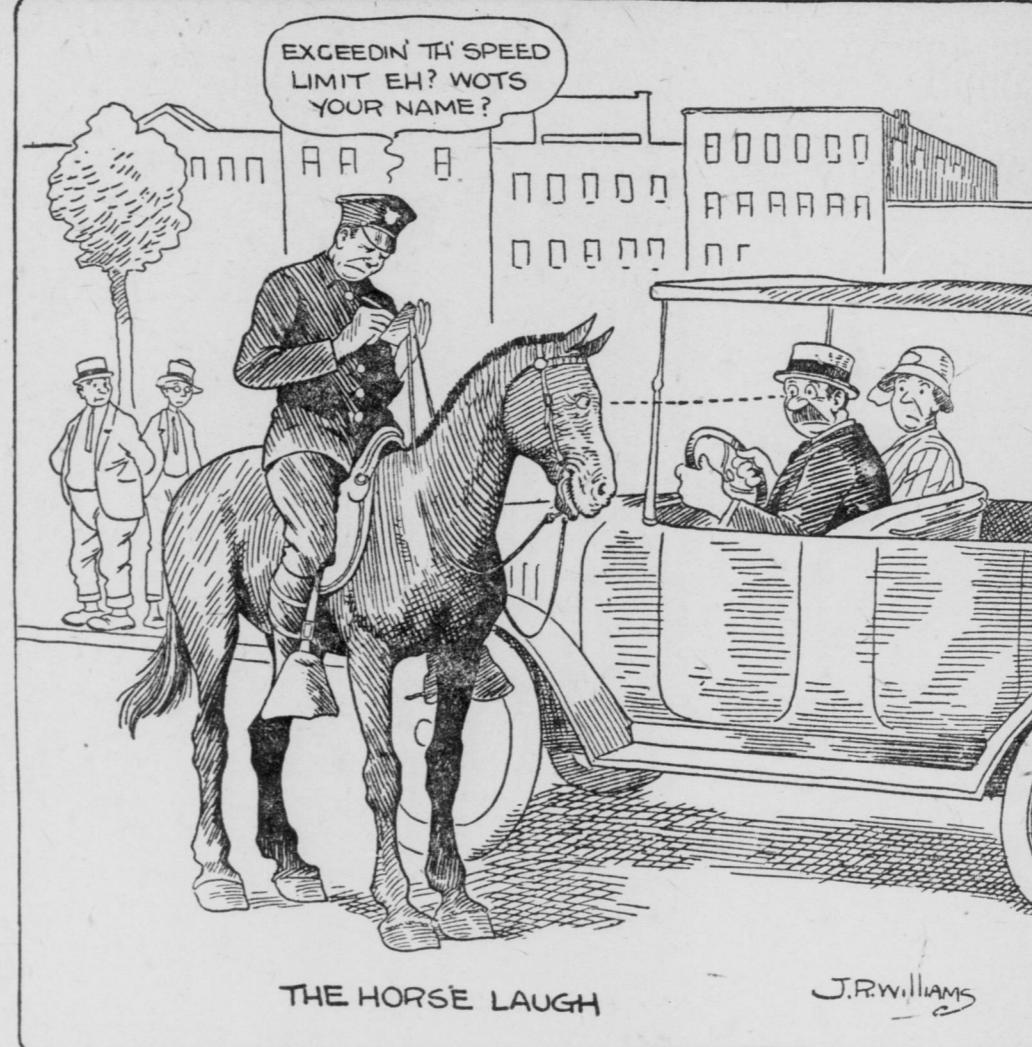
OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE MAJOR HAS HIS DAY, AT LAST!

NEA SERVICE

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

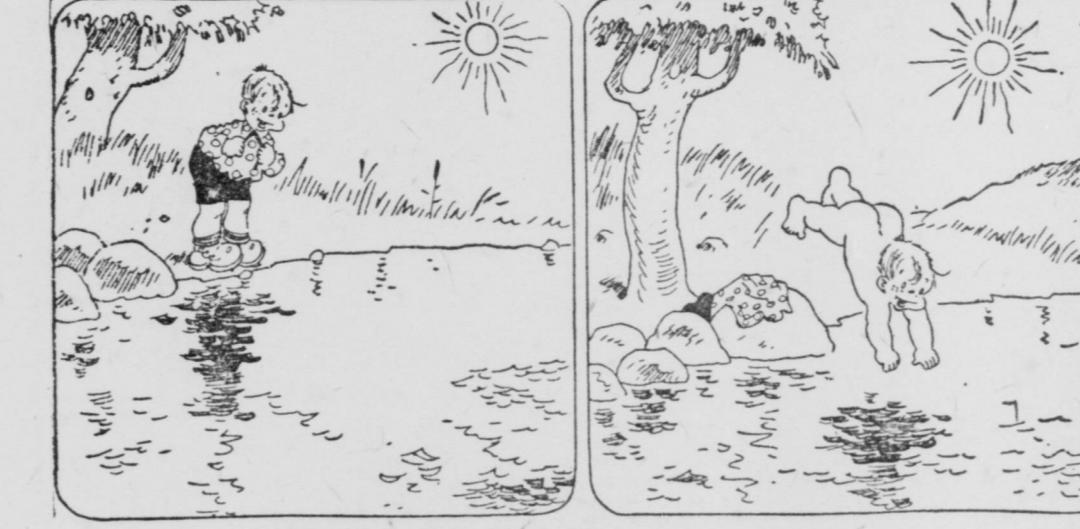


THE HORSE LAUGH

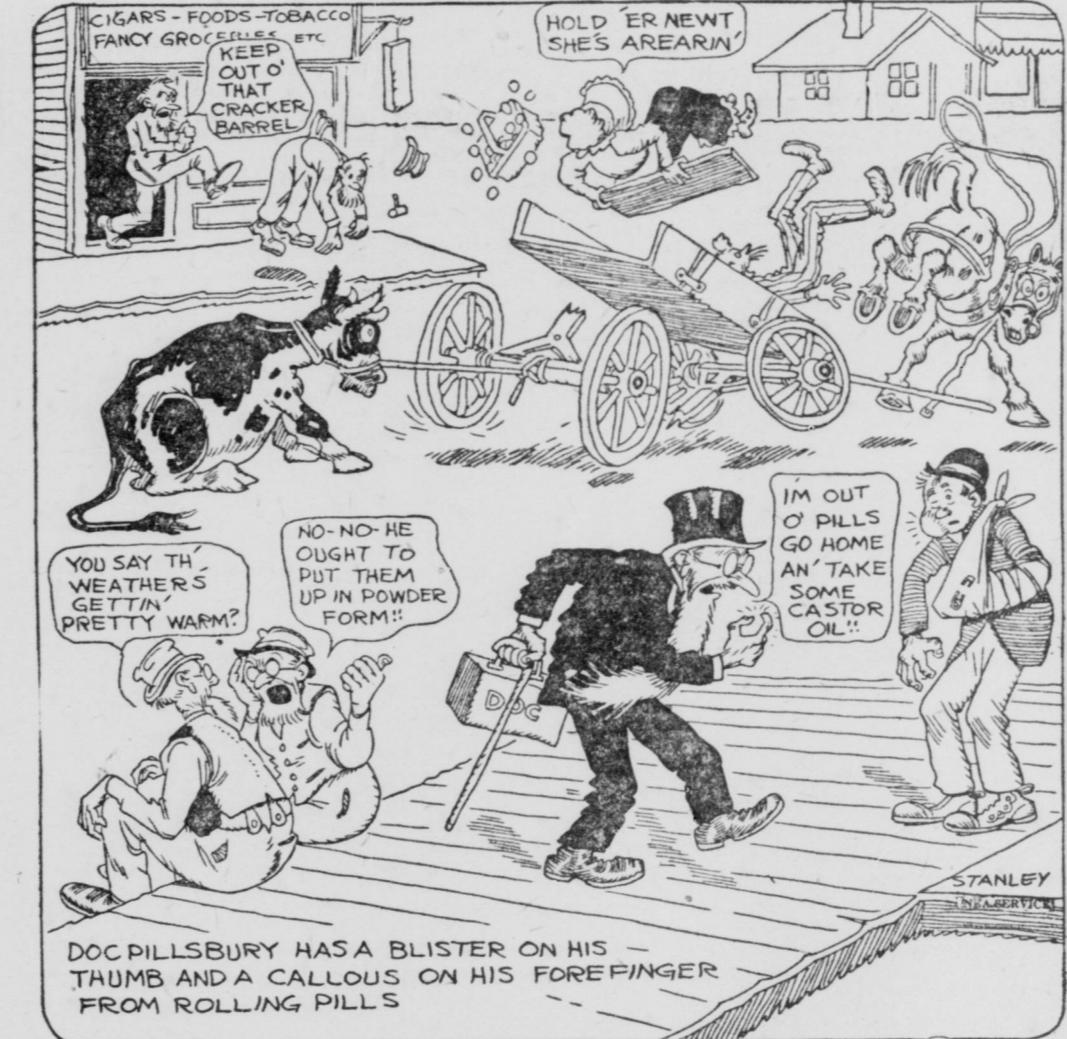
J.R. WILLIAMS

—By BLOSSER

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



DOC PILLSBURY HAS A BLISTER ON HIS

TAUMB AND A CALLOUS ON HIS FOREFINGER
FROM ROLLING PILLS

DEATH SUMMONS VETERAN BANKER

Funeral Services Tuesday for
Thomas B. Millikan

Last rites for Thomas B. Millikan, 69, of Newcastle, Ind., who died Sunday at the Robert Long Hospital, will be held at 3 p.m. Tuesday at the home of his son, John Millikan, at Newcastle, Ind.

Captain John Hewitt swung into view a bare half-hour after the fall of darkness, and found his sister waiting for him on the threshold.

"Have you got it?" she whispered.

The commissioner looked down at her and smiled reprovingly.

"Got what?"

She reached up on tiptoe and whispered something in his ear.

"You've been hearing more state secrets so that he should run no risk of encountering your brother on his way."

He knew that Hewitt was launching with the Governor at Sandakan. He is undoubtedly equally aware that the commissioner is returning with the warrant for the arrest of our friend, Chai-Hung."

"Then that is why—"

"That is why he is going away for an indefinite period."

Monica's forehead wrinkled.

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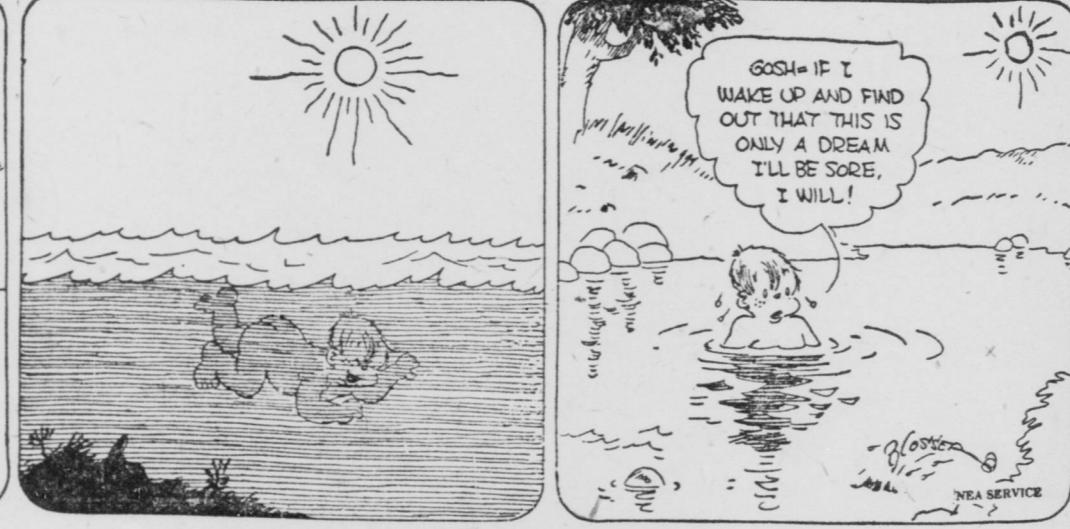
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In Russia there are 1,229 women to every 1,000 men. Germany comes next with 1,100 and Austria, 1,069.

You Couldn't Blame Him



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



HOOSIER BRIEFS

N. L. Bess, farmer near Logansport, produced a wheat crop of 43 bushels to the acre. Sale price 88 cents. He estimated cost of production at \$1 per bushel. Loss, \$5.16 an acre.

Clarence Warren, 28, Evansville railroad employee, arrested in the act of stealing an automobile, has confessed other robberies, police say.

Stella Manning, 14, Seymour, was arrested at Greensburg, Ind., who was found dead in a box car attired in boy's clothing. The other girl es-

caped. Miss Manning said they were going West to be "cow girls."

Allen Waybright, 14, Columbia City, died from a chigger bite.

A \$5,000 fire destroyed the implement shed and granary of Oliver Wade, near Logansport.

Mrs. Virginia Smith-Reynolds, Gary,

has the distinction of being the only woman prosecutor in the State. She will act during the absence of the regular prosecutor.

Mary Takla, Indiana Harbor, kept two fat pigs in her parlor. Sanitary officers raiding her home said they found the husband too drunk and the pigs too fat to take to the police station. She was released when she promised to build a pen for the porkers.

The country home of Eliza Phillips, near Columbus, was destroyed by fire of unknown origin. Loss, \$10,000.

William Levenstein, Greensburg, rescued his mother, Mrs. Louis Levenstein, from drowning when she fell

from a boat at Flatrock Cave picnic grounds.

Homer Ayres, Bloomington, is going to capitalize a rattlesnake he captured. He has made arrangements with an Indianapolis firm to sell the reptile's poison at \$35 an ounce.

A \$5,000 fire destroyed the implement shed and granary of Oliver Wade, near Logansport.

Mrs. Virginia Smith-Reynolds, Gary,

is Worth More Than a Fortune Says Timmons

Among the thousands who have volunteered statements inviting personal inquiry into their experiences with Tanlac, S. W. Timmons, manager of the Timmons Insurance Agency, Ft. Wayne, Ind., residing at 126 W. Wayne St.

"But without going into detail, we are both in splendid health since taking Tanlac and I don't see how any one could experience the wonderful relief we have and keep silent about it. If any one doubts this statement, just send them to me."

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