

THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE HUT IN THE CLEARING

BY EDMUND SNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY
R.W. SATERFIELD

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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 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 only 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 fidler who ornamented her brother's bungalow, leading an apparently purposeless existence, and the gaunt, lean scarecrow who, a master of disguise and disguise—wandered undetected from drinking-house to opium den, from market-place to camp-fire, bounding out the spreaders of a sedan 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. "I'm 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 our case. It's up to me to catch Chai-Hung red-handed with the cards in his possession. Have you ever seen him, Mrs. Viney?"

"It's a weed that grows high on ill-tended plantations. Once deeply-rooted, it spreads everywhere. To de-

stroy it, you must dig it up—roots and all—and burn it until there is nothing left that can take root again. The Yellow Seven is like that. I've got to make certain that Chai-Hung is the root—and the only root."

"I see," said Monica thoughtfully. "And until this happens—?"

"Until then every planter who walks in lonely places—goes in peril of his life; every white man who employs a Chinese cook-boy should look closely into his credentials when he engages him, and carefully into his cooking forever after!"

At that moment, Pennington, who had been looking through the doorway raised a warning finger. Monica turned to see the face of Chai-Hung in the room—and the only room.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Viney. How do you do, Mr. Pennington? Is His Excellency the Commissioner at home?"

"I'm afraid he's out, Mr. Chai-Hung," she said.

"I came in by the train this afternoon," he said, in a rasping voice. "I came to suggest that a little more police vigilance might be exerted in the district in which my estate lies. An unpleasant incident occurred there last night. Mr. Allison—an assistant on a local plantation—was the victim of what I believe you call a gang-murder."

Pennington's brain reeled. "Allison!" he gasped.

"The Oriental nodded calmly. 'It appears he was the bearer of a considerable sum of money with which to pay the coolies, and stayed a trifle too long at a friend's bungalow.'"

"Thanks," said Pennington drily. "I'm much obliged. It's a queer thing, Mr. Chai-Hung, but I'd always regarded your territory free from this sort of thing. I rather fancied it was because you were there!"

For a fraction of a second the eyes of Chai-Hung flashed fire.

The Chinaman produced an envelope from his tunic pocket.

"Perhaps you would be kind enough to hand this to Captain Hewitt. It was found near the scene of the tragedy."

Pennington took the envelope. "I take it that the crime was enacted within reasonable distance of your house, Mr. Chai-Hung?"

"Unpleasantly so."

"And this—this was discovered by one of your men?"

"It was found—by me."

Pennington screwed up his eyes. "That's interesting," he said softly. "I wonder if you could manage to pass this way again, say tomorrow morning—about ten?"

Chai-Hung shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid that would be utterly impossible."

"Going away?" inquired Pennington casually.

The corners of the Chinaman's mouth twitched.

"I may possibly be absent from my residence—for an indefinite period," he announced loftily. "I shall be charged if you will inform His Excellency the Commissioner that one of my secretaries will attend to any correspondence he may think necessary."

He turned abruptly and made his way toward the dusty road—a hundred yards below.

"Well?" demanded Monica eagerly, as soon as the celestial and his hunch-backed satellite were out of ear-shot.

Pennington leaned back against the wooden rail.

"It's perfectly amazing," he admitted. "I'm dazed, sorry for poor Allison, of course, but it's the main issue that interests me at this moment. Look at the staff-work! He deliberately organizes a tragedy almost on his own doorstep, and calmly arranges things so that he will be the first to bring the news to the commissioner. Then he presents us with one of these delightful little symbols, for all the world as if he'd never seen one in all his life before! Ye Gods!"

He slid a finger under the flap of the envelope and tore it open. Monica saw him draw out a card. He held the thing with its black back before her, then twisted his fingers so that she could observe the bright yellow surface of its other side, and the seven black dots with which it was ornamented.

"The Yellow Seven!" she whispered.

Pennington left the rail and began pacing the veranda.

"His agents are everywhere," he ventured presently. "Even his visit this afternoon was carefully calculated so that he should run no risk of encountering my brother on his way."

He knew that Hewitt was lunching with the Governor at Sandakan. He is undoubtedly equally aware that the commissioner is returning with 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. "Oughtn't you to do something?"

Pennington smiled grimly. "Chai-Hung is being watched—night and day."

Monica uttered a deep sigh of contentment.

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

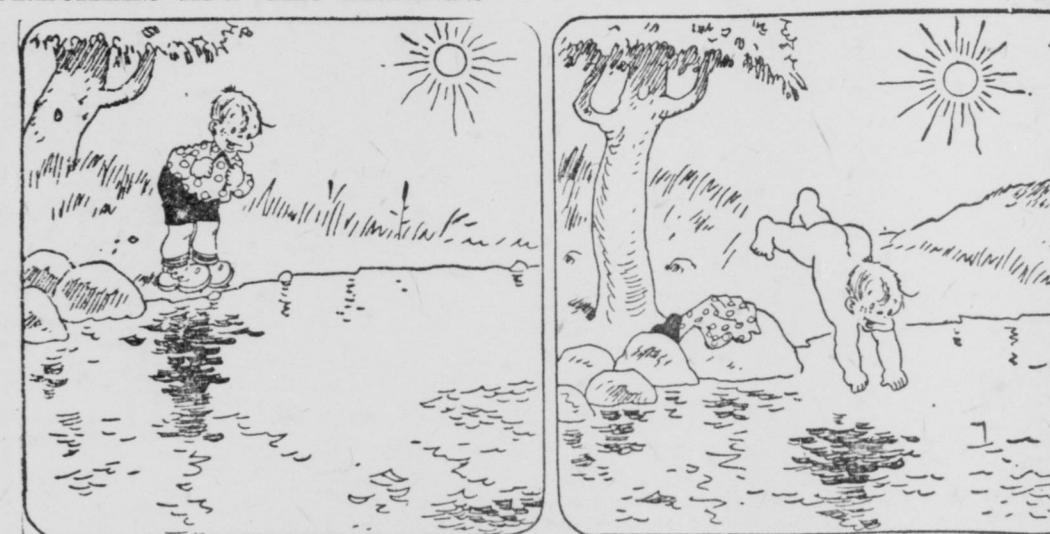
"You'd think so, wouldn't you? I

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

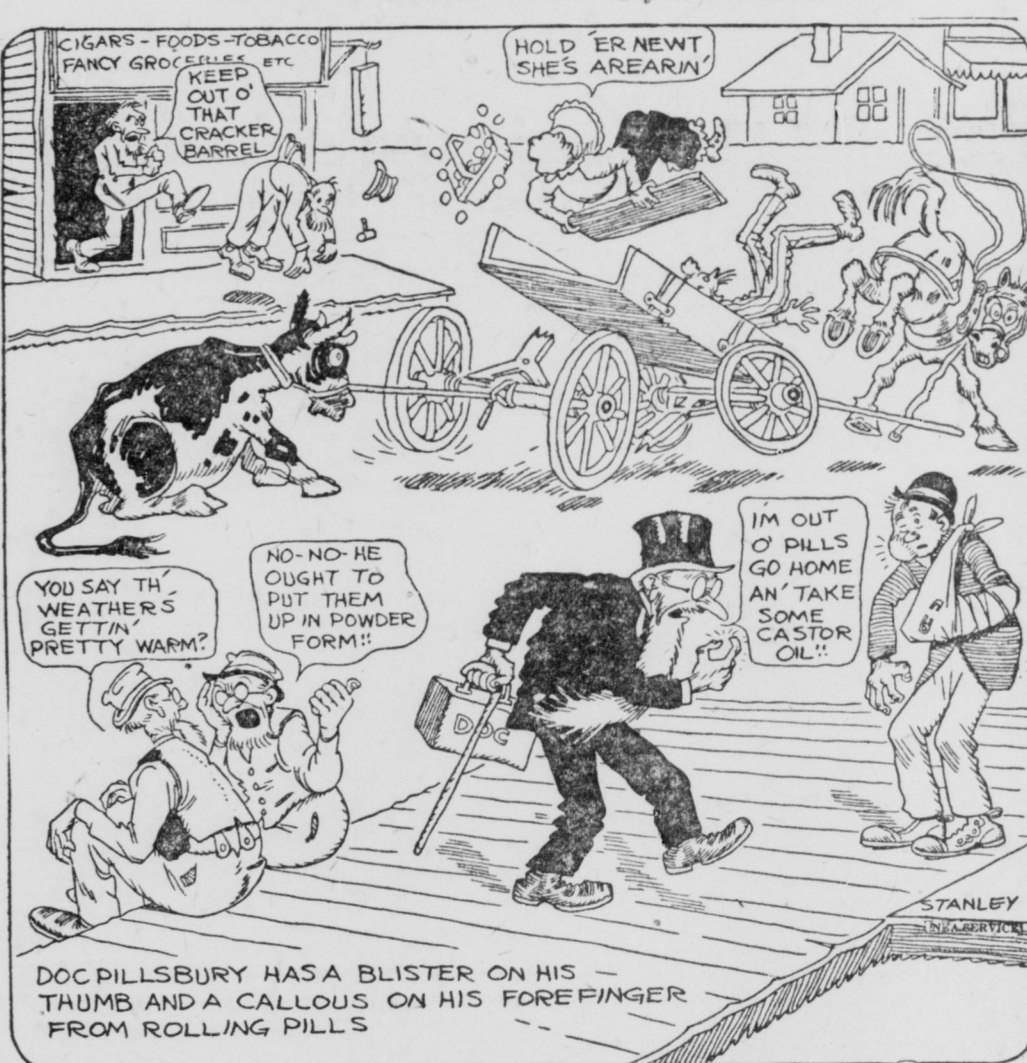


THE MAJOR HAS HIS DAY, AT LAST!

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



DOC PILLSBURY HAS A BLISTER ON HIS THUMB AND A CALLOUS ON HIS FOREFINGER FROM ROLLING PILLS

used to think so—once. But that was when I allowed myself to be carried away by youthful enthusiasm. There's something about Chai-Hung that baffles one at every turn. He's a pastmaster of cunning, an enthusiastic student of every diabolical crime in existence, but, beyond all that, he's gifted with an intuition—a sort of second-sight, that borders on the supernatural."

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.

She reached up on tip-toe and whispered something in his ear.

"You've been hearing more state secrets than are good for you," she laughed. "Why do you ask?"

She stood looking out into the tropic darkness.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

One Every Minute

DUBLIN, July 23.—A man rigged out as Charlie Chaplin, even to the trick mustache and familiar "canal boats," amused folks for a couple of hours. He embraced nearly every one he met. Citizens thought they were being filmed. But they were being robbed and they knew it not—until later.

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

DEATH SUMMONS VETERAN BANKER

Funeral Services Tuesday for
Thomas B. Millikan.

Last rites for Thomas B. Millikan, 69, of Newcastles, 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.

The Rev. L. C. Howe of Vincennes, Ind., will officiate, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Wilson of Christ Church, Newcastle. Burial will be in the New-castle cemetery.

Mr. Millikan was cashier of the Citizens State Bank of Newcastle for forty-nine years, and one of the most prominent bankers in eastern Indiana.

From 1894 to 1902 he served as a State bank examiner.

Surviving are the widow, Mrs. Maude Millikan, and three children, Mrs. Claude Stanley, John R. Millikan and Miss Janet Millikan.

Five Die in Crossing Crash

By United Press
GOTHENBERG, Sweden, July 23.—Five persons were instantly killed and twenty injured when a rushing express train crashed into a crowded motor coach at a crossing.

HOOSIER BRIEFS

N. L. Bess, farmer near Logansport, produced a wheat crop of 63 bushels to the acre. Sale price 83 cents. He estimated cost of production at \$1 per bushel. Loss, \$5.16 an acre.

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

Stella Manning, 14, Seymour, was arrested at Greensburg, when she and another girl, Peggy Tellaboon, 17, were discovered in a box car attired in boys' clothing. The other girl escaped. Miss Manning said they were going West to be "cow girls."

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

Reports from Goshen indicate north central Indiana is experiencing a hay famine.

The country home of Elzea 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,

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE HORSE LAUGH

—By BLOSSER



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



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.

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 is S. W. Timmons, manager of the Timmons Insurance Agency, Ft. Wayne, Ind., residing at 128 W. Wayne St.

Mr. Timmons' position in the commercial and social life of Ft. Wayne bespeaks his unquestioned integrity, which stands with the strength of Gibraltar behind his statement. He says:

"I consider what Tanlac has done for my wife and myself is worth more than a fortune. If ever two people had their share of misery from stomach trouble, I think we had ours."

"As for myself, I had no appetite, was so nervous I couldn't sleep, and even when not actually in pain, I felt so tired and worn out life was a burden. If anything, my wife suffered worse than I did."

"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."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over thirty-seven million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Ady.

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
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Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy box of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing of Monocetate.

Master of Salicylic Acid—Advertisement

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