

# THE YELLOW SEVEN. THE DAUGHTER OF CHAI-HUNG.

BY EDMUND SNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
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## BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Pennington, detective, is detailed by the government to run to earth the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. He suspects Chai-Hung, influential Chinese, of being their leader. Monica Vinay is the sister of Capt. John Hewitt, commissioner of police at Josselin, British North America. Pennington goes to Katan after receiving a letter from a rubber planter named Brabazon. The daughter of Chai-Hung lives Brabazon into the garden of her father's home in Katan.

**A** GIRL came suddenly down the path—a slim, youthful figure in light blue, bordered with bands of black, and entering the shrine, fell prostrate before the altar.

The man who had scaled the wall extinguished his cigarette and crept into a clump of bushes where he lay prone. For a space of many minutes Suey-Koo the daughter of Chai-Hung bowed her head before the bronze vases. Presently she came slowly to her feet, at the same time drawing a narrow black cylinder from a voluminous sleeve. The head of the watcher in the bushes jerked upward and the Chinaman's eye fell upon a naked blade, flashing even in the diffused light of the little joss-house, a knife that the harmless-looking cylinder had concealed.

A whistle came from the darkness beyond the pallisade, and Suey-Koo slipped the dagger out of sight. She passed the bush so closely that a faint whiff of alluring perfume wafted to the nostrils of the intruder. One of the smaller gates swung open and an Englishman with a broad, handsome face stepped through. He took the tiny hands of the Chinese girl and bent over them, then saluted her—in the manner of the Westerners—full on the lips.



PENNINGTON SENT CHAI-HUNG HEADLONG INTO THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

From his hiding place, the man in greasy black beard the soft, cooling laughter of the girl, the deep, easy tones of the Englishman spoke to her. The moon stole between the palm-trees, as they walked together toward the screen of oiled paper and woven cane that served to keep the evil spirits from the house of Chai-Hung and then, as they paused in the center of the flower-bordered path, a thing happened that perplexed the unseen onlooker strangely. The man in white duck slipped both arms around the girl, drawing her to him. A truant ray of silver light fell across her flushed cheeks as through lids half-closed she looked up into her lover's face. Suddenly she pushed him violently from her, her slim right hand groping in the depths of her sleeve. With a queer half-cry, half-sob, she disengaged the knife that nestled in its glossy sheath—and threw it with all the strength she could command into the undergrowth. A moment later she lay weeping in the Englishman's arms. By a strange freak of chance the weapon struck a branch and dropped within a couple of yards from where the Chinaman lay.

With a weird, twisted smile, the man stretched out a long, lean arm and secured it. He looked up to see that a hidden panel in the screen had been drawn aside, revealing the face of Chai-Hung, hideously distorted until it resembled that of a ghastly idol. The panel closed, the lovers moved on toward the building, and the mysterious interloper rose noiselessly and crept after them.

The Englishman and the girl dis-

## 2 MORE WOMEN JOIN THE ARMY

Of Those Who Have Been Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—“I had a bad pain in my left side and I could not lift without having a backache. I tried different things. Then I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and began taking it as the directions said. I feel very good now and can do all my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to all my friends, and you can use my testimonial letter.”—Mrs. HATTIE WARZON, 870 Garden St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**Gained in Every Way**  
Buffalo, N.Y.—“I had some female troubles that just ran my health down so that I lost my appetite and felt miserable all the time. I could not lift anything heavy, and a little extra work some days would put me in bed. A friend had told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I gained in every way, could eat better and felt stronger. I had not nothing before this that did me much good.”—Mrs. J. GRACE, 221 1/2 Avenue, Buffalo, N.Y.

appeared beyond the screen and, as if at a given signal, the deep tones of a native gong rang out suddenly in the blackness. The Chinaman dropped instinctively, flattening out until nothing was to be seen above the lank grass into which he had fallen, and the whole enclosure with in the pallisade burst suddenly into life, pattering with the noise of bare and sandaled feet.

The Yellow Seven had called—and the legions of the great Chai-Hung converged on the trap into which the white man had fallen, eager for the sacrifice. Shadowy forms swept on to the path and vanished beyond the building, and presently a piercing scream broke upon the night.

The Chinaman sprang erect and dived behind the screen. In his left hand he held an automatic pistol, but the weapon with which he silenced the sentry at the door was the knife in the glossy black sheath that he had first seen in the joss-house in the fair hand of Suey-Koo.

To Brabazon—confident that the commissioner had driven the redoubtable Chai-Hung into the jungle—there was something delightfully intimate in this invitation to drink tea—in true Chinese fashion, sitting on severe, high-backed chairs before a black-wood table. Suey-Koo drew him gently to an inner room. Suddenly, a scream of terror from the girl at his side, caused him to glance sharply round. He stared in amazement into the evil eyes of the great Chai-Hung. His hands were folded over an enormous pouch, the corners of his mouth turned ominously down, and he nodded his head like one of those Chinese figures Brabazon had seen in tea-shops.

“We meet again, Mr. Brabazon,” he said smoothly, “and, I can assure you, it is for the last time!”

Instinctively, but without hope, Brabazon's hand shot to his pocket. He had not thought to come armed to meet Suey-Koo.

“Your daughter was just showing me a friend,” he replied, forcing a smile. It occurred to him a second later that it was rather an unusual hour of the night to call anywhere, and that, in any case, he had no right to be on terms of acquaintance with the daughter of a wealthy Chinaman.

“Ah!” commented the other. “She has not shown you everything because she does not know everything that there is to show. We are somewhat different in our treatment of women, Mr. Brabazon. We keep them, in many respects, uniformed. We do not allow them the freedom that Western races do, we do not permit them to meet casual strangers. During my enforced absence, discipline has relaxed. I came back, as quickly as possible, to remedy this, I find it is beyond my powers, I see that it is too late!”

Brabazon placed his hands on his hips and jerked out his chin. “I'm afraid I don't quite follow you, Mr. Chai-Hung,” he said.

The girl had fallen to her knees, her head buried in her arms.

“After I leave you here—” he continued in the same measured tones, tempered with a certain degree of harshness, “you will have a certain—limited time in which to reflect. He backed suddenly toward the open door.

He remained for a second, framed in the doorway. The door closed with a peculiar, metallic sound that suggested that it would not easily be opened again, and Brabazon, mute with astonishment, saw that there were no windows!

A faint moan from the direction of the floor caused him to stoop and lift the trembling girl to her feet. She smiled faintly up at him through her tears.

“It is the end,” she whispered. Brabazon laughed aloud.

“The end? What utter nonsense. I'll have to be a damned strong place to keep me in!”

He made as if to try the door and Suey-Koo screamed again.

“Look at the idol!” she implored him—and Brabazon looked.

The head of the effigy was lost in a faint green vapor that was pouring from its open mouth and hideous, sightless eyes, in gusty wreaths as if it were puffed out by a hidden bellows.

The girl crept up to him, encircling him with her slender arms.

“It is better to die together—so, than to live forever apart.”

He pressed his lips to her forehead, then thrust her from him gently and began examining the walls, like a caged beast seeking for a faulty bar.

He came back to her presently and together they leant against the wall by the door, watching in silence as the vault above them became filled with a poisonous cloud of smoke.

“There is just one chance, little Suey-Koo,” he murmured after a long silence, trying to buoy her hopes with something he himself dared not believe.

She shook her head emphatically. “There is none,” she declared. “My father is all-powerful here.”



THE MAJOR RELIEVES THE ANXIETY OVER HIS ABSENCE.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



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## CUPS AWARDED IN FLOWER EXHIBITS

Harry Dietz and Mrs. A. B. Mann Are Winners.

The cup awarded by the Bankers Trust Company as first prize in the Gladiolus section of the flower show for amateur gardeners, held in the lobby of the Bankers Trust building, today belongs to Harry F. Dietz, 3225 Boulevard Pl., Mrs. A. B. Mann, R. F. won the trophy for the best garden flowers exhibit, offered by the Garden Flowers Society.

The show is the fourth of a series which will end in September with a dahlia exhibit. There are 114 entries. The show will be open to the public until 8 p. m. today.

Judges were A. F. J. Baur, E. E. Temperly and G. A. Fischer. Other winners: Hugo Johnston, Mrs. Glenn Douglass, J. Earl Owens, Charles G. Morris, Orville De Motte, Clyde M. Ewer, Benjamin D. Hitz, Mrs. John P. White, Mrs. Lyman Gold, R. S. Ludlow, Miss Mary Kruse and Mrs. Carl F. Schwemmer.

Still Snooping Around BRUSSELS, July 28.—Several recent arrests have revealed German spies still are active at Seeburg, according to government agents.

Graduate From Indiana U. By Times Special BLOOMINGTON, Ind., July 28.—About 100 students will receive A. B. degrees from Indiana University in October, Prof. S. E. Stout, dean of the college of arts and sciences, announced today.

Those from Indianapolis are: Abner Hadley, Katherine Eleanor O'Connor, Thurman George Short and Emily Lucile Wright.

Richmond citizens have started a

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT DON'T COUNT.

—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN SAM—BY SWAN



HEARING SOON FOR OLSEN

Requisition of Banker May Come Up in August

Hearing on the requisition for the extradition of Jorgen Olsen, North Dakota promoter, wanted in Indiana in connection with the alleged wrecking of the Beech Grove and Newburg State banks, will be held in North Dakota in August, it was believed today. Governor McCray has received a letter from Governor R. A. Nestos of North Dakota suggesting August. Copies of the letter have been mailed to Henry A. Bippus, Warrick county prosecutor, where Olsen is under indictment for connection with the Newburg bank failure, and to

Charles O. Roemer, Indianapolis attorney representing interests of the Beech Grove bank.

Watch and Fob Missing A watch and fob valued at \$20 was missing from the room of Julius Thomas, 732 Roanoke St., say police.

Care of Goldfish It is torture to a goldfish to be kept in a glass globe. There is a right and a wrong way to keep goldfish. The right way is simply, yet authoritatively, explained in the United States Government bulletin, GOLDFISH, THEIR CARE IN SMALL AQUARIA, a copy of which is yours by filling out and mailing the following coupon:

Washington Bureau Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin, GOLDFISH, THEIR CARE IN SMALL AQUARIA, and enclose herewith 5 cents in stamps for postage.

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