

THE YELLOW SEVEN THE BRONZE JAR

BY EDMUND SNELL,
ILLUSTRATED BY
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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 thrust his head in at the door of Hewitt's office and blinked toward where the Commissioner sat at his desk, apparently immersed in thought, but, in reality, watching the antics of a Siamese kitten that his sister was tantalizing with a champagne cork suspended from a string.

"Well," demanded the intruder, "How's things?"

Captain John Hewitt started guiltily and Monica, grasping the folds of her kimono with one hand and the kitten with the other, dropped into a chair.

"Morning, Pennington," said the Commissioner. "Anything fresh?"

The man with the peculiar eyes came in languidly.

"Mrs. Viney's the freshest thing I've seen this morning," he admitted.

"Don't be a fool," recommended Monica, flushing. She held the animal up for inspection. "Isn't he sweet? Mr. Dawson sent him down from Kotatan."

"What are you going to call it?" Monica's forehead wrinkled prettily.

"Peter!" she declared with sudden emphasis.

"That's my name."

The commissioner swung round in his chair and smiled.

Monica rose suddenly and made for the door. On the threshold she stopped and glanced back over her shoulder.



"MARRIED" HE ECHOED BLANKLY.

"Are you going to be frightfully busy, Mr. Pennington?" she asked. "Because I've thousands of things to talk to you about when John's finished with you."

Pennington, turned presently and saw her brother regarding him curiously.

"I imagine you want to marry Monica?" he suggested bluntly.

Pennington's eyes that were set like an Oriental's on his youthful countenance, disappeared behind their diagonal slits.

"And supposing I do?"

There was something in the ring of his voice that suggested he feared opposition on the part of the Commissioner of Police himself; but Hewitt shot from his chair and dropped both hands on the younger man's shoulders.

"Pennington, old son," he declared, "there's nothing on this earth that I'd like better."

"Thanks," said the other huskily. "What are my chances, d'you think?"

"If you ask me my opinion, I should say you've a much likelihood of being successful as any man on the island. Why don't you ask her now?"

Pennington waved a hand in front of him as if to dispel a mist that had suddenly arisen.

"You sent for me because your territory was overrun by the Yellow Seven gang. The instant I embarked on my investigations, I realized that their leader—Chai-Hung—was the toughest nut I had yet set out to crack. It was after I was certain of my feelings toward your sister that I swore to myself never to submit my proposal until I had finally run Chai-Hung to earth."

Hewitt stood stroking his smooth, black hair.

"Well," he declared, "You accomplished what you set out to do. You caught Chai-Hung in his own trap. The Governor thanked you personally. What more d'you want?"

Pennington dropped wearily into a chair.

"I'm not satisfied," he told him. "My contract was to get the blighter, dead or alive. I did neither. I couldn't. I had a horde of his ruffians at my heels and young Brabazon to get out of the scrape into which he'd tumbled. Brabazon took my pistol and kept them off, while I threw Chai-Hung into the death chamber. It was full of poisonous fumes, I'll admit, and I doubt if a fly could have lived in it; but I'd have given everything I possessed to see that villainous face composed for its last sleep."

"You ignore the importance of circumstantial evidence," said Hewitt. "That was a month ago. There hasn't been a single outrage since. And every Chinaman on the island want into mourning. That's good enough for me, and it ought to be good enough for you."

"Ah," commented Chinese Pennington, still unconvinced. "Have you any idea where they buried him?"

The commissioner shook his head.

"Have you?"

"No. That's the devil of it. I've been wandering from place to place, in my usual elaborate disguise, trying to find out. Don't you see my point?"

Hewitt sat back in his chair. "It's deuced odd," he admitted.

"Look at it another way," pursued Pennington. "Chai-Hung was a celebrity. He had an immense following. Wouldn't you think they'd stick up a monument over his last resting place instead of keeping the whole affair a dead secret?"

The commissioner brought both hands on to the arms of his chair. "I don't quite know what to think," he said slowly. "If Chai-Hung's dead, as I honestly believe he is, there's precious little left to worry about. On the other hand, if he managed somehow to get out of the death-trap he'd set for Brabazon—it's a damned serious proposition." He rose to his feet and began pacing the room. "The responsibility of my position here at this moment's getting on my nerves," he complained presently. "I can't help realizing that the safety of every white man, woman and child depends on the accuracy of my deductions with regard to these gang-murders."

"In this case," put in Pennington quietly, "wouldn't it be better to make sure?"

Hewitt swung round on his heel. "How?" he demanded.

"Get in touch with his agent—Lien-Yin. Tell him that at all costs he must furnish you with every proof that Chai-Hung is dead."

The commissioner pressed the bell. "It's a hell of a nuisance," he announced somewhat testily, "and I'm only going through with it for your sake—and Monica's."

Pennington closed the door after him and strolled toward where Mrs. Viney was sitting, the Siamese cat curled up fast asleep in her lap. A chair—a long cane affair, with cushions in chintz covers—was drawn up so closely that its protruding arm almost touched her. The very proximity of the thing thrilled him, and he accepted the invitation it offered.

"You wanted to talk to me," he ventured at length.

The girl regarded him thoughtfully. "Yes," she admitted. "I want you to tell me what I ought to do. It seems so dreadful not to have some definite object in life. It's been borne upon me rather forcibly lately that I'm no real use to anybody. I'm supposed to be keeping home for my brother. He looked after himself very well before I came out. The truth is—I'd nowhere else to go. I interfere with his work; he's perpetually anxious for my safety, and he's seriously exercised as to my future. She picked up her fan and yawned behind it. "Things can't go on like this, for ever, can they?"

"I suppose not," agreed Pennington, inwardly cursing his luck that prevented him voicing what to him, at that moment, was an amazingly simple solution to the difficulty.

"There's only one thing for it," continued Monica desperately. "I've got to get married!"

Pennington crimsoned to the roots of his ruffled hair.

"Married!" he echoed blankly.

"I suppose you're going to tell me that I've had one husband already, and ought to be satisfied with that."

"Swear to me that you didn't even think it."

"I swear," said Pennington, recovering himself somewhat. "To tell the unvarnished truth, I was wondering—"

"Who the victim was to be! That's just what I wanted to talk to you about. I've received a proposal of marriage!"

She paused to observe the effect of her statement upon her hearer, but she could only see the few unruly hairs that sprouted up at the back of his head, just where the irregular parting ended.

"Verbal?" he inquired with exaggerated disinterestedness.

"No, in writing. Would you like to see it?"

"Good Lord, no!"

He twisted toward her, his boyish face twisted into an expression of horrified amazement.

"Oh, I wouldn't have shown it to any ordinary man. You see, I don't regard you as an ordinary being."

"What's his name?" asked Pennington grimly.

"It begins with a 'D,' she volunteered wicketly.

"Dawson?"

"I didn't say it was Dawson!" She looked down at her fingers. "Would you advise me to marry him?" she continued innocently.

"Great heavens, Mrs. Viney! Why do you ask me that? Why not consult your brother, a woman friend, any one but me?"

Thirty seconds later, the brainstorm had passed and he found himself on the threshold of his own room at the commissioner's bungalow.

As he slammed the door after him the only thing that came to offer consolation was the Siamese kitten. It had somehow crept in before him and he almost trod on it before he was aware that it was there. He rescued



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



it gently and placed it on the folded blanket at the foot of his bed.
(Continued in Our Next Issue)

MAYOR PRUNES BUDGET

Shank Issues New Warning Against Extravagance.

Additional warnings against extravagance in city departments were sounded today by Mayor Shank, as further cuts in a budget of \$5,367,588 for 1924 were promised.

Joseph Hogue, city controller, and Shank pruned \$500,000 from this amount, following Shank's program that appropriations must be kept within last year's limits. Total appropriations last year amounted to \$5,859,587.

Five-cent increase asked by the health board, making a total of 12 cents, was reduced to 10 cents by Hogue and Mayor Shank. The increase will add approximately \$130,000 to revenues of that department.

Overheated Stove Starts Fire.

An overheated stove today started a fire at a rooming house owned by Charles Coleman, colored, 518½ Indiana Ave. The loss was estimated at \$200.

Cleaners Close Convention.

The Indiana Association of Cleaners and Dyers ended their convention at Culver, Ind., today. Among the delegates were representatives of associations in Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Evansville and other cities.

HOOSIER BRIEFS

After a tour of Daviess County schools, all but four were found to be in the lowest class, according to a classification made by the county superintendent.

A general meeting of representatives from several departments of the E. & O. Railroad in Indiana will meet at Lake Wawasee, July 31. It is hoped to lay before the public the railroad's side of the rate situation.

Centerville is now preparing to entertain more than 25,000 persons expected to be present at the centennial celebration to be held Aug. 3 and 4 of the birth of Oliver P. Morton, Indiana's Civil War governor.

Boy Scouts at Franklin have a right to be proud. They are in receipt of a letter from President Harding commending them on their rapidly increasing membership.

B. F. Thebaud of Connorsville has retired as president of the Fayette Bank and Trust Company. He is prominent in banking circles, being president of Group 6 of the Indiana Bankers' Association.

Pennsylvania Railroad men at Columbus have opened a gun club and trap shooting range. It will be open to any one in the city.

The Republic Iron and Steel Company at Indiana Harbor substituted oil for coal as fuel. This is one of the first companies to take steps to

ward riding the Calumet region of smoke.

Twenty-six men at Wabash established the Wabash entertainers club. Its purpose is to promote god fellowship.

The last community singing of the summer at Franklin was to be held on the courthouse lawn tonight. They are so popular that it is planned to hold them annually.

Husband dead—eldest son died within a year—with six kiddies to feed. This was the plight of Mrs.

Margaret English of Beckville when the Circuit Court of Montgomery County placed the children in the orphan's home.

The thirty-ninth annual Poland reunion and picnic will be held at the Poland grove on Thursday, Aug. 2.

Greenfield Men Arrested.

Fred Curry, 40, colored, of Greenfield, Ind., today was under arrest on charges of drunkenness and carrying concealed weapons. Police said they found him wandering on Senate Ave. near Court St. Sunday night, declaring a man had insulted him. They allege Curry had an open knife. Police also arrested Hays Hutchens of Hortonsville, Ind., on a charge of drunkenness.

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.

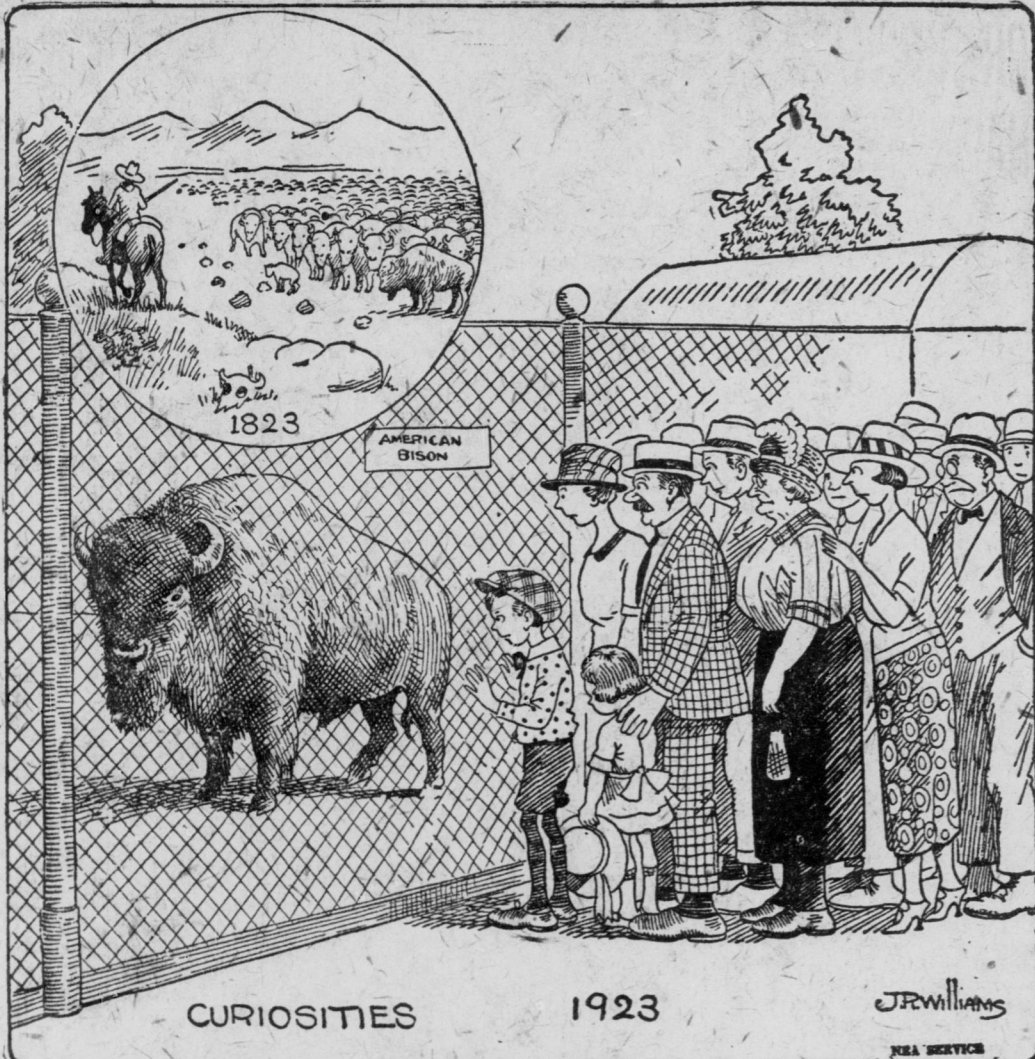
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What I Was Doing at 20

—By—
Adolph Seidensticker,
Secretary, Indiana
Board of Pardons

My worries at 20 chiefly were over the fact that I was to graduate from the Indiana Law School before I was 21. I was graduated in May and my twenty-first birthday was not until July. The law required that a person to be admitted to the bar must have attained his majority. They admitted me in spite of my youth.

Cigarette Causes Small Fire.

A fire, said to have started from a lighted cigarette behind the ribbon and lace counter at the New York Store, caused a small loss Sunday morning.

Officers of New Club Elected.

Officers of the new Monument Lodge Super-Craft Club are L. Carl Berry, president; Louis Bessler, vice

president; George W. Dinke, Jr., and Carl E. Kepler, honorary vice presidents; George Finegold, secretary, and Paul Schmidt, treasurer.

Stop that Eczema!

A MAZING results have been produced by S. S. S. in cases of eczema, pimples, blackheads and other skin eruptions. If you have been troubled with eczema, and you have used skin applications without number, make a test yourself, on yourself, with a bottle of S. S. S., one of the most powerful blood cleansers known. S. S. S. makes the blood rich and pure, and when your blood is freed of impurities your stubborn eczema, rash, blemishes, blotches and acne are bound to disappear. There are no unproven theories about S. S. S.; the scientific results of each of its purely vegetable medicinal ingredients are admitted by authorities.

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