

# THE YELLOW SEVEN THE BRONZE JAR

BY EDMUND SNELL,

ILLUSTRATED BY  
R. M. SATERFIELD

NEA SERVICE, INC. 1923

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Monica Viney, beautiful widow, lives with her brother, Capt. John Hewitt, commissioner of police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Peter Pennington is hired by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Lien-Yin, former agent of Chai-Hung, comes to Captain Hewitt with a great bronze jar which he declares contains the ashes of Chai-Hung. Hewitt doubts the report of Chai-Hung's death.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

HE PLACED the jar carefully on a corner of the desk.

"I'm sorry, Jack," she said wearily. "I didn't want to disturb you, but the sheer loneliness of the place is getting on my nerves. I just had to come in." She slipped into the chair he had pushed forward, and the kitten, freed itself with an effort, began chasing a giant cockroach across the floor.

"You've got a touch of fever," suggested Hewitt sympathetically. "Better take a stiff dose of quinine—and turn in."

She smiled faintly.

"I don't think it's fever. It's this awful uncertainty. I'm worried about Mr. Pennington. He's been on the island too long. The natives must be getting to know him. I haven't slept for nights. I've been picturing him wandering through the jungle on this wild-goose chase for that creature's tomb, with the followers of Chai-Hung on his track."

The commissioner perched himself on the table.

"He'll come back all right," he declared, aware all the time of a certain unaccountable huskiness in his throat. "Pennington always does."

Her gaze traveled to the bronze jar.

"Is that the thing?" she demanded dully.

Hewitt nodded.

She left her chair and crept forward, half-heartedly, her hands outstretched in front of her. Presently she stood before the jar, looking wistfully down at it.

THE BRONZE JAR LAY OPEN

"And to think—that everything depends on that—everything, at least, that matters!"

The commissioner jerked up his head and stared hard at the wall in front of him. He did not want to discover how Monica knew, but the very fact that she did startled him. In the silence that followed, he caught the measured tread of the sentry on duty outside, the insistent hum of nocturnal insects, the pattering of the absurd kitten across the boards. On a tray by the bookshelf there reposed a decanter and glasses. He went over to it and poured out a stiff tot.

She took it unquestionably, making a wry face as the spirit burnt her throat.

"So—Pennington does matter?" he said quietly.

The warm blood mounted to her cheeks.

"Of course."

"I'm glad of that."

He was pacing the glass back on the tray when he realized that his sister had followed him across the room.

"Must we keep that wretched jar here? Can't you just look in—to make sure—and send it back to them again?"

He shook his head and laughed to dispel a certain uncomfortable inward feeling that Monica's present mood inspired.

"That's the devil of it," he told her. "I can't find out how it works."

She surveyed him for some moments, her head on one side.

"Why don't you send for a blacksmith—or somebody—and force it open?"

"I should scarcely like to do that. You see, it wouldn't be policy to provoke any further unpleasantness by deliberately committing sacrilege. Besides, it's an uncommonly fine urn." He looked down at his watch. "Time we go to bed. Lien-Yin's coming round in the morning—and then we shall know all about it."

She clutched at his sleeve.

"Jack, I can't sleep here with that thing in the house. I've been feeling perfectly horrible ever since they brought it here. You call it nerves, I know, but I've seen things at the window."

"What sort of things?"

"I can't quite explain. Just vague, shadowy objects. That was what made me come to you. I could have sworn I heard them breathing, and once—for a fraction of a second—two hands—like claws—reached on the sill. I should have gone made if I had stayed."

In spite of himself, the Commissioner glanced at the wide open aperture through which the cool night air filtered. His keen gaze fell upon nothing but the rectangular patch of blackness he had expected to see. He walked deliberately to it and tossed the end of his cigar into the garden.

"There is nothing there, you see," he declared. "I tell you what it is, Monica. You're worrying too much about young Pennington, and you want a holiday. If you take my advice, you'll get married as soon as he comes back—and get him to take you for a long sea trip."

"Aren't you looking rather far ahead?" said Monica demurely. "You forget—he hasn't asked me yet!"

The Commissioner tapped the bronze jar with his finger nail. "No, but he will as soon as I show him that. He was only waiting for proof that our enemy was dead."

She came slowly back toward the urn.

"Proof," she decried in a voice so low that it was scarcely audible. "I wonder if this clumsy thing proves anything. For all we know—it may be empty."

"In which case," smiled her brother, "there's nothing on earth to prevent us going to bed."

But Monica was not listening. She was passing her fingers over the metal surface.

"I fancy that band has something to do with it—band with the four little gold studs."

She held her thumb poised over the nearest of the four gold knobs. It hovered for a second—a bare half-inch from the metal, and then—a form—plunged wildly through the open window, landed in a crouching attitude on the bare boards, and, extending a lean arm, thrust her bodily into a corner.

The bronze jar toppled awkwardly and rolled to the floor, where the Siamese kitten fell upon it in a frenzy of delight. Hewitt wrenched open the drawer in which his automatic lay, and Monica, her eyes wide open with terror, leapt helplessly against the wall, gaining into the scarred, swart face of a Chinaman. The intruder's greasy coat was torn and weather-stained, his feet were swathed in sandals of plaited straw, and his features wore an expression that she did not altogether understand.

"Put them up!" said the commissioner coldly, and the celestial, complying readily, bestowed on the astonished Hewitt a broad, boyish grin.

"Don't keep me like this for long," came the familiar, measured drawl of Chinese Pennington. "I've got Lien-Yin trussed like a chicken outside, and I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

The commissioner tossed his weapon back into the drawer in disgust.

"Look here, old son," he complained. "What the deuce do you mean by giving us shocks like this?"

The scarecrow produced a rubber pouch and began rolling himself a cigarette.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, Mrs. Viney, only I didn't like to see you fiddling about with that jar."

"I wanted to see what was inside."

She had recovered from the surprise his sudden entry had given her. Her cheeks were flushed and the folds of the kimono at her bosom rose and fell in tune with her quick breathing.

Pennington ran his lower lip along the gummed edge of the paper and looked across at the Commissioner.

"What did you suppose was inside?"

He flung out the words like a challenge.

"The ashes of our deeply-lamented friend—Chai-Hung."

The younger man surveyed him pityingly.

"The ashes of fiddlesticks! Chai-Hung—of all men—starting out on a new line—and arranging to be cremated! Doesn't sound very probable, does it? And yet I suppose even I might have been deceived by the delightfully plausible story—if they hadn't chosen me to be one of the bearers!"

"Good Lord!"

Hewitt passed a clammy hand over his forehead.

Suddenly Monica uttered a little scream and pointed wildly to the floor. The Siamese kitten that had been playing with the bronze jar was lying on its back, kicking spasmodically. The movements ceased abruptly and before the Commissioner could reach it, the wretched creature was dead. More amazing still, the bronze jar lay open, its gaping mouth, dark and hollow like a tunnel, displaying no sign of the remains had expected to see.

"Poisoned!" said the Commissioner hoarsely. "Poor little devil!"

"It was playing with the gold stud," declared the girl sorrowfully. "Mr. Pennington, don't you think—?"

"I do! I knew it before I came in. I've been hanging around here all evening, trying to give Lien-Yin the slip and prevent you both making fools of yourselves."

He turned the jar with its foot and all three recoiled in horror.

There fluttered out on to the floor a strip of postcard. By a freak of chance, it fell face-upward, showing seven black dots on a vivid yellow ground—the dread sign of the Yellow Seven!

The commissioner was the first to move.

"Look here, Pennington," he shouted. "Where's this fellow Lien-Yin?"

He nodded toward the door.



THE MAJOR'S OLD SYMPATHY SPEECH

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



A CITY NEWSPAPER ITEM GIVES THE BOYS AT JIM WATSON'S BARBER SHOP A CHANCE FOR A NEW ARGUMENT

"Your man's got him—out there. D'you want to see him?"

"I want to make certain he doesn't get away."

He fumbled with something in the drawer again and made for the veranda.

Monica looked up at Pennington, and there were tears in her eyes.

"I'm heart-broken about Peter," she said softly, "but I'm awfully grateful to you for what you did."

"My dear Mrs. Viney," protested Pennington, screwing up his eyes.

"For the love of heaven call her 'Monica'!" bawled the commissioner over his shoulder. He went out, slamming the door after him.

"Island 'N', the next episode of this gripping series, will start in our next issue."

Damages on Property Asked

Replevin of property valued at \$6,500 is asked in a suit filed in Federal Court by Mrs. Elizabeth Rodenbeck, Santa Barbara, Cal., against Ransom Rodenbeck, Spencer, Ind. She asks damages of \$8,000 for detention of the property, consisting of stocks and bonds, in a second suit. The suits grew out of a divorce case, it is said.

Man and Woman Missing

W. R. Graham, sheriff of Blue Mound, Ill., today requested Indianapolis police to search for Mrs. Louise Hartwig, 23, who left Blue Mound with her 2-year-old baby July 21. The sheriff also asked local police to search for Don Crow, 30, who disappeared July 19.

The children of Bloomington are

to have a municipal playground, officials of various civic organizations have decided.

Consignments of bass and blue gills from the State hatcheries have been placed in Sugar Creek at several points east and west of Mechanicsburg, and also near Thorntown.

Attendance at the Y. M. C. A. boys' camp at Hemlock Lake, conducted by the Ft. Wayne Association, numbered 207 this year, as compared with less than 200 last year.

Pastors' Retreat Opens

By Times Special BETHANY PARK, Ind., Aug. 1.—The ministers' retreat, which opened here Tuesday, will close Friday. The main speakers are: Prof. Alva

W. Taylor, secretary board of temperance and social welfare, Indianapolis; A. L. Ward, First Christian Church, Union City, Ind.; President A. H. Crossfield Williams, Woods College, Fulton, Mo., and Dr. A. W. Fortune, Central Christian Church, Lexington, Ky.

The Indiana Woman's Missionary Society is holding its annual convention at Bethany Park this week.

## HOOSIER BRIEFS

Justice of Peace E. M. Brewer of Lebanon has performed \$11 marriages.

The first annual reunion of the Allenduff family will be held at Attica, Sunday, Aug. 12.

Pastors of the Christian and Baptist Churches at Clinton traded pulpits for one night and were surprised at the big attendance.

James L. Hamilton, crippled, for many years a newspaper agent at Staunton, was beheaded by a Pennsylvania switch engine. Hamilton was deaf, and it is said he failed to hear the signals.

Soy bean growers of Jackson, Bartholomew and surrounding counties are seriously considering substituting that crop in a large part for wheat.

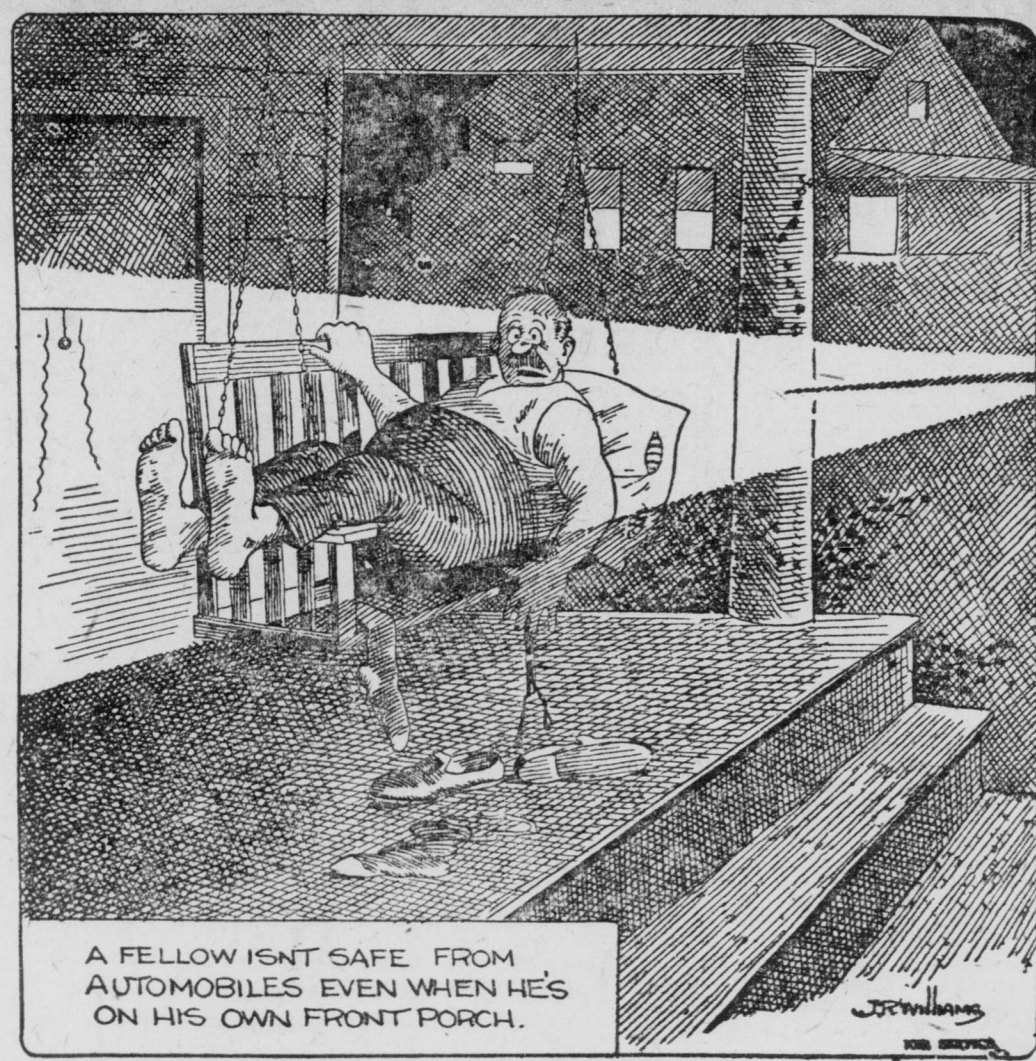
Lebanon is preparing to send a large delegation to the district meeting of the American Legion to be held at Noblesville, Aug. 19.

Aug. 17 to 26 has been announced as the dates for the Attica Chautauqua.

Lebanon has taken definite steps in fire prevention. An ordinance prohibiting the use of wooden shingles or inflammable material on roofs goes into effect Aug. 5.

The children of Bloomington are

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



A FELLOW ISN'T SAFE FROM AUTOMOBILES EVEN WHEN HE'S ON HIS OWN FRONT PORCH.

Juvenile Talk

—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN \$AM—BY SWAN



OH—I DIDN'T TAKE THAT WITH ME—TH' CLOCK'S ALL RIGHT—

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## KIWANIANS TO CONVENT

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 1.—Plans are being made here for the annual State convention of the Indiana Kiwanis Clubs Sept. 13 and 14.

Three international officers of the organization are expected to attend Evansville, Muncie, Hammond, Indianapolis and Ft. Wayne will send large delegations and it is expected that a total of 2,500 Kiwanians will attend.

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## History of the Sandwich

Gastronomy has immortalized John, Earl of Sandwich, in the convenient morsel which is reputed to be his invention.

The progeny have been prolific.

WASHINGTON BUREAU, INDIANAPOLIS TIMES, 1322 N. Y. AVE., WASHINGTON, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin SIXTY SANDWICHES, and enclose herewith 4 cents in postage stamps for same:

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W. Taylor, secretary board of temperance and social welfare, Indianapolis; A. L. Ward, First Christian Church, Union City, Ind.; President A. H. Crossfield Williams, Woods College, Fulton, Mo., and Dr. A. W. Fortune, Central Christian Church, Lexington, Ky.

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## Pimples

BLOOD impurities are pumped by the heart into the face. That is what causes that grainy appearance, that muddiness, sallowness, pimples, blackheads,

acne, red spots, and that impossible "something" which no face cream, massage, or face powder can cover up.

Beautiful skin simply is not there, and no face treatment can give it to you. But increase your red-blood-cells, and quickly the ruby tint of purity begins to glow in the cheeks, the complexion becomes Venus-like and immaculate. Try it. It will do it every time.

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