

THE YELLOW SEVEN ISLAND "N"

BY EDMUND SNELL.
ILLUSTRATED BY R.M. 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.

THE man with the iron-gray hair who was writing at a table under the swinging oil lamp, looked up and his eye fell upon the figure of a tall Chinaman who had come noiselessly to the top of the steps that led to the veranda. The intruder was as dark-skinned as a Dyak, and an ugly scar ran the whole length of one cheek. Hyde, glaring at him, classed him as a member of one of those many tribes of fisher-folk created by a fusion of Oriental and Dusun blood.

He pushed back his chair and confronted the newcomer. "Well?" he demanded in fluent Malay. "What the devil d'you want?" The scarecrow's features puckered into a grin.

"As a matter of fact, Hyde," he drawled in good English, "I'm in need of many things. I'm deuced hungry, for one; my throat's a good deal drier than I like it to be, and I'd be grateful for a decent suit of whites!" The planter scratched his head.

"What the—! Who are you, anyway?" "Pennington," said the other humbly. "Peter Pennington, commonly referred to as Chinese Pennington."

"Good Lord!" He scrutinized the younger man's features. Presently he extended a hand and Pennington gripped it hard.



"THIS IS MY DAUGHTER," SAID THE PLANTER.

A quarter of an hour later both men sat facing one another, a glass resting in the aperture made in the arm of each chair for that purpose. As the man with the gray hair looked across at his guest, he could not resist the temptation of the complete transformation. The worthy complexion, scar, everything was gone except the one great asset that made Chinese Pennington the most dreaded of all detectives in Borneo—that strange, unaccountable set of the eyes that made him look as if his origin had been partly Chinese.

"There's a hundred and one questions on the tip of my tongue," he said, shifting a cigar to the corner of his mouth. "What's puzzling me most, I suppose, is the motive that's brought you here."

"Chai-Hung!" The planter almost jumped from his chair.

"But, man alive, I had a chit from the commissioner, ages ago, saying that Chai-Hung was dead!"

Pennington smiled blandly. "We all thought so—once, but that was before we realized the peculiar properties of the man with whom we had to deal. You remember the Yellow Seven scare, when no white man dared go out alone, when we all began digging out firearms the very existence of which we'd forgotten?"

That was Mr. Chai-Hung. He'd organized practically the entire Chinese population, and a score of times I thought I'd run him to earth, only to discover that the inherent cunning of his race had succeeded in finding a loophole in the wall I'd built around him."

The planter emptied his glass. "That's all wonderfully interesting," he said slowly; "but I still don't see."

"Why I chose to invade your bungalow like a thief in the night, eh? I am on a game of hare and hounds—"

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Greenville, Pa.—"I took your medicine through the Change of Life and it did wonders for me. I was down in bed when I started to take it and weighed 95 pounds. I had hot flashes and was so nervous and weak that everything would get black and I could not see. I would sit and cry and did not know what I was crying for. Since I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel younger than I did ten years ago, and my friends all tell me I look younger, and I owe it all to the Vegetable Compound. I do all my housework for a family of seven now. I will be glad to answer any woman who writes me in regard to my case."—Mrs. JOHN MYERS, 55 Union St., Greenville, Pa.

Many letters similar to this have been published testifying to the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They are sincere expressions from women who describe as best they can their feelings before and after taking this well-known medicine.

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THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE SIGN IN FRONT OF HOADLEY'S STORE FELL DOWN TO DAY—IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED AS DAD HOADLEY THINKS NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO RETIRE FROM BUSINESS

HOOSIER BRIEFS

Ex-residents of Pennsylvania living at Anderson have organized a Pennsylvania Club.

Boy Scouts at Elwood will leave Monday, Aug. 6, for a week's camping trip at Lake Webster.

A sectional tennis tournament for the championship of Johnson, Decatur, Shelby, Jackson and Bartholomew is soon to be held at Columbus.

More than 300 former boys and girls in Shelby County will hold a picnic at Walnut Grove summer camp on Sugar Creek Aug. 17.

Jasper business men have formed an association and are backing oil drillers in that county.

Farmers near Rushville are organizing a club to protect small game and quail. They fear small game will become extinct.

The fourth annual reunion of the Brown, Anderson and Wilhelm families will be held at the Tipton Park, Aug. 19.

South Bend has under consideration a proposition of cleaning the streets by flushing them from fire hydrants, saying the present sprinkling system is unsatisfactory.

The board of trustees of the Christian Messenger Church at Columbus plan a new building.

George Ade Writes Another Director Alfred E. Green, and Thomas E. Geraghty, scenarist, who have been in the East for the last week conferring with George Ade on the original story he has written for the screen for Thomas Meighan, have returned to the west coast. Green will direct the picture and Geraghty will write the continuity for the story which now has the temporary title, "All Must Marry." The picture will be produced at the Lasky Studio in Hollywood, following the completion of "Homeward Bound," which Meighan is now making in the East under the direction of Ralph Ince.

He shook his head. "I've never planted anything in my life," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm criminally overpaid by a much trusting Government to look after the interests of pretty women who go out riding, alone, before dawn."

Mrs. Bateson flushed. "Are you laughing at me, Mr. Pennington?"

"On the contrary, I was never more serious in my life."

Pennington rolled his own cigarettes. He did so now and the girl, lying back in her chair, watched him in mute fascination. He glanced up presently and passed her an open tin that stood on the table near his arm.

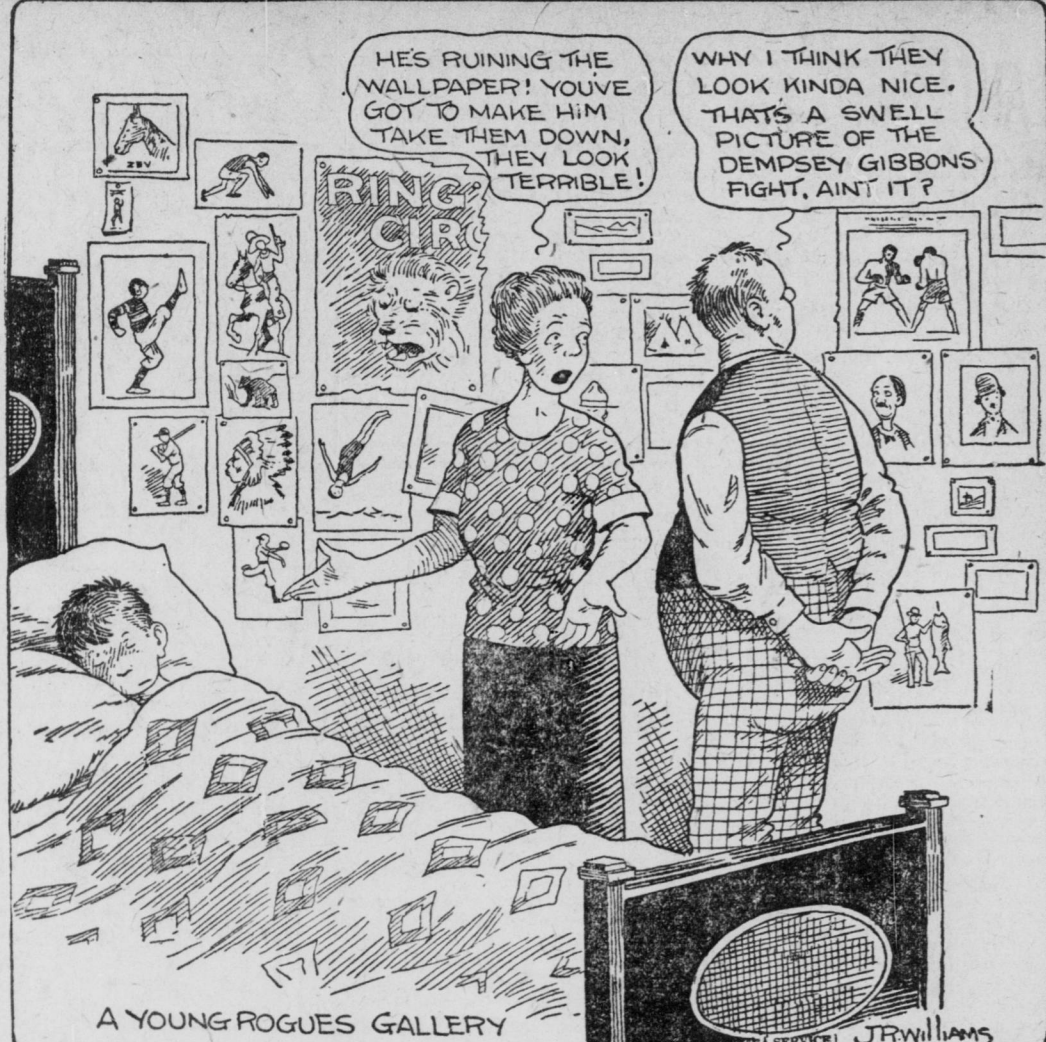
The corners of Bateson's pretty mouth dropped.

"Is this a sort of special concession, Mr. Pennington?" she demanded, bending forward toward the match he held out.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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Willie Has Deep Theories

—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN SAM—BY SWAN



History of the Sandwich

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

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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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Recipes for the sixty most world-famous sandwiches are contained in a bulletin just prepared by our Washington bureau, which any reader can get by filling out and mailing coupon below:

"The man that cannot love to the uttermost is a little yellow soul," declared the Rev. Orion W. Fifer, pastor Central Avenue M. E. Church.

Wednesday night at a Methodist old-time revival meeting on the lawn of Roberts Park M. E. Church, N. Delaware and Vermont Sts.

"We have a great deal of love in this world," said Rev. Fifer, "but we don't have many who love to the end. How often is a home broken up over some insignificant thing. If a man or woman can love a little, there is hope for their souls. If we live hateful lives, there is no promise for salvation."

Governor McCray, who was scheduled to speak, was called out of the city.

Allen Engaged for Movie Sam Allen, who assumed the leading role of "Lightnin'" at Frank Bacon's death, has been cast by E. F. Schuber, producer of Preferred Pictures, as Uncle Hughey in "The Virginian." Tom Forman is now directing the picture and at present has his company on location in Wyoming, where the story is being filmed in the exact spots described by Owen Wister in his famous story.

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