

THE YELLOW SEVEN. A GAME OF CHANCE.

BY EDMUND SNELL.

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Monica Vinny, sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, is engaged to marry Peter Pennington. Pennington is detailed by the government to capture Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Major Armitage comes to Jesselton and announces that he means to run Chai-Hung to ground in one week. Hewitt has Pennington disguise himself as a Chinese interpreter and accompany Armitage on the expedition.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

I expect everybody here to remain in their quarters after lights-out and I've instructed the sentries to shoot without question at anybody who is found prowling around after dark. Our next move is to get on the track of Chai-Hung with the least possible delay. Get a half-dozen picked men scouting for traces of the assassins and report to me as soon as anything definite transpires.

"Very good, tuan. And you—"

"I shall remain here."

There was a fallen tree trunk at the edge of the clearing farthest from the squatting bearers and Major Armitage settled himself down at the end which appeared to offer the most shade. The interpreter glanced back over his shoulder twice as he crossed to the men, but the apostle of blood and iron was pressing tobacco from an old-skinned pouch into an exceedingly new-looking briar and did not look up.

Pennington was frankly puzzled and not a little perturbed as to the uncomfortable proximity of the agents of Chai-Hung. It was one thing tracking down the bandit by his own methods—and quite another scouring the country at the heels of so unreasonable a leader as Armitage. The Yellow Seven were swarming somewhere close at hand, taking advantage of the shelter the jungle offered and picking off those who lagged behind. By this method they were reducing the strength of Armitage's force.

Taking with him a native sergeant, he embarked upon a reconnaissance. They were returning a couple of hours later through a narrow defile between rocky banks half hidden by ferns, when a figure appeared on the path not ten yards in front of them. Pennington's hand swung round to his hip-pocket, but Sergeant Danudin caught his arm.



MAJ. JAMES LACY ARMITAGE DIVED UNDER THE TABLE.

"Bi-la, tuan! It is Rabat-Pilal." Pennington stopped dead in his tracks. The newcomer was he to whom the man with the Chinese eyes was wont to refer as his chief of staff, a short, little individual with an eye and an ear missing and his mouth slit on either side.

"What is it, Rabat-Pilal?" The creature saluted as he came up.

"Great tuan, I have followed Chai-Hung to this place. He has many of his men with him—and he has taken the white soldier with the glass eye." Pennington started.

"You are sure of this?" he demanded.

"Perfectly, tuan. I came from the direction of the Tuan-Bear Yarny's house—which is by the river, because of something that a man had told me. I found the soldiers and the men who carried the barang; after that I saw the white lord, who was sitting on a tree. I did not enter the clearing, but skirted by way of the forest—and the thing happened as I passed. A man dressed as you are dressed spoke to the soldiers, who followed him presently into the jungle.

"The high-backed chair creaked as Chai-Hung's back met it.

"You are a brave man, Major Armitage. We will play this game."

He touched a brass gong at his side and the attendant entered quietly.

"Bring me the game that you took from the Englishman's man, the pencil and his note-book."

Without a tremor Armitage set the little brass box squarely in the center of the paper and drew lines from each corner of the thing to the corresponding corners of the sheet. Round the box itself he marked a square and lifted the lid to show the cube resting firmly in its slot in the inner portion. He slid back the top and turned the box over and over between his fingers.

"The red will face this square," declared Chai-Hung, indicating the section with a finger-nail of enormous length.

The white lord had fallen asleep with his head in his hands—and Chai-Hung came softly.

"How long ago was this?"

"Ten minutes, perhaps, not more."

Pennington's eyes blazed.

"Sergeant Danudin, round up those men and follow. Bring all the provisions you can lay your hands on. What direction are they taking, Rabat?"

"Due east, tuan. There are others who came with me who could wait at certain points until the soldiers found the path."

As Pennington followed upon the heels of Rabat-Pilal, he found time to be sorry for Maj. J. Lacy Armitage and the inevitable failure of his expedition; he was sorry, too, that the man who preached efficiency could not have been there at that moment to appreciate the caliber of the network he himself was fast drawing round Chai-Hung; little, brown, inconspicuous mortals, each cherishing a special hatred for their quarry and assisted by a jungle telegraph coded and adapted by Chinese Pennington.

At the bend in the track Rabat-Pilal touched Pennington gently.

"They are not far ahead, tuan. They are making for the house in the rocks for Chai-Hung is tired—and his arm pains him."

"They will not have killed the white man?"

Rabat-Pilal shook his head.

"Not yet—or they would have left his body for us to find."

The corners of Pennington's mouth turned down and he examined the clip of cartridges in his automatic.

...

"The Chinese, Major Armitage, are inherent gamblers. There are few among us, in fact, who would not easily be tempted to hazard their entire fortune at a game of chance."

Chai-Hung sat bolt upright in his high-backed chair and smiled.

"So I believe," returned the Englishman coldly. Now that his limbs were freed he was beginning to get over that feeling of injured dignity that had accompanied his capture.

"May I ask what you intend doing with me?"

It was apparent that the bandit was equally capable of affecting deafness.

"Hence the Yellow Seven," he continued. "It is I who decide upon our victims, but the hand that carries out the death penalty is rarely mine. The matter is decided by a form of lottery. The Yellow Seven is mixed up with other cards and those who at that moment form my bodyguard draw for it in turn. The thing is done quite openly and the sign of our society left pinned to the victim."

The major's throat had gone suddenly dry.

His glance dropped from the broad yellow floor to the black sling in which the bandit's arm reposed.

Chai-Hung began speaking again, with a guttural metallic harshness that jarred on Armitage.

"Whatever my enemies may have told you, Major Armitage, I am at heart a sportsman and, although I must frankly confess the insult to my intelligence the nature of your expedition against me seemed to imply offended me deeply, there still remains enough that is good in my nature to appreciate your daring."

The eyes that fixed themselves upon Armitage's monocled countenance glowed like live coals. "I was sorely tempted to return insult for insult—and let you go free: for I do not fear you, you poor fool, nor—if this were my only stronghold—would I be afraid you could find your way here again. I was tempted, I repeat—until I remembered my left hand. It was taken from me, as you may have heard, by one of your agents—one Rabat-Pilal. You can hardly blame me, Major Armitage, if I tell you I have sworn my path to leave the left hand from any British agent who may fall into my hands."

Armitage did not lack courage. He returned the other's gaze.

"I see," he said reflectively. "You propose turning me adrift in unknown territory—minus my hand! And you claim to be a sportsman! I tell you what we'll do, Mr. Chai-Hung. My Chinese interpreter—Sing-Ho—introduced me to a pleasant little game of chance, which should not be unknown to you. You will find it on the top of that cupboard where your man deposited my effects. I'll play you for my hand, Mr. Chai-Hung! It is the game of the little black and red cube and the brass box! The red shall signify my hand. May I trouble you for my pencil and one of those folded sheets of paper I carried?"

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Taking the cover between finger and thumb, Armitage lifted slowly. He paused midway, conscious that the man who sat opposite had turned sharply toward the door. Suddenly the Oriental sprang to his feet—his whole being consumed with fury—and clutched with his single hand at a sword that hung from a gilded screen.

"We do not continue the game, Major Armitage," he hissed, "because your men are at my gates." He swung the weapon aloft. "It is you whom I must thank for this!"

Throwing all dignity to the winds, Maj. James Lacy Armitage dived under the table and the blow descended upon its upper surface with terrific force. As Chai-Hung strove to disengage the weapon, a bullet shattered a mirror behind him.

Armitage crawled from his refuge to find the room empty, the sentry

MARTHA M'DEAR, I HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO ATTEND THE TENTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF SCIENTISTS. IT IS BEING HELD THIS YEAR IN THORNDIKE GLENS, AT THE THORNDIKE PLAZA! IT WILL BE A DISTINGUISHED GATHERING OF BRILLIANT MINDS AND NOTEWORTHY PERSONAGES! YOU M'DEAR, CAN SHARE IN THE HONOR BESTOWED ON THIS HOUSE BY ADVANCING ME THE NECESSARY FUNDS TO ATTEND!

THORNDIKE PLAZA?—HMM—I SEE YOUR SCHEME! THAT'S WHERE THE BOYS ARE ON THEIR VACATION—DIDN'T I GET A CARD FROM THEM YESTERDAY?—JUST GET THAT IDEA OUT OF YOUR HEAD, AMOS HOOPLE—YOU USED TO BE A GAY BLADE, BUT YOU ARE GETTING DULL NOW!



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

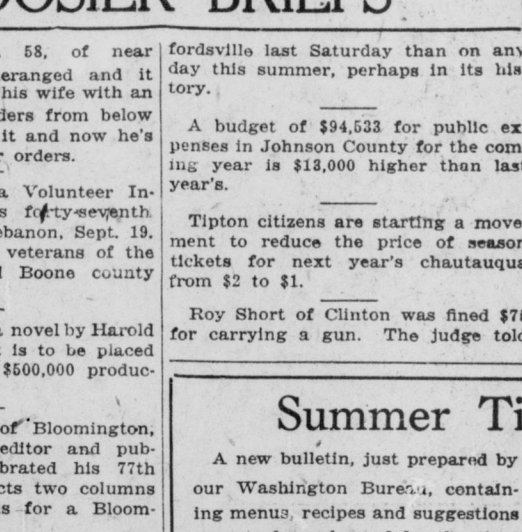


A Strong Imagination

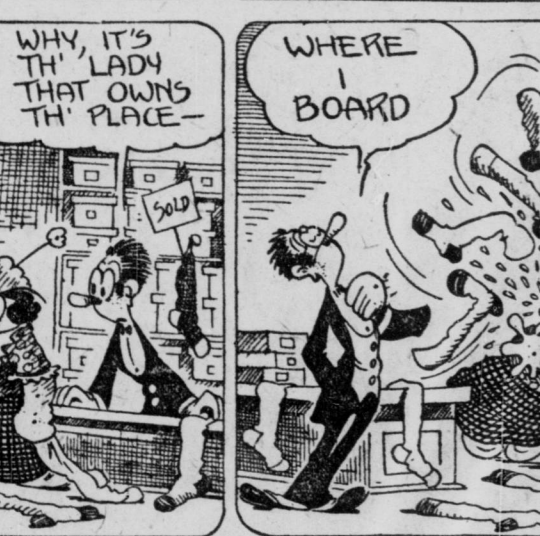
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HOOSIER BRIEFS

William Campbell, 58, of near Frankfort, became deranged and it is alleged tried to kill his wife with an ax. He said that orders from below compelled him to do it and now he's in jail awaiting other orders.

The Tenth Indiana Volunteer Infantry will hold its fifty-seventh annual reunion at Lebanon, Sept. 19. There are 118 living veterans of the original Clinton and Boone county companies.

"Gayle Langford" a novel by Harold Kramer of Frankfort is to be placed on the screen as a \$500,000 production.

Henry J. Feltus, of Bloomington, for fifty-five years editor and publisher recently celebrated his 77th birthday. He conducts two columns and writes editorials for a Bloomington paper.

The annual reunion of the old settlers of Madison county was attended by more than 4,000 persons.

A new junior high school building, costing approximately \$350,000, is being constructed at East Chicago.

The Inland Steel Company's earnings for the first half of this year were in excess of earnings for the full year of 1921-22.

More tourists passed through Craw-

fordville last Saturday than on any day this summer, perhaps in its history.

A budget of \$94,533 for public expenses in Johnson County for the coming year is \$13,000 higher than last year's.

Tipton citizens are starting a movement to reduce the price of season tickets for next year's chautauqua from \$2 to \$1.

Roy Short of Clinton was fined \$75 for carrying a gun. The judge told him that it was not the proper thing to do.

South Bend is planning a big program for their centennial week celebration Sept. 30 to Oct. 6.

RETAIL GROCERS PICNIC
Fifty Prizes to Be Awarded Tonight at Columbia Park.

The annual picnic of the Indianapolis Retail Grocers' Association was held today at Columbia Park. Fifty prizes will be awarded at 7 this evening, following contests. Free transportation was furnished from the end of the Shelby St. car line.

A new bulletin, just prepared by our Washington Bureau, containing menus, recipes and suggestions sure to be welcomed by the tired housewife these August days, is now ready. All you need to do to get it is to fill out carefully the coupon below, and mail as directed with postage enclosed.

I wish a copy of the bulletin, SUMMER TIME COOKERY, and inclose herewith 4 cents in postage stamps for same.

NAME
STREET AND NUMBER
CITY STATE

'DEAD MAN' PROVES TO BE SLEEPY TRAVELER

Wearry Knight of the Road Seeks Dry Bed Under Elevated

"There is a dead man lying on the sidewalk under the elevated tracks near Big Eagle creek on W. Washington St.," was the message received by police at 1 a. m. today from a man who said he was driving his automobile past that place.

A few minutes later motor police officers Schultz and Weddle awoke a man who gave his name as John Woodward, 22, of Hartford City, Conn. "I was on my way to Terre Haute," yawned the sleepy stranger, "and I was tired and went to sleep. It looked like it was going to rain so I decided to sleep under the elevation."

The police told him to continue his journey to Terre Haute.

Masked Man Disappears.
A masked man wearing a pink shirt was reported lying in weeds in Sherman Dr. north of Thirty-Fourth St. early today. A colored man was said to be waiting in an automobile near him. Sergeant Dean and the emergency squad went to the scene, but the automobile and the two men had disappeared.

Diamond Ring Gone.
A \$110 diamond ring, as missing today from the room of Hilda Schaumbloeff, Dolly Madison apartments, she reported to police.

Suit Taken From Room
Sgt. Smith, 719 N. Senate Ave. today reported a thief took a \$35 suit of clothes from his room.

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.

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, rashes, tetter, skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, blotches and acne are bound to disappear. There are unproven theories about S. S. S., the scientific results of each of purely vegetable medicinal ingredients are admitted by authorities.

S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores in two sizes, larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Blood-Me