

# THE YELLOW SEVEN RUN TO EARTH

BY EDMUND SNELL  
ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY  
Captain John Hewitt is Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. He is engaged to marry Peter Pennington, detective. Pennington is determined to capture the bandit Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington is assisted by his friend, Rab-Plid, who raises the bandits chief bitterly. Pennington heads an expedition to capture Chai-Hung. They move toward the bandit's latest hiding place.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Brought anything to sleep on?"  
"My boy is in sole possession of a tartan traveling-rug and a waterproof sheet. The rug is inside the waterproof sheet, so it's bound to be dry."

"Well, that's good enough, isn't it?"

Dawson sighed heavily.  
"It would be if I knew where the young idiot was. Unfortunately, we lost one another a decent while back and I've a notion at the back of my head he's made himself a bivouac somewhere out of the groundsheet and is peacefully slumbering with my rug around his dirty shoulders."

Pennington surveyed the other du-

"Suppose I'll have to fix you up. What part d'you want to take in the how-morrow? How does the first storming party appeal to you?"  
"It doesn't. I've put myself down ready for the forlorn hope—when everything else has failed, and I've sufficient confidence in you to refuse to believe in failure. How many of these things am I supposed to take?"

"Three's a good number. Hello! Here's Clay."

Dawson nodded towards the open-

"Evening, Clay!"  
"Evening, Dawson! I say, Pen-

nington, didn't you say the sign of the Yellow Seven was a warning of death?"

"That's right. Why?"

"Well, when I left you I walked right to where I'd left my fit. The orderly had fixed up the tent and laid out my bed. It's a sleepin'-bag, know, and he's never quite got the hang of it. I turned back the cover to see what he'd done—and there was this underneath."



HE FOUND CLAY STOOPING OVER A PROSTRATE FORM.

He dropped on to the deal table a yellow Chinese playing-card with seven black dots on the upper surface. Pennington picked it up.

"Good Lord! Have you tackled your man?"

Clay shook his head.

"That's the devil of it. I can't find him anywhere."

Pennington strode to the opening.

"Dawson had better stop here," he jerked back over his shoulder. "Clay, you and I'll embark upon a tour of inspection. There's a weak point somewhere—and it's up to us to find it."

The district officer had drawn the blanket over his head until he resembled an Indian squaw.

"I suppose I'm in full charge while you're away and am at liberty to help myself to the bottle? While fully realizing the necessity for visiting outposts on the eve of battle, Penn will excuse me I know if I suggest you've both got the wind-up for nothing!"

The man at the opening swung round on his heel.

"How d'you make that out?"

Dawson met his gaze without flinching.

"You're on the verge of tumbling into the neatest little trap our worthy

Compound

W. Philadelphia, Pa. — "When I cleaned house last April I must have overfilled, for after that I had pains and aches so bad and so discouraged I could hardly do my own housework, and I could not carry a basket of groceries from the store, nor walk even four or five squares without getting terrible pains in my back and abdomen and lower limbs. I went to visit a friend in Mt. Holly, N. J., and she said, 'Mrs. Butler, why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My husband said that if it did her so much good for the same trouble, I should try it. So I have taken it and it is doing me good. Whenever I feel heavy or bad, it puts me right on my feet again. I am able to do my work with pleasure and am getting strong and stout." — Mrs. CHARLES BUTLER, 1233 S. Hanson St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text Book upon "Ailments of Women."

The slope with the agility of an antelope. Wild-eyed, keen with enthusiasm to come up with Clay, he paused to round up those of the bandits that had escaped the initial onslaught.

"I'll toss you for it," suggested Dawson.

"Be hanged to you!" laughed the other. "I'm in command here and I'm going to handle the first attack."

He blew a shrill blast on his whistle and, before Dawson could realize what was happening, Clay was gone with thirty odd shadows flitting after him.

Dawson waited fully five minutes by his wrist-watch, then, crawling back, mustered his men.

"Fix bayonets. Not a sound until I tell you. Spread out in skirmishing order and don't lose your heads!"

"Really fat people are often capable of astonishing feats!" Dawson scolded

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(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE MAJOR'S CONVENIENT MEMORY FOR SCORING = NEA SERVICE

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE GHOST THAT CAUSED THE PORTER TO JUMP OUT THE SECOND STORY WINDOW AT THE CENTRAL HOTEL LAST NIGHT WAS LATER FOUND TO BE A MILWAUKEE DRUMMER, WALKING IN HIS SLEEP

## MRS. BUTLER'S TERRIBLE PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The height of the cantaloupe season has been reached in Jackson County. More than twenty-five cars have been shipped from Valla.

## HOOSIER BRIEFS

The rotary Club, Farmers' Bureau and the city government.

The Rev. J. F. Morris has been appointed by the district superintendent of the Indiana Assembly of the Pilgrim Holiness Church to open a church in Marion.

More than \$50,000 has been allotted in Madison County for the upkeep of county highways.

Two new instructors at Purdue for the coming term are John L. Bray, assistant professor of chemical engineering, and Charles L. Foster, assistant professor of plant pathology and physiology.

Opposition to the proposed rate increase by the Decatur Telephone Company has been voiced by the Chamber of Commerce.

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## ATTEMPT MADE TO SHOOT FOSTER

Gunmen Fire at Labor Leader in Meeting.

By United Press

CHICAGO, Aug. 28.—An attempt to assassinate William Z. Foster, liberal labor leader, and a near panic that resulted among 3,000 men and women on labor-war gunmen by police today.

Three men entered Carmen's Hall, where Foster was addressing a meeting called to protest expulsion of seven members of the Women's Garment Makers Union, and fired three shots at him. They then disappeared on a fire escape.

The bullets, coming as a climax to other disturbances, whizzed about the head of the labor leader of the 1919 steel strike. The audience of which half were women, leaped to its feet, shouting and crowding toward a weak stairway.

Foster quelled the riot with an impassioned speech, declaring: "It was me they were shooting at. They were gunmen paid by the interests." He finished his talk.

At the start of the meeting, held under auspices of the Trades Union Educational League, several men about the hall heckled Foster.

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



WINDOW PAINS

—By BLOSSER

## Carrying Out Directions



SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN



## Etiquette for Every Occasion

Do you know:

How to write an invitation and how to reply to one? How to set your table for a formal dinner; how to serve such a dinner; how to plan the menu?

How to dress for a dinner party?

What to wear at a reception?

How long to stay when making a call?

The proper use of bread and butter plates?

How to entertain successfully without a maid?

When and how to return a call?

How to make a correct introduction; what to say when being introduced?

How to give an order to a waiter? How much and when to tip?

Whether you may ask a man friend to call upon you?

When to shake hands and when not to?

How to dress for the office?

What a man should wear for a formal occasion?

How to dress on a Pullman car?

How to register at a hotel?

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overfilling, after that I had pains and aches so bad and so discouraged I could hardly do my own housework, and I could not carry a basket of groceries from the store, nor walk even four or five squares without getting terrible pains in my back and abdomen and lower limbs. I went to visit a friend in Mt. Holly, N. J., and she said, "Mrs. Butler, why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?" My husband said that if it did her so much good for the same trouble, I should try it. So I have taken it and it is doing me good. Whenever I feel heavy or bad, it puts me right on my feet again. I am able to do my work with pleasure and am getting strong and stout." — Mrs. CHARLES BUTLER, 1233 S. Hanson St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

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