

THE YELLOW SEVEN. RUN TO EARTH

BY EDMUND SNELL.

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERTFIELD

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt is Commissioner of Police at Jerselton, British North Borneo. His beautiful sister, Monica Viney, is engaged to marry Peter Pennington, detective. Pennington is a man of the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington is assisted by his chief-of-staff, Rabat-Pilal, who hates the bandits chief bitterly. Pennington heads an expedition to capture Chai-Hung. They move toward the bandits' 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 ground-sheet and is peacefully slumbering with my rug around his dirty shoulders."

Pennington surveyed the other dubiously.

"Suppose I'll have to fix you up. What part do you want to take in the show—now?"

"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 opening.

"Evening, Clay!"

"Evening, Dawson! I say, Pennington, 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 straight to where I'd left my fit. The order 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 dropped on to the dead table a yellow Chinese playing-card with seven black dots on the upper sur-

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 week's 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 bottles! 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 do you make that out?" Dawson met his gaze without flinching.

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

antagonist has ever planned. Because Chai-Hung has succeeded in communicating with the outer world, it doesn't imply that he had to find a flaw in the line to do so. You're inordinately proud of your jungle telegraph. The Yellow Seven probably employ a system that is equally efficient. A friend beyond the charmed circle is communicated with. He drops a card casually in the enemy's camp—in a place where it can hardly fail to be noticed. Result—panic at G. H. Q. tons of mistrust everywhere and two otherwise sane British officers engaging in the pleasant occupation of traitor-hunting on the wettest night we've had for months!"

"Come on, Clay!" shouted Pennington, whose irritability had taken him out of earshot.

"Wait half a minute. I fancy Dawson's on the right track."

"Oh!—what is it?"

"Just this," murmured the D. O. "The dispatch from Hewitt was several hours late. You remember I remarked on it. The runner was one of Chai-Hung's agents. He wormed his way up from the rear, using the message as his passport, slipped into Clay's tent and came on to you afterward. The bandit is a pretty subtle beast, you know, and there's nothing so good as getting your opponent rattled at the start."

The tall man nodded approval and the hard lines vanished from Pennington's forehead.

"The runner from Hewitt! I never thought of that! We'll interview Rabat-Pilal on our way round. I don't like the idea of that fellow wandering about with all that information with regard to our movements," remarked Pennington. He's in possession of a note signed by myself, into the bargain. Heaven only knows what use he intends to make of it."

The deluge had given way to a steady downpour as the two men passed Clay's tent.

The taller man, who was following close upon Pennington's heels, stepped aside to avoid a stump and hit his foot against something soft and bulky.

"I say, Pennington!—just a second."

The other stopped and came slowly back.

He found Clay stooping over a prostrate form.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm not quite sure. There's a fellow here—yes, by Jove, with a knife stuck in his back. Confound it, the moon's gone in! Got a light?"

An electric flash-lamp threw a narrow silver ray.

Clay came to his feet.

"Dawson was right," he said quietly. "He was dead right."

"Who is it?"

"My orderly—that's all!"

Dawson moved restlessly in his sleep, then sat bolt upright. A hurricane was blowing outside.

He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He was still in sole possession of Pennington's tent. He consulted his watch. It was close on three.

Suddenly—borne on the wings of the wind—there wafted to his ears the sound of rapid firing, a babel of discordant cries, and something seared through the material above his head with a spiteful, significant zip. And then—from somewhere close at hand—came the deep droning note of a Dussan gun.

"Hell!" ejaculated the district officer—and began lacing up his boots with nervous haste. He raked out his tunic and mackintosh, felt to see that his automatic was there, and plunged for the open.

The night was alive with shadowy, flitting forms, with blazing torches, the incessant rattle of musketry, and still the deep-throated gong sent its warning message into the darkness.

He splashed his way through the trees, lit upon a bunch of bare-footed native soldiers that appeared to be taking no useful part in the affray, and led them in breathless haste toward the spot from which the alarm seemed to originate.

"Get down—down—down!" he shouted—and fell on his hands almost on top of Clay, whose long ears trailed from behind a rock and whose cheek was pressed against a rifle-stock.

"That you, Dawson? Pennington's round on the far side at the only other possible point for them to break through."

Clay's rifle spoke.

"That was a beauty, Dawson. We've been at it for about an hour. The enemy achieved a minor success at the outset. Caught our rear defenses 'nappin' and a dozen or so carryin' something on a pole, man aged to squirm their way through and join the main body. The Yellow Seven opened up to cover their approach—and we decided to attack. He fired again, and a dozen or so gradually all along the line. I've promised to take the slope at the point of the bayonet before dawn."

He shouted to some one behind and a rifle was pushed against Dawson's elbow. His eye felt at the same moment upon a pile of clips at Clay's side. He thrust one into the magazine.

"Chai-Hung's still up there, I suppose?"

"As far as I'm aware nobody's broken out. I can't for the life of me imagine what it was they were engaged in. It was evidently something important, because they weren't inclined to save rounds to secure its safety."

He glanced behind him. "Your fellows should be pretty fresh by now. I fancy I'll try a sortie with my own chaps—and you can follow with three second wave, mopping up everything we've left behind."

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

"Be honest 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, muttered his men.

"Fixed 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



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



HOOSIER BRIEFS

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

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.

Dr. R. A. Carmine will be the principal speaker at a rally of the Methodist churches of Tipton County, Sept. 2.

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

Thirty-five head of hogs were burned in a fire which destroyed the barn of Herman Klye, near Lafayette.

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

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

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 enemy that had escaped the initial onslaught.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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 were blamed 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 we 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



Carrying Out Directions

—By BLOSSER



SALESMAN \$AM—BY SWAN



MRS. BUTLER'S TERRIBLE PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

W. Philadelphia, Pa. — "When I cleaned house last April I must have overfired, for after that I had pains and aches all the time and was 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."

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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 accept and when not to accept a social favor?
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?

All this and much more is included in a 10,000-word booklet specially prepared by and copyrighted by the Washington Bureau of this newspaper, now ready. Any reader who wants a complete treatise on the subject, covering just the points one is most in doubt about, may obtain the booklet by filling out the coupon below, enclosing the requested postage, and mailing to our Washington Bureau.

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STREET & NO.

CITY

STATE

Prowler Rattles Doors; Escapes

Henry Adams, 5026 E. New York St., told officers he heard some one trying to open the cellar door Monday night. Mrs. T. N. White, 5024 E. New York St., told the officers some one turned the knob and tried her kitchen door. Police found no prowler in the vicinity.

BOTHERED WITH ITCHY PIMPLES

On Face a Couple of Years. Burned Badly. Cuticura Heals.

"I was bothered with pimples on my face for a couple of years. They were of medium size and red, and itched and burned so badly that I scratched, causing sore eruptions. I tried different remedies without success. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I noticed an improvement so purchased more, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) John F. Truse, 3664 Ferry Ave. E., Detroit, Mich.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else fails.

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