

# THE YELLOW SEVEN. RUN TO EARTH

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Chai-Hung is leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Peter Pennington, who details by an expedition to apprehend Chai-Hung, is engaged to be married to Monica Viney, Monica's brother, Captain John Hewitt, is Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Pennington leads an expedition to capture the bandit leader. Peter is aided by his chief-of-staff, Rabat-Pilat, who, because of a personal grievance, hates Chai-Hung bitterly.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

A bullet drilled a hole in his toupee and Dawson laughed aloud. A knot of fanatics—running short of ammunition—halted their approach with a shower of rocks. Dawson dispatched the first man with his pistol and the remainder took to their heels to fall upon the bayonets of the last of Clay's party. There followed a period of breathless, hand-to-hand fighting and presently he woke to the sudden realization that they were on level ground, in fierce pursuit of the last defenders of gradient.

Clay's voice belated after him. "Dawson! Dawson, come back here! We've gained our objective and it won't pay us to go farther."

The D. O. retired with evident reluctance. He found Clay with his back against a rock, binding up his hand with strips from his handkerchief.

"Hit?"

"Nothing to speak of. You are all right?"

Dawson felt himself all over.

"Not even a blighty! It's very disappointing. When I get back to my little log-hut in the trees, nobody'll believe I took part in the scrap at all!"

Clay was sucking at the stem of an empty briar.



"TELL ME, WHERE'S PETER? WHY ISN'T HE HERE?"

"I'll give you a certificate to that effect! I think we've every reason to pat ourselves on the back. We're in occupation of the entire ridge, plenty of cover and a clear view of Chai-Hung's headquarters." He knotted his improvised bandage and drew it out with his teeth. "The Yellow Seven are hemmed in on the plateau. Pennington is advancing on our extreme right. Rabat-Pilat is in charge of the left flank. Behind the earthworks they've chucked up there's a sheer drop of 800 feet."

Dawson borrowed Clay's binoculars and in the first ray of light of approaching dawn, focused them on a broad, squat pile of rockwork barely a quarter of a mile ahead. A pole jutted from the center of this mass and from it swung a yellow flag.

"Better get a stretcher-party to work," he remembered suddenly.

"I've told my sergeant already."

He glanced back and saw Pennington coming up the slope. His left arm was in a sling and there was a broad strip of plaster across one cheek.

Pennington dropped to the earth and lay on his stomach, his chin pillowed in his hands. "Dawson, I want you to take over my section. I'm fixing up grub for everybody. The sun'll be up in a few minutes, there'll be a quick breakfast after which we embark upon the second part of our program. Clay, your party—together with a further platoon—I'm sending you—will advance a couple of hundred yards and take cover. Dawson you'll want to go a bit farther—say three hundred. Rabat-Pilat will do the same. At 7 I'm going to open out with the fifteen pounder."

A runner trotted up the incline and halted before them.

"The Tuan Pennington?"

The man with the Chinese eyes took the message from his hand. Dawson, watching him curiously, saw the color vanish from his cheeks. He

sat, stock still, staring at the note as if unable to comprehend its meaning.

"What is it?" demanded Clay.

Pennington started.

"It's from Hewitt," he said. "He hasn't been able to get away, but hopes to join us before it's all over. Monica disappeared two days ago. She was going to the governor's house at Sandakan—and didn't turn up."

"That's Mrs. Viney—Pennington's fiancée," explained Dawson. "This is terrible, Penn. You don't think Chai-Hung has had anything to do with this?"

Pennington rose to his feet.

"I don't know what to think. It's knocked me pretty hard."

"What are you going to do?"

"Carry on," said Pennington with a touch of bitterness.

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Dawson, flattened down against the rock, barely a hundred paces from the main objective, saw the seventh round send a wall toppling drunkenly inward.

"Good man!" he murmured exultantly, then groped for his rifle. Four more rounds followed in quicker succession—and the D. O. rubbed his fat hands together. Chai-Hung's lair was crumbling from its very foundations. One main wall of enormous boulders stood alone behind a heap of ruins and he guessed that this remaining rampart sheltered all that was left of the bandit's followers. To all intents and purposes the day was won.

And then, as he brought his gaze back to the wall, he saw a figure standing very erect on its summit; a man of enormous proportions in a white drill tunic and baggy silk trousers. He did not need the assistance of binoculars to recognize Chai-Hung.

Within a matter of seconds, a second form had joined him, pushed from below by unseen hands. In a flash there dawned upon him the meaning of that maneuver of the early hours, the band that had broken through carrying something slung from a pikul.

His senses reeled.

"For God's sake stop that damned gun!" he caught himself screaming aloud, writhing in the agony of his impotence. He jammed his fingers in his ears and tried in vain to draw hand and foot, just balancing on the jagged surface of rock looked death in the face unflinchingly.

He had always admired Monica, had even cherished hopes of her himself, until Pennington had stepped in. The sight of her standing there by the side of Chai-Hung maddened him. He tried to collect his thoughts and, as he did so, the real significance of that solitary rampart was borne upon him. Clay had told him after their first attack that behind the rude fortress was a sheer drop of eight hundred feet. Her presence there was a warning to Pennington to cease fire.

He wriggled into the shelter of the next boulder almost conscious only of a desire to do something. Twenty yards from the wall, he realized that the firing had stopped. As he watched his opportunity to scramble under the wall itself, his eye caught a second figure far to his right, a short, swarthy scarecrow with a long knife between his teeth.

"Rabat-Pilat! The creature passed out of sight and Dawson lay very still while all around reigned a silence that tugged at his nerve-strings. The sun beat mercilessly down on him and he shifted his battered topee back over the nape of his neck, wondering all the time what Chai-Hung's next move would be.

Suddenly, from their own lines, a single rifle-shot rang out. The man on the wall clapped a hand to his side, then swung his arm forward as if to send his victim tottering backward.

Dawson cursed the fellow under his breath. It was sheer madness to pick off the bandit, for he stood so close to the girl that the faintest touch must assuredly carry her with him.

A rock, dislodged from somewhere, slid into space, and two hands appeared on the wall, inches only from where the girl stood. Impelled from behind, she slid forward with a little scream into the arms of Chai-Hung.

Pennington. He had discarded his sling, but Dawson could see that his wounded arm pained him greatly.

He hit Chai-Hung with all the force he could muster, over-balanced with the sheer force of impact—and the two men disappeared together into the abyss.

As if at a given signal, the attacking force rose and advanced at the double; but Dawson, anxious only for the safety of Monica and his best friend, blundered ahead of them into the shattered stronghold. He round Hewitt's sister, bruised but uninjured, half-buried in a heap of debris.

"Dear Mr. Dawson," she murmured incoherently, "I'm so glad you've turned up. I was beginning to think all my friends had deserted me."

He severed her bonds with his knife and she caught his sleeve between her numbed fingers. "Tell me, where's Peter? Why isn't he here?"

Dawson choked.

"It was Pennington who saved you," he stammered. "He—I'll find out for you in a minute."

He pushed a fresh clip into his pistol and made her take it. A second later he was staring blankly into space.

There was a track—a foot wide—between the base of the wall and the cliff-edge. A couple of yards below this path the face of Rabat-Pilat grinned up at him. This amazing being was hanging on by his fingers and toes, with the limp form of Peter Pennington pressed between him and the face of the rock.

Dawson dropped to the path, steadied himself, then grasping a single branch that jutted from the edge, reached downward. Rabat-Pilat, loosening his hold, pushed Pennington's arm upward until Dawson could grasp his wrist—then slid without utterance to join the still form of his arch-enemy, eight hundred feet below.

The D. O. drew Pennington to safety—and Clay, appearing at the farthest extremity of the rampart, crept



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



## HOOSIER BRIEFS

By defeating the Methodists by a score of 13-3 in a recent game the United Brethren baseball team clinched the Sunday School League pennant at Union City.

Johnson County's corn crop is expected to make an average yield of forty bushels an acre. The acreage in the county is approximately 53,000.

Edward Dehority, Elwood, entered a plea of guilty to allowing Canadian thistles to grow on his farm and was fined \$1 and costs.

Charles Van Kirk, Union City, received painful burns when he was having the tank of his car filled with gasoline. He was bending over the tank when in some mysterious way the fumes became ignited.

The Rev. Morris Himler, pastor of the Nazarene Church at Shelbyville, has resigned to become pastor of the First Church of the Nazarene at Bluffton.

In celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Shelby County fair a program is to be held one day at past and present fair officials.

Work of moving the plant of the Columbia Machine Works to Greensburg is under way. The capitalization has been increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000.

A community celebration that will

planned for Labor day at Leavenworth.

Maintaining a public nuisance in the form of a pigeon is charged in an affidavit filed by Mrs. Orpha Wagner against George Dahn, a neighbor, both of Columbus.

War veterans at Bloomington made \$400 by sponsoring a carnival. This is the nucleus of a fund with which they hope to build a clubhouse.

The Floyd Fitzsimmons fight arena at Michigan City has been sold at sheriff's sale for \$4,414.25.

A proposal to erect a new market house at Richmond is expected to be favorably acted upon by the city council.

## DRUGS MAY GO HIGHER

Chicago Retailers Consider Boost in Prices

By United Press  
CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—An increase of twenty per cent in drug prices will be considered at a meeting of Chicago retail druggists September 6. Isam M. Light, secretary of the Chicago Druggists Association, representing 1,600, said the meeting will attempt to stop "price cutting" in view of the fact that prices are twenty per cent under what they should be.

Other officials held after the meet-

## UTILITY POST MAY GO TO STAFF MAN

Legal Barriers to Eberhart Appointment Cited.

With the sentiment prevailing that Governor McCray will fail to discover legal means for appointing George M. Eberhart of Huntington as member of the public service commission to succeed Edgar M. Blessing, his resignation becoming effective Sept. 15, opinions have been expressed that the successor will be one of the commission's staff of technical experts.

L. Chester Loughry, formerly of Monticello, secretary, has indicated that he would accept the appointment if offered, although declining to engage in active campaigning.

Harry Boggs of Indianapolis, the commission's chief accountant, and Carl Wilde of Evansville, service department head, are known to have strong leanings toward the \$6,000 job.

Boggs has been identified with utility work for fifteen years, in addition to his service on the body as head of the accounting department.

Wilde, also an attorney, is a graduate of Indiana University with post graduate work at Yale.

A. B. Cronk of Indianapolis, com-

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## No Chance



## SALESMAN SAM—BY SWAN



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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?  
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