THE YELLOW SEVEN
ISLAND "N"

By Edwin Shell.
Illustrated by Ray Sandefield

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, has a beautiful widowed sister, Monica Viney. She loves Peter Pennington, who is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington warns Hyde and Hyde's daughter, Dora Bateson, against the bandits. They receive the Yellow Seven card and chase the Chinese house-boy and his companion, only to have them disappear when almost within their grasp.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Pity you couldn't have thought all this out before," he grumbled. Presently, as the tobacco caught, his head came slowly round until his puzzled eyes fell upon those of his companion. "Why do you suppose they wanted to get us out of the way?"

Chinese Pennington rose wearily.

"I don't know," he admitted, "but I've a queer feeling in my bones that the sooner we're back again—the better."

Hyde, glancing at his watch, was amazed to discover that it was close upon one o'clock. He turned to Pennington.

"There's a shorter cut, if we bear to the right. We should strike the railway in under half-an-hour."

Twenty yards from the boundary wire, a man on a pony almost rode them down. Both men stepped hastily from the track and the newcomer, pulling up abruptly, slid to the ground and confronted them. It was Bateson, hatless, his straw-colored hair standing galmost on end.

"Is that you, Hyde?" he cried hoarsely.

"You can make yourself easy on that score," the manager assured him.

Pennington, an uncomfortable sensation passing down his spine, intervened.

He dropped a heavy hand on to Bateson's shoulder.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

The assistant swallowed something in his throat.

"It's Dora. She's disappeared!"

"Disappeared!" It was Hyde who spoke. "But, man alive!—" A glance from Pennington checked further utterance.

"When did she go out?" he said, rolling a cigarette, his eyes fixed on Bateson all the while.

"About ten. I was busy on the verandah with a couple of mandors figuring out some work I wanted to get through tomorrow. I gathered that she was going to see you. She carried a small parcel in her hand and I remember expressing curiosity as to its contents. She told me it was something you had asked for."

Pennington started.

"Something I had asked for," he echoed incredulously, and then his face dropped. "What was it like?"

Bateson appeared to reect.

"It was only a small thing," he said, "and I couldn't see it very clearly. It looked to me like a fan."

Pennington caught Hyde's arm and held it tightly.

"Don't jump at conclusions," he whispered reassuringly, seeing that the other had gone deathly white. "Have you been to Hyde's bungalow, Bateson?"

"Yes. I've only just come from there. There was a watchman on duty outside. Dora had been there, had waited for about an hour—and had gone out on foot. That's what I can't make out. I found her pony tethered where she had left it. The watchman did not think it his place to question her. The moon was well up when she left, and he was under the impression she was looking for something she had lost. It's a queer business altogether," he added helplessly. "The watchman told me she had both arms outstretched in front of her, and that she chose a path of her own between the trees."

"Yes," broke in Hyde impatiently. "What then?"

"I found a hurricane-lamp and started off in the direction he indicated. At first her footsteps were pretty clearly marked, but after a hundred yards or so they petered out altogether. It seemed as if the earth had been freshly raked over for an appreciable distance, and then I ran across other tracks which, when followed, only brought me back to the spot from which I'd started." He shuddered involuntarily. "Pennington, what on earth does it all mean?"

"It means that your wife has been

Chai-Hung positively beamed.

kidnapped by the Yellow Seven and that there's no sleep for any of us until we get her back. You found nothing on the path, nothing that could be of assistance?"

Bateson shook his head. He dived a hand into a side-pocket and produced a crumpled mass of cane and cloth.

"Nothing at all—except this. It was partly imbedded in the soil and I clung to it in sheer desperation."

Pennington's hand shot out and took it from him. He spread it out on the saddle of the assistant's pony that stood quietly grazing. Hyde peered over his shoulder.

"What is it" he inquired huskily.

"I can't answer you yet. I daren't. It's nothing—or everything. Strike a light, one of you."

"I can tell you what's on it," jerked out Bateson suddenly. "It's a Japanese fan—the thing, I imagine, that Dora was bringing to you. There's a photograph on it—of Island N. That's all."

Pennington gave a wild cry.

"Hyde," he shouted, "muster every watchman you've got; send out an urgent S. O. S. to your assistants. Don't trust a soul that you have not the utmost confidence in or we're lost. There's a score of native fishermen at the water's edge. Commandeer their canoes and get across to the island as soon as you can. Then take cover. As soon as you hear me fire, come. Is that quite clear?"

The planter reached out for the reins of Bateson's pony.

"Perfectly. What about you? How are you going to get across?"

"That's my affair. But when you come, don't look for Chinese Pennington. Search around for 'He Who Sees in the Dark,' the Chinaman with the scarred face, whom I think you have already met."

He grinned broadly—and was gone.

* * * * *

The oil lamp flared up suddenly and Dora Bateson, crouching in a corner of the hut, saw the ponderous form of Chai-Hung creeping through the narrow aperture. He rose presently to his feet and sat heavily upon a blackwood stool that was the only piece of furniture of which the hovel boasted.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bateson," he began in a grating voice. "You are wondering no doubt why I have brought you here, and what I am going to do with you?"

"I'm not the least bit afraid of you, Mr. Chai-Hung," retorted the girl steadily. She shifted into a more comfortable position on the rotting boards and, looking upward, caught a glimpse of a star-lit heaven through a spot in the roof where the steps had fallen away.

Dora Bateson was afraid of shadows, but the oblivion held no terrors for her. The basic value of the Yellow Seven, the price he had of contracting his people were they became like points of fire—inspired her with a certain, inexplicable fear; but she was by no means afraid of Chai-Hung himself.

"How did you get me here?" she demanded presently.

Chai-Hung smiled blandly.

"It was exceedingly simple, Mrs. Bateson. If you are able to remember anything, you will admit that you started out apparently of your own accord. That is what we term—The Fan Trick."

Dora's brow wrinkled.

"The Fan Trick!" Her eyes sparkled with the light of sudden knowledge. "Then I am on Island N!" she exclaimed. "Aren't you a trifle unwise, Mr. Chai-Hung, in selecting a hiding-place so near to the mainland?"

Chai-Hung positively beamed.

"Not in the least, my dear lady. Of all my enemies, there is only one that I have any cause to fear. They call him 'He Who Sees in the Dark,' but you would recognize him more readily under his real name—Chinese Pennington." He paused to observe the eect of his words, but the girl controlled her features admirably. "Pennington hounded me from Jesselton and drove me, as he still persists in believing, into the backwoods. He succeeded in one respect. He made it necessary for me to resort to strange expedients to obtain money. That is precisely why you are here tonight, Mrs. Bateson."

He gazed at her through half-closed lids.

"I shall send a messenger to your husband—for money," rasped Chai-Hungn between his teeth. "If the messenger does not return, I shall send another and still another—for messengers are cheap and the lips of the Yellow Seven are sealed. I shall ask for ten thousand dollars—one for each of your beautiful fingers. But, with each further messenger I shall send a finger—"

The girl had risen to her feet, her eyes blazing with fury.

"You—devil!"

The great Chai-Hung backed toward the opening, bowing as he did so.

"I do not anticipate that you will have to undergo the painful process of amputation very often, Mrs. Bateson," he continued smoothly.

Almost beside herself, she caught the black-wood stool from the floor and swung it aloft, but, before she could send it crashing into the leering face that mocked at her, she saw the form of a second Chinaman wriggle noiselessly through the aperture. The newcomer had a livid scar running the length of one cheek. He wore a blue jacket with voluminous, tattered sleeves and, as the girl stood petrified, her eyes wide-open like saucers, she could have sworn that the stranger winked at her.

"Good night, Mr. Bateson," Chai-Hung was saying. "I am going to dispatch my first messenger."

And then an arm like a steel wire encircled his neck and he fell to the floor with a thud.

It seemed an eternity before Chinese Pennington fixed one knee firmly on the bandit's throat and, groping in his rags, fired deliberately at the little patch in the roof where the sago leaves had been torn away.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Insect Bites.

Dog Applies For Own License—and Gets It

Patchogue, N.Y.—Application by a dog to have his license renewed was received at the Brookhaven Town Hall and "Gyp," a collie, owned by Charles Driscoll, received it.

"Gyp" took his place in a long line of dog owners. In his mouth was an envelope containing a message to Walter I. Jones, town clerk, from his master. It included a properly filled out notice for a renewal of "Gyp's" license and a cheque for the required fee.

"Gyp" waited while Mr. Jones made out the new license and placed it along with a metal tag in an envelope which "Gyp" took in his mouth. He wagged "Thank you" and started obediently for home.

Canada and the American Tariff

Ottawa Journal (Cons.): The first duty of a Government is to its own citizens; and if the United States Government feels that it owes it to American producers to protect them from Canadian competition, that is its right and privilege. Where the fault lies in Canada is that we take such things lying down. We see Americans excluding us from their markets, yet we go right on buying from them at the rate of about two million dollars a day.

A woman flies from Newfoundland to Europe, and then telephones back about it. If that doesn't epitomize the present era, what does?—Christian Science Monitor.

London Police Upheld in Third Degree Charge

Majority Report Finds Miss Irene Savidge's Allegations to be Unjustified

Laborite Attacks Methods

Lees-Smith Wins Acclaim for Minority Opinion

London—Clashing opinions over the anxiously awaited report of the Parliamentary Commission on the alleged third degree methods of the London police, arising out of the Hyde Park incident in which Sir Leo Chiozza Money, the Liberal economist, and Miss Irene Savidge were involved, remained unreconciled when the Commission turned in conflicting majority and minority reports given out officially.

Call Charges Unjustified

The commission of three went on record as far as two of its members—Sir John Eldon, former Lord Justice of the Appelate Court, and J. J. Withers, Conservative Member of Parliament from Cambridge University and well known lawyer—were concerned, that the charges put forth by Miss Savidge on her inquisition by Scotland Yard Officers were not justified.

The majority commissioners at the same time criticized adversely the detective headquarters' methods in carrying out the investigation with possibly hostile witnesses.

Laborite Attacks Method

H. B. Lees-Smith, Labor representative on the commission, at the same time came out with a slashing attack on Scotland Yard's methods in conducting the inquiry charging that Miss Savidge's replies were forced from her by third degree methods.

A division more or less closely following normal party lines is developed in comment which morning newspapers will carry with Conservative organs' opinion, with some notable exceptions, lining up behind the majority report, while the Labor and Liberal oppositions unite in backing up the minority report.

Lees-Smith is Praised

"Lees-Smith deserves the gratitude of all lovers of liberty for a piece of judicial work which commands intellectual respect and restates with admirable force and clarity the case for the rights of the citizen," the Laborite "Daily Herald" will declare summing up the official opposition opinion.

The Liberal "Daily News" will stress that "The point is whether there shall be allowed to grow up in this country—we shall not say third degree methods, but at any rate second degree methods—as a recognized part of the police machinery."

"Chronicle" Backs Laborite

The Liberal "Daily Chronicle," scoring the result of the inquiry into police methods as "disappointing," says that any party concerned with the preservation of the basic liberty of the subject owes a considerable debt to Lees-Smith for his minority report.

More significant, however, are the comments of the Conservative "Morning Post" and "Daily Telegraph." The former says editorially:

"The police are not to blame for following an established procedure, but the procedure is nevertheless to be condemned." It is evident that police methods need overhauling to adapt them to the requirements of the time, this organ of ultra-Conservative opinion remarks, but goes on record with the declaration that with the appointment of such a chief as Viscount Byng—whose nomination to the post was bitterly criticized by the opposition—this readaptation will best be assured.

See Peril to Liberty

"The Daily Telegraph," voicing the middle class conservative opinion, sums up thus: "The moral of this affair concerning Miss Savidge has hardly been put too strongly by Lees-Smith: 'Grave perils to private citiens and to civil liberty have been revealed by her experience. The powers of the police are great and if they are to detect crime must remain great, but the security of the individual depends upon the fact that they do not use these powers harshly or unfairly.'"

Boston fisherman opened the stomach of a large cod and found a can of condensed milk inside. Probably an ocean flying fish.

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Epitaph

Here lies a lover—one who did not know
That love is of the spirit—one who dreamed
Of bodily loveliness that faintly gleamed
Through mists of passion when the lights were low.

He has forgotten, now, that arms were white,
And warm and white a bosom's rise and fall;
And all he loved is dead and rotten—all
Surfeit attained, and unattained delight.

—Daphne Muir,
in London Spectator.

Weddings in the Air

Boston Transscript: Asked to go up in an airplane and there marry a couple who were under the delusion that they would be doing something romantic, a New Jersey magsitrate told them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves for trying to turn a solemn occasion into a stunt. . . . Sensible folk will give him their approval. Weddings included as part of the program of public fairs, as advertising in show windows, and in balloons and airplanes, do not tend to inspire respect for marriage. And all who have studied the prevalence of divorce in this country agree that the hasty and ill-considered marriage is a principal cause. Marriages of that kind will not be diminished in number if weddings are to be included among the stunts of the air circus.

Sunburn? Use Minard's Liniment.

After a dinner party when all the guests were gathered in the drawing-room, it was suggested that every woman should state the gift she most coveted. Promptly each woman announced her choice. Mrs. Johnson wished for exquisite jewels, Mrs. Williams desired to be the best-dressed woman in town, while Mrs. Smith craved for popularity. Suddenly, however, a tactless husband exclaimed:—"I say! Don't any of you care for beauty?"

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt seeks a million dollar fund to combat what she terms the cigarette evil. Cash and Carrie!

Woman Shopper (to assistant)—"I say, young man, there's a ladder in these stockings." Exasperated Assistant—"Well, what do you expect for 2/11—a marble staircase?"

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Canada to Decide Status of Envoy

Question Arises in British House Regarding Precedence Question

London.—Col. L. C. M. S. Amery in the House of Commons, replying to Patrick J. H. Hannan (Birmingham), that it would be for the Canadian Government to decide whether the British High Commissioner to Canada would enjoy privileges similar to those of foreign diplomatists. Regarding precedence, he said, "in the analagous case of the Dominion High Commissioners here, they rank immediately after Cabinet Ministers, but not before foreign representatives.

Mr. Hannan, who, it is understood, represents the Federation of British Industries in the House of Commons, also asked, "If, insubmitting proposals respecting British commercial interests to the Government of Canada, the British High Commissioner will have the full diplomatic support of His Majesty's Government?"

Col. Amery replied, "It is of coursee contemplated that he will be authorized to make representations on commercial questions to the Canadian Government, where instructed to do so by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain."

The President of the Board of Trade, answering Percy A. Hurd (Cons., Devizes), supplied details of the direct help Canada had given British employment since the war. He said the Canadian Pacific had spent $70,000,000 on new tonnage in British shipyards and also $5,000,000 on machinery and the conversion of ships while a further new ship was under consideration. Lloyd's Register reported that since the war the Canadian Steamship Lines had built here 15 vessels of a gross tonnage of 31,000 tons. He had no official figures to show what these orders represented in British wages in the shipbuilding, iron, steel, engineering, coal mining and other industries.

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