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Old-Time Radio

African Drums Carry Signals To the Tribesmen Fifteen Miles

What Canadians are often tempted to do to wailing saxophones, unharmonious trombonists and overvociferous trap drummers, members of African tribes actually do to their bad musicians. They mutilate them cruelly for errors in harmony or mistakes in transmitting messages by signal drums.

Probably every civilized person has yearned at times to cut off a saxophonist's ears, slit the corners of a trombonist's mouth or chop off a drummer's hands—privileges of which some African tribes happily avail themselves in regulating musicianship and the conduct of those who play their drums and other musical instruments.

Two large wooden drums from Cameroon, west Africa, elaborately carved with representations of mythical animals, ancestral figures and mystical symbols, are now on exhibition in the new hall of African ethnology at Field Museum. Such drums are kept near the residence of a chief, and he may strike them, to call his men to war, or summon them to a palaver. A protecting hut is often built over the drum and it marks the place of public assembly, symbolizes the dignity of chieftainship and constitutes an idol to which a stranger entering the village is expected to pay his respects.

Signal drums, depending on atmospheric conditions, can carry messages between five and fifteen miles. Some are merely hollowed logs, others are skin-covered instruments.

While drummers are subject to cruel penalties, as above related, for their mistakes, they have some compensation in the fact that their art gives them an exalted social position among those fellows.

The Africans have another type of drum (the friction drum) which leaders of jazz orchestras would find ideal as an addition to the various ear-splitting contrivances now in use. This drum has a wooden rod passing through the membrane and projecting for about a foot and a half. The player first rubs his hand with resin and then strokes his palm down the stick. This vibrates in such a way as to send out heart-rending wails and groans.

Fascism and the Italian Emigrant

Chicago Tribune: Our nation is composed of immigrants. We are a nation only because those immigrants when they came here left behind them all moral and political obligations to their various fatherlands. The mere fact that the Italian Government presumes to retain an ascendancy, if only a moral one, over former subjects, is in itself a threat to our national unity Inevitably in a country made up as ours has been, there is a certain amount of colonial-mindedness. It would be folly on our part to take no action to prevent the growth of the colonial spirit in any section of the population.

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Transfer Design NO. 1176 is used to embroider the bodice front of View B. Blue or Yellow. Price 25 cents the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

East Africa

Glasgow Herald (Cons.): The future welfare of this part of the world depends, not only on reasonable co-operation between British territories, but also upon co-operation between all the nations who exercise sovereign power in Africa. There are many big problems to be faced, among them that of labor, and, if the several nations concerned proceed to solve these problems in not only different but conflicting ways, the task will be rendered both difficult and possibly dangerous, and satisfactory results may be indefinitely delayed. We in Kenya and Uganda are doing our best and are achieving considerable success, more particularly in regard to the technical education of African natives, formerly in the hands of the missionaries but now directed and subsidized by Government. But it is an uphill task in spite of the considerable aptitude displayed by those undergoing instruction. Properly taught, the native is quite capable of handling tractors and other petrol-driven machines. But the areas to be dealt with are vast and greatly underpopulated. When labor problems are added to political and social complications it will be realized that the situation in East Africa is not without its anxieties, to the alleviation of which it is to be hoped that the Royal Commission's inquiry and the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales and Duke of Gloucester may each, in different ways, contribute.

Fast, Light Craft Lead French Naval Program

Paris.—Information obtained at the French naval ministry has disclosed that the naval program, designed to give France a powerful modern fleet, will be augmented this year by the construction of three 10,000-ton cruisers, twelve flotilla leaders, eight destroyers, twenty-nine submarines and other craft.

The flotilla leaders of the destroyer type are the largest afloat. Two cruisers built last year have recently proved by tests to be the fastest ships of their size in the world.

The war-time French fleet, almost obsolescent at the armistice, is being replaced with ships that are fast, light and economical, ships destined to guard the 36,000 miles of sea communications between the homeland and the empire overseas. Sixty million people live in these colonies and the area is many times that of France.

Employer (to butler): "What made you so late?" Butler: "I fell downstairs, sir." "That ought not to have taken you very long."

Minard's Liniment for Blistered Feet.

THE YELLOW SEVEN

CHINA-TEA!

By [illegible]

Illustrated by [illegible]

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Peter Pennington, detective, is engaged to marry Monica Viney, sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Bornio. Pennington is detailed by the government to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Peter is known as "Chinese" Pennington because of his slant eyes and his ability to disguise himself and mingle with Chinese without any one suspecting his identity. Pennington traces Chai-Hung to his latest hiding place.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"The pack was gradually diminishing. There were only 13 cards left—I counted them as they lay in the yellow light of the lamp. There was a dramatic pause and in the grim silence that followed only one man spoke. It was Lai-Ho—Hyde's old servant—and he spoke so softly that I only caught one single word—my own name! And then a strange thing happened. The arch-bandit, who had lain still and motionless as a corpse, raised himself on one arm. His fingers, emaciated with the fever that consumed him, hovered over the table—then dropped on to a single card. He was too weak to take it and the thing fluttered to the floor, falling face-uppermost not a yard from where I waited."

"The Yellow Seven!" Hewitt's lips formed the words.

Pennington inclined his head.

"The lot had fallen upon Chai Hung himself to take my life. And Chai-Hung lay like a dead thing, weakened even with the sheer exertion of his effort, while his intended victim watched unseen!"

At the foot of the bamboo ladder the Commissioner turned to Pennington.

"I thought you'd like to know that Monica insisted in coming with me on this trip. To tell you the honest truth, I hadn't the heart to refuse her. We're staying at Dawson's bungalow. Why don't you run along and see her?"

A look of pain crept into the other's face.

"I daren't," he said thickly. I want to see this thing through first."

The other nodded sympathetically.

"When are you going to collar him?"

"Tonight. Come to me here at nine—and come armed."

The Commissioner's form was out of sight before Pennington turned on his heel and went back to the bamboo bridge where Hewitt had first found him.

* * * * *

The sun was already at its zenith when Captain John Hewitt—Commissioner of Police—halted abruptly at a spot where two jungle paths met—and realized that he had lost his bearings. It was precisely at that moment that he began to regret that Pennington had not offered to accompany him. Pennington had an uncanny knack of finding his way through territory that was absolutely unknown to him. It was as if that extraordinary freak of birth that had presented him with the eyes of an Oriental had gifted him also with the mysterious instincts of the primeval savage.

The track was imperceptibly growing wider and at intervals he felt the rays of the sun that poured down on him where the trees were set farther apart. He glanced up suddenly, then, white to the roots of his hair, darted behind the trunk of a jack-fruit tree, flattening himself against the bark. He knew that he had taken the wrong path for straight ahead of him rose a wall of rock, sheer and frowning. At the foot of the rock nestled a broad, squat hut, roofed with dried sago-leaves. Sitting tranquilly at his ease, his fat fingers interlaced over an enormous paunch that even fever had not succeeded in reducing to any appreciable extent, was Chai-Hung. He sat alone, wrapped in a blanket acquired in one of his numerous raids, his feet crossed in front of him, his back resting against one of the poles that supported the building.

For a matter of seconds the Commissioner of Police stared in mute fascination at this apparition. A prolonged scrutiny left no doubt in his mind as to the accuracy of Pennington's statement. Chai-Hung had been ill. There were dark rings under his eyes, his cheeks had fallen in, and the rolls of fat that hung from his jowl were suspended like the shapeless lines of a deflating balloon.

The bandit rose to his feet with a sudden effort, clutching at the pole for support. Presently he steadied himself and came slowly toward the spot where Hewitt was hiding, his beady eyes blazing with a light that was almost supernatural. The Commissioner, fumbling for his hip-pocket, swayed sideways and broke the spell that held him. Scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he left the trees and, covering half the distance that separated them, leveled his automatic deliberately at Chai-Hung.

The Oriental did not flinch. He let the blanket slip from his broad shoulders and returned the other's gaze with a placid smile.

"You want to see me, Captain Hewitt?" he inquired with that oily smoothness he could pour over the habitual harshness of his intonation when he chose.

"I want you to put both your hands above your head, Mr. Chai-Hung, and to come with me immediately."

The bandit smiled again.

"May I ask where you propose taking me It would be unkind perhaps to remind you that you have lost your way!"

He lifted both arms as he spoke, apparently in accordance with Hewitt's request, and at that moment the Commissioner felt himself pinioned securely from behind. So suddenly and cleverly conceived was the attack that the Englishman was overpowered without a struggle, bound hand and foot with leathern thongs swiftly and securely knotted. And, as he lay helpless at the bandit's feet, Chai-Hung signalled for the stool of carved blackwood that still remained outside his temporary residence.

"I am going to take you into my confidence, Mr. Commissioner," he said. "I am a desperate man, driven by your agents into a corner, forced to suffer privations that do not altogether agree with a man of my habits. I am ill, as you see, but I am going to recover. My wings have been clipped, but they will grow again. The Chinese Dragon, Captain Hewitt, is many-headed, and each head has a fang." The corners of his evil mouth turned down. "Have you ever heard of a sixth sense?—a mysterious intuition that indicates when one is being spied upon?—I felt the promptings of that sense—last night. The man they call 'He Who Sees in the Dark' came to my house and you will understand

Monica encountered Chai-Hung not a quarter of a mile from Dawson's house.

me fully when I tell you that I returned the call. The man who brought this Pennington to me—I have dealt with. I have put out his eyes, so that he will never see again; I have removed his fingers so that he may never point out the way. There are only three people in existence who stand between Chai-Hung and the freedom of movement he desires. You know them all, Captain Hewitt. There is Chinese Pennington, your sister—and yourself. Now, observe how cleverly I have separated them. You are already in my power; Pennington is waiting for nightfall—down by the sago-swamp, and Mrs. Viney is alone in Dawson's bungalow—alone, because I have arranged that Dawson shall be kept away until I think it fit for him to return." He paused for a moment and a preposterously exaggerated finger-nail pointed toward the Commissioner. "Each shall perish in his turn, and each in a different manner. I am reserving you for the last, because I should like you to live long enough to realize the power of Chai-Hung, the inevitable triumph of the Yellow Seven. I think I can safely assure you that you will not have to wait long!"

He reached for a branch and pulling himself to his feet, went slowly back to the hut, a hunch-backed coolie following him with the stool.

Hewitt, a prey to a host of unpleasant reflections, tore feebly at the thongs that held him. A sudden movement in his immediate vicinity caused him to jerk his head painfully round. He saw a short, thick-set Oriental with a parang hung from his waist, leaning truculently against the jack-fruit tree.

"You will remember me, oh Englishman," said the sentry grimly. "I am Lai-Ho, that was the servant of Hyde. It would be better perhaps to remain still."

It was more than an hour before Chai-Hung returned. He was superbly clad in a mandarin jacket of blue embroidered with silver dragons and the dwarf followed at a discreet interval, carrying a red umbrella and a Chinese tea-pot in a nickel case that resembled a biscuit-barrel.

"I am on my way to take tea with your sister, Captain Hewitt," he purred maliciously. "Exercising my customary caution—I am taking my own tea!"

* * * * *

Quite apart from the imminent risks that threatened her lover, Monica—although she would never have acknowledged it, was desperately curious to know how the duel between Pennington and Chai-Hung would end.

From the moment she had left the little, ramshackle train to accompany her brother to Dawson's bungalow, she had become haunted with a vague, indefinite fear that she was being followed. She had confided her fears to the Commissioner, but Hewitt, seeing in this sudden conviction still another symptom of the nervous trouble he had already noticed, had not expressed surprise.

"One gets odd notions in these parts," he told her easily. "It's that same queer restlessness you hear among the trees that gives rise to hosts of native superstitions."

The explanation had sounded logical enough but, on the afternoon of the day Hewitt had started out to meet Pennington, Monica encountered Chai-Hung himself in a narrow glade not a quarter of a mile from Dawson's house.

"Isn't it delightfully cool under the trees," she faltered as pleasantly as she knew how. She was aware of an uncomfortable feeling that Chai-Hung was a dangerous criminal with a price on his head, a celebrity, in fact, that she must deal wth tactfully until she could get in touch with one of Dawson's men. "Do you mind letting me pass. I'm in a hurry."

(To be continued.)

A Hand Held Out to China

New York Times: (The American Government have informed the Nationalist Government in China that they are ready to revise the existing commercial treaties with that country.) A token of friendship has been offered to the Chinese. On them now rests the responsibility of meeting it in kind. The Nationalists have the opportunity of demonstrating by their acts as well as their words that they are prepared and able to carry out their part of such new agreements as may be made. Nothing would so greatly strengthen the Nationalists' prestige abroad as proof that they are masters in their own household.

"Shure, Dr. Kilpatrick may be a moighty clever man, but he's not going to operate on me. For, bejabers, my name's Patrick."

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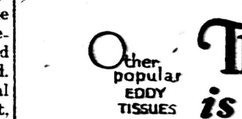

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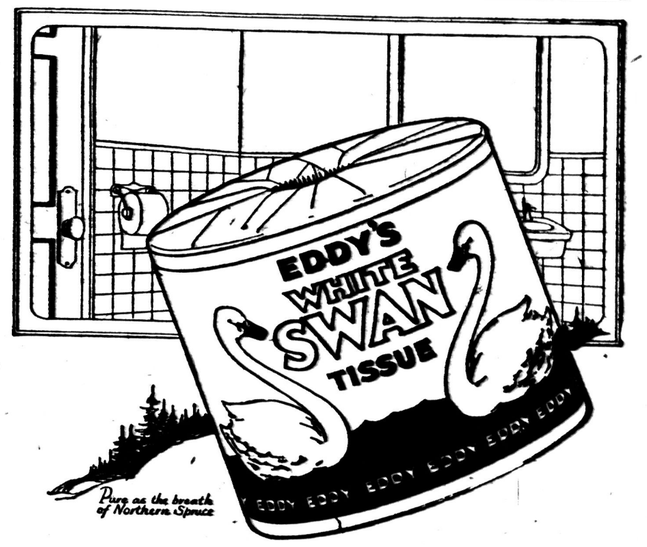

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