

# THE YELLOW SEVEN THE WISDOM OF RABAT-PI LAI

By EDWARD SHERILL  
Illustrated by  
Gladys Field

### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Monica Vinay lives with her brother, Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Monica is engaged to marry Peter Pennington, who is detailed by the government to capture Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Rabat-Pilai, who hates the bandit leader bitterly, Pennington suspects Van Daulen of the murder of Domberg, the Dutch manager at Kasihayer.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Pennington sat bolt upright. "Look here, Van Daulen, you threw out a pretty broad hint last night concerning the supposed inactivity of the police. Within eighteen hours of hearing from you that Domberg was dead and the sign of the Yellow Seven plastered on his bungalow, I've found the implements that were employed to make that sign. The slackness was not on our side, but yours." The Dutchman left the rail and came a couple of paces nearer. "How do you make that out?" "I have known for a considerable time that Chai-Hung was in the neighborhood and for ten days your boundaries have been patrolled by my own men. During the whole of that period not a single agent of the Yellow Seven has either entered or left."

"How long do you propose staying here?" "Until the fellow I'm looking for comes to find his point." "You still imagine he intends using it again?" "He'd have burnt it if he didn't." The Dutchman forced a smile. "Since we seem destined to be stable-companions for a considerable period, we'd better make the best of it. I don't mind telling you, Pennington, that you're on the wrong track. There's not man on the place I couldn't vouch for and the paint was probably intended for a blind. Whittaker and Vance share a place between here and Domberg's. They've both got Chinese servants; if Chai-Hung wants free access to the coast, they're as much in his way as I am—and there's a particular fine opportunity for killing two birds with one stone. If you were in the bandit's shoes—what do you think that would occur to you?"

"I think I shall stop here in any case. If ever I happen to be in need of somebody to teach me my business, I can't do better than to associate myself with one who can see things so well—from Chai-Hung's point of view." The dark features of the Dutchman remained immobile, but Chinese Pennington saw enough to satisfy him that the shaft had gone home. "You've placed me in a deuced awkward position," he complained presently. "Until I replace my late servant, I suppose I'm at liberty to fall back on yours." "Rabat-Pilai is entirely at your service." The Dutchman picked up his riding boots and moved off in search of his slippers. Pennington—alone—smiled curiously at a huge moth that wheeled round the flame of the lamp. Between nine and ten Van Daulen went out, taking the path to the coolie lines. Half an hour later Rabat-Pilai crept on to the verandah and halted before Pennington's chair. "Well?" "Great Tuan, the Dutchman left the estate by the gate that faces the sea. He went some little distance into the forest to where a big tree stands alone. There was a hurricane lamp hidden in the undergrowth. The Tuan Van Daulen lit it and held it above his head. A man stole from the shadows and joined him." Pennington stared at the ceiling. "What sort of man?" "A Chinaman, Tuan. There was no word spoken between them. The stranger gave the Dutchman a little box—and went away again." "One of Chai-Hung's men?" "Yah, Tuan. He did not go far, because I had two of ours close at hand. They will keep him for you tomorrow." "Excellent. What happened to the Tuan Van Daulen?" "He took the box to a hut by the railway-line. It was dark when he entered; after that there was a light." "You looked in?" "The man nodded." "He came out of the hut several times, looking round everywhere. The door was bolted presently from the inside—and I looked through a place where the boards had worked apart. There was a tube in the packet—a tube with some dark liquid inside." Footsteps were audible on the path outside. "That you, Van Daulen? I was just saying to Rabat-Pilai I could manage a cup of tea at five in the morning. I suppose you'll join me? If I remember rightly, you call the roll at five-thirty."



Doesn't it occur to you that I'm taking a deuce of a time dying?"

"You're the most infernal liar that was ever created, Rabat!" He fell to his knees by the side of Van Daulen. (To be continued.)

being standing off ready to take me to the Philippines. I killed Domberg. We bathed one another pretty heartily ever since we met and Domberg's blood in Chai-Hung's way—and mine. It was Chai-Hung sent me to Jesselton—to get you here. Drop that knife, you black-skinned devil, and get over in the corner where I can see you." He reached down for his boots. He stamped his feet home—and the corners of Rabat-Pilai's enormous mouth twitched.

"Breakfast about eight?" "That's my usual arrangement." "All right, Rabat; you can get to bed—unless Mr. Van Daulen wants you." A chair creaked as the other dropped into it. "No thanks. You know where to put my clothes for the morning. I like my boots here—by this chair." He turned to Pennington. "I roam about in my slippers until my pony comes round, you know. I find it more comfortable." Pennington waved his hand in the air, implying dismissal. "Our boots on the verandah then. Tabi, Rabat-Pilai!" "Tabi, Tuan." The customary salutation carried the servant to the passage. He glanced back once—then vanished altogether. "Queer chap—your man?" "Rather weird, isn't he? He cut off Chai-Hung's left hand when last the met and walks the world with the step of a fellow who's managed to pay off a fair proportion of a heavy debt. He smoked the thing over the fire and I fancy he carries it about with him under his blouse." Van Daulen shuddered. Pennington came languidly to his feet. "Good night, Van Daulen. Hope we're both well enough to sit up and enjoy that cup of tea."

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**Wild Animal Shows**  
Manchester Guardian (Lib.): The Performing Animals' Defence League is anxious to prohibit altogether the public performances of anthropoid apes and the larger carnivorous beasts. The wretched state of the animals after trapping and sea transport in small cages should be objectionable to anyone with a spark of imagination. It would be best if this stream of animal misery could be cut off at the source, and one Government is so convinced of the unnecessary cruelties committed that it has made trappings illegal except for the purposes of the London Zoo. This example of Southern Rhodesia might well be followed up; if it is not, there is a good case for limiting the home market, which is so eagerly sought by the dealers in the animal convicted sentenced for life in the jail which is called a menagerie.

**Thanks**  
I thank God that I was born a man, and not a beast; that I was born a Grecian and not a barbarian.—Plato.

Irvin Cobb is said to have stated recently that it was unfortunate that some of his best stories couldn't be printed.

## Physical Make-Up Decided by Glands

Secretions of Animal Glands Used With Success in Cases Where Patients Have Insufficient Amount

(By Jas. W. Barton, M.D.)

Did you ever think that whether you are to be tall or short, fat or thin, have a large jaw bone or receding chin, have a rapid or a slow heart and so forth, depends upon some little glands in different parts of the body. For instance, the thyroid in the neck helps the cells of the body to do their work a little better and a little faster, and also helps to destroy some of the harmful substances in the blood. It helps the growth of the body and gives you more energy, or "pep" as it is so popularly called.

The secretion of the little adrenal glands situated one on top of each kidney seems to work in harmony with the thyroid, doing many of the same things, but in the case of the heart gives the beat more strength. Then there is the little pituitary gland in the skull. It has a special influence on the growth of the bones, and helps in using up the vegetables and starches in the body. It also has a great effect upon certain muscles in the body, those not under the control of the will.

Now, what happens when these glands are doing too much work, or not enough? In the case of the thyroid when it is doing too much, the heart beats faster, palpitates, you get out of breath easily, lose weight, get irritable and suffer with indigestion. If the thyroid doesn't do enough work, the skin may become rough, there is mental dullness, and an excess amount of fat deposited throughout the body. Where the adrenal glands do too much there is marked muscular strength, a keen active mind, and an increase in the number of red corpuscles in the blood. When the adrenals are not doing enough work there is loss of weight, fatigue, and slow growth. Where the pituitary gland is too active the individual may grow to a tremendous size, and features become coarse and enlarged.

Since this knowledge has been attained by research men, they have been able to use secretions of animal glands in cases where patients have an insufficient amount and have been getting very gratifying results. In fact as we think of the use of thyroid extract from the thyroid, adrenalin from the adrenal glands, pituitrin from the pituitary body, and insulin from the pancreas, we can expect that the next few years will bring wonderful benefits to mankind from the investigation of these ductless glands.

## Old Friends

By A. MUIR

O sure am I, when I come to die,  
And through Death's portals go,  
Those cats, and dogs, and little white mice,  
And birds I used to know  
Shall all come rushing to welcome me,  
Their friend of long ago.

And the cast will purr, "We've missed you, sir,  
And we know you missed us, too."  
And the dogs will bark, "Good morning, friend,  
We've waited long for you."  
And the little white mice shall squeak with joy,  
And the birds will chirp, and coo.

And happen what may, on the Judgment day,  
I shall not be frightened,  
If the cats, and dogs, and all weak dumb things  
That on earth were dear to see,  
Should receive from God the gift of speech.

For I know they'll plead for me.  
—G. K.'s Weekly.

## Britain to Continue To Maintain Duties

London.—Lord Arnold, in the House of Lords, raised the question of the safeguarding of duties, and moved a resolution demanding from the Government a clear and unequivocal declaration of its program in this respect. The Earl of Plymouth, replying for the Government, said that the declared policy of the Labor Party to prohibit the importation of goods produced under sweated conditions abroad was a term of protection infinitely more clumsy than the procedure being applied by the Government. The safeguarding of duties, he said, had justified itself. They had increased employment and production in the industries to which they had been applied. He reiterated the pledge that the Government would introduce no taxes on food. They had no intention of introducing protection through the back door of safeguarding duties. But it was perfectly clear that at the general election in 1924 the Government received a very definite mandate to proceed with safeguarding duties. The Government intended to continue its policy on the same general lines as in the past.

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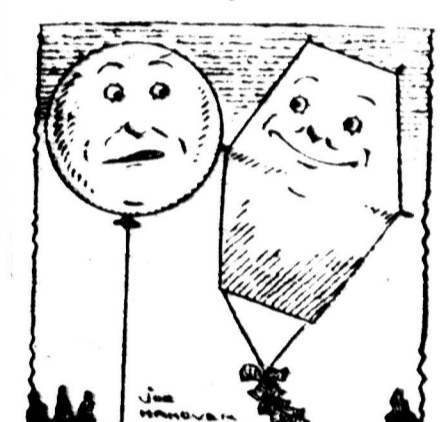
## Stone Age Traces Found in Asia, American Explorer Tells London

London.—The fossil remains of knives, arrowheads and pieces of crudely decorated pottery. The expedition penetrated the waterless, trackless desert of Central Asia in motor cars, working in a district a thousand miles west of Peking.

**Strange Monsters**  
The expedition discovered the remains of a titan there resembling a rhinoceros, with a skull shaped like the castle of an American pack-saddle. The nose was an upturned in the form of a trumpet.

Andrews said he found dinosaur eggs in which the embryonic skeletons of prehistoric monsters could be distinguished.

Andrews said he hoped to have enough mastodon bones to present a complete skeleton to the New York Museum of Natural History.



### SAD THOUGHT

Kite (to toy balloon): You needn't be so uppish. Just think what would happen if someone were to stick a pin in you!

Direct telephone communication between points in Alberta and the cities on the coast of British Columbia was recently established. Previously this communication had to be made through Great Falls, Montana, Spokane and Seattle, Washington, to Vancouver and other points along the B. C. coast.

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