# THE YELLOW SEVEN: RUN TO EARTH

By Edmund Snell.
Illustrated by Rus Sonnenfeld

This unusal series of stories deals with the exploits of "Chinese" Pennington, a detective sent by his government to British North Borneo to run to earth The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits.

* * * * *

A lean face was thrust into the opening of the tent and a man, who was sitting alone over some papers spread on a case around the base of a hurricane lamp, looked up sharply.

"Are you Pennington?"

The man with the Chinese eyes rose to his feet.

"That's my name."

An expression of relief spread over the newcomer's countenance.

"I've been searching for your headquarters for the best part of two hours. I'm Clay. I arrived in this forsaken island a matter of five days ago, pattin' myself on the back at havin' knocked across a soft billet—and here I am in the wilds of Borneo, with a company of black devils and a fifteen pounder gun that I haven't the remotest idea what to do with! I've instructions from Captain Hewitt—Commissioner of Police at Jesselton—to report to you for duty."

He squirmed through the narrow aperture and, stooping low to avoid bumping his head, unconcernedly disposed six feet three inches of manhood on a length of sacking that covered a neat pile of kerosine tins.

"Good man! I was beginning to wonder when you were going to turn up. Where are your men?"

"Standing very much at ease outside. I split 'em up into platoons and spread 'em out a bit. We'd have been here earlier if it hadn't been for that confounded gun. It got stuck regularly every half hour. Last night we had to hack down a tree to get it out. Forty-seven and a half hours forced marchin', my boy, and every man present!"

Pennington laughed. He tacitly admired Hewitt's good taste in selecting Clay for the job. He sat for some moments, stroking an unshaven chin, then, removing a portion of the case, extracted a square bottle and a pair of tumblers.

"I've a sort of skeleton force of my own scattered round the base of the hill," he said, measuring out the precious fluid with generous exactitude. "They're tough little chaps who can find their way easily in the jungle. We've installed a telegraph system by means of Dusun gongs hung in trees."

"If you're pouring that out for me," broke in the other. "I'll have an inch more soda. So Chai-Hung's up there, is he?"

Pennington nodded.

"We've cornered him at last—and tomorrow's got to see the end of the Yellow Seven."

Clay shifted his long legs into a more comfortable position and tapped a pipe on the heel of his riding-boot.

"D'you know," he confessed suddenly, "beyond the fact that Mr. Chai-Hung's not a nice sort of chap to meet, I remain in sublime ignorance of the real reason of all this expended energy. You don't glean much from a sudden 'phone-call from an harrassed official, y'know. What I'm tryin' to get at by all this is: who is Chai-Hung when he's at home—and what in the name of all that's holy is the Yellow Seven?"

"The Yellow Seven is the name of a secret society the members of which are exclusively of Chinese origin, and whose symbol is a yellow Chinese playing-card ornamented with seven black dots. Hewitt cabled for me when the trouble had grown too big for him to cope with. I formed a little band of native enthusiasts and scoured the country from one end to the other, posing sometimes as a Celestial, at others as a tribesman. You see, Clay, the organization was too vast to suppress by sheer force of arms, the island swarmed with Chai-Hung's spies and the only possible method of achieving success was to separate the brigand from the bulk of his followers, hem him in at a spot where the chances of egress were remote and converge upon him from all points at once. Chai-Hung and his immediate bodyguard have been driven from the forest into a small, arid plateau. A few of his disciples still cling to him, but the vast majority, obeying the false signals arranged by myself, are concentrating in remote portions of British North Borneo, where Hewitt is on the lookout for them."

A few moments later a native in a greasy velvet jacket and a rusty sarong entered silently and stood at attention before his chief. Clay, observing him curiously, noticed that the man was minus an ear and an eye, that his mouth was slit at other side and that he carried an enormous parang in a wooden sheath bound with bamboo.

"Rabat-Pilai, the Tuan Clay has brought with him many soldiers. You will guide them to the points I indicated this afternoon. There is also with them a thing on wheels whose voice is very terrible and certain men whose sole object in life is to make it speak! This must go in the square place among the trees and be covered with bushes until the morning.

The scarecrow saluted and disappeared.

Pennington smiled.

"He's my famous chief-of-staff. He'd come from the farthest extremity of the earth if he thought I was in trouble.

Clay was polishing the bowl of his pipe on his breeches.

"When do we start making it hot? Dawn?"

"A trifle after that. There mustn't be the slightest opportunity for Chai-Hung to break through our cordon

A native in a greasy jacket and a rusty sarong entered.

under cover of darkness. Know what he looks like?"

The other felt for his pocket-book.

"Hewitt presented me with a photograph. I gather that he's lost his left hand since that was taken. Does he speak English?"

"Perfectly. He has the manners and polish of a diplomat when he chooses."

Clay thrust his head outside and brought it back wearing an expression of disgust.

"Rainin' like the devil," he announced. "Wonder if my orderly's put my tent up yet? If its all the same to you, I'll hop along and see."

He dived into the darkness, leaving Pennington to his own reflections.

Three minutes later Rabat-Pilai joined him. He thrust a crumpled paper into the Englishman's hand.

"Jesselton—16th," it read, "Chinese rounded up successfully in most districts. Sending Dawson. Possibly join you myself.—Hewitt."

"Any reply, Tuan?"

Pennington reflected, then scribbled four words on a half sheet of notepaper.

"All going well.—Pennington."

He bit the end of his pencil, erased the signature and added:

"Reinforcements arrived. Love to Monica."

"Give this to the runner, Rabat, and arrange for outposts to be stationed half a mile in our rear, prepared to warn us if there are any signs of hostile forces gathering behind us. Tahu?"

"Yah, Tuan."

The creature saluted—and was gone.

Pennington bent over a rough map. Presently he smiled at his own reflection in a cracked shaving mirror that hung from the tent-pole. Possibly join you myself! He had never expected his excellency the Commissioner of Police to resist the temptation of being in at the death.

He jerked up his head.

Somebody had blundered into a rope, tripped over it and apparently utilized it to assist him to his feet again, for the tent swayed as if in the throes of an earthquake. The shock was followed by a somewhat colored dissertation on tents in general and tent-ropes in particular.

"Who's that?" demanded Pennington sharply.

The swearing ceased and presently a low chuckle broke upon his ears.

"Pennington, or I'm a confounded liar! I'll give you three guesses."

"Don't need em, old son. If anybody were to ask me who was the fattest, ugliest, clumsiest district officer in the whole of Borneo, I'd promptly reply—"

"Not Dawson—If yours really the little gentleman I take you to be, Lord, Pen, it's a devil of a night!"

The affable Dawson squeezed his great form into the one place that offered cover from the deluge without and lowered himself on to the spot Clay had vacated.

"Not bad—for you," said the man with the Chinese eyes, fishing out a third glass. "Three minutes after the runner. I've just replied to the message announcing your departure."

The red face of the newcomer became suddenly serious.

"The dickens you have! Hewitt dispatched it six hours before I left. The blighter's been messing about on the way."

"Got a thorn in his foot or something. You look cold."

"Cold! I'm soaked to the skin! I've been in the immediate vicinity of this camouflaged hovel for the best part of the night, walking in circles and challenged at regular intervals. I had a deuce of a job persuading one feller I wasn't the notorious Chai-Hung himself."

"Shows they're doing their work thoroughly. You'd better take a few grains of quinine and something neat to help it down. Clay's turned up, by the bye."

"That's all right. I met him in Jesselton the day after he landed. Pretty good man, I should think."

He stripped off his tunic and, coolly appropriating a blanket from Pennington's bed, wrapped it round him.

Pennington pushed over a small bottle of tablets and a tumbler.

"Where do you intend sleeping?"

"Here."

(To be continued.)

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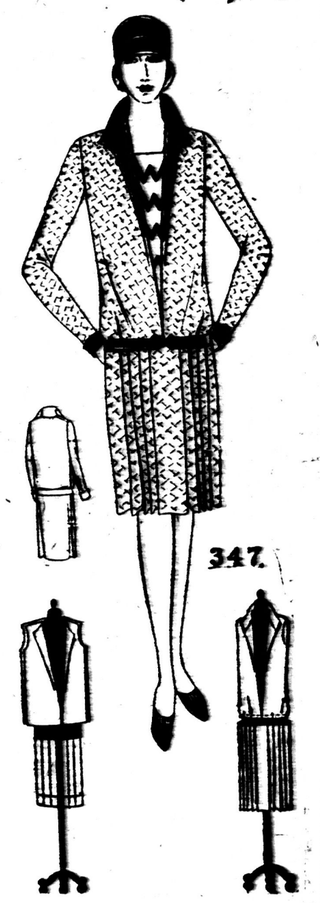


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## Waiting to be Asked

Saskatoon Star-Phoenix (Lib.): Ultimately, it seems certain, Newfoundland will become a partner in the Canadian Union. This was the intention when Confederation was negotiated and the fact that Newfoundland is not a province is due merely to a failure in diplomacy. The matter has dropped out of public view for about a generation but union is once again a live issue since Newfoundland's acquisition of Labrador.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

## Better Housing for Old London

### Claude M. Leigh of London Believes That Private Enterprise Can Cure Evils of the Slums

New York.—A new attack upon the London slums is being made, this time under the direction of private enterprise. Reconditioning old houses which still admit of repair, very low rents, and the co-operation of tenants are the features of the scheme Claude M. Leigh, said to be the largest owner of homes for workingmen in London, is sponsor of the plan. He already controls the housing of 30,000 families. With Mrs. Leigh, who was formerly Miss Myrtle Johnson of Chicago, he is now studying housing conditions in this country.

Since the war London has suffered from a severe housing shortage. Various schemes have been put forward to meet this condition and to diminish the slums. The London County Council has erected 10,000 houses and flats during the last year. A large number of voluntary housing associations have done their part in repairing old houses, providing new dwellings at low rents, and in mitigating overcrowding by skilled management.

Mr. Leigh's plan differs from most of the others chiefly in that it is conducted as a business for profit. He believes that private enterprise, if skillful, can do most toward improving the conditions, and that subsidies and limited-dividend corporations do not rest on such a sound economic basis. Where a building is strong, and where the number of houses to be reconditioned is sufficiently large to admit of the overhead charges being kept low, according to Mr. Leigh, the business can be made remunerative even though the rents charged are from $3.25 to $4.50 a week for a five-room flat.

One of Mr. Leigh's first steps after buying a large estate is to establish a settlement where welfare work for the tenants can be centred. Mrs. Leigh aids with this work, and has charge of children's classes in hygiene sewing and music. Other matrons will do similar "house mother" work on other projects.

About two years ago Mr. Leigh brought to London from America the idea of "baby-carriage garages," and has built many for his own tenants. Playgrounds are also furnished.

Good sanitation is a requirement in these blocks of flats, and Mr. Leigh has adopted the plan of lowering rents where the proper disposal of refuse by the tenants has cut his overhead cost by lessening the number of janitors needed. The co-operation of tenants in making small repairs and keeping the houses clean is a fundamental part of his scheme and one which, he says, pays both him and his tenants. Pride in their homes also makes better citizens and better workers, according to Mr. Leigh.

There are 100,000 children in Mr. Leigh's various housing projects, and new ideas in regard to playgrounds, club rooms, health and welfare propaganda are being studied especially on the Leighs' visit here. The various city housing corporation projects as well as other properties, will be visited.

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## A Tent Within a Tent Keeps You Warm

"Several winters ago I became acquainted with a method of winter camping which I believe was, and is, just about as ingenious as one would expect to meet with in many a moon," writes Robert Page Lincoln in the December issue of "Forest and Stream". "A trapper showed me the trick. It involved the use of two wall tents. The one tent as I remember it, was nine by eleven while the other was twelve by fourteen. The smaller tent was erected inside of the larger tent. A good job had been done of pegging down and stretching both of these tents. The result was that the outer tent was a windbreak par excellence and that even in the coldest winter weather the inside was well protected, the camp stove, a box affair, keeping an even temperature within."

A wise player ought to accept his throws and score them, not bewail his luck.—Sophocles.


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## Old Days Recalled

### Gigantic Figure of Horseman and Site of Roman Villa Unearthed on Black Sea

Sofia.—Old Roman ruins probably dating from the first century A.D. have just been unearthed near Madara, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, which is situated not far from Varna, a port on the Black Sea. During the course of many years peasants have been finding in this area interesting relics, plainly dating from ancient times, but no society nor individual until now has been in a position to do any excavating.

Last fall, however, after a group of excavators directed by Bulgaria's leading archaeologist, had finished work on the site of Bulgaria's first capital, uncovering a very striking stone horseman of gigantic size, they took up work in the adjoining field, where the old Roman relics have so frequently been found, and discovered the founadtions of what is thought to have been a large Roman villa. It seems to have contained several rooms, large corridors, hot and cold baths and viaducts running to springs near by. It was probably inhabited by the commander of the Roman garrison stationed at that place.

Imprints on bricks that have been dug out indicate that they date from the time of Emperor Claudius. At the beginning of the second century he carried on a campaign against the Dacians, who lived in what is now Rumania, and his headquarters were at Dorostorium or Silistra, a flourishing city on the Danube, which the Rumanians took away from the Bulgarians 15 years ago. There were garrisons at several other places in the land that is now Bulgaria and the Romans built roads which still serve as Bulgarian highways, though most of the old paving is completely gone.

During the course of this recent excavation many fragments of ancient vases were discovered, which are fashioned after a type that was very popular during the time of the great Roman emperors. They are red, represent figures of domestic scenes and are said to be very beautiful.

It was after the "barbarians" had crossed the Danube and broken the power of the Romans that the Bulgarians formed their first kingdom.

## Bonfire

Dry scent of burning wood and smouldering leaves,
A haze of blue shot through with tongues of fire;
And over all the peaceful Autumn sky,
A canopy above my blazing pyre.

A funeral pyre of faded russet leaves,
And little dreams that fluttered forth to die;
Some laughing hopes that ended in this smoke
That drifts in pungent air towards the sky.

And from these ashes other dreams shall rise,
And other flowers be born to deck the Spring;
I warm my fingers at the fragrant blaze,
And look towards the next sweet flowering.

—Lily Dean in the Royal Magazine.

Slander is the defence of a coward and dissimulation his defence.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

## Says Dairy Herds May be Depleted

### Motherwell Warns Against Sale of Milch Stock to U.S.

Toronto.—A note of warning was sounded to dairymen of Eastern Canada when Hon. W. R. Motherwell, Federal Minister of Agriculture, addressing a recent meeting of the National Dairy Council, declared there was grave danger of Canada's excellent dairy herds becoming depleted through the sale of milch stock to United States dairy interests. Unless stopped they would find their herds depleted and vitiated, and milk products of poor quality with lowered prices.

Once before in the history of Canadian dairying the farmers of this country found themselves in a bad position owing to the fact that they had sold all their best stock across the border. This was immediately after the American Civil War, when cattle prices soared as they are doing today.

Dr. Motherwell advised the dairymen to steer a middle course. "I do not say you should reject all tempting offers for your best stock," he said, "but make sure you do not ruin your herds. I know it is sometimes hard to resist the temptation of taking unprecedented prices for your herds, but remember you will pay for it eventually if you go to extremes."

## Film On Canada Greeted by Jeers

### Returned Harvesters Were Prominent When Disorder Broke Out

Hamilton, Lancashire. — Scenes of rowdyism were witnessed in a motion picture theatre here Monday when films were shown and addresses given outlining opportunities for settlement on the land in Canada and for training unemployed youths as farmworkers.

The meeting, organized under the auspices of the Ministry of Labor, broke up in disorder amid boos and jeers. The interrupters included a group of men who had returned from the Canadian harvest fields.

Despite interference by Communists with meetings organized in Hamilton to popularize Canada as a new country for unemployed miners to gain fresh opportunities, scenes of remarkable enthusiasm were witnessed at the employment exchange. Scores of able-bodied young fellows of fine character presented themselves for enrolment as candidates for the free training in agricultural work and assisted passage schemes of the Government.

It was apparent that the disorder recorded above had been of a prearranged nature and inspired by Communists. The Minister of Labor, encouraged by the success of the scheme, is arranging a series of meetings in all industrial centres of the region.

Nosey-Parker—"Is Wilkins really so miserly?" Gossip—"Yes, he won't buy a calendar in case he dies before the year is out."


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