

THE YELLOW SEVEN RUN TO EARTH

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt is Commissioner of Police at Jeddington, British North Borneo. His beautiful sister, Monica Vinney, is engaged to marry Peter Pennington, detective. Pennington is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington is assisted by his chief-of-staff, Rabbit-Pilai, who hates the bandit chief bitterly. Pennington heads an expedition to capture Chai-Hung. They move toward the bandit's latest hiding place.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Brought anything to sleep on?"
"My boy is in sole possession of a tartan travelling-rug and a waterproof sheet. The rug is inside the waterproof sheet, so it's bound to be dry."
"Well, that's good enough, isn't it?"
Dawson sighed heavily.
"It would be, if I knew where the young idiot was. Unfortunately, we lost one another a decent while back and I've got a notion at the back of my head he's made himself a bivouac somewhere out of the ground-sheet and is peacefully slumbering with my rug round his dirty shoulders."
Pennington surveyed the other dubiously.
"Suppose I'll have to fix you up. What part do you want to take in the show tomorrow? How does the first storming party appeal to you?"
"It doesn't. I've put myself down already for the forlorn hope—when everything else has failed, and I've sufficient confidence in you to refuse to believe in failure. How many of these things, am I supposed to take?"
"Three's a good number. Hello! Here's Clay."
Dawson nodded toward the opening.
"Evening, Clay!"
"Evening, Dawson! I say, Pennington, did you say the sign of the Yellow Seven was a warning of death?"
"That's right, why?"
"Well, when I left you I walked straight to where I'd left my kit. The orderly had fixed up my tent and laid out my bed. It's a sleepin' bag, y'know, and he's never quite got the hang of it. I turned back the cover to see what he'd done—and there was this underneath."
He dropped to the deal table a yellow Chinese playing card with seven black dots on the supper surface.
Pennington picked it up.
"Good Lord! Have you tackled your man?"
Clay hook his head.
"That's the devil of it. I can't find him anywhere."
Pennington strode to the opening and peered out.
"Dawson had better stop here," he jerked back over his shoulder. "Clay, you and I'll embark upon a tour of inspection. There's a weak point somewhere—and it's up to us to find it."
The district officer had drawn the blanket over his head until he resembled an Indian squaw.
"I suppose I'm in full charge while you're away and am at liberty to help myself to the bottle? While fully realizing the necessity for visiting outposts on the eve of battle, Pennington will excuse me if I suggest you've both got the wind-up for nothing!"
The man at the opening swung round on his heel.
"How'd you make that out?"
Dawson met his gaze without finching.
"You're on the verge of tumbling into the nearest little trap our worthy antagonist has ever planned. Because Chai-Hung has succeeded in communicating with the outer world, it doesn't imply that he had to find a flaw in the line to do so. You're inordinately proud of your jungle telegraph. The Yellow Seven probably employ a system that is equally efficient. A friend beyond the charmed circle is communicated with. He drops a card casually in the enemy's camp—in a place where it can hardly fail to be noticed. Result—panic at G. H. Q., tons of mistrust everywhere and two otherwise sane British officers engaging in the pleasant occupation of traitor-hunting on the wettest night we've had for months!"
"Come on, Clay!" shouted Pennington, whose irritability had taken him out of earshot.
"Wait half a minute. I fancy Dawson's on the right track."
"Oh!—what is it?"
"Just this," murmured the D. O. "The despatch from Hewitt was several hours late. You remember I remarked on it. The runner was one of Chai-Hung's agents. He wormed his way up from the rear, using the message as his passport, slipped into Clay's tent and came on to you afterwards. The bandit is a pretty subtle beast, you know, and there's nothing so good as getting your opponent rattled at the start."
The tall man nodded approval and the hard lines vanished from Pennington's forehead.
"The runner from Hewitt! I never thought of that! We'll interview Rabbit-Pilai on our way round. I don't like the idea of that fellow wandering with all that information with our movements," remarked Dawson.
"He's in possession of a

note signed by myself into the bargain. Heaven only knows what use he intends to make of it."
The deluge had given way to a steady downpour as the two men pressed Clay's tent.
The taller man, who was following close upon Pennington's heels, stepped aside to avoid a stump and hit his foot against something soft and bulky.
"I say, Pennington!—just a second."
The other stopped and came slowly back.
He found Clay stooping over a prostrate form.
"What's the matter?"
"I'm not quite sure. There's a fellow here—yes, by jove, with a knife stuck in his back. Confound it, the moon's gone in! Got a light?"
An electric flash-lamp threw a narrow silver ray.
Clay came to his feet.
"Dawson was right," he said quietly. "He was dead right."
"Who is it?"
"My orderly—that's all!"

Dawson moved restlessly in his sleep, then sat bolt upright. A hurricane was blowing outside.
He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He was still in sole possession of Pennington's tent. He consulted his watch. It was close on three.

He found Clay stooping over a prostrate form.

Suddenly—borne on the wings of the wind—there wafted to his ears the sound of rapid firing, a babel of discordant cries, and something seared through the material above his head with a spiteful, significant zip. And then—from somewhere close at hand came the deep droning note of a Dusan gong.

"Hell!" ejaculated the District Officer—and began lacing up his boots with nervous haste. He raked out his tunic and mackintosh, felt to see that his automatic was there, and lunged for the open.
The night was alive with shadowy, fitting forms, with blazing torches, the incessant rattle of musketry. And still the deep-throated gong sent its warning message into the darkness.
He splashed his way through the trees, lit upon a bunch of bare-footed native soldiers that appeared to be taking no useful part in the affray, and led them in breathless haste toward the spot from which the alarm seemed to originate.
"Get down—all of you," he shouted—and fell on his hands almost on top of Clay, whose long legs trailed from behind a rock and whose cheek was pressed against a rifle-stock.

"That you, Dawson? Pennington's round on the far side at the only other possible point for them to break through."
Clay's rifle spoke.
"That was a beauty, Dawson. We've been at it for about an hour. The enemy achieved a minor success at the outset. Caught our rear defences napping! and a dozen or so, carrying something, on a pole, managed to squirm their way through and join the main body. The Yellow Seven opened up to cover their approach—and we decided to attack." He fired again. "We're advancing gradually all along the line. I've promised to take the slope at the point of the bayonet before dawn."
He shouted to someone behind and a rifle was pushed against Dawson's elbow. His eye fell at the same moment upon a pile of clips at Clay's side. He thrust one into the magazine.
"Chai-Hung's still up there, I suppose?"
"As far as I'm aware, nobody's broken out. I can't for the life of me imagine what it was they smuggled in. It was evidently something important, because they weren't inclined to save rounds to secure its safety."
He glanced behind him. "Your fellows should be pretty fresh by now. I fancy I'll try a sortie with my own chaps—and you can follow with the second wave, moping up everything we've left behind."
"I'll toss you for it," suggested Dawson.
"So hang'd to you!" laughed the

Rescuing Storm Damage



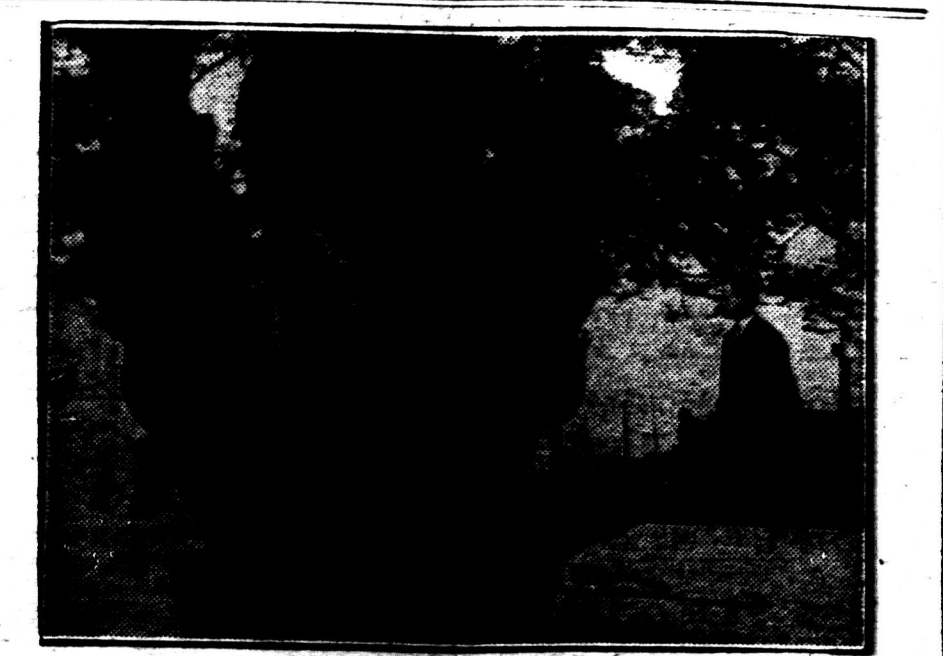
GIVING THE KING BACK HIS SWORD
The famous statue of Richard Coeur de Lion in London lost its sword as a result of the recent hurricane.

other. "I'm in command here and I'm going to handle the first attack."
He blew a shrill blast on his whistle and, before Dawson could realize what was happening, Clay was gone with thirty odd shadows flitting after him. Dawson waited fully five minutes by his wristwatch, then, crawling back, mustered his men.
"Fix bayonets. Not a sound until I tell you. Spread out in skirmishing order and don't lose your heads!"
Really fat people are often capable of astonishing feats! Dawson scaled the slope with the agility of an antelope. Wild-eyed, keen with enthusiasm to come up with Clay, he paused to round up those of the enemy that had escaped the initial onslaught.
(To be continued.)

Chances Are Poor

Customs Men Curb Canadian Border Traffic
There is small hope in the use of a specially fitted automobile for smuggling liquor into the States across the Canadian border, because all the secret places on a motor car are known to the customs men, points out Richard Carroll in "Liberty Magazine."
"There is scarcely a dodge worked by the tourist that is new to the customs men, reports Carroll. "The wise tourists talk of spare tires, or seat springs, or dashboards and of good places under the hoods covering the engine. Forget it. They're all known. Every one of them. False tops, false bottoms, even fake lamps. The cars designed to carry supplies of rum in quantity over the border are seized when found, impounded, and the owners held in stiff bail. Among the little fellows, who pay a fine of \$5 a bottle and depart sadder, wiser and drier, women are the chief offenders. Something seems to tell the average tourist that his women folk will not be searched. They come to the border going into Canada slim of hip, flat of chest, and guilty of countenance. They arrive at the border on the way home large of hip, bulging of bosom and with innocence written all over them. The deceit is pitiful and funny."

Ku Klux Klan
New York World: (The United States Supreme Court has upheld a New York decision making it compulsory for the K. K. K. to file their constitution, oaths and lists of membership.) Secrecy has always and almost everywhere been the essence of the Klan's strength; the value of secrecy explains why it has fought this case up to the Supreme Court. The Klan's decay and the decay of secrecy have gone hand in hand. In various States where it has been most dangerous, such as Indiana, Georgia, Pennsylvania and Alabama, legislation has been passed or vigorously pushed to compel it to unmask. Education, enlightenment, the disillusionment of multitudes of dupes, have robbed the Klan of its strength. The best safeguard against the recrudescence of any such body is simply strong light.



SURGERY SAVED LIFE OF 100-YEAR-OLD TREE
Giant yew-tree in the churchyard at Warrington, Hampshire, was in danger of dying; but the tree surgeons saved it.

"Orange Juice" is only the name given to a class of fruit—strawberry, orange, grapefruit, etc.—that is made into juice and yet the finest beverage is "SALADA" Orange Juice. Served in metal pans—fresh—delicious—45c per 1-lb.

"SALADA" TEA

The U.S. Post
23,649,044 Letters and 461,441 Packages Went Afloat in United States Last Year

Washington—Results of an improvement and expansion program in the postal service of the United States, particularly in the air mail, are outlined by Harry S. New, Postmaster-General, in his annual report to President Coolidge, which noted an operating deficit of \$33,363,148 for the year ended June 30.
The five-cent rate on letters sent by air was made effective since the date of the report, but Mr. New said that the contract air mail service appears to justify his opinion that private enterprise can perform the work creditably.
The Postmaster-General recommended amendment of the March 8 act under which contracts were let during the last year for transporting the mails by air between New York and Montreal; Key West and San Juan, Porto Rico, and between Key West and the Canal Zone, asking authority to make contracts for routes between the island possessions and foreign countries, between such island possessions, and over routes in foreign countries.
"The fiscal affairs of the department indicate careful and economical administration of the service," he said. "Notwithstanding the decrease in the increase of postal revenues under those of the preceding year, the operating deficit increased at a lesser rate per cent."
The average per capita expenditure for postage was \$5.11. A reduction of 8.5 per cent in the number of undeliverable letters was noted, but these messages totaled 23,649,044 pieces. The decrease was ascribed to the department's campaign to induce mail advertisers to use envelopes bearing return addresses. Money found in dead letters or loose in the mails totaled \$98,678 and 461,441 parcel post packages went unclaimed.
A long list of recommendations for legislative action were made, among them one to prohibit the sending of unsolicited articles through the mails for sale. "Others asked were: A fee for inquiries made for patrons concerning registered, insured or collect-on-delivery mail and postal money orders; demurrage charges on undelivered collect-on-delivery parcels; punishment for those attempting to extort money through the mails by means of "blackmail," and permission to hire motor vehicles from carriers for use in the service.

The Neighborhood Store
Chicago News: There are still 1,328,000 small retail dealers in the United States, so that it is rather wild for one to predict the disappearance of the neighborhood merchant. He has a place and a function in modern society. While he cannot afford to minimize the influence of chain-store competition, he need not despair or abdicate. To meet that competition, as Dr. Klein says, he needs resourcefulness, enterprise, originality and cultivation of the personal and the human element in trade. The small shop has its own advantage and can retain them and even increase them. It can pay more attention to individual tastes and preferences; it can play a part in building up the neighborhood and it can diversify its stock more freely and at less risk.

Roads and Railways
New York Herald-Tribune: Time was when the line of progress in communications seemed clear. All over the world canals replaced roads, and then railroads replaced canals. Every town wanted at least a stub railway line. To-day many a stub railway line has been abandoned, even in the United States; and for local passenger traffic, at least, many railroads find it cheaper to operate bus lines paralleling their own tracks than to run steam trains over the rails. The auto truck has changed the nature of the road. It is no longer a pair of muddy ruts carrying lumbering horses slowly across a few bare miles. The automobile on a concrete road keeps pace with the train, and except for heavy freight in bulk, it serves the railroad's purpose even better. It delivers at the door, saving two loadings.

Mintard's Liniment for Asthma
If your young hopeful uses bad words, don't wash his mouth with soap and whip him upstairs to bed. Chances are he will grow up to be a successful playwright.
WHEN IN TORONTO
Eat and Sleep at
SCHOLES HOTEL
Cafeteria and Short Order Service
YONGE ST. Opposite Eaton's
Hotel Rates: \$1 Per Day and Up.

SIMONDS
SAWS
These teeth are of a toughness which makes them hold their keen cutting edge under every usage.
SIMONDS CANADA SAW CO. LTD.
MONTREAL
VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.S., TORONTO, C.

A German scientist converts wood into food. Now "board and rooms" can be taken literally.
"These days," says a lecturer on cosmetics, "beauty is not always skin deep." No, and not always knee high.

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Christmas, where about once a year, brings good, ask ourselves making this visitation? Answer would death of the but that would lution of Ch seems to hav
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