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THE YELLOW SEVEN ISLAND "N"

By Edmund Snell.
Illustrated by R.M. Sutherfield

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Pennington is detailed by the government to capture Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Pennington is in love with Monica Viney, widowed sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Disguised as a Chinese, Peter calls on Hyde, a planter, to warn him against the bandits. Pennington meets Dora Bateson, daughter of Hyde, and tells her to beware if she receives a fan for a gift.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"Not in the least," he retorted smiling. "I like a woman to smoke if she cares for it."

"And yet you're old-fashioned enough to disapprove of women riding alone?"

Before Pennington could reply, the planter had hooked down his hat and was making for the steps.

"I'll leave you two to settle this dispute for yourselves," he laughed. "I'm off to see that none of my scoundrels are shirking. You'll be there when I come back, of course? We can afford to have Mr. Chai-Hung keeping you on tenterhooks a little longer—so that we can keep you with us. One last word of warning, Pennington: Never let Dora draw you into an argument, if you can avoid it!"

He winked broadly and went down the path to where a watchman waited with his mount.

He was out of sight when the girl spoke.

"I fancy I'm beginning to understand. Is it because of this Chai-Hung that you didn't want me to ride alone?"

The other nodded.

The boy who had come in noiselessly and was in the act of clearing the breakfast things, dropped the tray on to the table from which he had just lifted it.

Pennington sprang erect.

"You musn't mind Lai-Ho," said Dora. "He's not been with us very long, and he's frightfully careless.

"It struck me as being a little peculiar," returned Pennington, "that he should display his clumsiness at the moment when you mentioned Chai-Hung."

The girl's forehead wrinkled.

"Aren't you rather an uncomfortable sort of person to know. We've never had the slightest suspicion of trouble up here, before you came. Now we shall all be looking under our beds and behind curtains—hunting for Chinese bandits! I suppose Chai-Hung does exist? To be perfectly frank, we'd come to the conclusion he was a myth invented by the Commissioner of Police to keep us on the alert."

Pennington crossed the floor and leant his back against the rail.

"I'm afraid I must disillusion you, Mrs. Bateson. Chai-Hung, unfortunately, is very much in existence just at this moment. I can't exactly explain to you why your portion of this island should be so singularly immune from the attentions of his gang." He extended a warning finger. "I want you to understand that it is more by accident than design that he has left you alone. This state of security cannot last. You're living in a fool's paradise and one of these days somebody or other'll wake up with a nasty jar! I don't want it to be you, Mrs. Bateson. That's precisely why I'm up against these early-morning excursions through the jungle."

Dora jammed on her sun-helmet and rose from the chair.

"You must run across and meet my husband," she said. "Do you really want me to cut these rides?"

Pennington passed a finger between his tunic-collar and his neck.

"Keep within the estate boundaries for a month. I'll try not to make it more—and keep your eyes open."

"What am I to look for?" inquired Dora innocently.

"A Chinese playing card with a yellw face upon which seven black dots are printed. If ever you should hear of one of these, send for me at once. If there's nobody to send—come to me yourself."

"Is that all?"

He followed her to the top of the short flight.

"Just one other thing. If a Chinaman should offer you a fan, accept it without comment. It will be in a silk case. On no account remove that case. Bring it to me, as it is."

She held out a slim hand.

"You don't explain very clearly why a fan should be offered to me!"

"It's merely a supposition on my part, based on two things. The first being that, unless my calculations are sadly at fault, our Oriental friend has chosen this territory for his next area of operations."

The girl started.

"And the second?"

Pennington smiled queerly.

"There have already been two recipients of these fans in Borneo," he said, "and both of them were singularly beautiful women!"

* * * * *

It was toward the end of the second week of Pennington's stay at Hyde's bungalow that he began to display signs of impatience. In desperation he cast around for some tangible clue that might serve to assist him in his search for Chai-Hung—and his eye fell upon Lai-Ho, the servant who had dropped the tray.

There was a certain amount of sickness in Hyde's coolie-lines and, for for that reason, Lai-Ho had been told-off to attend to the wants of both the genial planter and his guest, an arrangement which—if it were not altogether agreeable to the Chinaman—gave Pennington ample opportunity of observing closely the man through whom he vaguely hoped to trace Chai-Hung.

They were sitting one evening over their after-dinner cigars, when Hyde, who was groping for something in a trouser pocket, uttered a muffled exclamation and withdrew his hand. The thing that he held between finger and thumb fluttered to the cloth and both men, springing to their feet bent in speechless amazement over a Chinese playing card. The black back of the thing lay uppermost and Pennington turned it over with his nail.

It was Hyde who broke the silence.

"The Yellow Seven," he muttered hoarsely. "I wonder—"

Before he could complete the sentence, Pennington had wrenched open the door, sending Lai-Ho, who had been listening on the other side, pitching forward on his face. Something shot from the region of his waist and rolled to the planter's feet. It was a knife with a long, thin blade and a handle of buffalo-horn.

Hyde stooped to pick it up and Pennington, his hands resting lightly on his hips, surveyed the prostrate Oriental with interest.

"Get up, my friend," he advised him coldly. "There are many questions I would like to ask you." He pointed to the card which still lay on the table. "Who gave you that Yellow Seven?"

Lai-Ho scrambled to his feet and backed toward the doorway, his eyes blazing fury. Suddenly, as Pennington sought to intercept him, the entire expression of the swarthy features changed, and the Englishman

"The Yellow Seven!" he muttered hoarsely.

realized that Lai-Ho was looking beyond him. At the same moment, a cry from Hyde prought Pennington round on his heel in time to see a bamboo pole, propelled from without, shatter the lampglass and plunge the room into darkness.

The faint light from a match the planter held shaded between his fingers was sufficient to assure them that Lai-Ho had disappeared.

"What are you going to do?" demanded Hyde, mounting a chair. and mounting a chair.

Pennington had already reached the verandah-rail and was peering into the blackness of the tropic night.

"Follow, old son!" he shouted back over his shoulder. "Follow for all I'm worth!"

He vaulted lightly to the soft earth below, and the planter, relinquishing his attempt to re-light the lamp, joined him.

"Seen anything?"

The other nodded.

"There were two of 'em. They were making for the bottom of the slope. Are you coming?"

"Most certainly. It's ages since I had any excitement to speak of."

"I fancy I can promise you some," returned Pennington grimly.

On the open ground between the huts they encountered a Sikh watchman who had just passed two men making for Bateson's side of the plantation. He had noticed that they were breathless with running, and he thought one of them was the manager's servant.

Presently they were in the open padi-lands, the incessant droning of insects in their ears, and the two fugitives clearly visible a bare quarter-of-a-mile distant. Pennington was forging ahead at such a pace that the planter found it difficult to keep up with him. In twenty minutes they had halved the distance that stretched between them and their quarry. Half-an-hour later and Hyde had recognized Lai-Ho. He saw the white patch of his face as he glanced apprehensively back, and then he lost both of them in a belt of trees that rose like an oasis in a desert of sand. Pennington made a sudden spurt forward and vanished, too. On the other side of the trees the planter emerged alone to discover nothing but moonlight and still more padi-land. Wondering greatly, he sank to a sitting position on a fallen log, and felt for his pipe. A voice came to him from the darkness.

"Hyde! Where are you?"

"Here. Where are you?"

"In the proverbial soup," returned Pennington, dropping from a bough. "They've split company and got clean away with it." He squatted on the ground at the planter's feet. "Shall I tell you what, Hyde? There's something I don't quite understand about all this, Lai-Ho could have poisoned us both at dinner, if he'd wanted."

Hyde glanced up from filling his briar.

"Of course he could. He cooked the stuff. What then?"

"Then why all that elaborate paraphernalia of the Yellow Seven and the knife and knockin' out the lamp?" He laughed aloud. "Hyde, old son, we've been duped!"

"Eh?"

"We were meant to follow them."

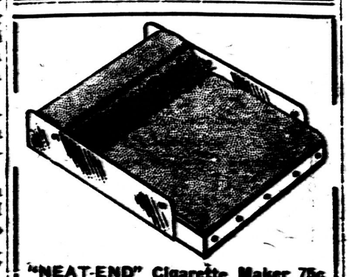
The planter was struggling with a match."

(To be continued.)

Sunburn? Use Minard's Liniment.

Medical Man: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping draught." Patient's Wife: "And when do I give it to him?" "You don't give it to him—you take it yourself."

Women's stockings may not be more durable than men's socks, but they have a longer run.—Arkansas Gazette.



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U.S. Dairy Industry Studying Methods of United Selling

Market Stability Assigned to Co-operatives by Speaker at Amherst Institute

Amherst, Mass.—Encouraged by a generally voiced confidence that the dairy industry of New England is on the road through more efficient organization to a marked expansion in the coming year, the New England Institute of Co-operation turned to the problems of co-operative purchasing for its theme.

The institute, which was organized last year at Connecticut Agricultural College, has mobilized here a representative list of leaders in co-operative affairs, and its discussions, which will continue through four days, are evidencing thorough study of basic problems.

Cautions Against Price Cutting

G. E. Sniffen, of the research division of the Dairymen's League, opened the session with a talk on the "Economic Position of Dairying in the Northeastern States." He declared that the future market will be for fluid milk and predicted the gradual disappearance of the condensery except where surpluses must be handled. He called for consolidation of distribution systems to save duplication of effort.

W. P. Davis of the New England Milk Producers' Association placed the responsibility for market stability upon the co-operatives of New England. He said that about 80 per cent. of the milk supply is sold under the "known price" system, which is fixed in advance, and equal to all dealers. Then he pointed out the handicap, both to themselves and to their farmer members, resulting from co-operatives that sell at cut prices.

H. P. Young of the University of Vermont, discussing in detail problems of daily co-operation, said, in part:

Consolidation of Selling Agencies

"Let me suggest a way out. A single agency to sell the product of all independent co-operative units which would operate for the creameries in much the same way that the N. E. M. P. A. does for its membership would simplify price determination and tend toward harmony and a stable market.

"Such an organization selling to its own group of dealers would have immensely more prestige than do the creamery directors and managers at the present time, trying from time to time to sell milk. The present trend toward distributor consolidation makes more imperative consolidation of selling agencies."—(Christian Science Monitor.)

Minard's Liniment for Insect Bites.

German General Uses Militarism

Tells Munich Audience That Compulsory Training is Essential

Berlin.—Gen. Hans Von Seeckt, who as former commander-in-chief of the German Reichswehr was once a thorn in the side of the Allies in their efforts to disarm Germany, declared at Munich that Germany again must have compulsory military training. A distinguished audience of diplomats and many officers of the old German army heard Gen. Von Seeckt deliver his lecture on "War in the Future."

"The time for mass armies has gone," asserted the speaker. "The world war was a struggle between men and material, and material won. The last war brought no military decision, but complete exhaustion, not only of the soldier but of industry."

Since mass armies have proved themselves useless in the next war, the mass must be replaced by quality, said the General, and a small, mobile and highly trained army is needed. Accordingly, what Germany needs, concluded Gen. Von Seeckt, is both a professional army and a people's army—the professional army consisting of volunteers enlisted for a long period of service and a system of obligatory military training of youth, while the entire industry of the nation ought to be put to work manufacturing war munitions.

Wild-cat stocks are so called because purchasers thereof ought to be locked up in the zoo.

Fashion

"A-sailing We Will Go"

All ready for a sail on a yacht are the two well-dressed boys pictured above. The older boy wears his white duck "longs," and middy blouse laced up the front in true sailor fashion. The shaped yoke is set on and has a cut-in pocket. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with rows of navy-blue braid. The wee fellow, not to be outdone by his older brother, wears a plain middy. To be practical he has navy-blue collar and cuffs made of drill matching his short pants. No. 1123 provides a separate pattern for the long and short trousers, and the yoke may be omitted. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 years requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch, or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material for the suit with short trousers; or 3⅛ yards of 36-inch, or 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material for the suit with long trousers. Price 20 cents.

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Speaking of pests, Professor L. Caesar, Ontario provincial entymologist, says Essex County has almost completely controlled the corn-borer. Now to control the horn-blower!

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on

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JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA,
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LAZARUS,
ater being raised from the dead, came to Britain.

MARIA MAGDALENE
Came with Joseph and Lazarus to Britain.

SIMON ZELOTES
the Apostle who preached, died in Britain.

ARISTOBOLUS,
father-in-law of the Apostle Peter, and Britain's first Bishop, buried in Britain.

ST. PAUL,
the Apostle whom 20 church authorities state visited Britain.

DID YOU KNOW
that the inscription on Joseph of Arimathea's tomb at Glastonbury, England, stated: "I came to the Britons after Christ"?

DID YOU KNOW
that the first British church bore the name "The Secret of our Lord" or a thousand years?

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Two young chorus girls were talking about an actress. "Do you really think she's popular?" asked one. "Popular!" said the other. "Why, the longest run she ever had was in her stocking."

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