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# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

THE YELLOW SEVEN  
THE BRONZE JAR

BY EDWARD SHAWL, M.A.  
NARRATED BY  
R. B. MONTGOMERY

This unusual 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.

Chinese Pennington thrust his head in at the doorway of Hewitt's office and blinked toward where the Commissioner sat at his desk, apparently immersed in thought, but, in reality, watching the antics of a Siamese kitchen that his sister was tantalizing with a champagne cork suspended from a string.

"Well," demanded the intruder. "How's things?"

Captain John Hewitt started guiltily and Monica, grasping the folds of her kimono with one hand and the kitten with the other, dropped into a chair.

"Morning, Pennington," said the Commissioner. "Anything fresh?"

The man with the peculiar eyes came in languidly.

"Mrs. Viney's the freshest thing I've seen this morning," he admitted.

"Don't be a fool," recommended Monica, flushing. She held the animal up for inspection. "Isn't he sweet?"

Mr. Dawson sent him down from Ketatan.

"What are you going to call it?" Monica's forehead wrinkled prettily.

"Peter!" she declared with sudden emphasis.

"That's my name."

The Commissioner swung round in his chair and smiled.

Monica rose suddenly and made for the door. On the threshold she stopped and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Are you going to be frightfully busy, Mr. Pennington?" she asked.

"Because I've thousands of things to talk to you about when John's finished with you."

Pennington turned presently and saw her brother regarding him curiously.

"I imagine you want to marry Monica?" he suggested bluntly.

Pennington's eyes that were set like an Oriental's on his youthful countenance, disappeared behind their diagonal slits.

"An' supposing I do?"



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ISSUE No. 25-28

...of "concepts" ...  
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Pennington closed the door after him and strolled toward where Mrs. Viney was sitting, the Siamese cat curled up fast asleep in her lap. A chair—a long case affair, with cushions in chintz covers—was drawn up so closely that its protruding arm almost touched her. The very proximity of the thing thrilled him and he accepted the invitation it offered.

"You want to talk to me," he ventured at length.  
The girl regarded him thoughtfully. "Yes," she admitted. "I want you to tell me what I ought to do. It seems so dreadful not to have some definite object in life. It's been borne upon me rather forcibly lately that I'm no real use to anybody. I'm supposed to be keeping house for my brother. He looked after himself very well before I came out. The truth is—I'd nowhere else to go. I interfere with his work; he's perpetually anxious for my safety, and he's seriously exercised as to my future." She picked up her fan and yawned behind it. "Things can't go on like this forever, can they?"

"I suppose not," agreed Pennington, inwardly cursing his luck that pre-



"Married!" he echoed blankly.

vented him voicing what to him, at that moment, was an amazingly simple solution to the difficulty.

"There's only one thing for it," continued Monica desperately. "I've got to get married!"

Pennington crimsoned to the roots of his ruffled hair.

"Married!" he echoed blankly.

"I suppose you're going to tell me that I've had one husband already, and ought to be satisfied with that."

"I wasn't."

"Swear to me that you didn't even think it."

"I swear," said Pennington, recovering himself somewhat. "To tell the unvarnished truth, I was wondering—"

"—Who the victim was to be! That's just what I wanted to talk to you about. I've received a proposal of marriage!"

She paused to observe the effect of her statement upon her hearer, but she could only see the few unruly hairs that sprouted up at the back of his head, just where the irregular parting ended.

"Verbal?" he inquired with exaggerated disinterestedness.

"No, in writing. Would you like to see it?"

"Goodness, no!"

He turned toward her, his boyish face twisted into an expression of horrified amazement.

"Oh, I wouldn't have shown it to any ordinary man. You see, I don't regard you as an ordinary being."

"What's his name?" asked Pennington grimly.

"It begins with a 'D,'" she volunteered wickedly.

"Dawson!"

"I didn't say it was Dawson!" She looked down at her fingers. "Would you advise me to marry him?" she continued innocently.

"Great heavens, Mrs. Viney! Why do you ask me that? Why not consult your brother, a woman friend, anyone but me?"

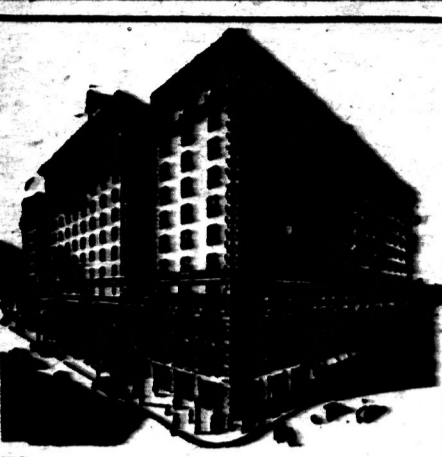
Thirty seconds later, the brainstorm had passed and he found himself on the threshold of his own room at the Commissioner's bungalow.

As he slammed the door after him, the only thing that came to offer consolation was the Siamese kitten. It had somehow crept in before him and he almost trod on it before he was aware that it was there. He rescued it gently and placed it on the folded blanket at the foot of his bed.

(To be continued.)

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Soldier Father—"No, child, I fell in the first engagement."



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Beauty is not an empty form. President John G. Hibben of Princeton.

Troth is as impossible to be soiled by an outward touch as the sunbeam.—John Milton.

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**Women's Way**  
London, Monday, Feb. 23.—(Special Women in the column. By taking to short skirts and cutaway suits she has changed the style of fashion. The consequence is plain enough now that it is pointed out; but, five years ago, who would have guessed it? Here is another example of that intricate and subtle complex which our national economy has become. The Roman scholar observed that the nation which shortened its weapons extended its boundaries. The modern economist realizes that the nation whose women shortened their skirts ruins an industry. It is comforting to reflect that some other of our basic industries are less dependent on fashion; for it is impossible to hope that women will return to pre-war wear, even to save the woollen industry. And there is this additional comfort. The woollen industry may be stricken, but it probably knows the worst by this time. Women's skirts can hardly be shortened any further. Unlike the home consumption of wool, which is 30 per cent. below the 1912 level, they are already 50 per cent. above the 1912 level.

**To Keep Embroidery Threads**

Short lengths of embroidery cottons or silks left over from some finished piece of work, often are not kept because they are likely to become frayed and unfit for use. Yet everyone knows how convenient it is to have on hand a large variety of threads, and often a short length is sufficient for some sudden demand.

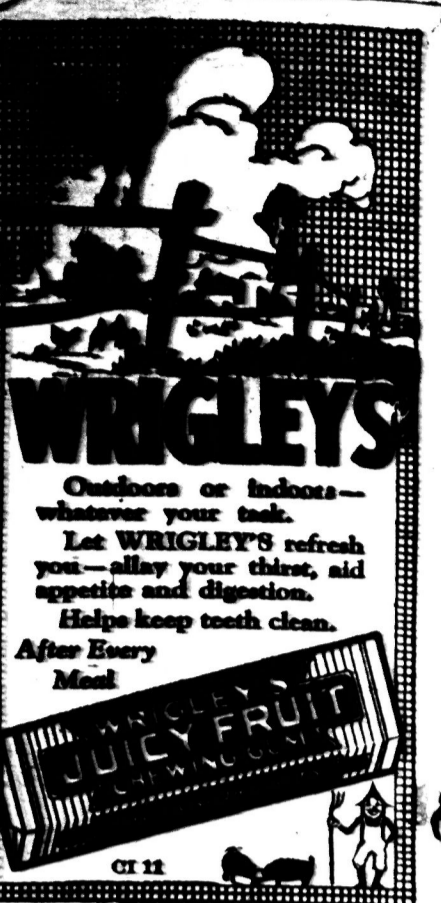
These threads can be preserved in perfect condition if wound over a strip of stiff cardboard of any desired length and not more than four or five inches in width, with half-inch slits cut all along one edge, one inch apart. Wrap the thread around the cardboard and run both ends into the same slit, to hold them. If the little numbered paper that comes on the thread has been saved, tuck that in also, in case one should wish to match the thread later.

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"Is your club large?"  
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Johnny—"Yes, we had grapefruit for breakfast."

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