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"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens

THE YELLOW SEVEN

The Barrier of Fire

By EDMUND SNELL

Illustrated by R. W. SATTERFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo, has as guest Enid Bromley, daughter of Chard Bromley, new manager of the Baniak-Baniak rubber estate. Peter Pennington, engaged by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits, loves Hewitt's sister, Monica Viney. Jocelyn Gwynne comes to Jesselton and tells Pennington that he knows Chard Bromley and that Bromley has no daughter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Anyhow, I had been having a spot with Chard Bromley at the hotel. Just as I was thinking of pushing off, a notorious bad hat tried to touch him for money. Bromley's a pretty decent little chap, taking him all round, and I thought my interference was justified. Soames hadn't heard what I'd said to Bromley, but I gathered from the look he gave me when he cleared that he understood what had come between the planter and his generosity. I followed him out, partly out of curiosity and partly because I wanted an excuse for going—and, leaning against the stone parapet, I saw Chai-Hung. He was in pukka evening-kit and his shirt front was immaculate. About half a dozen paces from him a large car was waiting. Soames walked straight up to him and, before I could collect my senses, they had driven off together."

"Soames and Chai-Hung," murmured Pennington. "I don't think I remember Soames."

"Oh, he's an actor-feller—rather a clever impersonator as a matter of fact—who washed out of a revue company while they were playing at Singapore. Drugs were his chief trouble, I understand."

"Chard Bromley's over here now," said the Commissioner. "By the way, you referred to him as a little feller; I should hardly call Bromley little, would you, Dawson?"

Dawson shook his head ponderously. "Scarcely."

Gwynne looked from one to the other in amazement. "Are you sure?"

"Positive." The Commissioner smiled condescendingly at the younger man, who had crimsoned to the roots of his hair. "His daughter's staying at my place now."

"Daughter?"

"People do have daughters, you know," put in Dawson.

Pennington laughed. "Come along, Gwynne. We're going to rope you in for dinner with us. You'll be able to see for yourself then. You've got hold of the wrong man, old son; done it myself, scores of times."

"I tell you I met Chard Bromley in the bar at Raffles. He was a little man, and I'm prepared to wager he hadn't a daughter with him."

Hewitt rose to his feet, the others following suit.

"Someone's been pulling your leg," he told him. "Chard Bromley's here all right. I happened to see his credentials myself, and they were perfectly in order. He's talking about wrangling a gigantic house-warming, by the bye, in the bungalow the late manager never lived to see completed."

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A voice that Hewitt dimly understood was his own replied. "It wasn't like this until you came."

It looked too dark for him to see the look of triumph in her eyes. They had closed, moreover, by the time he had realized that her parted lips were tantalizingly near his own—and had bridged the distance with an impetuosity that was new to him. He awoke at last that the hour-glass of their exquisite pleasure was fast running out, that Monica would be wondering what had happened to them.

At the foot of the garden, Enid made him stop.

"Jack," she whispered, "you needn't tell them—yet—unless you like."

He started.

"I shall have to," he said. "There'll be no end of a scandal if I don't."

"I see. I had a note from father this evening. I've got to join him immediately. He's lonely up there. You'll come up to our house-warming, won't you? and bring everybody you can. I want it to be a big success."

And Captain Hewitt promised.

Dawson had gone back to the rest-house and Monica was evidently in the act of undressing, for she contented herself with calling to them over the partition that separated her room from the verandah.

"How late you are—two!"

"We came down to meet you," said Enid. "I don't know how we missed you. Are there two ways?"

"There are—and Jack knows them both. He ought to have remembered that we never take the path through the trees. I suppose that's how you missed us," she added, with a touch of malice.

There are decided drawbacks to talking through a wall—even if only a wooden one. Hewitt felt this.

"Aren't you coming out?"

"No, I can't."

"You can slip on a dressing-gown. Be a sport!"

"Not me," laughed Monica. "Peter's hanging about somewhere—and I've more self-respect than to let him see with my war-paint off."

"I've something to tell you," He almost said "we," but checked himself in time.

"I can hear you perfectly from here. What is it?"

In some respects Hewitt was sensitive. He was particularly keen on seeing for himself the effect of his statement upon his sister. Nor was he altogether satisfied that Monica liked Enid.

"Enid—Miss Bromley's going up-country tomorrow," he said, suddenly endowed with a happy inspiration.

"In which case," asserted the exasperated voice which might have been at the far end of a long-distance phone, "the sooner she gets to bed—the better. The train leaves just after breakfast."

The Commissioner went to his room, walking with unnecessary emphasis. Enid paused outside her own door and blew a kiss to him from the tips of her fingers.

As Hewitt had predicted, almost everybody who mattered went to Chard Bromley's house-warming.

The Commissioner and Monica were among the first arrivals, Dawson putting in an appearance an hour or so later in company with Moorhouse, district officer at Bukit-Iban. Chinese Pennington was presumably keeping a watchful eye on the movements of the Yellow Seven, for neither he nor Jocelyn Gwynne showed up at dinner. Besides Enid Bromley and Monica there were seven other women—wives of planters and officials. The meal was served under a vast awning, illuminated by means of an electric light plant installed by the late manager.

(To be continued.)

He swept Enid into his arms.

a dozen yards from the foot of the steps. A single glowing spot—accentuated against the blackness—indicated that the chair was occupied.

Hewitt went down.

"That you, Peter?"

The pleasantly contralto tones of Enid replied to him.

"No, it's I, Captain Hewitt. The others have gone down to the coast. Mrs. Viney was anxious to discover how the native fishermen spiked fish."

He took the flight at a couple of strides and, selecting a wicker stool, placed it in the immediate proximity of Miss Bromley.

"Why didn't you go and see the fishing by lamplight, Miss Bromley?"

She tossed the end of her cigarette into the darkness.

"It didn't seem altogether fair going out to enjoy ourselves while you were slaving away in there. So I stopped."

There was something about Enid Bromley that was far more intoxicating than the contents of the decanter. "That was really very nice of you," Hewitt contrived to respond. "I'm sorry you missed the show on my account. It's quite an interesting spectacle. The fish comes up to see what the light is—and Mr. Black Man jabs his spear into it."

The girl laughed.

"Couldn't we go tonight?"

"Certainly, if you're not too tired. Would you like to?"

"Awfully."

On the way to the coast he took her arm, because it seemed perfectly natural and permissible thing to do. They stood for a while, applauding the efforts of men in loin-cloths and laughing girls, their sarongs tucked up well above their knees, until a wave—more ambitious than its predecessors—threatened to encircle them. He swept Enid into his arms and deposited her presently on a convenient grass-grown bank among the trees. They talked in disjointed sentences, without either appearing to notice. Suddenly the girl sighed.

"It's simply wonderful! Why didn't you tell me? Didn't you know it was like this?"

Now-a-days when one smells tobacco on a child's breath one knows it has an affectionate mother."

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

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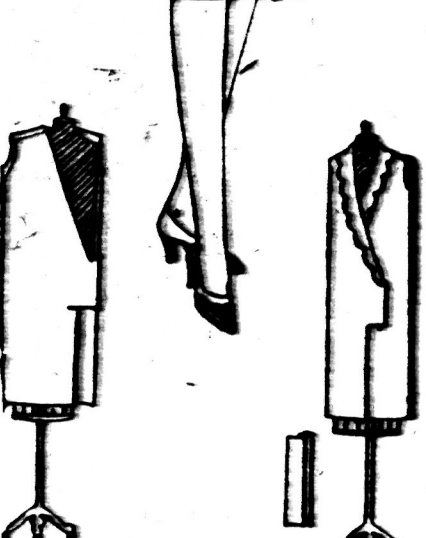
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Style & NOTE

Paris—New York



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Explorers to Fly Over Antarctic

Eielson Tells of Plans for Expedition to Regions Near South Pole

Buenos Aires, Argentina.—Plans for hazardous flying over unexplored antarctic wastes are revealed in an interview here by Lieut. Carl B. Eielson, who was the companion of Sir George Hubert Wilkins on his north pole flight.

Eielson, who will be Wilkins' companion on his coming antarctic exploration trip, said the expedition expects to get within 800 miles of the south pole, but would not attempt to reach the pole itself. He said the expedition probably would leave Montevideo for Deception Island, in the Antarctic Ocean, which will be the main base.

Eielson revealed that a base will be established on the fringe of the Antarctic from which reconnaissance flights of a thousand miles or possibly longer, would be made. Later, a flight of 2,500 miles to the Bay of Whales would be attempted. The flight would follow the Antarctic coastline, along a route over which Wilkins would establish meteorological stations to be used in forecasting seasonal conditions.

The expedition will carry two planes, in one of which Wilkins and Eielson will fly. The other will carry Joseph Crosson, pilot, and Orval Egarter, mechanic. The trip is not expected to take more than six months. The planes will be equipped for landing on the ice and will be well-provisioned.

I doubt whether people will be such fools about autographs. Remember the tulip boom in Holland 200 years ago? There is more sense at that in paying £1,000 for a tulip than for a letter—even for a letter of mine.—George Bernard Shaw.

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Hero Wanted to Aid Skunk

Skunking, Mich.—Skunking with a penchant for horse deeds can win the gratitude of Skunking residents by a simple deed of kindness to a dumb animal.

A skunk wandered blindly about lawns of the residential district today with a tin can over its head, evidently caught there as the animal ate from somebody's junk barrel.

Volunteers are sought to remove the can, as the skunk is in danger of starvation. Should not such an article be: "Head or Brains Wanted for Human Skunk?" People who leave cans with open ends, which permit cats, dogs or wild animals to become imprisoned, are not fitted to be called anything but the most unpleasant names. It is so easy to tramp cans flat.

Mickey Likes Bible Stories

Princess Helen Daily Reads Bible to Rumanian Ruler

Mimaila, Rumania.—King Michael, seven-year-old sovereign of 13,000,000 Rumanians, has finished a memorable summer's vacation at a home on the Black Sea. His majesty's days were not wholly given up to play. Princess Helen, his mother, is a firm believer in the rule that "all play and no work does not sharpen little minds."

The young ruler passes a half hour daily in Bible study with his mother. He was enraptured over the story of David and Goliath and said that he would like to be a king like David.

Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Japan Buys Mexican Opals

Mexico City.—Mexican opals are finding favor in Japan. Jewelers of that country are preparing to import them in considerable quantities. Mexico is one of the greatest opal producing countries in the world.

The Australian Labor Crisis

Paris Temps: Strikes, from one cause or another, among the seamen or the watersiders, have made the name of Australia a byword and have dragged the reputation of the country in the dust. That trade and the financial situation are involved heavily is only incidental to the real issue, which is that lawless men are preventing law-abiding workers from obtaining employment.

The stalk left a little baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mayberry on Sunday.—Lyacuburg (Va.) paper.

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