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"SALADA" TEA

A Tea of Finer Quality

THE YELLOW SEVEN
THE SILVER HAND

By Edmund Snell.
Illustrated by Rae Sheffield

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.

* * * * *

Denis Moorhouse—District Officer at Bukit-Iban—lay at full length in a long cane chair. In a hole in the arm of the chair rested a glass and, a few inches distant from Moorhouse's stockinged feet, reposed a pair of muddy riding-boots. A black chow sat licking its forepaws at the top of the steps, pausing every now and then to raise its head and growl at the slightest sound that wafted upward from the night-shrouded clearing.

Denis Moorhouse—refreshed by a bath of hot water ladled over himself from a preposterous earthenware jar of native manufacture, felt at peace with all men He was a tall, thin, amiable specimen of humanity with fair hair that was wearing thin on the crown. Functioning as a magistrate on the edge of beyond, where ninety-nine out of a hundred men would have warped, become morbid, or drunk themselves into oblivion, this cheery philosopher had succeeded in steering a middle course. Moorhouse—with his black dog at his heels—was as welcome in a Borneo long-house as in the bungalow of the Commissioner of Police.

Under normal conditions, it might not unreasonably be assumed that Moorhouse—reclining in glorious idleness after a strenuous day spent in the sweltering court-house — was dreaming of home or of the white girl whose photograph occupied a sole and prominent position on his dressing-table; but the girl in the ebonized frame was his sister and the district officer had no home other than the one he now occupied. As a matter of fact, he was thinking of the dusky Dyak belle who had danced before the assembled chiefs in the Kampon at the other side of the valley when the rice-harvest was completed; a shapely, alluring female with an independent swing of shoulders and features that would have done credit to a Western beauty. Moorhouse had been present at this dance, showing his white teeth when the young warriors—drunk with samsu—urged their water-buffaloes across the open wastes and mildly applauding the crazy posturing of the women who danced with human heads.

Then, just as he had made up his mind to pay his respects to his hosts and depart, the wonder-woman from the forests had whirled into the firelight. He remembered her afterward as a vision encased in a sarong of shimmering green, with a single bracelet of gold at either wrist, her dark hair secured by a dagger of which both the point and the jeweled hilt were distinctly visible. More miraculous still, her hands were hidden by wonderfully fashioned gauntlets of silver, each wrought to resemble the form of the hand itself. Her dance had culminated in a sort of joyous stampede, she had fallen prostrate before the semi-circle of gaping headmen, then crawled with the lithe, sinuous movements of a snake toward the spot where the Englishman sat. Before he could forestall her, two warm arms had encircled his ankles and lustrous, mocking eyes were fixed upon his face.

"Great Tuan-Hakim, one of these days you may have need of me!"

The words flowed easily from her lips, with the steady conviction of a sorceress—and it was within the bounds of possibility that she put a spell upon Moorhouse, because she was gone, leaving him without a memory of the manner of her going—and a golden bangle resting in the folds of his white tunic. He gathered a little later that her arrival and departure constituted as much a mystery to all as to himself.

In the solitude of his room he had turned that bangle over and over between his sun-tanned fingers, trying to discover some reasonable motive for such a gift.

Accordingly, with due regard to the value of the bracelet and to the fact that white magistrates in black countries are scarcely in the habit of accepting gifts from fascinating dancing girls, Moorhouse had established it pretty clearly in the local mind that the girl was to be found and brought to him, that he might have an opportunity of returning to her the missing property.

The wonder-woman from the forests had twirled into the firelight.

This was a month ago and still no trace had been found of the girl with the silver hands. But, although human memory is inclined to be short-lived and many events were crammed into four short weeks of Moorhouse's existence, that one incident at the padi-harvest kept cropping up when the curtain of night dropped suddenly and the D.O. was free to indulge in his glass of whisky at sun-down, his long chair, his bath and the company of his dog.

As Moorhouse lay inert, waiting for the native boy to announce the arrival of dinner, an orderly in round hat and bare feet pattered up the steps and, saluting respectfully, presented the district officer with a letter that had just arrived by native runner.

"Dear Moorhouse," it ran. "More trouble for you, I'm afraid. The Yellow Seven business has broken out again and three planters have been attacked, one of them fatally. Chai-Hung, leader of the gang—has been traced to your area. Am sending reinforcements. Co-operate with Dawson and do your best to round up. Pennington will be with you almost immediately.—Hewitt."

He rose somewhat wearily to his feet and, crossing to the lamp, read the missive again. Presently he glanced up sharply.

"All right!"

The orderly saluted and disappeared.

The magistrate stubbed his toe against a corner of the book-case, swore softly to himself and shouted for his slippers. While awaiting the advent of the boy, he dug out a photograph of the bandit and surveyed it curiously. He saw a fat Oriental, staring blandly from the portrait through a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. At the time when the picture was made, Chai-Hung had been the most respected Celesial in the archipelago; today, thanks to the efforts of Chinese Pennington, the robber-chief stood revealed in his true colors.

The boy shuffled in with the slippers, but still Moorhouse did not stir. He was thinking of the Yellow Seven and the resourcefulness of its notorious leader. Hitherto his district had been mercifully free from the unwelcome attentions of the organization to which almost every Chinaman on the island belonged; but Dawson had had considerable dealings with Chai-Hung, and Moorhouse was asked to co-operate with Dawson.

It was with mixed feelings that he sat down to table and dissected a helping of buffalo-meat. He was in the act of consigning Hewitt, Dawson, Chai-Hung and Pennington to the deuce when the black chow shot, barking, from the kitchen-quarters on to the verandah. The magistrate, gazing through the open doorway, caught a glimpse of a dark form dimly outlined against the blackness.

"Tuan, will you call your dog!"

The voice came from the stairs.

Moorhouse took the lamp from the bracket and, holding it beyond the wooden rail, peered over. Presently he uttered a muffled exclamation and replaced the lamp. He whistled up the dog.

"Come here," he commanded—and the girl obeyed.

"You are the girl who danced in the Kampon.

"Yah, tuan."

She held herself very erect and Moorhouse noticed that the sarong of shimmering green had given place to one of terra-cotta. She leant almost insolently against the verandah-rail and surveyed the Englishman calmly. He passed her a cigaret and wondered where she had learnt to light it over the chimney of a lamp.

"What is your name?" he demanded presently.

"I have no name."

Moorhouse moistened his lips.

"Where do you come from?"

"I have no home."

The district officer frowned and the girl laughed—a delightfully disarming laugh that almost made Moorhouse forget the dignity that his office demanded.

"You have come for your bracelet?"

She shook her head and the lines of her handsome face hardened.

"I come not for the bracelet," she told him, "because I am a child of the forests, taking when I wish to take and giving when I desire to give—neither giving back nor taking back. I give to my friends and take from my enemies."

The magistrate's forehead wrinkled.

"Then why have you come to me?" he inquired bluntly.

"The Tuan-Hakim is wise," she murmured, gazing down at the straw sandals that rotected the soles of her feet.

"Admitted!" returned Moorhouse cheerfully. "What then?"

"When I heard the music of the gongs and saw the smoke of the fires rising above the tallest trees, a voice whispered to me to go closer—and I went. Presently, beyond the smoke, I saw the faces of the chiefs. And then I saw the white coat of the Tuan-Hakim. The beating of those brass drums called me and I danced for you, because I said 'this man is he who sits alone in the big house among the coco-palms, who reads the evil that is in men's hearts and knows the right from the wrong—the good from the bad.' You beat your hands together, tuan, and I was content." A dreamy note had come into her voice and it sounded in the D.O.'s ears like the soothing sound of a wood-pigeon from her nest. "There are times, oh white man, when it is good to have a friend. I am your friend," she concluded simply.

(To be continued.)

...E No. 40—'28

Radium Thief's Ruse Fails

Chance Telephone Call Upset Plan of Robber

The Paris police are looking for a man who came very near robbing a noted X-ray specialist of a valuable quantity of radium as well as other property. Chance alone prevented the long-prepared and ingenious plan of the thief from succeeding.

Some weeks ago the X-ray physician while motoring to Treport was stopped on a lonely road by a well-dressed stranger who said that his own car had broken down and asked for a lift. Although the other car was not in sight the doctor drove the stranger into Treport, and they are said to have made mutual confidences on th eway and exchanged cards at the end of the journey. In the course of this the stranger learned that the doctor intended to remain at Treport a fortnight.

Two days later the road acquaintance visited the doctor's home in Paris representing himself to be a confidential friend of the doctor who had asked him to bring his radium to Treport with other valuables. The stranger presented his own card which read "Comte de Quessen" together with the doctor's card. The servant in charge was properly impressed and was about to help the "Count" gather together the valuables required, when the telephone bell rang. It was the doctor telephoning from Treport. Naturally the servant mentioned the Comte de Quessen's presence and his mission, but when he turned from the phone the visitor, who had heard his words, had disappeared.

The common people do not enter into war. They are dragged into it. —J. Kier Hardie.

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England Goes After Record

A New British Seaplane Will Try For Speed Mark

An attempt will be made soon to break the world's speed record with a new Supermarine-Napier racing seaplane, which has been tuned up in England to take the place of the plane in which Lieutenant Webster was killed when he made the last attempt to break the Italian mark of 306 miles an hour. The new plane, called the S-5, is expected to do better than 320 miles an hour.

In appearance the S-5 is very much like its predecessor, although the fuselage is narrower and the air resistance has been cut down correspondingly. The tiny fuselage and wings are in contrast to the relatively big floats, but their size is necessary because the plane lands at the high speed of ninety miles an hour.

The fuel is carried in the starboard float partially to balance the engine torque and make the machine easier to fly. It is pumped up by an engine-driven pump. The wing surface radiators are said to be much better than anything previously used. They cool without adding any resistance, as they have a flat, instead of corrugated, outer surface.

The fuselage is all metal, the skin taking the stresses. The oil is cooled by passing it along both sides of the fuselage in contact with the skin, through specially constructed oil coolers.

The floats are of duralumin. The wings are of wood and are covered with special laminated wood under the radiators. The fuselage is smaller in cross-sectional area than any fuselage previously designed.

The span of the wing is only twenty-six feet nine inches, with an area of 115 square feet, a wing so small that the wing loading is 27.83 pounds per square foot. The weight of the plane, with its geared engine, is 3,200 pounds. The engine is the Napier racing engine, which is believed to develop about 1,000 horse-power.

They were playing cards in the station waiting-room. One of the players, a stranger, was getting a bad beating. Finally, he saw one of the others give himself three aces from the bottom of the pack. He turned to the man beside him and said: "Did you see that?" "See what?" asked the man. "Why, that fellow dealt himself three aces from the bottom of the pack." "Well, what about it?" asked the man. "It was his deal, wasn't it?"

A misogynist said to a woman: "All this feminism is sheer nonsense. There isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than intelligent." "That," said the woman, "is because so many men are stupid and so few blind."

NEW BEAUTY for YOUR CLOTHES
By Mae Martin

You can look attractive and stylish on less. Learn how to give new beauty and variety to your dresses and add individuality and charm to things around the home by the quick magic of home tinting and dyeing. Perfect results are possible only with Diamond Dyes. Each package represents the perfection of 50 years of dye-making. They never streak, spot or run. They are real dyes, like those used when the cloth was made.

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Is Woman Modern?

Writer Says She Lags Behind in Use of Conveniences Where She Rates Her Labor Low

American women are not taking advantage of the many home conveniences provided for them by modern science, writes Frederick L. Collins in the October "Pictorial Review."

"Edison started the electric industry nearly fifty years ago—and there are less than eighteen million wired homes to-day, Ford gave the motor industry its first big push less than twenty-five years ago—and there are twenty-three million automobiles. This in spite of the fact that it costs more on an average to buy a motor-car than it does to wire a house.

"In short, the home of the future is here—but a good many of us aren't living in it yet.

"But it won't be long now," continues Mr. Collins. "I have recently spent many hours of masculine bewilderment in the home-economics departments of the great service companies. I have seen gas stoves with refrigerating attachments—the heat and the cold, the lion and the lamb, lying down together. I have seen washing-machines which make possible the doing of the family wash—the whole operation from sorting the soiled clothes to hanging out the clean ones—in less than an hour. I have seen an ironing-machine that looks like a medium-sized table, and serves as such when it isn't doing the work which used to break our mothers' backs.

"And I have learned many things I didn't know before, such as:

"That five cents will run a washing-machine two hours.

"That five cents will run an electric fan ten hours.

"That five cents wil run an electric sewing-machine seven hours.

"That five cents will keep refrigerator cold eight hours.

"That five cents will run a vacuum cleaner three hours.

"That electric current is the one thing used in the home which is cheaper now than it was before the war.

"That five cents will light a reading lamp for two long evenings.

"That any woman who sweeps a carpet or beats a rug is doing work that an electric motor can do for one and three-quarter cents an hour.

"That any woman who irons the family wash by hand is doing work that an electric motor can do for two cents an hour.

"That any woman who turns a wringer or scrubs on a wash-board is doing work that an electric motor can do for two and one-half cents an hour.

"That any woman who does anything by hand that an electric motor can do is valuing herself at three cents an hour or less.

"And when I came to assemble in one mental locality all that I had seen and all that I had learned, I was convinced that the scientists were right: that the future of the home lies, not so much in the working out of fantastic schemes of new kinds of living, but in a more nearly complete realization of the possibilities of the present."

Radio Beacons Placed On Coast of Britain

London—The installation of radio beacon stations at suitable places around the coasts of the British Isles is proceeding rapidly.

Six stations have been erected and seven more have been ordered. Among those in operation, the Mersey Bar, Coningbeg and Spurn are on light-ships, while those at Skerries, Round Island and Gasquets are on land.

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