

THE YELLOW SEVEN THE PASSING OF ZARA-KHAN

BY EDWARD SHERIDAN
Illustrations by
GEOFFREY HARRIS

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Pennington, detective, is engaged to marry Monica Viney, widow of sister of Captain John Hewitt, Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. Pennington is detailed by the government to capture Chai-Hung, leader of The Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. James Varney, who lives at the head of the Tembelak River, receives a threatening message from The Yellow Seven. Varney's father is having himself tattooed by Zara-Khan, skilled tattooer.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Come in here," he shouted. Varney appeared, rubbing his eyes. He blinked wearily round the room, smiling faintly at Pennington and, his faculties returning to him, bent over Chong-Hee.

"Dead!"

"Quite!"

"What on earth's it all mean?"

"I heard him creeping about—and helped him down the partition. He must have fallen on his own knife."

"Good Lord! I heard nothing. Didn't the dog bark?"

"You could hardly expect it. It knew Chong-Hee."

The hound had crept into the room and was sniffing at the corpse suspiciously.

"What do you advise me to do?" asked Varney.

"Take reasonable precautions—and don't go about unarmed. You'll be in need of a new servant. I'll dig one out for you in the morning—one of my own men. You'll find him perfectly reliable though a trifle unsightly!"

The trader produced a pipe from his dressing-gown and a small bag of Dutch tobacco.

"We'd better get out of this. It'll be healthier on the verandah. What's wrong with your man?"

"Chai-Hung carved his face up a bit when they last encountered one another. He left him with one eye and one ear—and his mouth's a deal wider than it ought to be. But that sort of thing doesn't damp his ardor."

Varney shuddered involuntarily.

"What is he?"

"A half-caste of sorts. Calls himself Rabat-Pilai. Claims to have qualified in some remote quarter of the globe as an apothecary."

"It's mighty good of you."

"Not at all. By the bye, d'you mind leaving the obsequies of the late Chong-Hee to his successor? I want to give him rather an elaborate funeral. He doesn't in the least deserve it, I'll admit, but it's just at this moment occurred to me that an opportunity has arisen to enable me to practice a slight deception upon our friend Chai-Hung. You see he once bewitched me (in the same manner. Got himself buried—and cremated, of all things! Sent me the ashes into the bargain! The poison he inserted in the knob of the urn would have done credit to a Borgias."

Varney hooked down the lamp.

"You want him to be buried as yourself?"

"Precisely. Select a nice, comfy little spot under the palm-trees—and get one of your skilled men to paint a board with my name. You can borrow Dawson's bugler to blow the Last Post, if you like. It'll cheer poor old Chai-Hung no end! Will you do it?"

"Certainly."

"Good man! Now I'll clear out so's not to spoil the effect, and I fancy I can guarantee that Rabat-Pilai and a few of my things to add to the

realism of the affair will be with you inside an hour."

"Zara-Khan," said Varney, removing his singlet. "I've come to the conclusion you'd better finish the job while you're here."

The man in the turban of red and gold bowed.

"Very good, sah. What you want me to do? An elephant with a tiger clinging to the trunk would be good."

"I've got a tiger already," said the trader, surveying his arm.

"A leopard with spots," suggested the prince of tattooers. "It would make a nice picture. I made one like that once for the Rajah."

He broke off suddenly. He was staring at the door which led from the verandah. Varney, following the direction of his gaze, saw the figure of an Oriental of enormous girth, framed in the doorway. The newcomer wore a white tunic, buttoned up to the neck, across which stretched the massive links of a gold chain. His legs were encased in baggy trousers of black silk that rustled in the breeze and the third finger of his left hand displayed a ring set with a large green stone.

"I trust I am not intruding, gentlemen!"

The trader observed him coldly.

"Who are you?" he demanded, reaching at the same time for his turban.

"Chai-Hung," said the other simply.

Rabat-Pilai—who was in the act of entering by the opposite door—dropped the jug of water he had been carrying and fled.

"Chai-Hung?"

"Most certainly! Why not, Mr. Varney. If you are still inclined to doubt my word, Mr. Zara-Khan will enlighten you."

Varney's hand swung round to the back but before his fingers could close on the weapon he sought, he found himself looking down the barrel of Chai-Hung's automatic.

"Pray be seated—both of you. I

was afraid you might be a little nervous at my unexpected arrival—and so took the precaution of bringing this!"

He drew forward a chair and lowered himself into it.

"I understand that you buried Mr. Pennington this morning. A very lamentable affair! I was sorry not to be able to be present myself."

Varney moved restlessly.

"I suppose I have to thank you for the loss of my dog," he said.

The Oriental patted the hand that held the pistol with the fingers of the other.

"A double tragedy, if I may say so! I understand the dog is the friend of man—and you, poor fellow, have sustained the loss of two good friends at one and the same time."

"You devil!"

Chai-Hung blinked amiably.

"Thank you, Mr. Varney. May I request Zara-Khan to continue with his work?"

Varney choked.

"Look here, Chai-Hung, or whatever your name is, I'm not in a mood to sit here and be ordered about by you. If you've come here to shoot me—carry on with it. If not, clear out—and be damned to you."

"My dear Mr. Varney!" protested the brigand with well-assumed surprise, "you will, I hope, do me the honor to remember that up to the present I have requested you to do nothing. My suggestion was merely that Zara-Khan should proceed with the work that my unfortunate entry interrupted. It was you who first mentioned shooting, and I believe I am right in saying that you were about to draw on me when I came in. A distinctly unwise move on your part, Mr. Varney, when one remembers that Chai-Hung never travels about alone. If I wanted to kill you, my friend, there are twenty others outside willing to help me. You received a message from me the other day!"

The trader shrugged his shoulders.

"A yellow card fluttered on to the verandah, it floats what you mean."

An ugly light had crept into the

bandit's eyes.

As if by a given signal, the bandit

shot through the doorway behind Varney

and entered his room.

Chai-Hung rose to his feet.

"Zara-Khan," he said hoarsely,

"you will prepare your things and

take this Englishman. It will be a

little out of your line, I must tell you,

for you will not be paid for your

work—and the picture will not be

quite the same!"

The man in the turban had changed

visibly from brown to gray and his

teeth chattered. He stared from Chai-

Hung to Varney—now roped securely

to his chair—and presently his horri-

fied eyes traveled back to the

blue barrel.

"I am waiting for you to begin,

Zara-Khan."

And Zara-Khan turned with shak-

ing fingers to his tray.

Chinese Pennington—summoned in

hot haste by his henchman—arrived

at the foot of Varney's steps a bare

hundred yards behind Rabat-Pilai. He

took the flight at a bound and, pistol

in hand, made headlong for the trad-

er's living-room.

As he flung open the door, a scene

of utter chaos met his eyes. The door

at the far end of the room was wide

open. Between this and where he

stood a table had been overturned,

from behind which trickled a steady,

dark stream. The chimney of the

swinging lamp was shattered and the

atmosphere was thick with smoke and

soot. One window had been wrenched

clean from its fastenings and the

bookcase in the corner had fallen for-

ward—arrested half-way by a chair—

and had tipped its contents into a

jumbled heap.

He pushed the table back into place

and recoiled in horror.

A man in a turban of red and gold

lay full on his face. Beneath him,

leashed to a chair, lay a second form

that kicked and rocked to and from

in impotent fury.

Pennington lifted Zara-Khan to one

side.

"Varney!"

"Oh, it's me all right!" growled the

other. "Your man arrived just in time

to prevent Mr. Chai-Hung making sure

his knife settled both of us! For the

love of Mike, cut these confounded

strings."

"Where's Rabat-Pilai?" asked Pen-

nington, opening his knife.

For the first time Varney smiled.

"Dashed good man that! He got

here before Chai-Hung could round

on him—and severed his pistol-hand

with one blow from a perfectly

ghastly-looking weapon."

"Severed Chai-Hung's hand!"

"The one with the ring on it. I

suppose he's off after him—trying to

get the rest!"

As Pennington stooped to cut the

ropes his eye fell upon the trader's

bare chest.

Tattooed in the space that Varney

had summoned Zara-Khan to fill—was

the grim sign of the Yellow Seven.

(To be continued.)

Canada's Financial Independence

New York Herald-Tribune: Canada

has had its financial difficulties in

the years since the war, but to-day,

from a financial standpoint as well as

from an economic standpoint, it

stands on the threshold of the great-

est prosperity that it has known. . . .

To those who have watched the pro-

gress of Canada economically in re-

cent years it will come as little sur-

prise that the Minister of Finance is

able to report that, while taxation is

being steadily reduced on the one

hand, the Government is able to dis-

charge its outstanding indebtedness

as it matures on the other. . . .

Canada, as was in the case with the United

States of 1914, while not yet a cred-

itor nation, is in the position of a

debtor nation that is reducing its old

debts to foreign investors or is mak-

ing new foreign investments of its

own in a volume exceeding its new

borrowings from abroad. No clear-

er indication could be asked than this

of the Dominion's approaching finan-

cial independence.

Official Rat-Catchers Will Be Named by London

London—Official rat-catchers are

to be placed on the payroll of the Port

of London authorities in consequence

of the findings of the recently held

international sanitary convention.

The holders of these posts will be

required to know everything neces-

sary to rid a vessel of rats. For in-

stance, he will have to be able to

estimate the number of rats in a ship

before he begins to fumigate, and that

estimate will be checked by the num-

ber of rats found.

Experience in the Yosemite Park has

shown that where a small region,

like the floor of the valley, is particu-

larly popular it becomes so over-

run that it is almost urbanized. The

Canadian experiment deserves the

serious consideration of Americans.

Insect Pests

New York Sun: The economic

entomologists, whose business is in-

sect control, are confident of victory

in the long run, but it is rather dis-

concerting to learn that the battle is



A Smartly Simple Frock

This chic little frock is suitable for play or school-time and will be found quite simple for the home modiste to fashion. Contrasting material may be used for the wide facing on the skirt, the front plait, belt, and bands on the long or short raglan sleeves. No. 1630 is in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch plain material, and 1/4 yard contrasting; 1/4 yard less for short sleeves. Price 20 cents the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Find No Definite Cure for Cancer

Dr. Blackader Returns From Conference Held at Cardiff

"Canada is well equipped, and as far ahead as anyone else in the treatment of cancer and other diseases of this kind," stated Dr. A. Blackader, M.D., who returned from the Old Country, where he attended a medical conference in Cardiff. He said that a great many reports on cancer and consumption were received at the conference, but nothing was definite. The Blair-Bell "lead cure" was discussed, but was found to be only efficacious in certain forms of cancer. Other cures were discovered to be the same. "It all comes to the same thing. We are really no further ahead now than we have been as far as cancer is concerned. What we are concentrating on at the present time is finding a preventive for the dread disease. England is looking for money for research just the same as we are in Canada, and for that matter, every other country is also seeking funds. We are waiting for some bright young man to come along who has hit on that one infinitesimal and elusive fact that will lead us to the solution. He will come along in time and then we will be able to go ahead and improve upon what has gone on."

Canada is in reality a little further ahead than most other countries in the cure of tuberculosis, but again in this case the real solution of the problem was yet awaiting discovery. The conference in Cardiff had spent much of its time discussing midwifery, a sore point at the present time due to the enormous mortality rate throughout the world. Research in this connection is also being provided for on a large scale. The past year's mortality rate among mothers has aroused the medical profession to action in the matter, and further conferences on this subject will be held. Dr. Blackader is editor of the Canadian Medical Journal.

Motors and National Parks

New York Times: The Canadians have "beat us to it." They have decided to keep automobiles out of the Glacier National Park so that the region may not be defiled by dust, noise and gasoline fumes. Even Hot-dog stands have been banned. The park is to be a sanctuary for mortals seeking peace and quiet. Had such a plan been projected by our own park service it would have been condemned as undemocratic and un-American. But the idea is sound. . . . Experience in the Yosemite Park has shown that where a small region, like the floor of the valley, is particularly popular it becomes so overrun that it is almost urbanized. The Canadian experiment deserves the serious consideration of Americans.

"SALADA" TEA

In remote and distant parts of the world, fine teas are grown—wherever they grow these teas are prepared for "SALADA" blends. The best the world produces is sold under the "SALADA" label. MILLIONS know the satisfaction "SALADA" gives.

Corfu Palace Sought

As Rival Monte Carlo Athens—The Greek government is considering a plan to convert the famous Achilleion of Corfu into a gambling resort, rivaling Monte Carlo.

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria built the estate and it was later sold to the chief citizen of Doorn, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. The Greek government bought it back for \$200,000, and having expended this amount, feels that the property should not be idle.

A private corporation has offered to spend \$2,000,000 in developing the property in return for gambling rights. The first signs of public sentiment in Greece have indicated opposition to the project. Public gambling has recently been suppressed at two points near Athens.

He Always Looks Pleased

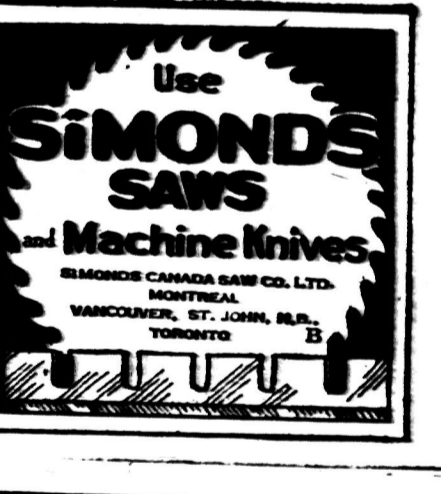
The slow driver is just as big a menace as the speed fiend, but he doesn't know it," says the Hamilton Spectator. Maybe so, maybe so. But how are we to account for the look of supreme satisfaction that radiates over the visage of the slow driver when he gazes in his rear-view mirror and sees that he is holding up a line of cars a mile long.



HAD REACHED THIRTY-TWO
"Yes, Miss Pensee is very formal and cold. She has just reached thirty-two, you know."
"Just down to freezing, I see."

Practical Justice

Kansas City Park: Justice takes a practical turn in the decree of a California court admitting a youth to probation for three years on condition that for the period he support two children made fatherless by an automobile accident determined on trial as manslaughter. For the defendant there would be more such in serving a prison term, but such a course would not relieve conditions that the revised decree ameliorates. One of the marked defects of punitive law is its lack of remedial influence. A defendant found guilty of criminal negligence is assessed a penalty by fine or loss of liberty, but innocent sufferers through his crime usually are without relief except in those rare instances when civil actions are maintained and reparations secured.



For Better Pickles

Make mustard pickles this year in your own clean kitchen. You can select the particular combination of vegetables you desire—make the pickles to your own high standards of quality, purity and flavour—win the admiration of your guests. More and more, every year, representative hostesses are making their own mustard pickles at home!

Write for FREE recipe book on pickles, salads, salad dressing, sandwich fillings, etc.

COLMAN-KEN (Canada) Limited
1100 AMHERST STREET - MONTREAL

British Speed Work On Final Link of World Radio Chain

Wireless Committee Recommends Erection of Plant at Canberra, Australia

London.—To forge the final link in a globe-circling wireless chain the installation of a superpower radio station at Canberra, Australia, has been recommended by the British Imperial Wireless Committee.

The new station would have a transmitting radius of 5,000 miles. The nearest British stations of similar power are at Singapore and Hongkong. The central station in the empire's network of beam radio stations is at Hillmorton, near Rugby, England. From there circuits are now operated by the government to Bombay, India; Cape Town, South Africa; Montreal, Canada, and Melbourne, Australia. A short time ago beam radio service was established between