

THE YELLOW SEVEN

The Barrier of Fire

By EDMUND SNELL
Illustrated by R. W. SATTERFIELD

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.

Enid Bromley—dark, small-featured and effective, dropped her racket on to the grass and sank into a chair by Hewitt's side.

"I'm afraid I gave you an awful let-down in the last set," she murmured. "I'm frightfully sorry."

Captain John Hewitt—Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, B. N. B.—passed a hand through his dark hair. "Not at all," he returned gallantly.

"Just fancy," put in Monica. "She says she hasn't touched a racket for eighteen months. You look tired, Mr. Dawson."

"She smiled toward a stout, red-faced man who blinked back at her through a sea of perspiration.

"I'm not tired, Mrs. Viney," declared Dawson. "I'm hot!" He settled himself down on the turf at their feet.

"You'd scarcely credit it, Miss Bromley, but I've been spending the best part of three weeks groveling on my tummy, wriggling like some jolly old serpent after a Chinese brigand with a fancy name."

"It sounds thrilling."

"It wasn't half so thrilling as it sounds. Mrs. Viney—the charming widow on my left—has snuffed the affections of the only man on the island who can wriggle gracefully and effectively—and that's Chinese Pennington."

"Did you catch your bandit?"

Dawson had turned again and was gazing down the slope toward the palm-clad shores of the bay.

"Not altogether," he confessed. Enid looked puzzled.

"Dawson's endeavoring to achieve the impossible," broke in the Commissioner. "He's trying to appear deep! Taken on the whole, Borneo's a nice, comfortable little place; but for some time past we've been having trouble with an Oriental who calls himself Chai-Hung. Pennington and Dawson set out together to round up the Yellow Seven—that's the somewhat picturesque title of the gang. Chai-Hung was too clever for them but, in the sort of general mix-up, his second-in-command was put out of action together with several of his immediate bodyguard. To all intents and purposes, Chai-Hung controls the movements of every Chinaman on the island."

"Isn't that rather serious? I believe father said that all his coolies were Chinese."

"The majority of managers employ Chinese labor. The allegiance of the more scattered members of the organization is fortunately passive, but so great is their fear of the bandit himself and the little yellow card with the seven black dots, that they would think twice before disobeying his commands."

"Jack," said Monica, touching her brother's sleeve, "when you've finished frightening Miss Bromley with tales of your brigand, do you think you could muster up energy to order something with ice in it?"

The Commissioner started to his feet. "By Jove! I'm fearfully sorry. Come along Dawson."

The two men mounted the wooden stairs together and passed through an open doorway, making their way toward the general room in which the bar was situated.

Hewitt had just completed the order for his sister and Enid Bromley and was turning in search of Dawson, when his eye lit upon two long legs protruding from the lower portion of

a long chair. He crossed the intervening space on tip-toe. The occupant of the chair beamed up at him.

"Hullo, old son! I was wondering when you were going to turn up."

"Peter," returned the Commissioner reproachfully, "if you have lost every shred of respect for regulations—and myself, you might at least have the decency to report your arrival to Monica!"

The man with the Chinese eyes remained unmoved.

"I called at the bungalow—but your orderly informed me you were eating the air! I came on here to find you absorbed in a game of tennis."

"Hullo, you old devil!" greeted Dawson.

Pennington rose wearily. "Jack, who's the lady?"

"They converged around a bamboo table and a Chinese boy set a tray in front of them.

Hewitt rubbed his hands together. "What d'you think of her? Not bad, eh?"

"She's not bad," conceded Pennington. "Bit on the thin side! Not feeling smitten, I hope?"

Hewitt changed the subject abruptly.

"How's the Yellow Seven affair proceeding?"

"You know we settled Nyi? Hau—the feller responsible for looting a train?"

The Commissioner moved restlessly. "Dawson told me. I gather Moorhouse had a narrow squeak. Chai-Hung escaped by a window—and you followed. What happened then?"

Peter Pennington crossed his legs and stared pensively through the doorway.

"I set my jungle-telegraph buzzing, rounded up my little crowd of brown-skinned agents and succeeded in roping in the young men of a local village. We got going and fell upon the bandit's bodyguard hip and thigh. Chai-Hung wormed his way out of the charmed circle, headed for the river—and left the island in a long-kong, disguised as cargo of some sort or other."

Hewitt sprang to his feet.

"You don't mean to tell me he's left Borneo?"

The other nodded.

"It's even whispered that he spent a couple of nights in Singapore; but," he added reassuringly, "he's sneaked back again and succeeded in making a landing at Kudat—under the eyes of our own people."

Dawson whistled softly.

"Know where he is?"

"Within limits—yes. There's something afoot, however, that I don't exactly understand. My chief of staff—Rabat-Pilai—knocked across a prominent member of the Yellow Seven the night before last. I haven't inquired too closely into the exact methods employed to extort the information, but the blighter went as far as to admit the possibility of a gigantic coup."

"Where is this feller now?" asked Dawson.

A far-away expression had come into Pennington's eyes.

"It turned out that he was the man who held Rabat-Pilai's arms while Chai-Hung tortured him."

Hewitt shuddered.

"I don't think you need tell us any more."

"I shall be going up-country again tomorrow. To tell you the truth, I've been having a pretty tough time of it. I just ached for a suit of decent clothes, a smell of the sea and a look at you all."

The steward approached them. His tray held two empty glasses from which straws protruded—and a leaf torn from Monica's note-book. Hewitt glanced at it.

"The girls have gone on home," he announced. "Dawson, old son, we're counting on you for makan." He looked at Pennington. "You'll dine with us, of course?"

"Thanks. I'm still in ignorance as to the identity of your charming partner at tennis."

Dawson grinned.

"The lady with the blue-black tresses is a certain Enid Bromley—daughter of Chard Bromley, new manager of the Baniak-Baniak rubber estate. Sheltering himself behind the plausible excuse that the late manager was assassinated by the Yellow Seven and that the district wasn't any too healthy for a white girl, our scheming superior has arranged for Miss Enid to occupy a spare room in his bungalow and keep Mrs. Viney company."

"Shut up, Dawson! The point that ought to interest you, Peter, is that Bromley's London directors are offering a reward of £1,000 for the arrest of Chai-Hung."

"Are they, by Jove? A new manager at Baniak-Baniak, too! That accounts for the activity I noticed when I passed through."

"What sort of activity?"

"They're tackling that new area; got a crowd of natives hewing the forest all round them."

A group of government men ushered in the fall of darkness, followed at intervals by club members of varied callings, who waited in twos and threes to swell the numbers of those who were already in occupation. A young Englishman—evidently a newcomer—paused on the threshold as if in search of somebody—then

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walked straight up to Pennington.

"How do, Penn?"

The man with the extraordinary eyes came to his feet.

"Gwynne! What the devil are you doing here?"

The newcomer lowered his voice.

"There's not a lot going on in Singapore, so they thought I'd like the trip. I caught sight of Chai-Hung for a couple of seconds outside Rafles, tracked him to Labuan—and then lost the trail altogether. I'm to report to you for duty."

"Good man! Hewitt, this is Jocelyn Gwynne. Dawson—Gwynne! Mr. Gwynne—Mr. Dawson."

He sat down again.

"So you actually saw Chai-Hung?" said the Commissioner presently.

Gwynne nodded. He was a short, sturdy youth, square-headed and fair-headed.

"Just before the trouble began out here, I met Chai-Hung at Johore—and his face is not one that easily slips the memory. Since then, of course, the old blighter's lost a hand, which makes identification easier."

(To be continued.)

Government Defined

A young lady was inquiring of her old nurse, the widow of a superannuated government servant, how she was getting along. "Badly enough, darlint, only the gover'mint intends to do something for us."

"And what's government, Nora?"

"Is it jokin' ye are, Miss? Sure ivry child knows what's the Gover'mint. It's a half-a-dozen gentlemen an' the lokes, maybe, that meets an' thinks what's best for themselves, an' then says that's best for us—an' that's the Gover'mint."

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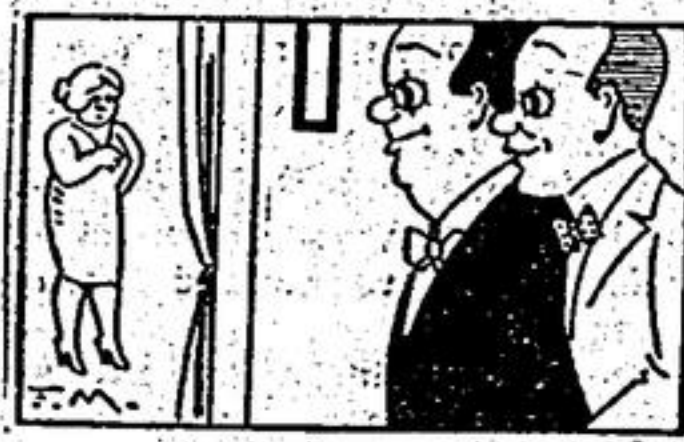
"Darling, I'd go through purgatory for you!" "You say so, but how can I prove it?" "Be my wife."

Self Discipline

If we are to improve, we must discipline ourselves. The reason why most of us do not is that we go day to day doing the same old thing in a routine way. We have allowed ourselves to pick up whatever ideas we could absorb without effort; consequently we have become mentally lazy and inefficient. In order to improve our condition, we must necessarily discipline ourselves by exercising the mind, making it subservient and obedient to the will. This discipline is necessary for the welfare of any business.

In Great Britain and Scandinavia young men are placed in stores to serve an apprenticeship, just as they do in any other trade. They are first taught obedience to discipline. They are thoroughly trained, even to the minutest detail. Unfortunately, in America no such apprenticeship system exists. The average young man is attracted to, and is free to accept the position which pays the largest salary. To secure a position without training is decidedly not for his best interest. No greater misfortune could possibly be his. More young men have been ruined by drawing large salaries early in their business life than by any other cause.

The young man, generally speaking, feels that while he is young and before he settles down he "must see something of the world," as he expresses it. Instead of devoting his spare hours to reading and study to improve his mind, he often passes them in idleness and dissipation. Ere long not only has he acquired bad habits that are hard to break, but his health may have become impaired. It is absolutely impossible for a young man to spend the night in dissipation and be at his best the next day.



BELONG TO THE "400"

"Mrs. Heavystyle belongs to the '400,' doesn't she?" "Oh, yes—she weighs at least that much."

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Kindness Pays

The wisdom or unwisdom of whipping as a means of discipline and training of children is a subject of frequent discussion. In his annual report to the Legislature Mr. J. J. Kelso, Director of the Children's Aid Branch, has this to say about it:

"There are special occasions when corporal punishment is a necessity, but in the general upbringing of children the emphasis must always be on a patient sympathetic understanding of child-nature and the development of good thoughts and habits by example as well as precept. Children are too often the victims of bad temper and of a hasty decision. They realize keenly the injustice done them and their lives and characters are embittered and hardened by it.

Where Severity Begins

"For the very young, the inexperienced, the first offender, the policy of kindness and patience should be the rule, but of course there is a limit to all this and there comes a time when severity and corporal punishment may be necessary to teach these young people that they cannot continue to do wrong with impunity. One boy who was allowed to go with a warning on eight different occasions simply looked upon the whole procedure as a joke, whereas if he had been given a smart whipping on his third appearance he would not have been so indifferent and defiant."

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School Definitions

A deacon is the lowest kind of a Christian.

A monastery is a place of monsters.

Marriage is a sacrament where a priest unites a man and woman in fatal union.

The Bible is against bigamy when it says no man can serve two masters.

False doctrine is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man.

"America" was discovered by the Spinach.

In 1858 the pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as the Pilgrim's Progress.

An appendix is a portion of a book, which nobody yet has discovered of any use.

An index is where you look at the back of a book to find out anything you want.

A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian.

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How to Make Good Mincemeat

So often the mincemeat from the store is dry, tasteless, or too highly flavored to suit the individual taste. A recipe for a delicious home-made mincemeat that can be prepared now for the Thanksgiving pies.

Three pounds of lean beef; ½ pound of suet; 1 gallon of tart cooking apples; 1 pound of currants; juice and rind of 1 lemon; salt, nutmeg, allspice, cinnamon and cloves to taste.

Bull beef until tender, pare and chop apples fine. When meat is cold remove bone, chop fine and put with apples through food chopper. Add suet, currants, flavoring, and lemon. Put all in granite kettle and add 1 cupful of sugar and 1 quart of cider. Bring to a boil and simmer for 1 hour, or until ingredients are tender. Stir frequently while cooking. Pack in pint jars and seal. This makes a rich, juicy mincemeat easily prepared and possessing a superior flavor.

An itinerant collector of old iron was trundling his barrow along a very narrow road. Behind him was a somewhat elderly motor car, the impatient driver of which was hooting and tooting in his anxiety to pass the old iron barrow. The old iron merchant looked around at the car and then addressed the owner:—"Or' right, guv'nor, I'll call for that to-morrer."

Mother—"I don't think, darling, that you should play cards on Sunday." Small Son—"But, mummy, we are not playing properly, we're only cheating."

STYLISH FROCKS AT LITTLE COST

By Mae Martin

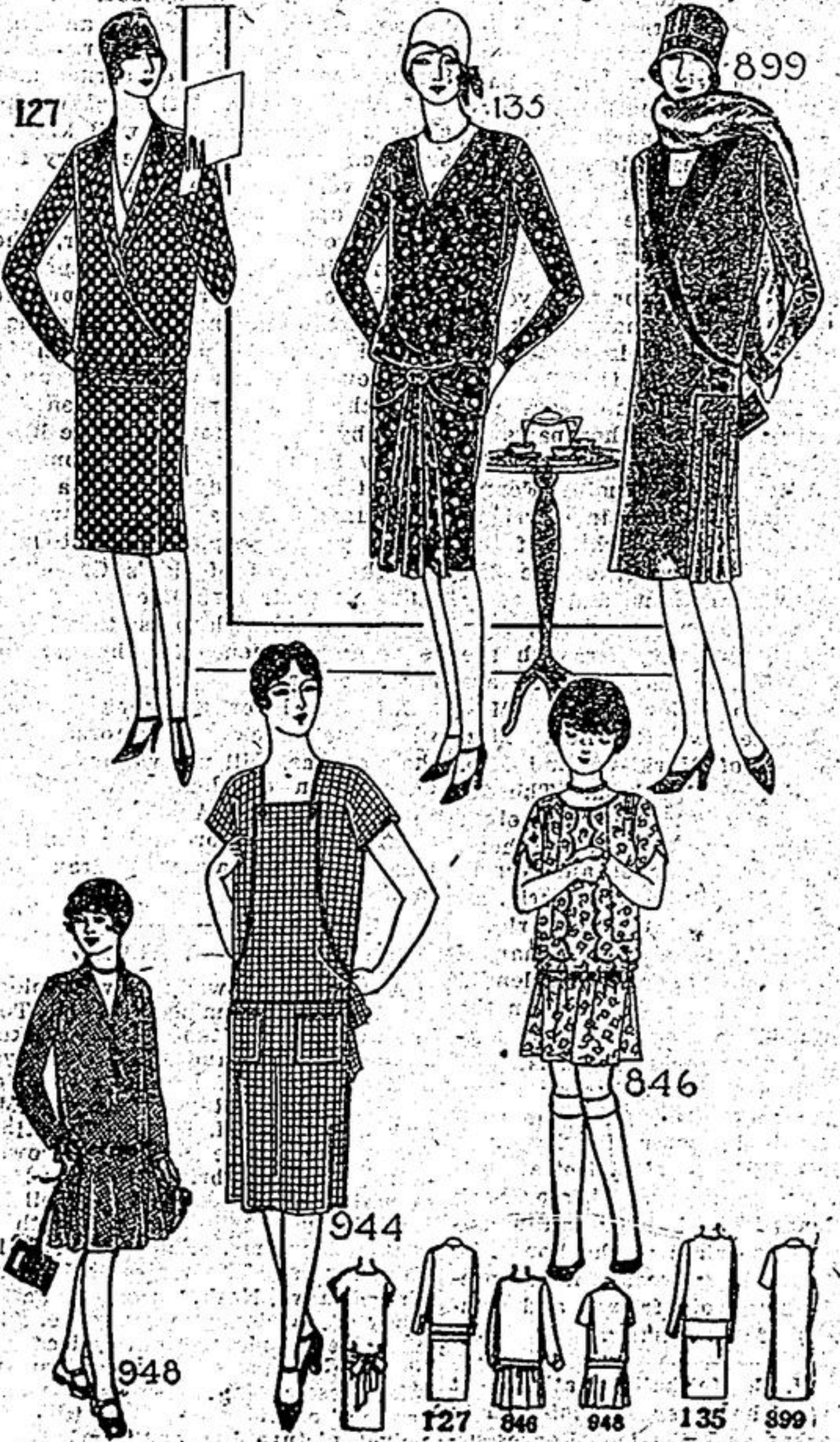
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No. 948—Important School Frock. This style is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

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