

# THE YELLOW SEVEN

## THE WISDOM OF RABAT-PILAI

BY EDMUND SNELL.  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
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### BEGIN HERE TODAY

Captain John Hewitt is Commissioner of Police at Jesselton, British North Borneo. His sister, Monica Vinc, is engaged to marry Peter Pennington, who is detailed by the government to apprehend Chai-Hung, leader of the Yellow Seven, a gang of Chinese bandits. Van Daulen rides to Jesselton with the news of the murder of Demberg, the Dutch manager at Kasih-ayer. Rabat-Pilai, chief-of-staff to Pennington, hates Chai-Hung bitterly.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Van Daulen turned to the Commissioner.  
"Captain Hewitt, I must appeal to you. I've come a long distance tonight to inform you of the seriousness of the position in our territory, not to answer absurd questions."  
"Sorry! I thought you two had possibly met before. Van Daulen, this is Pennington. He's responsible for any action taken against Chai-Hung and consequently entitled to ask what questions he chooses. Have you fixed up a room anywhere?"  
"I expect there's room for me at the Rest-House, thanks."  
"Well, drop in any time after ten tomorrow and we'll talk things over. I'm sorry about poor Demberg. Good night."

He was barely out of earshot when Hewitt swung round on Pennington.  
"Rather a blow to your theory, what?"  
"Not in the least!"  
"You'll never admit when you're wrong," persisted the Commissioner sadly.  
"And you'll never admit when I'm right. By the way, keep young Van Daulen in Jesselton as long as you can. I shall be running up to Kasih-ayer tomorrow."

Hewitt drained his glass and made off down the passageway to his room.  
"I'll do my best," he shouted back over his shoulder, "but Van Daulen's inclined to be impetuous."  
"Peter," Monica demanded when they were alone, "why do you go out of your way to quarrel?"  
"I don't."

"But you do, dear. The way you tackled that poor fellow, who'd ridden goodness knows how many miles, made me feel positively uncomfortable. He was dead beat, you know."  
"I wonder who discovered the fine metal point in the pen-holder—and decided it had been smeared with poison?"  
"You haven't been listening. I don't believe you heard a word I said."  
He drew her to him.

"Dear little woman, I've been listening most patiently, but you see it's utterly impossible for you to understand my motives. I'm a queer, jumbled-up piece of machinery, sometimes actuated by reason, sometimes by a sort of sixth sense which Nature gave to me when she presented me with Chinese eyes. That's why I'm here now, it's exactly why your brother sent for me, and it's why I sometimes talk as I do. I'm not like that with you."

"I should hope not indeed!"  
"Nor with Jack or Dawson—or even that prince of scarecrows Rabat-Pilai. Do you remember what I was saying before Van Daulen came in? Somebody at Kasih-ayer's in league with Chai-Hung—and I've got to put my finger on him and keep it there. It might be Vance; Whittaker, their chief watchman; their Tamil apothecary; it might, on the other hand, be Van Daulen. I jumped on him right away when, as you say, he was dead-beat. Why? Because at such a time he was less likely to be on his guard."  
"You've no earthly reason to suspect him."

"Except," said Pennington dreamily, "that when he stooped to put that pot of yellow paint away a corner of his tunic dipped into it!"  
Monica's brain reeled.  
"But—"  
"He came away without bothering to change. Perhaps you didn't notice, but the bottom-corners of his coat curled—and the bulk of the stain was on the under side."

"It's still purely conjecture. He might have gone right up to the sign to examine it—and brushed his jacket against it."

"He might—if he'd troubled to inspect it with a ladder. The Yellow Seven, if you remember, was painted on the side of Demberg's house—and Demberg's bungalow is built on piles ten feet or more above the ground."

She caught both sides of his coat and forced him to look at her.  
"Do be careful, Peter, for my sake."  
He ran his fingers, caressingly through her curls.

"There's no need to be anxious," he said, "for I shan't want to be so very alone. Rabat-Pilai will be hovering in the shadows. Say! have you the remotest idea what the time is?"  
She shook her head and there was a wistful look in her eyes.

"It passes so quickly when you are here—and so slowly when you're away on these wretched expeditions. Come back soon, Peter dearest; promise me you'll come back soon."  
And Peter Pennington promised.

"Evening, Van Daulen!"  
The Dutchman started, almost falling back down the steps of his own veranda. Curled in a chair, a cigaret



Van Daulen paused with one foot half off.

between his lips and a half-filled tumbler resting in the cavity in the arm, lay Chinese Pennington.  
"Oh! good evening! Thought I'd left you behind in Jesselton."  
He blundered past Pennington, found a seat and began unlacing his boots.

"Do you intend stopping here?"  
"If I may."  
"Certainly—delighted, of course. No need to offer you a drink, I see!"  
Two diagonal slits were all that was visible of the Englishman's eyes.  
"No thanks. I brought my own!"  
Van Daulen paused with one boot half drawn off—and stared hard at his guest.

"You—brought—your—own—whisky?"  
The Dutchman choked something back in his throat and discarded the boot. He was evidently ill at ease for, while endeavoring to operate the second pair of laces, he got them hopelessly knotted.

"My boy made you pretty comfortable, I hope?" he jerked out without looking up.  
"Brought my own!"  
Van Daulen sprang to his feet, a ludicrous figure in one riding-boot and a gray-sock.

"Confound it all, Pennington; this is too much of a good thing!"  
"And"—added the man with the Chinese eyes—"in case I have occasion to write anything—I've taken the additional precaution of bringing a fountain pen!"  
The Dutchman stood for some moments, clenching and unclenching his fists, then dropped heavily back on to his seat.

"If I thought for one moment you meant to imply anything by these extraordinary breaches of etiquette—I'd pitch you and your damned servant into the garden."  
Pennington moved a cushion to a more comfortable position.  
"I assume that you don't intend to take any particular precautions yourself?"  
The lace broke.

"Such as?"  
"Keeping a close watch on the cook-house, seeing that your razor isn't tampered with, setting a reliable watch on the house at night, questioning all strangers found wandering on the estate."  
"It occurs to me," retorted Van Daulen, "that if you were to leave estate affairs to those who understand them—and occupy yourself solely with the rounding up of the Yellow Seven, you'd be rendering the island a better service."

"You want me to go out and find Chai-Hung?"  
"Most certainly."  
"I prefer to wait for him here."  
"You'll have to wait a long time."  
"Do you really think that? I happen to know that Kasih-ayer is the identical spot selected by the Yellow Seven as offering a suitable stretch of coast-line to aid them in their future plans. They polished off poor Demberg; that won't help them much while Vane, Whittaker and yourself are alive."

Van Daulen crossed the floor in his socks and poured himself out a stiff helping of neat spirit.  
"Why didn't you put up at Vance's or Whittaker's?"

"Because," said Pennington sweetly, "I had a notion Chai-Hung had selected you for his next victim. I made a most interesting discovery while you were away this afternoon. I succeeded in running to earth a pot of bright yellow paint, a tin of black enamel and two brushes."

Van Daulen spun round on his heel.  
"Where?" he demanded thickly.  
"Buried a couple of feet down in a neatly boarded recess under your own house."

"Under—my—house?"  
Van Daulen leant heavily on the rail.

"May I see those brushes?" he inquired suddenly.  
"I'm afraid that's impossible. You see, I sent them down to Hewitt by a special messenger over an hour ago. They've a finger-print expert down there—and paint's a thing that can be easily rubbed off."

There followed a long period of silence during which a lithe, brown-skinned scarecrow, with an ear and eye missing and a mouth slit at either side so that its owner wore a perpetual grin, emerged from the living room and hung a lighted oil lamp on a hook above the table. The Dutchman—still leaning over the wooden rail, filling his pipe from a bag of tobacco—observed the fall of darkness without turning his head. The servant paused on his way out, stared deliberately at Pennington, reciprocated the broad wink that he received—and disappeared.

"That stuff couldn't have got under here without somebody knowing it," said Van Daulen.  
"That is my contention. Whoever was responsible for the crime had an accomplice in the house."  
The other grunted.  
"Appears to lie between my boy—and myself."  
"So I took the liberty of arresting the boy."  
"The devil you did!"  
(To be continued.)

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## Ideal Speed Track Found by Irishman

L. T. Scott Told Malcolm Campbell of Mysterious, Flawless Runway in Sahara Desert

### Racer Will Fly To Course

London.—Captain Malcolm Campbell, who gained the motor speed record on Daytona Beach in February, only to lose it in April to Ray Keech, proposes to make a long journey to a remote and desolate place in his determination to recapture the honor.

Setting out immediately in a Moth airplane for a secret spot in the middle of the Sahara, Captain Campbell will inspect what is described by its discoverer as the world's ideal speed track. If he finds that it comes up to expectations he will not hesitate about taking his Blue Bird racing car and all the necessary equipment to that out-of-the-way place.

Captain Campbell has given up the idea of making another attempt on the speed record at Daytona Beach. He aims at reaching 220 miles an hour, and he says it would be impossible to attain that speed on Daytona or any other beach.

"The slightest wind would cause sand ripples which would play havoc with a car travelling at so fast a speed," he declares.

A young Irishman, Leonard T. Scott, is the discoverer of this "world's ideal speed track," the exact location of which, for some purpose, is not being disclosed. But it is stated to be nearly 1,000 miles from the coast, beyond the Atlas Mountains, and hundreds of miles from the nearest town.

Mr. Scott, who is one of the few men who have trekked across the desert from Arax to the Niger, says that it is a great plain of sand with surface as smooth as a billiard table, except for some parts of it that are littered with tiny pebbles. Native labor, would have to be employed for a number of days to clear a course twelve miles in length by 150 feet wide.

"This plain stretches for 400 miles without even a shrub to break the monotony of the landscape," says Mr. Scott.

The place is so remote from civilization that Captain Campbell would have to transport his car, his mechanics and his supplies of gasoline and oil by motor lorries and camels over hundreds of miles of desert. Water would have to be conveyed to the spot from an oasis on the northern fringe of this vast sterile stretch of sand. This oasis would be Captain Campbell's headquarters.

Captain Campbell intends, if the preliminary survey is satisfactory, to make his attack on the speed record late in December, when, according to Mr. Scott, the temperature at midday does not exceed 100 degrees Fahrenheit and the early morning air is even chilly. The place is not windswept and the surface of the sand always smooth.

The racer says his test would be checked up by representatives from the French official motor organization. The French military authorities also would be asked to provide special patrols to protect the camp against roving bands of brigands, which overrun that part of the desert.—N.Y. Times.

Millions Killed in this War.  
Ottawa, Canada.—Another victory in the war against insect pests is claimed by the Entomological Branch of the Canadian Federal Department of Agriculture. The location of the latest victory is the prairie provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Recent official reports state that there is just now a general freedom from insect pests in Western Canada. Grasshoppers which, in former years, have done a share of damage to the crops, have been found scarce this year. The red backed cut worm which has a predilection for the sugar beet crops, grown extensively in Southern Alberta (has been smitten hip and thigh by the entomologists, who are constantly engaged in war to the death. The Bertha army worm, which feeds on western alfalfa crops, has been attacked relentlessly with a resultant casualty list totalling millions.

The scenes of battles in this war are not limited to Western Canada, but extend throughout the Dominion. There have been engagements with the peach moth, with the corn borer and with insect pests of many varieties. No quarter is given by the scientists in the fight. It is a war which the Kellogg Treaty does not affect, and one in which poisonous gases and lethal powders are used without regard to whatever objections may be laid down by the Hague or any other tribunals.

Mike was an Irish laborer earning good money in Yorkshire, and not caring to spend his money on beer, he bought a watch and guard, though he could not tell the time. It was amusing to watch his frequent glances of pride as he was wheeling the barrow. One day his workmates saw him coming on the street, and for a lark told a newcomer to ask Michael the time. "Can you tell me the time?" he asked with courtesy. Michael pulled out his watch, looked at it, then turning it round with face to the questioner, he exclaimed: "Would yer believe it?"

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Ottawa, Canada.—The record wheat harvest of Canada, aggregating more than five hundred million bushels, draws attention to the fact that agriculture is still the Dominion's leading industry, but the remarkable progress which has been made in recent years in the development of her forest, mineral, water-power, and other resources shows that Canada instead of confining her energies to a few extractive industries is making a broad-fronted advance in many fields of activity.

Ranking second to agriculture in value of products, the forest industries loom large in Canada's economic structure. The growth of pulp and paper production in recent years has been rapid and spectacular and since 1926 the Dominion has been the world's greatest newsprint producer. The erection of new mills and additions to present producers indicate that the Dominion's total will be further increased in the immediate future. The effect of expansion in this as in most of the other industries engaged in the development of the Dominion's natural resources is seen in the growth of towns and cities and in the springing up of new communities.

An increasing demand for lumber for export and a slight increase in price have brought about a general improvement in the lumber industry. The mining industry is thriving. Exploratory and prospecting operations are being carried on in practically every province of the Dominion.

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