

Lord Harry explained to Parsons that Tongs were secret societies and Tong warfare could be very disruptive. It could start no end of trouble in London. The victim seemed to belong to the Blue Dragon Tong.



Keen perception made Lord Harry fear the worst. Standing on Parsons' shoulders he peered through the window of a Chinese laundry—

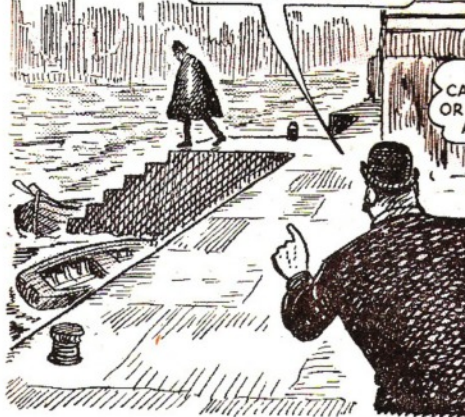


NO HONEST QUEENSBERRY RULES HERE, PARSONS. NO SIMPLE FISTICUFFS. THE BLUE DRAGON TONG IS OUT FOR REVENGE.



Then—

THERE'S THE CONSTABLE I SPOKE TO ME LORD!



BY GEORGE, WEARING A CAPE! YET IT'S NOT RAINING OR COLD. 'PON MY WORD, I'VE AN IDEA. STOP, MY MAN!

FOLLOW HIM, PARSONS! THAT'S OUR MAN, I FEEL SURE. REMEMBER THE FOOTWEAR OF THE HATCHET-MAN? BOOTS. PARSONS! POLICEMAN'S BOOTS!



BRILLIANT, ME LORD!



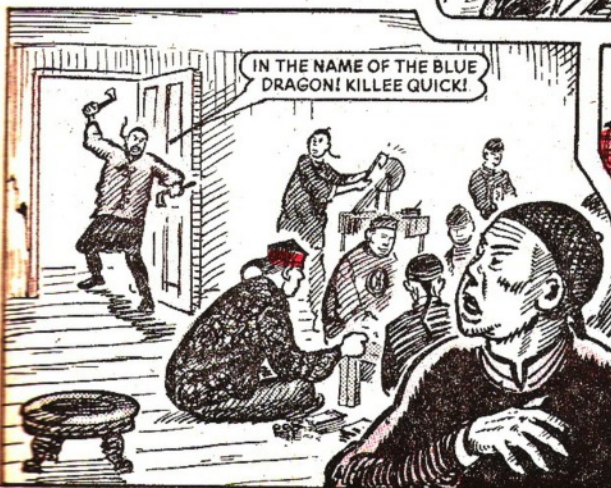
FASTER! I FANCY HE THINKS HE'S LOST US!

AHA, THE DISGUISED SCHEMER DOUBTLESS MAKES FOR THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RED DRAGON TONG. THIS TIME AN ASSASSINATION TO BE BLAMED ON THE BLUE.

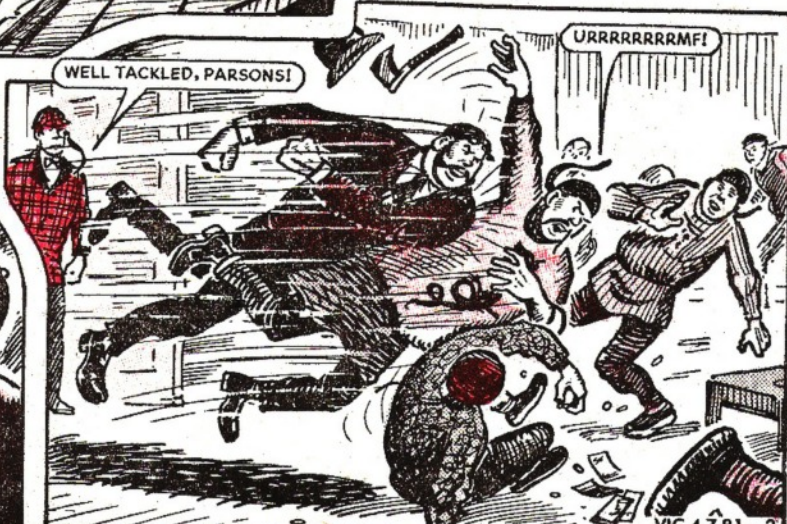


BRILLIANT, ME LORD!

LIKE TRUE ENGLISHMEN WE SHALL INTERVENE, PARSONS, PREVENT MAYHEM AND UNMASK THE SCOUNDREL. PULL, MAN, PULL!



IN THE NAME OF THE BLUE DRAGON! KILLEE QUICK!



WELL TACKLED, PARSONS!

URRRRRRRMF!