

Radio Radiations

THE world is getting wiser, due to radio.

Never before in the history of the world has knowledge been disseminated so widely and bits of information picked up so fast.

Universities have adopted the radiophone as a means of spreading their educational facilities. Lectures are being sent out daily from all parts of the country to all who care to listen in. Music, both jazz and classic, is being broadcast. Bed-time talks for children, health hints, book reviews, plays and, in fact, any subjects that lend themselves easily to broadcasting are being delivered to the people with radio sets without cost.

It is the greatest era of free learning the world has ever experienced.

Geography.

Even beyond the education spread directly through the radio microphone there are means of helping the radio fans and his friends increase their worldly knowledge. There is, for instance, geography.

Geography cannot be broadcast by radiophone because maps are needed. But radio fans have learned more of the geography of their country through the radiophone than they have ever accumulated heretofore. They know locations, they know distances, and they can tell directions of points from their own stations.

The knowledge is gained through curiosity and the instinct of contest among the fans. Thus a radio fan finds himself tuned in on a certain broadcasting station. Looking up his list he finds out where it is. Out of curiosity he takes his map and measures the distance and makes a note of it.

The record becomes a factor in his endeavor to show the highest distance covered in radio reception. This contest is going on at present in all parts of the continent. In fact, radio amateurs are trying to gain the honor of receiving messages from Europe and other continents.

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

CHAPTER II.

GUIDED by Quintana's directions, the three had made a wide detour to the east, steering by compass for the cross-roads beyond Star Pond.

In a dense growth of cedars, on a little ridge traversing wet land, Quintana halted to listen.

Sard and Sanchez, supposing him to be at their heels, continued on, pushing their way blindly through the cedars, clinging to the hard ridge in terror of sink-holes. But their progress was very slow; and they were still in sight, fighting a painful path amid the evergreens, when Quintana suddenly squatted close to the moist earth behind a juniper bush.

At first, except for the thrashing of Sard and Sanchez through the

massed obstructions ahead, there was not a sound in the woods.

But, presently, came a soft, swift rhythm like the pace of a forest creature in haste—a discreetly hurrying tread which was more a series of light earth-shocks than sound.

Quintana, kneeling on one knee, lifted his pistol. He already felt the slight vibration of the ground on the hard ridge. The cedars were moving just beyond him now. He waited until, through the parted foliage, a face appeared.

The loud report of his pistol struck Sard with the horror of paralysis. Sanchez faced about with one spring, snarling, a weapon in either hand.

In the terrible silence they could hear something heavy floundering in the bushes, choking, moaning, thudding on the ground.

Sanchez began to creep back; Sard, more dead than alive, crawled at his heels. Presently they saw Quintana, waist deep in juniper, looking down at something.

And when they drew closer they saw Georgiades lying on his back under a cedar, the whole front of his shirt from chest to belly a sopping mess of blood.

There seemed no need of explanation. The dead Greek lay there where he had not been expected, and his two pistols lay beside him where they had fallen.

Sanchez looked stealthily at Quintana, who said softly:

"Bien sure. . . . In his left side pocket, I believe."

Sanchez laid a cool hand on the dead man's heart; then, satisfied, rummaged until he found Georgiades' share of the loot.

Sard, hurriedly displaying a pair of clean but shaky hands, made the division.

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



AFTER an all-night sleep beside the treasure spot Jack rose with the sun and set to work again. He had been afraid to leave the place for fear someone would come and steal the hidden treasure while he was away.

When the three men had silently pocketed what was allotted to each, Quintana pushed curiously at the dead man with the toe of his shoe. "Peste!" he remarked. "I had a diamond in my pistol barrel. Now it is within the interior of this gentleman."

He turned to Sanchez: "I sell him to you. One sapphire. Yes?"

Sanchez shook his head with a slight sneer: "We wait—if you want your diamond, mon capitaine."

Quintana hesitated, then made a grimace and shook his head. "No," he said, "he has swallowed."

Let him digest. Alons! March!" But after they had gone on—two hundred yards, perhaps—Sanchez stopped.

"Well?" inquired Quintana. Then, with a sneer: "I now recollect that once you have been a butcher in Madrid. . . . Suit your taste, I am Sanchez."

Sard gazed at Sanchez out of sickened eyes.

"You keep away from me until you've washed yourself," he burst out, revolted. "Don't you come near me till you're clean!"

Quintana laughed and seated himself. Sanchez, with a hang-dog glance at him, turned and sneaked back on the trail they had traversed. Before he was out of sight Sard saw him fish out a Spanish knife from his hip pocket and unclasp it.

Sanchez made no effort to find them. They had been gone half an hour before he had finished the business that had turned him back.

As he stood there, examining his clothing, and washing what he could of the ominous stains from sleeve and shoe, very far away to the north he heard a curious noise—a faint sound such as he never before had heard.

If it were a voice of any sort there was nothing human about it. Probably some sort of unknown bird. . . . That was natural, considering the attraction that Georgiades would have for such creatures. . . . If it were a bird it must be a large one, he thought.

He was certain there was a certain volume to the cry. . . . Perhaps it was a beast, after all. . . . Some unknown beast of the forest. . . . Sanchez was suddenly afraid.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing he began to run along the edge of the bog.

He was tired, or thought he was, but the alarming sounds were filling his ears now; the entire forest seemed full of them, echoing in all directions, coming in upon him from everywhere, so that he knew not in which direction to run.

The next instant he fell headlong over a ledge, struck water, felt himself whirled around in the icy, rushing current, rolled over, tumbled through rapids, blinded, deafened, choked, swept helplessly in a vast green wall of water toward something that thundered in his brain an instant, then dashed it into roaring chaos.

Half a mile down the turbulent outlet of Star Pond—where a great sheet of green water pours thirty feet into the tossing foam below—and spinning, dipping, diving bobbing up like a lost dog after the drive, the body of Senor Sanchez danced all alone in the wilderness, spilling from soggy pockets diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, into crystal caves where only the shadows of slim trout stirred.

Very far away to the eastward Quintana stood listening, clutching Sard by one sleeve to silence him.

Presently he said: "My friend, somebody is hunting with houn's in this forest."

Quintana faced him abruptly—with a terrifying smile and glimmer of white teeth—and shoved a pistol into the fold of fat beneath Sard's double chin:

"You hear those dogs? Yes? Ver' well; I also. Run, now, I say to you run ver' quick. He! Hou! Allez vous en! Beat eet!"

He struck Sard a stinging blow on his fleshy ear with the pistol barrel, and Sard gave a muffled shriek which was more like the squeak of a frightened animal.

"Quintana—" he sobbed. Then Quintana's eyes blazed murder: and Sard turned and ran lumbering through the thicket like a stampeded ox, crashing on amid withered brake, white birch scrub and briar, not knowing whether he was headed, crazed with terror.

Sard could not run very far. He could scarcely stand when he pulled up and clung to the trunk of a tree.



NOT long after he turned to digging again, Jack was surprised to see men and boys coming on the scene with shovels. "Looks like everybody was going to dig here," thought Jack. And he was not far wrong.



SOON the newcomers were hard at work. Jack surely had competition now in his treasure hunt. The kind-hearted old officer who had tried to help him had unthinkingly caused a lot of new trouble. Continued.

Collars Start To Run Wild



THE new fashions for the youngest set are distinguished this season by all sorts and shapes of collars.

The neckline of a dress no longer stops at the yoke, but ends just as prettily as it pleases in the most becoming of collars.

For children there are the demure Quakerish collars, the Puritanical docus and the light, fluffy Berthas.

But greater in style than all these is the collar trimmed with fabric laced and interlaced in pretty designs.

Yet even the sheerest of collars can have a practical side, for what mother wouldn't take the opportunity to freshen up her daughter's last year dress by adding to it a collar of this year's fashion



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