BY ELTON



nad been first stolen from the
COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA by the
great international thief,
QUINTANA. Love of the now beggared countess caused

AMPER TARREST COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA by the
great international thief,
demanded Clinch unsteadily. "Gwan tell me girlio" ed countess caused

JAMES DARRAGH to trace the gem

to the disreputable "hotel" in the MIKE CLINCH, who had stolen the

jewel from Quintana. Under the name of HAL SMITH, Darragh works in Clinch's Dump, where he meets Clinch's beautiful step-daughter, EVE STRAYER, the one good influence

in the crime-spotted career of Clinch. When Quintana and his gang arrive and seek to regain their loot from Clinch, Eve is sent to hide the sowel in the "hootch cache." She is captured by Quintana, threatened captured by Quintana, threatened with torture, but escapes and is brought back to camp Ly

Sne 18 South to against you, girler.

She los against you girler.

She los against you girler.

She los keep to again the property of the property STATE TROOPER STORMONT.

Go on with the Story.
EPISODE FOUR. A Private War. CHAPTER I. WHEN State Trooper Stormont rode up to Clinch's with Eve Strayer worth that there stone-bruise on ying in his arms, Mike Clinch strode them little white feet o' yourn, Eve.

at her in silence as the men clustered "Eve," he said hoarsely, "be you The girl opened her sky blue eyes.
"I'm all right, dad—just tired. I've
got your parcel— safe."

"Did Quintana harm you?" As he carried her to the veranda the

packet fell from her cramped fingers. Clinch kicked it under a chair and con-

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"He knocked me down He went away to get fire to make me talk. cut up the blanket they gave me and made a rope. Then I went over the cliff into the big pine below. That was all, dad."

Clinch filled a tin basin and washed the girl's torn feet. When he had dried them he kissed them. She felt his un-shaven lips trembling, heard him whimper for the first time in his life.
"Why didn't you give Quintana the

packet?" he demanded. "What does that count for—what does anything count for against you, girlie?"

"It's only a little truck I'd laid by for you," he retorted unsteadily, "a few trifles for to make a grand lady of you when the time's ripe. 'Tain't worth a thorn in your little foot to me. The hull gol-dinged world full o' money ain't

ying in his arms, Mike Clinch strode out of the motley crowd around the tavern, laid his rifle against a tree, and stretched forth his powerful hands his stepchild.

"Look at you now—look at you there, all peaked an' scairt an' bleedin'—plum tuckered out, 'n' all ragged 'n' dirty!"

A blaze of fury flared in his small, "And he hit you, too, did to my little girlie, did he?"

"I don't know if it was Quintana. I don't know who he was, dad," she murnured drowsily

Clinch's iron visage twitched and uivered. He gnawed his thin lips into ain't a-leavin' you alone here. I'll git somebody to set up with you. You just lie snug and don't think about othin' till I come back.'
"Yes, dad," she sighed, closing her

Clinch stood looking at her for a with cartridge looking. The control of this coat real man, too, even if you're a state and got into a leather vest bristling trooper," growled Clinch. "G'wan up. heavily, and out to the veranda, where State Trooper Stormont still sat his saddle, talking to Hal Smith. On the porch a sullen crowd of backwords heavily, and out to the veranda, where state Trooper Stormont still sat his saddle, talking to Hal Smith. On the porch a sullen crowd of backwoods your daughter, Clinch?" he inquired. "The child was nearly all in when she events."

door, carrying his rifle. "Kind, pleasant and cosy. She ain't had no ma. You tell her to set snug and your daughter, Clinch?" he inquired. "Then you cook her a egg if she wants it. There's pie, to. I cal'late to be back by sundown."

Hal g'wan up and set with Eve a spell while she's nappin'. Take a gun."
Smith said to Stormont in a low voice: 'Do me a favor, Jack?"
"You bet." "That girl of Clinch's is in real danger

if left here alone. But I've got another job on my hands. Can you keep watch on her till I return?" "Can't you tell me a little more, "I will later. Do you mind helping me out now?"

"All right." Trooper Stormont swung out of his saddle and led his horse away toward he stable.

Hal Smith went into the bar, where Clinch stood oiling a rifle.
"I'm going after Quintana with you,

"B'gosh, you ain't! You're a-goin' to keep watch here." "No. Trooper Stormont has promised to stay with Eve. You'll need every man today, Mike. This ain't a deer drive."

Clinch let his rifle sag, across the ollow of his left arm. "Did you beef to that troe demanded in his pleasant, misleading PLEASANTLY

Do you think I'm crazy?" retorted met me out by Owl Marsh-clothes half Do you think I'm crazy. Tetor teal Smith. "They all know that some man used your girl roughly. That's all I said to him—'keep an eye on Eve until we can get back.' And I tell you, Mike. I'm get back.' And I tell you, Mike. I'm way come here to annoy her I'll keep if we drive Star Peak we won't be back.

if we drive Star Peak we won't be back till long after sundown."

Clinch growled: "I ain't never asked no favors of no state trooper—"

"He did you a favor, didn't he? He brought your daughter in."

"Yes, 'n' he'd jail us all if he got anything on us."

"Yes; and he'll shoot to kill if any of Ouintana's people come here and of Ouintana's people come here and Stormont."

an eye on her till you return."

Clinch went up to Stormont and put his powerful hands on the young fellow's shoulders.

After a moment's glaring silence:

"You look clean. I guess you be, too. I wanta tell you I'll kill any guy that lays the heft of a single finger on Eve."

"I'd so so, too, if I were you," said Stormont.

of Quintana's people come here and Stormont.

"Would ye? Well, I guess you're a



JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.

ACK knew that it would be useless to argue with JACK and Flip had often worked this trick back JACK then gave a mighty push. this surly fellow, and tried to think of a plan to home. The boy gave Flip the secret signal.



outwit him. Flip then came running up and Jack Faithful Flip remembered and at once took his place stunned him and the boy made a rush for his up again. "Sorry," said Jack, "but we're in a hurry."



sprawling over the dog's back. The fall partly



The man went QUICK as a flash, Jack was on his horse and the trio went up the road before the man could sit Continued in next chapter.

## Nut Loaf With Pimiento Sauce BY BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH.

1 cup cooked rice 2 cups soft, stale bread 1 cup English walnut meats small onion 2 tablespoons butter or bacon fat 2 cups milk

11/2 teaspoons salt 1 teaspoon paprika 14 teaspoon thyme or mixed sea-2 eggs

"Nearer morning," remarked Smith.

The latter took another rifle from

On the veranda he strode up to the

group of sullen, armed men, who re-

garded his advent in expressionless

Sid Hone was there, and Harvey

Chase, and the Hastings boys, and Cornelius Blommers.
"You fellas comin'?" inquired Clinch.
"Where?" drawled Sid Hone.

MIX rice, bread crumbs and nut meats together. Chop the onion and cook in the butter or bacon fat for five minutes; add to the crumbs rice and nuts with the salt, paprika and thyme. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and combine with the other ingredients. Turn into a buttered bread pan or buttered individual molds. Set pan or molds in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven

When ready to serve loosen the mold around the edges, invert on platter and remove from pan. Garnish with parsley and pour around the mold the following sauce:

PIMIENTO SAUCE.

3 tablespoons butter ½ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons chopped parsley ½ cup cream 3 tablespoons flour 1/8 teaspoon pepper 1 cup milk

3 canned pimientos (red peppers) Melt butter and add flour, salt and pepper. When smooth add milk and cook until thick. Add cream and pimientos which have been rubbed through a strainer or finely chopped. Bring to boiling point, add chopped pars-

"Me an' Hal Smith is cal-kalatin' to drive Star Peak. It ain't deer, There ensued a grim interval. Clinch's wintry smile began to glimmer. "Booze agents or game protectors? Which?" asked Byron Hastings. "They

both look like deer-if a man gits mad Clinch's smile became terrifying. " shell out five hundred dollars for every deer that's dropped on Star Peak to-day," he said. "And I hope there won't be no accidents and no mistakin' no strangent for a day." no strangers for a deer," he added, wagging his great square

"Them accidents is liable to happen," remarked Hone, reflectively.

After another pause: "Where's Jake inquired Smith. Nobody seemed to know.

"He was here when Mike called me into the bar," insisted Smith. "Where'd he go?" Then of a sudden Clinch recollected

the packet which he had kicked under a veranda chair. It was no longer "Any o' you fellas seen a package here on the pyaza?" demanded Clinch

harshly. 'Jake Kloon, he had somethin'," drawled Chase. "I supposed it was his lunch. Mebbe 'twas, toe." In the intense stillness Clinch glared

into one face after another.
"Boys," he said, in his softly modulated voice, "I kinda guess there's a rat amongst us. I wouldn't like for to be that there rat-no, not for a billion hundred dollars. No, I wouldn't. Becuz that there rat has bit my little girlie, Eve-like that there deer bit her un on to Star Peak. No, I wouldn't like for to be that there rat. Fer he's a-goin' to die like a rat, same's that there deer is a-goin' Stormont shrugged. "I'll stay until Kloon went?"
you show up, Clinch." "Now you speak of it," said Byron

Hastings, "seems like I noticed Jake the corner and handed it to Smith and Earl Leverett down by the woods with a loop of ammunition.

"Come on," he grunted.

"Come on," he grunted. when you asked, but I guess I seen

Clinch tossed his rifle across his left shoulder. "Rats an' deer," he said pleasantly. "Them's the articles we're looking for. Only be careful you don't mistake a man for 'em in the woods.'

SCENE OF ONE OF NEWEST USES FOR RADIO-BROKER'S OFFICE IN WALL STREET. NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The familiar class and is a very useful article.

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brokerage offices. It is eliminating broker's office, it also proves a unnecessary noise, much the same as source of entertainment for those typewriter concerns are gradually awaiting stock quotations and curbut effectively eliminating the click rent prices. of the typewriter.

And, the broker who has installed

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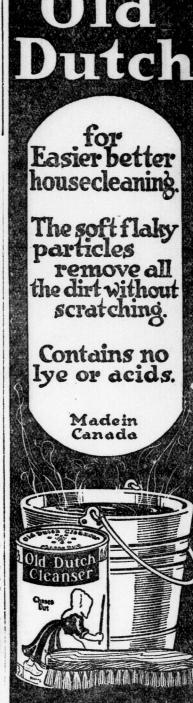
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# War On Long Skirt Edict First Move For Independence, Designer Says



BY MARIAN HALE. distinct style of dress.

This is the opinion of Jane Stan-ing rests her more than to put on a

ord Hodges, who distinguished her- long, flowing, feminine-looking garself as a designer in the New York ment. Textile High School, and has just won a scholarship at Wallcourt "Color, too, is important. I am School, to continue her work in cos- glad to see that women are giving tume designing.

and short skirt is, she believes, an- menu!"
other evidence that we are freeing Miss Hodges does not give all her ourselves from the sartorial yoke of thoughts to costumes. She also has "A few years ago women would and backgrounds.

have accepted the long skirt, just "I should like to design women's because Paris ordered it. Now they homes as well as their clothes," she don't-they are protesting, and many went on. of them will continue to wear the "I believe if designers were ever short skirt regardless of what the to make an effort to reinstate the majority may do. Short Skirt U. S. Style.

"This is because the short skirt is long skirt.
distinctly new world style adapted "Girls who have been trained to

to new world life. It would be be athletic and have never worn ridiculous for the Canadian business stays would not begin now. girl to give up such a comfortable, "After all, women are progressing. becoming style, just because worken Common sense was never so much in Paris have decided to wear lot ger the vogue as it is today.

most lovely. They have a grace and CANADIAN and American girls a suggestion of femininity a short shave cultivated distinctive personalities, now they should have a distinct style of dress.

Host lovely. They have a short skirt can never give.

"When a woman has worn a practical serge dress or suit all day, noth-

Color Important, Too. up the steady black diet and includ-The current battle between the long ing a few colors in their fashion

some very decided ideas about homes

corseted figure, Canadian women would resist it even more than the

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"For the home and for even ng not wish to exchange them for mere passing fads."

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