

The FLAMING JEWEL

by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Murder, tinged with a diabolical irony, appeared again in the history of the Flaming Jewel, that priceless gem first stolen from the COUNTESS OF ESTHONIA, by the great international thief, QUINTANA, and later stolen from Quintana by MIKE CLINCH.

In his cabin in the Adirondacks, Clinch was guarding the jewel against the open enmity of Quintana and the secret motive of JAMES DARRAGH, who, out of love for the countess, had sworn to restore the gem. Darragh is at Clinch's camp under the name of HAL SMITH, when Quintana captures EVE STRAYER, Clinch's beautiful step-daughter.

Eve escapes from Quintana after risking her life guarding a packet which she thought contained the Flaming Jewel, but which held nothing but two bars of chocolate. This false packet was seized by Quintana from EARL LEVERETT, a trap-thief, and Quintana in turn was robbed by Hal Smith. Clinch and his men have gone out to wipe out Quintana's gang.

Go On With the Story.

EPISODE SIX.

CHAPTER I.

MIKE CLINCH and his men "drove" Star Peak, and drew a blanket covert.

There was a new shanty atop, camp debris, plenty of signs of recent occupation everywhere—hot embers in which still smoldered, bottles odorless of claret, and an aluminum culinary outfit, unwashed, as though Quintana and his men had departed in haste.

Far in the still valley below, Mike Clinch squatted beside the runway he had chosen, a cocked rifle across his knees.

And, as Clinch squatted there, murderously intent, ever the fixed obsession burned in his fever brain, stirring his thin lips to incessant muttering—a sort of soundless invocation, part chronicle, part prayer: "O God, in your big, swell mansion up there, all has went contrary with me sense you let that there millionaire Harrod, come into this here forest. . . He went and built up hisself an habitation, and he put up a wall of law all around me where I was earnin' a lawful livin' in 'Thy nice, clean wilderness. . . And now comes this here Quintana and robs my girlie. . . I promised her mother I'd make a lady of her little Eve. . . I loved my wife. . . Once she showed me a piece in the Bible—I ain't 'And the woman she fled into the wilderness where there was a place prepared for her of God.' . . That's what you wrote into your own Bible, O God! You can't go back on it. I see it."

"And now I want to ask, What place did you prepare for my Eve? What spot have you reference to? You didn't mean my 'Dump,' did you? Why, Lord, that ain't no place

for no lady. . . And now Quintana has went and robbed me of what I'd saved up for Eve. . . Does that go with Thee, O Lord? No, it don't. And it don't go with me, neither. I'm a-goin' to git Quintana. Then I'm a-goin' to git them two minks that robbed my girlie—I am! . . . Jake Kloon, he done it in cahoots with Earl Leverett, and Quintana set 'em on."

A far crash in the forest stilled his twitching lips and stiffened every iron muscle.

As he lifted his rifle, Sid Hone came into the glade.

"Yahoo! Yahoo!" he called.

"Where be you, Mike?"

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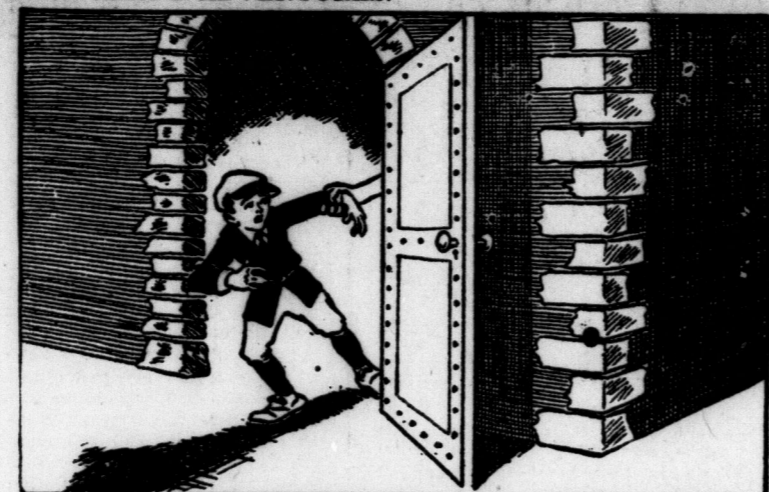
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JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES.



AFTER his two captors had shown him the huge tower, Jack was dragged inside. "Notice the strong doors this place has," said one of the men. "It is practically impossible for a person to escape from a place like this."

"All right. What next?"

"Then," continued Clinch. "I call-late to set down and wait."

"How long?"

"I don't know. All I know is that whatever is livin' in Drowned Valley at this hour has gotta live and die there. For it can't never live to come outen that there morass walkin' onto two legs like a real man."

CHAPTER II.

CLINCH had not taken a dozen strides before Hal Smith loomed up ahead in the rosy dusk, driving in Leverett before him.

An exclamation of fierce exultation burst from Clinch's thin lips as he flung out one arm, indicating Smith and his slinking prisoner.

"Who was that catamount that suspicious Hal? I wasn't worried none, neither. Hal's a gent, Mebbe he sticks up folks, too, but he's a gent. And gents is honest, or they ain't gents."

Smith came up at his easy, tireless gait, hustling Leverett along with prods from gun-butt or muzzle, as came handiest.

The prisoner turned a ghastly visage on Clinch, who ignored him.

"Got my packet, Hal?" he demanded.

Smith spoke Leverett with his rifle: "Tune up," he said, "tell Clinch your story."

"Jake done it," muttered Leverett, thickly.

"Done what?"

"Stole that there packet o' yours—whatever there was into it."

"Who put him up to it?"

"A fella called Quintana."

"What was there in it for Jake?"

Inquired Clinch pleasantly.

"Ten thousand."

"How about you?"

"I told 'em I wouldn't touch it. Then, they pulled their guns on me, and I was scared to equal."

"So that was the way?" asked Clinch in his even, reassuring voice.

Leverett's eyes traveled stealthily around the circle of men, then reverted to Clinch.

"I darsn't touch it," he said, "but I darsn't squeal. I was huntin' onto Drowned Valley when Jake meets up with me."

"I got the packet," he sez, 'and I'm a-goin' to double cross Quintana, I am, and beat it. Don't you wish you was whacks with me?'"

"No," sez I, 'honesty is my policy no matter what they tell about me. S'help me, I ain't never robbed no trap and I ain't no skin thief, whatever lies folks tell. All I ever done was run a little hooch, same's everybody."

"He licked his lips furtively, his cold, bright eyes fastened on Clinch.

"G'wan, Earl," nodded the latter, "heave her up."

"That's all," I sez, 'Goodby, Jake. An' if you heed my warnin'—I'll gotten gains ain't a-goin' to prosper nobody.' That's what I said to Jake Kloon, the last solemn words I spoke to that there man now in his bloody grave."

"He demanded Clinch.

"That's where Jake is," repeated Leverett. "Why, so help me, I want gone ten yards when bang goes a gun, and I see this here Quintana come outen the bush. I do, and walk up to Jake, and frisk him, and Jake still a-kickin' the moss to silvers. Yessir, that's what I seen."

"G'wan."

"Yessir. . . N'then Quintana, he shoved Jake into a sink-hole. Thas-wot I seen with my two eyes. Yessir. N'then Quintana he run off, I jist set down in the trail. I did: n'then Hal come up and acted like I had stole your packet."

The dusk in the forest had deepened so that the men's faces had become mere blotches of gray.

Smith said to Clinch: "That's his story, Mike. But I preferred he should tell it to you himself, so I brought him along. . . Did you drive Star Peak?"

"There wa'n't nothin' onto it," said Clinch, very softly. Then, of a sudden, his shadowy visage became contorted and he jerked up his rifle and threw a cartridge into the magazine.

"You dirty louse!" he roared at Leverett, "you was into this, too, a-robbin' my little Eve!"

"Run!" yelled somebody, giving Leverett a violent shove into the woods.

In the darkness and confusion, Clinch shouldered his way out of the circle and fired at the crackling noise that marked Leverett's course—fired again, lower, and again as a distant crash revealed the frenzied flight of the trap-robbler. After he had fired a fourth shot, somebody struck up his rifle.

"Aw," said Jim Hastings, "that ain't no good. You act up like a kid, Mike. Tain't no far to Ghost Lake, n'then Troopers might hear you."

"After a silence, Clinch spoke, his voice heavy with reaction.

"Into that there packet is my little girl's dower. It's all I got to give her. It's all she's got to make her a lady. I'll kill any man that robs her or that helps rob her."

"N'these fellas are a-goin' with me. N' I want you should go back to my Dump and look after my girlie while I'm gone."

"All right," said Smith, briefly. He added: "Look out for sinkholes, Mike."

Clinch tossed his heavy rifle to his shoulder. "Let's go," he said in his pleasant, misleading way: "—and I'll shoot any fella that don't show up at roll call."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)



THEN Jack was led upstairs to the multimillionaire's room. "It looks like you are in for it," said one of the men to Jack. "Old Man Ogrs has no use for people who come snooping around on his property."

Hair to Be Worn Straight This Autumn



HAIR, SHORT, AND UNCURLED, IS THE LATEST

DOROTHY DALTON ADOPTS THE NEW STRAIGHT BOBBED MODE

HAIR DRAWN TIGHTLY BACK NEW MODE FOR LONG HAIR

THERE has been much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the bobbed heads of the land. And much too much flourishing and waving of the curling irons. And burnt-up hair, and coarsened locks, dried by the permanent-ruining of the hair.

One had to have short, curly hair—because everybody had to have short, curly hair. And the funny part was, no one ever had short hair and curly hair together at the same time and the right time. The coiffure was full and fluffy and round when one had no place to go, and when one had some place to go, with a beau, one's hair looked like Sam Hill. Fresh curls, the weekly shampoo, and the Special Date never seemed to synchronize.

Life was becoming too complicated. Something had to be done to save the heads of the fair. They couldn't get along with bobbed hair, and they wouldn't give it up.

And now the solution; it's all very simple. Nobody's going to curl the hair. They're going to leave it straight. They are going to depend on the natural gloss of a well-groomed head for the standard of chic and beauty. Of course, all the hair-dressers will be furious, but no doubt they will bear up under the blow.

The new coiffure for bobbed hair is the straight bob. It is very pleasing, and follows the lines of the head in a manner that is undeniably artistic. It will turn out at the ends naturally and smartly in most cases, as the short-bob, natural head-dressing does the photo above. The picture shows Dorothy Dalton, the Paramount motion picture star, in "The Siren Call," an Irvin Willat production, doing her hair in this newest and smartest bobbed mode. She is one of the first screen stars to adopt this sensible

and attractive dressing sponsored by Paris.

Paris, for the long haired, designs the slick-back mode of wearing the hair, as shown in one of the sketches above. Dips and stray wisps of hair plastered cunningly and artfully against the cheek, are an added attraction. The hair is drawn back very tightly, and knotted low at the back—near the nape of the neck. This knotting of the hair there, gives a picturesque profile absent from the hair dressing modes for many years. It is pleasing and favorable to many women, and it is surprising it has not come back before.

Brilliantine is also a part of this long-haired, shining, seal-like coiffure. But the shine of brilliantine never has the charm and refinement of the natural gloss of the well-cared-for, well-groomed, head of hair.

WHISTLE BETWEEN ACTS. Broadcasting station WGY at Schenectady, N. Y., has adopted a novel way to keep amateurs tuned in on their programs. Between numbers, in the intervals of quiet, a whistling note is sent out so that the members of the radio audience may know their sets are still in tune. Otherwise some may begin to fuss with the knobs and lose contact with the broadcasting station.

There is only one private broadcasting station in the whole country, says Davis, and that transmits only market and exchange quotations. It is sent from Berlin to subscribers who pay from 1,000 to 7,500 marks a month for the service.

All radio communication is under the control of the federal postoffice department, which operates the commercial stations and makes private installations. The license fee for such installation runs up to 2,000 marks a year. That, beside the cost of actual installation.

Subscribers to the private broadcasting station, who do not care to build their own sets, may rent one from the postoffice department at a monthly cost of 2,500 marks.

INTERNATIONAL TALK. The American Radio Relay League is examining the possibilities of an international artificial language for official adoption by amateurs in international communication. The two most popular forms of universal speech are Esperanto and Ido. Amateurs favor Ido above Esperanto, because of its greater adaptation to the semi-technical conversation of amateur radio.

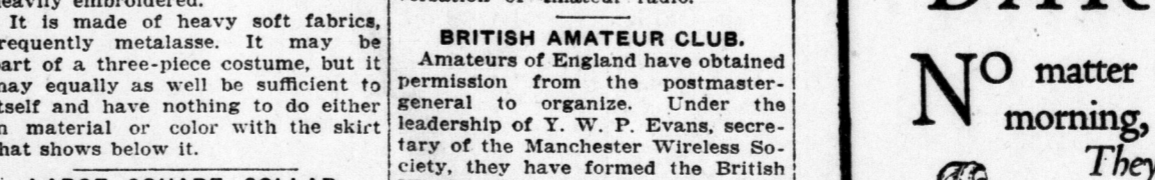
BRITISH AMATEUR CLUB. Amateurs of England have obtained permission from the postmaster-general to organize. Under the leadership of Y. W. P. Evans, secretary of the Manchester Wireless Society, they have formed the British Wireless Relay League, similar to the American Radio Relay League.

HELP TO FARMERS. Radio may be a means of helping the farmer keep his hired man and other servants down on the farm. Large corporations are adopting this method to provide entertainment to their employees in isolated places.

SWIM MEET BY RADIO. A swimming meet conducted by radio is one of the possibilities suggested by a Buffalo athletic organization. It has proposed to the American Radio Relay League that they combine in promoting a long-distance swimming meet with a Hawaiian swimming club.

MOON AFFECTS RADIO. Officers of the small American fleet in the Adriatic have concluded the moon affects wireless transmission and reception. They report they noticed that on each change of the moon there was an appreciable change in the degree of atmospheric interference.

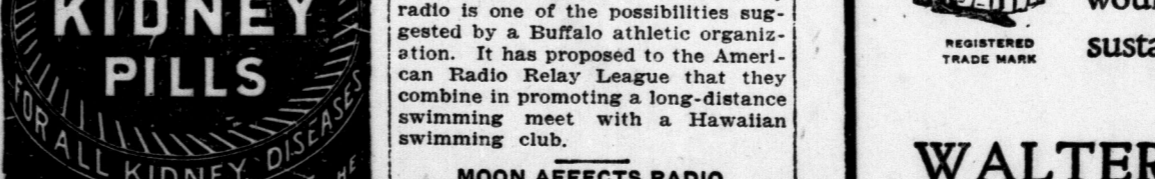
Short Coat Makes Appearance



LIKE all fashions, a bad penny, and the cat—the short coat has come back. Not quite as it was before, perhaps, but so much the better. It is a bloused short coat now and has a tight band about the hips. It has a high collar which is frequently covered with fur and it has wide sleeves, also fur-edged. It is often heavily embroidered.

It is made of heavy soft fabrics, frequently metalasse. It may be part of a three-piece costume, but it may equally as well be sufficient to itself and have nothing to do either in material or color with the skirt that shows below it.

LARGE SQUARE COLLAR. The very wide, square collar is seen competing with the large, round Bertha. Since this has the tendency to give a wide shoulder line, it is recommended only for the slender girl.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, SORES, WOUNDS, FROSTBITE, CHILBLAINS, ETC.

4087 THE PRO



BY ELTON

AT last Jack was ushered in to face the old landowner. Then his captors explained that the boy had been trespassing. "Take him up to the tower and give him nothing but bread and water," shouted Old Man Ogrs. Continued.

PORK CAKE

THIS is a cake which used to be very popular. It keeps indefinitely, and is a good cake for housekeepers to make, if they have good pork. This recipe makes three medium-sized loaves.

2 cups finely chopped clear fat 2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups boiling water 1 cup molasses
1 cup seeded raisins 6 cups flour
1 cup currants 1 tablespoon soda
1/2 pound citron 1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon cloves

Pour boiling water over the pork and let stand until cool. Then add sugar, molasses and fruit. Mix flour with soda and spices, and beat thoroughly into the other mixture. Bake two hours slowly.

Five o'Clock Magic Hour For Modes This Season

At this time of the year it's five o'clock that's the witching hour for women. Gathering in the smart hotels and tea shops one may see all the newest styles for fall in all the newest fabrics and trimmings.

Chiffon is very good just now—ac-cordian pleated or embroidered and beaded. Chiffon velvet is extremely smart, especially if it be embroidered in silver.

Laces of all kinds are worn. Other match or harmonize.

frocks of crepe Roma or similar stuffs are quite tailored with only a jeweled buckle at the waist for ornament.

Brown is the color of the season and frequently in combination tan. Among the velvets black preferred shade and many blues are worn.

Great emphasis is being put on the careful matching of colors costume—shoes, hat, gloves stockings, as well as jewelry.

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