

The Mystery of the Red Flame

By GEORGE BARTON
Author of "The World's Greatest Military Spies and Secret Service Agents"

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THIS STARTS THE STORY
Hugh Garland, of the United States customs service, is assigned to discover the whereabouts of a red diamond smuggled into the country on the steamship Don Pedro. He accepts a position as assistant to Colonel Wharton, a collector of antiquities and gems. A visit to Doctor Henderson, a neighbor, starts a conversation about diamonds and the colored displays of the South. Garland has reason to believe the diamond was stolen before it was smuggled. Broomey, Ternos, Garland's chief, arrests Johnson, steward on the Don Pedro, and Hartley Glazier, a diamond dealer. Among Glazier's effects they discover a number of \$100 bills which are identified as having been drawn from the bank by the colored man. An anonymous note warns Broomey, Ternos and Frings, of an attempt to be made to steal the diamond. Garland suspects Glazier of having written it and seizes a copy of his handwriting.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

BARNES held the note in one hand and the anonymous letter in the other and compared them very carefully. Finally he said:
"On the face of it I would say that these letters were written by different persons, but I want to have a specimen with our handwriting expert, and after that I'll be able to give you a definite opinion on the subject."
He left the room and I devoted myself to writing a note to my mother which had been neglected during my absence at Hedgewater House. It must have been an hour later when Barnes returned in company with a little old man with sparse gray hair and a fringe of beard under his chin—a perfect reproduction of what Horace Greeley must have looked like in the latter days of his life. The investigator motioned in the direction of the door and said:
"You know Phillips—our handwriting expert."
I nodded.

Barnes beamed upon him in his most benevolent manner, and assumed the air of a manager showing off his pet performer.
"Phillips," continued the detective, "my young friend, here what you make out of these letters."
The expert, thus addressed, adjusted his spectacles and cleared his throat.
"I find," he said, pointing to the first letter, "that this letter is written in an assumed hand. The writer has attempted to disguise his usual style."
"But the two letters," I interrupted impatiently, "are they written by the same person?"
He bowed assent.

"They are written by the same person."
"How do you know?"
"There are three things which lead me to this conclusion," he said. "The first is that the shading on the tails of certain letters is almost identical. When the writer has occasion to write in an assumed hand, he invariably leans heavily on his pen or his pencil, and you notice an unusual shading."
"This is characteristic of all these letters," I remarked.

"The second thing is the writer's method of connecting certain of his words. This is a habit quite common with telegraphers or those who receive a great deal of work under great pressure. It occurs several times in each of these letters."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY
"The Hidden Magician"

"Billy disguised as Oo-la-la, takes Peggy on a magical trip to India. They meet Sheeba, who thinks that Ramda-Kin, a cruel Hindu, is her father. It is revealed that Ramda-Kin is her real name, and that she has been stolen from home by Ramda-Kin. When a caravan of elephants appears, Ramda-Kin and Sheeba are freed. Oo-la-la and Peggy climb a tree to hide themselves."

The Elephant's Curiosity

PEGGY and Oo-la-la, hidden among the large leaves of the palm tree, gazed eagerly down the wide road. Through the heavy dust elephants were surging forward—dozens of elephants, tall elephants, short elephants, fat elephants, lean elephants.

"On the head of each elephant sat a driver, and on the back of each elephant was a glittering howdah or a load of baggage."
"I never saw so many elephants in a circus parade," whispered Peggy to Oo-la-la.

"They say you can tell how big a circus is by the number of elephants it really has," replied Oo-la-la. "If this is a circus it surely is a monster."
"It must be a circus. Don't you hear the music?" said Peggy, as the steady beat of tom-toms and drums came to their ears.

"That isn't regular circus music, and I'm sure that parade isn't a circus parade. It is some mighty prince of India traveling with his train of attendants," declared Oo-la-la.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were Sheeba's father really coming to look for her?" whispered Peggy. "But, Billy—h-h-h-h!" interrupted her companion, putting a brown hand over her lips. "In India I am Oo-la-la, the magician. Do not forget that for a moment. And it would be better if you were a brown pig, too. We cannot tell what the Hindus would do to two white people."

"Under his flowing robe, Oo-la-la took out a tiny box of brown ointment. This he quickly spread upon Peggy's face, neck, arms and hands. Then he held up a little mirror in front of her, and she gazed with surprise to find her face suddenly changed from an American girl into a chocolate-colored Hindu."

But Peggy didn't have any time to marvel over this transformation. No sooner had Oo-la-la finished his work than there was a thud of heavy feet beneath them and the trees shivered. One look downward showed them the cause of the thud. A crowd of elephants, passing beneath, had just then the sharp, clear call of a bugle rang out and the caravan halted.

"The elephant in the lead sank to his knees, and from the howdah, a Hindu Indian who looked down from a howdah all decked in gold and jewels."
"Most noble Rajah Mir-Babu, here is the well of which my spies have brought report. Here it is that the magician and his attendants have been going through their tricks."
"You have done well to guide us here, Singh-Madu," replied Rajah Mir-Babu. "If we find my lost daughter rich and honors shall be yours. If we fail, woe to you and to all your spies; woe, also, to all magicians."

Now the whole train dismounted from the elephants and quickly camp was pitched beside the well.
"Oo-la-la looked at Peggy in dismay."
"We are in for it now," he whispered. "They are camping for the night, and we can't escape until it grows pitch dark. Did you hear him say 'Woe to all magicians'?" Peggy nodded. Then she suddenly grasped Oo-la-la by the hand. He followed her look. Two sharp eyes were looking up at them through the leaves. A great brown arm was slowly stretching toward them. The eyes were those of the Rajah's giant elephant. The arm was the elephant's trunk.

"(Tomorrow will be told how Oo-la-la meets Rajah Mir-Babu.)"

DOROTHY DARNIT—That Reminds Her



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I would soon have the opportunity of talking with her, and in her state of mind it was quite possible that she might tell me something of importance. How important it would be did not even dawn on me at the time.

While this was going through my mind there came a timid knock at the office door and the girl was announced. Her appearance was pitiable. She was dressed in a shabby, faded dress and her hair was matted and disheveled and her tear-stained face was enough to melt the heart of the sternest official. It was evident that she must be handled gently and that was the line of procedure upon which I immediately determined. I bade her to be seated, patting her on the back and asked what I could do for her.

"Oh, Mr. Garland," she cried excitedly. "I've got something I've got to tell you right away. I can't keep it any longer; I must tell it or it will kill me."
"There, there," I said, kindly, "don't excite yourself. Go ahead and tell me anything you wish."
She glanced up with a half-hunted and half-defiant look on her face. Her gaze fell on Broomey Barnes.

"I want to tell you something that I don't want to tell anyone else," she said. "I know that you will keep it secret, and I know that you will help me. I have a letter from a man who says that he has the diamond. I want to know if it is the same diamond that was stolen from the bank."
"I will do my best to help you," I said. "But I must know the name of the man who has the diamond."
"His name is Jimmie. He lives in the city. He has a letter from a man who says that he has the diamond. I want to know if it is the same diamond that was stolen from the bank."

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Amey was sobbing now, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. She hung her head and seemed unable to speak. I was afraid my agitation might check her resolution and I hastened to assure her that she could have confidence in me.

"I hate to tell you the rest of it," she sobbed. "I'm so ashamed of myself."
"Never mind—go right on," I said.

"Well," she said, mastering her emotion. "My first thought was to run upstairs and give the diamond to Miss Dora. But the more I looked at the thing the harder it was to part with it. It felt as if it were burning my hand. Honestly Mr. Garland, that horrible thing acted like magic on me. I must have stood out there in the moonlight for half an hour trying to decide what to do. At last I gave way to the temptation."

"Miss Dora was sure it was stolen and I know she would never hear that the thief had dropped it in the grass. So I says to myself: Why shouldn't I drop the diamond in my lap, as the sayings goes. I thought of how rich the Whartons was and how poor I was, and that settled the business."

"I never thought when I made up my mind to steal the diamond that it was going to be the start of my troubles. The first question was what was I to do with it. I know it was worth a lot of money, but I didn't know how much. What could I do with it? I couldn't carry it around in my pocket. It seemed to be blazing—it was that red and shiny. I couldn't put it in my room. Some one might find it there. Then I might be arrested for stealing. I thought and thought and finally I know'd what to do. It seemed simple and safe. I made up my mind to bury it."

"An' that's what I done with it. I found a place on the side of the summer house and I shoveled and dug a hole three feet deep."
"My, but I had the shivers while I was workin' there in the moonlight! The diamond was bare. I don't know what came of the case. Maybe the first thing I was lister in at my keyhole she slipped out of the case when he

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PERPETUAL CALENDARS? NEVER, SAY ASTRONOMERS

Scientists Here Bejittle Story of Discovery by Italian Priest. 365.242222 Plus Days in Year, That's the Reason

Perpetual calendars are just as scarce under these parts as perpetual motion machines.

And it's all because there are 365.242222 plus days in the year.

Perpetual calendars are likely to continue to be scarce, according to Drs. Eric Duellittle and Samuel G. Barton, of the department of astronomy of the University of Pennsylvania.

In spite of the fact that dispatches from Rome bring word that a certain Rev. Francesco Scattigna, of Locorotondo, in the province of Bari, claims to have discovered the "perpetual calendar," which has baffled scientists for centuries, Doctors Duellittle and Barton maintain that purely physical reasons make it impossible to devise a calendar that will check off days forever without any adjustment at frequent intervals.

"There are a number of so-called perpetual calendars on the market today," said Doctor Duellittle. "But they require adjustment in order to bring them up to date. They may run for a hundred or a thousand years, but they are not perpetual."

"And the reason is this: There are an indivisible number of days in a year. It is a decimal number that is indivisible. Instead of the 365 days in the year as is popularly believed, there are 365.242222 plus days, with all the attendant complications of an unequal number of weeks in a month, leap year and the like."

"You can't possibly divide 365.24 into an equal number," said Doctor Barton. "You can't divide the seven days of the week into it so as to get an equal number of weeks. Consequently you have one year beginning on a Monday and the next beginning on a Tuesday. And that's the pons asinorum for the calendar makers. If there were 364 days in a year, or any other number divisible by seven, the job would be easy."

Scattigna's calendar consists of two discs, one superimposed upon the other. By turning the discs the correct day, week and month and year may be obtained. If the claim of the inventor is confirmed it will disprove the prediction of the great astronomer, Herschel, that a perpetual calendar never could be devised.

From a business netting approximately \$100 a month to one bringing in more than \$20,000 a year within three years is the remarkable achievement of Mrs. Carl M. Crow, of Shanghai, China, who is spending a few days in this city.

In her room in the Adelphia Hotel is a large and expensive collection of Chinese fancy goods embracing the types of coats worn by Chinese and Manchurian peoples during the past 200 years, quantities of luxurious silks, embroidered draperies and other Chinese goods, all of which were manufactured by herself in her factory in Shanghai.

Mrs. Crow is the wife of Carl M. Crow, a representative of the committee on public information in charge of American propaganda in China, and former editor of the first American newspaper in China, the China Press. Mrs. Crow has made a study of the Chinese and American trade for a number of years and understands the market thoroughly.

"When I started in business about three years ago," said Mrs. Crow, "I had fifteen men under me—needle-workers and embroiderers. Now I have more than 40,000 men as needle-workers and more than 150,000 embroiderers at a minute's notice."

"It is our intention to introduce a line of Chinese goods into America which will compete with the best made over here. We can do it because of the extreme low wages paid here. Our labor will work for. We pay them forty-five cents a day and there isn't a happier lot in the world today."

Speakers at the services were the Rev. Charles Gordon, a former army chaplain, the Rev. C. H. Dickens, chaplain at the navy yard, and Rabbi Samuel Freedman. Names of the hero dead were read and taps blown after Chaplain Dickens made his address.

Men from the Twenty-fourth ward who lost their lives during the war were honored yesterday afternoon when Post No. 61, American Legion, composed of veterans from the war, held memorial services. The services, presided by a parade, were held in the Leader Theatre, Forty-first street and Lancaster avenue.

Services Held for Slain 24th Ward Service Men

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