



Morning

Boys and Girls

Register



THE SACRED RUBY OF THE IKKANS

By JACK GIHON

Author of "The Head Hunters of San Blas," Etc.

SYNOPSIS

Rob Ransom and Jimmie Bryson, boys of fourteen, with the latter's father, James Bryson, a wealthy civil engineer, are on board the schooner-*Yacht Nancy*, sailing for Colon, when they run into a hurricane which blows them off their course. The captain of the vessel decides to put in for repairs at Kirkbride's Island, once the stronghold of a pirate and now inhabited only by Indians. The boys decide to hunt for pirate gold, and going ashore, meet a native who gives them directions for reaching Kirkbride's old home, high on a cliff. They go to it, and behind a loose stone in the fireplace, discover a paper telling where Kirkbride's chest is buried. As they prepare to dig for it, they see the Indian who had given them the directions, watching them.

INSTALLMENT III

Kirkbride's Chest

HAD the Indian been watching them when they discovered the scrap of paper in the fireplace? The thought struck Jimmie and Bob simultaneously. Instinctively Jimmie shoved the piece of paper in his pocket as the native, now smiling, advanced through the doorway. There was a moment of dread for both of them. Had the Indian, believing that they held the secret of Kirkbride's buried treasure, lured them to this secluded spot where he might wrest their secret from them?

Still smiling, the native walked across the room until he confronted them. "You find him paper?" he queried in his difficult broken English. It was on the tip of Jimmie's tongue to deny it, but something, the Indian's wily ways, perhaps, told him that the man had been watching when they made their discovery. He decided to act boldly. "Yes," he said, "I found the paper. But it belongs to us." "All right, all right," the Indian answered. "You find paper, you keep him. Maybe you find Senor Kirkbride treasure—eh? All right, all right, you find him, you keep him. I help you dig—eh?" The Indian's alacrity to agree with them surprised Jimmie and Bob. If he had been interested

in interested in their activities, Jimmie explained to him what they wanted him to do and he agreed at once. They were surprised, however, to learn that his march took him to the near side of the boulder, instead of to the far side, where they had noticed the mound.

"I'll be switched if I know what to do," said Jimmie. "I don't want to dig the whole cliff away." "Let's tell you what," said Bob. "Let's trust to luck. Throw up a coin—if it's heads, we'll dig where that mound is; if it's tails, we'll start where the Indian marched." Jimmie fished in his pocket and spun a coin into the air. It fell to the ground and both boys leaped over eagerly to read what luck had decided for them.

"Heads—that means we dig through the mound," cried Bob. "Let's get to work!" Both boys seized their picks and shovels and in a jiffy they had turned up the sod and commenced digging on a hole about six feet square. After they had broken the surface crust they came to a soft, sandy soil that proved easy work for them.

They had hardly gotten two feet down when Bob's pick struck something hard. "I've got it," he cried. "I've got it—at least I've struck something." The boys centered their activities on the spot, and in a few seconds

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER 1925

December 1925

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

BIRTH OF CHRIST
DECEMBER 25

NEW YEARS EVE
DECEMBER 31

CICERO
ROMAN
109 B.C.

PILGRIMS DEPART
LEAVE MAYFLOWER
TO LIME AT
PLYMOUTH MASS
1620

INNOCENTS DAY
DECEMBER 28

The Art of Making Fire

By RAMON COFFMAN

AFTER Stone Age men discovered fire in a burning forest or elsewhere, they are believed to have carried away embers and to have made bonfires near their caves. If the bonfire near a cave went out, there were no matches with which to light a new one. It was necessary to visit another cave and obtain a burning stick. For that reason, tribes must have taken great pains to keep at least one fire going at all times.

If a tribe lost its fire, a serious problem arose. Forests are not set afire by lightning every week or month in a given region. Even years might pass before a Stone Age tribe could obtain embers from a burning forest. The only thing then left to do was to borrow a light from some other tribe.

At some time in their history, Stone Age men decided to find a way of making fire for themselves, or the knowledge may have come by accident. If you rub your hands together they become warm. Some Stone Age men learned to rub wood against wood and by that means fire was produced.

SCHOOL YELLS

Nipps, nippa, not nipps.
Hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss.
Ham-bun, ham-bun,
Sis, boom, baah!
Jennis, Jennie,
Rah, rah, rakk!
—Jenniss High School
New Orleans, La.

With a voo, with a voo,
With a voo, voo, voo, voo,
It's just as plain as plain can
We've got old (opponent) names
a tree!
With a voo, voo, voo,
And a voo, voo, voo, voo,
One-a-zipper, two-a-zipper
Three-a-zipper, zipp!
—Morcauville, Morcauville, Cal!
See!
Arms are all brass, face all
Hustle up, hustle up, best we
can!
Yea, Morcauville!
—Morcauville High School
Morcauville, La.

THAT IS GOOD
Bob: "Is he a good artist?"
Betty: "I should say he is."
Why, the other day he drew a
so natural that when he threw
in the wastebasket, it laid there
flat!

RUTH IS COOKING FOR
CAMP TODAY—
WHAT IS SHE HAVING
TO EAT?
HUDSON BAY
TAY
POE'S TALKS

HOW IT WORKS
"It's a child's impression, try
the old-fashioned punishment of
him stand in a corner with
face to the wall and he'll be
apologetic."—Jane Hibben Sharp,
to Parent-Teachers Association.
We read this advice from a
parent,
And thought she was
right.
We decided, moreover, that
the worst
We'd settle the question
Possewing a child who is
snappy
Or anciently snippy at best
We said to ourselves we'd be
fectly happy
To give it a clinical test.
We said, here's a lad who
is thicker
Than those who are passing
gray,
Because he is rather
quicker
In vulgar and vain
We said, we've been
less and easy.
We've spoiled this
kid.
He's headed for
princely greatness
He's due for one
That evening it happened. In
ing his cup, he
Splashed tea in his
eye.
When we ventured
pertinent puppy
Came back with a
We rose up, resolved that
tears-come
Should weep for his
crack.
"Go stand in a corner!"
"Go sit," he replied, "on a
chair."

What's the Matter?



Answer will be found elsewhere on this page.

My Dog Does—



This dog is Jack Huxley of Indianapolis, playing the piano. He looks very intelligent up there on the bench, with his hands on the keys, but maybe he is just playing chop sticks. You can't tell. Before Jack died at the age of seventeen, he belonged to Charles Willy Rippel. Charles says he really played a tune on the piano and did lots of other tricks.

HELP!
She: "Do you use toothpaste?"
He: "Gracious, no! None of my teeth are loose."

ANSWER TO WHAT'S THE MATTER

Lots of children have had arms broken or been badly hurt as a result of tripping. Knowing that, you wouldn't want to go around tripping your friends, would you?

YOUR POP MUST BE AWFUL MEAN!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
POP IS—
HIM A SHOE-MAKER AN' MAKIN' YOU WEAR THEM OLD SHOES!
THAT'S NOTHING!
WHAT'S YOUR POP IS—
HIM A BABY-SITTER AN' HAVING YOU ON YOUR TOES!

Editorial

"I ALWAYS DID IT THAT WAY"

Two of us were out in the country, and started to walk to a farmhouse, about a mile distant. He started to take the longest road there, though he knew, and I knew, a shorter cut. "Why don't you go by the short cut?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know," he replied. "I've always gone the other way. Why? Well, I don't know, exactly. I've always done it." We are very frequently held down by the fact that we "always did it that way." If everybody had thought of things in the same light, we would not now have the radio to listen to. We would not be able to skim over the clouds in airplanes. We would not have the telephone, or great steamships, or any of the other things that make living a joy. Learn to think for yourself. Don't just follow along blindly—because you always did it that way.

THE FUN BOX

TRUE SCIENCE
She: "I've read that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains."
He: "Exactly, and women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

HANDSOME IN FACT
He: "Who is that fat tub over there?"
She: "That's my brother."
He: "He sure is good looking."

PROBABLY NOT
Dad: "Take things slower, my boy. Patience never cost anything."
Dutiful Son: "Did you ever ride behind a slow taxi-driver?"

INGRATITUDE
He: "Each hour I spend with you is like a pearl to me."
She: "Aw—quit stringing me."

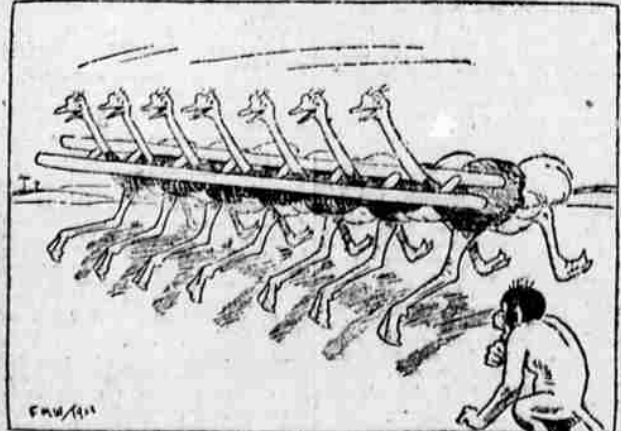
DREADFUL BOY!
Impudent Boy: "What did you say your age is?"
Old Maid: "I've just reached twenty-one."
Boy: "Is that so! What detained you?"

A BUSINESS HEAD
Teacher: "James, I thought I told you to take the seat next to Pearl."
James: "You did, but I sold it to Jack for a nickel."

MR. MONK'S NEW ADVENTURES IN JUNGLEPOOL



Mr. Monk had a fearful time when a gang of out-of-work ostriches invaded his Labour Exchange. They demanded work at once—if not sooner—and their leader said they could do less work in more time than any other ostrich living. In view of this, Mr. Monk thought they ought to



work for the Corporation. So he gave them a recommendation to the Clerk of Works. Two days afterward, Mr. Monk saw the whole seven ostriches bringing a single ladder for a Corporation foreman. "My word!" exclaimed Mr. Monk, "they look as if they had worked for Corporations all their lives!"

enough to climb the cliff and follow them at this early hour, why should he be so willing to allow them to have the treasure, if they found it?

Jimmie thought of attempting to escape. That, though, would be an impossibility, he felt. Apparently, the native had some vital interest in that scrap of paper which now rested in his pocket. Unquestionably, he would not permit the boys to leave and carry it to the safety of their ship.

The Indian was smiling enough, and on the surface, very pleasant, but his eyes gleamed in a manner that made both boys feel that he would stop at no ends to gain that which he desired. "All right," said Jimmie after a slight hesitation. "We'll go out and start digging now. You can help us if you want to."

THE paper which Kirkbride had left in the little tin box told them that the pirates' chest was buried twenty paces in front of the doorway to his house. "He is a big man," said Bob. "So one of his paces would almost equal two of ours. Suppose we try a spot thirty or four paces from the door and see what we find."

Jimmie agreed, and the two of them, carefully measuring their steps, counted off thirty paces. They examined the ground beneath them. They were disappointed, however, to learn that a big slab of rock was embedded in the ground at that point.

"He couldn't have dug through the rocks," said Bob, "so we must have figured wrong. The question is, did his twenty paces end on this side or on the other side of the boulder?"

"It looks to me," said Jimmie, "that we are going to have to dig a whole bunch of holes before we come to the right spot." Just then his keen eyes sighted a slight mound on the far side of the boulder. Unless one were looking for such a spot it would appear no different from the rest of the ground, for grass and shrubbery had grown over it and the passing of time had hardened the surface. "I'll bet that's where he left his chest," Jimmie said, pointing out the spot to his pal. "But I've an idea—the Indian has pretty long legs. Let's get him to take twenty steps from the doorway and see where he lands."

had cleared away a quantity of soil. Instead of the treasured chest they expected to find, they came upon a solid strata of rock.

Bob threw his pick down disgustedly. "Now isn't that the cat's meow!" he muttered. "Just when we were going good and thought we had come across a big discovery we find this."

"It's tough luck, all right," Jimmie answered, "but we've got to expect it. The only thing left to do is to dig in the spot that the Indian marked off."

THEY were just about to go to it when they observed strange signs on the part of the native. He was motioning to them and seemed to be making signs for them to be still, advancing toward them. The boys looked at him wonderingly—what could he mean?

"Come," he whispered, "don't make a sound. Quick, quick."

Still wondering, they followed him across the clearing, crouching by force of suggestion as he did, until they reached the edge of the woodland. He dodged behind some thick underbrush and squatted there, motioning for them to crouch also. The boys followed his gaze. In a moment they learned the reason for their retreat. Two swarthy Indians had advanced from the woods and stood in the center of the clearing, talking between themselves. One of them went to the door of the hut and looked in; then, shaking his head, returned to his companion. The two of them looked around but did not seem to notice the pile of fresh turned earth where the boys had been digging. Then, shaking their heads, they made off along the path that led down the face of the cliff.

"I don't know what they wanted," said Bob, "but we sure did escape 'em."
"You know what it is they seek?" asked the Indian, leaning closer to them, and speaking in a low, intense voice. "What they seek is the same what I seek. It is a ruby."

And here the Indian, feeling for his words with difficulty, speaking intensely, unfolded to them a story of the pirate Kirkbride. Time had been when these natives had been proud of their tribe. There had been an insignia of that tribe—a rich ruby, carved on its face with mystical figures, the sacred charm of a fast dwindling race. The ruby, clasped in a band of gold, was worn by the rulers of the tribe; it had

come down from generation to generation as the highest emblem of the race.

Then came Kirkbride. He had seen the ruby and had coveted it. One night it disappeared from the hut of the ruler.

Kirkbride had died, but the gem was never found. Every Indian in the tribe had sought it, for the man who found it would thus become ruler of his people. These boys had come, and they were welcomed, for it was thought that they perhaps had information as to the hiding place of the ruby.

"You find him, you give him to me," the Indian demanded. "We promise that," said Jimmie and Bob in unison, then Bob added, "but we get the pirate gold, if we find that."

The Indian nodded, and the three of them returned to the clearing to recommence their digging. Now that the native had confided in them, they felt that they had a strong friend and ally, and it was with a lighter heart that they went back to their task.

They dug in the spot the Indian had marked off, he taking hand and working with them side by side. Steadily the pit went down until now they were four feet below the surface.

Bob stopped to wipe his brow. "It's a hard job," he muttered.

"Yes, it's a hard job, but think of the reward." Thereupon they worked with renewed vigor. The pit had been sunk five feet in depth when this time Jimmie's spade struck against a hard object. Feverishly they cleared away the soil until they were able to distinguish what this hard object was.

Bob peered closely at it. "The chest," he cried. "Kirkbride's treasure chest!"
(To Be Concluded Next Week.)

Freshman: "I want the 'Life of Caesar.'"
Book Agent: "Sorry, but Brutus got it ahead of you."