

On Wings of Wireless

By ARTHUR B REEVE

(Continued From Page 6) much what she wanted to know; for the life of him he had quite figured out yet what that was.

Far down the porch Vera caught sight of Glenn and had no intention of playing the lay figure longer. Girls and fellows were passing and with a nudge at Ruth, Vera broke up the party and the three continued down toward the ball room, leaving Garrick to figure it all out, especially Ruth, who, the moment they were gone, seemed to resume leadership.

Dick had been sauntering alone about the club, speaking a few words to friends loitering in wicker chairs, nodding to others, when he heard the noisy entrance of a group of young people.

Dick DeLoe was the quieter type of man "undoubtedly destined to make any reasonably normal girl happy. A gracious, if reserved, manner seemed to announce to the world his reserve strength of character, if trouble brewed.

He quickened his pace as he saw Ruth. His face lighted up with one of his charming smiles. Ruth was talking vivaciously to the girls when she suddenly caught Dick's smile and answered it.

"Ruth," he said as he drew her aside with eager deference, "may I have all the waiters this evening?" She hesitated, looked at him a bit shyly, shrugged one beautiful shoulder as if debating whether to say yes, then smiled: "Dick—you're a fast worker! I believe you bribed the waiters. They're playing a waiters' strike this minute! Wait... till I put my wrap up. I'll be with you in a second."

A moment later he was bounding up the stairs and had flung his shoulder against the door. It did not yield—until he turned the knob. It was unlocked. Thru the stifle of smoke he fought his way to the chest and flung it open. The hat and the films were gone!

The suffocating fumes of chemical extinguishers sent him blindly struggling, groping, gasping, back. Outside he could hear the bells and the shouts of the local fire fighters. The fire chief crushed over his nose and eyes he stumbled into the hallway.

"Don't get up, Dick. You'll stay here with me tonight." In a daze Dick felt sheets under him and over him. "They've given me rooms in the West Wing until repairs are made," explained Garrick.

Dick blinked around, his eyes still stinging and his head in a whirl. "Wh-who did it?" he gasped. "Who got—the things?" Garrick smiled quietly. "I don't know who got the prints I made. The film itself and the hat were in the Club safe half an hour after you left this afternoon."

Early in the morning came a call from Greenport. The "Bacchante" had dropped anchor during the night. With an early breakfast Garrick and Dick were speeding eastward. Garrick deeply affected by the impulsive devotion of his friend the night before, Dick still living over the dance.

"She rides on an even keel—for a boat with such a name!" exclaimed Garrick as they stood on a dock in his friend's shipyard observing the "Bacchante."

"Splendid lines!" enthused Dick. "What I'm most interested in is what I believe must be a very efficient wireless on her," muttered Garrick.

A small boat had put out from her and was rowing toward the shipyard. The shipbuilder himself joined them.

"Take that former submarine patrol boat," winked Garrick to him. "That's a fast craft, capable of going anywhere. What might a boat like that cost, if you could pick one up?"

The builder caught the cue. They were deep in designs and prices when Dick suddenly interrupted at the approach of two men from the street to the town. "Professor Vario... and, by Jove, Jack!"

The four stood talking boats as the skiff with a sailor neared them. Vario was a thick-set man with a shock of hair and bushy eyebrows.

His manner was the manner of a scientist but his sun-bronzed skin showed intimate acquaintance with the outdoors.

Dick, who had known him quite well, soon discovered that he was on a little vacation, his family having taken a cottage over on Shelter Island.

"He's the best radio trouble finder in the world," put in Curtiss. "There's a friend of mine down east owns this boat. He had 'em put in and tick me up. But they told me their wireless was on the blink. So I thought of the Professor here and he agreed to come over and look it over. If there's anything wrong, he'll get it right."

The skiff had come alongside by this time. "Say, partner," inquired the builder of Curtiss, "you seem to know my customers here. If I row them out would you mind if they took a look at the boat?" Then, aside, "I think I can make a sale—maybe get an order to build."

Dick nodded ungraciously and the two skiffs set out. It was perhaps an hour, or even more, that Vario buried himself in the cabin, going over everything from aerial to headgear, testing vacuum tubes, getting a fine adjustment on the variable condenser. The air fairly reeked with talk of tuning coils, transformers, variocouplers and variometers, rheostats and regenerative sets, the merits and demerits of nearly every controversial piece of apparatus known to radio. It was to be expected, thought Garrick, with a practical man like Vario meeting up with Dick, of the inventive mind. In fact he was pleased.

The second hour was lengthening when Vario had the apparatus working properly. Curtiss, who had spent most of the time in the little pilot house going over some charts with the navigator, rejoined them.

do this... and we're not off! Jack had tangled himself with his own legs or else it was an added pressure as in Greek wrestling. He was on the floor while the other fellows were laughing and Ruth, smiling, hauled him up.

"Did I keep you waiting long Dick? I love this one." Dick tingled with joy as he walked off to the dreamy strains.

It was half over when Dick felt himself pushed aside and heard Jack's voice, ingratiating. "May I cut in on this? We all do that now!" Dick swallowed: "I'll leave it to Ruth." Ruth's only answer was a gentle pressure of his arm, a negative nod in Jack's direction—and she was dreaming again. There was something so comfortable being held closely by Dick.

There was one waiters when he could not find Ruth. He hunted all over. She was not dancing, nor on the veranda. Nor did he see Jack Curtis, Rao, Vira or Glenn.

"Fire!" The orchestra hesitated at the sharp alarm of the club steward, then decided it was not like a theater, that there was no panic danger, dropped its fiddles and saxophones and snare drums and ran. A moment later the shrill siren whistle on the village power house split the other. Dick joined in the jostling mob in evening clothes.

"Guess we'll make a late lute bunk at bridge," painted Tony Bleecker. "It's the East Wing!"

Up the corner of the lodge back of the club casino, where were the living rooms, licked a hungry red shaft of flame. Dick looked in dismay. On the third floor were Garrick's rooms.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY AHERN



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS

Shopping at the Corner Drug Store



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

A Chip Off the Old Block



EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



HEY THERE!!



TINTED TRAVELS

By Hal Cochran



Helena, in Montana is a wealthy mining town. Where copper, gold and silver are taken from the ground.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

COMET-LEGS SCORES A POINT—BUT SO DO TWINS! Comet-Legs was the rival of Mr. Peearabout, the Man-in-the-Moon. One day he rode up to the moon on his star and hopped off. "Now then," said he, "I'll just go round to the cities of the moon and show the moon people how handsome I am. No doubt they'll put old Peearabout out and give me his place."

OUR FIRST YEAR

By a Bride

CHAPTER XXXVI—TERRIBLY TEMPTED "I'll never feel safe until I get Bonny married," Mr. Tearle exclaimed. "She's unmanageable. She's already given up cigars for a pipe, a carved meerschaum—gold and amber trappings—but still a pipe! She thinks it's cute! Some way, she thinks it's cute!"

Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 702 SEREPTA AND THE POUNDING-BARREL So, early in the morning, they were up and at it. It takes many a tin bucket of water to fill a big barrel, but the girls had to fill it. Back and forth, back and forth, they went from the river to the barrel which stood out by the back door, Rosetta Wallace and her sister helping Serepta as if the Taylor's laundry was their own responsibility.

HEY THERE!!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE WHOLE OFFICE FORCE HANGING OUT OF THIS WINDOW!! IT'S A CIRCUS PARADE, MR. TRUE! GEE!—LOOKIT TH' CHARLIS CLOWN!!!

"Peggy, as a little girl you were always the cleverest in our neighborhood. There's a big dividend from this—if you succeed. And I guess I'd better give you one of the cars, anyway!" After the dear man had gone I sat me down and meditated upon several exciting possibilities. Bonny and Bart—what a fortunate girl Bonny would be! And a fortune for Bart—without working! Really, matchmaking was a wonderful game! And a brand new car for me, whether or not I saved Bonny from