On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

START HERE

Guy Garrick and his wireless expert friend, Dick Defoe, seek the trail of two men and a girl who perpetrated a spectacular holdup at a fashionable radio dance near New York. They fear that beautiful Ruth Walden has innocently become a tool in the hands of crooks. Their quest leads them to the "Sea Vamp", a yacht-like house boat frequented by Ruth and her questionable young friends. They know Ruth often goes there with Glenn Buckley, "the demon lover" who is feared by Ruth's mother and distrusted by themselves.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER II

THE SEA VAMP

With a siren blast and a swish of dusty air a yellow racer shot past Garrick and Dick before they were a mile down the turnpike, leaving only a kaleidoscopic impression of a girl at the wheel and a fellow rolling back tensely in the other bucket seat.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Dick as Garrick mechanically threw in more power.

"Who was with her?"

"Glenn Buckley."

Garrick's motor leaped ahead as he stepped on it. Straight-away down the turnpike they raced. Garrick was just about holding his own. But Ruth had the jump and there was not a chance to pass her. She was too wise a driver. Having shot ahead of a car she did not slacken a fraction and she knew that that always makes it nearly impossible to catch one.

A bend in the turnpike toward the south and a dirt road forked off. Ruth slowed up just a bit, turned her head with a pearly smile. "I've a hunch," she called back teasingly, "you can't follow me, Dick!"

With a wave of her hand suddenly Ruth shot away on the side road to the right, to the north, in a billow of dust cloud.

Garrick had no desire for a wild-goose quest. He stuck to the concreted turnpike.

"What's the matter, old man? Why so silent?" queried Dick a mile further on. "Suppose you're wondering, like me, how Ruth could have got meshed in the wheels of this gang, if that's what it is, eh?" Dick gazed hopelessly off at the hill and forest north of them with their maze of side roads. "I wish, by gad, a girl was like a car of a boat—something you could steer—right!"

"Time enough to worry when we know more than we think we know," returned Guy, negotiating a left turn that required some skill to make the succeeding hill on high. "After all Ruth's just a stunning little flapper—facing a very cold and calculating world—with a thoroughly modern—ill balanced equipment—that doesn't hug the road like this old car of mine. Except" he paused then added "that she has the inherited intelligence the intuition the instinct of woman in all the ages.... The real question is What will she do with it?"

They swung off at last on another concreted road and finally nosed down the middle of the sand neck that hooked about Duck Harbor. As they drew up off the road, in a clump of stunted Long Island beach plums, they were astounded to see a couple of yards ahead of the sort of corduroy road of boards to the beach, Ruth's racer. She had taken a short cut and beaten them by many minutes.

Perhaps a thousand feet further they could see a houseboat at anchor and between them and the boat a knot of young people in bathing suits on the beach.

As Garrick and Dick strolled down the shore, it proved to be Glenn and three or four other fellows in various stages of college careers past or present. They wore class numerals or other marks on their bathing shirts. Glenn was the only one with a college letter—for five minutes of play in a game lost to Princeton. Buckley was a rather handsome lad in spite of his evident satisfaction with himself, tall, slender, with a general impression, "I love the ladies and the ladies love me."

In spite of competition he was monopolizing Vira Gerard. A jet shock of bobbed hair set off big liquid dark eyes, eyes that, if they were the windows of the soul, had a depth that was baffling even to the photographic lens, eyes that dominated her splendid features and gave her that today priceless "camera face."

"Suppose you know this is a private beach?" inquired one of the numerous youngsters as the two approached.

Guy smiled and nodded toward Vira and Glenn. "Between high water and low water marks?"

Down the shore could be seen a canoe coming from the houseboat with a girl alone. As she beached it and stepped out, it was Ruth in a smart swimming suit of violet and white that set off daringly her perfectly shaped slender limbs.

The encounter had reached a darker point much as if some upperclassmen had discovered a freshman violating some immemorial tradition of at least two college generations.

All stopped, however, as Ruth drew near. She made a glorious picture. She was one of them—but different.

As she came down the beach humming a scrap of a dance to herself, her body swayed with the rhythm and her feet scarcely seemed to touch the sand. Her golden bobbed hair framed her sensitive features in an aura of sunlight. Garrick saw with approval that Ruth had been strongminded enough to hold to her curls during the days of bobbed hair.

Could those laughing frank eyes know of crime of anything coarse?

"You here Dick?" she danced up to him. "Were you afraid to come alone?" Then with a twinkling shaft at Garrick "What do you think of us.....Mr. Sherlocko?"

"Exclusively nifty!" smiled Garrick, then turned quickly as one of the youngsters muttered "Snooping again! What does he want? You can just bet he's not here for a swim.....Come on, fellows. He's been here long enough. I move we put them off the beach. Hey, all ready.....let's give them the bum's rush!"

A general laugh followed. There was an uncertain motion. Ruth flared.

"At least we can show Guy and Dick we're not so exclusive that we're rotters! I feel partly responsible for their being here. I raced them on the road and dared them to follow—and here they are—eh, Glenn? Just this once, boys. They'll not bother up again. I'll sponsor them. Come on, Glenn, smile a little and be nice."

Ruth capered over to Dick, took him by the arm and started up the beach. Guy followed with Vira, while Glenn sulked.

"I wish you had your bathing suit, on, Dick. I'd enjoy a swim across the harbor with you this hot forenoon."

She nodded vivaciously back at Garrick. Even if she were doing a bit of hasty figuring on the why of their presence, thought Guy, she was perfectly at ease. Her graceful limbs showed fascinating lines through the folds of the cape she

A RACER SHOT PAST, A GIRL AT THE WHEEL.

had carelessly thrown over her. "No wonder Dick's frantic over her," he thought. "She's a dangerous combination!"

Still chatting, Ruth and Vira stepped into the canoe with Dick and Guy, while the others plunged into the water and swam. They soon slipped alongside the houseboat with its gilt letters SEA VAMP.

Garrick realized as they mounted the ladder that the marine engine had materially changed the old-time houseboat from a mere scow or barge with a low, flat house on it moored in a bay or river and only with difficulty and expense towed from one place to another. Now the houseboat like the "Sea Vamp" was really a fair-sized yacht.

She was perhaps sixty feet long and a most attractive craft with a hull yachty in appearance and of a type which could safely make long runs along the coast a staunch, seaworthy boat—of course without the speed of a regularly designed yacht but more than making up in comfort for those on board what was lost in speed.

As they approached he had looked her over carefully. One of the first things he noted was that strung from two masts forward and astern was the aerial of a wireless.

They clambered aboard and dragged up the canoe. At the stern they saw a stockily-built man in sea togs making fast a dory, and taking out a rather complete set of fishing tackle and other duffle.

"H'ye, Cap'n!" greeted Glenn, shaking the water from his eyes as he bounded on deck. "Any luck?"

"That's Captain Brock," asided Ruth to Garrick. "We hire him to take charge of the 'Sea Vamp'."

"Too early for snappers yet. Got a couple of flat fish—and an eel." He caught sight of Guy and Dick and glowered under bushy eyebrows. "Who are they?" he growled under his breath.

"They're with me, Captain," explained Ruth. "Mr. Garrick and Mr. Defoe, Captain Brock. Just a couple of friends who are interested in how I spend my time."

"Well, so long as it's time they are looking for ,all right."

Garrick could not resist a startled second glance as, tucked away in the duffle with great care, he caught sight of an electron tube, with filament and grids, precisely the latest type used in radio receiving. He nudged Dick, but Dick was equally quick. The fishing pole was equipped with a mineature aerial and he had noticed it.

Neither betrayed either interest or the burning curiosity they felt as Brock clumped forward with his stuff. Why, even Brock was even fishing, away from the "Sea Vamp," did he carry this compact wireless receiving set? What station must he be always in touch with, or what message did he expect that he must be listening in?

"Excuse us. We'll go down below. Get the shaker and some ice and.....you know. I guess we can entertain" trilled Vira.

Alone in the comfortably furnished saloon, Garrick glanced at Dick, who shrugged at the unconventionality of it all, then made a hasty survey of the place. At one end was a sort of closet or clothes press. "Snooping," he nodded as he opened the door.

Inside hung a nondescript array of old clothes. In the back corner, on the floor where it has been thrown lay a girl's cloth hat. He picked it up, smoothed it out, then with a suppressed "Ouch!" drew his hand away and loosened a pin caught in its folds.

"H'm—a diamond clasp—initials V. G.—Vira Gerard?"

"Diamond clasp.....that's one of the pieces of missing jewelry, whispered Dick excitedly. "Say—hold that hat again as you had it. There. By Jove, it's not only a hat. It's a bag! . Tomato color .....they said the girl at the Radio Dance put the stuff in a little tomato colored bag. By Jove!"

"Here's a camera, too," was all Garrick answered. He turned the camera over, saw the number "6," then deftly unloaded it and dropped the roll of film into his coat pocket.

There was a step on the companionway. Softly he closed the door, rolled the hat tightly and stuffed it in his hip pocket under the tail of his coat.

The party thawed a little bit as the ice in the shaker thawed Finally Garrick took advantage of a lull in the conversation.

"I may as well tell you just why we dropped in," he remarked, casually taking the diamond clasp from his pocket. "Is that by any chance yours, Vira?"

Vira looked at the clasp a moment then gave a little scream. "My lingerie clasp—that they tore off my shoulder strap—at the dance! It was all—almost all—that stood between me—and the board of censorship!"

In the laugh that followed, Ruth was the first to speak. "Where did you get it Guy?"

Garrick assumed a knowing air. "One of the caddies at the club came up to me this morning and tried to sell it to me. I thought if you could identify it, I'd watch him."

Garrick was unable to figure out whether or not there was any air of relief at the explanation. At least there was some connection between the "Sea Vamp" and the robbery.

"Was little Rae Darue at the dance?" he emboldened to ask after a proper interval.

"No," hastened Vira. "She was ill, at Beth's house."

"And Jack Curtis?"

"Oh yes. He was there. He came politely late."

A buzzing interrupted. Vira turned quickly to Glenn, who was now seen on crossing swords with Garrick as a lady killer and had resumed his monopoly of Vira. "That radio, Glenn."

Ever eager to show off and please, Glenn drew a curtain of a built-in sideboard at the end of the saloon disclosing a very complete set, including the loud-speaking horn.

He adjusted and tuned and twirled knobs and dials until at last he had it. From the loud speaker came a girl's voice.

"It's Rae!" exclaimed Ruth. "Signal back that you get her."

Glenn officiously played the radio operator.

A few minutes later came the voice, much clearer, from the loud speaker.

"Now—Glenn—get up closer to the loud speaker—no—no—you

RUTH MADE A GLORIOUS PICTURE

know—not your cheek, Glennie—"

There was a suppressed laugh. Glenn smiled, rather sheepishly. But he turned his face full toward the little horn.

Garrick had divined what was coming. "Sort of Freuddian, I guess," he whispered to Ruth, recalling her mother's repetition of Ruth's psychoanalysis.

"Huh!" laughed Ruth, taking no pains to modulate her tone. "More like the terrier—His Mistress' Voice!"

"Come now—pout your lips, Glenn," came from the loud speaker folowed by a laugh—then an unmistaken radio kiss.

Disconcerted after his ardent attention to Vira, Glenn for once looked as if he would have dropped through into the hold.

Ruth glanced quickly from Glenn's chagrin to Vira's stony face, then saw the humor.

"Never mind Glenn. She kissed a couple of thousand on that wave length then!"

(Continued in Next Issue)

ASKS CITY FOR DAMAGES TO LOAD OF FURNITURE

A deep rut in Merchant street may cost the city $50 if a claim for damages submitted yesterday before the Board of Affairs by Joe Bosman, negro, is granted.

According to Mr. Bosman's statement, he was moving furniture for Ben Johnson last week and the wagon-load of furniture nearly upset. So nearly, in fact, Mr. Bosman declared, that some of the furniture jumped out and was smashed up and a negro lad riding in the front seat of the wagon with Mr. Bosman was so seriously injured he had to be taken to a hospital for treatment.

Mr. Bosman presented the city with a bill of particulars, listing the following items:

Three rocking chairs, $5 each	$15
One hall rack	10
One refrigerator	5
One looking glass	5
One front wagon wheel broken	5
One wagon spring	5
One wagon shaft	5
Total	$50

City Director W. E. Arnett was instructed to investigate the case and report at the next meeting of the board. Mr. Bosman was represented before the board both in person and by Attorney Marshall W. Ogden.

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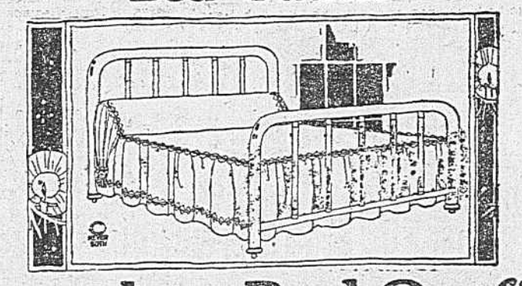
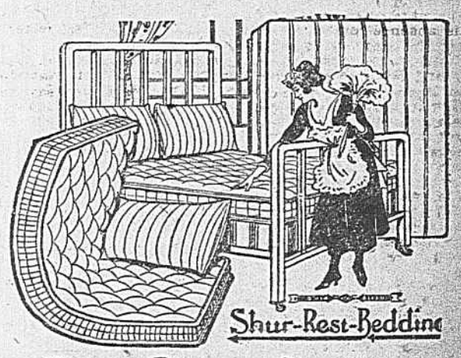
$185.00 Cane Velour Suite	$131.50	$350.00 Bed-Davenport Velour Suite	$298.50	$1.000.00 Overstuffed Plush Mohair Suite	$748.00
$200.00 Cane Velour Suite	$127.50	$400.00 Cane Mohair Suite	$298.50	$1,500.00 Freege Mohair Suite	$1,125.00

Saving Prices on Beds and Bed Outfits





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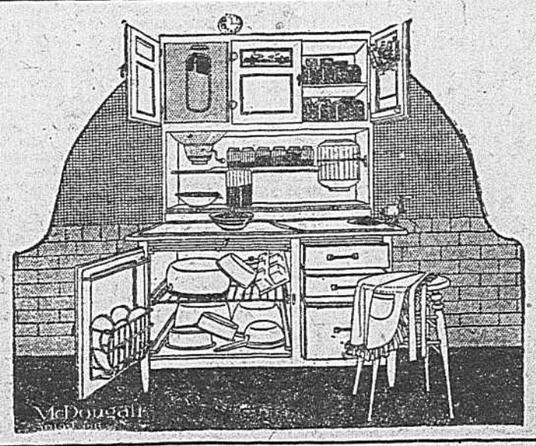

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