On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIRELESS DICTAGRAPH.

"Your Wireless dictagraph? Bully!" exclaimed Garrick. "We could use that little [illegible] wireless dictagraph. Where is it?"

"In my [illegible]."

Garrick's face fell. He [illegible] his watch and [illegible] at the [illegible]. "I think [illegible] time [illegible]."

Two hours later found Dick in Dick's own [illegible] workshop, in the boathouse on his estate where he had done some remarkable things with wireless. Outside he had a big aerial from two steel [illegible].

Interested though he would have been at any other time, Garrick urged haste. Dick led him proudly to a table on which was his apparatus.

"So this is the Defoe Wireless Dictagraph," complained Garrick, picking up the familiar little round transmitter like that which he had used so many times on the wired machine.

As he packed the parts Dick hastily enumerated them, his sending set, batteries, coils of wire, small portable transmitter, and the receiving set.

They at last had everything stowed in on the rear of Garrick's car and as they swung up toward the [illegible] they stopped for a moment at the Nonowantuck Club.

As Dick hopped out, followed by Gary, there was a suspicious silence on the club porch, as often happens when the friends of an interesting victim of the preceding conversation draw nigh. Silent as Freudian, Dick walked at Garrick.

A group of chappies, Rich's [illegible], came up. "Hi, Dick, where's Ruth?"

[illegible]

[illegible] a man, at the Park Garage on Sixteen Street, where I put the car up."

"What sort of looking man?"

"I didn't know him, sir. Sort of shaggy hair—"

"Brock!" exclaimed Dick.

"Then Jack Clark came in a car. He didn't stay long, went down town, I think."

Rae had been walking to a car in the long line in the garage, suddenly a rakish roadster drew up and Rae saw Glen Buckley in it. She jumped out to meet him.

Glen greeted her with a cheery smile.

"Well, you poor [illegible]" exclaimed Rae. "What are you doing here?"

"Just looking to see [illegible] anyone about."

"Gee, Glen, I'm thirsty. Let's go down to the Inner Circle. Will you take me?"

"Surely, Rae. Always glad to relieve a drought and be charitable to my own at the same time."

Rae grabbed his arm and swung up behind the wheel. They were off.

To himself Glen had to admit that no one could be bored in Rae's society. No wonder Vira was jealous. But he wouldn't have taken a dozen Raes for one Vira. He didn't like coldness and [illegible] Rae did not suit his fastidious nature. Vira with all her modernity, vivacity and [illegible] never was cousy.

"Say, Dick, I'm going to leave you here with that wireless dictagraph. You can work it best anyhow. I must get a [illegible] that [illegible] right away," said Garrick.

Down the street in the [illegible] Garrick caught sight of Miss [illegible] and he [illegible] him [illegible].

"[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Dick [illegible] Garrick [illegible] the Inner Circle were two hours turned into studio apartments. He found the caretaker and the conversation was tiresome to [illegible].

Dick selected and carried up to the roof the apparatus and they went as quietly as possible across the intervening roofs until they came to the roof of the Inner Circle.

It was a curious roof. In the centre had been built a great concrete box as big as a room. There was no time to investigate that, however.

Garrick fished with a line down the chimney until he located the flue to the Pink Room. Then, dangling down, he lowered the dictagraph transmitter until it must have hung a foot from the floor of the hearth back of the iron grill work under the mantel below in the Pink Room.

Meanwhile, on the roof, Dick had been busy placing his sending set and Garrick helped him complete the set-up.

As they left the studio house, two men were passing. One of them brushed suspiciously against Dick with enough force to knock the bag he was carrying out of his hand. Garrick controlled his temper. Here were the mysterious shadowers again. Were they emissaries of the gang?

Garrick picked up the bag himself, looking significantly at the man, and remarked, "Well, [illegible]? Nothing dripping!"

As they had been at work on the roof, they had determined on placing the receiving end up at Garrick's apartment, which was only several blocks uptown.

At Bachelors' Hall Dick worked rapidly, for it was now getting dark. He unpacked the receiving end of his wireless dictagraph in the room, then went up on the roof and erected the portable aerial.

Carefully and deftly he began to tune up, now that this second installation was complete. He finally looked up at Garrick, smiled, and took the headgear off, handing it to him. "Get that?"

Garrick adjusted it, listened for a moment in some perplexity, then exclaimed, "Why, I can hear the whirr of a vacuum cleaner in the room!" They listened for several minutes but there was nothing more. Whoever was cleaning the room finished and left.

The buzzer on Garrick's door sounded. He opened it a crack. It was McKay. "I just saw that Rae Larue, with [illegible]

[illegible] Garrick [illegible] Nita W[illegible] [illegible] swung on him.

[illegible] Rae. "What are you doing here?"

"Just looking to see [illegible] anyone about."

"Gee, Glenn, I'm thirsty. Let's go down to the Inner Circle. Will you take me?"

"Surely, Rae. Always glad to relieve a drought and be charitable to my own at the same time."

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To himself Glenn