On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B REEVE

CHAPTER IX.

THE DIRECTION FINDER.

"Curtis—you were up to something devilish—I knew it!" repeated Vario as he faced Jack over the table at the Binnacle. "When you saw me drive up here you suddenly changed your tune. You ran to cover—to cover yourself!"

The waiter, Herman, sniveled. His face was livid. He bowed and almost fawned on Vario, took hold of him, for all the world like a drowning man catching at a straw.

"Furthermore, I believe you slipped that vial into this man's pocket—perhaps you palmed it—did a little sleight of hand. You inhuman cad! I could cane you!"

Ruth was speechless.

Jack had been working himself into an almost apoplectic rage as Vario hurled the accusation at him. He shot out his forefinger, pointing at the tea-cup that had been before him:

"Would I—[illegible]—myself?" he menaced.

"We'll settle that," came back Vario sharply. "I'll undertake to label this vial and seal it—in the presence of you as witnesses. Then I'll send it to some reputable laboratory for analysis."

The waiter scurried about getting Jack's. Vario turned to Ruth with excessive courtesy. "Miss Walden—I must insist—for your own safety—I'll drive you back to the Club. Your mother cannot stand much more. She has been through so much anguish in the last few days."

Jack looked from Vario to Jack, [illegible] impotently. "Jack [illegible], Professor. It's very kind of you [illegible] such an interest."

They left Curtis standing, [illegible] with rage, beside his motor. As Vario's car disappeared, Jack sprang into his own, and shot down the South Shore road toward a short cut to the [illegible] Island highway.

Nita Walden's surprise was great when she saw Vario with Ruth. "Where's Jack Curtis?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Ruth, dear, any more trouble?"

"No, Mummy, nothing much . . . I was a little off in the head . . . [illegible] Vario came along . . ."

Mrs. Walden beamed her appreciation of Vario's help.

Ruth tried to wait until they were alone before she made an [illegible]. "You'll let me be a [illegible] friend, and with a [illegible] Jack, Ruth, [illegible] . . . [illegible] . . . [illegible] . . .