On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B REEVE

CHAPTER X.
BROADCASTING.

"My Ruth—carried off—on the Sea Vamp!"

Nita Walden repeated her words hysterically over the telephone. Garrick knew that there was no use now to camouflage his fears.

"I'll be out there—with you—in a few minutes," he shouted.

Dick was still in a daze at the unexpectedness of the blow. Mechanically he followed Garrick and climbed into the car. As it started and turned down the road to Nonowantuc, the cool of the damp evening air seemed to collect his faculties. He noticed for the first time where they were headed.

"Why this way, Guy? Why not to New York?"

"I want to see Nita Walden first, and reassure her. I promised her."

"But—it's Ruth first."

"Well, the club isn't far."

"Yes, but the city, the police—"

"What, Dick? I know what I am [illegible]

"Which way, Dick? [illegible]

"[illegible] a man on his way [illegible] a kidnaper? Pay nothing. [illegible] to catch them and save [illegible] a cent of ransom."

"[illegible] Dick [illegible]

"Guy, [illegible] Brook." Dick said [illegible] Garrick under [illegible]

At the [illegible] stood the doctor [illegible] out in his car. I thought [illegible] Garrick [illegible] own first—he did [illegible]

"What' the matter?"

The doctor did not answer but [illegible] was outside. There was Glenn, wrapped in a heavy robe, his head bandaged. Still very shaky.

"Garrick," he cried. "Did you hear, [illegible] S[illegible] one's carried off. Ruth, and Vira in the 'Sea Vamp.' When the doctor got hold of me he patched me up; I told him; he was for ringing in the sheriff, but I made him wait [illegible]

"I don't know. But I think so. I had a vague feeling there were a couple at least back of me."

"So," Dick mumbled sarcastically, with a side glance at Garrick. "Ruth knew very well what she was doing, eh?"

Garrick was too big to take offence. "Dick," he replied merely, "Ruth confided in me, that morning at the Usonia. She's really clever. You know it as well as I do. But they had her—they had them all, meshed, hooked. Why, Dick, all the time she has meant just to lead them on—and hand them over when she got them right. But she couldn't tell Glenn, here, that. Nor Vira. Not yet." He glanced at his car. "If she had only stuck to her promise—to let me know—first! But Ruth is so clever; she thinks she's a match for anyone. And mostly she is! Wait! She'll prove it."

It was cold comfort to Dick. "Well, now, what good is it to be here? If we had only gone to the city we could have alarmed the police there."

Garrick smiled patiently. "You forget the Radio Central at Rock Ledge. From Rock Ledge I can alarm the police of the world. Every ship, every amateur station, or any wave length—the wireless world is open to me here!"

"That's it," cried Glenn. "Let me go with you."

"No. Doctor, put him in where he can get over this quick. I'll need you, boy, tomorrow, need you badly. Get in shape."

Glenn obeyed with, for him, good grace, and in a moment, with the full story, Garrick and Dick were speeding to Rock Ledge. There were no formalities necessary at the Radio Central for a combination like Garrick and Dick, who was a constant frequenter of the place.

They soon found themselves in a small room, quite plain except for the draperies that were artistically arranged to hide the bare walls. There were a few plants and flowers about, also. At one end stood a beautiful piano of the reproducing variety. Some of the best known artists had in reality played on it. There were phonographs of all the standard makes, and on the other side an automatic organ.

"Now, here's the microphone," pointed out the attendant who had been looking at his watch and a schedule to determine when would be the best time to broadcast the claim Garrick had in store at 12 o'clock.

Garrick looked curiously at the little hole in a cylinder dangling from an adjustable stand in front of him.

"Is that about the right height? You [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] had confided to her the story of his meeting on Main [illegible] and Garrick's message. They had agreed that the first thing [illegible] was to fix it so that the "Sea Vamp" could not be moved away. Ruth had insisted that she go [illegible] there that evening to see the engines and make it convincing. They had agreed.

"But why?" asked Dick.

"Why? Don't you get it? The 'Sea Vamp' was really the floating store-house for a lot of wet goods we were looking for Georges and the rest. It was Brock's real 'job.'"

"I [illegible]" encouraged Garrick. "And they might move the [illegible] away. So she started to prevent when they were outside. 'I've got the first call off.' Now to the city!"

"Yes," [illegible] Glenn, adjusting the [illegible] comfortably. "We'll drive up to Guy's garage [illegible] we can get over there if we [illegible] Clark, the Astra Agency man."

"[illegible] even the lights on. "Had you come, sir," explained the [illegible] Rock figured that Brock and partner manager hunted. "I've got [illegible] were away and [illegible] was a Mr. [illegible] here now." The manager [illegible] to do what she was [illegible]. We took him inside and closed the door. In [illegible] and padded out. There the corner was a wedge-shaped man [illegible] a sound. We climbed [illegible] with a Greek cast of countenance, and went down to the [illegible] room. It was beastly dark. I was [illegible] "This man, his name, he says, is talking about for the switch—the Achilleo—came in here early tonight. Next thing I knew I heard a scream and choked this stuff, said he had a from Vira—then something or [illegible] bill of sale for it, and wanted to take [illegible] body must have hit me." He put his [illegible] out. He's an accomplice after the hand up carefully but did not touch fact—maybe at least a receiver of the bandage back of his [illegible] "and stolen goods."

"That's the last thing I knew until I [illegible]. The prisoner seemed to regard Garrick [illegible] in the water. Fact [illegible] the clock as a sticker.

"[illegible] Mr. [illegible] have [illegible] Clark [illegible] and [illegible] "You see, sir, I buy the [illegible] Clark [illegible] and [illegible] share and some [illegible] in [illegible] dollars—understand? All [illegible] all the bungalows go, in Dec—" [illegible] goods—understand?"

"Why was it?" [illegible] Garrick did understand. It was a matter of making a quick [illegible] getaway. "There's your bill of sale or whatever it is you have for this?"

Achilleo pulled out a paper. It was signed by Georges and Rae Larue as agent in fact. "Now I understand that the money is to pass tonight at the Inner Circle when this is signed?" The man nodded. "Then if you want to get free in this little illegal transaction, Mr. Achilleo, and have that fifty thousand yourself instead of leaving it in court as cash bail, take me to the Inner Circle and get the goods!"

Garrick's raid of the Inner Circle was a noiseless, if not painless affair. But it was only fifty per cent. successful. The net closed on Georges; Rae Larue was nowhere about.

Georges shut up like a clam. It was more than evident, however, that he was not the "man-at-the-top."

Thoroughly they searched, but there was no trace of Rae or the others.

"All the wild horses in Hades wouldn't get a word out of Georges now," Garrick observed. "Dick our only hope lies in wireless in some form or other. Dick, you're an expert at it."

(To be continued.)

The Child And Music Study

Success in teaching music to children depends largely on getting the children interested in the music study. It goes without saying that a child, as well as an adult, will learn music or anything else quicker and better if an interest is created in the study or the lesson. Yet it must not be imagined that the teaching of the child is the special goal at which we aim. If it were, we would never give the child technical exercises, and many children would learn of them no popular idea to pieces except studies. And we carry the logical conclusion in the amount of grammar, arithmetic, geography, history and spelling that many children would learn put into a vest pocket.

No, the proper aim of the music teacher is to educate all his pupils in music, not music, but music; to train and in time difficult the ear to distinguish the pure from the impure, the true from the false, and the lofty from the degraded; to make the hand of the pianist flexible and dexterous; for the singer to make the voice sweet and pure, with perfect intonation and pronunciation. All this calls for much time and attention to technical and detail work. The teacher that ignores all this whether designedly or from overestimate of herself or himself throws down a useless failure.

At [illegible] exactly [illegible]

Kerensky Favors Recognizing Soviet

Sees It as Means of Showing Up Russia's Government "in All Its Ugliness"

Ever since England's Labor Government resumed diplomatic relations with Russia, Alexander Kerensky, Provisional President of Russia from March to November, 1917, who is editing La Russie Opprimee in Paris, has been asked to give his opinions on the subject. The requests came principally from the editors of British Conservative and Nonconformist papers, who were violently opposed to recognition. For some weeks he declined to make a statement, but recently did so in The Morning Post of London. This reads in part as follows:

"It is difficult for me, as a foreigner, to speak on the question of this country's recognition of the Soviet Government; that is a matter of your domestic politics, although, for my part, I should be in favor of this recognition as a means of showing the Soviet Government up in all its ugliness."

The protest against recognition, he said, had been of the greatest benefit to the Russian people as it revealed to them information of which they had been kept in ignorance, particularly that in regard to religious persecution. But this persecution, he added, was only one manifestation of the reign of terrorism. He meant and the revival of religious persecution during the last eighteen months and concluded:

"After that there was a pause, for last year it broke out again for two definite reasons. Stalin regarded himself as so secure, having got rid of his rivals, that he could carry out his own belief that religion must be destroyed. When he found that no amount of persecution could destroy the religious faith of the Russian people, and that there was a steady determination of the peasants to worship in their own way, he continued his religious persecution more out of fear than out of security. This apparent paradox is discernible throughout the Soviet's actions.

"This also accounts for the large number of priests who are being shot at the present time. In the Pravda these executions are nowadays always attributed to counter-Communist propaganda.

"Up till now I have received [illegible] support in every country in Europe [illegible] Russia. The reason for that [illegible] France and Germany both [illegible] Soviet better than you do [illegible] Bernard Pos[illegible] only [illegible] from which [illegible] [illegible]

The Fair Maid And Her Flower

That old Gaelic Saint, Bride or Bridget, the fair maid of February, had three symbols, the sea bird known as the oyster opener, the lamb, and the dandelion. The oyster opener crying along the shore was the fisher folk's sign of the maid's advent. The lamb was the shepherd's sign. On lonely hills, said Fiona Macleod, shepherds still hear the crying of innumerable young lambs among the mists, without any accompanying bleating of ewes, a sure sign to the shepherds that St. Bride has passed by with the flocks of lambs soon to be born.

Spring has few more hopeful signs than the cry of the first lambs. There are some who listen for it even more eagerly than for the song of larks or thrush or the spring-announcing twitter of swallows.

Yet of the three signs, the sea bird, the lamb and the flower, that of the flower is most widely spread. Where no sea birds come and where no lambs are born, the "sunsweet" flower comes, the February maid's chosen messenger. In many a desolate and unexpected place, the dandelion is her sole harbinger.

The flower has thus a halo of romance about it. A commonplace of the countryside, it has had uncommon recognition and reverence. Once this "little flame of G[illegible]" was eagerly awaited and welcomed. Looking into its eyes men read deep secrets. Listening to its flower speech they heard great gospels. Once the fair maid's sun-bright flower appeared in the warm grass men rejoiced in new assurance of hope. Its coming was no common feat. It marked one of the year's great days and it had its rituals and recognitions all its own.

Our modern world knows not St. Bride, nor respects her dower. It is classed among the weeds, and is accused of shorting the insolent dominance of the worst of them. Many begrudge it any place in the sun. Of their charity they may tolerate a few daisies or buttercups, but not dandelions. Never having seen their kind-liber side, the flower's opinion of them can hardly be favorable. And it may be that a flower's thought of us matters.

A flower with such histories in its eyes should kindle interest if not respect. A flower that has brought such messages to men, whose coming has been so eagerly awaited and welcomed, must have something about it, much more possibly than its despisers have ever seen. Even apart from its associations with St. Bride, the dandelion is a lovely thing. Of no flower can it be more truly said, "In wisdom Thou hast made them all." Such a flower, who has ever seen a patch on a dandelion dotted lawn the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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