Have You Tried "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T36

It is in a class by itself. Ask for it.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

Ken climbed out and Ruth drove on to put up the car. But Ken was not going to waste any time. He looked about to see that he was not being watched, then crossed over quickly to where he had a bicycle, got on it and rode off by footpaths where he would not be observed and followed. The Binnacle was his destination. He could trust Laddie to guard the Radio Shack and set up a great commotion if anyone tried to start anything there.

At the Binnacle the rest of the group of young folks had remained after Ruth left. They had set her action down to just acting queerly. Once one has got just a little bit on the wrong path everybody who is right seems wrong.

The fact of the matter was that if anyone was acting queerly it was themselves. And, as people get when they get off the right road, they were tangling themselves in situations that had nothing in them but the seeds of trouble.

It was only the day before that at the Blue Rooster Rae had shown a decided interest in Glenn Buckley, much to the embarrassment of Glenn who was quite fully interested in Vira and felt no thrill in Rae's vamping. At the same time there had been occasioned by it a coolness with Vira, and Jack Curtis had taken advantage of this to endeavor to cultivate the intimacy of Vira.

Upon such a mix-up as this it was that Ken happened as he left his bicycle around the side of the Binnacle Inn and started carefully to reconnoitre. He was quite surprised at seeing Glenn with Rae and at the way they seemed to be getting along. Looking about further he discovered Vira in another part of the place, alone for the moment.

Vira seemed sore about something and Ken took advantage of the fact that she was alone to come out into the open. His excuse was that he was looking for Ruth.

"Ruth went away this morning," replied Vira curtly.

Ken turned to go without any intention of doing so, then suddenly wheeled back. "You know, Vira, there's something that's been troubling me for some time, and that is about things at the Blue Rooster yesterday."

Vira did not seem disposed to enlighten Ken but that made no difference to the boy. "It was that question you as asked Ruth: Did you get it, Ruth? Will he give it to you?"

Still Vira did not deign to say anything.

Ken was not discouraged, however. He kept on: "What was it, Vira? Who was it you meant?"

Vira turned petulantly. But that did not put Ken off. He was only emboldened to go further in his question. He faced her and lowered his voice. "About the races?"

Vira looked up quickly. What she read in Ken's eyes was evidently enough. She knew he knew—something, anyhow. Her mind was working fast. Should she tell him anything? Better that than to let the boy think anything he chose.

"Oh, Ken. Ruth didn't lose anything, if that's what's worrying you. I borrowed a thousand dollars on some of my jewels. But that wasn't enough. Then Ruth went to see Mr. Chittenden, a friend of your father and a partner once in some ventures. She got a loan of another thousand on her security—for us. There, now, I can't tell you any more. I don't see what right you have to ask. Whose business is it?"

Ken was thinking of Vira's mother. But before he could say another word Vira had turned and was half up the porch. Ken would have followed her only he heard footsteps in the corridor inside the hotel and decided the better thing to do would be to keep under cover and watch from hiding. He slipped back of a porch screen.

There was nothing very exciting now at the Binnacle. But it was easy to see that the fur would begin to fly sooner or later if these young couples crossed wires.

It came sooner. The quizzing by Ken had got on Vira's nerves and she took it out on Glenn Buckley, for, as luck would have it, she caught a glimpse of Rae and Glenn having a little jazz in the deserted victrola room of the Binnacle.

Vira was angry. If Glenn felt he must jazz, why had he not sought her out? What matter did it make if he would have had to climb down a bit off his high horse and apologize? Why had he not realized that the sweetest thing in the world is making up a lovers' quarrel? Well, he had not. And here he was with Rae. He could have Rae.

It did not take Vira long in this frame of mind to say as much and angrily sweep out of the room where she had found them.

From his vantage point behind the screen Ken caught sight of Curtis. They had been his steps he had heard in the hall.

Instantly Curtis had taken in the situation. He gave a glance over at the retreating Vira, on her way to her car. Then he shot a quick glance at Rae. As it happened, Buckley's back was to him.

Curtis deliberately winked several times at Rae as he indicated the direction of Vira. Rae gave an almost imperceptible nod and Curtis started after Vira.

"So," exclaimed Ken to himself, "that's the way the land lies!"

CHAPTER XX.

PASTE JEWELS.

John J. Crook, attorney and counsellor at law had arrived in Rockledge from the city in the forenoon. He was what the yeggs in their slang called a "mouthpiece," which, after all is not a bad name for a lawyer of a certain brand.

It was this same John J. Crook, clever and soft-spoken and in every way appearing to be a polished gentleman, who appeared before Judge Eldredge, Justice of the Peace, when he returned to his town office after lunch. The plea of Crook was most plausible. He went only casually into the evidence against Cauliflower Pete and, to hear him talk, one would have thought that the town of Rockledge very likely owed Pete money and had better compromise before it was too late.

However, the Justice of the Peace was not born yesterday. He was used to this legal method of making the worse appear the better reason. He waited patiently and politely until Crook had finished. Then with a smile, admitting nothing of what Crook had said, he informed him that the trial had been set for the next day and fixed bail for Pete at a thousand dollars.

"I consider that very liberal," he decided. "The learned counsel for the defendant ought to have no difficulty in finding that merely nominal sum."

Crook may have had that much with him. If so, he was not disposed to put it up. Perhaps it was that he knew Pete too well, knew that Pete had no more compunction in jumping bail and letting the bondsman pay than he had of drawing a "cannon" and killing a man.

"Thank you, your Honor," bowed Crook as he retired. "I think we shall have no difficulty, as you suggest, and that there will be no occasion for my client to remain a charge on the town longer."

Crook left the judge's office, and on the main street paused only long enough to consult a notebook in which he had some instructions and addresses. Then he inquired for Hill side Avenue and a few moments later he walked in on and introduced himself to that precocious young criminal, Hank Hawkins.

"I have a message which I would have you send, young man," he began. "When is the next sending time?"

"In about ten minutes." Crook had shown some credentials to Hank and Hank was rather flattered at being a member of a gang who could hire such a perfect gentleman to represent them. This man was as polished as Hank's own father, he thought.

Hank's parents were away, on a cruise up and down the Sound. Consequently there was no difficulty in getting the lawyer in the house and no explanations necessary. The lawyer admired the radio set and quite flattered Hank by his references to Hank's own cleverness.

It was only a question of waiting minutes now until the quarter after the hour. The time soon came. Hank started in at once to pick up his objective and then to send.

Out to sea in the cabin of the "Scooter," still at each interval, the man with his muffled figure was at the fine radio. He was adjusting, wondering what report he might get from any other members or scouts for the Radio Gang.

There was a satisfaction shown by the operator when he realized he had Hank and that the attorney, Crook, was out at Rockledge and on the job. The message from Hank was a query where to get the thousand dollars bail for Pete.

Hank had sent his message. Now he waited for a reply. It came back, terse and to the point. "Vira must get the money!"

This did not worry Hank in the least. In fact his was the type of mind that rather enjoys seeing others placed in tight positions merely for the sake of watching how they get out.

Hank turned to Mr. Crook, Esquire. "You heard that, sir?"

The lawyer nodded. "Can you locate the young lady?"

"I'll try. But how are you ever going to get money out of her? I happen to know she is broke. She has spent all her allowance for this quarter and is borrowing more."

Mr. Crook smiled. "I can do it," he said confidently.

Hank was skeptical, until Mr. Crook added, "If you see her before I am able to do so, tell her she can save her brother Dick by this means. She must. We don't care. That ought to make her come through."

Hank was more than half convinced by the self-confidence and plausibility of this fellow. He was taking to it eagerly and he hurried out and into the flivver which he had purchased with the pieces of silver for which he had betrayed his friends to the Radio Gang.

Vira was hanging over the side of her roadster talking to Jack Curtis. There was at least something flattering about the interest in her of Jack Curtis. She might not have great confidence in Jack, but at least he was human. This is often a dangerous situation for a young girl to allow herself to fall into. One must never forget that when someone want to use you, wants something out of you, that person can well afford to show human interest, and almost always begins by doing so. Curtis was flattering and sympathizing and the words fell as sweet music on Vira's ears.

It was just at this point that Hank and Mr. Crook appeared, having left the flivver down the lane, near the Binnacle Inn.

Mr. Crook did not attempt to explain fully who he was nor just how he came into the case. He had to be introduced by Hank even to Curtis. Then, at once, he proceeded to explain what his mission was and the predicament of Cauliflower Pete, languishing in the town jail.

Crook turned toward Vira. "Dick is your brother," he remarked casually as if he had only the merest interest in the matter. "You love Dick, of course. Now, get that thousand dollars bail so that I can get my poor client out of the lock-up and I will engage that he will get Dick back—and no questions asked."

Vira was eager to do it. Besides, Crook looked like somebody. He was no four-flusher like Jack Curtis, but a mature man and the way he looked at Vira quite set her heart beating. She believed Crook.

But how get a thousand dollars? It was no small sum even for a young lady of a wealthy family, for Vira was on a strict allowance and it would be years before she could touch the principal of the fortune which she had inherited. Even the interest was now doled out to her, the balance re-invested. She was over her head now in debt. Curtis was no help in solving this problem. He never was—unless it involved the disposal of somebody else's money. Easton had called him "just a cake-eating finance hopper."

"Well," suggested Mr. Crook subtly, "why couldn't you borrow some of your mother's jewels, nothing very big, but something that will be ample. Then you might meet me at three o'clock at the Rendezvous Garage on the Motor Parkway. I would then arrange about this man Pete and once he is released he could guarantee to get Dick free."

(To be continued.)

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WRIGLEY'S aids digestion and makes the next cigar taste better. Try it. CG35

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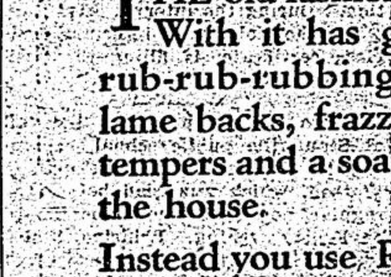
Minard's Liniment for toothache.



As a Mere Matter of Habit.

"Yes, he has retired from politics and is raising extensive fruit orchards."

"All of his trees are grafted, I suppose?"

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

The Traveler and the Poet.

A traveler in an Eastern land
Saw dirty Arabs, filth, and grim disease.
A poet walking at his hand,
Saw carpets, jewels, robes and broideries.

—N. G. Luker.

IN RADIO, YES, THIS IS A BATTERYLESS YEAR!

Judging from public demand and the report from the various Radio Shows in the United States and at the Canadian National Exhibition, the tendency in radio this year is undoubtedly towards Batteryless Sets. The real and only truly batteryless set is, of course, one that uses the raw alternating current in the tubes direct from the light socket—in which batteries are totally eliminated from the set—and it so happens that the only real set of this character that is exhibited this season is a Canadian achievement known as the Rogers Batteryless Radio.

This set exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition probably attracted the most interest of any Radio, including many from the United States. Not only is it a Canadian development, but with over a year's steady progress behind it and now entering on its second year it has proven an undoubted success. The 1927 Models of the Rogers possess every convenience, including single-dial control, super-power amplification, volume control, metal-shielding and elimination of the aerial in most cases, in addition to the total elimination of all batteries.

A very interesting book entitled "Evidence" containing letters from owners of Rogers Batteryless Radio Sets throughout Canada, can be secured by anyone on request to the Q.R.S. Music Company of Canada, Limited, 590 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Worlds' Rarest Stamp.

Stamps worth £3,000,000 will be on view at the International Philatelic Exhibition, which opens in New York on October 16th, and will be the greatest ever held in the history of stamp collecting.

The last international exhibition was held in London in 1923, and on that occasion the stamps exhibited were insured for £2,250,000.

Among the valuable stamps which will be shown in New York is the rarest stamp in the world—the one-cent 1856 British Guiana, black on magenta, which was sold in 1922 for £7,317.

New attractions in the exhibition will be an enlarged class devoted to air mail stamps, including those used on air messages during the Paris siege of 1870, and the Przemysl siege of the Great War; a class for historical and educational collections, arranged to illustrate art, plant and animal life, history and biography; and a special class for Government exhibits, in which will probably be shown the processes used in the engraving and printing of stamps.

The judges, like the exhibitors, are drawn from all the countries of the world, and there are on the jury representatives of Japan, Mexico, Brazil, and South Africa.

Starlight.

The sun has made its circle in the blue,
A-dazzle from the fiery pathway spent;
Torn clouds on the horizon heap awry,
Pale glimpse of day reflected in each rent.

Gray sky becomes a netting of deep jet
As, sifting through the meshes, speeds the light;
A quivering glow through every bight appears.
Such are the stars this silver sable night.

—Julia Cogswell Frankle.

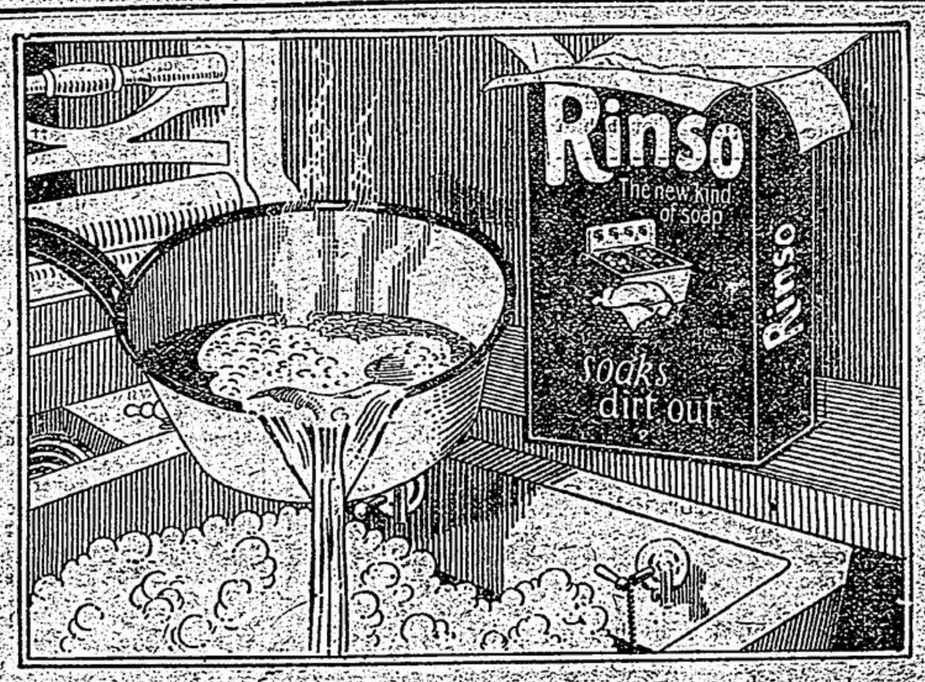
The Swamp.

The swamp glowed like a Turkey carpet. The cranberry vines and huckleberry bushes were pure crimson, the black alder berries scarlet, and the frens burnt orange. Just beyond us, in the velvet of the swamp, was a pond, across which the wind ruffled, living blue, with tawny rushes around it.—Rosalind Richards, in "A Northern Countryside."

The World's Great Need.

Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art:
That thou may'st consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart;
And comforters are needed much
Of Christlike touch.

—A. E. Hamilton.



Throw away the Washboard—Use Rinso

THE old-fashioned wash-day is gone. With it has gone the everlasting rub-rub-rubbing and ugly hands, lame backs, frazzled nerves and short tempers and a soapy odour all through the house.

Instead you use Rinso and *part* of a morning for the weekly wash.

You change the hard work of washing to just rinsing.

Just soak the clothes a couple of hours or overnight in Rinso suds, rinse, and that's all. Simple. Efficient. Time saving. Labour saving.

Don't try to do another washing without Rinso. Twelve leading washing machine makers say "Use Rinso".

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