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Shawnee, Oklahoma

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E. R. WAITE, Secretary, Shawnee, Oklahoma, Board of Commerce

On Wings of Wireless

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

START HERE Dance palaces have given a new twist to crime, making it easy for crooks to gain acquaintance with girls from fashionable homes. Radio, too, is an aid to criminals. This is the theory on which Guy Garrick and Dick Defoe, young wireless inventors, are working in solving the mystery of a \$100,000 holdup at a radio dance. They fear the rich and beautiful Ruth Walden has innocently been snared by crooks. Their search leads them to the "Sea Vamp," houseboat of the suspected fast set, which they find is equipped with complete wireless installation. There they find a roll of undeveloped films and a bag by the robbers.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY "Come now—put your lips, Glenn," came from the loud speaker followed by a laugh—then an unmistakable 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."

CHAPTER III THE MYSTERY CRAFT DICK rejoined Garrick late in the afternoon in his rooms at the Nowanawac Country Club. Garrick had been developing the roll of films. "What do you see there?" he asked Dick, holding up the strip. Dick turned toward the light and looked carefully. "A boat. Looks like one of those ocean cruisers built for the government during the war."

"It's autographic, you see. The name, 'The Bacchantes' is written under it and the date." "Oh yes. But by whom? Whose writing is that?" "Never mind that now. What is that shore line? Do you recognize it? Take my glass." Dick studied it intently and minutely for some minutes. "I think it looks like Greenport Harbor."

"That was what I thought. I wanted your opinion. Now look at the next one." "Why—that's Brock—at the wheel!" "Here's another, of a party—Glenn, Ruth, Vira—" "And that other girl is Rae Larue. That fellow in back is Jack Curtis." Garrick eyed the girl's hat and the films away in a chest. "Well, what's next?" asked Dick. "I suppose they'll all be at the club tonight at that Subscription Dance."

Garrick nodded silence. He was calling Greenport where he had a friend, a boat builder. "Seems that she's a mystery ship—on mystery cruises," he frowned as he turned to Dick from the telephone. "They know her out there, all right. But he one out there seems to know who owns her. She slips out on these mysterious cruises, then back just as unexpectedly—then away again. From the description I'd say that Brock often handles her as captain. There's nearly always some of that crowd of young folks on her, too; sometimes a party. My friend says he will telephone if the 'Bacchantes' comes in. She went out yesterday."

It was after dinner and a little absent-minded knocking about of the billiard balls alone, that Garrick was recalled to the matter in hand by the penetrating tuning up of the orchestra in the ball room. He was endeavoring to select a quiet corner where he could watch when three girls, arm in arm, in light shimmering summer frocks sauntered across the lawn and up the steps. "Oh, Guy." He turned. It was Ruth, nearest, with Vira on the other end and a piquant little, bobbed-haired, snappy-eyed, lithe, animated girl between them. They were talking about you and Rae and wanting so much to meet you." Ruth

presented Garrick to Rae Larue. Garrick was an adept with polite periphrase. He needed to be, to cover up the eagerness with which he studied this interesting young person. "I've heard so much about you, Mr. Garrick," she explained keenly, with a come-on smile and a hesitation after the "Mr." that hinted at the irksomeness of formality. "You live at the Club, don't you? I'm staying with Beth Page; you must know the Pages? I'd seen you around when we've been over here and I thought I knew you were—"

Rae had that sometimes fatal gift of flattery, a way of leading a man on to talk about himself and of appearing to be exclusively interested in his tastes and pastimes. Guy studied her as she devoted her entire attention to him. Was she attractive because she was so young; or was it because she had had so much experience in being young? From his life at the Club they were soon far afield leaping lightly to the visit to the "Sea Vamp," then ever westward, like an explorer, to the city, the shows, the hotels, the night life. Was she questing to see just how far the safety of this debonair, sophisticated clubman took him? For his purposes Garrick conveyed the impression that the only limits known to him were the sky and the horizon. Somehow, however, he had a feeling that this girl was learning pretty much what she wanted to know; though for the life of him he hadn't quite figured out yet what that was.

Far down the porch Vira caught sight of Glenn and had no intention of playing the lay figure longer. Girls and fellows were passing and with a nudge at Ruth, Vira broke up the party and the three continued down toward the ball room, leaving Garrick to figure it all out, especially Ruth, who, the moment they were gone, seemed to resume leadership. Dick had been sauntering along about the Club, speaking a few words to friends loitering in wicker chairs, nodding to others, when he heard the noisy entrance of a group of young people. "Ruth," he said as he drew her aside with eager deference, "may I have all the waiters this evening?" She hesitated, looked at him a bit shyly, suggested one beautiful shoulder as if debating whether to say yes, then smiled. "Dick—you're a fast worker! I believe you bribed the waiters. They're playing a waltz this minute! Wait... till I put my wrap up. I'll be with you in a second."

There was one waltz when he could not find Ruth. He hunted all over. She was not dancing; nor on the veranda. Not did he see Jack Curtis, Rae, Vira or Glenn. "Fire!" The orchestra hesitated at the sharp alarm of the club steward, then decided it was not like a theater, that there was no panic danger. Dropping its fiddles and saxophones and snare drums and ran a moment later the shrill siren whistle on the village power house split the ether. Dick joined in the jostling mob in evening clothes. "Guess we'll make a de luxe bucket brigade!" panted Tony Blecker. "It's the East Wing!"

Up the corner of the Lodge back of the Club casino, where were the living rooms, licked a hungry red shaft of flame. Dick looked in dismay. On the third floor were Garrick's rooms. A moment later he was bounding up the stairs and had flung his shoulder against the door. It did not yield—until he turned the knob. It was unlocked. Through the stifle of smoke he fought his way to the chest and flung it open. The hat and the films were gone! The suffocating fumes of chemical extinguishers sent him blindly groping, groping, gasping, back. Outside he could hear the bells and the shouts of the local fire fighters. Handkerchiefs crushed over his nose and eyes he stumbled in the hall-

way... "Don't get up, Dick. You'll stay here with me tonight." In a daze Dick felt sheets under him and over him. "They've given me rooms in the West Wing until repairs are made," explained Garrick. Dick blinked around, his eyes still stinging and his head in a whirl. "Who—who did it?" he gasped. "Who got—the things?" Garrick smiled quietly. "I don't know who got the prints I made. The film itself and the hat were in the Club safe half an hour after you left this afternoon."

Early in the morning came a call from Greenport. The "Bacchantes" had dropped anchor during the night. With an early breakfast Garrick and Dick were speeding eastward. Garrick deeply affected by the impulsive devotion of his friend the night before, Dick still living over the dance. "Splendid lines!" enthused Dick. "What I'm most interested in is what I believe must be a very efficient wireless on her," muttered Garrick.

A small boat had put out from her as she was rowing toward the shipyard. The skipper himself joined them. "Take that former submarine patrol boat," winked Garrick to Dick. "That's a fast craft, capable of going anywhere. What might a boat like that cost, if you could pick one up?"

The builder caught the cue. They were deep in designs and prices when Dick suddenly interrupted at the approach of two men from the street to the town. "Professor Vario... and, by Jove, Jack!"

The four staid talking boats as the skiff with a sailor neared them. Vario was a thick-set man with a shock of hair and bushy eyebrows. His manner was the manner of a scientist but his sun-browned skin showed intimate acquaintance with the outdoors. Dick, who had known him quite well, soon discovered that he was on a little vacation, his family having taken a cottage over on Shelter Island.

"He's the best radio trouble finder in the world," put in Curtis. "There's a friend of mine down east owns this boat. He had 'em put in and pick me up. But they told me their wireless was on the blink. So I thought of the Professor here and he agreed to come over and look it over. If there's anything wrong, he'll get it right."

The skiff had come alongside by this time. "Say, partner," inquired the builder of Curtis. "You seem to know my customers, here. If I row them out would you mind if they took a look at the boat?" Then, said, "I think I can make a sale—maybe get an order to build." Dick nodded ungraciously and the two skiffs set out.

The second hour was lengthening when Vira had the apparatus working properly. Curtis, who had spent most of the time in the little pilot house going over some charts with the navigator, rejoined them. "Suppose you're going back to your cottage, Professor, not to Rock Lodge yet?" he asked, then turned, unbending a bit, to Garrick and Dick. "Like to take a little run over to Shelter Island with us and back while we take the Professor home?"

At Manhasset Curtis decided to land with Professor Vario, to be picked up later, and the scout boat swung about to land Garrick and Dick back to Greenport. It did not take Garrick long to find an excuse for one of his hasty surveys of the cabin. As usual, as if by instinct, he put his finger on the spot. It was a slip of paper tucked in what passed for a log book. He passed it to Dick: "22-22 250 cases S. S. ARROYO. CKGG." Dick looked up and whispered quickly. "Smuggling from Latin-American ships?" Garrick did not even answer. His forefinger was traveling down a list of calls posted in the front of the book. "CKGG The Inner Circle. **W. 4th St."

"E-yah!" growled a thickly Norwegian voice as the navigator poked his head in. "Snooping—eh? show!" He blew sharply on a whistle from his pocket. (Continued in Our Next Issue)



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AT CAMDEN EAST

Same Residents Will Attend the Chautauqua in Kingston

Camden East, June 21—Everything is growing fine after the recent rain. Strawberries are being sold at 20 cents per box. Jim Bicknell, Toronto, was renewing old acquaintances one day last week. Mrs. Flogeboom is visiting her old friends Mrs. John W. Bell, at Desmond. Mr. and Mrs. Claude Finch have moved into Mrs. Calh's house. The W. M. S. held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. A. Emlerley Bicknell's Corners, on Wednesday last.

The lawn social under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church was held on the church lawn on Thursday evening, June 15th. Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner spent Sunday at William McWilliam's, Bethel street. Mr. Nicholson arrived on Wednesday last to visit Mr. and Mrs. Duckwalls and family. A very interesting ball game was played on Monday between Switzer-ville and Camden East. The score was 9 to 5 in favor of the home team. Mrs. W. Patterson of Hamilton, arrived on Tuesday to visit Mrs. A. Alkenbrack and family. Camden East people are much interested in the Whig advertisements telling of the Chautauqua events in Kingston, July 1st to 7th, and this place will be represented in the crowds that will attend.

BATTERSEA BUDGET

Masonic Lodge Attends Service—Dr. N. Freeman Locates There.

Battersea, June 23—Mr. Codling preached to the members of the Masonic Lodge Sunday afternoon. Although sick and under medical care the splendid sermon he rendered was uplifting and interesting and was enjoyed by all present. Over one hundred members were in the procession that marched from the village square to the Methodist church.

The funeral of the late John Sleeth was well attended. Deceased has been a life-long resident of the township of Storrington. He leaves to mourn one sister, one brother and three sons, Donald, Edward and Harold, all of Battersea.

Congratulations are extended to Miss Mary Kellar of Leland and William Noble who were quietly married on Tuesday evening by Mr. Duffield. They have taken up residence in the groom's new home on Lime Kiln Hill.

The W. M. S. held a tea at the home of the president, Mrs. Karl Van Luyen. All present had an opportunity of viewing the splendid new hotel, Loughboro View. Some from here will attend the Chautauqua at Kingston, July 1st to 7th. Dr. Norman Freeman of Inverary is opening an office and practice here in the village. Miss E. Hartley has been engaged at the Van Luyen House for the summer. The frosts of the past week did considerable damage to the grain and hay crops. Ralph Sleeth cut the end of his finger while fixing fences.

Brookside Breezes Brookside, June 20—The recent rains have been of great benefit to the crops. There are plenty of straw-

berries in this district. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Galbraith and Mrs. Wallace, motored to Napanee on Saturday. Large crowds from here have been attending camp meeting at Sydenham and Yarker. Some from here may attend the Chautauqua in Kingston, July 1st to 7th. Miss Theresa McLean is spending a few days with her cousin, Ruby Dany Lapum. Mr. and Mrs. Everett Shingraw spent Sunday in Verona. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Freeman motored to Shannonville on Sunday. Visitors: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wallace at Earl Warners, Thomas Warner, Yarker, at Frank Wallace's.

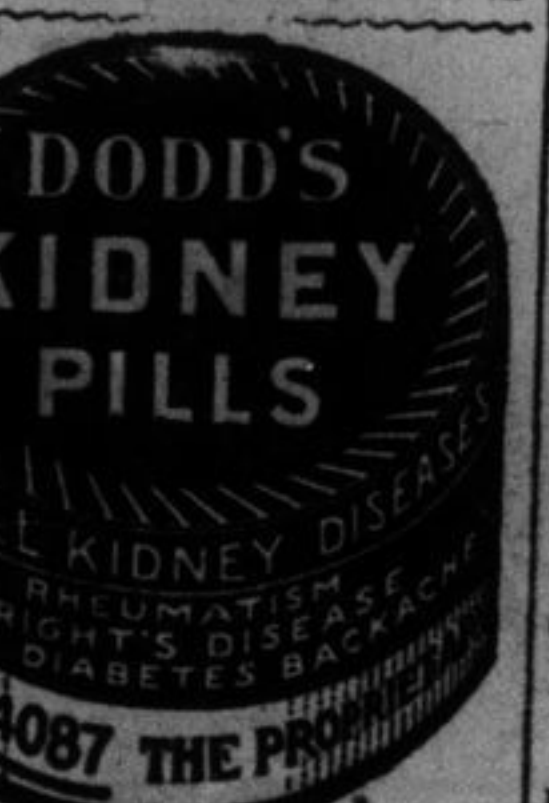
NEED A TRADE NAME

St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, N. B., June 21—For the first time in history the Canadian manufacturers' Association, here, today, devoted practically an entire session to the subject of export trade. Thomas Rodden, treasurer, advocated that the Canadian manufacturers should be identified with a common name or trade mark. He said that as a young manufacturing country Canada did not realize the prestige which the name took to itself when it came to signify a high value of goods. He instanced the use of trade names by British exporters. Canadian manufacturers, he said were developing a very high class of goods.

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At Banner's Hill. June 21—The recent rains have put everything in good shape. Quite a number of men are engaged working on the new road. School will close for the vacation. Everything points to a large crop of berries this season. Mrs. T. Babcock, who has been ill, is somewhat improved. Mrs. A. Hopkins is also improving.



No man ever sees a pretty married woman without feeling just a little bit jealous of her husband. Wise is the woman who manages her husband and keeps the secret from him.