

On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

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(Continued From Our Last Issue)

When Garrick pulled them both out and had Glenn sufficiently revived to find that there were no broken bones, he had begun to get the story.

"I saw Rae," he panted for breath. "She had come up to the boathouse, alone, in a rowboat with a little engine over the stern. She was sticking the nose of the boat under the boathouse in the channel between the skidway. I saw something smoking in the bow. The engine was going slowly, keeping the nose of the boat up under the boathouse. I ran down and jumped into the boat. 'My God, Rae,' I shouted. 'Going to kill us both?'

"With a boat hook in both hands she lunged at me but it hit my shoulder instead of my head. 'Damn you!' she cried. 'I have had to say so many nice things to you when I didn't feel like it—here's another wallop!'

"I swung the boat free, gave the pier a kick and it turned. The engine was turning over slowly and carrying us away. I got the boat hook away; then she grabbed me. 'You fool! Take your hands off—before I bite them off! Look! It's exploding! It's going to explode! Then I—well, there was that geyser of water and stuff . . . Someone picked up Rae in a speed boat . . . I felt as if the darn engine had hit me . . . till Dick got me! But . . . the boathouse . . . is safe, fellows!'

Garrick smiled. "I could decorate you on the field of action, Glenn!" He looked over at Dick. The blow had been intended for them; it had miscarried and Glenn had risked his life. "We'll leave McKay here for a few minutes. I'll drive your car, Nita. I must get Glenn home. He's mused out with all the honors!"

"Wait a minute." It was Dick. "We left that other set in your room at the Club. I've got a new one. I'm a bug on this. I can't be out of it." As Garrick drove them, Dick told what had happened at the Club. "But," asked Glenn, reviving, "why the attempt to wreck the boathouse?"

"Because," quickened Garrick, "it is the one place, they know, contains the apparatus to ferret them out and catch them!"

At Glenn's they waited for Dr. Darling to run over from Stony Brook to dress his wounds again. "You must, fellows; I need your moral support," begged Glenn. "He'll give me the devil!"

"Now, Dick, hook up that business you bought along. I've got the fever, too, a passion for pulling information down out of the air, like the prestidigitators do with gold-pieces."

Dick bustled himself about the telephone for some time, then set up his receiving set.

"It's a sort of wired wireless," he explained, "based on a discovery, invented and perfected by a regular kook at this thing, Major General Squier."

"Another message!" interrupted Dick.

"From Vira—and Ruth?" brightened Glenn.

Dick shook his head. "Guy—it's that fellow again—K-902—his ever at Mount Sinai—here, take this other earpiece."

"It's just this, Glenn," related Garrick when he was sure that no more news was being spiced, "that fellow, Devins, in the K-902 was cruising down the Sound with his eyes open when he saw what he thought was the 'Sea Vamp' in the inlet at Mount Sinai, where they used to load the old wood pinks in the old days. As he got nearer he could make out with his glasses that they were transferring a scout from the houseboat to a small cruiser up alongside."

Glenn nodded. "It was our floating storehouse, the 'Sea Vamp.'"

"Well, as he got nearer, he made out through his glass what looked like two men struggling with a

couple of girls. The scout boat was drifting away from the houseboat, then. The girls couldn't fight; they seemed to be tied. That must have been Ruth and Vira. Then another girl came from a cabin. She must have had a knife or something, for she cut the other two loose. Some sailors came on deck. The scout was pointing out into the Sound by this time. One of the men grabbed the other—and flung him overboard. This Devins couldn't catch the scout so he kept right on till he came up to the 'Sea Vamp.' Who should he find there, pacing the deck and cursing a blue streak but Captain Brock—dumped overboard, double-crossed, and left behind!"

"And Ruth and Vira not on the 'Sea Vamp'—on this other boat?"

"Yes. He's got Brock. That's two. Now we know that Brock at least isn't the man-at-the-top."

Egg at the boathouse to tell Nita Walden they found that she knew more than they did.

"I didn't know McKay knew so much about radio," she cried excitedly. "While we were waiting he was trying that set over there. He seemed to know all about it. And, Dick, he got a second message from Ruth! Here it is. I wrote it down just as McKay says he got it."

On a piece of wrapping paper Nita



DICK SET UP HIS RECEIVING SET.

had written. "On the Bacchante, headed down the Sound toward the ocean. I hear the men talk of Fire Island. This is Ruth—"

"That's where it broke off," half apologized McKay.

Dick peered up and down the workshop floor. Finally he lifted a trap door and climbed down to the former boathouse below.

"I guess you remember enough to look over those pontoons?" he called to Garrick, waving toward the hydroaeroplane.

"What's the idea?"

"I'm tuning up. I wasn't quite ready to exhibit the Defoe radioplane—but, hang K all—the 'Bacchante' must be found—with Ruth!"

CHAPTER XII

I'LL TELL THE WORLD!

GARRICK spread the net far and wide to intercept the "Bacchante." Within a few minutes he had the Radio Central, the New York police wireless station, all the big private broadcasting stations, even Defoe's apparatus in the boathouse sending out periodical signals of alarm. He had turned the radio world veritably upside down in the search.

Forenoon lengthened into afternoon. Dick worked feverishly tuning up his Defoe teleautomatic hydroaeroplane.

"This is one of the newest of sciences—teleautomatics," he remarked as Garrick watched.

"Yes. You probably know it by another name. There is something weird, fascinating about the very idea. I sit here safely, upstairs,

turning switches, pressing buttons, depressing levers. Ten miles away a vehicle, an auto, a ship, an aeroplane, a submarine obeys me!

"It may carry enough of the latest and most modern explosive that after-war science can invent, enough if exploded to rival the worst of earthquakes. Yet it obeys my will. It goes where I direct it. It explodes where and when I want it. And it wipes off the face of the earth anything that I want annihilated. That's teleautomatics!"

"Vira's back?"

It was Nita Walden in her car with McKay before the laboratory. "She called me from Southold. I went over and met her train on the main line. And I've brought her here first. Guy, telephone to Glenn; I know how anxious the boy is."

"But how? What of Ruth?" queried Dick.

"Ask Vira. She has come to tell you all she knows. I made her. These youngsters are getting toned down. Maybe Ruth will listen to reason when she gets back. Oh, if I only had her!"

"I'll say that, too!" cried Dick. "Tell us, Vira."

"Well, you see, we found a duck boat in the hold, a boat for one. One of us could get off, if I made the choice—insisted—settled. It had to be done in a second. She made me go—even when I fought her to stay."

"Don't you see?" explained Vira, talking fast as she poured out what she knew. "The jig was up for the gang. All they wanted was to make a clean get-away, take all the jewelry and the money. They waited until the last minute to get fifty thousand for the Inner Circle and his other stuff. But it failed. Then the other thing that remained was to get away—with Ruth—the ten-million dollar heiress, as they speak of her."

"You know, the 'Bacchante' had been taking the stuff off runners. It was sheer bluff, posing as revenue enforcers. It was stored on the 'Sea Vamp.' Every time anyone drove into the city, they would take a couple of cars or a truck from the Inner Circle or the Garage. From the Inner Circle and the Garage it was distributed. They were wealthy bootleggers to the wealthy. Bootleg aristocracy!"

Vira's eyes were restlessly glancing through the window down the road. Suddenly her face beamed. She forgot her rumpled dress as it had dried on her, her disordered hair. "Glenn's coming! I hear his engine. Oh, boy!" Out of the room she flew.

Vira and Glenn came up the road. The story was repeated. Dick returned to his radioplane; Garrick to sifting crank reports and whereabouts of the fast scout cruiser.

"Vira," said Glenn ardently, the moment they were alone, "I won't take 'No' this time—nor even 'Wait.'"

Vira blushed. "Just as soon as we get Ruthie."

"Here's the first report that I place any confidence in," shouted Garrick in a tone that could be heard all over the boathouse. "It's from a freighter—just off Seaville—sighted a boat answering the description of the 'Bacchante' putting into the Great South Bay."

"That checks up with Ruth's Fire Island message!" called Dick from below. "The 'Bacchante' must have rounded the island. I guess she could; she's fast enough."

"How's the work coming on, Dick?" shouted Garrick, all energy now with the first wireless clue. "It'll be twilight in an hour. Can you hurry it up?"

"All ready now. I've been all dressed up with no clothes to go for fifteen minutes!" called back Dick from below.

The night to Seaville was only a matter of minutes for there was no time to lose before darkness. At Seaville a hasty survey disclosed no sign of the "Bacchante"; but there was a tremendous crowd down on a bulkhead and they could see them waving and hear their shouts. Dick brought the radioplane down to the water and a couple of small motor boats put out.

"We've got that Curtis and the Larus girl!" shouted a man with a big brass star of the local police force on his chest.

Dick glanced at Garrick. "Anchor here. We must take the time. We must give them the third degree."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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At Northbrook Are Interested in Disposal of Estate.

Northbrook, June 27—No harm has been done by frost in our locality and all crops look fine.

Many are planning on visiting Kingston relatives next week and taking in Chautauqua concerts while there.

Bon Echo tourists are pouring in, and the inn is in fine condition to accommodate this season.

A number have been to the top of the eighty foot observation tower at Myer's Cave. A wonderful view can be obtained for many miles.

A few heirs of the Baker estate in Kingston from here are interested in its disposal and attended the gathering last week. Mrs. George Shiers has returned from Tilbury, bringing little miss Ola and Irene Perkins home with her for the summer.

The roads are being greatly improved by the local road workers.

J. H. MacDonald is decorating and painting the interior of A. E. Fletcher's home. Miss Vis Lloyd

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MANY PICNICS HELD

Two Men Met With Injuries Playing Baseball

Charleston, June 26—J. Thompson is building a garage. W. Halliday is having his house painted. Charleston school section held a picnic at Warren's Bay on Saturday. Three other picnics were also there.

The road work has been finished and the recent heavy rains have left the grading in a bad condition. J. Hudson and L. Slack each received slight injuries while playing baseball. Mrs. Garret O'Hara, Brockville spent a few days last week with Mrs. H. Webster. Mrs. McAndrew has gone to Toronto. The ladies of Trinity church are busily engaged preparing for a bazaar. Miss Kathleen Hefferman has returned to her home at Glen Morris from the Normal school, Ottawa. The work on the telephone line has been completed. Mr. Jackson, Brockville, was here recently tuning pianos.

News of Lee Valley.

Lee Valley, June 24.—Born on Sunday, June 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. George Kelsey, a son. Born on Wednesday, June 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Root, a son. Congratulations to the two young couples. On Wednesday night, June 21st, Mr. and Mrs. George Emery, Temperance Valley, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding in the Lee Valley hall. A large crowd attended and a fine time was reported by all. Mr. and Mrs. Emery were given many silver and other presents. All expressed the wish that they would live many more years in this vicinity. Bernard Anders purchased a car last week. Bernard, while helping Mr. Mollison to do fencing, had the misfortune to sink the axe in his foot.

There are some deeds so grand that their mighty deeds stand ennobled, in a moment, more than kings.

COST NO MORE THAN OTHER MAKES