ON TIPTOE

by

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS STORY

GRIMSTEAD, the "Buccaneer" of this swashbuckling story, is stranded among the California redwoods in his private cratt," a high-powered car, when its gasoline tank is broken.

BURTON GRIMSTEAD, his spoiled daughter, is with him against her will, especially so as she perceives her father's object in insisting on her going on the trip is to throw her into the company of

ROSS GARDNER, Grimstead's sinister "Second in Command," a capable, good looking man.

SIMMINS, the Grimstead's English butler-chauffeur, whose gay spirits are repressed by his dignity.

DAVENPORT, a youth, comes by and astonishes them first by saying his small car runs on electricity so he has no "gas" to give them, and next by winning a $10,000 bet from Gardiner by predicting a rainstorm.

CHAPTER IX

A Marvelous Discovery

Grimstead put on his poker face to conceal his inner excitement. This offer was more than he had hoped.

"I should like to very much," he replied.

"So should I" spoke up Burton, "but I want to hear it in words of one syllable."

"It is not at all complicated. Now you know if you put a copper plate and a zinc plate side by side in an acid solution and connect them with wires you generate electricity. That is the simple wet battery.

"All right. If you run a dynamo you also generate electricity, this time by induction.

"Where does that electricity come from? You might say chemical action in the one case or mechanical action in the other, but they are actually only a means to an end. The world lies in a great field of static or inert magnetism. The cell and the dynamo are merely means by which this inert electricity is livened up, made into kinetic or active electricity they actually produce nothing in themselves. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly," said Burton.

"When we have used this kinetic electricity, or it becomes 'grounded' it returns to the reservoir or static. All I've done is to make a short cut between the static electricity which we are immersed and the kinetic electricity we can use."

"That is self-evident, young man" remarked Grimstead drily.

"I am just making it clear for Miss Burton. Go back to the wet cell. It is heavy and awkward and short lived. My battery is just like a wet cell without those disadvantages. The wet cell consists of two plates of different metal in a solution. Mine consists of two plates of different metals side by side in air. The wet cell transforms or produces its electricity by or through, a chemical action that is limited in effectiveness and in duration. My battery transforms the static from the air into kinetic without chemical action—apparently; and in much greater quantity in proportion to the size of the plates."

Grimstead was sitting up now in his interest.

"There must be chemical action!" he cried. "You can't lift yourself by your bootstraps."

"Of course; there probably is" agreed Davenport. "I only said there was apparently none. It must be very slight—ilke the apparent loss in radium, I suppose—for, as I say, I have used this battery to drive my car eleven hundred miles without any wear I can determine by looking at it."

"What metals do you use?"

"Pardon," returned the young man, "but there, of course, you've asking my secret. I will say this, however. They are alloys of metal easiiy procurable. The alloy must be exact and the distance between the plates must be exact. I have a micrometer screw to adjust my plates."

"You say the metals are easily procurable. How much do you estimate it cost you to build such a battery?"

"Mine up to now have been experimental and built piecemeal by experiment," Davenport pointed out. "But in quantity they could be built—of that size—for somewhere between fifty and a hundred and fifty dollars. It isn't the materials; it's the accuracy, and I don't know just what workmen of the necessary skill would cost."

Grimstead's poker face was still doing business, but his cigar butt was chewed to a frazzle.

"You say that battery there will run a brake test of forty horsepower?" he asked.

"About that."

"Will a larger battery develop more horsepower in proportion? What are the limits in capacity?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. There's no limit apparently to the amount of static you can take by means of dynamos; why should there be any more limit to what you can take by other means? Of course, I don't know; I'm just beginning to try it out."

"Well, you may have something, though it sounds pretty radical," yawned Grimstead, as though the subject had ceased to interest him.

Burton hopped from the log on which she sat.

"The moonlight is heavenly," she declared, "I must see it through the big trees. Will you go with me, Mr. Davenport, outside the firelight?"

Davenport jumped to his feet Gardiner too stirred as though about to arise, but paused as he felt Grimstead's restraining hand on his arm.

The two young people stepped out into the enchantment of the forest.

CHAPTER X

"The" Larry Davenport

They walked for 100 yards, feeling their way in the black and white contrasts of moonlight; then sat side by side on a log.

"It is almost too perfect," said Burton. "It almost hurts. But I shall never forget it."

They began to chat, to make disjointed remarkes, swinging back down the wide are of ecstasy to the starting point of everyday things. In a little while Davenport was talking eagerly, openly. The subject was battery.

"It ought to be tremendously valuable. You'll probably make a million or so out of it. I hope you do," the girl said.

"Yes, of course. I'd like to make something out of it. But that isn't the real point. Do you mind if I talk a little about it?"

"Oh, please!" she begged.

"Don't you see what it will mean to the world," he said, "the poor struggling old world? What a burden it does carry. Lord, what a task it has assumed just in feeding itself and clothing itself and keeping itself warm. And it has to hustle just to do that."

He twisted on the log more nearly to face her. "Look here," he demanded, "what is the greatest material need, the very greatest need of the world?"

"Davenport's batteries," she replied promptly.

He threw his head back and laughed boyishly.

"I was getting rather preachy, wasn't I? Well, the thing the world needs most is breathing time, time to play more and to soak up the thing that never come to a man when he is in a hurry or surrounded—in proportion. But the point is, the work a day world needs most is leisure, a little leisure."

"The trouble is," said Burton, "people are never satisfied. If they would be contented to go without so many frills they'd have leisure enough."

"No, you're wrong. They should have the frills. The frills represent the grace and beauty of life. We all have an instinct for frills, and real instincts should be gratified—in proportion. But the point is, frills are too hard to get. A living is too hard to get. Heaven forbid we should ever get anything without working for it; that is absolutely fatal. But there's no sense in having to perform soul-deadening and grinding toil for it."

"But what has the battery to do with this?"

"Why don't you see? Every invention that reduces the labor necessary to produce things is a step toward that leisure for the race. It's a step toward supplying more frills, besides more abundant necessities, with the same amount of labor."

With vivid sentences he sketched the world as he saw it: a reorganized world, free to put its energies into postive creation of those things which men's true instincts crave; producing its abundance by honest, sincere, necessary labor, but accomplishing the production without the exhaustion of squalor.

It was no impossible Utopia; it was an absurd dream of an impossible "equality"; but it was a world of opportunity released from pressure. What men did with the opportunity would still be, as it had always been, a matter for themselves.

But no longer would there be any reason or necessity for the spomergence under inexorable circumstances of the man whose hands reached toward the stars.

That is what he visioned; and that is what Burton, kindling to his ideas, saw too. And as she had not lived with the idea, as had he, and was unaccustomed to it, she was the more eagerly afire.

They sat silent for a time.

"Tell me about yourself?" she said suddenly.

"I was born of poor but honest parents and my friends call me Larry," he began.

"You're not the Lawrence Davenport?" she gasped.

"I'm the only one I know about. There may be others I know not of; but be assured, O lady, that they are nothing but spurious imitations."

"Why, I've read all your books and I've just loved them!"

"Long and patient study has not yet revealed to me the suitable answer to one who claims she loves your books," sadly confessed Davenport.

Burton began to chuckle, then to laugh aloud.

"I'm thinking of the joke on us," she explained, of Dad. We thought you were a garage mechanic!"

"And me such gentlemanly manners," he mourned, "and my diction, faulty as it is, yet observes the rules of grammar."

"Your funny little car misled us, I suppose," she explained, "and then you were so handy about everything."

"You relieve me. The car was the cheapest I could get for a pure experiment."

"And the battery?"

"Came to me just like a story, a little at a time. I'm no mechanic. No one could be worse fitted than I to be an inventor. But I couldn't help noticing from time to time the incredible amount of power everywhere going to waste, and one day when I was filling the starting battery of my car—I have got a car—it struck me what a nuisance it was, and I wondered if we could not get a battery that would work with air."

"And then you figured it out."

"I did not," he disclaimed. "I merely kept it in mind, the way I do a story, and it worked out its own plot, bit by bit. It took me some time to tumble to the fact actly so far apart. But at last I that the plates had to be just exgot it to work and to work hard for a long time. One horrible thought occurred to me; that maybe it will only work near electric plants already in operation under the old methods."

"Stealing what's already been made! I see."

"That's why I'm up in this wild country, bag and baggage. I'm going to find out. It seems to be alright though."

"You don't know how I appreciate your telling me all this, Mr. Davenport," then said she.

"I told you my friends call me Larry," he pointed out; then at her slight withdrawal, "Now, really, look at me. Am I a Larry looking person?" He cocked his eye comically in her direction.

"You're right—Larry," said she.

CHAPTER XI

In the morning the famous battery, lashed to the running board, had been connected up with the self-starter which was now turning over in the laborous and vociferous manner peculiar to the species. Grimstead and Gardiner were inclined to stand and watch it in fascination; but Davenport was quite unimpressed.

"That's all there is to it," said he. "Now all we have to watch out for is that she doesn't run dry of lubrication. Simmins can keep track of that."

He turned away.

"Now we've got a good morning's work in front of us," he announced cheerfully. "I picked a good place for camp, before breakfast. We must move camp, and then we must make a start on our road out."

"I'm going fishing this afternoon" warned Grimstead.

The evening meal that night was a jolly one, thanks to a large trout. Grimstead's high good humor over its capture carried all temperamental differences before it. Even the taciturn Gardiner unbent to tell an anecdote.

Burton was in the highest spirits, also, for she had what she considered a very intriguing secret, which she intended to keep for the time being at least, in the hope of extracting from the situatiton still further amusement.

In this she was abbetted by Larry Davenport himself. Now that that young man really understood the position in the social structure he was supposed to fill, he played up and become the Perfect Garage Mechanic. When this performance drew Simmins' puzzled eye Larry's happiness was complete.

"Now," sighed Grimstead comfortably, as he struggled to his thick legs after supper, "if you young people will excuse us, Ross and I have a little business to talk over."

He lighted a cigar and, followed by Gardiner, disappeared in the darkness.

"Now," he demanded of Gardiner, once they were settled on a convenient log. "How about it?"

His benign good humor had fallen from him and his whole being had tautened into a hard alertness.

"It has been running without a break, and without apparent loss of energy at any time up to 5 o'clock," answered Gardiner.

"We've got to tie this thing down before somebody else gets hold of it," declared Grimstead. "I wonder if anybody has? He might be tied up already."

"May be," agreed Gardiner, "but I don't think so. This seems to be his first test of the thing."

"Well, we must tie him up," said Grimstead.

"Going to buy him out, chief? You could probably get it cheap, comparatively."

"Gardiner," said the pirate, "I sometimes wonder a little about you."

"What do you mean?" asked Gardiner.

"I gather you think we could drive a creap bargain with this qoung man."

"Yes," he said finally, with convictiton. "I think we could—before he gets talking with some one else."

"Of course we could, but we won't I'll offer him the very largest share I can, or the highest royalties posible consistent with control and good business. See why?"

Gardiner shook his head.

"Well, either this is a whooper big thing, or it is a flivver. If it's a flivver it doesn't matter if we give him the whole works; it would be giving him nothing. But suppose it turns out to be a world beater and we've made a sharp bargain. Either he, or some one else, is going to buck. Then there's law suits without end. If, however, we have at the very start, before the thing is proved up at all, given him a full share, then when it turns out big he'll stay with us."

"Well, young man," said Grimstead when they had returned to the fireside, "your battery seems to be making good. There's no doubt that you have a big thing there. I don't know just how big, but it's good enough to market as it is. Every thought of it?"

"Yes, of course. But I've never been sure enough it was going to work to do anything about it."

Grimstead cast an eye of triumph toward Gardiner.

"Wel," said he, "I am considerably in the electric line myself. What would you think of taking it up with me?"

"I was going to propose it myself, after you had satisfied yourself the thing was going to run."

"Good! Now I'm not going to insult your intelligence by trying to buy outright," said Grimstead, craftily gaining merit from his decision, "You'd know better than that. There are two other methods. By one you would get a certain amount of stock in the company. By the other you would be paid a definite royalty. In the first instance you would have a voice in the management, and also responsibility. In the second instance you would be relieved from all trouble, but would have nothing to say."

"I see the difference," Davenport nodded. 'But I don't believe I could decide as to my choice until I heard a more definite proposition of each kind. How much stock would I get, and how much royalty?"

Grimstead here showed further his qualification for chiefhood by shooting back his proposal. He had thought it all out, and was ready.

(Continued Next Week)

WHEN TB MANIFESTS ITSELF IN COUGH

Tuberculosis has various ways of manifesting itself. The catarrhal onset with cough and expectoration, comprises the group of symptoms most commonly associated in the lay mind with tuberculosis. A cough lasting more than three weeks ought to be regarded with suspicion, but many cases of early tuberculosis have no cough or expectoration at all. There is nothing especially so characteristic about the cought from tuberculosis. It is usually worse in the early morning and frequently occurs only then. The expectoration is also more aboundant at that time.

During the late winter and early spring when coughs and colds are so common one should watch them closely, and if they hang on for more than three weeks, by all means see a doctor about them. But remember that the absence of a cough is far from being proof positive that you have no tuberculosis. The pathetic thing about the cough as a symptom of tuberculosis, is that when it is well established it is a symptom of advanced and not incipient tuberculosis.

And now nothing remains of the football season except trying to get the other fellow's coach.

You can recognize the typical American anywhere. He is asking somebody for a match.

So few attain that nice balance midway between inferiority complex and swellhead.