



MON TIPTOE

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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY
GRIMSTEAD, a capitalist, stranded by the breaking down of his car on a California mountain side.
BURTON GRIMSTEAD, his charming, spoiled daughter, is with him. She is not overly pleased when she finds that her father had insisted on her coming in order that she may be thrown in with.
ROSS GARDINER, her father's second-in-command, a capable young man whom, however, she does not like.
SIMMINS, their English butler-chauffeur, is sent after help and returns with.
LAWRENCE DAVENPORT, a young fellow in a ludicrous home-built car with a battery that is shown to be a marvelous invention, producing, by some mysterious agency, from the air the electricity by which the car runs. His winning a \$10,000 bet from Gardiner by correctly predicting a rain storm, and the revelation (to her alone) that he is "the" Lawrence Davenport, a famous writer, make him vastly interesting to Miss Burton Grimstead. Impressed by the commercial possibilities of the battery, Grimstead has Gardiner draw up a contract for its exploitation, which Davenport formally agrees to sign after it is stipulated that it will not be pushed so fast as greatly to disturb capital and labor. Davenport tells Burton that every one possessed the same power he possessed and she tries to learn the secret.
SIMMINS, butler-chauffeur, who is friendly toward Davenport, is persuaded to try to steal the signed agreement from Grimstead's bill-fold.
CHAPTER XIX
Simmins, a True Knight
 The campaign of dissembling went off with a bang. Grimstead's hostility melted easily. The impact of Davenport's identity as a famous author, instead of the mechanic he had believed him, was tremendous. The engagement finished him.
 Davenport was an excellent match he was a manly chap, and if Grimstead could arrange it—he was going to be immensely wealthy. Of course he had a lot of damn-fool idealistic notions, but an author was supposed to be eccentric.
 Supper passed jovially enough. Then Grimstead caused the hearts of three of the party to skip a beat.
 "Simmins," he commanded, "here is my coat to clean up a little; it's got an awful fish smell about it."
 As he spoke he took off the garment and hung it on a stub, replacing it with a sweater. He removed nothing from the pockets, and all three of the conspirators could distinctly make out a corner of the bill-fold showing from the inside pocket.
 Simmins picked up the coat, and with it started toward the creek.
 "Hey!" called Grimstead after him. "Where you going? I don't want that thing washed!"
 "No sir; of course not, sir. Mercy a trifle of spicing, fresh running water, you know, sir" stammered Simmins at a loss.
 "Well, go ahead. But there are some things in the pockets; look out you don't lose them. There is a tobacco pouch and a notebook in the side pocket, and my pocketbook in the inside pocket."
 "Never fear, sir, I'll take the best of care," chattered Simmins, beating a hasty retreat.
 "You're not afraid to trust him with a pocketbook?" Larry ventured to suggest.
 Grimstead laughed.
 "I wouldn't trust him with my roll," he agreed. "But that pocketbook contains nothing but papers; and they can all be replaced. There is nothing there to interest Simmins."
 Burton and Larry exchanged another glance. It was almost too good to be true.
 After 10 minutes Simmins glided unobtrusively into the firelight and hung the coat again on the stub.
 "Here," Grimstead commanded at once, "bring me that pocketbook out of the inside pocket."
 For a moment Simmins limps refused to work; but he succeeded in extracting the pocketbook and bringing it to his master. Contrary to expectation, Grimstead did not open it. He examined Simmins curiously.
 "You're trembling like a leaf," he said. "What is the matter with you?"
 Simmins muttered something about it being chilly by the stream.
 "Well, bring me my small leather kit bag."
 He opened the kit bag, burrowed down to the bottom, and tucked the bill fold beneath the flap.
 "There! She'll stick safe enough there until we go. Take it back, Simmins."
 "Yes, said Simmins, "and if there is nothing more, sir, I ask permission to return to my camp to turn in."
 "Well, take a drink before you go," offered Grimstead. "Here is the key. Your teeth are chattering."
 Simmins gratefully swallowed the whiskey, returned the key and disappeared.
 Larry and Burton wandered off toward the car and found Simmins waiting for them.
 "Here, sir; here it is," he burst out, thrusting a paper into Larry's hands. "What is to happen when he discovers his loss, sir, I cannot for the life of me imagine."
 "Nothing! Don't worry, Simmins.

If he finds it out, I will take the blame. You have acted very nobly in this matter. Neither Miss Burton nor myself will ever forget it."
 "Indeed we shall not, Simmins," added Burton; "You are a true knight!"
 Simmins retired, his heart glowing. The two young people made their way to the bank of the little stream where they would be screened from the camp. There Larry lit a match and cast a hasty glance of inspection at the document.
 "It's alright," he assured Burton relievedly. "This is it! Blessed be Simmins!"
 He tore it into small pieces and cast them into the current.
 "I feel as though the weight of worlds had been lifted!" he cried.
 "It does seem as though some one or something was helping us," said Burton soberly. "I think that we should be very thankful that things came about so easily."
CHAPTER XX
Discovered
 The moment the young people were out of hearing Grimstead turned on Gardiner with an almost savage intensity of manner.
 "Listen here, Ross," he said rapidly. "The time has come for action, and we must get busy. Things are at touch and go with us and the stakes are the biggest ever played."
 Gardiner looked at him blankly.
 "Never mind figuring it out. Listen to me, and take orders. This man Davenport is a fool, but he has brains. It was perfectly evident that the thought would soon suggest itself that if he could once get hold of the agreement he had signed he could tell us to go whistle."
 "But since he and Miss Burton—"
 "Poppycock! Do you think that type of fanaticism ever becomes reasonable?"
 "Then why—" "
 "A blind. It wouldn't fool a madman, let alone a wise-old cool like me. I'm an old bird; I can put two and two together. The first thing to try was obviously to get hold of it peaceably, by stealing it. If that didn't work, he was going to get it some how, if he had to hold us up or sandbag us. I know the type. He's a fanatic, and the most dangerous kind. He'd commit murder before he'd give in."
 "Get him before he gets us" he suggested.
 "I began to take my measures at once," Grimstead went on. "Obviously he'd try first of all to steal the bill fold. So I made it easy for him."
 "Did you suspect Simmins?" "
 "Not at that time. But I figured Davenport would begin to maneuver to get hold of the coat or near it."
 "A test," murmured Gardiner.
 "Precisely. Well, when he did not, I began to think I might be wrong. Then Simmins came back as scared as a rabbit, and I realized he was in it. I'll settle with him later."
 "But the agreement—"
 "Was not there, of course! I substituted the carbon copy."
 "They'll detect the difference; it isn't signed."
 "I signed it for him," grinned the older man. "It isn't a very good forgery, but he'll do tonight well to examine it with a match to see if it's what he wants."
 "Clever work, chief," cried Gardiner. "But I don't see that it gets us far."
 "It gets us until morning. And it corroborates my suspicions."
 "Now listen carefully, Ross," continued Grimstead, "for this is what you must do. You've got to get out of here, and you've got to take this agreement with you to the nearest recorder's, and get it entered. That means you start tonight, just as soon as graybody has turned in."
 Gardiner nodded.
 "So far so good. But there is another thing. This man is absolutely capable of laying down on us, no matter what agreements we may have."
 "What do you mean?" "
 "Refuse his formula."
 "But you can ruin him."
 "He'll stand that. He'll stand for anything; now he's got his head set. That's the sort they used to use the thumb rack on without much success. Could you analyze this battery, if you had it, and reproduce the formula?" "
 "Certainly, if what he says is true, that the plates are a simple alloy, and there is no further secret. It will only be necessary to analyze them, measure their exact proportions, determine their specific gravity, and observe carefully any peculiarities of their shape and position."
 "Remember, their distance from each other is important."
 "That of course. I see your idea. We are to steal the battery."
 "It must weigh 40 pounds," objected Gardiner. "Do we hide it somewhere?" "
 "No, you'll drive it out. The roads will now carry you; I've been watching them. Put the battery back in that rattletrap of his and drive it out."
 Gardiner pondered.
 "When we stop that self-starter it will be noticed," he objected, "and there'll be a lot of noise getting off. Simmins sleeps right next door. What do I do with him?" "
 "Simmins is already taken care of," said the pirate chief calmly. "He will continue to sleep. That drink I gave him will fix that."
 "Doped?" surmised Gardiner.
 "Just that. Morphine from the

medicine case. And we'll feed Davenport a little of the same."
 "Chief, you're a wonder! You think of everything. I'd suggest you tie him up after he goes under or he'll likely raise hell when he comes to."
 "I expect to," said Grimstead. "Look out; here they come! You understand your job and remember, it's the biggest stake in the world."
CHAPTER XXI
 Events ran smoothly along the plan laid out for them by the pirate chief. Burton and Davenport returned shortly to the campfire at a suitable time a night-cap was proposed and drunk. Soon after, with Burton in her darkened tent and Davenport deep in stupor the conspirators had the place to themselves.
 Silence rushed in upon the dying clatter as into a vacuum. Gardiner paused long enough to look in on Simmins. That worthy had not stirred.
 It was the work of but a few moments more to reinstall Davenport's strange storage battery in the other car.
 Gardiner found the engine much more flexible than any gasoline car he had ever driven. For a few minutes he amused himself by bringing it almost to a stop and then picking up smoothly and positively by merely opening the throttle. He then started out and settled down to the sheer pleasure of driving as fast as his skill would permit.
 He was a good driver, and he understood well how to pick up on the straightways and just how much to check at the curves. And he was a safe driver, as genuine skill is usually safe.
 But Gardiner was not alone in the car. No less a personage than Punctetty-Snivvies occupied the seat next to him, but the little dog's protective coloration had concealed him from Gardiner's notice.
 Now Gardiner had once cuffed Punctetty-Snivvies soundly when that personage had been left in his charge. So, crouched in his place, Punctetty-Snivvies fixed his beady eyes in malevolence on his enemy, and worked up a fine big hate.
 Gardiner flashed around a last corner to see ahead of him a straight bridge. The lights showed him its approach on a slight rise, and that it was built on a high trestle. Then the nose of the car touched the slight rise and the lights lifted.
 At the same instant Punctetty-Snivvies, whose hate had worked up to a point of action, reached out and bit Gardiner in the wrist!
 Gardiner, who had not known of the dog's presence, jumped in surprise and alarm. The car swerved, but he was too cool a driver to permit it to leave the road. However, for three seconds his attention was deflected, and that time was sufficient to shoot the car on the plank-bridge of the bridge.
 Gardiner saw all this with the corner of his eye, and steered true, while at the same time his direct vision was occupied in identifying the cowering little dog. Then he looked back to the front.
 Before him yawned an abyss. The bridge had been carried away by the flood!
 Even while he reached for the brake his brain photographed clearly the jagged edges of the bridge, the opposite bank picked out clearly by the lights, and dimly far below a white and phosphorescent tumble of waters hastening to the sea.
 The brakes checked the momentum almost but not quite enough. The car slowed, ran off the edge, seemed for an instant to hover right side up like a bird.
 Then down it plunged and the foaming, turbulent waters seized it and bore it shouting away.
CHAPTER XXII
And Rapscaillon Does His Stuff
 By the campfire Grimstead zircined his ears to catch the last sounds of Gardiner's departure. Things were going very well. They always did go well, he had found, when directed masterfully.
 Burton, as he had foreseen, did not stir in her tent. She was young and slept soundly, especially in the first part of the night.
 After a while he threw away his cigar, stretched and arose. First he leaned over Davenport for a moment, listening to his father's stentorian breathing. Then he sauntered to the big redwood at whose base the kitchen had been made.
 Here he deliberately unknotted a short piece of line that had been used to suspend a shading bit of canvas, and with it returned toward the sleeper. He was thoroughly satisfied, and was humming a little tune.
 In his brief absence another had added himself to the scene. Rapscaillon had shared the tent with Burton. Now, however, urged by some vague restlessness, some telepathic uneasiness, some trickle from the current searching out a channel of his doggy mind, he had deserted the warm and grateful nest and had come forth to sit by his master.
 Grimstead paid him no attention; but, cord in hand advanced upon the sleeper. Now the queer thing happened.
 Rapscaillon was the most friendly of dogs, ever polite and eager, whose experiences with humans had always been courteous. Also he was, of course, thoroughly familiar with Grimstead.
 "Here, Rap, you old fool!" he addressed in a low voice. "What ails you?"
 And again stepped forward.

Instantly Rapscaillon uttered a sharp and challenging bark.
 The sleeper did not stir; no sound came from the tent. Grimstead stepped forward again.
 Now Rapscaillon did not know what it was all about. Only his simple dog mind had received the impression that, unexplainedly and for the first time, the proximity of this large human meant trouble to Master; and his simple dog code told him to stick tight, say as much as he could about it, and, in extremity to do his utmost.
 If he had a private thought apart, which is improbable, it was a reflecting one of despair at relative sizes and powers; but it did not affect his course of conduct. He began to bark rapidly and warningly.
 As Grimstead continued to advance he bobbed forward and back a few inches as though propelled by a spring.
 These things impressed Grimstead just so far as to cause him to pick up a heavy club shaped brand of wood, a weapon that plainly outgunned the armament of the little red-dog, who fought at 15 pounds!
 At this moment Burton appeared from the tent.
 "Dad!" she cried, "what are you doing with that club and that rope? I'll keep him quiet."
 Her first sleepy thought was that the dog's barking had awakened Grimstead and exasperated him to the point of canide.
 As her mind cleared and focussed, however, her eyes widened with terror. Davenport's immobility amid all this noise, Grimstead's day attire; what did it mean?
 She dashed forward to Larry and undeterred by Rapscaillon, fell on her knees at his side.
 "What have you done?" What have you done?" she cried, terror-stricken.
 "Nothing—nothing at all—he is perfectly all right!" cried Grimstead, whose one idea was to reassure her before she lost control of herself. "He's not hurt. He'll be as well as ever in the morning."
 But by this time Burton had assured herself that Larry was living and unharmed, and rose slowly to her feet. Her brow was puckered in thought.
 "You've drugged him!" she decided at last. She pondered for a moment more, then raised her head.
 "The engine has stopped—you've stolen the car!" she cried in sudden enlightenment. A deep scorn rose to the surface of her eyes. "And now, you were going to tie him! You're afraid of what he might do!"
 On the passing of the danger of hysterics Grimstead became himself again. This was too big a matter to permit of sentiment. He spoke brusquely.
 "This is not woman's business. Burton," said he, "and you must not interfere. No harm is intended to your young man. Indeed, I am saving him from himself, and in the future he will thank me for making him a rich man instead of permitting him to ruin himself by foolishness."
 "He will never thank you; and I will never forgive you," she said passionately.
 He shrugged his shoulders. Women always got over these things. Still, a slight change in minor tactics seemed desirable. It would no longer be possible or desirable to restrain the young man by force.
 "I leave him to you," he told Burton. "Try to get some common sense into him—if it's possible. But be sure to tell him one thing: That his interests are going to be scrupulously protected. He'll get every cent that is coming to him."
 He disappeared down the meadow. Burton looked after him, her bosom heaving with emotions too deep for reply. Then in a passion of mingled loyalty and anger she fell on her knees again beside the unconscious young man.
 (Continued Next Week)

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