Via Wireless

Novelized by Thompson Buchanan From the Successful Play of the Same Name &

By Winchell Smith, Frederic Thompson And Paul Armstrong

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mm

sible. Wait a minute." He sprang to the key again and with

5rm, emphatic strokes drove an imperative message. "What's that?" asked the captain. "I asked for his radius of communi-

eation-how far he could send," explained Harling. He walted a moment, and then the receiver began again its servous, frightened elicking.

The fare of the listening operator brightened.

"Sixty miles," he exclaimed, translatfor the clicks. "Why, we must be within farty miles to get him at all tonight. Hut we are going toward him. We might now be within thirty miles.

The enplain shook his head.

"Yes, her where?" he said. "It may be in any modition. Anywhere within a forry mile ron h, shoul or on either benin and tonicht we can scarcely see a quarter mile with the search-

Again the receiver began a wild tettoo. The light went out of Harling's face as he listened. Then he turned almost piteously to the captain. "He says they're breaking up, sir.

For God's sake"-The clicking stopped suddenly. The two men in the wireless room looked at each other, and slowly each saw the borror grow in the eyes of the other. They waited with blanched faces. The receiver stayed still.

"They're gone." said the captain softly at last, and outside the wireless room the wind roared triumphantly. while the big waves pitched the ship shout in the teeth of the gale.

Harling dropped back into a chair. "Gone," he muttered stupidly. mation, there came the picture of the gacht breaking up and the thirty going fown to death in the sea, Perhaps they might be closer; they might be almost on them. Perhaps there was still time. And then the thought, "Suppose there are women, too, on board," came to the young operator.

Harilug sprang to his feet. "No, no" he velled loud above the sterm. "They shan't be gone! We will save them!

He spring to the key and desperatesight a message of cheer and hope. "We're coming. We'll save you yet.

Where are you? Have on." The expension laid bis band gently on

the young fellow's shoulder. "It's no use. I fear, boy," he said softly. "They are gone. That's the way it is at sen. You've done all you could, buy. Make a full report and transcription for me. If you should get another call send for me at once."

Turning, the old seaman opened the door of the wireless room to fight his was mong the deck to the lookout's position Inside the room young Harany dronged into a chair before his instrument and, hending over, buried his head in his hand. .

Suddenly be out up straight, tense in every nerve and mascle. What was rimt? Was it his imagination playing tricks again? No. He could not be mistaken. There it was again. He imited, listened, then sprang to

his feet, with a shrick of joy, for the Write re-order in front of him began again allowly, as though tired, to ellek. "A-A-A-A"

He read it off alond, with regret. "Just some buttleship," he said bitterir to himself. "That's the navy

Next his face lighted, and he laughed slond hysterically, for it was the navy call, but it came from the Irvessa. Impatiently the operator selzed the tele-

"Captain, captain," he shricked, "I've got the irvessa again, sir! Not Pinckner this time. There's a man at the key. We can get something from this soe. He can't send much, but be's all here with his nerve."

He dropped the telephone again as the receiver begun to cilek;

"Yacht Irvessa aground on reef. Po ition auknown, but within thirty miles of you getting this message. To indiexte relative position storm center now passing directly northeast of us. Heavjest lightning northeast by east. Can

yes make out our position?" The captain had re-entered the wireless room by the time the message was delivered.

"Teit him," exclaimed the officer, "we can make out his probable posttion. We are steering southwest by west to find him. Ask him how long be exp last."

The answer to the message came back slowly, with every dot and dash

descriptely distinct: "Half an bour." Tell him," commanded the captain. "we are twenty miles away probably

ean't make better than 12 knots bour in this storm. A terrific flash of lightning for one

ding instant lit up the mountainwaste of waves outside. "Ast him where that lightning was."

sted the officer.

"East by north," the receiver clicked

In another minute the course of the ship had been changed one point to the southward, and all this while the receiver slowly but steadily clicked

out guiding news. "We have two boats. Both boats left yacht ten minutes ago during break in communication with you. They seem understand direction you coming. First boat making for you. Look for its lights."

An expression of admiration came or the face of the old seaman.

"Then that fellow must have stayed behind to guide us and save the people in the boat," he exclaimed. "Ask him how many are with him."

Harling translated the quick answer "One. He is below. Stayed with me to run dynamo. We can give directions as long as hold together. That last lightning flash due north."

"Well, be's got his perve, all right." exclaimed the officer, with admiration "We've got to save that fellow."

The receiver was still pounding way: "Both boats got away safely Pinckney, Mrs. Durant, in first; als Miss Durant, I believe. Make every effort to save them."

The skilled operator quickly cut of part of the current, but the message continued uninterrupted. Harling 'aughed joyonsly.

"We are much closer than we thought," he exclaimed, with excitement. "I wed less current, and he got us all right. If he got that we can't be

ten miles off." He seized the key and clicked off the cheering news to the man on the stranded Irvessa who used the navy

Very firmly, but slowly, the answer

"We shall not outlive this. Storn enthering thicker. Both boats should live. If we are lost see that family of man who stayed with me is rewarded with my property."

"I wonder who that fellow is." exclaimed the Mongolian's chief officer. 'Did he tell you?" Harling shook his head.

"No, but he's a naval man. He used the navy call. We're on him. Listen." He translated quickly: "You are now between us and boats. See your light. Boats south of you. Do not expect further directions. Going to pieces Steer south."

The first officer burst into the wire

"Here, sir," he exclaimed. "I'll take your place. There is a searchlight on

the starboard bow." The captain struggled out to the deck as Harling pounded this cheering message of help and appeal to stick: "See your light. Coming. For God's sake don't break yet."

The noswer was sharp and stern: "Don't try reach us. Boats have twenty-six. Only two bere."

Even as the message came a faint beer rang out on the deck of the Mongollan. The first boat had been sighted. Carefully because of the tremendous waves the lifeboat bore down on the big ship. Slowly she edged around, then a rope was thrown and caught. A rope ladder and other ropes went over the side, and then a fore Harling could send another mes-



Then, for God's sake come to me! Com quick?"

sage the half drowned members of the Irvessa crew were being dragged to safety over the side of the ship.

Mrs. Durant, the first one takes aboard, and Pinckney, the second, were beloed into the wireless room. The

woman was mouning bysterically. "Frances is lost, lost," she sobbed. Next the clicking of the wireless in strument brought Pinckney partly to bimuelf.

"What's that?" he asked. "Some one on the Irvessa. Who he?" demanded Harling. Pinckney did not answer, and Mrs

Durant broke in: "It's Lieutenant Sommers. He stay ed behind to guide you. What's he

"He wants to know if all are safe in the first boat."

"Yes, but Frances," cried the moth er-"Frances, where is she?"

The clicking of the receiver cut o

her speech. "He says. 'Don't give up second boat. Don't believe it lost." The enptain of the Mongolian let out

an oath. "We can't stop for the second boat, he exclaimed, "I'm going for that fel. to anybody I didn't know in a month." low. Tell him we're coming for him." Harling sent the message, but a me

ment later the word came from the lookout:

"Irreusa light gone." The fight was gone, but the Irvesas still held together, for the receiver in the wireless room of the Mongollan clicked out a sharp command:

"Look for second boat. We stayed to save others. Don't come for us till you find second boat,"

Almost at that moment the lookout sang a cheering word.

"Another boat on the port bow, sir." Agnin the thrilling work of lifting dazed, half drowned people from the tossing lifeboat to the firmer deck of the steamer was successfully accom-plished. Bradley, the leader of the second boat, staggered into the wire-

"Frances! Was she with you?" screamed Mrs. Durant at sight of bim. The secret service man shook his

"We thought she was in the first boat with you," he said. "How many did you bave?"

"Fifteen." replied Pinckney. "And we started with thirteen," exmakes twenty-eight."

A scream from Mrs. Durant interrupted them. "My child! Frances! My child! She stayed behind with Sommers. Save

her! Save ber!" Harling sprang to the key, and s moment later this terrible message

went to the hero in the wireless room on the Irvessa: "Miss Durant is with you. She stay-

ed behind to run dynamo. The answer came sharp, quick, and for the first time the sending was pervous:

"Then for God's sake come to me Come quick!"

CHAPTER XV.

EXCITEMENT AT THE PRANT WORKS THE Durant gun works was in a fever of excitement. Ever since the forging of the Sommers com events of importance had happened in such close succession that about the works generally was the feeling of stunned amazement. The office force and even the hands when they met would look at each other fearfully. What would happen next? Nogone could tell. But all were sure

something dreadful might be expected. First had come the fight in the furpace room, when Sommers was nearly killed; then the discharge of Smith. but with the rumor that he had gone to work in another plant controlled by Mr. Durant; next had followed a terrible explosion of the Sommers gun,

and now was the shipwreck, the won derful rescue through the bravery of Sommers and Frances Durant, finally to culminate in a rigid investigation to be held in the Durant works. So no wonder the thousands connected di rectly and indirectly with the Durant works were in a fever of exchement.

The story of the berole rescue had been told over and over again. Al knew how Frances volunturity had stayed behind on the wrecked yacht to share apparently certain death with the heroic young naval officer. It was plain that she loved him and he loved her, and all the gossips were straining their imaginations to conjure just what would be the result when the girl's lover was tried at the court mar tial for the loss of his gun, forged in her father's works.

As soon as the Mongolina reaches New York the survivors of the Irvessa had landed. Pinckney burried to Pitts burg on the first train, but Sommers stayed over a few hours to make the trip with Frances and her mother Mr. Durant had met them there, and all came on together. The steel man was not given to many words. Sommers was equally undemonstrative They had wrung each other's hands with mutual respect and esteem, but there had been no words of the relation which all knew must exist to tween the young officer and Frances The girl had said nothing Even her

mother was not in her confidence. On the trip from New York to Pitts burg Mrs. Durant had fore time to take up the subject with her nushand "It's no use, George," she said. "Ed word basn't a chance. That wreck killed any feeling she ever had. We were all in the wireless room, and when he began to bungle and foolish messages Mr. Sommers. caught him by the collar, putled him away from the key and put him outside. If you had seen Frances' face then you would know Edward was done. You must give Mr. Sommers every opportunity to clear himself of bin me.

George Durant nodded in agreement "I'll give him every chance, dear," he said. "Give him a chance

that's all any man can ask." Now the day of Sommers' chance was at hand, for Mr. Durant had put his books and the entire force of the works in charge of Bradley to ferre out the truth.

Pinckney, with a few hours' start burried to the szorks as fast as possi ble. He wanted to meet Marsh before the investigation began. He must know what Marsh had told Bradley Their stories must agree. But the first blurted question brought another sur prise to the chief conspirator.

"I baven't seen any secret service man. There hasn't been any around here," protested Marsh.

Pinckney shook his head impatient "Don't be foolish, Marsh, You saw him and talked to him. He questioned you here nearly a month ago. His

name was Bradley." Marsh, thoroughly frightened at th idea of secret service men working on a case, could only redouble his pro

"I baven't seen him. I baven't talked Pinckney gave a relieved sigh.

"Then he bluffed me," he said. "But now listen. This investigation is con ing off today. We're all right. If you keep your head for half an hour you can't go wrong. And we begin work on a government contract for the

Rhinestrom tomorrow. "What most I say?" inquired the in-

ventor of the Rhinestrom gun weakly. "Swear that Smith was drunk a say that I and Sommers were in the furnace room when the gun went into the tempering bath. Then Bradley can't prove anything to save his life. Don't let him frighten you. He'll try

to, but keep your nerve. If he asks you about 'he Rhinestrom gun don't know anything about it." Marsh, naturally nervous, was now trembling with fear,

"You know of those killed and wounded, Mr. Pinckney. We both deserve state's prison for it."

Pinckney grabbed the little man by

the shoulder to shake some conraginto him.

"Don't get chicken bearted, you fool." be cried angrily. "I feel as bad about the accident as you do, but we can't think of that now. It's state's prison claimed Bradley, "and lost two. That or a fortune for you, Marsh. Now keep your perve. How did we know the gun was going to explode? I never thought it would stand the test at the proving ground. Come on in the office. and I'll give you a drink to brace

They were still in the inner room when Brad' v. cool and debonair, as

usual, strolled into the outer office. "How are you?" be said genially to Mazie O'Brien, the pretty stenographer, pegging away in one corner at her machine. "I was looking for Mr. Pinckney."

Marsh," responded the girl. Bradley nedded. "Sure. He sent for Marsh as soon as

"He's in the inner office with Mr.

he came, didn't be?" "Yes," replied the girl curiously. How did ; on know that?"

Bradley smiled. "Mind reader," he suggested, then idded, with a serious explanation, "I have an engagement with him, so I thought they'd be waiting for me." "Shall I tell him you are here!

isked the stenographer. Bradley made a basty objection. "Oh. no: don't bother. I'll wait till they get through. I was just going to see them on a little business about the Rhinestrom gun. And that reminds me. Give me Mr. Rbinestrom's address, won't you? I have to drop him a let-

"Rhinestrom's address?" she aszad curiously. The man nodded.

"Sure. Khinestrom, the inventor of the gun they're making here. Can't you give me his address? If you don't remember it look at the last letter you sent him."

Why, I've never sent him any letters." Mazie returned curiously. you want his address, why don't you get it from Mr. Pinckney?" Bradley smiled.

"That's a good idea," he said, "Pit just do that. You take all Mr. Pinckney's dictation, don't you?" The girl had begun to wonder at the

questioning. Bradley looked well and was pleasant. But what did he want? Yes, I take Mr. Pinckney's dictation," she agreed cautiously. "And he's never written to Rhine

strom?" demanded Bradley, with sudden sternness. "Say, who are you anyhow? What

do you want? Are you trying to pump Her questioner smiled blandly. "Oh, please don't suggest such

thing," he said. "I'm going in the works now to see a man named O'Lea-When Mr. Durant comes tell him that Mr. Bradley of the secret service is in the works then send for me. Goodby. Much obliged for what you had to tell me "

Muzie O'Brien leaned back in her chair, looking after Bradley with a enrious expression on her face

"Well, what do you think of that?" she said to berself at last in astonishment. "Him a detective! Well, he's a pretty good looking fellow-for a detective. I wonder what's up. I remem ber he was around here a mouth ago." Ten minutes later the detective was back in the office in time to meet Frances entering with Lieutenant

Sommers. "I'm glad you're here, Miss Durant." he declared earnestly, "Would you mind if I ask you some questions on

The girl smiled at the idea.

Investigation?"

"Will I mind?" she exclaimed, "You know I'll do anything in the world ! can to clear Mr. Sommers of any blame. Have you found out anything so form

Stradley shook his head.

"I've got no positive proof, but I think I shall have before this lyvestigation is over."

"And Mr. Sommers will be cleared when he goes before the court of inquiry at Washington?" persisted the

Brudley bowed "I certainly hope so, Miss Durant. You know how much I owe to Mr. Sommers and to you. I feel sure he is innocent of any neglect or wrongdoing.

and you can depend on me to work my head off to clear him. Everything will depend, however, on what I can get from Marsh." Frances looked surprised. "I can't thick Marsh is guilty." she admitted anxiously. "He's been in the works for years, and nothing's ever

Bradley nodded. "I know all that, Miss Durant, But may I tell you a secret? I believe Marsh is the investor of the Rhinestrom gun, and if I can prove that the

been said against him."

"And if you can't?" the girl asked fearfully. Bradley smiled with confidence,

"I never let myself look on that side," he said. "Now I must leave you. I'll be back in a few minutes. When the door had closed on Brad-ley the girl turned impulsively to Som-

sers et her side. "What will you do if you find they

are against you?" she asked bluntly. The man looked at her series "There is nothing that I can do then, Frances. I'll be dishonored, a disgraced

man." "You mean," she persisted, "if this investigation discloses nothing and the



court of inquiry at Washington finds against you that you will not come back to me?" An expression of pain crossed Som-

mers' face, but his answer came out straight: "How could I come back to you dear? A cashlered naval officer, dis

graced for life, couldn't come to you couldn't ask that sacrifice of you Impulsively the girl bad laid bet hand on his arm. "Then listen, dearest," she said soft

ly, but with determination that would not be denied. "If the Washington au thorities place the blame of the arei dent upon you, if you are dishor and disgraced, you need not come havto me." She paused a moment, then added softly, raising her eyes to him, "You need not come back to me, for I will come to you."

> CHAPTER XVI. GETTING AT THE TRUTH.

HE inquiry at the Durant works to establish responsibility for the failure of the Sommers gut was simply organized. Mr. Duant put the entire matter in the hands of Bradley, giving him authority to question everybody connected with the work and if possible to bring out the entire truth. Besides Bradley and Mr. Durant, Pinckney, Sommers, Frances and the stenographer, Maxie O'Brien, were the only ones allowed at the ex-

mination. "I want you to understand, Mr. Bradthey began. "that I and my plant are entirely at your service. I am as anxions as you to find just where the blame lies, and if any men in my em ploy are responsible I can assure you

they will be punished." Bradley bowed.

"I am convinced of your sincerity ir," he said, "and I shall take full ad vantage of your offer."

Whom do you wish to question

first?" asked Durant. "Marsh," replied the secret service men promptly, The owner of the plant immediately ent a boy to call the head draughts-

"And after Marsh?" he suggested We might as well have the names of all the witnesses, so we can call them unlekty.

Erndley smiled. "The second witness will also be

"And the third?" suggested the put "Marsh again." came the grim reply

Mr. Durant looked up surprised, s little startled. "You have settled on Marsh, then, as

the guilty man? Bradley shook his head. "Oh, by no means. Mr. Durant. I as merely getting at the truth." Pinckney had been sitting grimly his brows drawn down, listening to the

talk of Durant and the secret service

man. Now he broke in with some im parlence: "I don't think this is treating Marsh fair, Mr. Durant, This detective's attitude is apt to prejudice you against a capable and proved faithful workman."

Mr. Durant turned on Pinckney, sur-"that I am apt to be prejudiced against 66 for Richmond, Washington a good workman merely because he's asked a few questions. Mr. Bradley may want to ask you some questions. but I don't think that can prejudice m

against you." Before Pinckney could reply Marsh entered. He was in his shirt sleeve having just come from his desk, and 6.00 P. M. he stood beside the door, looking about the room furtively, suspiciously, fear-fully. Mr. Durant smiled in friendly fashion, for Marsh had worked many years at the plant, and he liked him

"Marsh." began the steel man, "thi is Mr. Bradley of the United State secret service. He wants to ask you some questions about forging the Sc mers gun. I want you to tell him everything you know in connection

with that affair." "Yes, sir." replied the head draughts man, but his tone was so weak that Pinckney, fearful of his fellow conspirstor's strength and courage, broke in

'Marsh was not in charge of the

ITO BE COSTINUED.





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