

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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able. Wait a minute." He sprang to the key again and with firm, emphatic strokes drove an imperative message. "What's that?" asked the captain. "I asked for his radius of communication—how far he could send," explained Harling. He waited a moment, and then the receiver began again its nervous, frightened clicking. The face of the listening operator brightened. "Sixty miles," he exclaimed, translating the clicks. "Why, we must be within forty miles to get him at all tonight. But we are going toward him. We might now be within thirty miles."

"East by north," the receiver clicked back. 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 to understand direction you coming. First boat making for you. Look for its lights." An expression of admiration came on 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."

"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." Again the thrilling work of lifting dazed, half-drowned people from the tossing lifeboat to the firmer deck of the steamer was successfully accomplished. Bradley, the leader of the second boat, staggered into the wireless room. "Frances! Was she with you?" screamed Mrs. Durant at sight of him. The secret service man shook his head. "We thought she was in the first boat with you," he said. "How many did you have?" "Fifteen," replied Pinckney. "And we started with thirteen," exclaimed Bradley, "and lost two. That makes twenty-eight."

vector of the Rhinestrom gun weakly. "Swear that Smith was drunk and 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 the 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 courage into him. "Don't get chicken hearted, you fool," he 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 or a fortune for you, Marsh. Now keep your nerve. How did I 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 you."

are against you?" she asked bluntly. The man looked at her seriously. "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 Sommers' face, but his answer came out straight: "How could I come back to you, dear? A cashiered naval officer, disgraced for life, couldn't come to you. I couldn't ask that sacrifice of you." Impulsively the girl had laid her hand on his arm. "Then listen, dearest," she said softly, but with determination that would not be denied. "If the Washington authorities place the blame of the accident upon you, if you are dishonored and disgraced, you need not come back to 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."

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