

# Wings of Wireless

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

## START HERE

Two men and a girl stage a spectacular holdup at a fashionable Radio dance in a New York suburb. Next day the Walden Jewels taken from pretty Ruth Walden, are mysteriously returned by messenger. Ruth's mother fears that her daughter has innocently become associated with a gang of crooks posing as persons of fashion. The confidant in Guy Garrick, close friend of Dick Defoe, young wireless inventor. The mother wishes that Ruth's attentions be turned to Deftoe from a group of young folks whose antecedents are doubtful. Glenn Buckley, "the demon lover" is especially distasteful to Mrs. Walden.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Richard Defoe was a friend of Garrick, graduate of a great engineering school, son of a famous engineer and already an inventor of no mean fame. Of late he had turned all his attention to a radio invention in which he seemed to have a strange aptitude. He wrote an wireless photograph, his perfection of a wireless dictograph and wireless telegraph had won him wide recognition. Just now he was at work on a radio boat, a radio automobile and a radio airplane.

The mere mention of Dick constituted an added reason why Garrick felt impelled to come to the assistance of Nita in distress.

"Tell me something about the girl," he suggested.

"Well, there's Vera Gerard. You know her, 'the blonde vamp' they nicknamed her, ever since she went into that amateur motion picture the girls made at the school of the Misses Phoebe. She thinks she is a new Tamara or Pickford. . . really . . . wants to be the 'society girl' with a career on the screen."

"Then, there's that Ben Larson, who has been the mascot of one or another of the girls all summer. Just between you and me and the listening post, I think she's an adventuress. I've heard it whispered that she used to be a cabaret singer or a dancer or something. With ambitions. Anyway, she's been taken up by the girls of the younger set and it's not for the likes of us, Guy, to tell the young idea how it shall shoot away its time any more."

"Then dance palaces and cabarets," pondered Garrick, considering, "have given a new twist to crime."

"And the police! How do they do it as their allowances? Out them off to next to nothing. They seem to go right on. There's something mighty queer about it all. You will . . . look into it for me!"

"Indeed I will, Nita. Glad of the opportunity. I'm rather fed up on country life just now, anyhow. Besides, it's like nothing better than to see some of these youngsters right."

Nita Walden glowed her thanks and was whisked away.

Garrick took a turn or two across the deserted end of the veranda.

A couple of years before the war, Garrick, just out of college, of fine family and some fortune, had decided to discontinue his way into detective life.

"There must be something new in order to catch criminals nowadays," he told a friend. "The old methods are all right—as far as they go. But criminals are keeping lip with science."

"But what a hobby!" his friend had returned. "Never know anyone in our set ever to take up that!"

"It's just our set that needs it most. We're always shaken down, blackmailed, victimized, imposed on—until we, the wise ones, are the easiest marks of all!"

So, in his casual way, Garrick had invented the Edison, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, which he had studied the amazing growth ahead of the new criminal science. It was not merely detective. With his carious pred-

lection, he had absorbed, nearly everything from such men as Gross, Lucasagne, Rolas, all the successors of the day of the immortal Bertillon.

Next a strange thing happened. The war broke out, and before he knew it, he was drawn into brilliant service in the Office of Naval Intelligence, from which he emerged a Lieutenant Commander.

Then for four years he had settled back into the life he had been born into, until now he was virtually father confessor of all the troubles of the social leaders, a sort of unofficial adviser, with no profession except having a good time and with the Garrick fortune that was ample to indulge his hobbies.

"So here you are! Been looking all over Suffolk County for you, Guy." It was Dick Defoe. "Suppose you've heard this new tale of Dame Rumor—about the Radio Dance last night?"

Garrick nodded but did not commit himself. This was an ideal chance. He wanted to see how much Dick knew and whether he could add anything. Perhaps some fresh angle would offer a new attack on the case.



A RACER RIBOT PAST, A GIRL AT THE WHEEL.

Dick knew less than Mrs. Walden, but felt as much.

"Guy," he pleaded, "you must . . . you must help me save Ruth from herself . . . and her friends."

Curiously, here was Defoe appealing to him to do what he had already agreed to do. Garrick was used to such coincidences.

"Well, then, tell me something about those friends. What about the radio kid, Glenn Buckley?" Garrick watched with concealed amusement the reaction on Dick's face.

"Oh, he's like a great many people today. It isn't the scientific interest in radio that Glenn feels. It's the entertainment value in it—in anything—that appeals to him. As a scientific study, I suppose, motion pictures were interesting to people who were following what Edison and others were doing. But when they became a source of entertainment, pictures became the fifth industry."

"That's the way it is with radio today with Glenn. Besides, now Radio is fashionable. It's smart. Like the automobile was twenty years ago, I imagine. Glenn wants to be smart. So he has asked the advice and assistance of Professor Vario over at Rock Lodge. The rest of the crowd, I guess, you know—that Jack Curtis. You've seen him around the Club. To me, though, Ruth is the center of everything. But . . . then, there's Vera Gerard . . . and that Larson girl. Of course, Glenn has taken quite a fancy in this wireless craze of his to Professor Vario at the Radio Central."

"What about him?" reiterated Garrick.

"Oh . . . nothing. . . guess I'm thinking too much about Glenn! Anyhow, it just shows how foolishness radiates and hits everybody—like Hertzian waves."

The Radio Central at Rock Lodge some ten miles east along the Sound

shore covered an area of ten square miles with twelve rows of 40-foot towers radiating for a mile and a half from the central station, without a doubt the largest radio plant of the kind in the world.

"But you haven't told me yet whether you were at this Radio Dance last night," recalled Garrick.

"Of course not. You don't think they'd invite me, do you? My tastes are just a trifle too quiet for that speedily set."

"But you do go out with Ruth a great deal, don't you?"

"Not as much as I like. But, as for that—dance. . . they didn't want me there any more than they'd invite me to a . . . they got short."

"Where?"

Dick shrugged and was silent.

"Come, now. If you want me to help you, play fair, Dick. You can't hold back little things—and expect me to be of any help." Garrick was all ears for discovering stray currents of fact.

"Well, then," unwillingly, "on the 'Sea Vamp'."

"The 'Sea Vamp'? What's that?"

"A houseboat—down Duck Harbor way—anchored off one of the best bathing beaches to the west, between us and the city. A lot of the young folks charter it and about that spot because it was not far from the Club and yet not too far out from the city. It's a bit out of the way, but that makes them practically on the beach and that end of the harbor for their swimming races and water sports. Some of the sportier older folks go with them—once in a while."

"Well . . . what of it?"

"Just this. There's more devilry cooked up on the upper deck or in the saloon of the 'Sea Vamp' than . . . than will ever get into Town Topics."

Garrick turned toward the steps.

"Jump into my racer, Dick. You're going to take me to look over this 'Sea Vamp'."

## CHAPTER II THE SEA VAMP

WITH a siren blast and a swish of dusty air a yellow racer shot past Garrick and Dick before they were a mile down the turnpike, leaving only a kaleidoscopic impression of a girl at the wheel and a fellow loling back tensely in the other bucket seat.

"Ruth!" exclaimed Dick as Garrick mechanically threw in more power.

"Who was with her?"

"Glenn Buckley."

Garrick's motor leaped ahead as he stepped on it. Straightaway down the turnpike they raced. Garrick was just about holding his own. But Ruth had the jump and there was not a chance to pass her. She was too wise a driver. Having shot ahead of a car she did not slacken a fraction and she knew that that always makes it nearly impossible to catch one.

A bend in the turnpike toward the south and a dirt road forked off. Ruth slowed up just a bit, turned her head with a peevish smile. "I've a hunch," she called back teasingly, "you can't follow me, Dick!"

With a wave of her hand suddenly Ruth shot away on the side road to the right, to the north, in a pillar of dust cloud.

Garrick had no desire for a wild-goose quest. He stuck to the concrete turnpike.

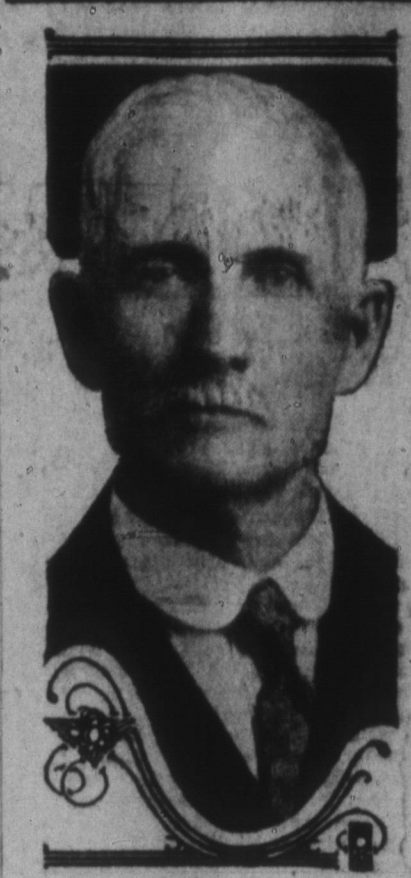
"What's the matter, old man? Why so silent?" queried Dick a mile further on. "Suppose you're wondering, like me, how Ruth could have got mashed in the wheels of this gang, if that's what it is, eh? Dick gazed hopefully off at the hill and forest north of them with their maze of side roads. "I wish, by gad, a girl was like a car or a boat—something you could steer—right!"

"Time enough to worry when we know more than we think we know," returned Guy, negotiating a left turn that required some skill to make the succeeding hill on high.

"After all, Ruth's just a stunning little flapper—facing a very cold and calculating world—with a thoroughly modern—jill—balanced equipment—that doesn't hug the road like this old car of mine. Except," he paused, then added, "that she has the inherited intelligence, the intuition, the instinct of woman in all the ages. . . The real question is, What will she do with it?"

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

HENRY SPENCER, well known and respected citizen of Watertown, N. Y., who reports he has gained 15 pounds since he began taking Tanlac and always tells his friends how this medicine restored his health.



"My friends often say: 'Never see you looking better; what are you doing for yourself?' and I always tell them: 'Well, I am taking Tanlac now,' recently declared Henry Spencer, 414 East St., Watertown, a well known and highly respected citizen.

"For more than a year," he said, "I seemed to be run down all over. From 160 pounds I fell off to 135, lost my appetite and my stomach gave me no end of trouble. The little I ate caused me to bloat with gas and I was subject to dull, heavy headaches. I had no energy and it was all I could do to get around the house. I had dizzy spells when everything would blur before my eyes and I had to catch myself to keep from falling.

"Well, now, I have gained 15 pounds, feel better in every way and can work as well as ever, since taking Tanlac. I relish what I eat, with a fine appetite, and gas, indigestion, headache and dizziness are completely gone. Yes, sir, I just can't say too much for Tanlac. It is sold by all good druggists—Advertisement—

## HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL BY STEVE O'NEILL

Star Catcher—Cleveland Indians.

A good glove plays a most important part in the work of a catcher.

With a great many catchers, who some day aspire to make the big league grade, there is an idea the bigger the glove the better.

Modern day catchers in the two major leagues take an entirely different view. I much prefer a small glove.

I have used any number of models, and find by experience that a small glove is much better suited to the varied uses the catcher must put it.

A big glove is really a hindrance in handling a slow hit ground ball in front of the plate. A small pocket that is well broken in, retains pitched balls much better than the larger pocket of the big glove.

Position Means Much.

In touching a runner the smaller, more compact glove enables the catcher to get a firmer grip on the ball, thereby greatly eliminating the chance of dropping the ball after having touched out the runner.

Position back of the plate means considerable. When ready to receive the pitch I favor having the right foot just a little back of the left foot, say a matter of about four inches.

I have found that such a position enables a catcher to get the ball away much more quickly on a throw than when standing with both feet even up. Getting the ball away quickly means everything to the catcher.

A catcher should always back up first base with a man on first or no one on the bases.

Many a time such an act on the part of the catcher looks unnecessary, when the play is properly completed. It is to get a firmer grip on the ball, or the first baseman lets it get through him, that the value of backing up the play is apparent.

I find that I get good results by coaching my pitchers at all times. The catcher should always tell the pitcher at what base to make a play, when a ground ball is hit to him.

Particular care must be taken to do this on a sacrifice play, where one or more chances are offered to retire a player. The catcher has the play in front of him, the pitcher has his back to it. The coaching of the catcher is most important.

When I find my pitcher showing signs

# LOOK LOOK

## All This Week

THE SALE

That will make you smile.

SUCH BARGAINS!

Never before would your money buy as much as it will now at the

# ELLIS

## Department Store

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley

HOLD 'ER NEW SHES ARE ARIN' (BRAT)

GRAND PRIZE FREE LUCKY NUMBER WITH EVERY POUND OF TEA

1st PRIZE—HANGING LAMP

2nd PRIZE—FINE POUNDS OF SMOKING TOBACCO

GIT FER HOME BRUNG!

YOU SAY WE CAN'T LET HOOTSTOWN WIN THAT LAMP AWAY?

NO NO I'D DRINK TEA THESE TIMES A DAY!

THE HOME FOLKS WERE MUCH DISTURBED WHEN THEY DISCOVERED THE LODGE LADIES FROM HOOTSTOWN TOOK MANY CHANCES ON THE HANGING LAMP.

## Yesterday's Results

**NATIONAL**  
St. Louis 6, Boston 6.  
Philadelphia-Pittsburgh, rain.  
No others scheduled.

**AMERICAN**  
No games scheduled.

**INTERNATIONAL**  
Jamaica City 4, Newark 3.  
Baltimore-Boston, rain.  
Bryn Mawr 8, Toronto 7.  
Others postponed.

**SOUTH ATLANTIC**  
Charlotte 2, Charleston 4.  
Augusta 8, Spartanburg 4.  
Columbia 4, Greenville 4.

**VIRGINIA**  
All games rained out.

## PIEDMONT

Danville 1, Raleigh 4.  
Durham 3, 1; High Point 2, 3.  
Winston-Salem, 1, 8; Greensboro 4, 7.

**FOR NATURE LOVERS**  
Ernest Thompson Seton's works—"Two Little Savages," "Woodland Tales," "The Book of Woodcraft," "Wild Animals at Home," "Wild Animal Ways," "Rife in the Woods," in attractive and durable cloth bindings, good paper, clear print, finely illustrated six splendid entertaining and informing volumes, all for \$11, payable \$1 with order and \$2 a month (or \$9.90 cash in full with order). These books will delight the children and please their parents. Mail your order today for prompt delivery, postpaid. J. T. Norworthy, The Book Man, Gastonia, N. C.

## MAYOR'S COURT

The following cases were tried in the mayor's court yesterday morning:

Nathan Davis, disorderly conduct, \$10 and cost; Alf Davis, disorderly, \$15 and cost; Sam Hines, drunk, \$5 and cost; Eliz Odon, speeding, \$5 and cost; Charles Hinnant, drunk and disorderly, \$10 and cost.

**ROTARY BARBECUE POSTPONED**  
The barbecue, which the Rotary club expected to have this evening, has been postponed on account of the uncertainty of the weather. The regular weekly meeting of the club will be held as usual at 7 o'clock this evening at the Kennon.

**REMEMBER** the cow sale at Edger-ton's Stables Saturday.

## BY ALLMAN

AS USUAL, I'D ALWAYS TRY TO PLEASE—I HAD SIX HATS SENT OUT SO THAT YOU COULD HELP ME SELECT ONE.

WELL, I DON'T LIKE THAT ONE TO BEGIN WITH!

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE OTHER TWO, HOW DOES THIS ROUGH BABY HIT YOU?

IT LOOKS LIKE A BUZZ SAW—TAKE IT OFF!

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THIS IS A HOT NUMBER?

NO, I DON'T LIKE THAT ONE EITHER—YOU STILL HAVE ONE IN THAT OTHER BOX YOU HAVEN'T TRIED.

I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ONE OUT—I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP IT AND TAKE A CHANCE THE OTHERS GO BACK!

I HATED THE MIGHTY FOOT & LIT THE BACK OF THE LEFT FOOT.

O'Neill, Cleveland Indians Backstop, Says Great Deal Is Up to Catcher