

# On Wings of Wireless

ARTHUR B REEVE

### Continued From Our Last Issue

A surprise awaited them as they flew up at Glenn's garage, guarded by the Astra gency men.

"And you came, sir," exclaimed the agency manager himself. "I've got three men here, now."

"Three men?" queried Garrick. "Why is that?"

The manager, for answer, took his inside and closed the door. In the corner was a well-dressed, expensively dressed man with a Greek cast of countenance, handcuffed.

"This man—his name, he says, is Achilles—came in here early tonight and claimed this stuff, said he had a bill of sale of something for a truck to take it out."

The prisoner seemed to regard Garrick as a savior. He showed signs of loosening up on his surly reticence.

"You see, sir, I buy the Inner Circle—understand?—fifty thousand dollars, understand? I got all the goods, understand? He turned aside and opened his coat for Garrick alone. In his inside pocket was a long envelope with fifty thousand dollars bills. Garrick's hand went to it, but he stopped when he got all that stuff, bars, too, understand?"

Garrick did understand. It was a matter of making a quick retreat and get away. "Where's your bill of sale or whatever it is you have for this?"

Achilles pulled out a paper. It was signed by George and Rae Larson as agent in fact. "Let the buyer beware," laughed Garrick as he returned it. "Now, I understand that the money is to pass tonight at the Inner Circle when this is signed? The man signed and got in with the money?"

"Then if you want to get free in this little illegal transaction, Mr. Achilles, and have that fifty thousand yours instead of leaving it in court as cash bail, take me to the Inner Circle and get the goods."

The thought of the hundred thousand cash settled Achilles. "The man and the girl are now there," he reported as he left the telephone, with handcuffs slipped.

Garrick's raid of the Inner Circle was a pointless, if not pitiful, affair. But it was only fifty per cent successful. The rest closed on George and Rae Larson nowhere shown.

George shut up like a clam. It was more than evident, however, that he was not the "man-at-the-top."

Thoroughly they searched, but there was not a trace of Rae. Nor was there a trace of Ruth or of the vehicle.

"This eliminates George," considered Garrick, "except, of course, as an understrapper."

"Brooks-Curtis," repeated Dick mechanically, stifling his teeth as the names suggested Vira and Ruth. Garrick shook his head absently. "All the wild horses in Hades wouldn't get a word out of George, now," he observed. "Thank the Lord, Dick, you're an expert at it; our only hope lies in wireless—in some form or other."

portable paraphernalia and lugged it out to the car.

"Never can tell," he said to Garrick. "I hope to be out of radio touch. And why the club can't appropriate money for an outfit, I can't see."

Garrick made the Club his headquarters and he felt he would like to start the day there.

"Cast thy words upon the ether and they shall return unto thee after many days," laughed Garrick as he looked over his mail. "I suppose now for a week I'm going to be bombarded with mail from radio fans. It's always that way. Where do they find the time to write all the letters? Say—here's one, though. Read that. A postcard—postmarked 'North West!'"

Dick, who was familiar with the wags of the radio listeners, read the card:

"Your message was good and clear—But why did you suddenly stop when you began to tell us your suspicions?"

"E. K. I don't approve of phonograph selections in radio broadcasting, anyhow. I can buy records."

"There's a catch in it somewhere," considered Garrick. "Now what does he mean? I didn't stop. I went right on to the end. And the phonograph record—what's that?"

Dick shrugged. His mind was on



GEORGE SHUT UP LIKE A CLAM.

something else. Garrick, in his room, however, without avail tried to find out the identity of "E. K. 902" from the limited lists at the club, called the Customs House in New York and requested the looking up of the number in the motor boat registration under the federal law. He waited.

"Just what I expected," fidgeted Dick. "Marooned—away from a radio for no one knows how long. That's why I grabbed this thing up. Got the receiving apparatus—all but the antenna. Oh, very well—we'll see."

Dick snapped in place small clips which connected the bed springs of Garrick's bed—and put the head-piece like a telephone receiver to his ears.

"Bed springs—the iron fire escape—the gas and water pipes—the telephone wire—" he remarked as he tuned and adjusted, "almost anything may serve as an antenna in a pinch."

The room telephone rang for Garrick. It was the Customs House calling. "We find," reported the clerk, "that K 902 is registered by Patrick Devins, Bridgeport, Connecticut, a forty-foot cabin cruiser, named 'Lassie.' Want a description?"

Garrick had just finished copying it when a loud exclamation came from Dick. "By Jove—Guy! It's a message from Ruth! Repeated—twice—here, I scribbled it on this book."

"Please give this to the newspapers—it now develops that Jack Curtis, who attempted an elopement yesterday with me has a wife—Mrs.

Rae Larson Curtis. That is all now. Tell my mother I am safe and will be back the first chance I can swim ashore. Ruth Walden."

The two men gazed at each other. "Looks like she's a prisoner," scowled Dick. "The first chance I can swim ashore!"

Somehow Ruth had cleverly contrived to communicate with the outside world by radio. Together the two hurried down the long corridor and up a flight of stairs to Nita Walden's room. Dick's heart was pounding, he felt, as loud as his knuckles on the door. He had heard from Ruth!

Mrs. Walden opened the door. She was afraid. What did the sudden rapping mean? Her worried and wearied face searched Dick's eyes. "About Ruth? Tell me, Dick?"

Dick blurted it. "Oh, what awful people!" shuddered Mrs. Walden. "But Ruth says, 'attempted elopement'—that means Ruth is all right. It didn't succeed. But—what can you do now? Oh, there's my telephone ringing again!"

She turned from the room phone bewildered. "It was that Rae Larson girl—calling me. Oh, but there was hate and spite and jealousy in her voice! The little virgin!"

"But what did she say?" called Garrick.

"I can't begin to repeat the flood of words. Why, you'd think that I, Ruth's mother, had tried to frame up something against her! She said, 'I'd have you know that Jack Curtis is my husband! I married him in Chicago two years ago! I won't have that daughter of yours coming between us, and I've told him so. I'll squeal—I'll have the whole bunch over, first!'"

"Bully!" interrupted Garrick to Nita's astonishment. "Got 'em fighting among themselves. Hell bath no fury—and all that. You couldn't want a better guardian for Ruth than that woman scowled! And I'll bet you she'll do something—the first chance she gets. Here, without waiting for any comment from the surprised Nita, "let me have the wire. Central... where did that last call to the Club come from? Can you trace it?" He put his hand over the transmitter and asked, "In the city you can't trace a thing. But out in these little Long-Island towns these hick telephone girls listen in on all the village gossip. Wait, you'll see." Then, with his hand off. "Yes, thank you. He hung up."

"From the Gravel Works at the mouth of the harbor?"

"I'll be darned—our harbor!" exclaimed Dick.

"You'll be something else," quickly from Garrick. "Your boathouse!"

"I hadn't thought of that. We'd better get down there."

"Well, I thought of it. That's why I left Glenn. You don't need to ask if, Nita. I know, you're nervous and all upset. Yes, I think doing something, anything would do you good. Have McKay drive us all down. And hurry. We're not going to make a call!"

They were coasting down from the top of the hill a few hundred feet from the boathouse when McKay jammed on the brakes and scraped a couple of dollars' worth of rubber off the tires.

Just over the tops of the trees could be seen the roof of the boathouse. But beyond, in the harbor, one instant was a rowboat with a girl and fellow in it, the girl in a bathing suit. They seemed to be struggling. The next instant, like a three-foot flash of a motion picture, there was a huge column of water and puff of smoke, black wreckage of the boat. It seemed that, by a split second before, the two had struggled overboard or leaped. Then came the deep report, echoing and reverberating among the Nonowantuc hills.

"Glenn!" exclaimed Garrick, as McKay released the brakes and rolled down like a roller coaster the rest of the way.

They were in the time to see that the boathouse was unharmed. A little speed boat which they had not noticed now circled about. It picked up the girl and started off furiously toward the mouth of the harbor. A black object, Glenn, struggled feebly in the water. By this time Dick had his coat off. He ripped his shirt as he ran down the dock and plunged off, almost unremembered by that time.

Some of the 57 Sinn Feiners seized by British troops in Fermagh held for jail on a motor lorry, handcuffed in pairs, closely watched by armed guards.

## Irish Prisoners of War



Some of the 57 Sinn Feiners seized by British troops in Fermagh held for jail on a motor lorry, handcuffed in pairs, closely watched by armed guards.

## Syrian Dancer



In this costume Amal Khoury, Boston shop girl, revived traditions of her Syrian ancestors. She is said to be descendant of a Syrian maiden who danced in Lebanon in honor of Ishtar, queen of heaven.

## Lady Greenwood



Lady Greenwood, wife of Sir Hamar Greenwood, chief secretary to Ireland, is recognized—unofficially—as one of the most interesting and influential personalities in the Irish tangle.

**FIRST RATTLESNAKE FOUND.**  
KINSTON, June 14.—James Waller brought to this city the first rattlesnake exhibited here this season. The reptile had 14 rattles and was a healthy specimen about 4 1/2 feet in length. It was killed on the Central Highway between this city and Dover. Waller de-spatched it with a stick. He said the rattler did not show fight nor offer to coil.

For nice fresh vegetables of all kinds, call Barnes Grocery Co.

### A Community-Wide Policy

of friendly co-operation constitutes one of the chief aims of this institution.

We believe in this community; we have faith in the farmer, the merchant, the wage-earner, and we are willing to back up our faith with the fullest measure of co-operation and service that a bank can offer.

**LET'S GET BETTER ACQUAINTED**

## The Wayne National Bank

Dependable for Two Generations

Watch our windows—a 36x72 in. grass rugs. Friday and Saturday 95c. June 16th and 17th. At Isaac's.

## CHAPTER XI THE NOISES OF SPACE

It was early in the morning when Garrick with Dick turned into the driveway of Glenn's house at Nonowantuc.

At DeDeo's boathouse-laboratory Garrick posted Glenn on guard. "Now, look here, boy—if you love Vira and want her back, guard this place as you would your life." Garrick had assumed as rather stern tones he knew he must impress Glenn. "Inside and out," he added solemnly.

Dick grasped his hand and Garrick slapped his back encouragingly. With one last look to see that nothing had been disturbed, Dick grabbed up a small oak case and some other

## Church Folks Catch It—Add So Does Darwinism

(Continued from page 1)

without them. In a way to make one's flesh creep he said they trod with the devil one day and pretended to worship God the next. He proceeded further:

If many of you were as negligent in the payment of your taxes as you are in the payment of your debts to the Lord you would have been sold out under foreclosure long ago. Yet you would be offended if I were to say you serve your country more faithfully than your God.

The only reason you don't go to prayer meeting is you don't want to. It is a wasteland to you. You haven't the love of God in your heart and therefore you have no relish for His worship.

Too many of our churches have a false idea that entertainment is necessary to popularize the church. No greater mistake ever was made. Nothing else draws equal to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ when preached and practiced in all its purity. The less gospel preached and lived the more entertainment has to be provided. When people seek religion they want the real thing and not a spurious brand. They are enough hypocritical on every hand now and they are clamoring for a higher quality of christianity. The warring experts of you church members all that God demands of you as a Christian and they have brought to earth are the influential men and women who creep into the church and see the prestige of church membership to strengthen the devil calling evil good. They comfort evil—dears by the devil's lie, "I am no harm in it." They put their poor opinions up against the word of God.

The acting christian differs from the genuine christian in that one affects expression and the other expresses affection. It is the love be- hind the expression that renders it acceptable to God. Am you people in the church, but have no love of

your love for God and his service, or because of the prestige it gives you in the world?

## NOTICE OF RE-SALE UNDER MORTGAGE

Under and by virtue of powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by Wade H. Hines and wife Ella Mittle Hines to Council Hinson and wife Ada Hinson, dated March 26th, 1921, recorded in the office of register of deeds for Wayne county in book 155, page 261, to secure certain indebtedness mentioned therein, default having been made in the payment thereof, the undersigned will, on **MONDAY, JUNE 26th, 1922,** at the court house door in Goldsboro, Wayne County, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock, noon, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the land described in said mortgage, as follows:

That lot fronting on Slocomb street 75 feet, and running back with Maple street, westward 118 feet to Floyd Johnson's line; and being also the same lot thereafter conveyed by the said Wade H. Hines and wife to H. C. Moore and wife by deed dated Nov. 26th, 1921, recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Wayne County in Book 157, page 47, reference to all of which is hereby made. This the 10th day of June, 1922.

**COUNCIL HINSON,**  
ADA HINSON,  
Mortgagees.  
E. A. H., Atty.

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT?

I WANT YOUR ADVICE—I'M THINKING OF GETTING MARRIED.

I KNOW YOU'RE CRAZY ENOUGH TO GET MARRIED BUT I DON'T KNOW YOU COULD THINK: HAVE YOU SEEN MEE FATHER?

YES—BUT I LOVE HER IN SPITE OF THAT!

HAVE YOU TALKED TO HER MOTHER?

NO—NOW WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE IN MY SHOES?

I'D GIT THEM SHINED.

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## The Goldsboro News

BY GEORGE M'MANUS