

On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR R. REEVE

START HERE.
In pursuit of crooks who held up a fashionable Radio dance, Guy Garrick and Dick Deane find that beautiful Ruth Walden may be the innocent instrument of robbers posing as wealthy idlers. They seek to check up on a mysterious cruiser, "The Bacchante," to see if its movements have anything to do with the occupants of the wireless equipped houseboat "Sea Vamp," where Ruth and her questionable friends spend much of their time, and where they found a roll of the robbers' loot and a list of undeveloped films. By a ruse they get on "The Bacchante," where they find Professor Vario, radio expert, and learn of a W. 49th street restaurant called "The Inner Circle."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER IV. THE INNER CIRCLE.

They caught the afternoon train for the city.
It was a perfect summer evening in June. They mounted the breakfast spiral to the top of a bus and jolted and swayed across to Fifth Avenue, then up in blocks of motors and taxis. Everywhere were gay crowds almost as if New York were itself a summer resort.
Sauntering slowly down Forty-Ninth street, they found the brownstone house midway in the block west of the avenue, back of a high iron fence with plain brass knobs setting off the sections. Heavy grilled doors opened into an English basement. Two or three smart motors were drawn up along the curb. "Recherché!" nodded Dick, hesitating a bit.

Garrick turned in at the gate and pressed a button by the side of the doors. "Aren't I select enough for the Inner Circle?" He straightened with true British swank.

The door swung open. Garrick inquired nothing, explained nothing. He inclined slightly toward Dick to precede him, and they passed the Americanized butler. It had been a magnificent gesture on Garrick's part. The most difficult thing had been accomplished on sheer nerve. He might have owned the place as



M. GEORGES PROFITED BY THE REVOLT AGAINST REFORM.

he led the way up the short flight of stairs from the former basement. "Monsieur Georges—as I live!" Garrick grasped the hand of a thick-set, erect, very dark Frenchman with a black pointed mustache. He had been standing just at the head of the stairs.

"Ah—! It is Monsieur the Admiral!" The Frenchman grinned pleasantly, displaying rows of splendid teeth. Indeed he seemed in fine trim.

Lingering Weakness Following Disease

Due to the Fact That the Blood Has Become Thin and Watery.

In almost every case the victims of la grippe, influenza, fevers and contagious troubles, are left weak, ailing and despondent after the disease itself has disappeared. They do not pick up strength as they ought and remain tired, listless and discouraged. The only reason for this is that the blood has been impoverished by the ravage of the disease through which the victim has passed.

Strength and full activity will not return until the blood has been restored to its normal condition. The blood can be enriched and purified quickly and surely by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves is the whole mission of these pills, and thousands have found them beneficial after disease had left them weak and run down. Among those who have proved the value of these pills in cases of this kind is Mr. Charles A. Turner, light-keeper, Thurston, Cap light station, N.S., who says: "In Jan., 1917, I took a severe cold, which I neglected until it developed into pneumonia, which confined me to bed for some weeks. When I was able to get up and sit around the house, I found that I was not regaining my usual strength; in fact, I seemed to be growing weaker, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. I took an emulsion, but it did not help me. Then one day a friend who came to see me said, 'Here's some Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; just the thing to put you on your feet again.' I took them and then got six boxes more and soon could feel they were helping me. By the time the last box was empty I was doing my work again and feeling fine, and I had gained in weight. My health has since continued good, and I give the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

took an order and they settled themselves. "Now for the mystery of the dancing men," whispered Garrick to Dick just as Georges turned. There was just a shade of contempt in Garrick's tone of raillery. At a glance he had taken an estimate of the character of the place.

For ten or fifteen minutes Garrick reminisced of the old days before and during the war. Gradually Dick placed together the drama of the present.

It seemed that a group of rapid young people, many of them his own acquaintances, had started what they called the "Fifty Club." There had been a spate of some kind, reducing the stalwarts down to twenty. The twenty had tried to go it alone. But it had been too much for their allowances. It had been a bit too exclusive.

Now it was really a private club run by M. Georges who catered to the elite of a generation at the Chateau Rouge. Most of the twenty had stuck, and enough of the selected elect admitted by card kept the Inner Circle going.

The long, wide, high-ceilinged parlor of the old house had been remodelled into a dining-room with a beautiful dance floor. Outside they could hear the plaintive rhythmic notes of the club's own Hawaiian orchestra of three performers.

Comet-Legs Scores a Point ---But So Do Twins!

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



Quick as a wink he gave the Moon-Man a push.

COMET-LEGS was the rival of Mr. Peabody, the Man-in-the-Moon.

One day he rode up to the moon on his star and hopped off.

"Now then," said he, "I'll just go round to the cities of the moon and show the moon people how hard-

some I am. No doubt they'll put old Peabody out and give me his place."

"He's too old, anyway, and earth folks want a change. I'll bet they're good 'n' tired having the same old moon run the same old way."

The idea tickled Comet-Legs so much he began to ho, ho and hee, hee, till his round tummy shook up and down like a plum pudding. By 'n' by he came to a mountain top and looked down at the earth. When he got up, there was old Peabody looking at him!

Quick as a wink he gave the Moon-Man a push, and away went he head over heels into space. Comet-Legs went on his way. He was so tickled he began to make up a song of his own.

This was it:

Into a very pink room.

"Wait here a minute. Does anybody know you are here?"

"No one but Georges."

She did not wait for more explanation, but was out in the hall again, closing the door softly.

Garrick, running true to form, opened a cedar chest between two closet doors. He beckoned Dick.

"A radio frequency amplifier," he muttered to Dick. "All wired up."

He clapped the chest upon the complete paraphernalia, thought a moment, then stood up on it, running his finger along the top.

"I ger along," he muttered, "I ger along the room. He blew the dust from his fingers and wiped them on his handkerchief.

"About forty feet of wire placed behind the picture molding about the room where it's out of sight," he received out of a cedar chest where no one can see it. Humph!"

Dick went over it, making a hasty examination of his own.

"A loop outfit of this kind gives pretty fair results over reasonable distances, although it doesn't cover the same distance that the same equipment would if it were used with a motor."

"Still, during the summer when there are many lightning storms and static is at its worst, the loop is an interesting means of receiving. To begin with, the loop is safe from lightning since it can be used indoors. More than that, it doesn't pick up static like the usual antenna. It doesn't make use of a ground connection. It only intercepts a small portion of the usual energy intercepted by a good antenna. So the radio frequency amplifier."

"That's all very interesting, but just shut up," said Dick before he had fifteen men dancing on two heads and men's chests!" Garrick was looking keenly at the color scheme of the lounge. "Pink-Pink-Pink."

"I was just up there," he gathered that the threat, "or warning."

"You saw the dance floor and dining-room downstairs. And you met Georges. I guess you can guess that anything Georges has anything to do with will be at least aristocratic."

"Everything is classy and in taste," admitted Dick. "It has atmosphere, and all that." He longed to go on with more personal questions. But Garrick's presence restrained him.

Ruth beckoned them out in the hall. It was noticeable that she was discreetly quiet. "You look a little out of place here, you see. You show your head up here. You see the lodgings of about half a dozen members and, believe me, they pay. That was a lounge, really for ladies." She was leading him back down the thick-carpeted hall. She came to a door. "There's one thing you might be interested in."

She opened the door and it appeared to be a back flight of steps for the servants in the old days when it had been a residence.

Ruth started down the stairs and they followed, past a door that evidently opened on the parlor floor, then down another flight that led to the former basement.

Luscious odors of cooking smote the nostrils. They emerged back through the reception hall through which they bluffed the butler at the door. Here was the kitchen, beautiful, a gem of a place. It did Georges credit.

Ruth turned, opened another door and disclosed a stairway down into the cellar, in which a light was

burning. She started down and the door closed behind them.

"What's all this?" inquired Dick, amazed, as he reached the foot of the stairs and saw weights and exercises on the walls on one side, a couple of punching bags, heavy mats, gloves, an ample handball court; in fact a quite complete little gymnasium in the cellar, with a very good ventilating device.

"Down the passageway, on either side are showers and we're having two steam rooms put in."

Ruth was, however, moving toward the front of the building. "I suppose you've been wondering," she said, "where are the things you usually find in a cellar?" She paused and opened a door in the front, then with a twinkling added, "The heating apparatus."

There was a big, white, asbestos-covered low-pressure boiler and a row of ash cans.

Dick's face fell and Ruth laughed outright. "That was a mean one."

RUTH BROUGHT THEM TO A LITTLE IRON DOOR.

Dick. Disappointed? I get you. Well, as I was saying, the most interesting part of a house nowadays is the cellar."

She winked and stood before a little iron door. "This must be what you expected. The vault. . . only this is built out under the sidewalk. Now . . . gloat!"

She swung the door open. It was dark and dank inside and cobwebby. The light from the cellar did not shed any ray into the vault. Ruth held the door, smiling, gently took Dick's arm and guided him in, then Garrick.

"Strike a match—if you want to see some good stuff."

But as he did so a rush of air extinguished it and back of them clanged the iron door. There was a grinding of a bolt.

"Confound it!" growled Garrick at letting himself be trapped.

A long, low, ringing, stridently, seemed as if the very floor on which they were moving. There was a metallic noise overhead. Garrick looked up. It seemed as if the earth was opening above them and a glaring light pouring in.

He ran his hand up alongside and over his head. There was a heavy iron bow, U-shaped but inverted. They were rising. The top of the U seemed to be parting iron doors on either side.

"Hang it!" growled Garrick. "The ash lift!"

Up the little elevator rose, the bell still ringing to warn passersby on the sidewalk, up to the street level, then stopped.

Back of them was the iron grill of the Inner Circle. Dick looked at the fence, then at Guy and laughed foolishly. They stepped off the lift. Slowly the platform began to sink and as it did the pair of folding iron doors closed down again over the U.

Just as they clanged shut there came a voice merrily from the depths.

"You can't slide down my cellar door!"

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

LAKE OF BAYS.

This wonderful region, 1,000 feet above the sea, is also known as the "Lake of a Thousand Bays," 149 miles north of Toronto, reached by the Grand Trunk railway.

pure air, good fishing, splendid hotels and all the desirable elements that appeal to the summer tourist. Illustrated booklet with all particulars sent for the asking, apply to any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent, or C. E. Horning, D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR ALL KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES

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With or Without-That's the Question



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SLEEVED or sleeveless?

It's a question every woman must decide for herself after giving the subject the serious consideration it deserves. The difficulty is that the unprejudiced observer is likely to conclude, as always, that both sides are entirely in the right.

In that case there's nothing to do but to have two summer wraps—one with sleeves and one without. Both are fashionable.

Sleeves are interesting this season, and one dislikes to do without them. They are made in odd shapes and trimmed with beads or embroidery quite beyond one's wildest imaginings.

On the other hand, a cape without sleeves is an essentially romantic garment. It reminds one of Spanish cavaliers and dark-eyed villains and, of course, is a matter of temperament.

WHAT IS ONE?

Has Western Ontario Any Perfect Ladies?

ARE THERE any fixed standards by which a member of the fair sex can be judged and declared a perfect lady? What are they? Does her dress, her wealth or manners carry any weight in the making of a decision?

How can she be singled out from the multitude of average individuals who are "not so good, not so bad?" Or are there no perfect ladies?

The term "perfect lady" has been used indiscriminately for years. Various generations have had their popular conception of a perfect lady, and never hesitated to decide whether they were wrong or right.

This present twentieth century generation probably has its own idea on the subject.

The London Advertiser would like to know if there are any perfect ladies in Western Ontario, and if so what their attributes are.

For the best answer The Advertiser will pay \$5, and for the five next best \$1 each.

All answers must be sent in by Wednesday noon, June 14, as the contest will close at that time.

BRED A LADY.

My idea of a perfect lady is: One who is born and bred a lady and has all the qualities that nature bestows on her and has good speech, habits and refined manners.

One who carries herself gracefully, and is gentle, kind and sympathetic to all around her.

One who does all in her power for the welfare of her country; one who lives a Christian life.

Yes, I feel quite sure there are ladies in Western Ontario. I do not consider flappers ladies, as they are too extreme. VIRGINIA.

MUST BE GENTLE.

My opinion of a lady: A lady should be gentle and kind to everyone whether rich or poor.

A person who treats the rich with every respect and looks down on the poor is not a lady.

If a girl is mannerly, honest and kind when she is small she will very likely be a lady when she grows up.

A lady does not necessarily have to be dressed in silks and satins and have servants to wait on her, nor is it necessary for her to fall in love with a knight. You may look a long time in a ballroom and perhaps not find a lady, but if you would look in many of the kitchens you would find "ladies" who do not have time to go to balls and walk the streets.

Powder and paint, jewelry and fine clothes do not make the lady. It is the person who is in the clothes that is the lady. Queen Victoria's life is a good record of a lady, and there are many like her today. JUNE.

OBEYS GOD'S WILL.

The following are my views of a perfect lady: Western Ontario has within Perfect ladies who do not sin; She is one who obeys God's own wishes every day.

A perfect lady must to herself be true And must be temperate in all her ways;

She should be willing to assist the weak By giving a word of praise. A perfect lady places her trust In Him above she is proud to own; She is generous to the unfortunate poor.

And kind to the aged grown. A perfect lady a flapper is not. And is modest in her dress; She looks in the bad for a little good, And loves the little ones with tenderness.

A perfect lady does not dance; She uplifts the fallen one, And gives him courage to turn From the wrong he has begun. "WEST LORNER."

WHITE LACE COATS.

Coats of white lace are new and very smart. They are worn over all-white costumes and are guileless of belting or ornamentation.

MRS. J. DOAN.

PURE HEART AND SOUL.

To be a lady, in my opinion, requires that a woman should have a heart and soul so pure and clean that she is worthy of the company of angels.

She should be gentle and modest in voice and manner, should at all times possess an abundant supply of patience.

She should not adorn herself conspicuously, and should be neat and clean in person.

She should strive to be kind, unselfish, meek and lovable, and in so doing she will help her fellow-creatures to live as God meant them to live. C. B. A.

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Your Children Will Like This Better Than "Sody"



Ideal 10 o'clock luncheon for a small boy or girl would not be scorned

COLD drink made of milk and eggs has a great deal of nourishment. Children especially need during hot weather nourishing food, easily digested. When a youngster comes to the house overheated let him "cool off" before eating. One of these long cool drinks with one or two hearty brown bread and butter sandwiches make an ideal 10 o'clock luncheon for a small boy or girl would not be scorned by a busy grown-up.

Cocoa Egg Drink.

One egg, 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1½ cups milk. Beat white of egg till stiff. Add sugar and cocoa and continue beating. Pour milk on half of egg mixture, saving the rest for the top. The milk should be well chilled.

Pour the mixture into a glass and top with remaining egg white. Another drink made with the same ingredients uses the whole egg. This drink is richer, having more fat.

Beat white till stiff and dry and beat in sugar and cocoa. Beat yolk of egg into milk. Add to first mixture. Pour into a glass and top with remaining egg white.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

EVENTUALLY means will be found whereby radio messages will be sent in comparative secrecy.

Many steps tending toward this end have already been announced. But the chief drawback to all present methods has been the expense of equipment.

There are two methods of insuring secrecy in the transmission of radio messages.

The first—the one which is most likely to be used in the near future—consists in broadcasting a type of wave which cannot be translated by the receiver unless that instrument has been so constructed as to contain the "key."

In installations of this type, the radio wave is produced in the usual manner. The voice which is to be carried by the wave is thrown upon it. Then the whole is distorted in a way known only to the receiver.

Upon arriving at the distant station, the receiver signal is again "distorted" in a manner exactly equal and opposite to the first distortion, with the result that the telephone signal is again intelligible.

This type of secrecy has the drawback that, in addition to going directly to that one person for whom it is intended, it also spreads in every direction, and acts as interference except to the intended recipient.

A second method of sending radio messages in secrecy and one upon which a great deal of effort has been spent, is that of directing the radio wave along a given path so that the transmitted energy travels along that path alone. The message is capable of reception only by stations which are in that path.

This would reduce to a great extent the possibility of radio telephone conversations being intercepted by those for whom they were not intended.

Transmitting systems of this type were used by the Army and Navy in the western front with considerable success. It should be but a few years before the high-powered stations which plan to provide intercontinental radio telephone service will be utilizing systems of this sort.

A combination of these two systems would insure practically complete secrecy in radio communication.

Some such combination undoubtedly will be perfected by radio engineers as simpler methods and easier ways of performing the complicated functions of a radio transmitter and receiver are discovered.

RADIO PRIMER

ROTARY GAP—A spark gap consisting of a wheel with projecting points or knobs and a stationary electrode on each side. The spark jumps from one stationary electrode to one of the moving points of the wheel, crosses the wheel, jumps to the other electrode and out. The wheel's speed determines the number of sparks per second, or its frequency.

To the Radio Editor: Please tell me how far I should be able to receive from my aerial, which is 40 feet high and 315 feet long, with one wire V condenser and 2000 Ohm receiver, loose coupler galena detector, phone condenser. Condenser is a Murdoch 23-plate.

2. Would one detector tube receive music without amplifier?

ROY DALTON, R. R. 4, Thorndale

Answer—1. About 25 miles. 2. Yes.

To the Radio Editor: Would you please answer the following questions through The London Advertiser?

1. What is the wave length and time of broadcasting of the high-powered stations in Ontario?