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**THE RADIO DETECTIVE**

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER I

THIRTY SECONDS TO PLAY.  
 "Rah! Rah! Rah! Rockledge! . . .  
 Yay-y-y—Evans!"

Ken Adams, fourteen, and in the Prep School pointed for Rockledge University, danced up and down, yelling himself hoarse. Easton Evans, his scoutmaster, right tackle on the "Varsity" team, was tearing up one of the best forward passes that the Sheffield team had been practicing in secret for weeks. It was the big championship game between Rockledge and Sheffield.

"It's Easton's last year at college. I do hope they win the championship!" Ruth Adams, her blue eyes dancing dark hair waving in the wind, leaned forward eagerly waving the red and blue of Rockledge.

The Rockledge football bowl was crowded to overflowing, a sea of wildly enthusiastic partisans of the contending teams, for this was the last and great game of the season. The star player and right tackle of the Rockledge line-up, the hero of the day was this same Easton Evans. Easton was not only the hero of the college but of the prep school as well, for he was the comrade and pal of the boy scouts.

I had ducked the assignment of my newspaper, "The Star," to report the big game, preferring to join the box party my close friend Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective, uncle of Ken and Ruth, was giving to a number of friends. Ken was Craig's favorite, had been named after him Craig Kennedy Adams, worshipped him, but it was difficult to say whether he out-ranked Ruth, who was the image of Craig's sister, Carolie. Then, too, Craig had arranged this in a sense as a tribute to Easton Evans, this gathering together of some friends.

The fact of the matter was that to Craig this was more than a championship football game. None better than Craig knew the qualities and worth of Easton Evans. The friendship had arisen through Craig's appreciation of what Easton was doing for Ken in the scouts. It had deepened when Craig had discovered in Evans inventive genius along the radio line that gave promise of another Marconi or DeForest.

Many a night the two had spent together experimenting, trying out some of Easton's latest radio models, glorious nights they had seemed to Ken and myself, for I was as big a kid as the boy over radio. Easton had built for himself what he called his Radio Shack on the placid shore of Rockledge Inlet and there it was that taking advantage of Craig's radio knowledge as a real font of inspiration, Easton had developed a deep understanding and creative genius. Kennedy's keen, subtle mind, his terse unflinching conclusions when Easton's scientific doubts and hesitations needed encouragement, his uncanny logical inductions from a mere speck of a scientific premise had frequently led Easton's a-ert brain to the correct solution of many complicated radio problems. Thus between the two had grown up a true friendship and Craig had been in a sense the elder brother of both the older and younger boy.

It was therefore with unalloyed happiness that Craig and I saw the enthusiasm that greeted Easton. He was even genuinely regarded as a sportsman by his opponents. Such was my regard for him that I felt it did them as much credit as it did him. Also I noted the slight twinkle in Craig's eyes as he caught the eager flash on the cheek of his niece, Ruth. Deep in his heart Kennedy had long sensed the growing attachment between Ruth and Easton and had looked on it with more than a secret favor.

With us, besides Ken and Ruth, were Ken's scout chum, little Dick Gerard, of the same age as Ken, and Dick's sister, Vira Gerard, about the age of Ruth. Next to Vira and as deeply interested in her as Easton was in Ruth, was young Glenn Buckley, in the same class and the same fraternity as Easton. The romance of Glenn and Vira had gone further. They were engaged.

The game had scarcely started when our box party was joined by two other invited guests, Professor Ronald Vario of the Rockledge Radio Station, and his sister Rae. The professor had lately come from Europe to take charge of the great broadcasting station, one of the largest in the country. He was a very fascinating man and his sister, Rae, was a

dark, vivacious beauty of indeterminate age, but with a ready smile and flashing eyes dangerous to the hearts of any young men of a susceptible age and temperament.

It was an interesting and striking party and I could easily spend my time between watching this exciting game and my companions. Rae had made much over both Ruth and Vira, especially over Vira. But there was something more that interested me than their gushing. Rae, did I fancy that Vira and Glenn were somewhat self-conscious in the presence of Professor Vario and his sister, yet careful of hiding any embarrassment? Or was it mere imagination? The professor, when we spoke, once I caught a calculating glance in his eyes as he looked at Glenn Buckley. Then there were times when I fancied also I saw a fascination for the professor on the part of Glenn.

The quick turns in this game gave me no chance, however, to study the members of Craig's party further or to speculate as to why my friend, the scientific detective, had brought them together, if indeed he had any other reason than that which he had given in sending out his invitations. The game was on. The Sheffield team was playing like a precise chronometer, smoothly, dependably. On the other hand the Rockledge eleven was playing a sporadic game. Every man was at a high pitch, nervous, keen. But now and then I detected a tendency to take chances. The team was like a marvelous race horse, full of temperament, high-strung. They needed the cool and firm hand of an exceedingly expert jockey, to carry out that simile of the race horse. In other words was Easton Evans going to exert that steadying influence on that team so that it would work like a machine and pull victory in the end out of this close contest? I wondered.

At any rate Easton Evans, the star and right tackle of the Rockledge eleven, was now almost literally riding his team, now cajoling his teammates, sitting down almost all of them lined up for the next play, the next moment in a spurt of his own brilliant playing carrying them along like a typhoon. Once it seemed that Easton by a Herculean effort was dragging the ball square to the goal posts—and sat on it, smiling!

There was just time to kick the goal. Seven to nothing! The students were dancing up and down, swarming on the field, doing the famous snake dance. Ken also swarmed over the fence, tossed his cap over the goal posts in the delirium of victory as the team carried Easton Evans off the field on their shoulders. Almost speechless, between laughter and tears, Ruth turned from Craig to Professor Vario, then grasped Vira by both hands as she almost kissed her.

"Vira! To-night! Our new super-heterodyne! A dinner and a dance! For Easton! Wasn't it GREAT?" (To be continued.)

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**Shakespeare's Brake.**  
 Sufiaminandus erat ("the brake had to be put on him") is Johnson's remark on Shakespeare's unequalled fluency. "Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought," and the expression never lags behind. Words were with him like persons and things; none escaped his notice, none failed to make their impression on him, none slipped his memory. His vocabulary still remains the largest of any English author; in light or in grave use, he pours it out with equal facility mastery. And so, when he puts the brake on, he can concentrate this power, and change his language with all the accumulated force that he holds in reserve. "No other man could so strike with words." In many such strokes—from the awful "And Cassiodorus laughed" of Pandarus to Albany's soundless "Even so; cover their faces," or the whisper of Imogen "I hope I dream," a few words of extreme simplicity carry in them an unequalled sense of vastness, an all but intolerable poignancy.—J. W. Mackall, in "Studies of English Poets."

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**Baby's Name.**

When Baby Tomkins came to town her father stood, with a frown, he'd choose a name they'd not cut down.  
 Her name should be his daughter's crown;  
 No footing thing like his had been,  
 Which spoilt his life and raised his spleen.

Mamma suggested Geraldine, And Grandma others still more fine—  
 Mulvina, Rita, Columbine,  
 Rosamund, Paula, Gwendolyn.  
 But Tommy Tomkins shook his head  
 And said: "I know a better."

Names poured in by each post anay,  
 From Daphne Mavis down to Prue—  
 Valerie, Rosabelle, Hazel, Sue,  
 Lena, Edwina, Beryl, and Lou.  
 But Tommy Tomkins shook his head  
 And said: "I know a better."

"In Shakespeare all the best are found,  
 The names of ladies world-renowned,"  
 Said Grandpa Tomkins: "I'll be bound,  
 Juliet's the finest name around."  
 But Tommy Tomkins shook his head  
 And said: "I know a better."

The thing went on from day to day,  
 The family all had a say  
 From Ermytruda down to Fay—  
 "Which shall it be? Say 'Yea' or 'Nay?'"  
 But Tommy Tomkins merely said,  
 "The baby's name is Mary."

Around the Globe.  
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