

On Wings of Wireless

by ARTHUR B. REEVE

(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIRELESS DICTAPHON.

"Bully!" exclaimed Garrick.

"We could use that little mechanical

cassidrop. Where is it?"

"In my laboratory."

"I think we can make it."

"Yes."

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"Yes."

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They can postpone my stunt until later in the evening," he insisted. "And, Mrs. Walden, don't you worry when you have two such good friends as Garrick and Dick helping. You should have seen the way they settled the porch crowd and you can count on me as a third. I may be the last, but I hope not the least where Miss Ruth's welfare is concerned."

"I really appreciate your kindness deeply, but of course I want my little girl. I can't think of anything else. I can't talk over the telephone right; I can't read; I am just incapacitated until Ruth gets back to me."

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Garrick thanked him, then leaned over Nita Walden. "We'll have some word tonight—sure. By tomorrow you'll have her back—safe."

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Meanwhile on the roof Dick had been busy placing his sending set, and Garrick helped him complete the set-up.

As they left the studio house, two men were passing. One of them brushed suspiciously against Dick with enough force to knock the bag he was carrying out of his hand. Garrick controlled his temper. Here were the mysterious shadows again. Were they emissaries of the gang?

Garrick picked up the bag himself, looked significantly at the man, and remarked, "Well, see? Nothing dripping."

As they had been at work on the roof they had determined on placing the receiving end up at Garrick's apartment, which was only several blocks up.

At Bachelor's Hall Dick worked rapidly, for it was now getting dark in spite of the length of the days. He unpacked the receiving end of his wireless dictaphon, and the receiving set, a table on which was his apparatus.

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They at last had everything strapped in on the rear of Garrick's car and as they swung up toward the turnpike they stopped for a moment at the Nonowant Club.

As Dick hopped out, followed by Guy, there was a suspicious silence on the club porch as often happens when the preceding conversation factor of high Silence is Freudian. Dick winked at Garrick.

A buxom old lady, trembling for gossip, was actually short-breathed to get to Garrick before a group of flappers. Ruth's friends, reached him.

"Mr. Garrick—ah-h-h—Mr. Garrick—"

The flappers won out. They nearly always do these days. "Hey—Dick! Where's Ruth?" Guy, have you heard how badly she was hurt? For heavens' sake, get her back here. The place is dead without Ruth."

The old lady plumped down in a nearby chair to listen, actually with mouth open.

With a smile on his face, Professor Varlo of the Radio Central at Rock Ledge, crossed over to them to make friendly inquiries.

"Going into town?" inquired Varlo when Garrick returned with a small handbag from his rooms.

"Yes," observing how Varlo was dressed—"are you?"

"I was waiting for the club bus to take me up to the station. Yes, to the Radio Show at the Severn-First Regiment Armory. I'm to give a lecture and demonstration tonight of my new wave meter."

"Well, jump in."

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