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THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

CHAPTER I.

THIRTY SECONDS TO PLAY.

"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rockledge! ...
Yay-yay—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, took her place in the wind, leaning 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 greatest 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 a star and pal of the boy scouts.

I had looked 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, Carole. 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.

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back, vicious beauty of indomitable 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 not help dividing my time between watching this exciting game and my companions. Rae had made much over both Ruth and Virg, especially over Virg. But there was something more that interested me than the sweetly gushing Rae. Did I fancy that Virg 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 looked suave, yet 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 cronometer, 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 temper and 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 steady 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, slapping them on the back as they 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 along almost all of both teams hanging on his heels, pushing the runner with the ball over for a first down.

Back and forth the ball saw-sawed. It was never in the possession of one team very long. There were not many first downs. The teams were too evenly matched. It was a kicking game in this half but it was not a ragged game. It was clean-cut. There were not many fumbles and when they happened they did not seem to give the other team much advantage. In fact this was a splendid game to watch. I saw that at the end of the first quarter. And there was nothing to change my opinion as the first half ended, 0-0.

Between the halves there was much excitement in the crowded bowl as Rockledge on the east stand sang and cheered, then Sheffield on the west had its innings with lusty-lunged acrobatic cheer-leaders. There was a tensity in the air that told me that someone before this day was over was coming out as hero to go down in the football annals of this classic contest as long to be remembered.

During this intermission a boy of fifteen or thereabouts entered the box. He spoke for a moment to Professor Vario. I knew him. This was Hank Hawkins, son of a banker, whose parents were neglecting him shamefully, the father submerged in business, the mother's time taken up by her activities in "society." I knew Hank as a member of the "Flying Eagles" patrol of which Ken Adams was patrol leader. Ken had told me he had recently had to suspend Hank from sundry patrol activities by way of discipline. Hank was about to leave the box when Ken caught sight of him and called him over. In somewhat of a hang-dog manner Hank answered the summons and awkwardly gave the scout salute to his patrol leader, Ken.

"We're going to have a meeting to-morrow at the Eagles' Nest," said Ken. "Scoutmaster Evans will give us a talk on radio. I expect you."

With uneasily shifting eyes, Hank said he would attend the meeting, then, as the second half was about to start, he sidled his way out of the box.

The second half was pretty much like the first. No one could say, if he were impartial, that he was not obtaining his money's worth in this game. Both teams were out for blood. The score stood blank and tied at the end of the third quarter also. Every one was on his toes as the teams changed ends of the field for the final period.

Then came a succession of breaks in the game that favored Sheffield. It began by their running back of a punt as the last quarter was drawing to a close. Through a broken field, Hart, of Sheffield wormed his way until the ball stood on the forty-five yard line.

Sheffield made its first down, just when it counted. Thirty-five yards to go to victory. On the next try Rockledge held for the first two downs. Easton was working. He was a tower of strength. It was evident that if Sheffield was to win they must take a big chance.

The forward pass again! The ball sailed over the heads of the team and dropped into the arms of the Sheffield end on Rockledge's five yard line. Evans dropped the player in his tracks.

They lined up again. Sheffield was wild. Rockledge was stunned. It was now or never. Evans called his team back in conference, the famous "huddle" system.

Eleven grim, determined Rockledgers lined up. There was at the moment a signal from the side-lines—thirty seconds to play!

"Only a miracle can save them!" groaned Ruth.

Evans was muttering to give East Evans strength. A tie was the best he could ever pray for.

The ball was snapped for the fatal play—there was a general melee of players in the close formation of the



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moment. Suddenly Ken let out a whoop. His keen eyes had seen it. A loose ball back of the Sheffield line! Someone had fumbled! Ken yelled like a demon. Easton had broken through, had grabbed the pigskin. He did not hesitate; he did not stop. He was off down the field with it tucked close under his arm. The stands rose in pandemonium as twenty-one players started after him.

"Always on the job!" muttered Craig. "That's football! That's life! When the ball was loose—East was there!"

"Go it—East!" yelled Ken. On he sped. Were they gaining on him? It was gruelling. Ninety yards for a touchdown, almost the length of the field, the whole of two teams trailing him, the cheering sections yelling their heads off, the Rockledge band beating its brass drum—safe at last—Easton Evans planted the ball squarely between 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 East Evans off the field on their shoulders. Almost speechless, between laughter and tears, Ruth turned from Craig to Professor Vario, then grasped Virg by both hands as she almost kissed her.

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

Baby's Name.
When Baby Tomkins came to town her father stated, with a frown, He'd choose a name they'd not cut down.

Her name should be his daughter's crown; No footling thing like his had been. Watch spoil his life and raised his spleen.

Mamma suggested Geraldine. And Grandma others still more fine—Mervina, Rita, Columbine, Rosamund, Paula, Gwendolyn.

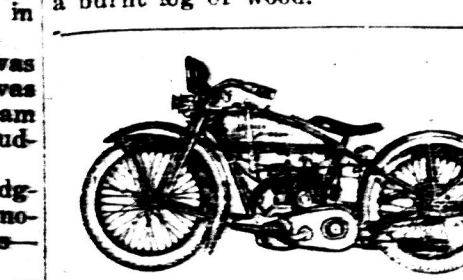
But Tommy Tomkins shook his head And said: "I know a better." Names poured in by each post anew. From Daphne Mavis down to Prue—Valerie, Rosabelle, Hazel, Sue, Lena, Edwina, Beryl and Lou.

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 Ermyntude down to Fay—"Which shall it be? Say 'Yes' or 'Nay?'"

But Tommy Tomkins merely said, "The baby's name is Mary." Around the Globe. When Commander Byrd flew to the North Pole he made a wide circle of about a hundred miles about the spot, so that he might be sure of having reached and passed the top of the earth. That took him about an hour and was the quickest circumnavigation of the globe on record. For, if you will stop to think about it, you will see that this circle was an actual circumnavigation of the earth—in that latitude.

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44,000 Thunderstorms a Day. A British scientist, C. P. Brooks, who has just published a book on electrical storms, says about 44,000 thunderstorms take place every day in the world. Lightning flashes 100 times every second on the average. The number of thunderstorms in a year is estimated at 16,000,000. Java, he declares, is probably the most "thunder region" on earth. In the Arctic regions thunder rarely occurs.

Minard's Liniment for burns.

There was a hint of sophistication in the reply of a youngster to the question regarding his auntie's age. "I don't know 'actly how old she is," he replied, "but a cup of tea rests her."

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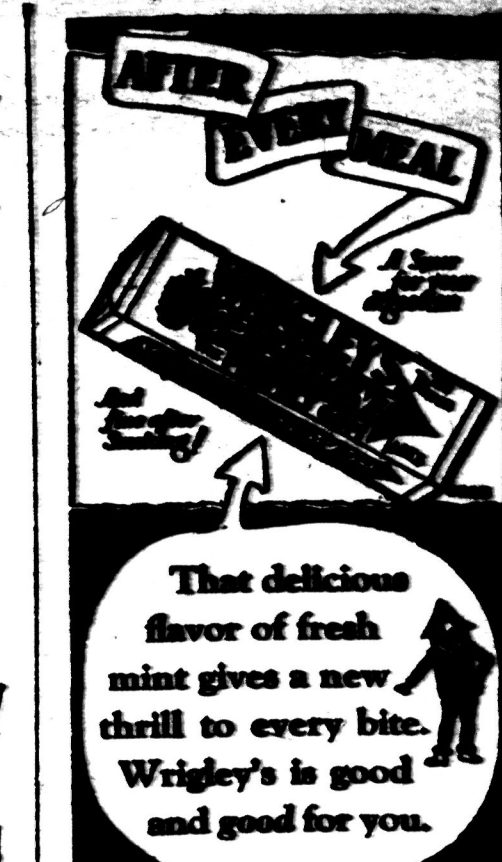
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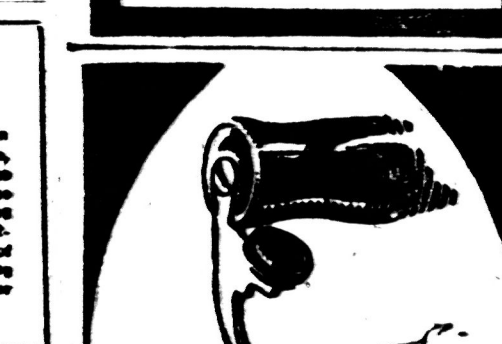
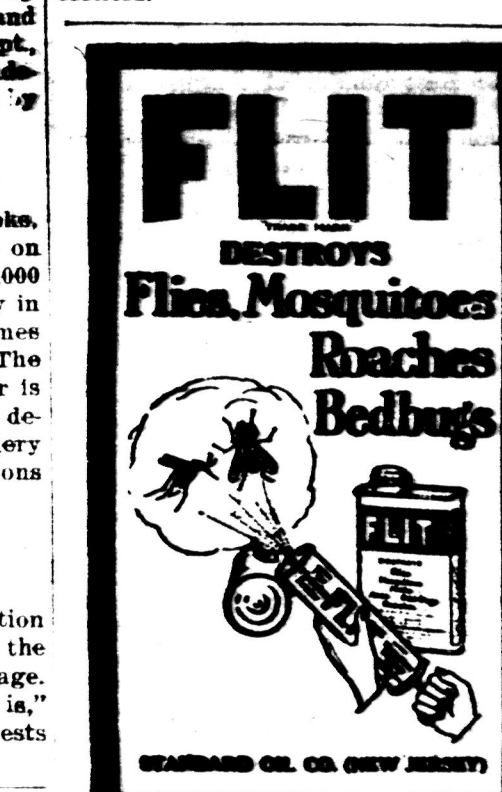


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Shakespeare's Brake. Suffering from a "brake" (the brake had to be put on him) is Johnson's remark on Shakespeare's unequalled fluency. "Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought," and the expression never lags behind. Words were with 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 equally facile mastery.

And so, when he puts the brake on, he can concentrate this power, and charge 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 Cassandra 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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ANOTHER TRACE

Train Str juring V M

Toronto.— 64, of Elms stantly killed Chessel, aged and facial driven by M by the C.P.R. press on the mile west of was convey on the that an inqu county author fixed. Major Western Hos serious, altho will recover. At the tin Chessel and route to T guarded by Apparently M tice the train

Charlottesville branch of the started in the result of a Government eables for a twenty pairs will reach to next. The e has been po and the wha emal coo build up a shipmen of ada for R of an exper the Russian. Halifax, N lists throug trees to refa ber of sign themselves in connection the has establish Lawrenceston. This nursery duction of Greater Que 000, accordi tory. So fa proper is on place it at federal censu the populat Chatham, bacco Co of for Imperial Britain and the erection here. It is u plant will in approximate Winnip, sive of furs b the early sum