

Insist Upon "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It has the most delicious flavour. Try it.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR R. REEVE.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

Curtis had turned suddenly at the word "borrow." He got it instantly. Whether Vira did or not she did not betray. But she was thinking deeply. After all, Vira was only a little flapper with a great love of excitement and adventure. Vira, like many another girl of to-day, was convinced that she was equal to anything. There was no emergency, no situation she could not meet. At least Vira had felt that until a few days ago. Now she was learning.

Vira was a quick thinker. It was born in her. She was turning over in her mind various phases of the proposal of Mr. Crook. Nor was Vira betraying to him what was going on back of those dark lakes of her eyes. The fact of the matter was that this girl intrigued even the worldly-wise Crook. He was not quite sure ever whether she might not be on to him.

Suddenly Vira seemed to have a bright idea. "Very well, sir," she said briskly. "I will do as you say. I will meet you there at three."

The party broke up. Vira drove off, leaving Curtis, who went in another direction. Mr. Crook started back for the flivver. Hank decided on a little spying about. It was then that Ken got so interested, knowing nothing about the subject of the conference since he had seen at a distance too great to overhear, that he tried to see what Hank was looking at and discovered himself to the boy, who beat it fast. But Hank had seen one thing. That was Rae vamping Buckley to the queen's taste to keep him out of the way so that he could not help Vira or advise her. Ken then started off on his wheel, but it was no match for the flivver. And Rae was also getting restless. She had a date at the Club.

As for ourselves, we were ever narrowing down the circle we were weaving about the gray racer in its hiding place in the old red barn. I recall one message we intercepted with the radio compass. It was brief. "Apparatus O. K."

"What apparatus?" I asked blankly. "That's for us to hurry and find out," returned Kennedy as he urged Easton on to greater haste and exactness in getting the line on the broadcast from the field set.

Vira, in great eagerness now, stopped her car before the great Gerard mansion. She hoped that her mother would be at home and was delighted when George, the butler, informed her that she was.

A moment later she burst into her mother's room and in a flood of enthusiasm poured forth the offer of the lawyer to secure the great Gerard mansion. She hoped that her mother would be at home and was delighted when George, the butler, informed her that she was.

Mrs. Gerard, conservative soul, was shocked at parting with her jewels on any such wild chance as this, as well she might be. But Vira was not abashed at the objection. In fact she had anticipated it. Vira was a smart little girl. She had thought it all out.

"But, mother, dear, I don't mean your real jewels. You have a paste replica of grandmother's pendant that is wonderful. Give me that. They'll never know the difference, these hicks. They can put it up for bail, anyhow. And if you get back Dick, you can afford to make good if the man jumps his bail."

Mr. Gerard was, under her calm exterior, frantic over the continued absence of her boy. She also saw the cleverness of Vira. She agreed.

Ken had come to the lock-up and was listening as he peered cautiously around the corner. He was getting an earful. And also Ken was getting wise. He had been fooled once that day. Now he was on his guard. Was there any reason to suppose that this thing was on the level any more than the ruse by which he and Ruth had been almost taken in that morning? Only, in this case it was aimed at Vira.

The thing that worried Ken as it flashed over his mind was that it was all up to him alone. He was just a boy. He had no false ideas of his own importance. And by that very same token he was much more likely to succeed in protecting Vira. Only, he knew he must be very careful of whom he took into his confidence. He needed the help of a man. He had sized up Mr. Crook. He was powerful. How he wished he knew where he could reach Glenn Buckley!

Once now Hank looked around furtively. Ken was prepared. He withdrew his head around the corner of the jail just in time. It would be fatal to let Hank know that he knew or suspected anything. He did not take any more chances but hid to safety around the other side of the jail building and soon was a sufficient distance from Hank that that young gentleman might not suspect a thing even if again they met.

From the wall safe the paste replica of the pendant was taken, placed in the box that held the original, and Vira, with high hopes and confident of her ability, set out post-haste for the Rendezvous Garage.

CHAPTER XXI. FUMES OF FEAR.

Somehow Ken had a feeling that all was not well with Vira. Perhaps it was that he had just been through a particularly harrowing experience with his sister Ruth. What more likely, then, that in some way this clever gang might try to involve Vira, the sister of his pal, Dick Gerard?

As he pedaled along on his wheel back from the Binnacle Inn, Ken was casting about in his mind various ways of getting a line on what was going on. Here was Hank and with him a perfect stranger. What white could that have to do? Many things Ken might have been only a boy, but he had a quick wit. There flashed over him a thought of that sour thug who had been arrested the night before at the fire and lodged in the town jail.

Hank had been observing that. Could there be any connection here? At any rate it would take only a few minutes to get around to the town jail. Perhaps he might chance on some crew.

A few minutes before Ken arrived at the town lock-up, sure enough, Hank had put in an appearance. He climbed up to the barred window behind which he knew Cauliflower Pete was called.

Pete sprang up from his cot where he was sitting. "Say! What're they doin'? I'm here yet, ain't I? I tell you, I'm a pointer squal if they don't get me out—soon."

Pete hesitated at the end and weakened. He wanted to say "now." Only he suddenly thought that perhaps in trying to incriminate himself, or at least cause the authorities to look up a not too savory career. Even though he turned state's evidence in this case, might they not drag out into the light other cases in the past against him? He had learned one thing. Sometimes it is better to let sleeping dogs lie—take your medicine and shut up about it. Still, a loud holler always had its effect and might hurry the chief in.

Hank was bursting with news and importance. "That's all right, Pete," he returned. "You'll be all right. Just keep a stiff upper lip. Wait it out. They sent Mr. Crook down. You know that? My, but he's a clever man! He saw the judge, got the bail fixed at one grand. Then I took him over have millions. You know her folks have millions. She's getting a valuable piece of jewelry from her mother, will give it to Mr. Crook to put up as security. They'll get you out."

"Well, I'm in! Where are they? Why don't they do something?"

"Oh, it's all right. He's meeting her at three over at the Rendezvous Garage on the Parkway. You'll eat supper with the crowd. Don't worry. They better see that I do!"

Hank was quite excited by the surmise of Pete. He did not know the game like an old hand, realize that this was acting. Perhaps if a little higher than it would have done otherwise. But he wanted Pete to understand. He did not look around to see that he was at the same time making his enemy Ken understand equally well.

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But Ken knew better than that. Glenn's very tone showed he was "say." "I saw that screw you had with her at the Binnacle. Do you want to know? Well, after you left and she went the other way, I saw Jack Curtis give Rae the wink. And Rae handed him the high sign to go after Vira. He did—while you were inside, so impressed with 'Rae you were blind. Don't you see?"

Ken's revelation shook Buckley. It rather put him up in the air. Ken saw his advantage, went on to tell Glenn what he heard Vira was doing, dwelt a bit on the peril to her. He put a little imagination into it. Ken was a clever boy and when he grew up ought to make a good promoter. He gradually sold Buckley. Buckley weakened and finally was as excited as Ken. It was that wink to Rae and her answer to Curtis, unknown to him, that did it. She could not make a monkey out of him, Glenn vowed. "I wonder where Vira is now?" he demanded. "Is it too late to stop her?"

"I'm afraid it is," Ken looked at watch. "Nearly three. "Well, then, come on, let's get over to that Rendezvous Garage!" urged Buckley. That had been just what Ken wanted. He was secretly pleased. The two started.

But they did not get far before they caught sight of Jack Curtis. He was coming to the Club. "You see?" whispered Ken. "She shakes you—and she appears! It's a put up job! Let's get a line on him. Maybe he's in it, too."

There was something about the way he made a point of looking in at the Binnacle. When was Vira last? It was raining then. Where was Ken Curtis? Above all, where was Glenn Buckley? Ken started off on his bicycle to find some of them.

Suddenly it occurred to him that Rae was stopping at the Club. Glenn had been with Rae at the Binnacle. Why not try the Club? He turned his wheel in that direction.

Again Ken had made a good guess. Ken was learning that such things were more than mere coincidences. The use of his head was leading him into fortunate encounters, whereas, if you did not use your head, you failed. Failure is easy enough at the best.

There was Glenn Buckley with him actually bidding her good-bye with some show of interest. It made Ken feel sore, such effusiveness. He did not like Rae, mistrusted her—and he did like Vira, only he was sorry for Rae turned and ran upstairs to dress for some function or other. As Glenn turned away Ken nabbed him.

"Glenn," he called, lowering his tone. "I think Vira is going to get into some trouble!"

Excitedly now he began to unfold his ideas of the possible unknown peril the foolish girl was running into. "Why tell me? What is it to me?" Buckley was still angry and he would have Ken know that he was not interested in Vira any more.

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Buckley was willing. He was sore at Jack. They almost came to blows, but what happened was quite enough to convince Glenn, not only that Ken was right about Vira, but that they would have to hurry if they expected to be in time to head off any trouble that Vira might be encountering.

Even before Ken and Buckley had started, Vira, in her enthusiasm to help with the rescue of Dick, her brother, was hastening almost beyond the speed limit. It would indeed have been a mercy to Vira if the traffic cop of the town had happened along and taken her in. But Vira was playing in no such luck.

Her face flushed with the excitement of driving and the rush of air, almost breathless, and her engine overheated, Vira drove in through the open door of the Rendezvous Garage. She did not stop to look around to notice at first that on one pretext or another Lawyer Crook had planned the absence of the proprietor and his helper and was himself alone at the garage at the appointed hour.

No sooner had she jumped out of her car, leaving the motor running, than Mr. Crook moved over quickly and closed the doors. She did not like it, but what could she do? (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

World's Largest Organ May Play Soon on Radio

Canadian radio fans soon may hear from the Daventry station, Liverpool Cathedral's organ, which has just been completed at a cost of about \$175,000. It is said to be the largest organ in the world.

The instrument has five rows of keys, 22 draw knobs, 168 stops and 10,934 pipes. It is pumped by electro-pneumatic action, the mechanism being driven by motors with thirty-five horsepower. The size of the organ is such that there are seventeen telephones from various parts of the instrument for the workmen to communicate with the assistant at the keys during tuning.

500 Luther Descendants Meet.


There are 606 living descendants of Martin Luther, and 500 of them gathered at the annual reunion and memorial services of the Luther family at Eisenach. Although Luther had six children, and four survived his death in 1546, only two had offspring. The ancestry of 537 is traced to Dr. Paul Luther, and the remaining seventy-one to Margaret Luther.

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Founding a constant grandeur On the constant sand. Bridges hurdle rivers And land.

Surly, their perfect-snews, Under long droves, Hold a crouching posture Motionless.

Beams arch high, and girders— The Z-bar, the truss— That we may cross laughing, Oblivious.

That there is a river Hushed by the night, Where a mighty shadow Glistens white.

—Marion Strobel.

Pengoo, New Hungary Currency.

The latest addition to the new money units is the Hungarian "pengoo." The purpose of the pengoo is to eliminate the big figures in the almost worthless kronen notes. Thus a 1,000,000-kronen note is equivalent to 80 pengoes.

Going to Emmaus.

Did you get their journey to Emmaus? A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend, and asked them with a kind engaging air. What their affliction was, and begged a share. Informing, he gathered up a broken thread, and truth and wisdom gracing all he said, explained, illustrated, and searched so well. The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell, that reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near."

We must not now be parted, sojourn here." The new acquaintance soon became a guest, and made so welcome at their simple feast. He blessed the bread, but vanished at the word, and left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord! Did not our hearts feel all He doigned to say, Did they not burn within us by the way?"

—Cowper. "Conversation."

What Your Eyes Reveal.

The poet who wrote that the eyes are the windows of the soul wrote truer than he knew. Science now says that it is possible to judge a man's character by his eyes.

But this is not easy. It requires a great deal of close study. For instance, the shifty-eyed person, who is always looked on with suspicion, is often nervous; and the frank-eyed individual may be a master liar. This makes reading character from the eyes difficult to any but the expert.

But the general coloring of the eyes usually connotes certain characteristics. For example, blue-eyed people are usually more robust than those with brown eyes. This is probably because blue eyes are peculiar to northern climes where people are harder.

The brown-eyed man or woman probably has a strain of southern blood. They have more capacity for intellectual effort, less for action.

Nearly all the great adventurers, soldiers, and sailors of the world have been blue-eyed men. Many poets have been dark, with brown eyes.

Green eyes for jealousy, runs the old saying; but it is without foundation. Green eyes very often go with what is known as a "psychic temperament." Grey eyes usually go with a placid, gentle nature. The grey-eyed person is sensitive, kindly, and steadfast.

In rare cases one finds people with eyes of different colors. Such persons are often very emotional, with a leaning towards religion and mysticism.

That, that rare thing, real violet eyes. In women they go with a sweet and gentle disposition, and in men they are only found in people with strongly developed poetic instincts.

Bungalows Are Gaining Popularity in France

The bungalow idea is spreading rapidly in France. Scores of little houses are being constructed in every suburb about Paris for people who a few years ago thought it would be beneath their dignity to live in anything less than a large uncomfortable villa with several servants to keep things in order.

The French middle classes took the "bavillions," as they were called at first, as part of the post-war hardships, but now finding them compact, comfortable and of light upkeep, are accepting them gladly as a respite from the drudgery and expense of the old-fashioned houses.

Sheffield Plants Begin Razor Blade Output

Sheffield steel manufacturers in their efforts to cut into the American safety razor blade trade are now turning out millions of blades every week. One firm alone employs 1300 workers and produces more than a million blades weekly. It is making preparations to double its capacity within the next few months.

In his annual report, Sir Gerald Bellhouse, chief inspector of factories, says that for some years Sheffield has been supplying a good proportion of the steel for the manufacture of safety razor blades in the United States, but of late the Sheffield manufacturers have been exerting themselves to produce the actual blades themselves for Britain's share of the world trade in this particular line.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.

Allies' Retort.

Mother—"Polite people do not chew gum, dear."

Little Daughter—"But, mother, polite people don't notice."

Causes.

"I feel dizzy, John."

"I told you not to get those water waves in your hair."

There isn't suppose, with is as common corn-sheller districts, who The Dane study of an sure it pays fore it is fed and early fa runs his shea cutting-box, with threshes All straw highly valm ments, so you stacks outdo all the straw run through believe the c by the stock A portion ways mixed y, wheat, et milled before chopped straw added chopp such as carry The Danes mangels, Co and never le boxes. This quantity of the food and gestion. Wh cows are "on mows in the rest of the ve and that the know for he reason for Fro

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Place two and four level atus in a kett and boil for o the fire, pour the corn into e the hands to r the hulls do n warm water, salaratus, boil again. Wash of water. Allow when cooking the first water minutes. Cool until tender, a

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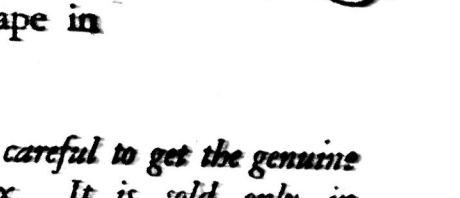
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