



# ON TIPTOE

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## CHAPTER I.

"We're Stuck!"

At the moment our story opens the Pirate, appropriately named Grimstead, was leaning back in the stern-sheets of his craft smoking a cheroot. He was a large square man, with thick bushy eyebrows.

Gardiner, the Second in Command, was much younger and slenderer, with clean shaven face and an inscrutable eye.

Neither of these men were paying the slightest attention to anything but each other. Indeed, the man at the wheel alone seemed to be at all aware of his surroundings. For the only other human being visible on the craft was the Damsel in Distress, and she was completely occupied with her own thoughts, which seemed to be resentful and unpleasant.

As beset her position in the story she was young and beautiful and as daughter to the Pirate Chief, caparisoned in costly garments.

The Bright-Shining Hero had not yet appeared.

Suddenly and most unexpectedly a loud bang sounded under the port quarter. The craft staggered.

"What is it, Simmins?" cried the Pirate Chief. "Are we damaged?"

"Blowout, sir," replied Simmins.

He walked around to the rear of the car, and uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"When she blew out she slid into the rut and let us down pretty hard on one of these little stumps in the middle of the road," he answered Grimstead's inquiry. "The gasoline's leaking."

Gardiner joined the chauffeur. "It's buckled the tank," he announced briefly. "We're stuck."

"The gasoline is all run out," replied Gardiner calmly.

"We're stuck, all right," Grimstead agreed. "How far is it to help?"

"Nearest garage is about twenty miles."

It was agreed that Grimstead should pick out a shadier place to wait while Simmins, after changing the tire, walked the 20 miles and got help.

Now to be considered is the Damsel in Distress. Her distress was heartfelt but not too serious. It consisted in the fact that she had been ravished away against her will; which is the usual and proper reason for the distress of females aboard pirate crafts.

At this moment she should have been listening to the dulcet strains of a jazz orchestra, or mayhap bossing about infatuated youths in any old haunt where sport clothes are correct and numerous.

Instead of which she was here! Atop a stump! On a barren California hillside of high brush and an occasional tree! Stranded! Hot! Uncomfortable! No wonder the lines of her figure were unbending; no marvel that her eyebrows were level and that the regard below them was sullen?

Out upon you! This damsel is young and beautiful. Smoldering is the word. Of ten thousand people the younger half would have sympathized heartily with Burton, by gad! dragged off into the sticks right in the middle of the Del Monte Tournament; and the other half would have muttered things about spoiled brats and an indulgent father and would have regretted that she was too old to be spanked.

And none of this would have affected Miss Burton in the least. When her father insisted, in face of her first careless refusal, that she join him on this trip into the backwoods, she was vastly surprised, though not greatly put out. But when at the last minute she found that this Gardiner person was to be in the party, she saw—and resented—it all.

Burton had met Gardiner before. She did not like him; and she did not care whether he was the Second in Command of the piratical craft, part keeper of the loot, principal deviser of stratagem, or not. There would seem to be no reason why one should not like Gardiner. He is tall, slender, very dark, with regular movie-queen dark eye-lashes, a sleepy well-bred supercilious expression on his thin long face. All his movements are languidly graceful. He is exceedingly well dressed.

His ability is enormous. He knows all about electricity, and water power, and oil wells, and Diesel engines, and railroads, both theoretically and practically, for these things are some of the loot the Pirate Chief has captured.

Burton said she didn't like him because he played no bridge nor golf; but that was not it. She had other reasons—no, not reasons, instinct.

At the present moment the second in command did not attempt to approach the aloof young goddess. Instead he gave needed assistance to the chauffeur, and when the job was finished he was just as hot and dirty. There were qualities to the man, besides those necessary to boarding and scuttling.

By the time the job was finished Grimstead reappeared.

"Found a great place!" he announced, and partly on the little "gas" in the vacuum tank and partly by gravity the big car glided around the corner of the mountain.

## CHAPTER II.

Enter the Hero

As often happens at skylines in California, the nature of the country there changed. Burton had seen redwood trees before, but never had she seen one of the redwood forests of the north. The sullenness in her eyes was replaced by a startled and somewhat awed look.

The car coasted slowly for a half mile and came to a little stream where a tiny patch of green had won for itself a tiny patch of unobscured sky.

"Stop here, Simmins," Grimstead commanded, and all debarked.

Simmins hustled out the lunch basket and the thermos cases and proceeded to lay things out in seemly and proper style.

Simmins was an engaging person. The natural self within him would have carried him through life skiptiously, like the giddy goat—but it wasn't done, you know. He loved playing up to his part, which was solemn, eminently correct, terrifically imposing, and he could do it in such a manner as to make self conscious all but the most conventional.

When at home Simmins became a house man. In this capacity the one fatal misfortune of his professional career overtook him.

Burton, unseen herself, had witnessed his answering of the door bell. He came down the hall cake-walking, a wonderful double shuffle, snapping his fingers, his head thrown back, his eyes closed; but all quite noiseless. Then he turned the door knob and instantaneously a wonderful transition took place. His elbows snapped out at an angle, and his inflexible sing-song voice declaimed impersonally that he could not say, madame, but what he would ascertain.

O fatal day! Next time he tried to come it over Burton, as usual, he ran against a snag.

"Look here, Simmins," she said decidedly. "I wish you'd come off the perch and be human. I like friendly looking people about me."

"Sorry, Miss," said he non-committally in his best manner. "I was not aware of offence. It is pawisibly the results of my training, Miss."

Simmins was enjoying himself thoroughly. He knew just when to put the accents and yet avoid impertinence. It was his last shot.

The next instant he exploded. Miss Burton had seen!

For a long time his world was in chaos. He never did quite recover the integrity of his attitude toward Miss Burton. It wasn't done, you know; but he rather liked it.

After supper, Simmins most reluctantly began the long journey to the nearest garage.

Burton brought to the camp fire a small covered basket and removed the contents, a Pomeranian dog, half-size even for that breed, named Punkety-Snivvies. The men surveyed the creature in silent disgust. Burton adoringly fed him slices of chicken and then he curled up in a small fluffy ball and went to sleep.

Burton reclined on cushions, looking straight up, still within her inscrutable silence. Gardiner was clever enough to realize that this was the time for effacement. Grimstead dozed. But now the peace of the night was broken by the approach of something metallic and loose.

Three of the watchers sat up. "Can't hear any engine," puzzled Gardiner; "must be horse-drawn—a wagon load of milk cans."

But the doubt was almost immediately resolved by the dancing glare of headlights through the trees, and an instant later a small light car swerved off the road and came to a stop. Enter the Bright Shining Hero!

The thing he rode was one of those nondescript home-made things of galvanized iron by which the youthful attempt in vain to disguise and render sportful a certain otherwise jokeful brand of inexpensive car.

The occupants of this craft were three. The young man at the wheel, a pleasant-faced youth, with short, light hair, and what had been a fair complexion dark-reddened by much exposure. Behind him, seated atop a canvas-covered pack, was an Irish terrier dog. The third occupant was Simmins.

"This gentleman picked me up, sir," said he glibly, "and I conceived as how it would be more expeditious, sir, to come back with him."

"More expeditious! He's going in the other direction!" said Grimstead. (TO BE CONTINUED)

## "BLACKSHEEP"

"It has been in my mind for a day or two that May must be wondering what's become of me. I always write to her, you know; and she imagines me in the Rockies. There must be a stack of mail waiting for me at Banff; I must wire and have it forwarded."

"You needn't necessarily give up the trip—"

She turned her head to dodge an overhanging bough and he caught a glimpse of her face; she was crying; and new and world-shaking emotions were stirred in him by the sight of her tear-wet cheek.

"Do you know," he said, "when we talk about clearing up things I'd forgotten about that buried treasure. I think it would be a mistake for me to leave without exhausting all the possibilities of finding your grand-

father's buried gold. I wonder if poor Carey knew any more about it than you do?"

"I'm sure he didn't. There are holes here and there in these woods that he dug in his search. 'Why!' she exclaimed, stopping short and glancing about thoughtfully, "that's strange."

"We're lost, I hope!"

"Not lost; but there was a fork in the trail and I must have made the wrong turn. I don't remember that I ever saw that fallen tree before."

"That old fellow must have made a mighty crash when he went down. I'm sure that I never came this way before."

"Here's an old scar," said Archie "where someone must have blazed the tree years and years ago. It's the mark of an ax or hatchet. And look! Three other big trees bear the same mark. They define a square and must have been made for some purpose!"

Discussion of the markings brought them immediately into accord. Isabel was perplexed to find herself in a spot she had never visited before though she had spent the previous summer on the land, planning the camp, and thought she knew every foot of it. She peered into the pit torn by the roots of the huge tree. The sunlight blinted brightly upon something that lay half hidden in the earth.

"Oh how wonderful!" she cried and placed a gold piece in his hands.

They knelt together, tearing up the weeds and loosening the earth. It was Archie who quickly found a second coin, a ten-dollar gold piece stamped 1859. With a stick he dug into the hole and soon they had made a little heap of bright coins, laughing like children with each discovery. A deeper probe resulted in the unearthing of a splintered cedar plank evidently torn from a chest that had contained the money.

"Of all the astonishing things that ever happened this is the most utterly paralyzing!" exclaimed Archie jubilantly.

Using the board as a spade he scooped up a capful of coins—gold, American, English and French, which the Southerner had buried in the northern wilderness.

"It won't do to leave this place unprotected, and we must stop or we'll have more than we can carry. We must bring Putney back to help. It's my guess that there's a chest of money at the foot of each of these blazed trees."

"And pretty good hiding places, too, where the gold might have remained forever, if—"

"If you hadn't been hating me so that you lost your way!"

They stood with a heap of gold between them, the bewilderment of discovery in their eyes.

"This is the end of the rainbow and the gold lies at our feet!" he said, and he took her hands, and the one still wearing the bandage he held very gently. "Love we know to be better than much fine gold; and wouldn't it be a pity for the finding of these coins to mark the very end, with nothing beyond! And life is so big and wonderful I want your help to make mine of some—"

She looked at him long and searchingly, and her eyes were so grave, their questioning seemed so interminable, that he did not know until she spoke that her lips had trembled into a smile.

"If you can forgive me," she said; and she laid her hands upon his shoulders, lightly as though by their touch she were investing him with her hope in life renewed and strengthened, and giving pledge that they would walk together thereafter to the end of their days.

In the loveliest of Colorado's valleys you may, if you exercise your eyes intelligently note three houses in the Spanish style, with roads that link them together as though publishing the fact that the owners of the surrounding ranches are bound by the closest and dearest ties. As an adjunct of his residence Putney Congdon maintains a machine shop where he finds ample time for experiment. The Archibald Bennetts are learning all there is to know about fruit culture; and they are so happy that they are in danger of forgetting the existence of cities. Farthest of the three homes from the railroad, and where the hills begin, Philip and Ruth Van Doren chose their abode. And you may see them any day that you care to penetrate to their broad pastures, riding together, viewing with contemplative eyes the distant peaks or the cattle that are the Governor's delight, a link, he says, between the present and the olden times when the world was young. And often at night, when they are not with the Congdons of the Bennetts, they ride for hours in silence, so great is their happiness, so perfect their understanding, so deep their confidence in the stars.

THE END

Visitor From Medicine Hat—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Thompson have as their guest Joseph Kieran, of Medicine Hat, Canada. Mr. Kieran is a cousin of Mrs. Thompson.

## About Your Health

Things You Should Know



by Join Joseph Guinness, M. D.

### COMMITTING SUICIDE

Any one who suddenly ends his life voluntarily, by his own act, is a suicide. I believe that one who ends or shortens his existence slowly—perhaps unconsciously—commits the same unwholesome deed.

I read somewhere that civilization has added seven hundred articles of food to our overworked dietary! Think of it, in the face of the fact that the human body needs actually only a half-dozen! I feel sure that the seven hundred are only modifications, mixtures, and adulterations of the few food-units required. In place of plain bread and butter, fruits and meats, we are eating distillates, fermentations, hashes and conglomerations, sugared pyramids, and highly dynamized temptations to depraved appetites, which wreck destruction by slow but certain stages on the bodies that are, from hour to hour, stuffed with them, suicide! I know of no better word to employ.

Our advertising pages, woman's magazines and newspapers are flaming with colored illustrations of saturated, striped, and colored defiers of digestion. New recipes are almost daily added, that seem irresistible—as if plain, wholesome food were not inestimably better for sound sleep and good health! Our people consume tons and tons of sugar in myriad forms each year. Commercialism knows that the easiest route to the pocket-book is by way of the appetite.

There is no argument against that for long, healthy, comfortable life. Every octogenarian, even centenarian, is a living convincing witness for plain food, temperate living, and sound sleep. Every man that dies at fifty-five of "heart failure," "cerebral hemorrhage" and "acute indigestion" is a terrible indictment of the gastronomic debauches of our people of today. Life is too precious to be frittered away by dissipation.

If you want a good figure, healthy muscles, sound brain, and elastic step, cling to the simple diet and steady employment.

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