



ON TIPTOE

By Stewart Edward White

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee

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Released thru

Publishers Autocaster Service

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

GRIMSTEAD, the "Buccaneer" of this swashbuckling story, is stranded among the California redwoods in his "private craft", a high-powered car, when its gasoline tank is broken.

BURTON GRIMSTEAD, his "spoiled" daughter, is with him against her will, especially so as she perceives her father's object in insisting on her going on the trip is to throw her into the company of

ROSS GARDINER, Grimstead's sinister "Second in Command," a capable, good looking young man.

SIMMIS, the Grimstead's English butler-chauffeur whose gay spirits are repressed by his dignity.

DAVENPORT, a youth, comes by and astonishes them first by saying his small car runs on electricity so he has no "gas" to give them, and next by winning a \$10,000 bet from Gardiner by predicting a rain storm, and the revelation (to her alone) that he is "the" Lawrence Davenport, a famous writer, make his vastly interesting to Miss Burton Grimstead.

CHAPTER XII:

"The royalty ideal appeals to me," answered Davenport, "for I certainly do not want to get mixed up in affairs unless I have to. But I do feel responsibility in turning a thing like this loose without trying to do my part."

"You'll find the business part of it in pretty competent hands," Grimstead assured him.

"I do not doubt that for a moment," said Davenport. "I shouldn't have a moment's uneasiness on that score. I'm thinking of the world at large?"

"World at large?" repeated Grimstead, a little blankly.

"Yes. You, of course, have not thought of this as much as I have, for it is a new proposition. But I've been pondering on it for a very long while. It's the terrific upset in industry that must come from this."

"Of course there will be readjustments," agreed Grimstead.

"But just stop to follow this out. Let's suppose, for the sake of argument, that this battery is all it might be; that it is a genuine short cut to unlimited power. The gas and electric companies would simply have to go out of business. Why should anybody buy anything of them? Reaching out from that think of the correlated industries that would be more or less affected—"

"I've got that kind of imagination, young man," interrupted Grimstead drily. "I'd already considered all that."

"Of course," smiled Davenport, relapsing from his tense eagerness. "And then besides there are hundreds of thousands of workmen who would be thrown out of employment for a time until a readjustment had been made."

"Why, it sounds terrible!" cried Burton.

"That's why I say there's a responsibility connected with it. All this capital and these works of various kinds and those workmen will find other and probably more ultimately useful things to do after a time. It shouldn't be sprung on them all at once."

"What would be your suggestion?" asked Grimstead.

Davenport laughed boyishly.

"My goodness! That's a large order! But I suppose it might be fed out through a single industry at first—say, motorboat engines, or something of that kind. If we held the patents, we could regulate that exactly."

"Then you finally prefer the stock proposition?"

"I guess it's what I ought to have," said Davenport.

"Very well," returned Grimstead. "Gardiner, get your notebook and take this."

Gardiner had risen from the post of private secretary and so took shorthand.

"Draw me up a proper contract embodying these points," Grimstead instructed him. "Patents in name of Universal Power Corporation. Capital stock 100,000 shares, no par value, non-assessable. Forty per cent to Mr. Davenport. Sixty to me. I to furnish all working capital. Manufacture to commence within three months. One hundred thousand dollars to be paid Mr. Davenport as bonus cash payment on the conclusion of the first 1000 bona fide sales. That satisfactory as far as it goes?"

The attentive youth nodded.

"All right. Now just to cover the point you brought up, add this: that for the first five years Mr. Davenport is to have the veto right as to any contemplated extensions of business. That suit you, Davenport?"

"That's fine!" cried the young man. Gardiner disappeared with a flashlight in the direction of the car, to return after a few moments carrying a portable typewriter. Grimstead met him just at the circle of firelight.

"No shenanigans about this, Ross," he warned in a low voice. "I want this contract drawn absolutely fairly, so that any lawyer he may consult will approve of it. I don't want a chance for an objection once we leave this place."

"I understand that part of it but—"

"He's one of those lily-whites," growled Grimstead. "I've got him located now. Full of uplift and shy of horse sense. I know 'em; and they've got to be handled. He's cuckoo on the service-to-humanity stuff. The chances are that he won't sign any contract without seeing a lawyer. So draw up a subsidiary agreement on his part to sign the contract provided his lawyer—get his name—pronounces it technically correct. We'll get him to sign that anyway; and that will tie him up."

It was near 10 o'clock before the little typewriter ceased clicking, and about 11 when Davenport affixed his signature to the agreement to sign. As Grimstead had foreseen, he did not want to sign the contract itself without expert advice as to its form; but, being satisfied with its substance, he was willing to agree to that.

"Water, lemons, sugar!" Grimstead then called to Simmins, and set out on the ground before him four tumblers, pouring into each a generous measure from a bottle.

The drinks mixed, Simmins handed one to each. Grimstead arose.

"Here's to the Universal Power Corporation!" he proposed.

They drank. Larry saw the toll-driven millions and the lifting of yet another of the great pressures of life. Burton saw confusedly an angel with a flaming sword somehow reopening by a crack, the gates of Eden. Gardiner contemplated a vision of great activity and great wealth. Grimstead was smiling. What he saw the great invisible intelligences too were perceiving through the lenses of his soul. They did not smile.

They did not smile.

CHAPTER XIII

"Go to the Ant"

The next morning a corduroy road across the meadow was made and a road around the fallen redwood was begun.

Then Grimstead decided to go fishing and received some information from Davenport about the lurking places of rainbow trout.

"There's one thing; be sure you get the most northerly swale," concluded Larry. "The country starfishes up there, and if you get to following the wrong canyon you'll end lost."

"You better come along, Ross," said Grimstead. "Go get your tackle."

Gardiner disappeared in the direction of the car, and was gone so long that Grimstead became fidgety. Gardiner seemed to have a great deal of tackle to rig and clothes to put on.

"Here," called Grimstead at last, "I'm going to make a start. You follow along when you get ready. I'll strike the stream and fish down, and you keep going until you find me."

He tramped off sturdily, and 10 minutes later, after vexatious delays having to do with leaders and the disentangling thereof, Gardiner followed. Simmins approached.

"There would seem to be no occasion for my further presence, sir?" he suggested, indicating with a turn of the head the direction of the patiently laboring self-starter.

"We seem to be safe for the present," agreed Davenport. "Why? What's on your mind?"

"I thought I would like to try my luck, sir."

"Sure. Go to it! Better go downstream, though."

In five minutes Simmins departed blissfully. Already he had a complete drama in cold storage having to do with his return at eventide carrying a long string of shining beauties to find that Grimstead and Gardiner, for all their fancy tackle, had succeeded in landing only four, and they rather small.

Plunketty?Snivvies and Rapsacallion followed Simmins.

Burton, coming from her tent a few minutes later, found Larry smoking his pipe alone.

"Deserted. Everybody. Even the dogs," he answered her inquiry. "Like to go walking?"

"Surely!" she cried eagerly.

Larry headed straight up the stream, coming at length to a narrow gorge at the entrance to which stood detached a fragment of rock, big as a summer cottage, square as a cube of sugar. A jagged heap of talus and debris gave a rather rough passage to the top.

"Pretty scrambly," said Davenport. "Think you can make it?" She scorned reply, but began at once to scramble up over the jagged talus. Davenport watched the poise of her light and graceful figure for a moment, then followed.

The top of the rock was perfectly flat, but at two elevations, one two feet higher than the other. It was carpeted with moss.

"Hop down," advised Larry, himself descending to the lower of the two elevations. "Now sit down and lean your back. Can you beat this?"

The natural seat thus formed and cushioned commanded to the right a view up the stream which at this point ran straight and wide for some distance. Birds flitted and midges hovered in the sun.

"I want to know more about these gifts of yours," demanded Burton after a time. "I want to know how you know so accurately about the rain?"

"I don't know very clearly myself," Larry answered. "I've never tried to express it."

He hesitated, seeking for an opening.

"Did you ever read Materlinck's 'Life of the Bee'?" he inquired. "Or any of Fabre's insect books?"

"I've read the 'Bee' and one of Fabre's—the one where the Emperor Moth—"

"Yes, I know. Well, that gives us a start. Now bees, and especially ants, have what you might call a co-operative government that is as complicated and a lot more intelligent and efficient than any human government. You would hardly go so far as to say that an ant is an intellectual creature; that he, or any of his ancestors or fellows, has a brain that could think out and put into operation a system of government. Yet he acts with a heap more intelligence than most men do—on the average. How come?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I; but I surmise. Suppose for the sake of argument that in the void all about and through us is a saturate solution of all possible knowledge and wisdom. The things we call living creatures live in this; it is all around us; but we are more or less cut off from it by the fact that we are individual and imperfect beings. We are in shells, let us say; particular wisdom or knowledge gets to us only through special cracks. A perfect being would have a point of contact for every possible knowledge or wisdom. But in our finite world every individual, whether it is a rock or a tree or an ant, is so built that he can come in contact only with the particular little piece of wisdom or intelligence from the great store that he needs in his business. All the rest of the points of contact are blocked off by his individual structure. Thus within his limits he has perfect knowledge. It's the same all through nature. How do you suppose quail know ahead of time whether the season is to be dry or wet, and breed accordingly? The more you think of it the more instances you will perceive."

"CHAPTER XIV

Burton Finds It Curious

"That is the most interesting thing I ever heard!" breathed Burton. "And it sounds so reasonable! But you know we started to talk about you, not about quails and ants. I believe you are a crafty sidestepper."

"We're headed toward me. If things were all working along the way they should, man would have this same access to universal wisdom that the lower creatures have. As respects all the things he would normally run against in his everyday normal life he would see, or feel—perceive is a better word—the causes and effects and results; because the stream of life would flow through him by certain channels turning certain wheels."

"That's what you do!" she cried excitedly. "I see!"

"In a very small and practical way; a little more than the average. People have just about lost that power. They have little remnants of it. You've heard of 'pre-motions' that have worked out; or a 'feeling' that some one was in the room; or experienced some one of the numerous 'coincidences', such as receiving a letter right on top of some especial thought of the person who wrote it. You may have had dreams that came true."

"Yes," she cried, "what about it?" "You probably thought of all as 'uncanny'. It wasn't uncanny at all. Simply old, chocked channels letting through a trickle."

She pondered this a moment, her brows puckered prettily.

"Is it our fault—this chocking?" she asked. "How did it happen?"

"I don't know, of course; but I surmise," he repeated. "It is the intervention of mind, of intellect. Man's intelligence is a fine tool, and complicated. But it was supposed to be only a tool for the purpose of examining and making practical what came to it by direct channel. Man-kind got so tickled with it that he began to run all his affairs by it alone. That blocked the channel. The mind took control, instead of working under control. Instead of playing with a fresh supply on first hand—well, call it inspiration: that's what it is—we make over and refashion old stuff. If it weren't for the fact that some people's channels are not completely blocked, so that a kind of trickle does get through; and if it wasn't for an occasional crazy genius who busts out, we'd tie ourselves up in our minds and dry up and blow away."

"Then," she summed up slowly, "you could tell about the rain and the tree falling, because this current flowed through you?"

"That's roughly it."

"How do you do it?"

"It's hard to say. I set my mind aside and then take what comes, to re. I turn my attention to the type of thing that is useful for me to know."

"Do you think everybody ought to have this power?"

"Yes; it belongs normally in the race."

"Could I do it—with practice?"

"I'm certain of it."

"Oh!" she cried. "I want to try! How do you start?"

He smiled. "I don't know, of course; but I surmise," he repeated. "It is the intervention of mind, of intellect. Man's intelligence is a fine tool, and complicated. But it was supposed to be only a tool for the purpose of examining and making practical what came to it by direct channel. Man-kind got so tickled with it that he began to run all his affairs by it alone. That blocked the channel. The mind took control, instead of working under control. Instead of playing with a fresh supply on first hand—well, call it inspiration: that's what it is—we make over and refashion old stuff. If it weren't for the fact that some people's channels are not completely blocked, so that a kind of trickle does get through; and if it wasn't for an occasional crazy genius who busts out, we'd tie ourselves up in our minds and dry up and blow away."

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"Oh!" she cried. "I want to try! How do you start?"

He smiled.

"This is no conjuring trick to be learned; it's a good healthy faculty to be developed. You've got to relax something inside of you that you hold tight together for everyday life—something in your consciousness. Then things just float in and you leave them alone for future reference."

"I'm going to begin now," she announced.

She laid aside her hat, and the cool air current was stirring the hair at her temples. Little by little her form fell into the simple, rerful curves of relaxation; one by one even the smaller muscles relinquished their guard. Her face took on the dreamy and far-away peacefulness of a sleeping child's.

Thus 15 minutes passed. Then she stirred slightly.

"Well?" asked Davenport at last.

"It was certainly very curious," she confessed. "I can't make it out."

He hesitated, and the sunburn on his cheeks seemed to deepen a little.

"Are we going to waste time?" he asked gently.

She did not reply. After waiting a moment he reached out and took her hand.

"CHAPTER XV

The Mystery

"You did see," Davenport went on. "You saw what I saw yesterday when we were in the old orchard, what I have felt from the very first instant I saw you standing in the firelight—beautiful as the night!"

She turned on him troubled eyes.

"I don't know why I talk and act this way. It seems almost shameless. I do not understand it. But somehow I cannot hide and dodge and retreat and flirt as I— It is impossible. I do not know what it is that has come to me, Larry, and you must wait until I find out. I have been made love to before and—from the first I have been attracted to you. Just now when I tried to set my mind aside, as you call it, just one idea, one impression, came to me, and that was of nearness to you—I don't mean physical nearness—I don't know what I mean or what I'm talking about—"

"I do," he assured her.

"I am shaken, and I don't know; I can't tell what it means."

"It is the answer to my love for you!" he breathed.

She turned her clear eyes on him again.

"I do not know," she repeated, "and I must know. I might allow you to keep my hand and to—and to go on, and there is something leaping within me that tells me I would be swept away by your love. But I must not; and you must not. If it were not so serious to me, that might happen. I am talking in what my mother would have called a most unmaidenly manner," she ended with a wistful little

smile. He gently restored her hand to her lap.

"I understand," said he. "But it will come. I am on the air! It can no more help coming than the poppy can help unfolding in the sun."

"I hope not," she breathed, but so low that he did not catch the syllables.

At this moment, just when some obvious change of subject seemed most desirable, Grimstead appeared

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane
A COURAGEOUS IRISHMAN
A HOLLOW MAGNET.
A VARIEGATED CLIMATE.
MORE AEROPLANES NEEDED.

A real fighting Irishman has come to America. William Thomas Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State. Duffident, keen light blue eyes, soft voice, iron will and a lion's courage. That is a picture of the Irish President, for whom fear does not exist, not even the only fear admitted by his relatives, the Celtic chiefs of Gaul, who admitted that they feared one thing, that the sky might fall on them.

If you asked, "Can NOTHING be more powerful than SOMETHING?" you would get no serious answer.

But how do you explain this fact, announced by German science and proved by convincing experiment? A hollow magnet is more powerful than a solid magnet.

The absence of magnetized metal inside the magnet increases its magnetic strength. A magnet containing four hollow lamellae has as much lifting power as one containing nine solid lamellae.

Everything is possible in chemistry and physics, now that atomic construction and the horrible power and speed of the tiny electrons have been added to human knowledge. But that hollow magnet news is a thing to puzzle science.

A. D. Lasker, who ran the Shipping Board, once a young, brightly energetic boy, sitting in the outside office of Lord & Thomas, in Chicago, now even more brightly energetic, sits in the inside office and owns the place.

He and his wife have just given a million dollars to Chicago University to study the "causes, nature and prevention" of degenerative diseases.

Within three hundred years, the average life has increased from thirty to sixty years, but a man of fifty has very little better chance of life than a man of that age one hundred years ago.

Lasker wisely gives money to find out why it is that human beings after fifty break down so quickly.

If the scientists will let him, Lasker should use some of his money investigating suggestions that medical science would call "all nonsense." All nonsense is what the doctors called the theories of Pasteur, who taught them more than they ever knew before.

Michael J. Hinch, eighteen years old, touched a live wire carrying 5,000 volts and, according to doctors, was "dead for half an hour." Quick action by firemen brought the boy back to life.

At first his mind wandered. Then he recognized friends, knew his own name, who he was and what he had been doing in the previous eighteen years.

The question arises, does the same thing happen to all of us, after we have been dead a long time, perhaps, as one earnest clergyman suggests, as long as a billion years, waiting for the world to end and Gabriel to summon us?

We have a variegated climate, dogs pulling sleds over Alaska's ice, ladies and their friends lying half-naked on the sands of Florida, California and the Gulf States.

And the thermometer does not tell everything about weather. We shiver and growl at 14 above zero, while Donald McMillan, Arctic explorer, sent word, through radio, that he is quite comfortable at Bowdoin, Labrador, with the temperature 35 below zero.

It depends on humidity, elevation, ozone and other things probably of which we know nothing.

A dispatch from Nicaragua says Sandino, the rebel-bandit who killed some of our marines, has been killed by a bomb from one of our airplanes.

The Nicaragua rebels now know that they have no more chance against United States flying machines than a rabbit has against eagles.

"That is satisfactory so far as our Nicaragua fight goes."

But our President, Congress and Army and Navy departments should remember that several countries in Europe and at least one in Asia exceed us so greatly in air power that they could do to us, if they chose, what we have just done to Sandino.

WE NEED FIGHTING AIRPLANES, not merely a sample force of the Nicaragua size.

The Emperor of Japan sets an example in economy—carries a \$5 watch, cultivates his own rice field. That would surprise his great grandfather. That Mikado, by lifting a finger, could chop off anybody's head, and he did.

wading down the middle of the stream.

"Keep DAVE BURTON," murmured Larry. "Let's surprise him!"

The fishermen were having a fine time, splashing down the long straight vista, casting his fly right, left and straight ahead as he advanced. Larry watched him critically for a few moments.

"He knows the job," he told Burton. "Did you see him make that flip cast to the pool behind the cedar root?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

YEGGS BLOW 2 SAFES, GET \$8000 AT EUGENE

Yeggs blew two safes in the McMorran and Washburne department store at Eugene Sunday morning, and escaped undetected with \$8000 in money and jewels. Efforts to trace the robbers have so far proved fruitless, although Sheriff F. E. Taylor, who spent two days in Portland on the case, says he possesses warm clues which may lead to arrests later on.

Nitroglycerine was used by the bandits in blowing open the safe doors, and \$1000 worth of new overcoats were used in muffling the sound of the blasts. It was obviously the work of experts, indicating that the recent crime wave in Portland is extending to the smaller towns of the valley.

CALL AND SEE Dr. N. W. Emery on prices on plates and other work. If

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Lane County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Georgia Hett, Deceased, late a resident of Lane County. All persons having claims against her estate should present the same duly verified to the undersigned, at the office of S. D. Allen, Hovey Building, Eugene, Oregon, within six months from this date, February 23, 1928.

HARRY C. KEELER, Administrator.

F. 23: M. 1-8-15:



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Safety—as well as economy—demands that you keep your tires in perfect condition at all times.

No matter how small the job may appear—take care of it at once. You cannot afford to neglect your tires. Well repaired tires will last indefinitely and give you almost double service.

Our repair charges are small and our guaranteed work is unequalled. We can give you prompt service at all times.

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Good Tooth Brushes

Brushes with transparent or bone handles; straight or bent. Bristles serated, tufted or receding.

Brushes of pure bristle or of goat or badger hair for tender gums.

Brushes for adults, youths or infants.

Look over our assortment.

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