



SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

By Lawrence A. Keating

FIRST INSTALLMENT

Dan Colwell sat in his cubby-hole office with chair tilted back, feet on the cigarette-marred oak desk, perusing the morning News. A second time he read the item in the Around Town column which stated that Otto Graber, president of the Graber-Vael Detective Agency, was leaving today for Ewing, Pennsylvania, on a two-week hunting trip. "Sportsman," the columnist described him, "and aviation enthusiast. Mr. Graber pilots his own monoplane."

Dan squinted thoughtfully at the north wall as if to peer thru it into the office of his superior. So Otto was going away—hunting? Very convenient, he reflected, and very wise of Otto.

The president's secretary paused in the doorway. "Mr. Graber wants you. There's a Mrs. McDonald with him. Probably expects you to frame her husband with some chorus cutie for a divorce. Poor papa!"

He twisted around with a grin but the girl was gone into the quarters of the partner, taciturn Horace Vael. Colwell squinted a last time at the newspaper piece about Graber, lifted his feet from the desk, and rose. He hesitated a moment, conscious of a sense of expectancy that speeded his pulse. A good deal depended on the next few minutes. Dan had waited for this day thru months of sordid divorce build ups and jewel guarding assignments at the lavish balls of the Four Hundred. But this was not to be another dreary evidence hunt for the Court of Domestic Relations nor any other court in the County Building.

Colwell went down the brief corridor and knocked on the door that bore Otto Graber's name and the warning "Private." He twisted the knob and entered. "You want me, Chief?"

Graber's stocky, Teutonic form was hunched well back in his chair, his powerful, pudgy hands laced over his stomach. He unclasped his fingers to scratch in his blond stubble of hair as he swung to Dan. "Right." With sudden remembrance of courtesy Otto hoisted himself out of the chair. He gestured to his visitor, and following the movement Colwell saw a young woman in a trim dark suit with a furing white bow at her throat, a fox scarf draped carelessly over narrow shoulders, a saucy little monkey hat.

"Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Colwell. Wife of Arthur McDonald, the lawyer, Dan."

He bowed and smiled. She was a stunning woman of 25 or so, a woman he would turn to watch if he passed her on the street. Her complexion was creamy, her mouth small and red and luscious as those Bing cherries that come in spring from California. Under a fringe of dark hair Colwell found wide brown eyes that were steady and warm, interesting eyes that held his until with a slight sensation of giddiness, he broke the spell.

She turned to Graber who had quickly sat down again. "You're sure this man is the very best obtainable?"

"Sit down, Dan. Ain't you the best private operative in town?"

"Certainly." He drew up a chair and lowered his solid five feet eleven frame noiselessly as a cat.

Graber laughed; it sounded a little forced. He flung a hand in the direction of two suitcases strapped and ready on the floor, with a stiff leather gun case lying across them. "See that item about me in the paper? I'm off to Pennsylvania, hunting. So you're to report to Mrs. McDonald here direct—phone. I know the case and it's real special. Hell tell you as much as she wants. Now go ahead, Mrs. McDonald. Colwell's your man."

Dan reached to the open humidor on his employer's desk and ignoring Graber's quick scowl, selected a perfect. He pulled the wrapper off and passed the cigar back and forth under his nostrils inhaling its pungent odor. Fifty cent cigars were beyond the modest pay of a private agency sleuth.

Mrs. McDonald sat on the edge of the chair, small hands clutching her gloves, her face very serious and worried. "I—just can't bring myself to repeat all the story, Mr. Colwell," she said in a rich contralto. "It's about my husband, you see. He's—Arthur has a certain prominence, as you doubtless know. He practices criminal law."

Colwell reflected as he inhaled

cigar smoke that she might, without being inaccurate, have termed Arthur McDonald a shyster. "Oh, your husband is well known," he nodded.

"Well, many of his cases—There are such rough, greedy men in the world, aren't there?" the stunning young woman went on embarrassedly. "I—this is no divorce case, you know. My husband and I are very happy. But he's in danger. Someone wants to kill him. He doesn't know it—at least I don't think so." She sank back with an appealing look at Graber. "I just can't talk about it. Must I?" she begged.

Dan knew the woman was acting, tho she accomplished it with charm that would make a man ashamed to push her for more details. She was that steady type of personality who could speak straight out easily enough, if she cared to. But Graber came to the rescue as she desired. "Don't bother, Mrs. McDonald. —Don't excite yourself. Colwell here asks no questions, just does what he is told."

"You wish me to shadow your husband, is that it?"

"Yes! Would you? And protect him? Learn who is after him and of course, keep the rascal from doing harm? And maybe turn him over to the police?"

"Pardon me," Otto Graber interrupted quickly, "you don't want that. I'm sure. I mean, not right away. This is darned unusual, see?" he explained to Dan, and twisted the black cigar from one corner of his wide mouth to the other. Graber leaped. "She's stirred up," he said in a low voice. "Just do what she wants and forget it, see?"

Dan rose as Mrs. McDonald rose. She stepped close so that he caught the fragrance of her and felt that she sought to hold him again with those brown pools of her eyes. Her hand crept mouse like up his forearm. "Not! Not! I mean, when anything occurs, you are to telephone me at the number on this card. Do you understand? Follow Arthur... that's what you must do. Let me know who is after him!"

"Well," she said abruptly, her eyes falling, "that seems to cover it. You won't let him out of your sight, Mr. Colwell?"

"Not a minute." He found the card blank except for the number penned on it. He tucked it into a vest pocket. "Suppose I call you once or twice daily, according to developments? And where do you think I might find Mr. McDonald to start?"

She consulted a jeweled wrist watch. "He often lunches at the Waverly Club on Reed Street. It's about time now. And you'll phone me full details? Good-bye, Mr. Graber." She offered her small hand to Otto. "I hope you have a lovely hunting trip. I hope you shoot lots of—caribou, is it? And I'm depending on your handsome detective for you charged me a disgraceful sum, Mr. Graber!"

"Costs money to employ the best operatives in town," he returned the stock excuse. "Good day." Smilingly, Graber ushered her out. As he closed the door his face changed and he waddled back to his chair glowering. "You got nerve! What do you think that humidor is, a grab bag?"

"Mighty good cigar, Otto. What's her game, anyhow?"

"Game? She ain't got a game. Afraid her husband'll get killed, ain't that plenty? What you gotta do is keep him from gettin' killed and find out who the guy is." He shot Colwell a look. "What makes you think she's got a game? You're hired to trail Mac and that's about enough."

"All right. So you're off to hunt for two weeks?"

"Yeah, right now. I better hike. You handle Mrs. McDonald careful, see? I'd have you report to Vael while I'm gone, but what good is that dumb cluck? A swell partner for a man to have!" the detective agency chief complained.

"Swell looker, ain't she?" he asked in sudden appreciation, and nudged Colwell. "Well, I gotta beat it. Ewing, Pennsylvania. See that in the News about me? It said 'Sportsman and aviation—uh, bug.' Well, I am a pilot, ain't I? Yeah, that's right—you read it. Well, so long Dan, see you in two weeks. I'll bring you back a ring-tail baboon or something."

"And say," he called after Colwell. "I'm looking this humidor, see? Don't you snitch none of my

fifty cent smokes while I'm gone." Leaving the office, Dan pressed an elevator button and stood waiting. "Swell plan Graber's got," he muttered to himself. He pursed his lips for a whistle that did not come. "Mrs. McDonald is a sly one! I'll need to watch my P's and Q's. This thing has got to be handled with gloves. But—" he hummed briefly, "There's a chance for big results."

Fifteen minutes later he entered the Waverly bar, a part of the notorious Waverly Club, a night excitement place in an adjoining hall. The bar was a long, ornate room done in the modern manner of silver and black straight lines. Tables scattered about were for the most part occupied by sporty looking men at lunch. The meal, he noticed passing a menu, was a dollar and a quarter. He was on expenses but there might not be time to consume a whole lunch. Colwell went to the end of the bar and ordered beer.

McDonald was not here yet. Dan knew the fellow by sight, a small man of forty with pince-nez glasses and white, bony hands. He had watched McDonald extract more than one rascal from the toils of the law, waving his bony hands and throwing his timorous, persuasive voice around the courtroom. McDonald was the kind always skating on thin ice, barely evading disbarment proceedings and contempt citations. He might be mixed up in anything—and was.

The foaming beer was set before him. Dan sipped some of it, then turned to a battery of telephone booths. He entered the first, closed the folding door, and made sure he could see the expanse of the bar-room before he dropped a nickel in the slot. "Central 0576."

He got a quick connection. "Hello, give me Irita."

He waited a moment. "Irita? Dan. Well, we're started, eh? It's risky business but Graber doesn't seem to suspect. That Mrs. McDonald took him ten yards in one down. But he was surprised to hear Lefty has ideas of a big grab! Anyhow. Otto's off to Pennsylvania hunting, and I don't mean rabbits. He's greedy! Every time he thinks of that joy dust he begins to dream he owns a bank. Oh! Here comes McDonald—I'm signing off. We'll make 'em walk the plank before we're thru. Call you again. Be careful, Irita."

He lingered in the phone booth until Arthur McDonald located himself at a table. Dan returned to his beer, saw the lawyer order lunch, so himself ordered it with a hint to the waiter to make haste.

The meal over, McDonald tripped to the cashier in that quick, womanish way of his, paid his check and chatted with a friend at a nearby table. He surveyed the whole barroom as he donned his hat and light coat, then departed. Colwell let him get a head start. As he paid his own check he saw thru the big glass window two men come along the walk and accost McDonald. Dan stalled inside with a friendly remark to the cashier. McDonald, he noticed, did not appear to relish the companionship of those fellows.

The shorter man wore a loud striped suit and derby. He looked like a pug. The other, taller, was a clean featured man of thirty-five, but he had an expression of cruelty on his face. He was dressed in an ordinary dark suit that emphasized the burly shoulders and thick arms of him. When he turned his back Colwell thought he saw the coat skirt reveal the butt of a gun underneath.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

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CITATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

By the Grace of God Free and Independent

To Melvin Hartrum, E. Louise Hackett Knowles, Elizabeth Winship, Thomas L. Knapp, Frank C. Knapp, Cora Barrett, Anna Earley, Allen Corwin, Jesse Corwin, Fannie Blauvelt, Kate Boshier, Charlotte McAndrew, Will Corwin, Fred Corwin, Orson Corwin, Lizzie Corwin Wiest, heirs at law and next of kin of Mary E. Hartrum, send GREETING:

Whereas, Lewis C. Knapp, who resides at Turtle Point, Pa., has lately applied to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Allegany, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to both real and personal property, duly proved as the last Will and Testament of Mary E. Hartrum, who was at the time of her death a resident of Andover, N. Y., deceased.

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to show cause before the Surrogate's Court of our County of Allegany, at the Surrogate's Office in the Village of Belmont, N. Y., on the 23rd day of July, 1937, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, why the said Will and Testament should not be admitted to probate as a will of real and personal property.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we have caused the Seal of the Surrogate's Court of the said County of Allegany to be hereunto affixed.

(L. S.) WITNESS, HON. WARD M. HOPKINS, Surrogate of said County, at Belmont, N. Y., this 11th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven.

LEON A. ACKERMAN, Clerk of the Surrogate Court.

CITATION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

By the Grace of God Free and Independent

To Robert Searles, Will Searles, B. L. Searles, Charles F. Searles, Will Miller, R. R. Miller, Jennie Bowly, heirs at law and next of kin of Benjamin W. Conley, send GREETING:

Whereas, Hattie Conley, who resides at Andover, N. Y., has lately applied to the Surrogate's Court of our County of Allegany, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to both real and personal property, duly proved as the last Will and Testament of Benjamin W. Conley, who was at the time of his death a resident of Andover, N. Y., deceased.

Therefore, you and each of you are cited to show cause before the Surrogate's Court of our County of Allegany, at the Surrogate's Office in the Village of Belmont, N. Y., on the 23rd day of July, 1937, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, why the said Will and Testament should not be admitted to probate as a will of real and personal property.

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LEON A. ACKERMAN, Clerk of the Surrogate Court.

Oats harvested in the milk stage make hay of excellent quality. This is when the center of immature kernels consists of a milky colored liquid.

Food Market Advice

After a holiday week-end, the average housewife wants to average up her food expenditures by being especially economical. To do that this week means an increased use of vegetables and fruits and a reduced meat consumption, as the two former are lower and the latter even higher than in recent weeks. Meat for flavor, meat to make vegetables, the macaroni family and rice appetizing rather than meat to satisfy hunger, is the rule when economy is important.

Meats Higher

Both beef and pork and the smoked meats are considerably higher than they have been.

Lamb and veal are fractionally higher but offer, particularly in their forequarter cuts, the best available values. Poultry prices continue to be somewhat lower than they were a year ago. Fish of many varieties should be reasonably priced. Cheese and eggs, tho the latter are somewhat higher, are excellent foods and good value.

Vegetables Plentiful

Large supplies of vegetables are coming to market and generally speaking, they are very reasonably priced. Among them green beans, beets, cabbage, locally grown carrots, cucumbers, lettuce, peppers and potatoes may be considered cheap. In the reasonable class may be found onions, turnips, peas, spinach, the various kinds of summer squash, egg plant and cauliflower.

Fruit List Long

As is usual with advancing summer the list of available fruits is long. Various small fruits including several kinds of berries, cherries and currants are at the height of their season. Apricots, plums and peaches are fairly plentiful and reasonable, the melon family is only less important than potatoes in terms of carlot shipments. New apples have begun to come to market tho in very small quantity. Pineapples are still available and a few early pears have arrived. Bananas and oranges keep their year round place.

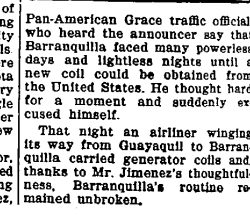
Here is a menu of a type calculated to help keep expenses down—

Veal and Vegetable Pie with Biscuit Crust
Shredded Boston Lettuce
Bread and Butter
 Tapioca Cream

SAGAS OF THE SKIES

By R. C. Oertel
Manager, Aviation Division, Sales Department
Colonial Esso Marketers

THE history of aviation is by now replete with incidents in which airplanes have rescued individuals from a variety of dangers. The manner in which the Coast Guard planes have performed heroic rescues at sea is a brilliant chapter in the history of flying. Lone airmail pilots have flown low over blazing homes to awake their tenants and to warn them of their danger. It is seldom, however, that an airplane serves an entire city in an emergency.



Down in Barranquilla darkness threatened this Colombian city. In a bygone day darkness may have been no threat to a city, but so essential is light that a community suddenly thrown into darkness to day and deprived of power leaves its citizens exposed to a variety of dangers. That's why the burning out of a generator coil in its city lighting plant worried officials. Moreover, no coils of this type were available in Colombia. A Bogota radio station broadcast the story of Barranquilla's plight. A single generator was carrying the power and lighting load, and no one knew how long it could hold out.

That night an airliner winging its way from Guayaquil to Barranquilla carried generator coils and, thanks to Mr. Jimenez's thoughtfulness, Barranquilla's routine remained unbroken.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur

"OH DEAR, I COMPLETELY FORGOT TO ATTEND THE SEWING CIRCLE AT MRS. HARPAPAN'S HOUSE YESTERDAY—AND HERE SHE COMES. WHAT SHALL I SAY?"

"I'M SO SORRY, YOU SEE IT'S MR. HAZARD... HE JUST INSISTED I STAY HOME WITH THE FAMILY... HE WOULDN'T LISTEN... I PLEADED WITH HIM FOR TWO HOURS... WOULDN'T EVEN ALLOW ME TO PHONE YOU—ETC—"

"HOW DO YA DO—NICE DAY?"

"SH-H—HERE'S THAT HAZARD WORM, NOW!"

"AN' LOOK AT THE SMILE HE WEARS TO THE OTHER WORLD."

South H

(Mrs. Margaret Dean)

July 7.—Fine hay due for that harvest, the busy farmers progressing weeks.

The holiday week-end of accidents and deaths one gasp. People cough thru their love of amusement.

The patrons of our town spent Thursday afternoon the same.

Howard Dean and Lenora, attended the Mrs. Anthony Dean in Friday.

Mrs. H. Dean, Mrs. and Mrs. L. Horan card party in Blessede club house, Andover last week.

It's some years since the one was erected last by Ebenezer Oil company Lynch homestead.

Mrs. Howard Dean were Wellsville visitors week.

The Dougherty family day dinner guests of J. Daniber of Wellsville. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn and little son spent week-end with out of Mr. and Mrs. Kitchener of Wellsville evening callers of the Dougherty families.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Danville enjoyed the safe Fourth of the hill with ters and families, Mrs. an aunt, was also there.

Mr. and Mrs. Torrey and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wellsville's Monday program of a ball game.

Voorhees

(Mrs. Raymond Church)

July 6.—Mr. and Mrs. and daughters, Joan Nanuet arrived Friday for tonight's vacation Adams home.

Messrs. Lorenzo and cum of Andover called on the hill Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Raymond their families and Mr. B. Adams attended t. union at the home of in Andover, July 4th.

The Misses Koneta Maude Perkins and Miss Mary Dally of Saturday morning for thru the New England other points.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen family spent Sunday or homestead below Mr. and Mrs. Oliver at their family reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. Gu family of North Hill at the VanSchaick home. Hilda and Lenna C. a birthday party for ner at her home on Thursday evening.

Miss Thelma Lewis by Miss Arlene Adams Wash., motored to L and Canadea, Sunday.

Bruce Baker is his far Perkins with his family. Mrs. James Lewis ma Lewis attended a for Rebea Corwin at Hall at Hallsport, T. ing.

Mr. and Mrs. Roe two sons of Mattaw Mr. and Mrs. Arba J. rence, Mich., were c relatives here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John tained a party of re nic at the Adams fa

Independ

(Mrs. Floyd Clark)

Mr. and Mrs. F. Gene and Kenneth of Y. were guests over of Mr. and Mrs. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Way turned from Heigl They left for Ithaca Mr. Crandall will school.

The Mattison far reunion with Mr. a Clarke Sunday. A attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles spent Sunday. Mrs. Fred Short in Roberts Short, who ing a few days was returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. E.