

SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

By Lawrence A. Keating

SECOND INSTALLMENT

Whatever they talked about, McDonald was not pleased. He kept hunching his coat collar, scowling, answering in short, sharp syllables. The pug's bushy brows wrinkled until they met across his bent and twisted nose.

Unable to linger at the cashier's desk any longer, Colwell stepped out of the Waverly Club bar. As he emerged on the sunlit street well filled with business people hurrying to or from lunch, the three he watched made for the curb. McDonald signalled a taxi. They climbed in. McDonald in the middle, and the hack rolled away.

Dan gestured another cab. "I'm going where that green hack goes. But leave a little space between." He gave the driver a keen look.

"No sir, mister. I need money but..."

The driver left off and accepted the bill Colwell poked at him. "Okay," he grumbled. "Hop in!"

The ride was down Reed Street to the corner of Prospect Boulevard, one of the principal shopping streets of the city. There the taxicab in front turned north, Colwell's driver following. Dan guessed his quarry headed for the Lawyers and Doctor's Building where Arthur McDonald maintained his law office.

On Dan's right was a big double-deck bus. He smoked, peacefully oblivious to the honking as impatient drivers began to prod the traffic cop who already must be perspiring through his uniform. The steep grew worse and the honking grew louder, more insistent. Some body's big machine up there had lost a wheel, that was the trouble, now.

Colwell started himself when he saw the front player of McDonald's cab. He could not help his pulse jumping in speed. It was the striped and pinstriped car of his smoother partner, who he had just seen. Dan blinked thoughtfully at the thought.

McDonald still was visible as to lead and shoulder through the rear window of the taxi. There was nothing Colwell needed to telephone. Man's beautiful wife yet. His thoughts swung to her, and he grinned. McDonald was lucky, if he only knew it.

The meter ticked busily. Colwell saw the two men who alighted from the taxi ahead separate and start cautiously for the sidewalk. He squinted after them, then at McDonald. Dan muttered a curse, climbed to the street, and thrust a half dollar at his driver.

"I can walk faster'n this," he growled. He was not the only disgusted citizen in the traffic knot at Broadway and Prospect. Eight or nine others, indignant and abusive, had forsaken cars in which they had been riding, or the big yellow double-deck bus. Dan waited until no one afoot was near; then he sauntered alongside McDonald's cab and shot a straight, quick look in.

His Adam's apple jerked. But for the raucous, impatient honking on all sides the ejaculation that burst from his lips would have attracted instant notice. Experienced as he was, this thing jarred him, made his chest feel clammy. His blue-grey eyes riveted with horror on the slight, dandyish form of Arthur McDonald in that taxi.

His stare attracted the driver's attention. It all happened in two or three seconds, five at most. Automatically the taxi man glanced into his rear view mirror. He squirmed around. His gaunt countenance lost what little color too many cigarettes had left, and went blank. He bathed McDonald with a terrified look, wrenched his eyes to Dan, and returned them to

his passenger as if drawn by a magnet. The eyes of the shyster lawyer almost popped from their sockets. They were glazed. A long knife was buried to the hilt in his chest, stabbed through his expensive brown silk tie. His right hand actually hung on the haft of the weapon, as though in his agony he had tried to draw the thing out. Stiff in death, McDonald sat in the shabby green taxicab waiting for traffic to move!

There is an arresting horror in the sight of a murdered man. It gripped the back driver, held him taut until comprehension seeped to his brain of the awful meaning of it. Colwell was in the clutch of amazement, but years of experience at meeting such sights made him recover first. His movement to leave the spot prompted the taxi man's yell.

"Police! Murder!" He howled it above the din of horns, and the throb of impatient motors. "A guy's dead! There goes the fellow! Help, police!"

Dan saw a strip of white paper on the running board of the car which evidently had fallen unseen when the two men stepped out. He leaned and snatched it up, then plunged for the back of the cab. His wrist to race for the sidewalk after the killer pair but his anxious eyes failed to find them. And the red barricade set up at the gap of torn pavement changed his mind. He turned around the rear of the bus just as a gaseous cloud poured from its exhaust. In the nick of time as it picked speed he flipped on the back platform where the conductor stood.

They stared at each other. If the fellow had made a move to seize him Dan would have broken a jaw. But the conductor merely seemed startled to pick up a passenger at this spot. He offered his pistol grip fare box. Colwell fumbled in his vest and produced a dime which he stuffed in the slot to the tinkle of a little bell. He shouldered past the conductor up the winding stairway, slipping into a rear seat where he twisted to looked back, at the same time reaching for a handkerchief with which to mop his perspiration-beaded countenance.

Set to shadow McDonald, he had allowed these two men to murder him! He cursed himself roundly. Colwell's jaw set. This must have been planned with considerable suddenness, or the slaying may have been impulsive. McDonald may have grown fractious there in the green cab. The killers had silenced him and then hastily turned his pockets inside out, evidently knowing well what they wanted.

In the wake of his bus Dan saw the harassed traffic cop run for the back which impeded a long line of cars. People swarmed from all directions toward the gesticulating taxi driver, even some of the street repair men running across the raw wound in the pavement. The chauffeur, in the street now, yelled louder, howled more oaths, and wrenched the handle of the tonneau door. He stepped back with another howl. Meanwhile, other traffic rolled coldly away with the same alertness it had knotted.

The lumbering double-decker progressed half a block. Dan relaxed somewhat with a sense of tremendous relief. The cab driver had not seen him board the bus. But what tensed him again was gnawing realization that he had not followed the sight of the two killers! It was to trail them that instinctively almost, he had got himself out of the confusion of the murder discovery. He peered back, his eyes roving to the sidewalk where another policeman tried to keep a fast-swelling crowd under control while a partner who had appeared from somewhere, probed with drawn revolver thru the mob surrounding the cab to seize whomever the panicky driver might accuse.

Colwell discovered the slip of paper crumpled in his moist palm. He smoothed it quickly and frowned at the figures inked thereon. They were 705-447, and below that, 229.

CUT WORM INVASION WORRIES GARDENERS

Serious Damage Reported on Both Vegetables and Fruits — Poison Bait Only Effective Remedy.

Reports from various sections of the state of serious damage from cut worms have been frequent this season. Injury has been common on vegetables, strawberries, raspberries and grapes, and even greenhouse plantings have sustained attacks from this pest.

To meet the situation, entomologists at the Experiment Station at Geneva have issued directions for making a poison bait that generally gives very satisfactory results.

The following formula will provide sufficient material to treat two to three acres, depending on how the bait is applied. The formula may be modified where larger or smaller areas are to be treated. The formula is as follows:

Bran, 20 pounds; Paris green, 1 pound; cheap syrup, 2 quarts; three lemons, and about 3 1/2 gallons of water.

The bran and paris green are mixed dry. The juice of the lemons is squeezed into the water and the peel and pulp chopped to fine bits and added to the water. The syrup is then dissolved in the water and fruit mixture and the liquid stirred into the bran thoroughly in order to dampen the latter evenly.

If a smaller quantity is wanted the amounts of the different ingredients should be reduced proportionately. Because cut worms are night-feeders, it is recommended that the poison bait be applied in the evening so that it will be in a fresher condition and thus more attractive to the worms than if applied earlier in the day.

Owing to the danger of poisoning chickens, birds, and dogs, it is advisable to cover the bait with stones, shingles, etc., if it is applied in small plots. It is claimed, however, that when the bait is broadcast so that only flakes of the bran are offered to the insects, the danger of poisoning other animals is remote.

Woulnd't you like to serv'e a cookie that looks real hand-some? The kind of cookie you sometimes see in the window of a fine confection-er's store?

If that's one of your culinary ambitions, you can achieve it with Pinwheel Cookies.

Chocolate Pinwheel Cookies 1 1/2 cups sifted flour; 1/4 teaspoon double-acting baking powder; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 1/2 cup butter or other shortening; 1/2 cup sugar; 1 egg yolk, unbeaten; 2 tablespoons milk; 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolk and beat well. Add flour, alternating with milk, mixing well after each addition. Divide dough in two parts. To one part, add chocolate and blend. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll each half into rectangular sheet, 1/4 inch thick, and place chocolate sheet on top. Then roll as for jelly roll. Chill overnight, or until firm enough to slice. Cut in 1/8-inch slices. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (400° F.) 5 minutes, or until done. Makes 3 1/2 dozen pinwheels.

Quickly she brought a glass of water, which Bradshaw held to his friend's lips. While he did so he made some request of the secretary. She started from the office but waited when he called to her. The girl stepped back for a bit of paper he took from Quillen's vest pocket.

"That's the formula. Have him make 'em up quick—but take time to be right! They're dangerous if they ain't made up right, see? Don't worry, sister, but kind of step on it. Pharmacy two floors up, you say? I'll take care of him."

Colwell was intent on the building directory when the sweet and intelligent-looking brunette sped from McDonald's office on tiny heels that clicked sharply across the white marble floor. She sighed her worried disappointment that no elevator was nigh. She scarcely glanced at Dan Colwell, but clutching the prescription for Quillen's heart medicine, turned and scurried for the stairway.

Except for dresses, shoes represent the largest clothing item bought by farm families. Directions for making a child's simple sun-suit from a French-pantie pattern is one of the many suggestions about children's clothing given in Cornell bulletin E-328. Single copies are sent free on request from the Office of Publication, Roberts Hall, Ithaca, N. Y.

Food Market Advice

LOW cost vegetables and high cost meats make it advisable for the average family at this time to use vegetables generously. Vegetable plates garnished with a little bacon or other savory meat, hard-cooked egg, cheese, or fish are apt to meet with a hearty reception, particularly when the thermometer is high. Such plates may be hot or cold according to preference.

All Meat Prices Up Beef prices have reached the highest point in seven years and pork prices are sharply higher. Smoked meats are higher and even lamb and veal prices are feeling the upward trend. Poultry in general continues to be plentiful and moderately priced. The large fowl and ducklings are somewhat higher and hen turkeys are scarce. Small fowl are a fairly good value along with forequarter veal and lamb.

Corn and Tomatoes Seasonable The corn season is really beginning for those who are devoted to corn-on-the-cob. We are fast coming into the season when vine-ripen-

ed tomatoes, meaty, tender and sweet, are nearly as cheap to use as canned tomatoes.

Bects, beans, cabbage, carrots, Boston lettuce, peas, peppers, tomatoes, spinach and squash are all very reasonable.

Variety of Fruits Available Early summer fruits are gradually disappearing tho still in market as apples, melons, peaches, pears and plums become plentiful. Hot weather increases the demand for and consequently the price of lemons, limes and oranges so prized for cooling beverages.

Here are two menus featuring the same vegetables in both hot and cold combinations:

- Hot Baked Stuffed Potatoes with Cheese Creamed Carrots Grilled Tomatoes Sweet-sour String Beans Bread and Butter Plum Compote Cookies Tea or Coffee Milk Cold Mixed Salad of Potatoes, String Beans and Carrots with Cold Salmon and Tomato Sections Bread and Butter Plum Cobbler Tea or Coffee Milk

BETTER HEALTH BY DR. J. ROSSLYN EARP

Director, New Mexico Bureau of Public Health

FOR SPRAY THOSE FLIES

We used to say, swat the fly. This is all very well when screens are close fitting and not too many children are running in and out thru the door. But in many homes sniping with a fly swatter fly by fly, one at a time is too slow a process for adequate defense against the July hordes of our enemy. We need machine gun methods.

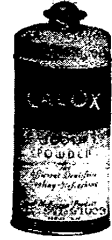
When the flies have assembled in mass formation, close the doors, close the windows and fill the air with a fine spray from your spray gun. There will be two or three minutes of frantic but futile buzzing and after that you may sweep up the corpses into a dustpan and cremate them.

When the invading platoons come by twos or threes, aim the spray directly at them. Two or three

rounds of spray fired at a range of one to three feet will inflict mortal injury if the spray is strong enough. A strong enough spray can be made economically by soaking one pound of pyrethrum (insect powder) in one gallon of kerosene (coal oil). The insect powder should cost 45 cents wholesale or 75 cents retail per pound. The kerosene should cost about 15 cents a gallon.

Some of the powder will not dissolve. But if you shake up the mixture occasionally the poison will all have gone into solution in the kerosene after a few days. This poison is called pyrethron. It is harmless to men and to all warm blooded animals but will kill worms, insects, frogs and all cold blooded animals. Pyrethron is decomposed by water. Pyrethrum powder must be kept dry until dissolved in the kerosene.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur



Voorhees

(Mrs. Raymond Chur July 13.—Mrs. E passed the week-end Claude Hurd of being laying the foundation Church's new h few days. Mr. and Mrs. H. their guests, Mrs. Mrs. James Lewis ar Lewis attended the wedding at Wellsville ternoon. Mr. and Mrs. R family spent Sunday Mrs. Riley Miller of Miss Arlene Adam visiting at the home H. B. Adams and o town left Friday to J. Rev. and Mrs. W. E. tie, Wash. Mr. and Mrs. Ev Andover were busin the hill Monday. Verna Jean and C spent the first of t their sister, Mrs. C Meservey Hill. Edward Kent, Sr was calling on frien day a. m. Mrs. Thelma Lewi James Lewis and Church motored to Sunday to visit the Restwick rose garden Abram Slocum su rih and minor brui Wednesday while wo on the farm occup Baker. In some m fork and car releas from the track, fall him in the side. Wellsville was calle as comfortable as he was removed to where he is recover as could be expecte Mrs. Addie Chur District spent Mond hour of her son, Ra ity. Mr. and Mrs. Ch and family of Whit ner guests at the V Monday. Mr. and Mrs. B Fulmer Valley, Lav Wellsville, Mr. and family of Nort ers at the home of Sunday. Dale Co assist with the far James Lewis has truck. The Dyke local o League met with M Van Schack one ev White (Mrs. Ella Millap July 13.—Altho rain, only sprinkl head of the past w ired by showers in Mrs. Charles Sti Messena, N. Y., for a visit with her Mrs. D. N. Howe. Mrs. Kenneth St on for appendicitis hospital, Hornell l reported as imp Rev. and Mrs. were in Corning la ness. Mr. and Mrs. W as guests this week Mrs. Clinton and M of Buffalo. Everyone is busy homes and busines coming of the fir July 14-15. The rived and is in o children and young of the older ones, Rev. and Mrs. were in Wellsville day afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. L daughter, Bethel, paugh and Mr. and were Hornell visi ternoon. Mr. and Mrs. L tended church in church, Wellville, ing, where he sa male choros. Mr. and Mrs. have moved from father's, Joseph M assist with the f Many farmers planting crops ar their having. Facts on potat York, how-to pl tect, and harvest in Cornell bullet copy, write to college of agric