

SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

By Lawrence A. Keating

THIRD INSTALLMENT

SYNOPSIS: Detective Dan Colwell of the Graber-Vael private detective agency is assigned the job of shadowing lawyer Arthur McDonald, whose wife fears gangster enemies are plotting to murder him. McDonald is murdered in spite of Colwell's watchfulness. Dan is hot on their trail and suspects a sinister plot.

It was not a new idea for a ruse but it was a good one. As Colwell expected, Bradshaw came hastily and closed the corridor door. Already he had some gleaming object in his hand which he had whipped out of the lining of his coat. Already Quillen was on his feet, the heart attack forgotten, his long oval face that ended in a lantern jaw wearing the crafty, sneaky look which proved they had merely wanted to get rid of the girl.

Each time an elevator neared, Colwell wandered around the elbow of the corridor. Then he returned, his hawk-like vigilance on that McDonald suite masked as again he shifted weight and stared at the elevator signals or paced impatiently up and down.

He did not care to go into the office. That wasn't his game. He wanted to follow these fellows and their movements. A hard smile wrinkled the crow's feet at the outer corners of his eyes. Dan sensed what they were up to. Something was in McDonald's office that they wanted and they intended to get it before investigators of the murder arrived.

He felt a slight tremor. It slid along the floor and shocked his ankles just a little. Chance was, no one else in the building particularly noticed it. He was a little over sure he heard an explosion. It was not a beautiful day.

As a slight light flashed overhead, Colwell lunged again to the elbow of the corridor. The car delayed its arrival by a long halt at the floor above. The door of McDonald's office opened and Quillen came out. He carried a square package done in brown manila paper and corded a package roughly six or eight inches by five by eight. The faint pungent odor of the explosive they had used to crack the hinges and lock of McDonald's safe wafted to Colwell's nostrils, smelling like a disinfectant. The outside office window was open. The suite would be fresh as ever when the girl returned from the pharmacy.

Quillen's furtive eyes found the corridor vacant. He stood motionless, his back half turned to Colwell. When the elevator at last reached the floor Dan heard the operator and Quillen talk.

"Say Jack, want to earn a buck? Take this package down to the newsstand fellow in the lobby, see? Ask him to hold it for a Mr. Sweeney. Sweeney—get the name. He'll call for it in a few minutes. He doesn't know just where I am and I got a conference on—haven't time to wait down there for him myself. You got it straight—Sweeney?"

"Sure, boss. I getcha; leave it at the newsstand for Sweeney. Thanks." The boy accepted the package by its cord. Colwell pictured the lad's happiness at so easily earning a dollar. The cage door clanged shut and Quillen turned away. The car and the package were gone.

Dan waited. This time the McDonald suite door was left ajar as it had been when the men first entered. There was a hum of talk between them, and as Colwell finally walked for a red down-light he saw Bradshaw—a temporary name, of course—stopping in the inner office. The safe was closed as if it had not been tampered with. Dan went down in the next elevator.

He reached the street thru a haberdashery but walked back into the lobby. This was necessary to effect a proper entrance. He stepped near the newsstand and seemed to scan all persons who came off elevators. He kept an expectant, somewhat irritated expression on his face. As a matter of fact, he was exceedingly apprehensive lest Bradshaw surprise him.

Quillen, of course, must wait up there for the office girl's return. He would be "feeling better." Protecting, he would accept a powder and a glass of water, rest a while, and finally, when McDonald still failed to arrive because of course he was stretched out on a morgue slab, Laf-

ty would tell the girl he could wait no longer. His friend Bradshaw had been unable to wait even as long as Quillen.

Dan stepped to the newsstand. "You don't know a man named Quillen in the building, do you? I'm expecting to meet him and wonder if he's in or out. Thought you might have noticed him pass."

The old fellow peered over thick glasses. "No, mister, I don't know any Quillen. Sorry."

"Well, he was to bring a package here. Some samples. I've—"

"Oh, You Sweeney?"

Colwell smiled and nodded. "Yes. Did he leave the samples with you, by chance?"

The grey haired chap ducked out of sight. He came up with the manila package which he laid atop a pile of magazines. "There you are, mister. Elevator boy told me to hold it for Mr. Sweeney and Quillen—Irish, hey? I'm Irish myself—name of McNamara."

"I'm obliged for your trouble. When he comes along just tell him Sweeney got the package all right. Thanks." Dan seized it and hurried out. Going thru the doorway he cast a backward glance that found Bradshaw. The man stepped from an elevator wearing a Cheshire cat look of complacency and satisfaction.

He would have a sad awakening when he asked the newsstand chap about that package.

Dan hurried down the street, aware that he must quickly get rid of this burden. It was worth thirty thousand, probably, and it was too hot to carry around. Thirty thousand! He was walking on air.

There was a cigar store on the near corner and he turned in there, heading straight for the telephone booth. He dropped his nickel (Central 0576).

"Hello, Irita, please." He waited a moment. "Irita? Dan again. Say I've got a test shipment. That's what it must be, and I'll bet a hat. McDonald deliberately forgot to mention it. He did." Colwell grinned and nodded. "Lefty caught on somehow. He killed Mac to get it. Tell you later. Anyhow, I got it now. Good snow comes in small packages, eh? Yes. Send someone to the cigar store corner of Alton and Market right away. This thing is burning my fingers. So long."

He hung up but loitered a moment in the booth pretending to look up a number. Then he stepped out and purchased a pack of cigarettes. He smoked and chatted awhile with the clerk until a Western Union boy entered. Dan took the lad outside put a few sharp questions, surrendered the package and walked away.

He felt exultant at the coup. It was a worthwhile capture of narcotics, less of which would give Lefty Quillen and his pal a severe headache.

Grinning happily, he yielded to the impulse to walk back to the Lawyers and Doctors Building. It would be good sport to see Quillen's face, and Bradshaw's. Probably they would be having plenty of altercations, calling each other liars, and double-crossers and dirty sneaks.

He crossed the alley and walked on. Two thick-set men brushed past him with the air of knowing where they were headed and being in a hurry. Colwell recognized two city plainclothes men, Harry Deane and Joe Harper. He realized they were on their way to the office of Arthur McDonald on a routine checkup. The body had been identified, then.

A sympathetic cloud crossed his face at thought of Miss Jennings, the office girl. The poor kid was soon to get a heavy blow, news of her employer's murder. It would mean the office closed and her job gone.

Neither Quillen nor Bradshaw was in the lobby. Colwell turned back the way he had come and slowly became aware that people hurried past him with an air of excitement and curiosity. Then a squad car whined and the vehicle twisted in a sharp right angle to plunge down the alley. Dan moved faster.

Sure-enough, deep in the alley was a close-packed knot of people. By standing on tiptoe Colwell could see over the heads of his neighbors two uniformed men who rose and stood aside for the squadmen. "Soup Catterby," one growled. "Somebody jammed a knife right thru that pretty striped tie. Say, that's the niftiest tie I seen today, and it's my birthday. Thirty-nine.

I got two swell ties from Clara, and from—

"What the hell—Catterby?"

"How come Soup went out with a knife? Who did it?"

One of the policemen shrugged. "Where's the quack? I told Sarg to shoot over one of them doctors. Not that he could do much. Soup was plenty dead when we found him."

Straining to see better, Colwell did at last attain a partial view. Bradshaw, alias Soup Catterby, huddled grotesquely in alley filth, his shoulders against the brick wall of a skyscraper. A look of unspeakable agony etched lines from his twisted nose to his mouth, from the corners of his mouth downward, and in parallel grooves in his gaunt cheeks. He had the same terrible expression McDonald had worn.

A knife, its handle slimy with blood, was sunk to the very hilt in his chest.

"Betcha it's his own?" one of the policemen exclaimed. "Look, he's wearin' the scabbard under his pants and it's empty."

Colwell threaded his way out of the crowd. It appeared that Quillen thought his pal had tried to doublecross him—that he figured Bradshaw, alias Catterby, had obtained that package from the newsstand by the magic name Sweeney, and had sent it to some hiding place by a confederate.

Dan felt genuinely sorry for Soup Catterby. It was his fault that he had been murdered by the revengeful Quillen jumping at conclusions. Altho the dead man himself had participated in a murder an hour or so ago; he was a rat.

"I am very sorry. Mrs. McDonald," Dan reported over the telephone later. "I have some very bad news and I don't know how to tell you. Breezy yourself, Mrs. McDonald. It's very bad indeed."

"If you want it straight out then, something has happened to your husband. I thought perhaps the police had been there? Something very serious. I'm sorry, Mrs. McDonald, but your husband was murdered an hour or so ago."

He waited. Several gasps came to his ears and a wailing, "Oh, dear! Oh dear!" She went thru her act, but it did not strike Colwell as a very good act. She never could earn a living in the smallest stage part that required emotion. Of course, when one poses as the wife of a man who lived and died a bachelor—

There was no Mrs. McDonald and never had been. Colwell had been aware of that from the first.

He listened attentively, putting in a word here and there. Gradually the lawyers' imposter wife calmed her tumultuous grief that should, to be convincing, have been a trifle less tumultuous and a bit more hysterical.

"I know who the murderers are, Mrs. McDonald."

That stirred her! Colwell had thought it would. She was breathless an instant. "You do?"

"Yes. But I haven't informed the police yet. We'll have to soon, of course, but your instructions in Mr. Graber's office—Yes, there were two. It was with a knife, in a taxicab during a traffic tieup. Corner of Broadway and Alton."

"What's that? No, but I'd know them. Later, one killed the other with his own knife. Both desperate characters." Dan's eyes roved to the corners. That jarred her too! "I thought there might be some little thing, unimportant of course, which you might not care to have get out?"

Mrs. McDonald was very disturbed that he knew the remaining kill-

er—Colwell had the impression she paused to confer with someone at her elbow, altho he could not be certain. "I have your phone number but haven't looked up Mr. McDonald's home address yet; will you give it to me? Oh, I see." Colwell nodded to the mouthpiece. (CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

GREENWOOD - Continued

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Mrs. Ruth Williamson and daughter, Esther, were shopping in Hornell, Tuesday.

Mrs. Elsie Rogers and Mrs. Frank Hurd and two children called on Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Tuesday.

Mrs. Lewis Cornell and two daughters were callers in town Wednesday evening.

Miss Olive Clark and Mrs. Ella York were callers in Wellsville last Thursday.

Mrs. George Lewis of Young Hickory called on Mrs. Ella York Friday.

Mrs. Frank Short of Wellsville called on Mrs. Ruth Williamson Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Smith, Jr., of Wellsville passed Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Smith, Jr., of Wellsville were supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge one day this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ordo Williamson and son Leo called on Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Bennett at Young Hickory, their daughter, Esther, returning home with them.

Mrs. Clarence Slack and daughter Virgil of West Hill called on Mrs. Ella York, Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge and Mrs. Ella York and Mrs. Esther Williamson attended the Ladies Aid dinner at Bennetts, Thursday evening.

Miss Clara Cole is spending a few days with Mrs. Sabria Wing at Bennetts.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Smith of Wellsville called on their grandmother, Mrs. A. L. Trowbridge, Friday.

Esther Williamson spent the week end with her uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Bennett at Young Hickory.

E. B. Trowbridge spent the week end with his sister, Mrs. Clara Emory in Buffalo.

Mildred Urdyke spent the week end with her aunt, Mrs. Ellis, in Andover.

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At Your Favorite Drug Store

The United States imported six million gallons of cod liver oil last year, the largest for any single year, according to the United States Department of Commerce.

Food Market Advice

PLANNING summer meals, it is always well to include at least one hot dish. A hot beverage is of course the simplest, but a hot appetizer or soup, hot meat with vegetable salad, cold meat with hot vegetables or a hot dessert may all take their turn.

Heat Halts Meat Price Rise
A long hot spell will do more to keep meat prices down than almost anything else, for no matter how short the supply, consumer demand drops below it. Hindquarter cuts remain firm but good values are available in forequarter cuts of lamb, veal and beef. Smoked and prepared meats being more in demand are somewhat higher. Legs of lamb offer the best roast value.

Broiling chickens are plentiful and reasonable in price. Generous supplies of fish should mean fairly low prices. Eggs continue to be available at attractive price levels. The hard-cooked egg salad or omelets are always popular in hot weather.

Fruits Plentiful, Reasonable
Fruits in variety continue to pour into market. New apples, several varieties of berries, melons, peaches and plums are plentiful and inexpensive. Heat sends the cost of lemons and limes skyrocketing. Oranges are not too expensive considering the season and the short crop. Nectarines are the newest arrival.

Use Vegetables Freely
With a long list of cheap and reasonable vegetables available, they should be used freely. Beans, beets, cabbage, carrots, celery, corn, cucumbers, lettuce, peas, potatoes, squash, spinach and tomatoes particularly invite your attention.

Here is a menu featuring cold foods with one hot dish—

- Melon Cup
- Cold Cuts Mixed Vegetable Salad
- Quarted Tomatoes
- Bread and Butter
- Chocolate Souffle
- Hard Sauce
- Iced Coffee
- Milk

LITTLE BITS OF HUMOR

Perfect Count
Teacher: "Johnny, name five things that contain milk."
Johnny: "Butter, ice cream, cheese and—two cows."

Confession in Court
A prospective juror was being questioned in court, so the reporter asked the following questions; and answers naturally aroused some amusement:
"Are you a property owner?"
"Yes."
"Are you married or single?"
"Married, five years."
"Have you expressed any opinion?"
"Not for five years, sir."

Knows His Stuff
Natural History Teacher: "Johnny what do bats do in the winter?"
Johnny: "Split if you don't oil em."

the week reads: "Wanted—Man with family to milk."

Saying It With Vinegar
Wife: "I've got you this bottle of hair tonic, darling."
Husband: "But my hair is all right."

Wife: "I know, but I want you to give it to your typist at the office; her hair is coming out rather badly."

Defective Ammunition
When the doctor arrived he found the patient in tears.
"Cheer up, my good man," he said. "You'll pull thru."

"It isn't that, doctor," groaned the patient, "but just think of all the money I've spent for apples to keep you away."

Did you hear about the young lady from the city who took up gardening and explained at the end of the season that they didn't raise any potatoes "because directions said to plant in hills and the garden was perfectly level."

On eight out of every nine farms in the United States water is carried by hand.

The ducking stool was the common penalty for slander during colonial times in Virginia.

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS By Mac Arthur

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Doctors designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the blood clean and free of all kinds of toxic impurities. The act of filtering the blood is constantly proceeding while the kidneys must remove from the blood all the waste products of the body. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause backache, swollen feet, headache, dizziness, and other symptoms. One may suffer for weeks before the kidneys are able to get going again. Prompt, steady or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a drastic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public recognition and the country over. Look for the name, sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

South
(Mrs. Margaret D...)

July 20—The berries and pickers are numerous. Our farmers are enjoying the hay, weather quite favorable.

Mesdames T. Dougan visited an aunt on Sunday, the lady at Jones Memorial I believe. They were accompanied by Mrs. P. J. Byrnes, Wm. Dean and son from Philadelphia. Visiting for a week-end to celebrate his mother's birthday.

Ed. Horan of Andover helped John Wahl visit on Sunday, the lady at Jones Memorial I believe. They were accompanied by Mrs. P. J. Byrnes, Wm. Dean and son from Philadelphia. Visiting for a week-end to celebrate his mother's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles visitors on their farm. Mr. and Mrs. John, on a motor trip Sunday, were pleasant. Margaret Dean family.

The drilling of the hill made for some Hill. Sand was reached and the core being was our latest information.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony and Mrs. Howard helped the funeral of Mrs. in Wellsville on Tuesday. Leo Horan has helped in his hay and field of Independence was Dean this week.

Dean Horan of Sch on his vacation with the homestead week.

(Too late for July 13.—We read different sections, but the it is in the office. Rusy are the Com. Howland and who have been tearing up our highway.

Donald Dean of Andover helping Howard Dean field.

Miss Lenora Dean by her nieces, Anna and were Wellsville visitors.

The Howard Dean dinner guests Sunday. Mrs. P. J. Byrnes of Richard McAndrew days of vacation in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles children motored on. They were accompanied by guest, John Gillen of the hill and Margaret Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. T and children were tons, Sunday.

Slate C
(Mrs. Raymond Stev...)

July 21.—Most of have finished haying to be a bountiful crop.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowville Hill were busily the home of Mrs. W. day last week.

Mrs. John Clarkso place with her duo week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray and family were busily Hornell, Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Da family attended the at West Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray and family motored Lake, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Crawford were called Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Job family were callers day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray called on Lanson W hospital, Hornell, Fr Lois, Marilyn and of Purdy Creek and of Eloise Mullen v and Billy Stewart, Isabelle Keough i Dan Mullen with a few days.

Dr. G. L. Whiting called to see Newell day evening. Mr. ed a shock while re cutting his cheek re Mr. and Mrs. Ray and family attended Auxiliary at the ho Mrs. Wm. Caples o Tuesday evening, an Lyman Woodworth ill at his home on Gypsies are causing excitement in the manities, and aren't much welcome here. Grasshoppers are