

# SPORTSMAN FLIES HIGH

by Lawrence A Keating

Synopsis: Detective Colwell of the Graber-Vael private detective agency is assigned the job of shadowing McDonald whose wife fears gangster enemies are plotting to murder him. McDonald is killed in spite of Colwell's watchfulness. Now, with McDonald dead the smuggling ring which he had become disorganized. Colwell risks his life to gather evidence by playing one against another.

"Sorry, Otto. You boys play too rough." He poked the gun in his pocket, pulled open the door, and swung down the corridor to the elevator. His legs were weak. Back there, he knew, they wondered whether some game was being played—or was his telephone summons bona fide? Accidental? Safe?

Passing through the lobby, Dan nodded to the grinning clerk. He almost collapsed on the sidewalk. It was the tension of his danger suddenly relieved, the bruises and cuts and scratches and clouts with gun butts that had robbed his strength. Never before had he appreciated the sweetness of outdoor air, smoke-laden as it was from a thousand factories!

He limped along, his face stern. He had failed to learn the means of smuggling in that quarter million in snow, save that he possessed the license numbers of a particular truck destined to carry some kind of packing case with the stuff inside. The correct numbers he had in his memory. But all that pained in Helen Fane's apartment had been for nothing—or precious little.

Second, they would grab him again if they could, and no ruse would get him off. It would be swift murder, sure this time. Quillen could not afford to have Dan walking the streets with that eyewitness story in his head of the slaying of Arthur McDonald. Nor could Graber permit Dan to live peacefully with his knowledge acquired about the dope ring.

"I'll wait," he reflected, "and give Irita another ring. See what her angle on all this. She'll know something, maybe." Colwell's bruised and scratched face relaxed as mentally he pictured her. He shook his head admiringly. "Plucky kid!" The angular, hawk-nosed man who stood alone in the hallway was known to Colwell. The man knocked again, the four staccato raps which were the prearranged signal. Colwell withdrew his head from the square milk door above the icebox in the kitchenette. He had taken this tiny apartment hurriedly as a hideout in which to recover from his mauling. He went across the living room and removed the chain before opening the door.

"Step in Vael," he invited Graber's partner in the detective agency. The grey haired man grinned and shoved his hat back on his bullet head. "Have a chair. Cigarette?" "Thanks, Dan." There was a momentary silence while they lighted up. Vael sat down and Colwell lowered himself in a comfortable chair. As he did so his cheek tingled with pain which Vael noticed. "Get hurt?"

"Had a little fracas, nothing much. What do you hear from Otto—is he still hunting?" Vael nodded. "Saw in the paper yesterday a note that Otto shot a buck." A lynx-eyed chap with quiet manners and the air of a family man and home lover, Vael tried a smoke ring. "Guess you're still on that case for Mrs. McDonald, eh? Funny they haven't got the two mugs that killed him. Prominent lawyer and all. One of them was found in an alley, you know."

As Colwell merely shrugged the visitor hunched forward. "Say, what did you want me here for, Dan? You've something up your sleeve. I haven't much time, so spring it."

There was a short silence. All right, I'll put it plainly for you. McDonald you know, was the boss of a snow smuggling ring.

No Arthur McDonald? Vael whistled. What do you think of that? And Otto Graber was—is—mixed up in this ring. You too, Vael. Don't he! he charged as the man started to protest. Don't let's waste words. I've got something to help you, so there's no use getting tough! You're in it, Vael—you're one of the smaller fry. Graber treats you like dirt, always has, always will.

The greying complexion of Vael's face was ample proof that he knew it to be true.

I've seen it and filed it away for reference. Now, you aren't a bad sort. I like you a heap better than Graber. He's—Dan raised a hand to his head and ruefully rubbed a spot there still tender. You're all right, Vael, but there's making a sucker out of you. Had it planned before McDonald kicked the ghost. Now they're making new plans and leaving you out just like before. And more than that; they'll likely make you the goat if anything goes wrong.

You must have suspected this, Vael, he appealed with a gesture. Shucks, I'm not telling you anything, am I?

The visitor struggled with conflicting emotions. How do you know? You're not in the deal!

Colwell admitted this with a shake of his head. Happened on it from working for the agency you and Otto run. From this McDonald case. Anyhow, I know it. And I like you Vael. Enough to ask you here so I can give you the low-down and a warning. So you can protect yourself.

Vael considered carefully. The ash on his cigarette grew very long and finally tumbled to the carpet unheeded. It's—true, he said with a sigh. "With McDonald gone nobody trusts anybody else. It's dog eat dog. What are you after Dan?"

"He smiled. "A sale. Told you to bring a thousand cash, and I hope you brought it. Look here: I'm not peddling snow. Gosh, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole! But they're out to rook you and each other, if they can. Now, I don't know what yarn they told you, how the stuff was coming in. But I've got it straight. For five hundred I'll hand it over. The half a grand looks good to me, Vael, for you fellows don't pay me much."

The grey haired, hook nosed man

kept a poker face. "I'll pay, provide your information doesn't coincide with mine. I'm not paying for something I may know already."

"Of course not. Put your money on the table."

There was some hesitancy about this. But at length the visitor roused himself, stood up, and produced five crisp one hundred dollar bills. He placed them on a small table which was an equal distance from the chair. "Well?"

"It's coming in by truck. They're going to lift a packing case off the truck—"

"I know all that," Vael snapped impatiently.

"Did you know it was in a case of toys from Czecho-Slovakia?" Vael jumped to his feet. "Toys? That straight?" He burst into a string of oaths, his hands working convulsively. "Why, the low rats told me it was brushes from Holland! I'll be— He cursed again, and began to stride up and down. "That was Mac's original scheme, I'd swear by it! Unless Mac and Graber figured—"

He halted and shot a keen look at Colwell. "What else? Which way's the truck coming?"

"Through the Anawanda Valley along the Indian Highway."

Vael's fury redoubled. "What!" he ejaculated. "Why, those dirty carps claimed it's over the Telegraph Road! Of all the double-crossers, the yellow livered double-crossers! And they think they can shake me out like that, eh? But listen, what about the truck license number? Mac had that and . . . You haven't it, have you, Dan?" he wheedled.

Colwell grinned and nodded. "For five hundred."

Without hesitation Vael placed the sum on the table, making a cool thousand.

"Now feel under the table and take out those thumb tacks. It's there. Here, I will." He rose and stepped to it. His hand went under the table.

A gun prodded his back. "Stick 'em up, you feathery!"

He stiffened, growling. Vael's laugh was bitter and taunting. "You sap! Pull me here with a fairy story, will you?" He snatched the crisp hundred dollar bills and stuffed them into a pocket. "Now back off. Careful! I want that license number, Colwell, and the boys are waiting downstairs for it. Hell, they're such dubs they couldn't get it off you! Let you go on a fake 'phone call from Harry Deane, eh? I'll take that license number, Colwell . . . and then polish you off like Otto should've a couple

days ago!"

While he talked he fumbled under the table and with his other hand held a deadly bead on his victim. But Vael's triumph turned slowly to suspicion. He fumbled harder, more anxiously, seemingly unable to find what he sought.

"Drop that gun!"

It was a feminine voice from the kitchenette. At first Vael paid little heed. Dan watched hawk-like for an opening, a chance to spring on him.

With a muffled oath Vael searated to crook his trigger finger. "I'll kill—"

Wham!

The small apartment rocked with the explosion. There was a yell of pain, the metallic clink of a gun striking the hard composition floor that helped make the place sound-proof. Vael huddled with his wrist between his knees and blood trickled down his forearm where the ripped sleeve exposed it.

Dan had out his own gun in a flash. The wielder of the weapon that had been fired did not appear. The slender, white arm withdrew into the kitchenette. Colwell backed to Vael's gun. Getting it, he kept his own levelled while he got the cartridges out of it, and tossed it to Vael.

"Get out! And if you're wise you'll get away out! Keep away from those buzzards waiting for you, Vael: take a train tonight, and never, never come back. Don't play with snow again, ever—that's my best advice. Change your life, man!"

Astonished that he was being permitted to leave, the visitor hurried whining with pain to the door. Dan opened it and with an upraised foot gave impetus to Vael's flight. He closed and locked it again, quickly, then turned.

"Good work, Irita! Saved my bacon that's all. Came up here to kill me. Sure of herself, too. We've got to get out quick and over to the other place. They'll be up here in ten minutes and break down the door."

"You know," he muttered reflectively, "I think Vael told the truth about it being brushes from Holland. Anyhow, I'm sure going to find out if there are any brushes coming in from Holland, and if so we'll have the whole story, time, place, and all!"

Colwell sat beside the driver of the black coupe admiring her profile dimly seen. He smiled as he reflected Irita was a good sport, plucky and daring. She had to be for the game they were in. She was the kind who could hold her own in a drawing room, a hotel, or in a dangerous gamble like this—though Dan thought he preferred having her in a drawing room.

It was dark all around them, the sky a murky mass of ominous clouds, the heavy trees an efficient camouflage for the car drawn off the road with its radiator pointed to the highway. Colwell held his palm over the glowing stub of his cigar. Irita beside him seemed listening and watching intently.

"I hope they're coming." She changed posture. "I'm tired of waiting. And how do we know there's all the money in it you think? Just a guess, Dan. I almost wish I had a soft job selling hosiery over a counter, or laundry soap or something. Twenty a week might be better than trying to collect thirty-five or forty grand apiece from two men who maybe haven't that much anyhow."

Colwell grinned in the darkness and squeezed her hand on the wheel. "They've got it, all right. They didn't set up in this game just yesterday; they've made plenty. Um!" he exclaimed at a sudden twinge in his shoulder. "It takes more than three days to forget how Graber and Quillen can play!"

She turned her own face to study him. "I'm sorry it still hurts. I'm surprised you're still alive. You're so ambitious, Dan, that it leads you from one craze to another, doesn't it? Oh!" she broke off. "There goes a truck!"

"Not the one." He watched the big canvas covered vehicle rumble out of sight around a turn in the road, its red tail light disappearing as though wiped out by an invisible hand.

They waited. Ten minutes passed. The rumble of another heavily laden truck reached their ears and presently its white headlights swept the concrete highway. Irita looked intently at Colwell but again he shook his head.

Another, and a fourth truck passed. Suddenly through his side window, Dan saw a flash of light straight up into the black sky. It was a half-mile away. Colwell leaned to the girl. "Coming now!"

the starter. The motor buzzed softly. Irita looked at Colwell, then back to the road. They both were tense as they listened and watched.

Again a heavy rumble came, deepening and growing louder. The white paths of its headlights grew vivid. The truck came abreast and passed them. When it was gone a half-mile Colwell patted the girl's arm. She slipped into first speed and eased the black coupe through a shallow ditch into the road. She twisted the wheel and headed after the truck.

As the roadster's lights picked it up Dan read the license number. He saw packing boxes lashed on the extended tail gate. Irita kept the little car trailing until they rounded another curve. Then she speeded alongside the big van.

Irita began to sing happily, loudly, and to weave the car from side to side. Dan crouched out of sight on the floor. She brought the coupe abreast the cab of the truck and leaning out, gave a careless wave of her arm.

"Hya, boys! Which way Washonville?"

The coupe swerved dangerously close to the front of the truck. "Hey!" the man beside the driver yelled. "Look out there!"

Irita laughed recklessly. "Wanna play?" She swerved the car back and forth. It darted within an inch of the truck's front wheels, then corkscrewed away—only to come back again. Irita drove with one hand, continuing to wave her other out the window.

"C'mon—issa game! Which way Washonville? Hoo-pee!" she cried.

"C'mon, les' race!"

"Look out! Hey!" The truck driver careened his vehicle nearer the edge of the road at another mad lunge of the car. "Keep away! Get that thing away from here!"

The second man leaned out "Go on, honey—we don't want an accident," he begged. Listen, this thing would bust your car to kindling. You too!" He all but pitched at the coupe as it veered at him and his comrade jerked the truck aside. The man shrank back inside the cab.

"—drunk and crazy as—" Colwell heard.

Irita went into a new series of corkscrew lunges and a new series of gestures and calls. The coupe kept edging the big truck nearer and nearer the edge of the road. The driver was increasingly nervous; his companion tensely awaited the crash.

It came. A final reckless swoop brought a harsh scrape of fenders. The truck lurched away to avoid a bad smash-up. Its double rear wheels mired in the soft shoulder of the road and the driver abruptly was bereft of strength to get it back. There was a prolonged sucking sound, a series of yells and warnings from both occupants of the truck—then a crash.

One headlamp shattered against a tree. A fender scraped its tire. The big five-ton truck with Acme Carriers, Inc., U. S. Customs Bonded, Permit 229, painted on her side, came to a dead halt. Irita also stopped. Colwell slipped unseen out the far door, a long, keen edged knife in his hand. He hurried to the rear of the truck.

Irita climbed out with the air of a woman scorned and about to do something important. She carried a heavy wrench in one hand. "What d'you mean, running into me?" she demanded shrilly as she went to meet the pair.

"What you talkin' about? Lookit that busted light!" the driver moaned, pointing. "Who's going to pay for that, huh? Damn all drunken drivers! A woman, too. Why—" "Who says I'm a woman? Who-saysit? I'm a lady. Thasswhat I am!" She straightened proudly. "I'm a lady. What you mean bending my fender? Have you arrested. Terrible driving. Want to kill me? Cancha see where you're going?" She carried it out with zest, as if

## Get Rid of Poisons Produced by Constipation

A cleansing laxative—purely vegetable Black-Draught—is the first thought of thousands of men and women who have found that by restoring the downward movement of the bowels many disagreeable symptoms of constipation promptly can be relieved. . . Mr. J. P. Mahaffey, of Clinton, S. C., writes: "I have found that Black-Draught is very effective in the cleansing of the system. When affected by the dull headache, the drowsiness and lassitude caused by constipation, I take Black-Draught."

**BLACK DRAUGHT** Non-toxic, Purely Vegetable Laxative

she enjoyed it. But it was hard, hateful work. Irita declaimed, complained, and berated them. She had the men perspiring. They began to think she was right and that they were wholly wrong. Until at length she seemed to lose interest, and turned back to her coupe.

"Teach you good lesson," she muttered crankily. "Do it again! I'll have you arrested."

With that she banged the door on her side, started up the motor, and backed gingerly from contact with the truck fender. Colwell, crouched low beside her, waited until they were a mile away from the truck. Then he straightened with a sigh.

"That was a rotten job to ask (Continued on page six)



PERMANENT WAVES \$1.00 to \$8.00


**CAROLINA**

BEAUTY SHOP  
837 S. Main—Phone 9120

LAND POSTERS FOR SALE at The Watchman Office.

**ENJOYS CAMELS THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH**

WORLD'S CHAMPION SPEED SKATER, Kit Klein, says: "I like to enjoy Camels the whole day through. I rely on Camels for digestion's sake—enjoy them while I'm eating and afterwards."



**FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE ... SMOKE CAMELS**



**Old Mattresses REBUILT like NEW**

ONE DAY SERVICE

Prices: \$5.00, \$7.50, \$10.00, \$12.50

**TAYLOR MATTRESS CO.**

PHONE 6

Awnings Venetian Blinds

**LOANS**

"Money You Can Use Today"

\$5.00-- Quick Loans --UP

Easy Repayment Plan

**C. E. Allen & Co.**

SECOND FLOOR, WASHINGTON BUILDING

120 North Main Street Phone No. 7 SALISBURY, N. C.



I WISH I WERE BLESSED WITH YOUR LOVELY HAIR, MARY.

BUT JEAN, THE ONLY BLESSING ON MY HEAD IS FOM-OL!

Truly a blessing on your head is Fom-ol, the new shampoo discovery which takes drab, sickly hair and transforms it to a bright and flattering halo. Fom-ol is an amazing foaming oil shampoo, superfine and non-irritating to the most tender skin. Fom-ol leaves your head clean and your hair glowingly healthy. Fom-ol is so economical, a little goes a long way. Ask your druggist for the regular 50c size. Or, write for a generous trial bottle, enclosing 10c to cover packing and postage.

**More than a shampoo—a treatment!**

CLAIROL, Inc., 132 West 46th St., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 10c for one trial size bottle of Fom-ol.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**FOILED!**

Scrapes are foiled forever—once you start shaving with Star Single-edge Blades, the inventors of the original safety razor. Keen, long-lasting, uniform.

**4 FOR 10c**



**STAR BLADES**

FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

O, CALM THOSE NERVES, BE SWEET-SERENE!

BY USING DOCTOR MILES' NERVINE



**DR. MILES' NERVINE**

Can you afford to be NERVOUS?

Perhaps you could afford those attacks of Nerves if you were the only one affected. Tense nerves make you a nuisance to everyone with whom you come in contact. No one likes you when you are jumpy, irritable and nervous.

**DR. MILES' NERVINE**

DR. MILES' NERVINE has been recognized as effective for more than 60 years by sufferers from Sleeplessness, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Headache, Nervous Indigestion, Travel Sickness.

DR. MILES' NERVINE is now available in the original liquid form and effervescent tablet form. You can get it at any drug store in 25 cent and \$1.00 packages.

**IN LIQUID OR TABLET FORM**

**Now Ease Neuritis Pains Fast**

**Bayer Tablets Dissolve Almost Instantly**

In 2 seconds by stop watch, a genuine BAYER Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating. What happens in this glass . . . happens in your stomach.

**For Amazingly Quick Relief Get Genuine Bayer Aspirin**

If you suffer from pains of neuritis what you want is quick relief. Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablets give quick relief, for one reason, because they dissolve or disintegrate almost instantly they touch moisture. (Note illustration above.)

Hence—when you take a real Bayer Aspirin tablet it starts to dissolve almost as quickly as you swallow it. And thus is ready to start working almost instantly. Headaches, neuralgia and neuritis pains start easing almost at once.


That's why millions never ask for aspirin by the name aspirin alone when they buy, but always say "BAYER ASPIRIN" and see that they get it.

Try it. You'll say it's marvelous.

**15c FOR A DOZEN**

**2 FULL 25c DOZEN 50c**

Virtually 1c a tablet



LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS