

SKYWAY LOVERS

By VERA BROWN

"Yes, at last! I'd about given up. They were pretty cagey. We figure they didn't dare leave town without unloading that bracelet. After all, they'd run short of money. So they got a job out in this place, changed their names. Radman is a smart operator. He turned the trick and the chief knows it, too!"

The night club was one of the "fly-by-night" affairs. It had recently opened. That accounted for the dancers being able to catch on there. Spiane explained, late in the season.

"We've got some smart boys stationed near where this pair live now. It's quite a place, they tell me. They'll be waiting at the corner drug store. If he's the man, they'll go to town on their rooms. If he's the man, I want that bracelet!"

They reached the "Green Tree" about 9 o'clock. Just in time for the first dinner show. Roerden's tip got them a ringside table.

"Suppose I can't tell. Suppose I'm not sure!" Alison was suddenly in a panic.

"You've got to be sure!" Spiane's voice was harsh.

The waiter brought them food, but Alison did not know what they were eating.

"Of course, the real test comes after we get this bird, if he's the man," Spiane said to Roerden. "You know, of course, I'm bluffing. I haven't one scrap of evidence, not for murder! Alison has got me into this."

The girl's face was white, but she tried to keep smiling. Finally the matter of ceremonies stepped out into the middle of the floor. The band did a fanfare. The lights went low. The show was on.

"I'd know him - I could hear him speak. If I could talk to him."

"Well, we'll arrange that," Roerden said. He looked down at Alison's small clenched hands. She wore no rings.

"Here, put this on," and he handed her the beautiful sapphire, set in platinum, from his little finger.

"If we can come and sit at the table with us, and you're sure, take the ring off and put it on again."

The Dancers

Finally the master of ceremonies, with loud accompaniment from the orchestra, announced the dancers. They glided into the spotlight, those two, a tall sleek-haired man in a white mess jacket and navy blue trousers, a blonde girl in a filmy black frock.

At first Alison could not see them. It was like buck fever and her eyes seemed to have a film over them. As the two whirled and pivoted, the girl clenched her hands and tried to remember Roerden ordered champagne. Several bottles. There were two waiters for their table now. And the manager came over to see if everything was all right.

"I can't be sure. I can't be sure. What about his hair?" Alison whispered to Spiane.

"Wait! Wait until you talk to him."

Finally they finished. As the lights went up Spiane motioned to the manager. "I like their dancing. She's a swell number. Wish they'd both join us for some champagne."

The manager, all smiles, went to see the "Dancing Downys" as they were billed.

"It worked," Spiane said softly. For from back of the orchestra, the couple were emerging. The man seemed to be arguing, but the manager apparently was firm. They were coming.

Spiane made careless introductions and they sat down. LeRoy went to work on the champagne. Alison saw his eyes were bloodshot. There was a lot of small conversation. LeRoy talked easily but his eyes were active. He drank steadily.

"We've just opened here. We're from Chicago," he volunteered. "We were lucky to get this place at this time in the season."

"Your dancing is charming," Alison managed.

It seemed like any gay night club party of casual acquaintance. Shortly the manager came over to them again. Spiane urged him to join them.

"Just for a minute, I'll take just one drink. Never take much when I am working. Bad policy."

There was talk about business, about shows. Alison's hands were ice cold.

"Say, Jim wants to talk to you about music for that 'Blue Mood number,' the manager said to LeRoy.

"I'll be ready when he is."

Voice Recognized

Alison had a sinking sensation. She knew then. She knew she had heard that man say almost those same words in a ship on that night of June 13. She was sure, sure enough to send him to the chair if it came to that.

Slowly she slipped off the star sapphire and put it back on again. Spiane's eyes were like pin points.

"What a gorgeous star sapphire!" the dancing girl said.

"Yes, isn't it?" And Alison stretched her hand across the table so that she could see the beautiful stone better.

"I love jewels," the girl continued. "Some day I'm going to have some. That is a beautiful thing!"

Spiane thought LeRoy frowned. Suddenly he seemed to feel something was wrong, although Roerden had just ordered more wine.

"I must get dressed for our next show," the girl said, making her farewells gracefully. She was a pretty thing, with a rather harassed face, older than LeRoy, Alison decided. Her partner remained for more drinks. It was she who had worried him, as though he did not trust her.

"It is hard working in this heat," he explained. "This champagne just hits the spot."

WHY HAVE SORE FEET?

JUST RUB IN

MINARD'S

THE KING OF LINIMENT

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When the champagne was gone he, too left.

Ready for the Raid

Spiane had already signaled Jim, and he had made the telephone call to Brooklyn.

"It won't be long now. Get the check, Roerden. I'll go and speak to Jim. He'll know the layout." Spiane ordered. Alison, left alone, started at each other. "He's the man, Mr. Roerden. I'd stake my life on it, the height, the build—everything."

"Come," Roerden said, as he caught a signal from Spiane in the doorway. Together the four walked out the door. Swiftly Jim led the way to a side entrance.

"Their dressing room is here to the right," he said.

"Alison, go and stay in the car," Spiane ordered. "I'd die to be left behind now."

Spiane was too intent to argue with her.

Spiane opened the screen door and walked into the dim hallway. Jim motioned toward the dressing room on the left. Then Spiane knocked sharply.

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Spiane knocked a second time. Finally a mans voice answered it.

"Who's there?"

"Some friends to say hello."

"We're not dressed. It was Lita's voice."

Without another word Spiane wrenched open the door. LeRoy stood there, his back to Spiane. In his hand was a brush, he was smoothing his shiny patent-leather hair. The girl was sitting before her dressing table, her kimono huddled about her.

Both of them saw Spiane and his gun in the mirror of the dressing table. LeRoy whirled about.

"Keep 'em up."

"We just want a little more conversation with you."

Neither of them answered and Lita's eyes were desperate. Now both Jim and Spiane had them covered.

"Get into some clothes, Mrs. LeRoy, we're going into town."

There was silence, no denial.

"Who are you?" The girl's breath came fast so the heaving of her chest seemed painful.

"We're detectives," Spiane showed his badge.

"It is just more conversation we crave, only this time there won't be any champagne!"

Nobody moved. Spiane could hear voices outside, in the corridor.

"Get moving."

Lita walked toward a screen at one side of the room.

"Go with her!" it was an order for Alison.

Alison walked over to Lita. She went behind the screen as the girl motioned Alison in beside him. The two men put their prisoners in the back seat.

On that long ride into town Alison could hear Spiane talking to them, but she could not hear what he said. Roerden stepped on it. They made excellent time.

Bluff

Finally they reached headquarters and went directly to the office of the homicide squad where Alison had gone that day North had been brought in. The two were taken to separate rooms, but not until LeRoy had murmured in Lita's ear: "Keep your mouth shut!" That was all. Spoken so low even Spiane was not sure he had heard right.

Jim and another detective remained with LeRoy. First Spiane was determined to work on the girl. By this time she was almost in a state of collapse.

"We'll lose our jobs!"

"Probably. If that's all LeRoy loses, he'll be lucky!"

But Spiane was waiting, playing a cunning game. The minutes ticked by. LeRoy got more and more nervous. He smoked endless cigarettes. He tried to get Jim to talk to him, but Jim was uncommunicative.

"Can't I call the club? It means my job."

"We'll fix that, if things are all right," Jim promised. He smiled a little as he imagined the manager's rage when he found his dancers of the evening vanished almost into thin air.

Knowing LeRoy was drinking, they'd think he was drunk, had just bolted. Spiane's idea of the "third degree." Waiting! It was almost as hard on Alison. She finally cornered Spiane. "What is it?"

"Part of the bluff. Besides, I want to have that bracelet before I start on him."

It was long after midnight when LeRoy was brought into the chief homicide office. His collar was wilted and he was obviously trying to keep a grip on himself.

"Do you often disappoint your managers?"

"Certainly not. I'm not accustomed to being yanked out of a dressing room and brought to police headquarters for nothing."

"You didn't work on the night of June 13?"

LeRoy didn't answer. His face was a mask. Spiane knew his job was not going to be easy. The lad was smart.

"Now LeRoy, what have you to say for yourself?"

"My name isn't LeRoy."

Spiane took a card out of the desk. "Let me see, until seven days ago, you were working at the 'Black Cat' under the name of Lita and LeRoy. Then you came into money and were going to Hollywood. You worked there at the 'Black Cat' steadily only off one night, the night of June 13, for a year."

"That's ridiculous. We're from Chicago."

The Bracelet

Spiane asked a lot of irrelevant questions. It was a cat playing with a mouse.

It went on for a long time. LeRoy began to get more and more confident. They didn't have a thing on him! Only that night he was off, and Lita would fix that. He'd had breakfast with her at 8 o'clock at their usual place.

Just then an officer came in and handed Spiane a package. Taking

a long time, Spiane opened it. Out fell Adele Roerden's bracelet. It glittered across the desk, a glittering line of diamonds and sapphires. LeRoy's face was livid. But he remained silent.

"You know, when hiding a piece of jewelry, never put it behind a picture. We always look there first. You must have got that idea from Adele Roerden. It was a habit of hers."

LeRoy slipped into a gullen silence, but he seemed to have regained his composure. It was a long time before LeRoy spoke. Finally he said: "Let me see that bracelet." He picked it up, looked at it carefully. He handled it like an expert. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "All right. A friend of mine asked me to keep that for him. Lita knows nothing about it."

"No?"

"No!"

"You know, LeRoy, you're sunk," Spiane began.

"You talk. I'm listening," LeRoy smiled impudently.

Splane's Theory

"All right. I'll talk. You'd been playing with Adele Roerden for almost a year. You helped her to spend her money. But she came to an end of that. Then one day when she'd been drinking, she told you about the letters she had from Lawrence Weston, and you saw a chance to make some money."

"He sent her some, quite a lot, from time to time. Then one day you found out from a Chicago paper that he was going to be married—to a wealthy girl. You're

really from Chicago I know. You buy a Chicago newspaper now and then. It is useful to know what society people are doing. It was you who gave her the idea of blackmailing Weston on a big way. You saw real money. He was marrying it. It would be a cinch. You talked her into it. She was drinking heavily. It probably wasn't hard. But you quarrelled. Weston wanted to settle a certain sensible sum on her. When she was sober she wanted to take it, but you wouldn't let her."

(To be Continued)

KILLED IN CRASH

LONDON, June 20—(CP)—Sergeant Davis of the Royal Air Force was killed when his Hurricane combat plane crashed at Ditchline Common, Sussex, in a storm today.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY

AMHERST, N. S., June 19—(CP)—J. Noonan of Charlottetown was committed for Supreme Court trial today on a charge of forgery. He was charged with attaching a fictitious endorsement to a check which he gave an Amherst grocer.

AMHERST, N. S., June 19—(CP)—Annual meeting of the Hospitals Association of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island will be held here June 20, it was announced today. The New Brunswick Hospitals Association will meet in Sackville, N. B., on the same day. A joint meeting will be held June 30.

Use Minard's for Dandruff

In Montreal

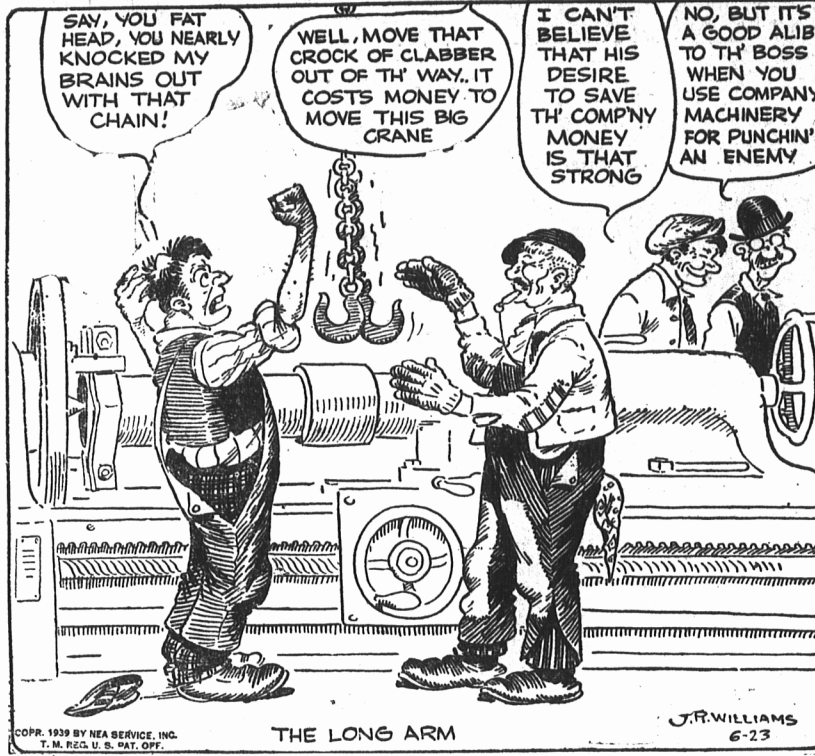
Windsor

ON DOMINION SQUARE

J. ALDERIC RAYMOND
VICE PRESIDENT

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



THE LONG ARM

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoop



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



TILLIE THE TOILER

GOOD RIDDANCE

By Edwin

By Westover



TILLIE THE TOILER

GOOD RIDDANCE

By Westover

