

SKYWAY LOVERS

By VERA BROWN

The Secret Letter

Mona trembled. Her face was drawn, stark white. Scott jumped up.

"Your honor, I object." Thurber's voice was pleasant as he said: "She may not answer if she does not wish to, on the grounds of might incriminate her."

The court room was so silent, the tumble of traffic from the street on a rack of torture. Finally, she spoke. Those beyond the first row could not hear her. "I refuse to answer on the grounds it might incriminate me."

Then her head dropped and slow, bitter tears dropped on her hand. She was so pathetic that Alison felt her own eyes smart. This was awful, crucifying the poor girl.

Scott rose and spoke to the Coroner again. "Your Honor, I have sent for the letter which Miss Kilroy mailed to me. It should be here tomorrow. My secretary assured me at noon recess that it would be in the air mail tonight."

Mona was questioned about the perfume. The jury saw her hand. The afternoon dragged to a close without more exciting this evening's appearance in court.

"There was a long conference. Thurber was protesting strenuously. 'She'll get out and go back to New York State and if we want her again we can whistle,' Thurber roared.

"That is not true. She'll go back to New York State of course. I have her home. But she will be available at any time."

"Gentlemen," the Coroner said finally. "I shall do nothing this evening. At the close of the inquest, which I believe should be tomorrow, we will settle the matter if she's still to be held."

Back to Jail

So Mona went back to jail and the day was over.

Waiting again, waiting for that next day of testimony. Alison still remained with Miss Pringle at Roerden's suggestion. I don't want her worried by newspapermen, or anybody," he told Thurber, and Thurber, glad to keep an eye on Alison's activities, agreed.

Thurber was gunning for Scott. That was clear. The two men had a sharp passage of words that night as they were leaving the courtroom. "Well, your girl friend will be out tomorrow night, Scott," Thurber said, laughing loudly. "That's the smartest trick I've ever seen turned in many a day."

"I don't know what you mean," Scott said without smiling.

"Good thing you're a single man or you'd be in a real jam! Wonder what your own 'girl friend' will say?"

Hunting for Secret

Thurber went out with swinging breeches, followed by his assistants. But once in his office he began call the New York frantically.

"You know, I'm simply flabbergasted," Thurber declared, pounding his desk with his fist. "That girl is no more Scott's sweetheart than I am! But how can I prove it? And why has he done this? It's a pretty bad bump for a man of Scott's standing to take!"

The New York call elicited little information about Scott's associates. He apparently spent his time with various post-debutantes of the New York social set. His name had been linked with several well-known society women. But he had never married, and there were no rumors of engagements.

"But boss, maybe he is telling the truth! Men are funny. Maybe he likes blonds!" said Clayborn, his first assistant.

"No, that is not it. If I could find out why they'd done this, Thurber shook his head. "Now, get the boys over to the hotel and watch the mail. I want to be there when Scott gets that letter from New York. I'm going to have no monkey business about this. No matter what time, get me over there. Hold the letter for delivery to his room until I can get there. They're lying and I want to know why!"

CHAPTER XXIII

Thurber came to court the next day in a towering rage. The letter from New York had not come. His men were still waiting at Scott's hotel. The prosecutor had drawn a blank and he had been so sure!

Thurber's first words when court opened were about the letter. "Your honor, I want to ask if Mr. Scott can produce the letter which Miss Kilroy mailed to him."

Scott, sitting at the counsel table today, answered. "I have it here, your honor."

He held out a manila envelope. It was covered with air-mail stamps, a special delivery also, stickers. They pored over postmarks, made notations about time. Everything seemed in good order.

Then Thurber opened it. Out slipped a photograph of Mona, pretty, smiling. It was a beautiful photograph in a folder cut to fit the envelope. It was autographed. "Graciously — and I'll never forget — Mona."

Thurber read the words and threw the picture down in disgust. "Will you take the stand, Mr. Scott. Do you mean to tell me Mona Kilroy got off the Buffalo plane to mail you a photograph like that?"

"Yes, she did."

"Why, she did?"

"I asked her to."

An assistant whispered to Thurber. They conferred for a long time. Scott sat impassively in the witness chair as Thurber swept up folder, envelope and picture.

"Your Honor, I want to see what this picture weighs. It is my contention that this photograph was not in this envelope when it was mailed. I want to have it weighed and washed for fingerprints. See that the postal authorities have to say about it! That picture was substituted. Your Honor! Substituted for something which Harrison Scott does not want us to see!"

There was a faint smile on Scott's lips. Did Thurber think him so foolish as not to have thought of all the angles? It was as though the prosecutor read the witness's mind.

Thurber began to bear down on Scott. He asked him about various women he knew. Granger twice interposed a protest but the Coroner let Thurber go on. It was pretty hot but he kept his temper, made his answers, clearly and with apparent honesty.

"And I ask you again, did you not substitute this picture for whatever Mona Kilroy mailed to you on the night of June 13?"

Thurber roared out the question. "That is not true, Mr. Thurber!"

Then Thurber gave up. And Scott got off the witness stand.

It was Thurber this time who seemed to be glad to be rid of his witness. But Thurber had other plans. He recalled poor Mona. The girl seemed in a half-conscious state. She looked desperately ill.

"Is this what you mailed to Harrison Scott?" Thurber held up the autographed picture, shook it at Mona.

"Yes."

"The girl could manage only a monosyllable."

"Do you mean to tell me you got off a Detroit-bound ship just to mail this picture? How does it happen, how is it that you had this envelope and the picture cut just to fit it? Why did you mail it from New York?"

"I forgot it."

"By the way, where did you leave from when you came to the airport that night of June 13?"

"From my apartment."

"Where is that?" Mona gave the address in mid-Manhattan.

"Was anybody there when you left?"

"No, my maid does not stay after dinner."

"Mona's voice was faint. Alison could see she was weakening. Her eyes were sunken and her hands shook."

"Did you eat dinner at your apartment that night?"

"No matter how efficient your vacuum cleaner is, your rug will certainly be cleaner and consequently last longer, if it is turned over periodically and vacuumed on the wrong side, too. Also, vacuum the rug cushion."

Proposes Press Control Legislation

CAPE TOWN JUNE 8 (CP)—One of three measures grouped under the general title "Bills of the Maintenance of the Order and the Safety of the State," press control legislation is impending in the parliament of the Union of South Africa.

The move was foreshadowed in the Union Legislature by Prime Minister J. B. M. Herzog when he said: "If I go ahead to control the press I want to see whether I cannot achieve it with their good will better than is the case at present."

The South African News-Letter says the conference will be called on to consider the proposal that "disciplinary control" should be vested in a body similar in status and function to the Medical Council and the Law Society. It will then have the power to draw up rules of conduct and sit in judgment on alleged cases of unethical conduct.

How this control body will be constituted and what its powers of punishment will be has not yet been decided. The Prime Minister is prepared to extend favorable consideration to this proposal. He considers that the onus of control and proper conduct will then be thrown on the Press itself and remove to an important degree the fears expressed of State control.

The two other bills prohibit the participation of teachers in party politics and provide for compulsory registration of all secret societies.

AUBURN SCHOOL

Honor roll for May:
Grade IX—1. Lima MacNeill; 2. Mae Quinn.
Grade IX—1. Mary Boylan; 2. Rita Callaghan.
Grade VIII—1. Catherine MacNeill; 2. Billy McKenna; 3. Joseph Boylan.
Grade VII—1. Lorne McKenna; 2. George McKenna.
Grade VI—1. Roma MacNeill; 2. Frances McCarron, Chester Callaghan (equal); 3. Teresa McKenna.
Grade V—1. Catherine Boylan.
Grade IV—1. Louis McKenna; 2. Teresa Corrigan.
Grade III—1. Richard MacNeill.
Grade II—1. Betty McGeughey.
Grade I—Joseph McGeughey.
Perfect attendance: Mary Boylan, Rita Callaghan, Catherine MacNeill, Billy McKenna, Teresa McKenna, Roma MacNeill, Chester

Callaghan, Catherine Boylan, Louis McKenna, Betty McGeughey, Irene Curley, teacher.

CROP REPORT

WINNIPEG, Man., June 9.—Cloudy, cool weather with generally heavy rains has prevailed throughout practically the whole of the grain growing areas of western Canada during the past week. Grasshoppers are evident in many districts, but control measures and the cool, wet weather are retarding serious damage. General prospects are excellent and the present outlook is very favorable, according to the weekly crop report of the Department of Agriculture Canadian National Railways.

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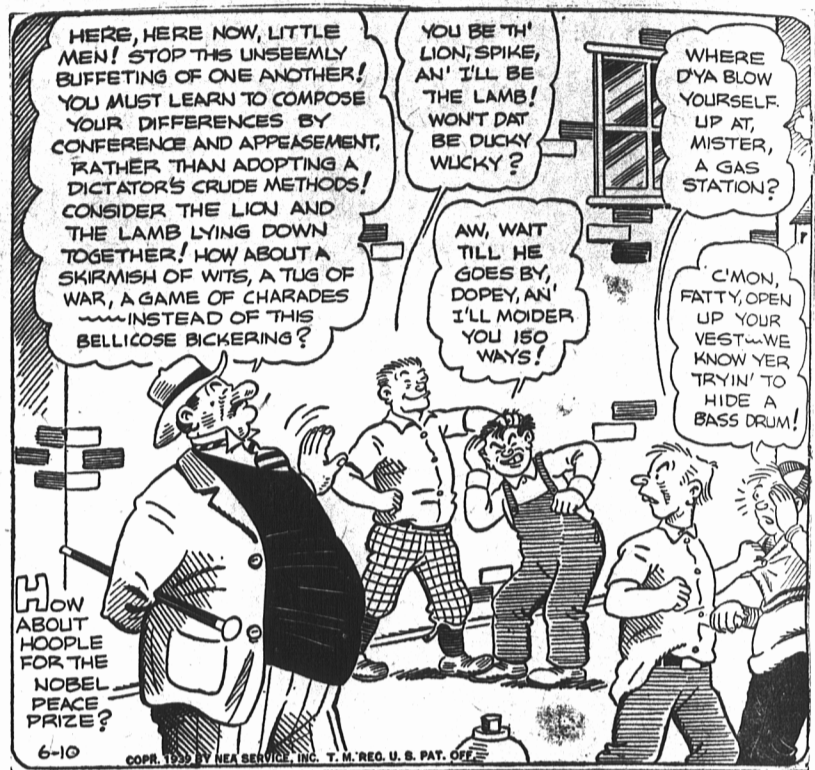
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With Major Hoop

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

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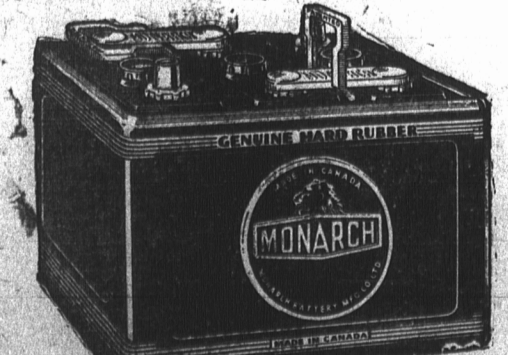


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