

SERIAL STORY

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD

BY TOM HORNER

CHAPTER I

LARRY COLLINS smiled down at the baldish man across the desk. "All right, Steve. So I'm nuts. But that doesn't change things. I'm quitting your newspaper tonight."

"Okay, Larry, I can't stop you," Steve Clark's voice softened. "But you're a swell reporter, and I like you. If I didn't, I wouldn't waste five minutes trying to keep you from making a fool of yourself."

"You need a vacation! So do I! So does everyone. But you don't see Steve Clark quitting the job with the grand jury blowing the top off the city hall. And conventions, campaigns, and elections coming up." Steve's temper was getting away from him. "All right, Collins, take a vacation! But when you're broke and looking for a job, don't come back to Steve Clark. I made you, and by the eternal, I can make another sub reporter into just as good a man."

"Just a minute, Steve. Let's part friends," Collins sat down on the corner of the desk, rolled a cigarette, lit it and inhaled deeply before he continued. "That vacation talk is office gossip. I spread it around as an excuse. I'm not quitting now because I want to, Steve—and you have to believe that I've got a job to do, and it won't wait. I have to quit, Steve."

"You mean you're leaving me to work for someone else? Of all the ungrateful pupes!" Clark exploded. "Get out! Get your pay and get out!"

Collins did not move. He had faced Steve Clark's rage for 10 years and he waited now, smoking calmly, for the other man's anger to subside. After a time he continued:

"You didn't ask much about me when you gave me my first job 10 years ago, Steve. I've never told you, but if you know now, perhaps you'll understand why I'm quitting."

"I was a green kid, and, like you say, you made me a reporter. My life, as far as you were concerned, dated from the time I walked into your office. You knew I'd been to school, that I could write. But you didn't know I was an orphan, and you didn't know I had a brother."

"You see, Steve, I was born in Texas. Mother died then. My dad raised Hugh and me. Dad was a sheriff. One day he tried to stop some bandits and they killed him. Dad's sister took Hugh, who was about 16, and they shipped me up here to live with Mother's brother."

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Clark nodded. "Yeah. Never had anything but the first lead on it."

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The patrolman returned to him. "You're all right. You can go on now. There's been a holdup, and we're stopping all cars. Sorry to have bothered you, but we have to do it."

"No trouble. Hope you catch them!" Larry shouted as he drove away. He had been tempted to tell them he was Hugh's brother, but when the officer had not recognized the name, he had thought it wiser not to mention it. Hugh wasn't well known in this part of the state. Perhaps the chief wanted to keep it that way.

A GOOD lunch and a couple of cigarettes erased the memory of the holdup from Larry's mind. Two or three more hours would bring him to his destination, first stop in his search for Hugh's killers. If that gang caught him, he'd get no more mercy than they had shown Hugh. But if they didn't—he'd have the satisfaction of knowing Hugh's debt was paid. The hate of criminals, the heritage of his father, swelled within him.

He topped a little rise, saw the car parked off the highway. A man bent over the motor, while a young woman, holding a baby, stood at his side. Larry stopped, leaned over the door.

"Anything I can do to help?" The man's head came up. "Why, sure, thanks. You can take me down the road and find a mechanic. Just a minute—"

As the man turned back to the car, Larry noticed a second man get out of the front seat, walk around the car toward him—and for the second time in one day Larry Collins looked into the barrel of a revolver.

"Thanks, buddy," said the second man. "We'll take your car, but we'll have to leave you. Come on, climb out." He waved the gun to emphasize his order. "Come on, Bill, get that stuff into this car."

The man called Bill lost all his friendliness. He shoved past Larry, carrying a heavy suitcase, tossed it into Larry's car, then climbed behind the wheel.

The man with the gun backed toward the roadster. "The lady'll keep you company, buddy. Be smart now, and you won't get hurt. Thanks, Missus, for gettin' us by the cops—"

Larry cursed softly as he watched his car disappear down the highway.

(To Be Continued)

She Does Her Bit For the Allies



A tour of duty driving an ambulance on the Western Front, ended, Aline Rhonie, comely American artist-aviatrix, plans an air tour of the U. S. to raise funds for Allied flyers' canteens. She is pictured, in her uniform as liaison officer of the Aero Club de France, on her recent arrival in New York.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"He's gonna marry a teacher! Gosh, didn't he ever go to school or has he just forgot what it was like?"

CABINET OFFICIAL

HORIZONTAL

1. Pictured

2. U. S. A.

3. Cabinet official

4. To eat

5. Sparingly

6. Gold quartz

7. Baking pans

8. Parent

9. Genius of

10. Makes

11. beloved

12. Sleight

13. Cultivator of

14. the soil

15. Attack of

16. nervousness

17. To indulge to

18. excess

19. Great lake

20. Freedom from

21. war

22. White-tailed

23. eagle

24. Sinks

25. Mistake

26. Inclines the

27. head

28. Throws

29. Protective

30. companions

Answer to Previous Puzzle

ROBIN

THURSH

AERIT

RIDGES

PEWEE

SCOTCH

COMMODES

DARS

SPARRED

WIT

FOP

AURAL

TALL

NODS

TONAL

EPIT

LENT

EVERY

31. Having left a

32. will

33. 46 Oleostein

34. 47 Delty of war

35. 48 Eagle's nest

36. 49 Source of

37. indigo

38. 51 Wooden peg

39. 52 Decorative

40. mesh

41. 53 He is U. S.

42. Secretary of

43. 54 To harmonize

44. 55 His chief

45. Interest is

46. Import and

47. export

48. treaties

49. 2 Norse deity

50. 3 Peel

51. 4 Merits

52. 5 And

53. 6 Smallest

54. 7 Riders

55. 8 Russian

56. 9 Mountains

57. 10 Fish eggs

58. 11 Final

59. 12 Rubbing out

60. 13 Small house

61. 14 Bed lath

62. 15 Dinner or supper

63. 16 To leave out

64. 17 To vex

65. 18 Seasoning

66. 19 Drop of eye

67. 20 fluid

68. 21 Altar chest

69. 22 Bound

70. 23 Fish eggs

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

