

SERIAL STORY

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD

BY TOM HORNER

Miles. Her old man's a rancher up on the river—old Col. Taylor Miles. . . . Then he remembered. It was on the Miles ranch, Colonel Harris had said, that Hugh had had his accident. "Oh, yes. Well, thanks, buddy. Lucky that nothing was hurt." He walked back to his car. "So that's Monnie Miles. Well, Miss Miles, it looks like you and I are going to meet again—soon!" (To Be Continued)



CANDIDATE—His hat's in the ring, as a presidential candidate on the Prohibition ticket. This is Roger Babson, economist and author, who was named at party convention.

His gal said something he didn't like, so a young swain pulled a public telephone off the wall, hopped in his car and sped through the city until he was overtaken by police, arrested on eight separate charges. It was worth it if he got in a last word before smashing the phone.

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



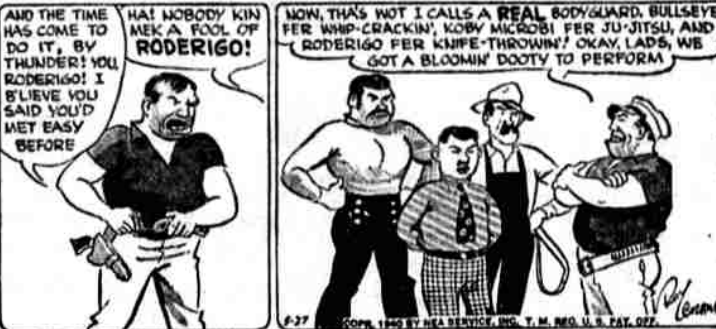
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



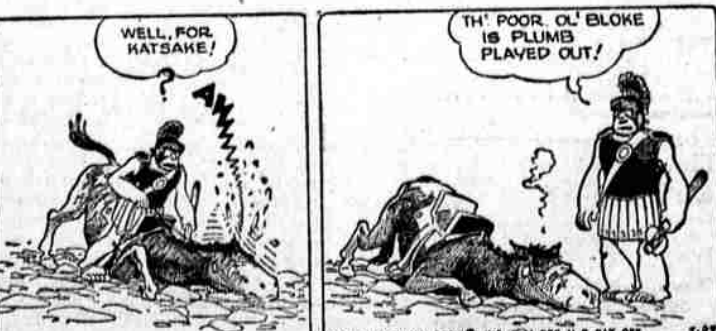
BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



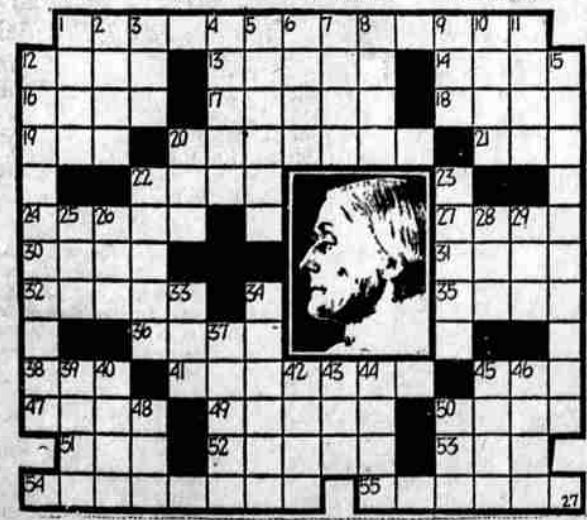
FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



Yeah, I think it's a nice idea for the class to entertain the parents. What kinda cake did your mother bring?

NOTED SUFFRAGETTE



YESTERDAY: Larry Collins, New York reporter, quits his job to return to Texas to track down the murderer of his brother, Hugh, killed in a peculiar accident. A member of the highway patrol, Hugh was killed while trailing narcotic smugglers. Driving alone, Larry saw a man working on a disabled car, a woman and child beside him. When Larry stops to help, a second man takes Larry's car at gun point. The men drive away.

CHAPTER II

LARRY laughed bitterly as his car sped from sight. "What do we do now?" It was the woman with the baby. Larry had forgotten her.

"Guess we'll just sit and wait, unless I can make this car go," he told her, then asked, "How did you get mixed up with a couple of mugs like that? They're probably the two who robbed the bank this morning."

"They are the bank robbers. I'm sure of it," the woman explained. "They came to the ranch about noon—we live near the line—they said they were lost and asked directions to the highway. Jim—that's my husband—was down in the far pasture fixing a mill. When they found out he wasn't around, they made me bring the baby and come with them. They told me they'd kill the baby if I didn't."

"And they used you and the youngster to get by the patrolmen?"

The woman nodded. "I told the officers one was my husband. They let us pass. But what are we going to do now?"

"Right now, you and the baby are going to get into the car and try to take a nap, while I try to start this bus."

The woman laid the baby on the rear seat, came back to Larry. "I think we're out of gas."

Larry sat down on the running board, rolled a cigarette. "That wrecks my career as a mechanic. Nothing to do now but wait."

TEN cigarettes later, a highway patrol car stopped beside them. A wild-eyed, coal-black rancher jumped from the car, rushed to the woman.

Larry walked to the officers, recognized them as the pair who had stopped him earlier in the day. "Stopped to give a little help, and a couple of guys took my car. . . . Probably the same pair you all were looking for."

One of the patrolmen nodded. "Yeah, they got through. This rancher found the car that was used in the bank job when he started looking for his wife. He called the sheriff and then rode a horse to the highway. We've been looking for the woman and the baby ever since."

The rancher left his wife and son, returned to the patrolmen. "Mary and the baby are all right," he said. "You want to ask Mary anything about those two?"

"No. Your wife's been through enough for one day," one officer answered. "Anyway we've got good descriptions of the men from the cashier of the bank, and the sheriff is checking their car for fingerprints. We've got a good idea who they are. . . . You better get your wife home, now. What's wrong with the car?"

"Just out of gas," Larry supplied.

"We'll send a mechanic back with some." He turned to Larry. "What are you going to do?"

"I'll ride on into town if it's all right."

LARRY telephoned Colonel Harris, the highway patrol chief, as soon as he checked into a hotel. "Glad you're here," Harris said. "I've been waiting for you. I'll be over to see you shortly. Better if you stay away from headquarters. Someone might see you and get to wondering too much about it. . . . Say—Randolph and Lee had your name on their report on that bank robbery. They say you lost your car. We'll try to find it."

Larry started to explain but Harris cut him off with "See you later," and hung up.

It was almost midnight when Colonel Harris knocked at his door.

"Found your car for you, Collins," the officer announced as Larry let him in. "Out by the airport, and in good shape, too."

"This bank job was pretty well planned. These two hid out until almost dark, then waited at the airport. A plane dropped down, landed in a far corner of the field, picked them up and hid in its wings again before the field officials could do anything about it. Didn't even get the number of the ship."

"Now about this other thing—" he unfolded a map, spread it on the desk—"here's where Hugh was found—wild, rough country, about 100 miles up the river."

"We believe that the gang of dope smugglers are flying narcotics in from the south, landing here. We know that most of the stuff that's going to Kansas City, Omaha and Denver is coming from this area. I sent Hugh up there to find out who was running the show. Someone with brains is in on it and we're going to get him. It's the big shot—the head of the outfit—that we want. We can pick up the others any time."

"Now, here's what you better do. . . ."

LARRY'S car was in the hotel garage the following morning. Behind the wheel again, confidence returned, and the plans Colonel Harris had outlined seemed less terrifying and less dangerous. Larry was anxious to get to work at once, puzzled as to how to begin. He settled by deciding to look over the city, while he studied the chief's suggestions.