

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD

SERIAL STORY

BY TOM HORNER

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YESTERDAY: Monte trails Larry, demands an explanation of his slight vigil. He tries to send her home, then confesses he loves her. She leaves him, too. He tells her he knows of the narcotic ring, of his suspicion that Bentley is the head of the gang. The plane comes again. Larry reaches out, forgetting his carbine.

CHAPTER XI

LARRY noticed the carbine was missing when he stopped at the canyon gate. It was too late to turn back for it now. The plane was almost overhead. In a few seconds the lights of Bentley's landing field would blaze against the sky. Larry knew he'd have to take his chances.

The black was racing up the canyon at a dead run. Larry saw the sky light up as the landing field lights went on. The plane had come in high, was circling the field now. Larry turned up a trail leading up to the plains.

When he reached the top he was less than a mile from the field. The ship was on the ground, the motor car beside it, both standing out sharply against the lights from Bentley's hangar.

Larry had the binoculars out in a flash, studied the plane and the men beside it. There was Bentley—the one with riding boots—talking to the pilot. They talked for several minutes. Bentley's arm swung in an arc and the lights went off.

The plane's motor roared again, then throttled down. With the headlights of the automobile lighting the way, the pilot taxied up to the hangar. The huge doors swung up. The plane disappeared inside.

"Not taking off right away. That'll give me a chance to take a look at that ship," Larry told the black as he dismounted. He uncoiled his lariar, tied the reins to the loop and fastened the other end to a mesquite bush. Better to have the horse tied in one spot than to let him go grazing around.

He ran on toward the hangar. Each time the airplane beacon swung around he dropped flat. No use letting some sharp-eyed lookout catch sight of him, if Bentley had a lookout.

It took him 15 minutes to get within 100 yards of the building. Bentley, the pilot and the others were still inside. The automobile was parked beside the hangar door.

Larry crawled along until he could reach and touch one of the lights, marking the boundaries of the field. Bentley and the pilot came from a door—on the side of the hangar nearest Larry—got into the car. Two other men followed, jumped on the running boards. Larry waited, holding his

breath, while the car sped up the drive toward Bentley's house.

If he could get inside, Larry figured he might find some place to hide, might overhear Bentley and the flyer. He might even discover the crew that would convict Bentley. He decided to risk it.

He crossed the intervening space to the side of the hangar at a run, paused, panting at the door. Then he edged it open.

There was a light near the motor of the plane. Larry could see the mechanic's shoulders hunched over the motor, his feet on the step-ladder beside the plane. The rest of the hangar was in semi-darkness.

Bentley's own ship was nearer. If he could cross to the plane, he could slip inside Bentley's own ship, overhear everything that was said. It would be the last place they'd think of looking for him.

The mechanic climbed down from the ladder. Larry froze against the wall. But the man turned, walked to a bench at the far side of the hangar.

In that moment Larry slipped through the door, closed it softly, and crossed to the cabin plane. Before the mechanic turned around he was crouched in the luggage space behind the pilot's seat. The window at the left was open. He could hear the mechanic whistling softly as he climbed the ladder again.

It must have been half an hour before the door opened again to admit Bentley and the pilot. "Ship's okay now, Mike," the mechanic called. "Oil line was clogged."

"Good," came Bentley's voice. Then to the pilot: "You tell the 'Little Man' to send the next stuff as scheduled. We're all right here and the east will take all we can handle."

"That trouble we had a while back has all cleared up and no one suspects us around here. It's laughable. Imagine any of these dumb crows ever getting wise to the fact that Mike Bentley's running dope. And even if they did, no one could prove it."

"You keep the stuff coming. You'll get your money, on the line, when you bring it in."

"That's all right by me," Larry heard the pilot answer. "I'll be back next week. You'll get the usual tip. Ship's okay now. I'm getting out of here. I'll stop at the usual place for gas."

The hangar doors rattled open, the ship creaked as it was wheeled outside. Larry heard the motor start, settle into a roar, then fade away. The hangar was bright as the field lights went on for the takeoff. Then all was quiet.

He had played in luck. He'd get word to Harris to watch Bentley's mail, check his phone calls. The next time the plane flew north, they'd be waiting for it. Bentley would be caught with the goods.

Now all he had to do was wait until they all left, slip back to his horse and hurry back to the hayhook—and Monnie.

A voice snapped the stillness. Bentley's.

"Where'd you find that horse?" "Just a ways from the field,"

another voice answered. "Thought I saw something moving down there when the beacon swung around. I went down to look and found this black, staked out on a lariar. It's a Hayhook horse, Mike."

"Get the rest of the men and circle the field," Bentley snapped his orders. "Here, Bill, come along with me. Bring those guns from the car. We'll search the hangar."

LARRY pulled back into the darkness of the cabin as the hangar doors closed and the room filled with light. Bentley was searching the lockers, slamming doors, cursing.

"Turn on the field lights, all the lights!" Bentley yelled. "Get outside, Bill, see if you can find anything. I'll wait here. We've got to get that fellow. He knows too much."

Bill muttered something, slammed the door as he went out. Larry held his breath, praying that Bentley wouldn't think of his plane. There were few hiding places in the bare hangar, and that meant fewer places for Bentley to search. Larry heard Bentley running up the iron steps to the tower atop the building. He thought of risking a dash out of the hangar, decided against it.

His chance was gone in that second. Bill returned shouting. "Mike—Mike—look what I found!" Bentley came crashing down the steps. "Field glasses! Where did you get those, Bill?"

"Just outside the lights. Almost stepped on them."

"He's either in here, or he's got clear away," Bentley said. There was a pause. Larry could almost feel Bentley's eyes on the cabin plane. Then—

"Bill, get that tommy-gun from the locker. Put a row of holes along the side of the cabin there—just behind the seat."

He raised his voice. "Hey, you, inside the plane. Do you want to

come out now, or shall we drag you out?" "I'll come out!" Larry answered. (To Be Continued)

Speedy Languages Frenchmen speak the speediest language in the world, emitting 350 syllables a minute. Japanese rank second fastest, Germans third. Chinese fourth and Italians fifth. English is comparatively slow with its 220 syllables a minute in ordinary conversation.

Opera Star Sails



Pretty Marisa Morel, Metropolitan Opera's coloratura soprano, pictured aboard the Conte di Savoia as the Italian liner sailed from New York for Naples amid rumors of Italy's imminent entrance into the war. The singer will visit her parents in Turin.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



FROM A CERTAIN MULE



RED RYDER



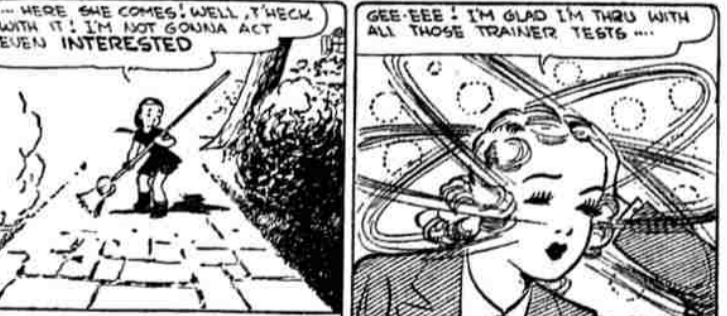
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



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



AMERICAN OFFICIAL

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

