

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD SERIAL STORY BY TOM HORNER

YESTERDAY: Monnie sees Larry, denounces him as a thief. Then she tells Bentley that Larry's brother was killed on the curve, that he has been investigating the accident, spying on her. Larry tries to tell her that Bentley is smuggling narcotics. She refuses to believe him. Later she promises to marry Bentley if he will turn Larry over to the sheriff. Bentley agrees, but makes his own plans.

CHAPTER XIV WORRYING about what Bentley was planning to do with him didn't keep Larry from enjoying the dinner his guards brought. He was just finishing the pie when the rancher walked in. "Good cook you hire here, Bentley," Larry commented. "You always eat this well?" Bentley laughed. "No, this is special—for you. The condemned man ate a hearty dinner and all that. Glad you liked it, though. It's your last meal!" Larry rolled a cigarette, eyeing Bentley speculatively. "You're a nice guy, Mike. I'll bet you used to drown kittens, stick pins in bugs, and that sort of thing when you were a kid. You enjoy seeing people squirm so much. Do your worst, Bentley. I'm not squirming for you."

"You will before we get through with you." The man's innate cruelty reflected itself in his face. "You came here asking for trouble, just like your brother. We caught him snooping. We caught you. It's not healthy to know too much about Mike Bentley. You're finding that out. Your brother discovered the same thing." "You admit you killed him?" "Sure, I did. And I did a swell job of it. Unidentified drunk killed on curve. Everybody forgot about him as soon as the inquest was over. No one will bother much about a dead cattle thief either."

"There are a few who might be interested," Larry suggested. "They might even start investigating when I don't come back. Ever think about that?"

"Let 'em investigate all they want to, they won't find a thing," Bentley was arrogantly confident. "Might slow things up for a bit—cancel a few deliveries, but nothing more than that. You're not so important as all that, Collins." "You must have it pretty well worked out."

"I always have things pretty well worked out. That's why I never fail. Here's what's going to happen to you—at least, this is what everyone will think happened to you."

"In a couple of hours, you're going to knock me out, while I sit here talking to you."

"I'll enjoy that part of it," Larry interrupted. "That's only in the story, you don't actually have the pleasure of slugging me. One of the boys will take care of it. . . . You take my gun, throw down on the boys and get away. Just outside you find my car. . . . you jump in it, race to town. You'll meet the sheriff at Dead Man's Curve. . . . If he drives too fast you may take him into the canyon with you. . . . I won't mind. . . . The car catches fire. . . . You shoot yourself—with my gun, of course—rather than burn to death or be taken to prison. You'll make a few headlines, but probably won't bother to hold much of an inquest."

"Just like Hugh," Larry commented. "Aren't you afraid someone will start thinking these accidents on the curve are occurring too frequently?"

"What if someone does? What can he prove? The sheriff will be the only witness. His setup is perfect. It worked for your brother. I'll do for you."

BILL and two more of Bentley's men came for Larry about 9:30. They tied his hands behind him, then hustled him upstairs and out into Bentley's car. He was pushed into the front seat beside the rancher. He noticed a man riding a horse down the highway, leading a second saddled horse.

"He goes down into the canyon to fire the shot when you kill yourself," Bentley explained. Larry was silent. He watched another man put a gasoline can in Bentley's car. Bill climbed in the back, fondling a machine gun. Bentley drove out to the highway. A second car followed.

"Nice car you've got here, Larry said. "Don't you mind losing it?" Bentley was amused. "It's insured. I'll need a new one anyway, when Monnie and I get married. You knew we were going to be married, didn't you? Monnie set the day, September 10, this afternoon. She went on in to town to talk to her bridesmaids. Too bad, Collins. You should have stayed in New York."

Larry did not answer. After this afternoon, nothing surprised him. He didn't mind Monnie believing he was a thief, she might have been angry, but to tell Bentley about Hugh. That was more than he could stand. He had trusted her—loved her.

The car stopped, but Bentley left the motor running. Larry saw the curve a hundred yards beyond. Bentley got out, called to the men in the other car. "Turn around and keep the motor running. This will go off just like the other one. Joe—you get up on the hill. Flash your light when you see a car coming up, then duck back through the pasture. I'll have someone pick you up."

"You, Bill, steer the car. Be sure that fuse is fastened tight and watch out you don't blow up when you light it. Jump off when the car gets rolling good and go down into the canyon. Tony'll have your horse down there. I'll go back to the house with

Nazis Made Grave Error

HE came back to Larry, cut the ropes that bound his wrists. "Move over under the wheel, Collins. You're driving from here on."

Bentley handed his automatic to Bill. "I'll take that tommy-gun up to the other car. Shoot him in the head if he tries anything." He was back in a minute. "All right, Bill. Spill some gasoline back there; wind the fuse up over the door." He took his gun from Bentley, got into the seat beside Larry. "Any last words, Collins?" "You certainly have this down to a system."

"We practiced on your brother. When Joe flashes his light, I'll shoot you, let off the brake and put the car in gear. I jerk the hand throttle open as I jump out. Bill lights the fuse, steers you almost to the curve. Then—" "What about Monnie? She knows why I'm here, knows I've been trying to prove you're smuggling narcotics. She suspects there was something wrong about the first accident here. She'll talk."

"No she won't. We'll take care of Monnie. If she starts any trouble we'll tip the federal men to search her car. There's \$500 worth of dope hidden in it. You couldn't find it. But the government men will."

"That's why you stole her car?" Bentley nodded. The smell of gasoline came from the rear seat. Bill carried the empty can up to the other car. Larry knew he wouldn't have long to wait, now. "Monnie would have trouble explaining how that stuff got in her car. We planted it there just to make sure she wouldn't talk, if she did find out anything. We're not worried about Monnie."

"YOU'D BETTER BE!"

The words split the stillness. Monnie! Here! Bentley was caught off guard. In that instant, Larry swung for Mike's chin, grabbed for the automatic. (To Be Concluded)



George Muir, left, British war grave caretaker in France, sits on the tail of a German plane and tells an R. A. F. officer how he captured the craft's five-man crew after it had crashed. At Muir's request, Nazi flyers handed over their arms when they emerged from the wreck.

Those who stutter should not be bothered by the affliction. Just look at how history goes around repeating itself.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



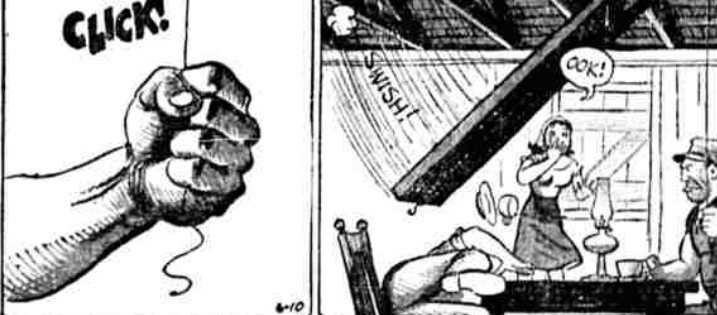
BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



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



"That's enough of the oomph poses. Now, pull up your socks an' we'll take the glamor ones."

AMERICAN LEADER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

