

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD

SERIAL STORY

BY TOM HORNER

YESTERDAY: Larry is taken to Dead Man's Curve and Bentley escapes...

CHAPTER XV

BENTLEY pulled the trigger as Larry's fist crashed against his jaw...

Then he was out of the car, searching the darkness, shouting: "Monnie! Monnie!"

"Larry! She ran across the road to him."

"Don't shoot, Collins. Everything under control," came another voice.

Monnie's arms were around him. "Larry, darling! Are you all right?"

"That shot?" Tears were streaming down her face.

He kissed her. "I'm not hurt. He missed."

Colonel Harris was beside him. "Good work, Collins. Got all of them, Bentley?"

"In the car. Had to sock him. That shot was for me," Harris left them to pull Bentley, still unconscious, from the seat.

A car rounded the curve slowly, its headlights illuminating the scene. Bill and Shultz were standing beside the highway, hands in the air.

Two highway patrolmen guarded them. A third officer came down the hill, pushing a protesting Joe in front of him.

"We'll get the one in the canyon later. He can't get far," Colonel Harris shouted.

Bentley roused as handcuffs snapped on his wrists. "What...?" he mumbled.

Harris jerked him to his feet. "You lost this time, Bentley. You fell into a trap. You're through!"

The sheriff was getting out of his car.

It was not until Bentley and his men were headed toward town in Mike's own car that Colonel Harris explained.

"This was all Miss Miles' idea, Collins. You have her to thank for saving your life." Larry squeezed her tighter to him.

She figured Bentley perfectly, Harris went on. "Bentley got away with Hugh's murder. He thought he could do the same thing with you."

"Miss Miles, here, had to make him decide to get rid of you himself, and she wanted him to keep remembering Hugh—"

"That's why I had to tell him you were Hugh's brother," Monnie broke in. "That's why I pretended to hate you."

"Miss Miles called us as soon as she got away from Bentley's," the highway patrol chief continued.

"We knew we'd never get you alive if we rushed the house. So after Miss Miles explained more about the other accident, we decided Bentley would try the same thing over again. When he called the sheriff, we were sure of it. We came up here, hid down in the canyon."

"Luckily, I sent one of the boys up on the hill to watch for Bentley. He took care of Joe. We heard everything Bentley said."

"It was getting you out safely that worried us. We knew you weren't dead, but we were afraid that Bentley would shoot you the minute he suspected anything. When he started talking about Miss Miles, I told her to shout, and let you take your own chances. She was game enough to do it. It worked out swell."

"Monnie's voice did it," Larry said. "It was unexpected and it threw Bentley off guard. That gave me time to clip him, and to push that gun away."

"And the others had their hands in the air as soon as the boys pointed a gun at them. We kept them covered all the time we were here, just in case. But we didn't want to start a battle."

"I was scared, Larry, scared to death," Monnie said. "But I had to keep Mike from killing you."

Harris walked with them to the sheriff's car. "You go back to the ranch. The sheriff and I will go on up to Bentley's. There may have been a scrap there. I sent half a dozen men up the canyon. I road to take Bentley's place. I think we'll have enough on Bentley and all his men to hang him after I go over his records."

"There'll be a shipment of narcotics arrive by plane next week," Larry remembered. "Bentley was to get a tip."

"We'll camp there until the plane comes in. That will clinch the case against the whole gang," Harris smiled at the prospect. "You two go along now."

He watched them back the sheriff's car around, then head down the hill. After they had gone, he crossed the road, stared down into the canyon.

"Your job is finished now, Hugh," he said.

COLONEL MILES and Pete Barnes had to hear all the details as soon as Monnie and Larry returned. They had learned of Monnie's plan as soon as they came back from Lost Canyon, and it had been difficult to keep the

Colonel from riding off to "blow Bentley off the map."

"Sorry I wanted to hang you for stealing calves, Collins," the Colonel apologized gruffly.

"I kept telling you Larry wouldn't steal," Barnes added.

"Forget it," Larry said. "Monnie and I intend to." He turned to her. "Want to take a ride, Monnie? I've got some unfinished business to attend to, out on a hill. But I've got to get a call through to Steve Clark first."

He gave Steve the story while she changed clothes.

"Swell yarn, boy," came Steve's voice. "We'll beat everyone here by two editions. . . . Take a vacation for two weeks now, and then get back. They're talking about opening up on the rackets again. City Hall story is hot and elections—"

Larry hung up the receiver. He remembered he had promised to cover Harris' newspaper friends and he phoned the office. Monnie was waiting when he finished.

"Pete saddled the horses," she said, taking Larry's hand.

THEY stood on the hill, close together, looking out over the darkened Hayhook.

"Dad will probably buy Bentley's ranch now, and move Pete Barnes up there," Monnie said.

"He talked about buying the Circle Cross for Pete before Bentley came."

"And if he does?" Larry asked.

"The Hayhook will need a new foreman."

"But I've got a job, with Steve Clark."

"You belong here, Larry."

"I'm not going to work for my father-in-law."

"You'll have to."

"I won't. You can come to New York with me."

"I won't!"

Larry laughed. "Monnie, darling, we're quarreling. Let's settle that tomorrow. Maybe we'll start

a paper on the Hayhook . . . She smiled at him. "Say it," he commanded, gruffly. "I love you," she answered, adding: "And I won't drive fast again—ever!" (The End)

Daughter Is Cast In Rockne Film



A familiar face will be enacted by Jean Rockne, 19-year-old daughter of the late Knute Rockne, when she appears in a screen play based on the life of her father.

"Vaccine" comes from the word "vacca," meaning cow, since cattle furnished the virus with which the scientist Jenner conquered smallpox.

During 1938 the province of Manitoba, Canada, produced 3,301,754 pounds of factory cheese, an increase of 377,881 pounds over the preceding year.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



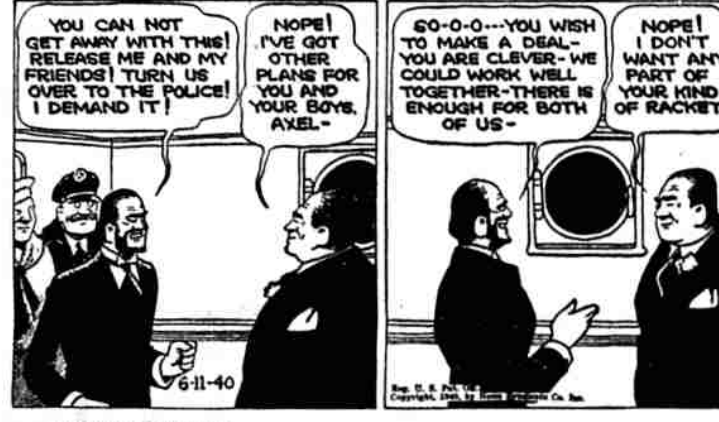
"It's some sort of record—he can throw the calf in seven minutes and the calf throws him in three."

TENNIS STAR

Word puzzle grid with horizontal and vertical clues. Includes a small portrait of a woman.



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



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