

## EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

Monty Wallace has just arrived in California, having broken the East-West cross country airplane record. Natalie Wade, mistaken by him for a newspaper reporter, wates the exclusive account of Monty's arrived and arrived arrive rival, and succeeds in securing a trial job with a paper in exchange for the story. Natalie becomes at-

Altho she discovers Monty's love for her is not sincere, Natalie admits that she loves him. She is as signed by her paper to report Mon-ty's activities for publication. Jim-my Hale, the newspaper's photog-rapher, becomes Natalie's co-worker. Natalie interviews Jabe Marion, a

wealthy airplane builder, who de-eides to build a record-breaking Tound the world plane for Monty.
Marion's daughter, Sunny, exquisitely beautiful, is attracted to Monty.
Natalie discovers that Sunny is
jealous of her friendship with Mon-

ty, and that she is trying to prevent them from being alone. After driv-ing to a mountain resort with Sunand Jimmy, Monty again res his love for Natalie.

balance and is pulled back by Mon Jimmy later asks Natalie to ensider his love for her if she refuses Monty.

Natalic induces Monty to set out

with her in an airplane search for two missing aviators. At dusk Mon-ty lands the plane in the open coun-try, where he and Natalie must pass the night. Resuming the search in the morning, they finally locate the fliers. Natalie wires the story her paper. That night at dinner mer paper. Inat night at dinner, Marion announces a non-stop round the world flight, with Monty piloting the new plane. "Sunny Marion." The day before the flight, Monty once more declares his love to Nat.

In spite of adverse weather re-ports, Monty takes off. Natalie re-turns by plane to California, where she hears that Monty has reached Moscow, and is continuing on to Si-

"Mont," she said quietly, with none of her former manner. "I know what you are thinking—and fearing. But to put you at ease, let me tell you this. Jimmy and I love each other. We plan to be mar-I never really loved you, as now. I tricked you into the you know. engagement only to please a foolish vanity. I'm sorry, but perhaps the "What is this—thi future will help you to forgive me. manded of Monty. In the meanwhile, I hope you and Natalie are very happy. Can you say the same for me?"

"Honey," began forward and taking

Monty paused for a moment, ther prang to his feet.

"Sunny, Darling," he exclaimed, "of course I forgive you—and wish you happiness."

He looked at her again, again at "Does Natalie know about-

you?" he asked.
"She does," replied Sunny. "She knew it this morning before we knew it this morning left for the airport."

"This makes it perfect!" was all Monty could say. He started to pour another drink, then turned to the seated nair.

"Have another whiskey and soda
—this time for Nat!" he said, gaily
reaching for the glasses. In a trice the bubbling drinks were raised.

"A toast," demanded Jimmy.
"To Natalie," added Sunny.
"To all of us," corrected Monty.

At that moment the door buzze interrupted them. Their glasse aloft, they slowly lowered them Said Jimmy, "I'li go see who it is—

Jimmy disappeared toward the r. His footsteps were heard to followed by the click of the being unlatched. To the ears foyer, of Monty and Sunny came a voice low, throaty, intensely feminine.

"Is this Miss Wade's residence?"
the voice inquired.
"Why, yes," Jimmy was heard to

And is Mr. Wallace here at the moment?" the voice inquired again
"You're right, but—" Jimmy's reply was broken by the voice's third query.

"May I come in?"

Double footfalls could be heard in the fover. An instant later Jim in the foyer. An instant later Jim-my returned to the room accompan-ied by a tall, dark woman in silver fox cape whose face was indistinct behind a light veil. Her rich, con-traito voice filled the room atto abe waited for Jimmy to speak first.
"You are Mont Wallace?" she d manded.

"I am," replied Monty, "but who

are you?"
"I am your wife," announced the woman, simply. "Vivian Wallace, nee Morgan."

A bombshell in the room could have done no more to astonish

three. But the woman who called herself Vivian Wallace remained

herself Vivian Wallace remained strangely cool.

"This is an outrage!" protested Monty, recovering himself quickly.
"Scarcely that now," the woman replied in an even tone. "The outage was committed long ago-this but the sequel!"

And as these words hung poised in the tense atmosphere, Natalie burst into the room.

"Did I hear the door buzzer?" queried Natalie, looking about the room. Her eyes widened at the sight of the strange woman.

She turned to Monty. "Won't you introduce us?"
"Why-," Monty faltered,

Monty faltered, "This is Miss-er-Morgan. Miss Morgan, eet Miss Wade.'

fall all over again. Sunny dashed her eigarette vic iously to the floor.

"Let's not beat around the bush!" ne fairly shouted. "Don't tell us she fairly shouted. "Don't tell us what we're thinking and doing. What

this?'

what we're thinking and doing. What about you?"

"Yes—what's your explanation of this?" demanded Jimmy.

Monty took charge of the situation and faced his accuser.

"Out with it?" he roared. "What's your game—what's your racket! I never saw you hefore in my life and the state of the situation of never saw you before in my life and you know If you don't star talking fast I'll turn you over to the

Unruffled, undismayed, his self

admitted wife merely smiled.
"Still the same old Mont," she
countered. "When you have nothing to say, you just make a noise and try to bluff."

Monty clinched his fist. He lung dd at the woman savagely.
"If you weren't wearing skirts—

Jimmy caught Monty by the arm "Take it easy," he cautioned.
"We'll never find out what she's up
to that way."

In the midst of the din, a tele-

elares his love for Natalie.

Sunny attempts to drive Natalie from Monty's attention by climbing a high wall. She almost loses her vice filled the room.

to that way."

The dark woman held aloof, her brows arched. Again the throaty voice filled the room.

The dark open and the midst of the din, a tele brows arched. Again the throaty voice filled the room.



"I am also Mrs. Wallace," the woman said.

"Mr. Wallace has neglected to "He nention that I am also his wife." | Mack.

form words but there was und. She fastened her gaze sound. She fastened her gaze the other woman, then turned. on

"What is this—this trick!" she de-anded of Monty. "Tell me—what "Honey," began Monty, stepping

forward and taking her hand. is a puzzle to me as much as to you.

The woman claims the The woman claims that she is wife."

"Your wife!" Natalie cried, "but that's impossible." Her who fought against the thought. Her whole being

"I couldn't have married her,"
Monty asserted, then looking at the
woman he added, half-humorously,
"I could never have been that drunk!"

Up to now Jimmy had done little but watch. This latest sally from Monty seemed to relieve the tense-ness all around. Jimmy turned to woman,

"You're sure that I'm not the fellow?" he asked sarcastically. "I'm in no mood to jest," was the sharp retort. The woman drew to the farther end of the room, lit a cigarette, exhaled slowly Ιt dramatic moment, silent, deadly. The woman spoke first. Her tactics had the advantage of putting the others on the defensive.

"I suppose you all wonder why I don't shriek and tear my hair," she

began evenly.

"There's no need for histrionics"
she continued without a pause.

she continued without a pause.
"Mont," she turned to face him,
"you want to throttle me, but it
would do you no good. Being nasty
won't settle anything. I have good
reasons for coming here. You know
who I am—you must know what I
came for." came for."

Before other voices could break I thought sure you'd at least demand an explanation."

"We have something in common "Poor boy," laughed Natalie—
"compared the common "common "common "common the common "common "comm in, the woman faced Natalie continued.

"We have something in commo 

"What do you mean?"

broke in suddenly. But her words were not enough to still the other "I loved him once

him. And as for you. Give you Mont three weeks with another public hero lie's ey him. And as for you—Give you Monty looked squarely into Nata-traito voice filled the room altho she did not speak aloud. She had not with a good copy slant and you'd an answer but was compelled to

.

"Hello?" she asked, "Oh, hello Yes-yes

Natalie recoiled. Her lips strove Her face was toward Monty she listened intently. Without fur-ther explanation she hung up. She motioned to Monty as she left the

room. Monty quickly followed into the small kitchen. Natalie closed the

was Mack on the wire down at the news room," she said.
"He just told me this Vivian Somebody, was over to see him an hour ago. She handed him a sealed pack-et of papers with instructions to read them before the morning edi-tion in case he didn't hear from her otherwise." otherwise.

"What's Mack going to do?" Mon

ty asked.
"Not a thing, of course," Natalie reassured him.
"How'd he know it was about

ne?" Monty queried. "Mack didn't say—she probably

told him," Natalie reasoned.

Monty offered a cigarette. As
they both inhaled, he looked intently at the girl he loved. It was their first real moment alone since the brief kiss of early morning.

"Sounds like old-time 'meller rammer', doesn't it?" Monty com drammer', doesn't it?" Monty com-mented with a trace of a smile. He

became more serious.
"You don't believe any of this

Catching him by the

assured him. Catching him by the hand she continued: "It's such an obvious fake!" Monty caught her in his arms. They embraced. He kissed her kün-grily. It was so good to know she

trusted him.
"Darling," he whispered, "every minute you're more wonderful than I could ever have hand to deserve

"Well-not exactly."

What then? "You can't expect people to listen to such a yarn and not get even a bit curious, can you?"

"You can if the story is self-ex-

planatory."

publicity, was relatively distributed into the room. He addressed Monty.
"If you'll step inside," Jimmy explained in a slightly comic manner, "there's a delegation from the sheriffs office engengeed in the ante-

iff's office ensconced oom. And I think they're waiting "Looks like your amateur is rap-

"She'll just get herself into a bad mess—and give you a lot of free publicity," was Natalie's quick re-

ask.
"What did you mean by that re-

idly becoming a professional," was Monty's dry remark to Natalie as

"I'm Wallace," Monty admitted. "Okay, boys, take him outside."
"Wait a minute," Monty .com

edulously. "Nary a fight!" Monty assured,

"Gee! -and me wearin' this pair of brass knuckles all the way from the station!" was the disgusted re-

As he walked to the door, Monty turned to Natalie.

"Call the mayor in a couple of That'll give me a little time ax-and we still won't be late o relax—and we still won't be late for the party."

"You're on, Mont," Natalie called

back watching the foursome disappear into an elevator. She turned Her eyes fell on the strangely silent "Mrs. Wallace."

"Mrs. Wallace."
"Are you going to stand by and see him get away like that?" Natalic

my. She knew not what to think.
Evidently Monty's sudden adventure with the police would not provide any permanent escape from the designs of the woman who stood as her

Quickly taking leave of the three, Natalie jumped into her car, bent on seeing Mack Hanlon. Only a few hours had passed since she had talked with Mack about Monty's preparations for landing. So much had arations for landing. So much had happened. She sped along, refreshed by a cooling breeze. It was yet early afternoon. And in more ways than one the day had scarcely be-

gun. Meanwhile, back at Natalie's apartment, a different scene was taking place. Jimmy was not long in following Natalie, believing his greatest help in the situation would be rendered in the field, as it were. stuff, do you, Nat?" His tone was more anxious now.

"Of course not, Mont!" Natalie
"Of course not, Mont!" Natalie

leaves of a magazine.

Without looking around, the throaty voice of the woman address-

ed Sunny:
"I'll never forget your face when I walked in this room," the woman began. "You really didn't think I'd come, did you?"

"Of course not, you fool," was

ingry "I told you that I needed money, and I still do."

"And you think you can get it out of me?" inquired Sunny viciously. The woman had turned by this

The woman had turned by this time. She seated herself and profesceeded to light a cigarette, proffering the pack to Sunny. Sunny made no move and the pack was with drawn with a shrug. continued:

ata"My dear, you are going to help
for me. Let us understand each other.
to Let us be frank. We have—let us

say—some experiences in common, if he didn't send those plugugh 

dal into the papers and ruin not only Monty, but my father as well!"
"Not so fast," cautioned the oth-

er. "It's easy to see you've never handled these things before. But

handled these times but handled the you'll learn—I hope."

"What do you mean?" Sunny's tone betrayed a growing fear.

"I'll simply go to your father. Of course, he'li see my point and admit it—in cash."

it.—in cash."

Sunny was furious, yet she knew
that an angry display would do no
good. Her mood changed to one of
remorse. She almost sobbed.

"Oh, why did I ever go to New
York. Why did I.—" Her voice

Monty's dry remark to Natane as the three started back.

"Don't worry, dear," Natalie reassured him, "this is just another part of the game."

Monty faced a trio of men, obviously not intent on social formalities. The stubbler of the three adities. The stubbler of the three adities. The stubbler of the three adities. The stubbler of the three adities and the corner of his mouth not occupied by a cigar.

"Don't will did I ever go to New of herself."

Sunny's mind was speeding to find a fifective argument against this strategy which could only spell distance of his rounders, slumming with a gang of gay Park Avenue swells. You much might be used to make troughle three products and the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the specific products of the strategy which could only spell distance of the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the strategy which could only spell distance of the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the strategy which could only spell distance of the products of the pr mouth not occupied by a cigar.

"Is youse, or ain't youse, Monty weren't like me, you didn't belong ble?"

wallace?" was the terse interroge there. But now you're in it as much as I am as far as the public would in my life." Monty repeated,

care!" Sunny knew only too well the "You're wanted for assault and
"You're wanted for assault and
"You're wanted for assault and believed for assault and bel

a warrant.

"You're wanted for assault and battery and you're comin' wit us, see?" a taller limb of the law explained, none too gently.

"Assault and battery?" Monty asked, dazed. "Who ever said I assaulted her—even the I can't deny was glad she was leaving.

A moment later, the click of the fount door told Sunny she was at the contract of the cont see?" a taller limb of the law explained, none too gently.

"Assault and battery?" Monty asked, dazed. "Who ever said I assaulted her—even the I can't deny I thought of it?"

"Who's talkin' about a dame?"

"Who's talkin' about a dame?"

"The cubble one protested.

I thought of it!"

"Who's talkin' about a dame?"
the stubby one protested.

"All I want to know is did youse or did youse not, sock a coupla guys at the airport dis mornin?"

The room burst into a roar of laughter. Monty stepped to the side of the spokesman of the law.

"All right, boys, let's go."

"You mean—you ain't gonna put up a fight?" one of them asked, incredulously.

I front door told Sunny she was at last alone. She fell to the couch, sobbing.

She was still sobbing a half hour outer door. Sunny rose hurriedly, dabbed at her eyes and ran her langers over her hair. But she was more joyful than surprised to meet Motny so unexpectedly.

"Hello, kid!" was Monty's breezy up a fight?" one of them asked, incredulously.

at Sunny, then added:

"See here-are those tears?"

tenderly. "I can't believe you're feeling that badly over me—it must be just a case of nerves after all this excitement." Sunny half turned to take Monty's

arm.

a large arm chair. Monty talked "Sure, that's the trouble, much excitement. It almost got me too for a while. But don't worry. Nothing's going to happen— hope."

"Are you going to stand by and see him get away like that?" Natalic asked the woman.

"Why not?" was the offhand answer. "He'll be safe there, and when he steps out of the cell, I'll be waiting to put him right back in!"

Natalic turned to Sunny and Jimmy. She knew not what to think. Evidently Monty's sudden adventure with the police would not provide!

The availance."

"Are you going to happen— hope."

"In thought you were in jail," she began, "did Nat fix thigns?"

"That's just it," Monty confided.

"I don't know who did. Fact is, those phony cops didn't even take me to the station. They drove me across town, stopped and invited me to go my way. Naturally, I couldn't refuse,"

The availance."

The explanation puzzled Sunny. Surely, in this chain of strange happenings, Monty's adventure was the

strangest of all.

Then in a flash Sunny saw it all. "Why, Mont," she exclaimed.
"Don't you remember? The phone call from Mack Hanlon? I wonder "Don"

LWHO WAS

BENJAMIN

**RUSH?** 

around to get you away from heart
"Wity not?" agreed Monty. "In
perfectly willing to hand the you
quets to Mack until a more descri
ing candidate pops up!".

Sunny's thoughts had
already

Sunny's thoughts had already passed on to other things. Rera alone with Monty, she could certain ly find a way to extricate hered from a precarious position. At fine she considered telling Monty th whole story, confessing her part is the tangled web. But something within her forbade such candor. In moment she had decided and launched her campaign

"Mont," she began evenly, " are you going to do about this wo.

Monty thought for a moment then replied quickly, "Nothing."
"If I fight back, she'll have something on which to hang her claims,"
Monty reasoned. "If I play possum. she'll soon get tired of flailing the

would in wife, Monty repeated, "and even if she does have something that can be twisted around as fake endandid-myself in the clinches."

Sunny pondered a moment. It was quite obvious that any campaign to talk Monty into capitulation was bound to lose. She tried a last resort.
"Why not settle with her, just to

why not settle with her, just to avoid annoyance?" Sunny's evident eagerness betrayed her. "Why are you so anxious to see me give this girl hush-money?" Monty demanded, his eyes narros.

ing as he looked at her. Sunn winced. The shot had hit too close.
"Well," she began slowly, "I simply thought that if you could keep out of trouble—without paying too much, of course-you'd not be riskyour own account, but for well." ing a nasty scandal, not only

The mention of Sunny's father, backer of the world flight, shed a new light on the situation for Mon-Sunny smilled weakly. She nodded egatively, but Monty tilted her face was not solely responsible for what might happen to his name. Consumer with the matter?" he asked winced that he could "take care of the consumer to her was not solely responsible for what might happen to his name. Consumer to her was not solely responsible for what might happen to his name. Consumer to her was not solely responsible for what might happen to his name. was not solely responsible for what might happen to his name. Con-vinced that he could "take care of himself," yet he had no right to risk his sponsor, to risk spoiling the name and reputation that the Sunny Marion had traced around the world.

on had traced around the world.

"Maybe you're right," Monty halfadmitted. "Perhaps I'd better talk
things over with The Boss. If he
agrees with my policy, we'll lay low
and see what happens. But if he's
inclined to feel the way—" They walked together toward

Sunny had suddenly turned pale. Here was an unexpected twist to he plan. If Monty went to her Father would surely mean an eventual meeting the older Marion and the woman. That the woman would not hesitate to use her knowledge of Sunny's affair as a club to force Marion into line was a foregone conclusion. Sunny was desperate. There was no alternative now than

tell Monty the truth. (CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Each year in New York State, the damage to sheep and wool by lice and ticks amount to thousands of dollars. The damage could be sened if growers dipped their sheep

What Do You Know About Health?

By FISHER BROWN and NAT FALK

TO WHAT DO THE SIRHS OF INDIA, ATTRIBUTE DIENA GREAT SIZE AND STRENGTH?



Independenc (Mrs. Floyd Clarks, Rep

Aug. 23.-Mrs. Fred Up Union spent Thursda

West Union spent Thursda Jarvis Wallace. Mrs. R. E. Spicer, Mrs. P. cent and Paul, Jr., Mrs. Ma-dall and Mrs. Floyd Clark on Mrs. Hattie Crandall an-in Alfred, Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clar-guests over the week-end of Mrs. George Burdic at Osy Control Company. Mrs. George Burdic at Ose Mrs. Frank Nye returne Orchard Park Wednesday. Orchard Park Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis if
ily, also Miss Barbara Bass
in Buffalo Thursday attend
graduation of John Lewis.

Mrs. S. W. Clarke return the Jones Memorial hospits Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Sp Himrods were guests of Mrs. R. E. Spicer Tuesday a

S. W. Clarke return

nesday.

Mrs. R. E. Spicer is in this week helping with an e the fair.

Mrs. Mary Crandall, with Mrs. Mary Crandall, with Mrs. Floyd Clarke entertain pienic dinner Sunday her and their families, Mr. and R. Crandall, William, Mr. Richard West, Mr. and Mrs. Crandall, Maxson, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Theron Jones and Joyce, Mr. and Mrs. R Spicer and Charles, Mr. a Paul Vincent and Paul, Jr., Mrs. Robett C. Spicer and Mr. and Mrs. Decatur Cla

## Slate Creek (Mrs. Raymond Stewart, I

Aug. 22.-John Mullen u an appendicitis operation a
da hospital, Saturday morn
to his nervous condition a
cold he is not receiving ma ors. His many friends will

to hear he is better. Richard Mullen, 14-month of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond I Bennetts Creek received a injury Friday night when a ed can of barn disinfects ed can of barn disinfects jarred from a beam in t pouring the contents on his ly burning his chin, lower neck, back and arm. His neck, back and arm. His old sister, Betty, also rece eral burns as it spattered They were attended by Dr Canisteo.

The corn cutters are played the corn cutters are played to the cutters are

start work tomorrow. Gra are stripping the stalks cles iage. They have already large patch of sweet corn

Stewart farm Mr. and Mrs. Raymond

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Dan Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. Mullen called on John Mulhome Friday evening. Sylvester King had the nto injure his hand while brush along the highway I He was attended by Dr. Canisteo at once, where it necessary to amputate the one finger.

one finger.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Rochester, Mr. and Mrs. verse of Canisteo were w Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hale, ; Mr. and Mrs. Milbourn and children and Miss Er Oaks of Hornell enjoyed dinner on Call Hill, Sunday called on Mr. and Mrs.

called on Mr. and Mrs. Stewart and family.
Floyd Bassett, who has fined to the house for sev is able to be about again.
Mrs. Anna Stephens is in Hornell this week.
Burdette Mullen of Creek was an overnight his cousin, Herman Mulle evening.

Mr. and Hrs. Lewis E and Mrs. Earl Hale atten horse traders' convention a Thursday.

Erma Mullen visited Mr.

Erma Mullen visited Mr.
Raymond Mullen of Benna few days last week.
Lawrence, Doris and Dor
er of Bennetts Creek via.
lotte and Billy Stewart, :1
ban Mullen, Mr. and
mond Stewart were caller
all, Monday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley I
Wilfred and William Rade. wilfred and William Radoc ed to Lake Demon, Sund Lowell Butler threshed mond Stewart, Earl Hale ton Stephens, Saturday.

Mrs. Ida Mullen of Fritamed to Greenward Fritamed Transfer Fritamed Tra

er sister-in-law, Mrs. Wi Scraps of soap put the

thed to Greenwood Fri

become soap chips

ng after