

Up in the clouds

by Beulah Earle

SIXTEENTH INSTALLMENT

"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 though I can't deny 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 this 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.

"Nary a fight!" Monty assured, solemnly.

"Gee!—and me wearin' this pair of brass knuckles all the way from the station!" was the disgusted reply.

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

"Call the Mayor in a couple of hours. That'll give me a little time to relax—and we still won't be late for the party."

"You're on, Monty!" Natalie called back watching the four-some disappear into an elevator.

She turned. Her eyes fell on the strangely silent "Mrs. Wallace."

"Are you going to stand by and see him get away like that?" Natalie 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!"

Natalie turned to Sunny and Jimmy. 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 accuser.

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 happened. She sped along, refreshed by a cooling breeze. It was yet early afternoon. And in more ways than one the day had scarcely begun.

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. Sunny saw him go. She returned to the room where Viv-

ian Morgan was casually thumbing through the leaves of a magazine.

Without looking around, the throaty voice of the woman addressed 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 Sunny's angry retort.

"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 time. She seated herself and proceeded to light a cigarette, preferring the pack to Sunny. Sunny made no move and the pack was withdrawn with a shrug. The woman continued:

"My dear, you are going to help me. Let us understand each other. Let us be frank. We have—let us say—some experiences in common, have we not? And this young aviator, who I must admit is quite handsome, works for your father. I know you have nothing, so I'm willing to make a bargain. Help me touch your young aviator friend for a few thousand and we'll call our own little deal square. And if you don't—"

Sunny broke in:

"If I don't, you'll drag this scandal into the papers and ruin not only Monty, but my father as well!"

"Not so fast," cautioned the other. "It's easy to see you've never handled these things before. But 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'll see my point and admit 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 trailed off into a bitter wail. The other woman was unmoved.

"Don't be a kid. I know you couldn't help what you did. You were just a sightseer, making the rounds, slumming with a gang of gay Park Avenue swells. You weren't like me, you didn't belong there. But now you're in it as much as I am as far as the public would care!"

Sunny knew only too well the truth in these words. Yet what irony to have her persecutor candidly avow her innocence. Could there be no escape? Must her own hurt be multiplied by hurting others?

The woman rose to go. Evidently content with one day's mischief, her mind sought relief in other surroundings. Needless to say, Sunny was glad she was leaving.

A moment later, the click of the front door told Sunny she was at last alone. She fell to the couch, sobbing.

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

"Hello, kid!" was Monty's breezy greeting. Inside he looked intently at Sunny, then added:

"See here—are those tears?"

Sunny smiled weakly. She nodded negatively, but Monty tilted her face toward the light.

"What's the matter?" he asked tenderly. "I can't believe you're feeling that badly over me — it must be just a case of the nerves after all this excitement."

Sunny half turned to take Monty's arm. They walked together toward a large arm chair. Monty talked on.

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

Sunny had recovered herself.

"I thought you were in jail!" she began. "did Nat fix things?"

"That's just it," Monty confided. "I don't really 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 explanation puzzled Sunny. Surely, in this chain of strange happenings, Monty's adventure was strangest of all.

Then in a flash Sunny saw it all.

"Why, Monty!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember? The phone call from Mack Hanlon? I wonder if he didn't send those plug-uglys around to get you away from here?"

"Why not?" agreed Monty. "I'm perfectly willing to hand the bouquets to Mack until a more deserving candidate pops up!"

Sunny's thoughts had already passed on to other things. Here, alone with Monty, she could certainly find a way to extricate herself from a precarious position.

At first she considered telling Monty the whole story, confessing her part in the tangled web. But something within her forbade such candor. In a moment she had decided and launched her campaign.

"Monty," she began evenly, "what are you going to do about this woman?"

Monty thought for a moment, then replied quickly. "Nothing."

"I'll 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 wind and either quit or make a fool of herself."

Sunny's mind was speeding to find an effective argument against this strategy which could only spell disaster for her.

"How do you know," she asked "that she hasn't something up her sleeve—something more tangible that might be used to make trouble?"

"I never saw the woman before in my life," Monty repeated, "and even if she does have something that can be twisted around as fake evidence, I think I can take care of 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 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 narrowing as he looked at her. Sunny 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 risking a nasty scandal, not only for your own account, but for Dad as well."

The mention of Sunny's father, backer of the World flight, shed a new light on the situation for Monty. He began to remember that he was not solely responsible for what might happen to his name. Convinced 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.

"Maybe you're right," Monty half-admitted. "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—"

Sunny had suddenly turned pale. Here was an unexpected twist to her plan. If Monty went to her father it would surely mean an eventual meeting between the elder 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 to tell Monty the truth.

THAD EURE, Secretary of State.

SEAL

Continued Next Issue

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrators of the estate of F. A. Brendle, late of Surry County, this is to notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned within one year from date of this notice or same will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons owing said estate will please settle at once. This the 8th day of January, 1938.

J. D. Brendle and Mattie Brendle, Administrators of the estate of F. A. Brendle, deceased.

Wm. M. Allen, Attorney. 2-3

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
Certificate of Dissolution

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greetings:

WHEREAS, It appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the Cash & Carry Stores, Inc., a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the Town of Elkin, County of Surry, State of North Carolina (C. C. Myers being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution:

NOW THEREFORE, I, Thad Eure, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation, did on the 11th day of January, 1938, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 11th day of January, A. D. 1938.

THAD EURE, Secretary of State.

SEAL

2-3

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1 tablespoonful lemon juice 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
1/2 cup cabbage, finely shredded 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces, or 2 tablespoonfuls sweet red or green peppers

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water, and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar and lemon juice. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. To serve, remove from mold to bed of lettuce leaves or endive, and garnish with mayonnaise dressing. Or cut salad in cubes, and serve in cases made of red or green peppers, or turn into individual molds lined with canned pimientos.

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