

RESORT HOTEL

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CHAPTER II
Bill Ware, the travel agent, sat at the little apartment at 8 that with another girl at 8 that the girls had scarcely put their dresses away when he rang. He had their aprons on.
Ann breathed. "I'd almost been Alice. You'll have to run to see the movie. That was from the travel bureau is to try to change my mind about to go to Lake Racine." He thinks I to go to Lake Racine."
Ann eyed her knowingly. "Are you this hasn't all the marks of a budding romance."
"Of course not!" Ann said. "It takes me time. He's only the there. No romance about him. going to the seashore to catch aught in abiding armor."
Let William Ware in. Ann will by her glance that she ap- of him. But young Mr. Ware very business-like with his satch- He went to the desk-table and taking out folders and leaf- arranging them in neat rows.
Bill didn't see Alice get out of the so zealous he had become in his to sell Ann a vacation at Racine. His talk abounded enthusiasm and salesmanship. He also he turned to saw Ann and he looked around and that the other girl had gone. suddenly, his whole manner changed. The salesmanship van- and he was laughing with her. After the day's work is over it's to get out of harness," he said. He talked less glibly, less like a man.
His manner became almost awk- but it was an attractive awk- because of his clean-cut looks. His blue eyes held a light in them.
Bill Ware, must I really go to Racine?" Ann said, eyeing him. "I had planned to go to the seashore, but you insist—"
He was laughing at her. He flush- ed, and she was sorry for it.
"All right," he said. "All day in the office nobody calls me any but Mr. Ware. I'm human, I like to be with pretty girls." Ann said archly. Somehow she hadn't been considering him in a little light. Out of sheer curi- osity let her eyes meet his again. found it hard to escape his im- pression.
He was lonely. Ann had a loneliness in a city teeming millions. It was truly hard to find the right people—the people wouldn't use you, or consider you used by your intrusion into their lives. A city, she knew, was the loneliest place in the world. haven't had much time for love or despair in the heroine's life. Ann let him close his hand over hers. It pleased her to know that he cared a little. He was just plain Bill who wanted to hold her hand at the movies.
(To Be Continued)

Visitors Listed

By Drain People

DRAIN, Aug. 4.—(Special).—Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Cleveland and two children of Royman, Wash., and Miss Margaret Hedden of Portland were guests from Thursday until Sunday of the ladies' mother, Mrs. J. W. Bosley. Miss Hedden went home with the Clevelands and will visit them and another sister during the rest of her vacation.
Mrs. Marie Halgren who had visited in Washington, stopped off here on her day home to California and visited her uncle, Frank Kenny and wife at the Ida Patchen home.
Visits from Portland
W. W. Kent of Portland visited in Drain last week with relatives.
Mr. and Mrs. Myron Blackwell of Creswell visited Sunday here with friends, and attended the Douglas county convention of Christian churches held at Yoncalla, Monday.
Will Carer, sawyer at the Whipple mill, had the misfortune to get his left hand caught in the planer Monday morning, and the hand was cut off just below the thumb. He was taken to the hospital in Eugene.
Mrs. Grace Moorman who has clerked in the Redford store for seven years has taken a position in the Totem Inn. Mrs. Gertrude Wilder is working in the store now.

Junction City News

JUNCTION CITY, Aug. 4.—(Special).—Mr. and Mrs. Lee Churchill and little daughter returned Sunday from a vacation spent at Newport.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hansen and daughter Janice Lee, returned Sunday from a ten-day outing spent at Diamond and Crater lakes and Newport.
Harry Quinn has gone to Powers where he is driving a logging truck.
Mr. and Mrs. Morris Mitchell drove to Portland Sunday and spent the day with their daughters Rose, and Sadie.
Mrs. Helen Martin of San Francisco is spending a few days with her brother, Claude Washburn and Mrs. Washburn.

In 1935, only 36.2 per cent of the American marine trade was carried on American ships. However, that was much better than the 3.7 carried in 1910.

Presence of explosive gases in mines, etc., before they become thick enough to be dangerous, is detected by a recently perfected device.

The dull red tint of the Red Sea arise from millions of microscopic plants called algae.

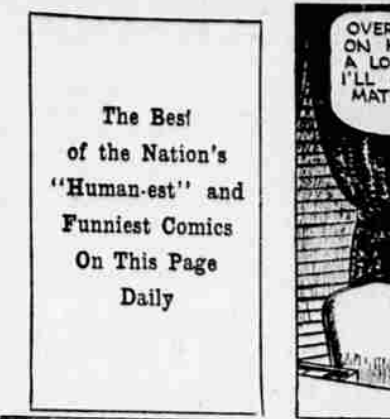


WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best
of the Nation's
"Human-est" and
Funniest Comics
On This Page
Daily



Human Bloodhounds

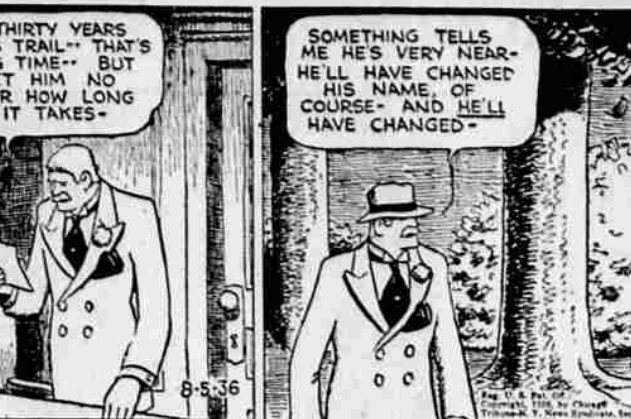
OVER THIRTY YEARS ON HIS TRAIL—THAT'S A LONG TIME—BUT I'LL GET HIM NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES.

SOMETHING TELLS ME HE'S VERY NEAR—HE'LL HAVE CHANGED HIS NAME, OF COURSE—AND HE'LL HAVE CHANGED—

BUT I'LL KNOW HIM—NO DISGUISE COULD EVER HIDE HIM FROM ME—

WHILE NOW WE TURN FOR A SECOND FOR JUST A FLASH OF OUR MYSTERIOUS FRIEND, FRED FREE—

JUST AS I THOUGHT—NO ONE HERE SINCE THAT DAY—PLENTY GOLD IN HERE—BUT WHAT A LOT AFTER IS WORTH A LOT MORE THAN ANY GOLD—



By HAROLD GRAY



THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring **POPEYE**

MOO-RAY! I GOT A POPPA! WHEE! I GOT A O'L MAN

SHUSH, 'TIS NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT, QUITE A NUMBER OF PEOPLE HAVE FATHERS

YES, BUT I YAM THE ONLY ORPHINK LICH HAS A POPPA

AT LEAST I THOUGHT I WAS A ORPHINK—AH-OY, JEEP!



NOW SHOWING—"FAIR AND WARMER"

IS ME POPPA IN THIS DIRECTION, NORT?

IS HE IN THIS DIRECTION, EAST?

IS HE SOUT?

HAH! SOUT, EH? SWELL! I'LL GET GOIN' RIGHT AWAY!



TOMORROW—"THE BLOCK OFF THE OLD CHIP"

By E. C. SEGAR

By ALEX RAYMOND



SECRET AGENT X-9

DO YOU CHECK ON THAT CHEEKY DAME WITH THE KID IN ROOM 16?

YES, SIR—SHE'S ALL RIGHT—JUST GOT A JOB AS A LOCAL TELEPHONE GIRL—THERE SHE IS NOW!

AH, MISS HILTON! I HOPE YOU WILL OVERLOOK THE RUDENESS OF MY CLERK—I ASSURE YOU—

I DON'T MIND, I'M USED TO PEOPLE BEING INQUISITIVE—I'M THE NEW INFORMATION GIRL THE TELEPHONE COMPANY SENT HERE!



She's Got His Number!

I DON'T LIKE THAT MAN!

YOU MUSTN'T SAY YOU DON'T LIKE ANYBODY, BILLY, WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW THEM!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF MAKING A PLAY FOR THAT DAME?

AW, GO AWAY AND FORGET YOURSELF. I WANT TO KNOW EVERYBODY WHO COMES HERE AND WHY—DAMES OR NO DAMES!



By ALEX RAYMOND



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

FERDY!!!! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I SAID I'M STAYIN' RIGHT HERE



Of All Things

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND?

NOW! ALL I'VE LOST IS MY PATIENCE! I'M SICK N'TIRED OF HAVIN' YOU GALS CHIRP ABOUT TH' HE-BOYS IN HISTORY! THEY DID THIS—N'THEY DID THAT!!! WELL—THAT'S JUST WOT I'M GONNA DO



By MARTIN



WASH TUBBS

RELEASE ME, YOU RUFFIANS!

DRAG 'IM OUT, BOYS, AN' ROLL 'IM IN THE DUST.

WE'LL LEARN HIM TO WEAR FLOWERS AND SPATS IN THIS HEAT TOWN.

HEY, WOT'S UP?

HE'S A DUDE NAMED C. HOLLIS WALLIS, SHERIFF, WE'RE JUST MESSIN' HIM UP A LITTLE.



Kindred Souls

HE'S A DAD-BURNED SISSY, THAT'S WHUT HE IS. LOOK! HE CARRIES A CANE.

A CANE?

WHY, YOU BANDY-LEGGED HOOT-OWL, SO DO I! NOBODY KIN INSINUATE THAT I'M A SISSY.



BY CRANE



OUT OUR WAY

OH! ROMEO, HIMSELF, HAH? WITH CANDY AN' FLOWERS, WAITIN' AT HER GATE! BUT I THINK ROMEO DID WASH HIS FACE AN' NECK.

OH, THIS AINT GONE AS FAR AS KISSIN'!



By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople

BUT—SPUT-T-T—SPUT—EGAD, M'DEAR! IT IS THE LATEST MODE IN SUMMER ATTIRE—ON COURT AND LINK—IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE—BUT YESTERDAY THE PAPERS WERE AGOG WITH TALKS OF INCREASED EFFICIENCY BY OFFICE STAFFS GROOMED IN BRIEF GARB

LISTEN, YOU BIG HIPPO! IF YOU WANT TO PARADE YOUR KNOTTY KNEES AND THREE SPARE TIRES, AT YOUR MIDDLE, IN THAT NEGLIGEE, YOU'LL MOOCH YOUR WAY OUT INTO THE GREAT OPEN SPACES WITH THE OTHER FAT TOADS, BUT YOU'LL DO NO CAMPING IN THIS TENT!



By WILLIAMS

