Rich and Reckless

By Mary Raymond © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER II

ERING signs winked fa- gle at Molly as she rolled Wick's smart car They mental visions she had seem unreal. In the she smiled a little. Brent ably right when he called her It had been silly to inveigle this adventure.

been nice to humor her but Poppy" doubtless wouldn't up. Tomorrow she would headache and wish she had home.

ow she would be a good girl to feel grateful for her easy, life. She would golf dutifully lunch with Brent if he asked with Donna for the Florida was planning. Donna was rest- lately.

of us is really living,' Molly ing. "We are only being bout by events, tossed around cloud that hasn't any re-

car had long since left surroundings. Out here in the e, it seemed spooky even beside her.

ect; lace for a holdup." Wick ently.

a funny feeling along my Molly whispered. "As though people must have passed same road tonight."

ome of them," Wick retorted, e kind of folks I'd like to ng here."

worry. I left my jewelry at

don't read the newspapers. can be most unpleasant, ly if you've left your money at home. Sometimes you get mp on the head or maybe a g with a knife. But luck's so far. That bright glow over the famous 'Red Poppy'."

• • •

y came nearer, squares of a long, low, clubby type began to prick the darkness

drove around the side where nd a motley assemblage of les. Some were rather swank, ced. Others looked as though e on their last legs.

was nothing unusual about except the dense woodland t and a sense of isolation. A ere, if you wanted crowds. e more thrilling things await- Frances had said this place ific. It must have points to be later.

's our cheerful choice.' Wick He helped Molly from the t too late to turn back," he

be silly."

a rotten reputation,' a feeling something's going ," Molly said in a low tone. ng out of the ordinary."

say I didn't warn you!" I wake up behind bars, I'll k and Brent wanted me to be irl and I wouldn't.' Anyway, id happen?"

.... police."

" Molly spoke with the one who has known only the protection of the guardians ere.

were inside now, and a tall, king man came toward them. Molly felt his gaze rest for t with sudden, sharp interest. nows I'm not a regular ," she hazarded mentally, "and I'm all set for something ex-

oprietor signaled to a waiter, ted them to a table.

curved her mouth downward to Wick her disappointment. d been stuffy, deliberately up an atmosphere which was collapse. There was absolute- g here to thrill or excite one. room had the usual polish- floor. A large revolving disc in the center of the cell- the dancing area in a flood rainbow squares. Mirror were set in the walls between nels decorated with vivid red

owd had not yet come to life. were sitting at tables indiffer- king at a quite ordinary show ed eyes. Perhaps after a while with hair like green straw crying in her cup and that with her would flourish a Brent's edition would have

usic had begun loudly, brassily ntently, but the tune was Nothing daring or sinister in

a dumb sort of place," Molly k. " The Red Poppy' Don't opium from poppies? The it. It could put anybody to

uld put people to sleep in re than one," Wick said, per- being stupid.

e gaze roamed about, and then rned with resentment. The had welcomed them at the staring at her intently. He another man at the table, who about in his chair and stared two.

uldn't tell Wick about these obnoxious men. Wick might magnify the incident and start something. She smiled at the idea. No, Wick wouldn't, but Brent, if he were here would be certain to start smashing things.

As though her thoughts had turned into substance, there—entering the room—was Brent.

Of all things! Coming here when he wouldn't bring her. But of course Brent was following her, dogging her footsteps, shadowing her, protecting her when she didn't want or need his protection.

"Look who's here! How did this happen?"

Wick's eyes traveled the direction of Molly's. He laughed. "It might be a coincidence."

"But it wasn't."

"The truth is, Brent called me and asked what I was doing to-night. I told him we were night clubbing."

"I won't have Brent trailing me like a bodyguard." Molly spoke indignantly. "I—you shouldn't have told him where we were going."

"Now, Molly, how could I know Brent would Lorn in? He isn't that kind."

Her eyes concentrated on the tall, blond young man who was studying a menu with such absorbed attention, so obviously unconscious of her. She was trying not to feel a sudden rush of pleasure, mingled with relief.

There was surely no need for feeling hot and bothered. The bold men who had shown such objectionable interest were now engrossed in conversation evidently having forgotten all about her.

The man she had mentally dubbed "the proprietor" was speaking now with a newcomer, who had sauntered by their table. The new man was young and very handsome, Molly marked. His dark hair grew nicely on a poetic kind of head. He was evidently a person of importance, judging by the interest of the group. All three looked pleased and excited. The proprietor was standing deferentially, talking in a low tone while the young man regarded him coolly, almost with distaste, Molly decided. Once he smiled, and she saw a flash of white teeth. And once he turned, and his eyes met hers steadily for a moment.

She flushed a little. There were lots of staring people in this place. And she was quite as mannerless, looking at others around her as though they were a new species.

• • •

A significant conversation was taking place between the dark-haired young man and the others at his table.

"What's the reason for getting me into these clothes the minute I get to town?" the young man asked in a low level tone.

"The same reason that brought you to town, that paid your train fare from Chicago, Nelse." Thornton Black, who was known as "Steve" to a small group of "special friends," spoke quietly.

"Cut the preliminaries. What wedding reception am I to crash tonight?"

"You're wrong this time . . you start your job right here. What do you think, Nelse, the girl walked in tonight! Looks like everything is playing into our hands. You could have knocked me over with a feather when she came through that door. You see, Nelse, you're graduating from petty jewel robbery."

The young man took out a cigaret and lit it coolly. "You're not talking to me, Steve. The word kidnaping isn't in my vocabulary, but G-Man is."

"Got a white liver, Nelse? Well, we're a cure for that. It's pretty strong medicine and you might have to spend a stretch inside some big house after you take it—"

Nelson Ferguson's eyes narrowed' "Somebody else might be keeping me company."

"Here, here!" put in one of the trio, a fat little man with an oily voice. "Is that any way for friends to talk? Nelse wants to be urged. He doesn't know what a big piece of pie he'll draw for his share. Only right, too, when he'll be taking the biggest risk. You could never make me believe Nelse would scare."

"Not scared," Nelse said slowly. "But this is a right pleasant planet I'm living on. A lot of the boys have left it recently."

"Those boys didn't have your brains," Bill Patrick put in. "Tell me which one of your absent friends could have engineered that Dawson deal except you and pulled three straight bank jobs without leaving a clew. Or made the police of four cities sit up and take notice for nothing. You've got to hand it to yourself. Those boys weren't as smart as you. That's why we sent for you. That's why we're willing to take a small slice if you pull the job."

"What job?" Nelse sat down.

"Know who that girl is I pointed out to you?" Black asked.

"No."

"They call her the Golden Girl."

(To Be Continued)

Upper Camp Creek

UPPER CAMP CREEK, Aug. 20. —(Special)—Monday afternoon a fire was discovered burning in the Andrew Fisher woods. The fire warden called for 16 CCC men from the camp at Wendling, and they soon had the fire under control.

Fritz Miller went to Portland Sunday where he visited old friends from Nebraska. He returned Monday afternoon.

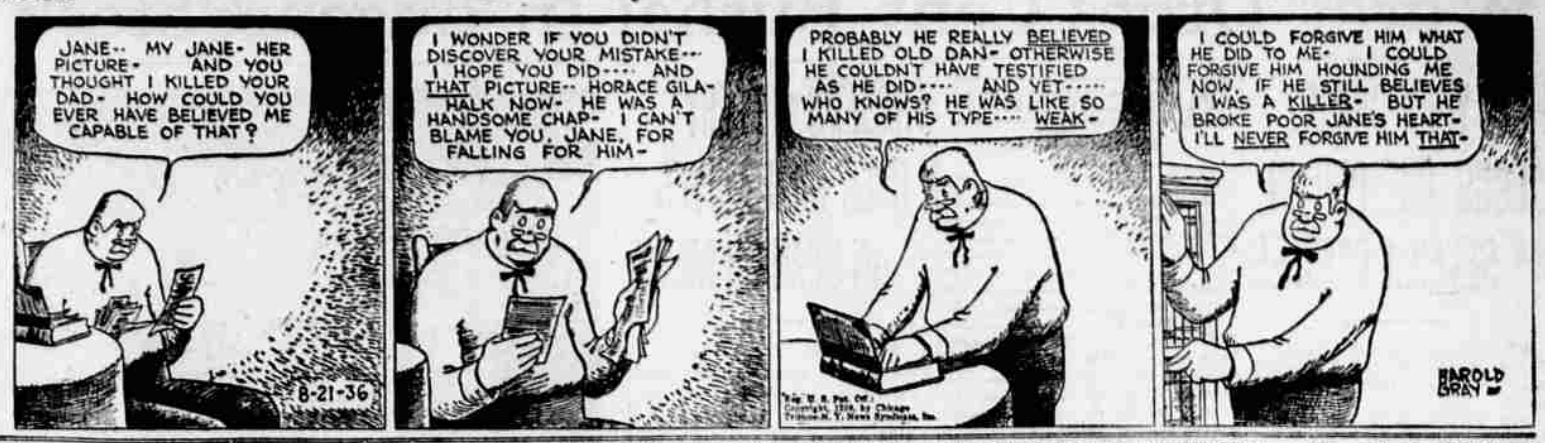
Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Wagner invited all the neighbors to a barn raising Saturday with a dance in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Wagner have moved into the new house recently built.

Stillman Daniels has purchased a new tractor to use in the logging at his mill.

Frances Tobey of Pleasant Hill is staying with Valentine Ray during bean picking. They are picking at the Stump yard.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — His Memory Book — By HAROLD GRAY

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



THIMBLE THEATRE — Starring POPEYE — NOW SHOWING—"SHE'LL TRAVEL BY RAIL, TOO!" TOMORROW—"THERE'S ROMANCE IN THE SEA" — By E. C. SEGAR

SECRET AGENT X-9 — The G-Man Gets A Clear Coast — By ALEX RAYMOND

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Oooooh!!!!! — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Lulu Belle Has It Bad — BY CRANE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - - - - with - - - - Major Hoople