

Rich and Reckless

By Mary Raymond

CHAPTER III

The Golden Girl, Nels, the fat fellow, the smile and the tone didn't go together.

She was who she is. Golden with her father's hair and her mother's eyes. She was a million dollars in the bank of life. She was a million dollars in the bank of life. She was a million dollars in the bank of life.

"No, maybe it was that way at first," reading about you, wondering how it would feel to be a man who could dance with the Golden Girl, take her out to dinner.

"No, the stranger replied. There was something exciting in the way he said it. As though he were leaving much unsaid.

"I don't agree," Molly told him. "It's ridiculous. You're right, though, about this place being stupid. I came here because I was told it was dangerous and exciting. I don't know what I expected. Perhaps that people would be throwing things at each other. Or the police would come in and round everybody else up but me!"

"What a nice, safe feeling!" His voice mocked a little. "You could never imagine the police looking for you."

"No, could you?"

"Not yet. But we never know what our impulses might lead to. I'm not conventional. And I know some unconventional night clubs that might give you the sort of thrill you were looking for."

"I've decided it may be better not to know."

"Nothing ever happens at Frenchy's—this place I'm talking about. He's just a broken-down old French aristocrat who feeds a lot of down-and-outs for nothing, and serves the finest French food and wine to rich people at prices high enough to suit them."

"Where do you work?" Molly inquired.

"In a bank."

So he was just a nice young man who worked in a bank and was dreadfully romantic about her. Reading all those newspaper accounts and wanting to meet her. And he was terribly good-looking.

"If," the young man was saying in a soft, urgent tone, "I had gone to Harvard or Yale or Princeton you'd have gone out with me. But I only attended the University of the World and was left out of the Social Register."

"That doesn't matter to me."

"You mean it?"

Before Molly could answer there was Brent. A most determined Brent, cutting in with a vengeance that swept her into his arms like a resistless tide. Cutting in could be done much more courteously than this stand-side-and-be-damned-to-you attitude that Brent was taking.

His voice was like ice. "What do you mean, dancing with strange men, you crazy little idiot?"

"Please don't talk to me as though I were still in kindergarten," Molly said. "And what right have you to assume—?"

"Don't pretend with me. I saw your face when the lights went on. I suppose this is a regular feature of the place, giving some of the patrons a chance to meet upper class in a democratic sort of way."

"You sound like a snob," Molly replied. "And I hate snobs. I don't know why I ever imagine I am fond of you."

"Then you do imagine it sometimes, Molly?" He had pulled her closer in his arms.

"Not when you talk like this."

"Well, whether you like me or not, you're not going to see that fellow again."

"Who's to prevent me, if I choose?" Molly's voice held a dangerous note.

"If I thought he'd dare to follow up and ask for a date, I'd wipe up the floor with him."

"You're no right to order me around."

"I have a right." There was a strange new note in Brent's voice. Molly's heart fluttered at the sound.

"What right?"

"The right of a friend who isn't going to let you make a fool of yourself." Brent said slowly, after a moment of hesitation.

"Oh!" So that was all. Molly said furiously, "I don't like being told what not to do."

It hadn't occurred to her before. But now she was certain that if Sam Smith—or whatever his name was—invited her to have dinner with him she probably would go.

(To Be Continued)

At Saginaw

SAGINAW, Aug. 21.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. English and children returned to their home at Hollywood, Calif., Saturday, after spending several weeks at the home of Mrs. English's brother, Ray Stewart and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Corbell and children or Dr. and Mrs. English were dinner guests at the Lowell Benton home Saturday.

Mrs. Bessie Fry and children and Mr. and Mrs. Everett Thompson and daughter and Mary Alma Benton spent last week at the coast near Marshfield.

The Ellsworth Ritchey family left for Wyoming last week, called there by the illness of Mr. Ritchey's father, Lawrence Monteith, Fred Kinland and Lyle Scott made a business trip to Marshfield Saturday where they purchased a new logging donkey.

The Don Horsley family and Forest Monroe were at Bohemia Mines picking huckleberries recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Benton and son accompanied the Marvin Harpole family of Cottage Grove to Florence Sunday.

Mrs. Lloyd Whitman of Cottage Grove spent one day last week with her mother, Mrs. Lottie Kirkendall.

MISSIONARY GROUP MEETS

DRAIN, Aug. 21.—(Special)—The missionary society of the Christian church met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Grace Henderson. A business meeting was held and it was decided that the ladies would not put in a stand during the fair. Mrs. Helath was leader of the missionary study, "Islands of the Sea" was the topic. Several papers were read. At the close of the meeting, the hostess, Mrs. Henderson, and Edna Harlan served refreshments to Mesdames Addie Bruton, Lulu Beasley, Gladys Helath, Mary McFarland, Lou Damewood, Maude Robertson, Maude Alford, Frankie Coons, Bessie Lakey, Ida Patchen, Edna Kennedy, Myrtle Davis, Minnie Barker.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

All the Way

By HAROLD GRAY

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

8-22-36

I'VE SURE BEEN THINKIN' AWFUL HARD— BUT I STILL JUST WON'T BELIEVE IT— HOW COULD OUR 'UNCLE' JACK EVER HAVE DONE ANYTHING SO BAD?

THOSE OLD NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS MAKE IT LOOK AWFUL BLACK FOR HIM— BUT I'LL BET YOU, SANDY, THERE WAS A LOT TO THAT CASE THAT NEVER CAME OUT AT TH' TRIAL—

IF 'UNCLE' JACK EVER DID DO ANYTHING SO TERRIBLE, HE MUST HAVE HAD A DOG-GONE GOOD REASON—... WHAT'S IT TO HARK, NOW?

WHY CAN'T HE LEAVE 'UNCLE' JACK ALONE? WHY KEEP HOUNDIN' HIM? NO MATTER WHAT HE MAY HAVE DONE HE'S GONE STRAIGHT FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS— WE'RE STUCK TO 'UNCLE' JACK, NO MATTER WHAT— EH, SANDY?

ARF!

POPEYE

Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING—"THERE'S ROMANCE IN THE SEA" MONDAY—"THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE"

OSCAR, WHAT ARE YA DOIN' WITH THAT PIECE OF GREASY PORK? I'M HAVING FUN— I SHOW IT TO YOUR GUESTS— OH, BOY, DO THEY GET SEASICK?

KIND OF A ROUGH SEA TO- DAY, AIN'T IT?— SAY, MY GOSH THAT SURE IS A GREASY PIECE OF PORK!

CAN'T YA JUS' IMAGINE THE FAT TRICKLIN' DOWN PAST YER WINDPIPE? UGH!!

WHY, OSCAR, YER BENDIN' OVER THE RAIL— YA AIN'T SICK, ARE YA?

OF COURSE NOT— I'M LOOKING FOR MERMAIDS

SECRET AGENT X-9

A G-Man On The Spot

By ALEX RAYMOND

WHY ARE YOU STOPPING HERE?

BUT, MISS— ER DOROTHY— SURELY, WE CAN BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED.

I'M AFRAID WE'RE TOO WELL ACQUAINTED ALREADY— YOU WILL PLEASE DRIVE BACK TO THE HOTEL.

SISTER— IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL!

X-9— LINE-UP OF DOROTHY CHANGE OF DRESS IS TRAPPED.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Ooooooh!!!!!!

By MARTIN

AW, HECK— THIS'S VERY S-S-SILLY— HEH HEH!

I'M JUS' SEENIN' THINGS! MEBBE IT WAS SOMETHIN' I ATE.

THERE ISN'T A LION WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES OF HERE.

!

WASH TUBBS

Poor Wallis!

BY CRANE

TWO DAYS PASS WITHOUT A WORD FROM C. HOLLY WALLIS, AND LULU BELLE CAN STAND IT NO LONGER.

BY GUPPY, HE CAN'T DROP ME LIKE A HOT PERTATER. I'LL—

WHY, WOT ON EARTH AILS YE? I—I DON'T KNOW, I FEEL SIMPLY TERRIBLE.

WHY, YOU PORE BOY! YER BILIOUS, NO WONDER YOU AINT BEEN AROUND. QUICK, SONNY, GIT SOME HOT WATER.

WOT YOU NEED, HONEY, IS A DOSE OF CASTOR OIL AN' SOMEBODY TO TAKE KEER OF YE.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

HEY, WHERE'S YORE HUNTER— TH' FELLER YOU BROUGHT ALONG TO SHOOT TH' LION?

I GOT TO GO HUNT HIM, NOW!

A BREED OF PREHISTORIC, TWO-IN-ONE MAMMOTH, NO DOUBT A HOLDOVER OF THE WILD WEST— ITS UPPER PART, WITH ITS TUSKS MISSING, MUST BE SOME SORT OF LEECH THAT FEEDS OFF THE LOWER HALF— PIDE THE DOUBLE CHINS AND WAVES OF GRISTLE THAT RIPLE AT THE GIRTH!

REMINDS ME OF A SCOW— WILL GO ANYWHERE, IF SOMEONE GIVES IT A TOW!

GIDDAP, DOBBIN— LET'S GO, BEFORE THE EDUCATED SAND FLEAS THAT HANG AROUND HERE GET INTO OUR HAIR!

JUST A BIT OF NAGGING

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.