

Rich and Reckless

By Mary Raymond

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CHAPTER IV

newspaper front pages were with details of a bank robbery. read them, but, despite the fact that she was sure it was going to be a dull day.

her date book were with minute recordings, very special events—luncheons, teas, dances, cocktail parties, large evening functions, even breakfasts that were giving for one debutante another.

breakfast. Brent had invited her. "You can have breakfast in bed," he said. "I'll have lunch and dinner with you and in bed if you're sick, too," he said. "I'll have breakfast with you if you're not feeling well."

Molly's tone held feminine logic. "You're against me," she said. "You're against me in general. I'd say your heart is full of holes."

had answered. "All that entering doors for you is to breed a for excitement. That must be a good idea, at that," she said. "All that entering doors for you is to breed a for excitement. That must be a good idea, at that," she said.

Everybody was taking a holiday. The seasonal social calendar was being "wakened up" by something to happen these days. Molly never does anything did happen with herself. Molly yawned the newspaper with its headlines about the bank robbery. She saw a telephone summons indignantly. Then her pulses leaped at a deep, strange voice. strange, for there was something familiar about that voice. It was like the voice of a cat. Not cool like Donald's, or silly like Hubert's. It lacked a teasing superiority. This was low and reserved and—yes, was certain of this—a little uninteresting.

interesting stranger. "Hello, Molly Milford," said, Sam Smith. "Hello, Sam Smith," Molly said. "Hello, Sam Smith," Molly said. "Hello, Sam Smith," Molly said.

at last my real name. It's Neil Whitaker. My friends call me 'Nell'. Won't you? There had been a pause between the first and second names, which Molly scarcely noticed.

friend? Molly asked, glad to see a stranger could not see her of color to her face. "Hello, Sam Smith," Molly said. "Hello, Sam Smith," Molly said. "Hello, Sam Smith," Molly said.

am I. I was wondering if I have dinner with me. But I can't. Impossible." Molly spoke in a low, hoarse voice.

mean you'll try some French?" The word fluttered in her ears. Brent would be furious, but right had he to dictate to her? It came out about 6. Or would he meet me some place down town?

considered this a moment. It was better to meet him down town. I could meet you at the side of Wilson-Mark's around 6. There.

dinner at Frenchy's—wherever Frenchy might be—she would wear a blue crepe with a cluster of white flowers at the neck. A small white hat and a white with the white fox collar.

chauffeur would drop her at Frenchy's around a quarter to 6. She didn't want even the chauffeur to see her.

finding Molly attacking her hair with a vigorous brush. "Just something to do," Molly said, smiling. "I'm fed up with around wasting time."

become of the Four Horsemen. Hubert bores me. Hubert bores me. Hubert bores me. Hubert bores me.

about Brent? Donna asked, looking Molly with amused eyes. "Brent bores me more than any of the other fellows," Molly spoke vigorously. "Brent bores me more than any of the other fellows," Molly spoke vigorously.

an excuse to drag a woman by her ear. Anyway, I've a new idea in my mind. He's handsome and witty."

can't quite believe you're together a new man," Donna drawled. "I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not."

toppled. Just leaning over a like the Tower of Pisa. "I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not."

put down the brush, sat on the edge of the bed and looked up at her lovely, candid eyes. She smiled. "You wouldn't understand. You've always been a model wife, too. Since I'm not, I'm going out to dinner with a man I ran across at the Red Poppy."

Molly's voice was a low, hoarse whisper. "What could Brent have been doing to take you there?" she asked.

Wick. You must have given

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Evil Day

By HAROLD GRAY

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

YESTERDAY HARK TOOK HIS STORY TO THE LOCAL POLICE. HERE HE IS AGAIN--

IF HE WERE NOT A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER, I WOULD KEEP SILENT-- WE WERE THE DEAREST FRIENDS-- OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO-- AH, DUTY IS A CRUEL MASTER-- I HATE TO UNMASK HIM, BUT I MUST--

BUT PLEASE-- I COULD NOT BEAR THE PAIN OF HAVING MY NAME EVEN BREATHED-- THE CREDIT, OF COURSE, WILL BE ALL YOURS--

YOU CAN TRUST ME, MR. HARK-- YOU'LL NOT BE DRAGGED INTO IT IN ANY WAY--

WHILE ON A WILD MOUNTAIN LEDGE DISASTER HAS OVERTAKEN OUR WANDERING FRIEND, FRED FREE--

AVAILANCE-- LUCKY I HEARD IT COMING IN TIME-- CAR GONE-- ALL MY SUPPLIES-- BUT WORST OF ALL, THE ROAD IS GONE-- I'M CUT OFF COMPLETELY--

BUT I SAVED THE TIN BOX-- AND I'M ALIVE AND UNHARMED-- HUNDREDS OF MILES OF MOUNTAINS-- IMPASSABLE-- BUT I MUST GET THROUGH--

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE NOW SHOWING--"THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE" TOMORROW--"THE UNDISPUTED CHAMPION" By E. C. SEGAR

MY GOSH, I JUST CAN'T GET OVER THAT FACE! YA MEANS OLIVE'S CHAPERON? YEAH, HA! HA!

IT KEEPS ME IN A GOOD HUMOR! HAW! HAW! HEY, LUCY!

THAT FACE, LUCY. HAW! HAW! WHERE DID YOU GET IT? HONEST, IT'S SOMETHING-- OH, WHAT A PAN!

WAIT THERE, OSCAR-- I'LL BE RIGHT BACK

HA! HA! HO! HO! ARE! ARE! HEE! HEE! HAW! HAW!

WHY, THAT DAME MUST BE CRAZY-- WHY'D SHE HAND ME A MIRROR? I DON'T GET IT

SECRET AGENT X-9 The G-Man Demands a Show-Down By ALEX RAYMOND

KEEP YOUR HANDS UP, MISS! AND DON'T MAKE AN OUTCRY!

X-9, REALIZING HE IS TRAPPED PREPARES FOR AN EMERGENCY

SO THE LITTLE GROCERY-MAN'S PLAYING COWBOY AND INDIAN AGAIN!

OH, YOU! I'M SORRY, MISS HILTON-- YOU SEE I--ER--

I SEE NOTHING BUT A COMMON THIEF IN MY ROOM! I'LL CALL THE MANAGEMENT!

I DON'T THINK YOU WILL-- FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION! YOU'RE UNDER SUSPICION!

A G-MAN! WELL! BUT WHY PICK ON ME?

YOU'LL KINDLY EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE MAKING THESE NOTES ON PEOPLE HERE, INCLUDING ME! I TELL MY PUBLISHERS!

OH-- THIS IS TOO FUNNY! YOU POOR DECEASED MAN! WAIT TILL I TELL MY PUBLISHERS!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES Poor Ferdy By MARTIN

OW!!--NOPE, I'M NOT ASLEEP--AN' THIS ME, ALL RIGHT--AN' IF THAT ISN'T A LION DOWN THERE, I'M GOOFY

SAY, THAT'S IT--WHY, S-U-R-E!!! WHY HAVEN'T I THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE? I'VE LOST SO MUCH SLEEP I'M OFF TH' TROLLEY, I BET

N'STILL, HE SURE DOES LOOK REAL! BOY! IF I AM JUST SEEB'N THINGS, MY IMAGINATION IS A HONEY

WASH TUBBS Lulu Belle to the Rescue BY CRANE

UGH! THE VERY THOUGHT OF SOUP MAKES ME SICK.

PHEW! IT AIN'T FITTEN FER HOGS.

GET OUT, YE WHEEZY OLD GRAY-- SLOPPER, WHO EVER SAID YOU COULD COOK?

TRY THIS, HONEY. I MADE IT MESELF.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL, WHY, IT'S SIMPLY DELICIOUS. I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SUCH A MASTER OF THE CULINARY ART.

SAY, YOU ORTER TASTE MY BUTTERSCOTCH PIES. THEY FAIRLY MELT IN YER MOUTH.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE! MY STARS! WHY, THAT'S MY FAVORITE DISH.

OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . Major Hoople

I JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW SHE DOES-- I'M AWAY UP IN THE ATTIC, WORKIN', WE'LL SAY-- AN, HERE SHE GOES, OUT TO THE GARAGE, WITH NOthin' BUT TH' KEYS AN' A POCKET BOOK. AN' TH' GARAGE DOOR IS STUCK A LITTLE-- A VERY LITTLE--AN'

GET THAT OUTFIT OFF! IT'S ENOUGH TO HAVE YOU IN MY HAIR, WITHOUT HER, TOO! CAN'T YOU TALK?

EE-YAH! YODEL THAT'S A RARE PRINT A LULLABY FOR THE AND QUIET PHOTO HIM DOWN, ALBUM-- LIKE YOU DID IT TOOK THAT BOA A HORSE CONSTRUCTOR, T'MOVE THE EVEN OLD SQUATTER STOP OUT OF LIGHT A SEAT! HAS DIMMED TO A PALE PINK!

HE'S UP IN THE AIR AGAIN

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS