ACATION DIARY

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BY JEAN SEIVWRIGHT

CHAPTER VI

...ay: Never know much of ...ing on in the world . . . newspapers reach here in ...noon; but we're always too ...n the big dinnertime rush ...t all them. We depend on ...local news. Give him a look ...over or a place and he'll tell ...ooked about them. He's a ...hard chap, his face hard and ...like the granite rocks that ...of the tree-clad hillsides. ...h all his shrewdness and na... he's not much on deduction ...he wouldn't make a good ...though I'm sure there's ...one here.

...answer Gail's letter, though ...is what she wrote: "Your ...called today. You're a fine ...away without giving me a ...Roger . . . didn't know if I ...your address, or tell him ...out of town for the sum... Let me know how to handle ...situation if one like this ever ...again. He seemed disap... when all I said was, 'She's ...gone out.' Hope you've done ...to stop Angela's pursuit. ...She was here this ...with some of her friends. ...her sir, 'Roger has a date ...tonight. . . . I'll ask him ...reserving the booths for our ...Wake up and slip one over ...Irish piece, so she'll walk off ...sweetie."

...with Dick tonight . . . girls ...another blow for her friend. ...managed to get a couple ...with him. Dick tells me ...hard for me. . . . Miss ...discovered Roger and I have ...glad the girls up here ...thing about that episode. If ...for Dick I'd beware of Tess. ...to me!

...you're in luck. Dick raved ...all the time he was dance... ...me . . . don't think that ...complimentary—at least to ...

...Tess, you don't need to take ...this is what he says."

...don't I'm not so sure about ...heard Miss Pegler telling ...Dick that she was so glad ...here . . . that Dick was an ...friend of yours and she hoped ...have a chance to see quite a ...him."

...sir I'm so keen."

...Gosser, Joy, don't you ...Dick's the richest man you ...ever met . . . at least he will ...he gets his father's inheri... ...and then his aunt's. If ...paying any attention to me ...it wouldn't take me a minute ...to set my mind about him. If ...I'd a chance with him . . . ...course I like Jimmy, but ...never be rich".

* * *

...vestibule door opened and soon ...in the throes of the lunch ...After seating most of our ...Dick and Miss Pegler being ...usual table, I went forward ...two men. "Just casual cus... I decided, for I saw they ...suitcases in their car, so I ...them at a table for two. ...their presence would not be ...able to our swanky guests. ...place you've got here," one ...man said, after they had or... "Is this a summer resort?"

...to the tearoom caters most... ...private individuals who have ...summer cottages along the ...

...you don't take any board...?" the other man questioned. ...no! Nothing like that. There ...expect a little further up the ...if you're looking for a place ...in?" questioned the first ...

...Serene Shores is the name. ...I've never been there and ...know much about it, except ...has a wonderful location and ...beach."

...well, we might look at that," the ...agreed as I crossed to Miss ...'s table.

...didn't quite make out what ...of men they were. Usually I ...have all my customers almost ...look at them, for when you're ...you have a chance to study ...nature. Well, it is not likely ...ever cross my path again, ...if they decide to stay at ...Shores for a bit. Probably ...were just businessmen on ...

..., Cal," I exclaimed as I ...into the old man's workshop in the afternoon, "what can you tell me about Serene Shores?"

"You're not thinking of going there, are you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, that's all right, for I've never seen such a lot of tough guys as they've got there."

"Tough guys?"

"Yes! No one seems to know who the man is that owns it . . . In fact some of the folks around here are suspicious it ain't what it seems."

"Oh, goodness! I had a couple of customers today and they wanted to stay in the neighborhood, so I suggested Serene Shores."

"Well, you don't have to worry about that. If they're not the kind to fit into that place they'll find another. I reckon old Seth Bradshaw, who owned the land, didn't know what kind of folks he was selling to when that place was put up."

Friday: Walked across to Miss Pegler's cottage this afternoon (she invited me yesterday). Though she calls it a 'cottage' it looks like a mansion with its huge granite fireplaces, oriental scatter rugs, hand-woven draperies. She talked a lot about Dick . . . told me it was she who made him give up his job in New York.

"You know my dear, he was working far too hard."

"He did look rather worn out when he arrived," I agreed, though I can't imagine that work alone could give such a strange expression to any one's face. To my way of thinking Dick had a hunted look in his eyes, when he came up here.

"Poor boy, he really needs the influence of a girl like yourself. I'm sure association with you this summer should have a steadying influence on Dick . . . besides he's really fond of you. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have you marry him."

"Oh, Miss Pegler," I exclaimed, I can hardly see myself in the role of a mother and wife . . . guess going with Roger spoiled me . . . he's so different from Dick. "Strong, dependable" are the adjectives I'd use for the man I still love.

Our talk drifted to other things, to the charity dance that is being sponsored by Miss Pegler and other rich women in the neighborhood.

"I'm going to see if Mrs. Fenwick will let us have the teahouse for it this season. She usually does and the girls generally give their services in handing around refreshments," Miss Pegler said, as I left.

When I told Tess about this she was quite excited . . . said all the swells from far and near would be at it and for that one night a waitress is as good as a millionaire!

Made another interesting discovery when I was at Miss Pegler's. She's the executor who must give her okay to the girl Dick marries . . . still why should I be the backbone for a shaking reed? Dick walked back to the teahouse with me . . . seems to improve on acquaintance . . . told him about Peter's adventure at the haunted house.

"Digger here?" he gasped, and his face turned gray.

(To Be Continued)

Misses Brendel Go On Visit North

VIDA, July 21.—(Special).—Barbara and Helen Brendel have left for Onalaska, Wash., where they will visit at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Norman Peterson. They accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Courtright of Wendling, who spent the week-end visiting at the Peterson home.

The vacation Bible school conducted by Miss Geraldine Fotheringham of Merrill and Miss Ingen Hendrickson of Grants Pass, closed on Friday with a picnic. On Saturday, Miss Fotheringham and Miss Hendrickson went to McKenzie Bridge where they will hold classes during the next two weeks.

From California

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lilienthall and daughter Edith and Miss Elizabeth Pieser of San Francisco arrived at Thomson's lodge Wednesday, after having spent several weeks in Washington and Canada.

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