

Resort Hotel

By DECK MORGAN

CHAPTER I-A

THE fact that this young man recalled her name, after seven years of planning her summer vacations, intrigued Ann instantaneously. She felt enormously flattered!

"Last summer you went to the Maine woods," he went on glibly. "Let's see—you stayed at one of the Rangleys Lakes. A dude ranch affair."

Ann's face was positively radiant. "Yes!" she said. "I enjoyed it very much. And thanks for the special attention you gave me. It was very nice of you to have them meet my train at that hour of the morning! But I didn't think you'd remember me. All these office girls—"

The young man flushed, and then he seemed to single her out from all the other vacationers whose summer trips he had planned.

"I've been selling you vacations for a long time, haven't I?" he said.

He looked at her. It was a long, searching look, in the course of which their eyes met and held. Suddenly both looked away and blushed.

Something had happened in that moment, Ann realized. Always before when she had come to the travel bureau she had been the customer, a girl capable of paying her way on a vacation. He had been the man behind the counter. It was Bill Ware who first realized that this anonymity couldn't endure any longer. He had to know this girl!

As he talked he couldn't keep his eyes from her. His glib travel talk became hesitant and confused. His praise of this and that vacation resort seemed pathetically weak. He dropped folders. Suddenly he realized that he wasn't "selling her." She wasn't receiving his suggestions in a favorable light.

"But I went to a mountain resort three summers ago," Ann said. "I like a new place every year. Perhaps the seashore. Cape Cod."

Ann had always picked the small resort hotels where she thought she would make the most friends. In Ann's adventurous mind this meant meeting men, for there was a practical bent to her day-dreaming. She tried to avoid the de luxe hotels where a still decorum would keep her from meeting people easily.

She liked those hotels where the easy camaraderie of games prevailed—swimming, tennis, and boating. The amiable hostess at the little hotels always introduced her to other vacationers.

The girls in the office thought it difficult to meet the right men in the city. Young men who had to stay on their toes all day long to keep their jobs didn't have the time or energy to make satisfactory suitors. On vacations they seemed more susceptible, so Ann and her friends thought.

Actually Ann had frequented resort hotels long enough to sense the frequent dangers in vacation romances. But she liked to entertain the ideal of romance in the more glamorous spots endowed by nature. It made her day-dreams more real and eased the tedium of unvarying months in a business office.

Bill Ware's voice fairly glowed with enthusiasm now. "Why, I should think Lake Racine would be the very place! Swimming, boating, climbing. The Adirondacks are always cool—"

"But I have spent one vacation at Lake Racine," Ann said pertly. "I think I'll go to the seashore."

The young clerk took this rebuff calmly and went on planning a trip to Lake Racine for her. He painted a word picture of the cool mountain lake, his voice mounting to a crescendo until it seemed that he was rhapsodizing the resort.

"Why, I just sold Lake Racine to Jaime Laird, the young sportsman whose pictures you see in the magazines. Not a minute ago. And he's been everywhere!"

He said, "Oh!" and followed her toward the door. He was dreadfully afraid lest he should lose her. "I could come to your address tonight, and plan your vacation trip!" he said, his eyes beaming. "I'll bring my satchel along with all the details. About the hotels—the works."

He looked so genuinely disturbed that Ann couldn't refuse. She handed him her card and hurried on, thinking, "What a strange young man—to come to life after all these years. Why, he seemed almost human! But I hope he won't try salesmanship on me. I have a mind of my own. I'm going to the seashore."

(To Be Continued)

Adrian, Mich., farmers abandoned their annual picnic. They should have given it a try, anyway; it might have brought rain.

A Detroit reader asks "what causes red specks on the body," but fails to reveal what she paid for her bathing suit.

NO FUDGING



Judges checked up throwing events with this new instrument in the Amateur Athletic Association championships at White City, London. Great Britain's Olympic team was chosen in the meet.

Held in Stabbing



Frank J. Hefflin, held by Los Angeles police in connection with the fatal stabbing of Mrs. Dorothy Corcoran, former film extra. He told police she stabbed herself after a lovers' quarrel.

Figure on Shrine Resembles Bishop



Bearing a resemblance to Bishop Michael Gallagher, friend and ecclesiastical superior of Father Charles E. Coughlin, this relief is the central figure on the tower of the radio priest's new Shrine of the Little Flower at Royal Oak, Mich. The Detroit bishop recently sailed for Rome, where, it was rumored, he might discuss Father Coughlin's political activities with the Pope.

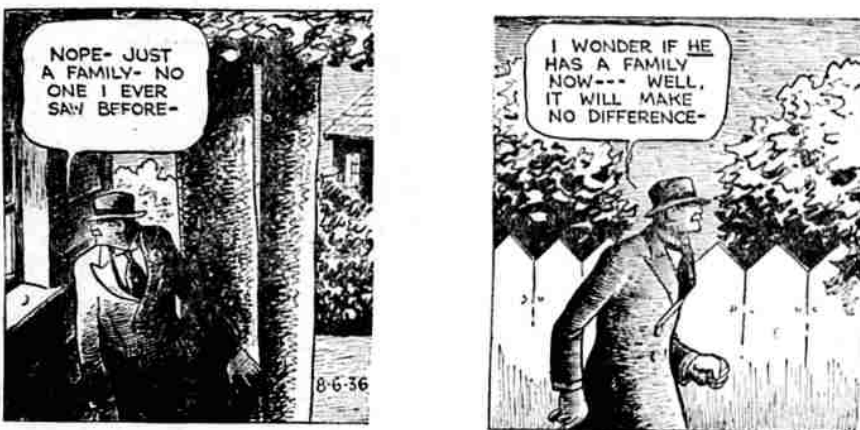
OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

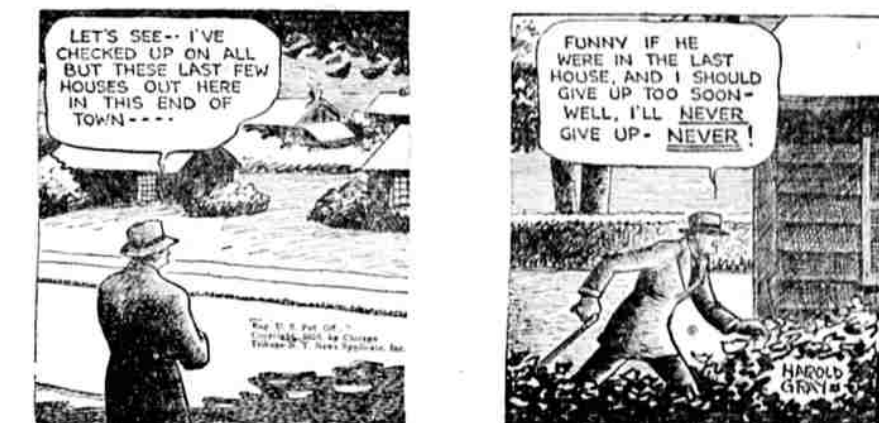
BY J. R. WILLIAMS



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BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

