

RESORT HOTEL

by Deck Morgan

BEGIN HERE TODAY
ANN HAMILTON, pretty young secretary in a large business office, goes to a travel agency to make plans for her two-week vacation.
BILL WARE, travel bureau employee, who has arranged other vacation trips for her, tries to persuade her to go to Lake Racine. Ann thinks she prefers the seashore.
For the first time Ann notices that Bill is a good-looking young man. Because she is rushed for time he asks if he can come to her home that evening to finish planning the trip. Ann agrees.
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER II
WILLIAM WARE, the travel agent, called at the little apartment Ann shared with another girl at 8 that evening. The girls had scarcely put the dinner dishes away when he rang. They still had their aprons on.
"Oh!" Ann breathed. "I'd almost forgotten. Alice, you'll have to run on alone to see the movie. That young man from the travel bureau is going to try to change my mind about going to the seashore. He thinks I ought to go to Lake Racine."
Alice eyed her knowingly. "Are you sure this hasn't all the marks of a budding romance?"
"Of course not!" Ann said. "It merely saves me time. He's only the clerk there. No romance about him. I'm going to the seashore to catch my knight in shining armor."

Alice let William Ware in. Ann could tell by her glance that she approved of him. But young Mr. Ware was very business-like with his satchel. He went to the desk-table and started taking out folders and leaflets, arranging them in neat rows. His manner was brisk. He didn't see Alice go out of the room, so zealous he had become in his efforts to sell Ann a vacation at Lake Racine. His talk abounded with enthusiasm and salesmanship.
But when he turned he saw Ann smiling at him. He looked around and saw that the other girl had gone. Then, suddenly, his whole manner changed. The salesmanship vanished, and he was laughing with her.
"After the day's work is over it's hard to get out of harness," he said.
Then he talked less glibly, less like a salesman.
His manner became almost awkward but it was an attractive awkwardness because of his clean-cut good looks. His blue eyes held a curious light in them.
"Mr. Ware, must I really go to Lake Racine?" Ann said, eyeing him askance. "I had planned to go to the seashore, but if you insist—"

SHE was laughing at him. He flushed deeply, and she was sorry for having hurt him.
"Call me Bill," he said. "All day long in the office nobody calls me anything but 'Mr. Ware.' I'm human, too. I like to be with pretty girls."
"Oh!" Ann said archly. Somehow she hadn't been considering him in a romantic light. Out of sheer curiosity she let her eyes meet his again. She found it hard to escape his impetuous regard.
Perhaps he was lonely. Ann had known loneliness in a city teeming with millions. It was truly hard to meet the right people—the people who wouldn't use you, or consider themselves used by your intrusion into their lives. A city, she knew, can be the loneliest place in the world.
"I haven't had much time for dates," he went on, still flushing a little. "Too busy at my job. I've always had to be on my toes, better than the guys who were working under me. Besides, I had a sid brother in high school. Supported him for six years." His eyes held a glow of pride. "Now he's through school and has gone to work. I have more time for frivolous things."
"You think girls are—frivolous things?" Ann said, smiling at him. For some reason she wanted to tease him. "By the way, are you trying to sell me a trip to Lake Racine or are you trying to sell me—yourself?"
He flushed again, and began to apologize. "I'm sorry. You know, I'm not at the office any longer—you're a pretty girl—I almost forgot—"

She eyed him sternly again. "Oh! Well, let's get down to business."
"Yes!" he said hastily. "Yes!" He began fingering expense sheets and travel folders. "I suppose you want the regular all-expense vacation. It's the simplest way. Pay it all in one lump, and then enjoy your vacation."
"It will have to be less this year," Ann told him. "We had to take a cut in the office."
"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said. He looked at her for several moments. "Gee, that's tough! I mean—just last week I got a raise. When I get back from my vacation—it's my first in six years—I'm to be advanced to the position of travel consultant." He smiled a little wearily. "It's just a title in the office, but it pays more. I can begin to think about—"

She smiled again. "Frivolous things?"
"You're making fun of me," he said, and his look fell.

SHE was sympathetic and sorry for him now. He really wasn't trying to slip or take advantage of this business engagement. Ann had known young men who would have used every specious advantage like this to further romance on the fly. Now she began to see Bill Ware in a new light. At least he was sincere.
"I think I will go up to Lake Racine again," she said. "Your talk has been very convincing." His voice was eager now. "Your vacation does come the first two weeks in August, doesn't it? That's when I take mine there."
"When I went back to the office this afternoon," she said, "I found that my vacation comes in July. I'm sorry."
He seemed almost intolerably hurt. All his efforts seemed suddenly to have no meaning. He fingered the folders absently. "Oh—I'm sorry, too. I thought maybe you and I—"

He couldn't bear to witness his disappointment. He looked crestfallen, unhappy, like a small, frustrated boy.
He was a nice boy, once he cast off the aura of the business office. But he was only the boy who worked behind the desk in a travel agency. She saw him almost every day in the year, as she walked up the street at lunch hour. She would never have let him enter her romantic dreams.
Ann had in mind a vacation romance—not the swift, heady kind, but the real thing. A romantic love, something that would last. Her eager mind conjured up scenes on moonlit mountain lakes. The men one met on vacation had a very special aura about them, like knights in shining armor.
But now she said, "I'm sorry—Bill."
His eyes lighted up. He and Ann seemed no longer to be miles apart. He began to talk about himself again.
"All these years I've planned other people's vacations. I've enjoyed their trips—in my imagination. I suppose I have a good imagination now. My idea of a swell vacation always included a girl—"

ANN put out her hand with a low boyish swing, and said, "There are lots of girls! You draw up the papers and I'll drop by your office tomorrow noon to pay the full amount. You know what I can afford—a little less than last year."
He stood up, his eyes wide, because he was afraid she was putting him out of her life forever. He fairly blurted out, "Say, I don't want to take up your time but if you're going to a movie, why won't you go with me?"
She looked at him closely, taking his measure. He was too naive and sincere to embarrass her. His abrupt manner and awkwardness rather pleased her.
"All right," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Sold again! Greta Garbo is right around the corner." "I like Greta, too," he said eagerly. "I like to see her in the big parts—classical roles."
Ann was already putting on her hat. Bill Ware reached for her coat and helped her into it—his efforts to please her a little jerky. When she was ready to go she put out her hand again in a friendly gesture. He took it and she felt his hungry, almost incredulous response. For an instant, before opening the door, they looked at each other with the understanding look that old friends have.
"Gee, you're swell!" he said. Ann softly laughed.
Once at the movie, during a scene of despair in the heroine's life, Ann let him close his hand over hers. It pleased her to know that he cared a little. He was just plain Bill who wanted to hold her hand at the movies.
(To Be Continued)

STAR EYED UNIFORM
Akim Tamiroff once wanted to become a military doctor in Russia so he could wear the uniform. Now he's wearing the uniform of a Chinese war lord in Paramount's "The General Died at Dawn," with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.

NEW KIND OF VILLAIN
Prohibition and the rackets that grew out of it produced a new type of screen villain, according to Robert Gleckler, who plays a race racketeer in "I'd Give My Life." Richard A. Rowland's Paramount production.

OWENS TENNIS CLUB
Ralph Bellamy, portraying the leading male role in Paramount's "Straight From the Shoulder," in partnership with Charles Farrell, owns a tennis club at Palm Springs, Cal., rendezvous of the film stars.

Flapper Fannie Says

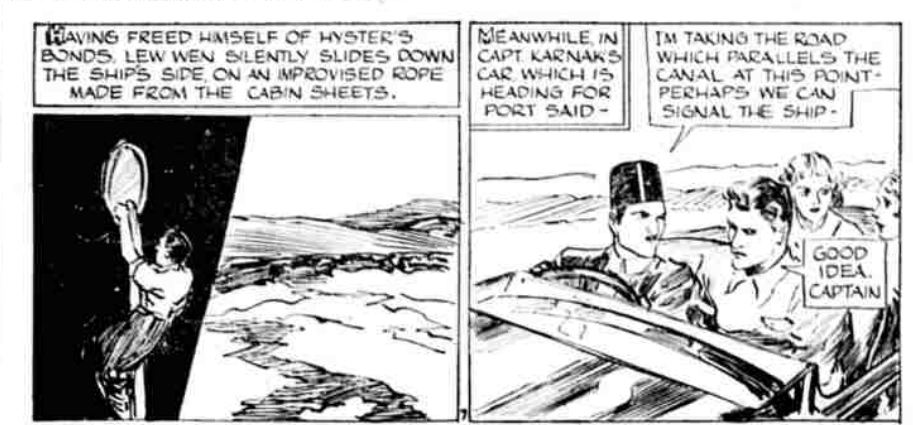


When people's ideas are in harmony, they can act in concert.

OUT OUR WAY



MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



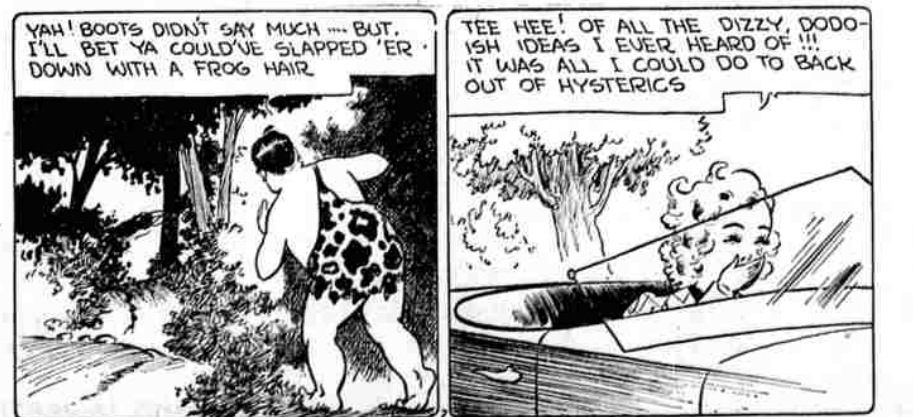
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TIBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

