

RESORT HOTEL

Deck Morgan © 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
ANN HAMILTON, pretty young secretary in a large business office, goes to the resort to make plans for her two-week vacation.

WILL WARE, travel bureau employee, persuades her to go to Lake Racine. Bill is obviously attracted by Ann, but she gives him little thought.

Ann goes to the mountain resort and stays in a lovely room. Then she meets RALPH SPRING, head bartender, who tells her he is not interested in girls. Ralph introduces her to JAIMIE LAIRD, wealthy playboy. Jaime is handsome and attentive. At a dance she meets LEFTY PONDS, married but attractive.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER VII
WHEN Ann came down to breakfast she felt that some of the guests at the resort hotel eyed her askance. She was sure she knew what they were thinking; she was the girl who was running around with that wild galoot, Jaime Laird, who lived across the lake at the Majestic. Flying high! They all knew who Ann was, what she did in the city, and how old she was.

She was wearing climbing togs. The porch sitters took up their positions and waited for something to happen. One or two genial old ladies dropped a stitch or two in their knitting when Jaime's long roadster came roaring around the lake, to stop in a whirl of dust before the Glenwood Inn.

Ann went down to meet him and they drove away on the Cascade road, toward the Marcy trail. Jaime seemed changed. Ann thought—or perhaps she imagined it—that his face had a little more color this morning. Perhaps it was the result of the crisp mountain air.

"Is this a very steep mountain?" Jaime asked.
"It's the highest in the Adirondacks," she said firmly.
Jaime pretended to faint, and she had to catch the wheel to keep them from swerving off the road. "You juvenile!" she said, laughing. "You perpetual clown."
He faced her. "Do you like me?"
"I'm afraid I do."

The climb they were attempting wasn't arduous. They were going only part of the way up the mountain. At first the trail was no more than a leisurely uphill walk. At intervals Jaime stopped and pointed out flora beside the path. Once they stopped to watch tiny lizards in the grass.

This experience was something entirely new to him, and he thrilled to it like a small boy. His face was flushed when they came to the roaring cataract which emptied one of the high mountain lakes called by the Indians Lake Tear-in-the-Clouds.

He leapt out to the big boulder in the very center of the raging flood, and waited for her to follow. Ann jumped, and he caught her in his arms. They were both laughing hilariously when they sat down on the rock-island to catch their wind.

It hadn't been a bad climb, and now they were enjoying one of the most beautiful sights in the mountains. The sun, playing about the peaks, painted them with a fantastic mauve and purple. The roar of the water was pleasant in their ears. A faint cooling spray came up at intervals to revive them from blissful lethargy.

Jaime smoked and was silent contemplating the grandeur all about. Ann leaned back on the rock, and watched the cirrus clouds chasing one another in the sky.

"You see how marvelous it is up here?" she said. "This is a real vacation spot."
"At least it's better than that dark little hole—the betting room. But it was too much work getting here!" Jaime smiled lazily down at her.

She sat up suddenly. "Jaime, why don't you do something? People love you. They are snared by your charm, but they want to slap your hands and say, 'Get some ambition!'"
Jaime laughed at her. "I think you like me—just as I am," he said, and moved to kiss her. "Conceded!" she answered raving him.

He looked genuinely hurt, and sat very still, hugging his knees up to his chin. "All right, Jaime will be a good boy."
He looked up at the trail which led toward the top of the giant peak and said, "Shall we climb?"
"Do you want to?" Her eyes were eager again.
"If you want to," he said with extreme courtesy. "I think I could go it until lunch time. After we've had our lunch we can start down again."
"Let's go!"

THEY came back to the little inn at a quarter to 4. Jaime went to his own hotel, pleasantly tired. He had to go to the racing room and see how much money he had lost on the day's races. He was losing steadily.

After a hot shower Ann felt refreshed and joined the crowd for tea in the lobby. It was hard to realize that she had arrived at the resort only the afternoon before.

The hostess, Aimee, was busy introducing new guests, and Ann felt like one of the oldest now. Aimee talked to her like an old friend. "We're going to have a steak roast on the lake shore tonight," she said. "Wouldn't you like to come, and bring your young man?"
"I'd love it," Ann told her. "But I'm afraid Mr. Laird is engaged."
A cheerful, masculine voice boomed behind them. "But I'm not, and I love steak roasts!"
Ann turned to see the stalwart figure of Lefty Ponds. "Oh, it's you!" she said. "Aimee, this is Mr. Lefty Ponds. He's a guest here."

Aimee gave Lefty a hand in her robust, friendly manner. "We'd be delighted to have you, Mr. Ponds."
But when Ann got him aside

on the veranda, she said, "You are persistent, aren't you? I thought we settled this last night."
"Oh, but you can't avoid me," he said easily, in his deep-throated, masculine tone. "An ex-football star—"

THEY danced once to the music from the radio, and then sat down on the veranda where they could watch the sun setting over the lake. The fiery red ball descended slowly into the greenish waters.

"Why do you married men think you have to kick up your heels like young colts when the wife's away?" Ann asked cheerfully.

"I simply like you," Lefty Ponds told her disarmingly. "I like to be with pretty girls. Is there anything wrong with that? But don't tell my wife." He looked darkly, and then laughed. "What's a summer husband to do?"
"Why don't you go fishing in the Maine woods?"
"I don't like fishing. I'd rather talk with you."
"You are persistent!" she said, and then she stood up and walked to the rail. "What's a girl to do?"

A canoe made its way slowly before the hotel, and from it came the haunting melody of a guitar. It was Ralph Spring, the head boatman, enjoying his busman's holiday. He stopped to wave up at Ann and then he was gone, probably thinking about building bridges down in Rio.

Suddenly she wanted to go for a swim in the lake. She turned to Lefty and said, "How about a quick dip before the steak roast?"
He nodded and, hand in hand, they ran down the path toward the docks. The station bus drew up before the hotel, and they stopped to look at the new guests. Ann's hand flew to her throat, and she went toward the blond young man who stood, with a suitcase in hand, beaming down on her.

"Bill Ware!" she exclaimed. "I turned the universe upside down," he told her, "to have my vacation changed, and here I am at Lake Racine. After six years of planning other people's vacations, the travel agent is going to have one of his own."
Lefty Ponds frowned.
(To Be Continued)

Teamed for Life



Horland Cliff, the Browns' third baseman, has a teammate for life. She is the former Cora Douglas of Yakima, Wash., which is Cliff's home town. The young couple were photographed following their wedding in St. Louis.

Flies GOP Word



John D. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican national committee, steps from his plane at Yakima, Wash., on a flying speaking tour of the Pacific Coast on which he is carrying the Republican message.

OUT OUR WAY

I FOUND IT OVER THERE IN A TRASH PILE A GENUINE OIL PAINTING—WHY IT MIGHT BE AN OLD MASTER LIKE COROT, REMBRANDT OR DA VINCI—WHY IT WOULD BE WORTH THOUSANDS OF A MILLION MAYBE—I'LL TAKE THIS TO AN EXPERT.

OW-COOH—ANOTHER LONG PERIOD OF MY LIFE RUINED. HUNTING REMBRANDTS AN' COROTS—BEFORE I HEARD OF THEM, I WAS FAIRLY HAPPY—I WAS JUST GETTIN' OVER HIS OIL FINDS WHEN HE BRINGS UP CORTOTS AND DA VINCHIS.

DURN THESE BRIGHT BOYS! ALL MY LIFE NOW I'LL BE TRYIN' TO BEAT SOME DUMB GUY OUT OF A REMBRANDT, FER TWO DOLLARS.

I STICK RIGHT HERE FISHIN'—YOU DON'T KETCH ME—SAY—KIN YOU SEE A NAME ON THAT?

HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

YES—UM-M—KAFF—KAFF—I HAVE BEEN PERSUADED, BY A WEALTHY FRIEND, TO SPEND A FORTNIGHT AT HIS 1,000,000 ACRE RANCH, HUNTING BIG GAME OUT UNDER THE STARS, IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES! EGAD, BAXTER—IT'S THE PIONEER SPIRIT IN THE HOOPLE BLOOD—IT WAS A HOOPLE WHO FIRST HEWED A PATH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

THE PIONEER SPIRIT—HUH—THE ONLY SPIRIT THAT'S IN HIM RIPPLED DOWN OVER HIS TONSILS—AS FOR WIDE OPEN SPACES, THAT TRAP OF HIS IS A PERFECT HOOKUP!

WHO WAS THAT FELLOW, DANIEL BOONE?

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

MYRA STEELS HERSELF FOR THE DISTASTEFUL ORDEAL SHE KNOWS SHE MUST FACE, IF HYSTER IS TO BE CAPTURED! SHE MOVES TO THE PORTHOLE THRU WHICH SHE HAS ENTERED THE CABIN.

HAD YOU NOTICED HOW BEAUTIFUL THE MOON IS OVER THE NILE?

MYRA!

THIS IS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

WITHOUT FURTHER HESITATION, HYSTER QUICKLY GOES TO MYRA'S SIDE AND TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS!

BY THOMPSON AND COLL

HE ATTEMPTS TO KISS MYRA, BUT SHE PUSHES HIM BACK AGAINST THE PORTHOLE.

AT THAT INSTANT, A STRONG ARM SHOOTS THRU THE PORTHOLE AND CLAMPS THE STARTLED HYSTER'S THROAT IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP!

GRAB HIS GUN, MYRA!

WE GOT HIM, THIS TIME, JACK!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

HM-M-- HARD TO GUESS WHAT WAS IN ANOTHER MAN'S MIND ON A NIGHT OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO-- STILL, MAYBE NOT SO HARD EITHER, WHEN YOU KNOW THE MAN.

THESE FINGERPRINTS IN BLOOD-- LAST FOREVER IN THIS DRY AIR-- AND TO LEAVE THEM ON THIS DOCUMENT-- HE COULDN'T HAVE READ IT--

BY HAROLD GRAY

HE MUST HAVE JUST STUFFED ALL THE PAPERS IN THIS TIN BOX, TOSSED IT FAR BACK, AND SET OFF THE BLAST THAT WOULD CLOSE THAT PART OF THE MINE--

FIGURED HE'D DISPOSED OF ALL INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE FOREVER-- HM-M-- FOREVER EH? THAT'S WHAT HE THOUGHT--

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

SH! HE'S RIGHT BELOW US... DON'T MAKE A SOUND! HE'D SURE GET US IF HE KNEW WE WERE HERE!

HE CAN'T GET HIS CAR STARTED!

I DIDN'T THINK HE'D BE ABLE TO! I JIMMIED THE IGNITION WIRES!

YOU DID WHAT?

I FIGURED MAYBE IT WAS THEIR CAR, AND BEFORE WE CLIMBED THE TREE, I PULLED A WIRE OFF THE COIL!

BOY, HE'S MAD!

BY BLOSSER

YOU SURE PUT US ON THE SPOT! HOWLL WE GET DOWN FROM THIS TREE, UNTIL HE LEAVES? AN' HOW CAN HE LEAVE WITH THE WIRES JIMMIED?

WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, IF HE DOESN'T KNOW WE'RE HERE!

WE'LL HAVE TO THINK UP WHAT WE'LL DO IF HE DOES DISCOVER US, FELLAS! I JUST DROPPED MY SAXOPHONE!!

WASH TUBBS

HUNDREDS LINE THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE WESTERN PALACE HOTEL.

HERE HE COMES, BOYS!

THAT'S HER!

WHERE'S THE FIDO YOU'RE SHERIFF?

WHO'S THE FIDO YOU'RE HOLDING?

GIT FER HOME, VE DOG-FACED DODDOS, OR I'LL RING THE CURFEW ON YE!

WOT'S GOIN ON, CHARLIE?

THEY SAY LULU BELLE, THE LADY SHERIFF, HAS A DATE.

BY CRANE

DOWN SKUNK STREET THEY GO, THIS HANDSOME COUPLE, AND INTO THE CRYSTAL PARADISE.

OH, MR. WALLIS, AIN'T IT SWEET!

WITH SUCH A CHARMING GIRL AS YOU BESIDE ME, MISS LULU BELLE, IT IS—AH—HEAVENLY.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

MMM-- THERE IS JUSTICE--NENOUGH LEFT OVER FER TWO OR THREE MORE MEALS! S'DERN FUNNY THEY'D LEAVE ALL THIS STUFF THOUGH.

THIS'S SORTA CHEATIN' BUT HECK--BOOTS WILL NEVER KNOW.

BY MARTIN

BOOTS, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY ON EARTH YOU CAME OUT TO THIS DESERTED PLACE FOR A PICNIC! THERE ARE OODLES OF PLACES, NICER AND MUCH NEARER HOME.

WHAT PUZZLES ME IS WHY YOU BROUGHT SO MUCH FOOD, AND THEN INSISTED ON LEAVING WHAT WE DIDN'T EAT! WILFUL EXTRAVAGANCE, I CALL IT.