

Rich and Reckless

By Mary Raymond © 1935 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER I-A

MOLLY laughed at Brent's reply. That was the nice thing about Brent. He understood, without being angry.

"Is it a headache, cold and rebellion that will continue until evening?" Brent inquired pleasantly. "Because it occurs to me at the moment that I'm taking you to Peggy Carley's dance."

"Good memory," Molly answered. "Your name's on my date book, too. As a matter of fact, Brent, I've decided to skip Peggy's dance."

"You can't do that!" Brent exclaimed. "Besides being a date, it's a special kind of date. You know I always spend your birthdays with you."

"Just an old childish custom," Molly replied coolly. "Anyway, I didn't say I wouldn't spend my birthday with you. I'm counting on your skipping the dance with me."

"Oh, you are," Brent spoke slowly.

"Naturally. You don't sound very enthusiastic."

"What's on your mind?"

"I'm planning to celebrate differently," Molly explained eagerly. "Frances Carter was telling me about that new night club near Beechland—the 'Red Poppy.' Frances said it was terrific."

"It is," Brent's voice came firmly over the phone. "No place for you to go."

"And why not?"

"You young idiot. That place is in danger of being raided any time. How would you like to wake up behind bars?"

"It wouldn't mind a bit. At least, it would be a new experience."

"Well, I won't take you to a place like that."

"You won't?" There was a dangerous infection in Molly's voice.

"No. Besides Peggy's party is one I can't miss. Perhaps it has slipped your memory that I'm doing the alteration on the Carter country place."

"Business before pleasure, of course. I'm not going to the Carters' tonight. Why don't you ask Evelyn Lester to take my place? She adores dances—and you."

"Am I to understand you don't?" Brent laughed.

Molly considered a moment. "I don't adore dances tonight, and I adore you only with qualifications."

"Be reasonable, Molly!"

"Hope you like the dance," Molly said.

Brent seemed brightly uncrushed. "See you soon."

gled a dreadful looking miniature knife. Another miniature gentleman never could be made to stand on his legs, but toppled and staggered in the most inelegant manner.

Molly regarded one of the tiny actors with suspicious eyes. A golden-haired puppet staring out at the scene with wide, excited eyes. "Might as well be tagged 'Molly,'" she thought.

"Stay home, child, and amuse yourself with this small edition of night life," read Brent's card.

"Child!" Molly's soft, red lips closed firmly. "That's exactly what he thinks I am."

She put Brent's gift back in the big box and closed the top. After a moment, she took the miniature theater out again and soon was deeply engrossed in making the tiny actors perform.

"But if he thinks for a moment I'm going to spend my birthday pulling strings, he's mistaken."

ANOTHER package followed within an hour. "Wanted to spend your birthday with you," Brent had written on the card. "Since I can't, I'm sending a proxy." The package disclosed a photograph—Brent, of course. "Of all the conceited idiots," Molly breathed. "I suppose he thinks I'll put this on my dressing table where I'll have to look at it every time I powder my nose. Well, I won't!"

A third package arrived at 7. A beautifully bound and rare first edition. "Just to make up for those two terrible gifts, and also to carry you through a lonesome evening," Molly read.

"So he thinks!" Molly said to herself, dusting powder on her face, and this time carefully avoiding Brent's steady gray eyes, looking out at her from the dressing table.

Brent was a dear and the book was a gem. But she mustn't forget how stubborn and unyielding he had been. It was going to be fun tonight!

It was going to be even more fun tomorrow to tell that obstinate would-be-protector about it. How she had not only seen wicked night life, but had rubbed elbows with it.

Wick had said: "Wait and see!" Well, she was waiting!

(To Be Continued)

As far as the public is concerned, those heavyweights who are always clamoring about money should get the gate, not just part of it.

In Grid Row



The dismissal of Bobby Evans, below, veteran Pacific Coast Conference football official, by Herb Dana, above, grid "czar," resulted in protests from Seattle to Los Angeles. Dana stood firm on the dismissal, refusing, however, to give exact reasons.

Flapper Fannie Says



Difficulty in putting on mascara is apt to lash you into frenzy.

OUT OUR WAY



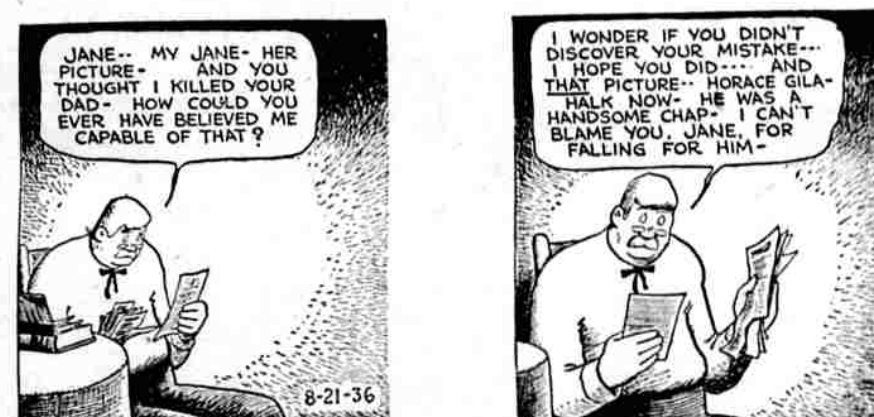
ROBBERY AND MURDER. 8-21

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



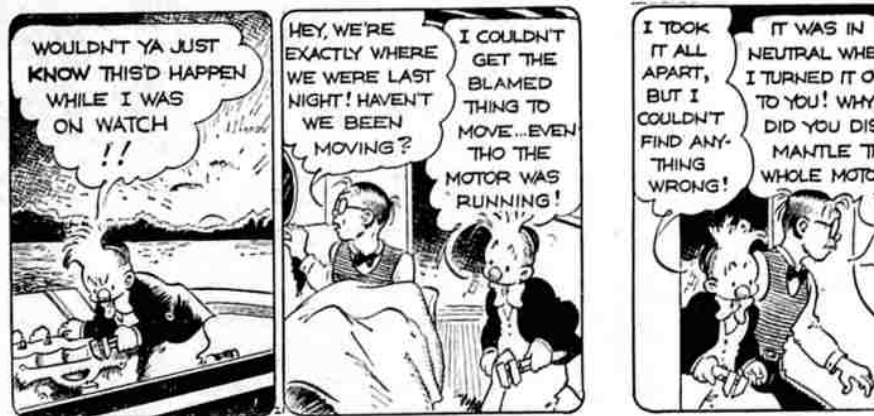
(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

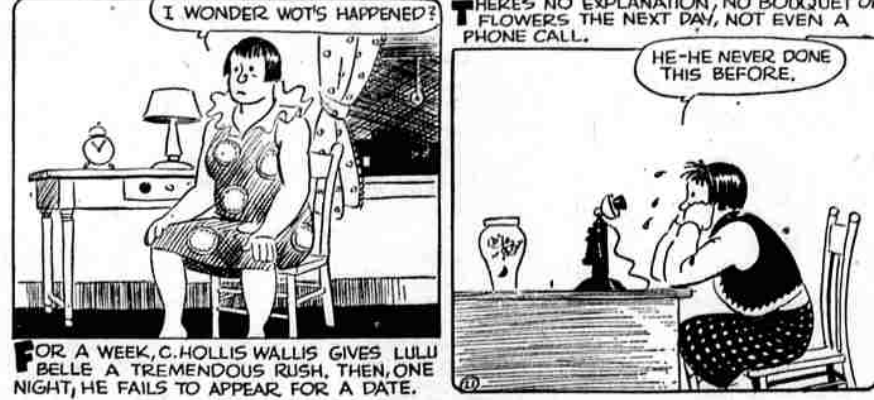


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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

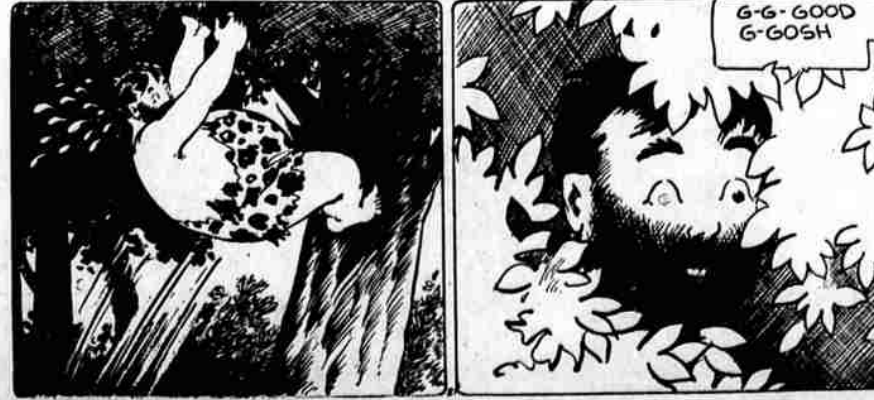


WASH TIBBS

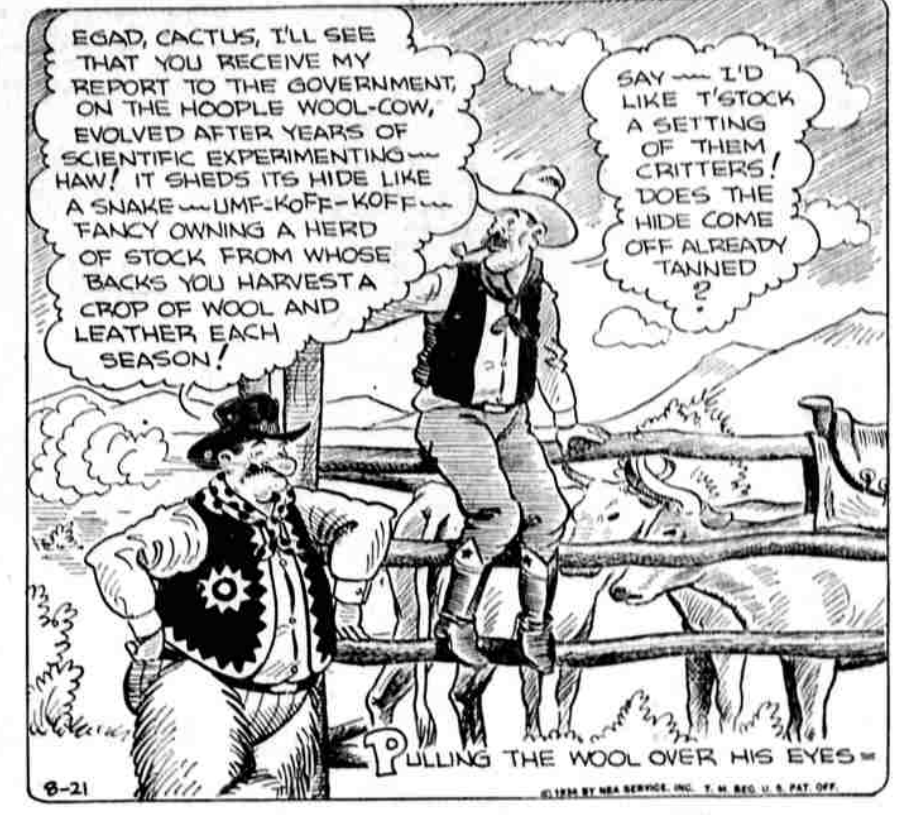


FOR A WEEK, C. HOLLIS WALLIS GIVES LULU BELLE A TREMENDOUS RUSH, THEN, ONE NIGHT, HE FAILS TO APPEAR FOR A DATE.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



6-6-GOOD G-GOSH



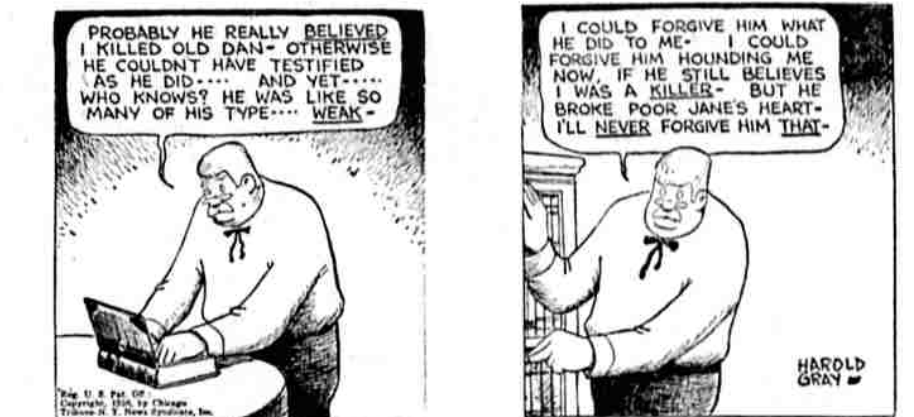
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OUR BOARDING HOUSE



8-21

BY THOMPSON AND COLL



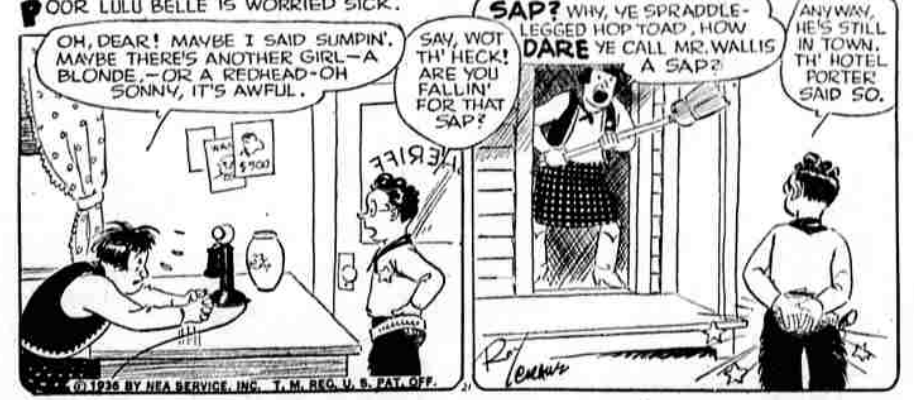
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BY HAROLD GRAY



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BY BLOSSER



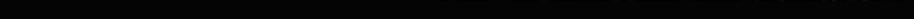
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BY CRANE



8-21-36

BY MARTIN



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