

VACATION DIARY

BY JEAN SEHWRIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS:
JOY—Heroine, hostess in smart Maine tavern.
ROGER—Joy's fiance, rising young designer.
NICK—Joy's rival in love.
DICK—Wealthy young playboy, Roger's rival in love.

Yesterday Joy learned that Dick is interested in her. Later, when she told him that Peter was jealous at the haunted house, he turned suddenly pale, looked startled.

CHAPTER VII

SATURDAY: I tremble when I think what a different entry I might be making in my diary tonight... but, thank Heaven, Peter's alive. Luncheon was almost over, though there were still a few guests in the room when a sudden storm blew up. As we hurried about to close the windows, a woman cried, "Oh, a boat's overturned on the lake!"

Instantly there was a stampede to windows and doors. I rushed to one of the French windows which had blown open, then suddenly thought of Peter as I glanced toward the lake.

"Has anyone seen Peter?" I cried. No one had.

"But a boat's turned over... between here and Serene Shores... and maybe Peter..." I couldn't say another word as I dashed out into the storm...

Maybe Peter was in the boat. The wind had risen, and with lowered head I hurried along the shore path. At last, almost exhausted, I rested for a moment against a hemlock tree. Brushing my dripping hair aside, I looked ahead... a crowd of people were on the beach... I could hear the sounds of excited talking...

... then I saw someone jump from a boat. Pulling the coat over my head and shoulders I battled once more against the storm... then above the roar of the wind I heard someone cry, "The boy's all right!" A moment later my path was blocked, and a voice I knew well exclaimed, "Then it was Peter!" Roger stood before me.

"You're sure he's all right?" I demanded, as I attempted to pass him. "Of course he is. Coyne rescued him and Mrs. Coyne asked me to race along to The Golden Anchor and say the boy was all right; but I never dreamed it was Peter till I recognized you. What a fool I am to keep you standing here... you're drenched to the skin... better get home at once."

"I'm all right... I must go to Peter."

"Not till you change," said Roger and he turned me around. For one precious moment I thought he was going to take me in his arms... that our differences would be forgotten. Then he said, "I guess you'll find your way home all right now," and left me.

TREMENDOUS excitement at the tea-house when they learned that Peter had almost lost his life... telephone service resumed half an hour after I returned. Mrs. Coyne assuring me my small brother was none the worse for his unexpected dip in the lake... that just as soon as the storm abated Mr. Coyne would bring him home.

Storm went as swiftly as it came... terribly rushed at dinner... noticed the two strange men again seated at a table near the door. They must have slipped in when I was attending to Miss Pegler's party. She gave a dinner for some of her friends this evening. Fixing another table in the vicinity I heard one say to the other: "Guess we're wasting our time here... think that tip was all wrong." Later in the evening, I caught another fragment of conversation: "He's just the sort of fellow who'd fall for something like that." Couldn't get these remarks out of my mind, all evening... felt troubled. Must tell Cal about these men... ask if he knows who they are... he should... keeps talking to visitors... what a swell newspaper gossip he'd make!

Came up to bed rather early. Had just started to undress when Tess rushed into the room. "You can't go to bed at this hour... it's only half past nine... hurry up... put on your best duds... Dick Pegler's downstairs waiting for you."

"Oh, I don't want to go out. After this hectic day all I want

is to lie in bed and read." "That's ridiculous, Joy. You've got to go... the gang's going in the station wagon, but you're going in Dick's gorgeous roadster... gee, I'd like a ride in that."

"Well, why don't you go with him?" Tess shrugged her shoulders. "Jimmy didn't like my dancing with him the other night... reckon if he saw me drive up to Jerry's (that's where we're going tonight) in a swanky car like Dick's we'd have a flare-up."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go," I exclaimed as I rose.

DETERMINED I might as well be gay, I put on my prettiest frock, and slipping my tweed coat over it, went down to Dick.

We danced... sat in the car, and looked at the moonlight on the water... it was a perfect night...

It would have been wonderful if I had been with the man I loved... but, evidently, he's gone out of my life. Dick asked me to marry him. I laughed. "It's no joke, Joy," he said. "I've been crazy about you ever since we met. Please tell me you'll marry me!"

"I can't, Dick... I don't love you."

"You will, my darling," he said, and he told me all the wonderful things he would do for me... I refused to listen to his pleadings... begged him to take me home. "Then you'll give me your answer tomorrow?"

"It won't be any different from what I've told you," I insisted when we finally started for the tea-house.

Monday: Peter still very repentant. Declares he'll never touch any of the boats again... really hadn't the heart to scold him... so glad to have him all safe and sound. Took Ted and Peter out on the lake today, for my small brother is crazy about boats.

TAKING a short cut through the woods after we had set Ted safely ashore near the cottage his parents are occupying for the summer, we overtook a couple of men.

"Tough-looking characters!" I thought and was surprised when I heard Peter say, "Got my puppy yet, Jigger?" as we passed them.

"No, sonny, but you'll sure get it one of these days."

"Well, don't forget."

"Of course we won't."

Once the men were beyond hearing, I said, "Peter, I don't think you should be friendly with men like that."

"Well, Dick's friendly with Jigger."

"Dick," I exclaimed.

A guilty look came into Peter's eyes, and he turned his head away... then I remembered about his nightmare... perhaps after all it wasn't a nightmare...

Dick had made him promise not to tell anyone about something he had seen or heard. The child hadn't, but the secret evidently burdens his mind.

Well, perhaps it's not a secret to me any longer... I'm convinced now that something's going on between Jigger and Dick... wish I'd paid more attention to what Tess said... walking with Jimmy she came on a parked car... heard men's voices, arguing... then Dick declared, "You'll get it when I'm married."

(To Be Continued)

Government weather-reporting stations at 50-mile intervals, operated jointly by the bureau of air commerce and the weather bureau.

During the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870, 45 balloons departed from that city carrying a total of 238 paying passengers and 12 tons of letters.

In 1935 motor carriers were credited with a total of 16,500,000 tons of freight carried, against 23,915,000 tons for the railroads.

Latest figures show that motor vehicle users paid special state taxes amounting to \$950,971,000 in 1935.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Gosh, what's that dinky thing?"
"A guest towel—a small courtesy that's never appreciated."

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



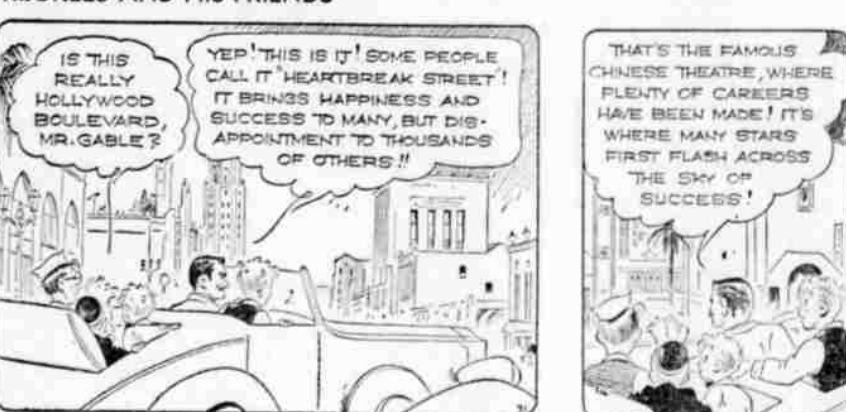
MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



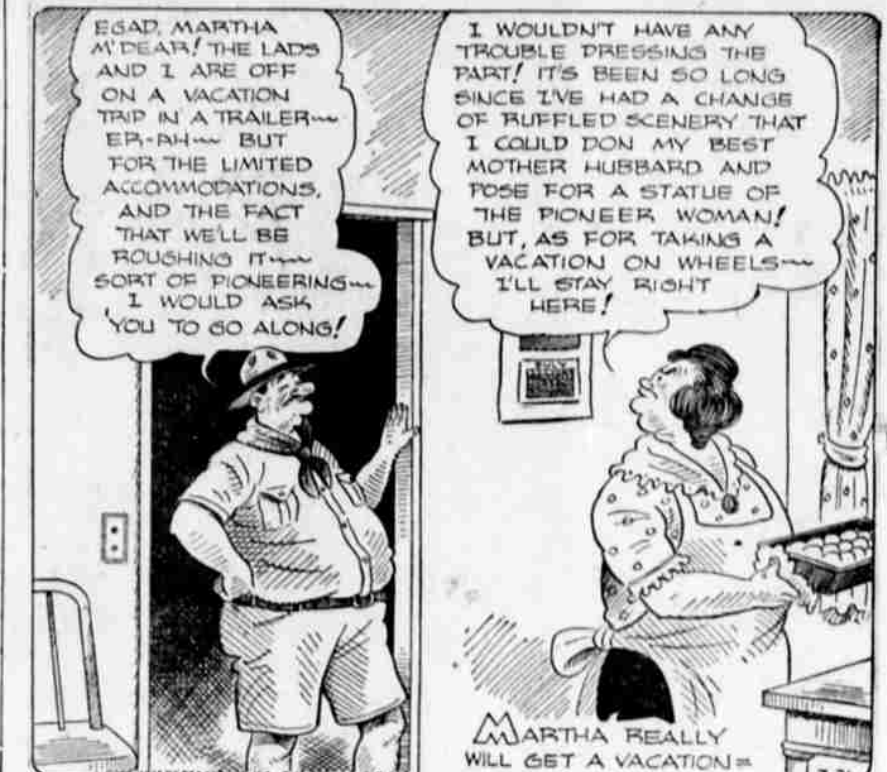
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



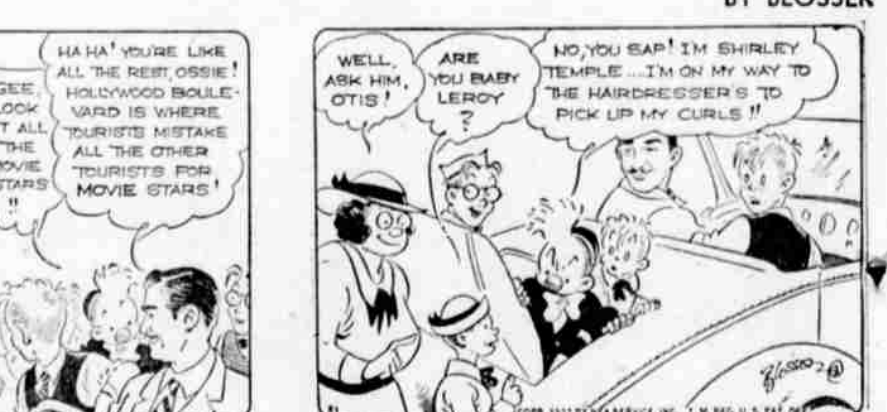
BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

