

GUILTY LIPS

Laura Lou Brookman
Author of "MAD MARRIAGE"
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CHAPTER XXXII

CHRIS SAUNDERS twisted the electric light was startling. Everything looked strange and different. Shabby in the glow of yellow lamp light. She closed the door behind her and took off her hat.

Norma was 20 years old. She was very much in love, desperate, unhappy and lonesome. So, as might have been expected of any young girl in a similar situation, she cried herself to sleep.

Morning when it came was gray and dreary. A sunless December day threatening snow which did not fall. Norma did not go out for breakfast. She dallied through the routine of dressing, made her bed and rearranged a bureau drawer.

At 9:45 she was summoned to the telephone. Chris' voice at the other end of the wire said brightly, "Everything's arranged. You're to come down as soon as you can and Dorothy'll take you to Mr. Stuart's office. How soon can you make it?"

"Half an hour, I guess. I'll start right away."

"Then step on it! The job's as good as yours now!"

Chris was a dear. For her sake Norma tried to even more enthusiastically than she felt riding downtown on the street car, later meeting the unknown Dorothy and being led by her to the unknown Frederick Stuart's office.

The lettering on the frosted glass before them read: "Frederick J. Stuart, Author's Representative." Dorothy opened the door and they entered.

A slim girl, taller than Norma, with ash blond hair, arose to meet them. "Hello," she smiled at Dorothy. "Is this Miss Travers?"

"Yes. And this is Miss Fenway, Miss Travers. She's come to see about the job."

"Of course. Mr. Stuart's in now. Shall I ask him if he can see you? I know it will be all right."

Norma said she would like the interview at once. The slim girl disappeared. Stuart returned and invited Norma to enter her employer's office.

Norma passed through the door marked "private." The man at the desk looked up. "Miss Travers?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I understand you need a secretary and I've come to apply for the position."

Stuart straightened back. He was a dark man and he wore large, dark-rimmed spectacles. The hair over his temples was rather thin. He looked, Norma thought, exactly like any business man and this was something of a surprise. Dimly she had envisaged a literary agent as a sort of poetic creature with wavy hair, Windsor tie and affected, slouching gait.

Frederick J. Stuart looked essentially practical.

"Sit down, Miss Travers," he said. "Miss Fenway tells me you've had considerable experience. Take dictation, I suppose."

"Yes, sir. Most of my experience has been in a law office. I've had practice taking letters in shorthand and also on the dictaphone."

"I see. Well, let's have a try at it. Ask Miss Fenway for a notebook."

Norma went for the notebook. For half an hour she took dictation at high speed and afterward transcribed the notes. Her fingers seemed clumsy as she hit the typewriter keys but her shorthand was accurate. It took longer to write the letters than it should have but when finished they were perfect.

Stuart studied the letters carefully. He chewed the end of a cigar that was not lighted. Presently he broke the silence.

"Report for work Monday morning, please, Miss Travers. Nine o'clock." Norma hesitated. "About the salary?"

"Yes, yes. Of course. Twenty-five dollars."

"It was earning \$30 on my last job."

"Well, we'll make it \$27.50. Raise you after the first of the year if your work's satisfactory. Right?"

The girl nodded. "It's all right." She left. Frederick J. Stuart's office was in a building at blocks away. F. M. Travers shifted to a more comfortable position in his comfortable desk chair. He was holding the French telephone to his ear.

"What's that?" Travers exclaimed. "You've found the girl? Yes, of course I want to go through with it. Take a cab and come over here right away!"

(To Be Continued)

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SATURDAY'S ANSWER

HORIZONTAL

1. HAMBURGER
2. POTOMAC
3. ROAR
4. DUNE
5. SNELL
6. LUCK
7. CRUSTATED
8. RUSTLED
9. POSTED
10. MONITOR

VERTICAL

1. Factotum.
2. Otherwise.
3. To compare.
4. Toward.
5. Within.
6. Opposite of credits.
7. Deprives of strength.
8. To place.
9. Half an em.
10. Wing part of a seed.
11. Opposite of wholesale.

13. Checked.
14. Fairy.
15. Chair.
16. To repulse.
17. President Hoover declared a war debt?
18. Punished by confinement to grounds.
19. Striped fabric.
20. Jovial.
21. Mystical interpretation of the Scriptures.
22. Lion-headed goddess.
23. Highest class of vertebrates.
24. Toward.
25. Jeers.
26. Small body of land.
27. Flavor.
28. Notions.
29. To spill.
30. Data.
31. Greek T.
32. Drive (Abbr.).
33. Second note.
34. Chaos.