SERIAL STORY

$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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CHAPTER XIII

n hesitated. There was a difce between going on a party going to a party. When she ated, Florabelle said, "And ool, Clara."

h, Florabelle," Clara breathed dly, "That's swell—simply . Isn't it, Ann?"

'd like to go to a party," Ann ed. "What—what kind of a y is it?"

h," Florabelle continued care, "we'll have dinner some, —and dance."

ra's eyes sparkled. "Will we swell fellows?" She had a tle idea of swell fellows. They ed in offices behind big many desks, they spent their ngs in night clubs. She had them in the movies.

he best families in town will represented," Florabelle assurer with a little grimace.

h, gee," Clara sighed, "what'll ear?"

Have you got an evening ?"

th Clara and Ann shook their ds.

Well, don't try to be dressy. e street clothes. The smartest in Chicago never dress."

ra ran to the closet and ght forth an atrocious taffeta . It was cerise, trimmed with n lace. "Will this be all r" she asked excitedly.

'll do." As she left the room, abelle said, "You're the imst one, Ann. The party is begiven in your honor."

y honor?"

ure. Jake Bontel was in the the other night. He saw you asked me to bring you 'round."

ill there be a man for ?"

rabelle nodded. "Three men be there. Clancy Horton—he's e and don't you forget it for inute—Jake Bontel and Steve bourne. Steve goes with the h Side crowd. Occasionally tes to meet the other half."

n was a little dubious about affair. She had the feeling Florabelle was railroading into something. On the other , she was eager for gaiety. er and dancing—it sounded ntful.

rabelle took her acceptance granted. "Just wait till Steve bourne sees Clara," she said, ing lazily.

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ere was a flurry of baths and dressing in the apartment the next evening. Ann wore the new blue dress and little pancake hat. Her hair was like gold, vivid color burned in her cheeks, her eyes were mysteriously dark. Florabelle's gown was black, sleek and plain. At her throat she wore an immense rhinestone clip. A smartly veiled hat partially covered her ash blond head.

Clara was a living demonstration of what a girl should not wear. The cerise dress fought with the shade of her rouge, her flame colored nails fought back. She'd had her hair done at noon and her head had an ice-bound look. Bangle bracelets jingled from her wrists, a bib necklace of raw gold covered her chest.

"Aren't you going to wear any jewelry?" she asked Ann.

"I haven't anything nice."

"Gee, I wish I'd known it. They have swell stuff at the store."

Ann looked at Clara's decorations and was not in the least envious. They found a cab waiting at the curb and Ann quietly enjoyed the unaccustomed luxury. Clara's pleasure was less quiet.

Ann said, "I wonder why the men didn't come for us."

Florabelle glanced at her quizzically. She said nothing.

It was a long drive and Clara's excitement rose as the meter climbed. "Look at that thing," she kept saying. "Gee, they must be rich."

At last they stopped before an apartment hotel on Sheridan drive. Florabelle gracefully led the way to an elevator and they shot upward, Ann's doubts increasing with every floor.

"Why should we go to Mr. Horton's apartment?" she asked. "Why don't we meet them where we are to have dinner?"

Florabelle lost patience. "Look," she said firmly. "Are you planning to have a good time or are you going to put on an act at every turn? Who is throwing this party, anyway?"

Ann felt properly squelched. "I just wondered," she said lamely.

"Well, stop wondering. Take things as they come. I go to parties like this about five times a week and I'm none the worse for them."

• • •

She knocked on a closed door and it swung open. A large, beefy man with several chins and a bulging waistline beamed out at them.

"Three little gifts from heaven," she proclaimed loudly.

"This is Clancy," Florabelle said. "Ann and Clara."

"Howdy, Ann and Clara. Come in. The two male earth beings behind me are Jake and Steve. Step up, boys, and do your manners."

Jake appeared on one side of his host and Steve on the other. Each carried a glass in his hand. There was a confusion of greetings. Jake removed Ann's hat and clumsily attempted to unbutton her little jacket.

"This stays on," she said, backing away.

He roared with laughter. "All right—all right—just wanted to be helpful." He patted her cheek. "Look at her, boys," he yelled. "Am I a good picker or am I a good picker?" He had purple jowls and a bald head.

Ann knew right then that her doubts had been well founded. She glanced about the apartment. No one lived there, that was obvious. It had merely been taken for the evening's entertainment. A kitchen, brilliantly lighted, opened off the main room. From where Ann stood, she could see down a hall from which opened bedrooms and bath.

Jake took her hand. "It's plain that you need a little drink," he said thickly. "Come with your old pal, Jake." He led her to a console table which had been turned into a bar. It was loaded with bottles and glasses.

Ann said, "I thought we were going out to dinner." Anything to get away.

"That's the surprise," he told her with sly heaviness. "We're having dinner right here. You like that, beautiful?"

Florabelle had removed her fur and hat. With a glass in her hand, she sat on the arm of a chair, looking extremely decorative. Clara, aided by Steve, was getting out of her wraps. She was laughing and talking inanely. Ann looked at Steve. He was younger than the other men, younger and nicer.

Jake had gone behind the improvised bar. "What'll it be, angel?"

Ann was at a loss. Evidently this was what was meant by "being on a party." She had never tasted intoxicating liquor, her father had seen to that. Inexperienced as she was, she knew that it was up to her to bluff. She couldn't "put on an act" as Florabelle had said.

"Mix up something you think I'll like," she said indifferently.

"Did you hear that, Steve?" Jake bellowed. "You see before you a smart little lady. She says, 'Mix up something that you think I'll like.' "

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By this time Clara was sipping a long drink. She was doing her best to be casual about it, imitating Florabelle's every move. While Jake hilariously mixed the drinks Steve crossed the room to Ann. He was an exceptionally good-looking young man, well groomed and nice mannered. He was a little less intoxicated than his two friends.

"I've never had the pleasure of meeting you," he said.

"Perhaps you've never gone slumming in the right places," she returned coolly. Ann was angry, more angry at herself than at the three men.

Why had she come? Why had she let herself in for something she might not be able to handle? What was the fun in a gathering like this? Where was the excuse for it?

"Pert little devil, aren't you?" Steve remarked.

"I can hold my own in any crowd."

"Do I detect gravel in that remark?"

"I put some in. Maybe you are clever enough to detect it."

Jake came from behind the bar, a stemmed glass in his hand. "Here you are, my sweet."

(To Be Continued)

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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t's not stay longer than we abs'lutely have to—right after they serve the ice cream."

SIDE GLANCES

mart? I'll say he's smart! He wrote Doris a love letter in Latin and she can't even translate it!"

Stories in STAMPS

Letter Carriers Are Remembered on Stamps

THE men who carry the mail are not neglected in philately's gallery. Above is a reproduction of the U. S. 2-cent parcel post issue of 1912-13, showing a postman delivering mail. This stamp was one of 12 issued upon enactment of the parcel post law, but discontinued within a year.

When United States inaugurated free city delivery service July 1, 1863, there were 685 carriers. In 1939 56,617 city carriers were employed by the Postoffice Department. In 1864 there were 66 city delivery offices; 3236 were listed in 1939.

JUGOSLAVIA has honored the letter carrier with the stamp above, one of a series of five semi-postals, with surtax for the postal employes fund.

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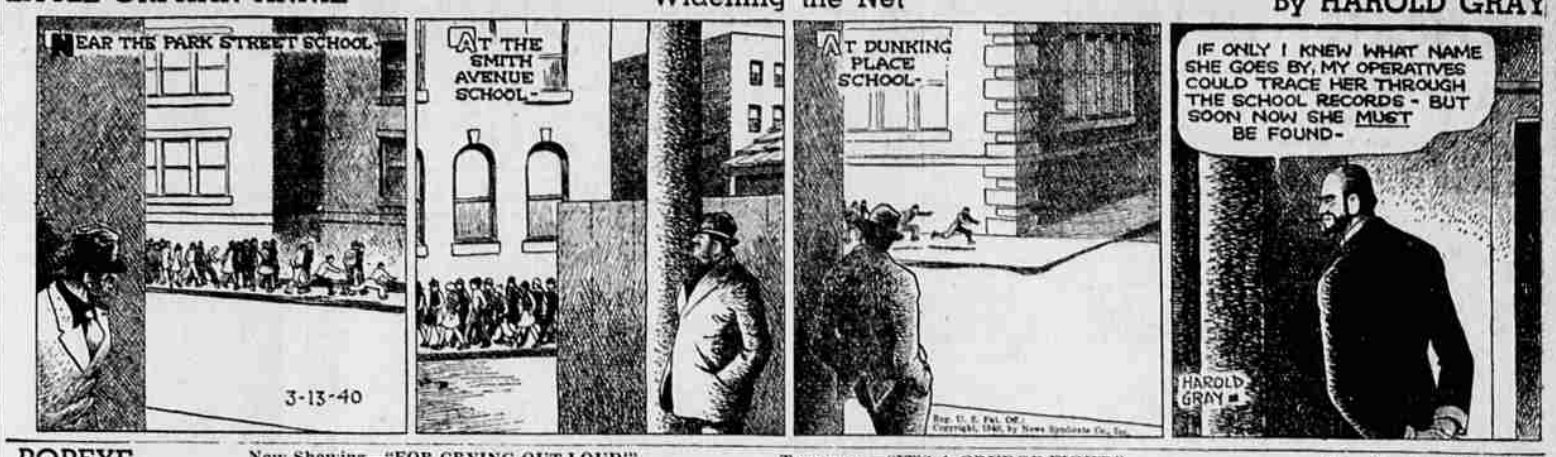

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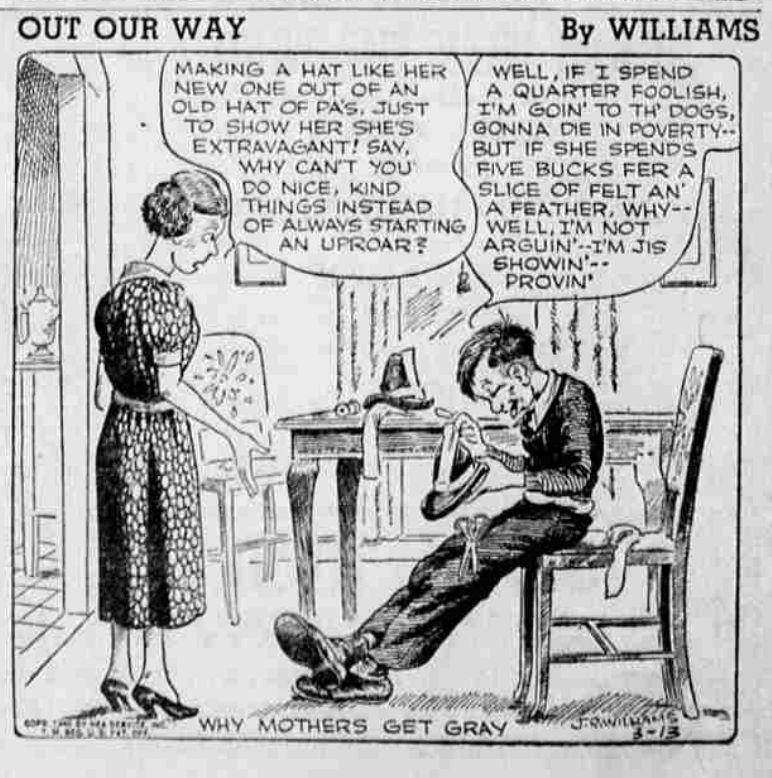
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