

# SUSAN KANE

## She Steps Out with the Boss's Son

Susan owes her escape from Lynchville, Virginia, and its dreary existence to her roommate and girl friend, Edith Martin. But she owes her job to Tom Morrow, the boss's son and Edith's boy friend. Tom keeps asking Susan for a date. Will she double-cross her pal?

By EDWARD LAWSON

**SYNOPSIS—**  
Susan Kane runs away from her home in Lynchville, Va., to escape the degrading atmosphere into which she was born. She goes to Washington, D. C., where she joins a girl friend, Edith Martin. Edith works in a large cafeteria on U Street, and believes that she can get Susan a job there. Mr. Morrow, owner of the cafeteria, does not care to take on any more girls, but his young and handsome son, Tom, sees Susan and influences his father to hire her. Now, go on with the story—

### CHAPTER III

Susan's new duties at the cafeteria were not hard to learn, and her eagerness made them easier. It was her job to keep the tables clear and to see that all the patrons were supplied with water. That was all. Yet it was enough to keep her busy until well after the long, table-lined room had been emptied in the evening. Edith, who assisted in the serving behind the nickel-plated counter, was through as soon as the last person had passed down the line and the left-overs had been placed away. Usually, she waited for Susan, but sometimes there was business of importance to be attended to downtown, and she left the younger girl to walk home by herself. They shared a small two-room apartment not far from where they worked.

It was a luxury for Susan, who had lived on the corner of Halsey Street and Verde Place all her life. Sometimes she wondered how Edith could afford it. Edith never brought up the subject, and Susan, a little timid about such matters, simply paid her small share of the expenses and let it go at that. They always had good meals at the cafeteria, so there was no food problem to worry about.

The first day they had come there, Susan had dropped into one of the soft plush chairs and looked around so wide-eyed that Edith had laughed at her. She looked tired and worn after her first day's work, with the excitement of the change from her home town surroundings and all, but her smile was genuinely happy.

"How on earth do you do it?" she asked Edith, who was changing into more comfortable clothes for lounging around.

Edith smiled at her knowingly. "Little girls shouldn't ask too many questions," she said laughingly.

"Oh," said Susan. She never questioned Edith further on that subject. But there was one more thing that bothered her.

"Who was that tall fellow we saw in the office today?" she asked. "I know that the little fat one was Mr. Morrow because you called him that, but I mean the one who persuaded him to take me on."

"Oh, him? That was Tom Morrow, the old man's son. He's a fairly nice boy, when you get to know him. Why'd you ask?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just wondering."

"I saw you glancing at him pretty hard as we were leaving," Edith said, a slight accusing note in her voice.

"He was staring at me."

"Well, look," Edith came over and sat on the arm of the chair on which Susan was seated. "There's only one thing I want to tell you about him."

"What's that?"

"Lay off." She said it with finality. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he's—well, he's mine. There're plenty of other fellows in this city, if that's what you're looking for."

"But I'd never thought of anything like that," protested Susan. "I don't like his smile, in the first place. It's sort of on the side of his face. It makes me almost scared of him—the way he looked at me in the office."

"That's all right. He won't bother

you. But if he does try anything, you let me know. And don't let me catch you shining up to him, see?"

"Don't worry, Edie. I'm sorry I made you feel that way about it. I just didn't know, that was all. He did look at me so funny. . . ."

### CHAPTER IV

As the days went by, it seemed increasingly hard for Susan to keep her mind from wandering off, and invariably she found herself thinking of Tom Morrow. Not that she liked him at all. But there was simply a sort of glamor about him which attracted her. In Lynchville, where she had been born, there had been no man like him. He was upright and clean-cut, tall and well-dressed. And yet there was something furtive about him, something that Susan didn't like. His eyes were shifty, and his smile never seemed quite genuine.

The trouble was that he, like Susan and Edith, was in the cafeteria all day as a sort of head waiter, standing around and showing people to vacant tables and being of use generally. This brought him into more frequent contact with Susan than with the older girl. Sly glances stolen across the tables confirmed his opinion that she was one of the most beautiful girls he had ever known.

At work he was always coldly impersonal. He called all the girls Miss and allowed no familiarities at all in his department. He seemed glad that she picked up the work so quickly, and once when he saw her working alone he came over to stand beside her for a moment. "You're doing very well, Miss Kane," he said. "You're learning quickly."

The slight praise warmed the girl's heart. But then, as young Tom Morrow walked away, a guilty glance upward brought her face to face with a scowl that darkened Edith's countenance. The older girl was jealous. Susan knew, and yet there was no reason at all for such a feeling. Susan had not tried to attract Tom, nor had he ever said anything to her even remotely to mean that he cared for her. Yet Edith would be sure that there was something between them.

The situation troubled Susan just a little at first, but then she decided that it wasn't worth worrying about. She didn't like Tom, but she saw no reason why she should not speak with him as much as she wanted to.

It was Tom who first brought up the possibility of further contacts, outside the world of business.

It was on one of the evenings that Edith had left early to attend to some business, and Susan had been left behind to clear the tables and put things in readiness for the next day. The other girls had gone, too, and after she had changed from the starched white of her uniform into the softer, clinging street clothes, she found herself practically alone in the big dining room with the exception of one cashier who always stayed to check up on the register.

Just as she was about to leave the place, she heard footsteps behind her and Tom Morrow came down from the office, on his way out.

He stopped abruptly when he saw her, then smiled and said, "Hello, Miss Kane."

She said, "Good evening, Mr. Morrow," and then turned to go. But his towering form blocked her passage. She looked up quickly, mildly amused.

"I've got to go," she said. "Edith'll be waiting."

His voice assumed the brisk tone that he used in business.

"Miss Kane," he said, "I was wondering if you wouldn't like to go to the theatre tomorrow night. There's a show at the Howard I think you'd enjoy."

Susan smiled warmly up at him. "Thanks for asking me," she said. "I'd love it. Only—I can't. . . ."

"Can't what?"

"Well, I can't go with you tomorrow night."

"Then Saturday. We'll go to a cabaret afterwards."

Susan shook her head sadly. "You wouldn't understand," she said. "I—I can't go Saturday, either."

"What a popular young lady!" he grinned. "What about Monday? Any time—it doesn't make much difference to me."

"Oh, I can't. . . ."

"You don't want to go out with



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