

me?" There was a trace of startled surprise in his voice.

"Of course it isn't that, Mr. Morrow."

"Then what? And please don't call me Mr. Morrow after business hours. I'm Tom—that's all."

"I couldn't explain—Tom."

"You haven't got a date already for Saturday?"

"No-o."

"Then meet me at Twelfth and U, at a quarter of eight. We'll make a night of it."

Susan bit her lip so hard that she tasted blood in her mouth. If it only were anyone else but Tom Morrow. . . . But no, she couldn't risk it. What if Edith found out? Susan looked at the floor and thought hard.

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This was a swell apartment. Susan wondered how Edith could afford it on her small salary. She asked Edith. "Little girl shouldn't ask questions," was the reply."

She didn't like Tom, but after all, there was her job to be considered. Tom had gotten her the work she needed so badly; Tom could get rid of her whenever he wished. She needed that job even more, she decided, than she needed Edith's friendship. It was all she had to live on. If this was a way to insure herself of keeping it. . . .

She raised her head with sudden decision. "All right," she said, "I'll go."

Tom Morrow smiled in the darkness of the corridor. "That's the spirit," he said. "Remember—Saturday night at a quarter to eight. I'll be there with the car. Good night, Miss Kane."

"Good night—Tom."

They both went out the door, and disappeared in opposite directions.

CHAPTER V

All of these things happened on Thursday. In the two days that intervened between then and the time that she was to meet Tom, many apprehensions crossed Susan's mind concerning the coming appointment. There was Edith to be considered. Edith, who was always so insanely jealous when it came to matters concerning Tom.

Edith had her rights, of course. She was Tom's girl, and there was good reason for her to resent his taking another girl out for a good time. But still, Edith had no real claim upon Tom. They weren't engaged, nor did they have any such understanding between them. Both were free, so far as actual ties were concerned.

But Edith was of the possessive type. She wanted Tom and she didn't want anyone else to share him. Much less, the little country girl whom she had brought up from Virginia and given a home and a job. Edith was, she reasoned, perfectly justified in feeling thus. "I love him," she told herself sometimes, "and whether he cares for me or not, I'm going to have him." That was Edith's way.

To Susan's mind there could be no possible harm in going out with this young man, her boss, just once. It would be at least a novel experience. So on Saturday night, she

slipped on a new sports outfit which she had purchased out of the remainder of her meagre savings, drew a perky red beret over her dark-brown hair, threw on a light coat, and left the house.

Edith had not been home all evening. She had left word that she would be out late with a crowd of girls from New York, and that pleased Susan. At last she could get away without having to answer the prying questions which Edith always asked when she went out.

When Susan reached the corner of Twelfth and U, Tom was already there, waiting in his car. A beautiful, shiny sports roadster it was, with top tilted back and windshield lowered in front. Shiny and black, with bright chromium-plated fixtures. This wasn't the Chrysler she had seen him driving before; this was a new Ford.

"It really isn't mine," he explained. "My car is in the garage for overhauling, and they let me use this meanwhile. Like it?"

Of course Susan liked it. The thought came to her that she liked the car more than she liked Tom. But it didn't matter.

She settled back onto the cushions as the gears meshed softly and the car sped along U Street. As they reached Eighth, she was suddenly aroused from her reverie. They had halted for just a moment, and there, walking on the other side of the street, was Edith!

Tom didn't see her, but the two girls looked at each other in startled surprise for just a moment. It was dark. Susan looked away quickly, not daring to give any sign of recognition.

And then the car moved on, leaving Edith standing there upon the sidewalk, gazing in blank astonishment and wondering if her eyes had deceived her. A second later she turned and continued on her way toward the little apartment which the two called home.

There ought to be a scene when Susan gets home, after this! Continue the dramatic life of SUSAN KANE in next week's installment.

Best Joke

What is the best joke you ever heard? If you want to see it in print, send it to Best Joke, care Editor of this paper.

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 Mr. Gadabout—Yes, and a wife should be there to cook it! H.A.C.

Cemetery Chaff

A boy was strolling through a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one that read, "Not dead—just sleeping." Scratching his head, he remarked,



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"Boy, you sash ain't foolin' nobody—but yohself." M.G.

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Latham—Ever eat in those arm-chair lunchrooms?
 Gray—Just once. A left handed man sat next to me and ate my dinner. S.H.

One on the Judge

Judge—Have you appeared as a witness in a suit before?
 Witness—Yes, of course.
 Judge—What suit was it?
 Witness—My blue serge. E.P.D.

Easy Evasion

"Will you lend me \$5 for a month, old boy?"
 "Listen, silly, what does a month-old boy want with \$5?" M.E.

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