

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Ann Brown, friendless and alone, works in a Chicago make-over hat shop for \$15 a week. She is young, pretty, has personality and dresses well but is unable to make friends for the right kind of friends. A young man, apparently friendless, lives across the alley. She watches him. When she finds a personal advertisement in a newspaper signed "Lonely," she determines to answer it.

CHAPTER II

ANN awoke the following morning with a swift revulsion of feeling. Had she actually answered a newspaper personal? Yes, she had. There stood the envelope on the bureau. She dressed, eyeing the envelope thoughtfully. She had written, "My Dear Lonely: I am interested in your personal because I find it very hard to make friends in the city. I will be glad to hear from you again. Ann Smith, General Delivery."

Before leaving the room, she placed the letter under the spoons in the bureau drawer. "I won't mail it," she said. "I'll think about it today." She went out into the sunshine and walked quickly to the El station.

On Dearborn street, or on Michigan boulevard, Ann's appearance would have given the impression of well-groomed, well-tailored smartness, almost richness. If she explained that the soft wool of her dress had been found on a remnant table in a basement bargain sale, that the findings had come from the 10-cent store, that her own hands had fashioned the garment—in short that the entire ensemble had cost less than \$5—one would scarcely credit the story.

Ann's shoes were purchased in a little alley shop off Randolph. They were rebuilt shoes of good make. Her hats were made from odds and ends, some new, some discarded by Mrs. Pringle. Gloves and hose, especially hose, cut into Ann's budget with deadly persistence. She was aghast to learn, through her budget, that she spent \$50 a year for hose.

SEWING a feather to a moss green hat, she asked, "Will it go on like this forever, Mrs. Pringle? Won't I ever meet people and make friends?"

"It's hard to get acquainted, Ann," her employer answered. "It's more than ever hard when you're stuck in a shop like this. Now if you worked in the dime store—those girls have good times."

"Yes, I know, but I like this work. I was delighted when you gave me the job. I had hoped to work up."

"I'd pay you more if I could, you know that. Fifteen dollars isn't much, a living, that's all."

"Fifteen a week," Ann repeated absently. "There are thousands of girls, and men, too, who never make more than \$15 a week. At first I thought it was a stepping stone to better things, but I've learned differently. The \$15 jobs are in a class by themselves—they are futureless."

"The best thing to do is to be satisfied, Ann."

The girl changed her position restlessly. "But that's the trouble. You mustn't be satisfied. If you are you'll stay in the \$15 class. I'm not satisfied."

"What are you going to do about it?"

Ann put the finished hat on her bronze head and went to a mirror. She turned this way and that. "I don't know," she said.

"Get married?" the older woman persisted.

"No, that's not the answer. In the first place, I never meet young men. In the second place, I want to do things for myself."

"What sort of things?"

Ann said again, "I don't know. It's queer the way I feel. I don't particularly want money, but I want a lot of money, and I have the slightest wish to marry for support. It's something else. I want to know educated people. I want a live nicely, gracefully—if you know what I mean."

Mrs. Pringle asked, "Why did you come to Chicago? Maybe if you'd stayed in your own home town—"

Ann laughed mirthlessly. "I have no home town," she said.

She fell silent, remembering her strange childhood. Pete—that's what she had called her charming, gay, worthless father—had followed the horses and every other sporting event. He had dragged Ann and her mother from Miami to Sun Valley, from Indianapolis to Louisville, from New York to Pasadena. Wherever money was being spent, there was Peter Brown. When he got his share, he spent with a lavish hand. Ann had lived in the finest hotels in the country and she had taught food over gas jets in the dirty, stinky rooming houses.

The hectic, scrambled life had come to an end in one of Chicago's drab rooming houses. Pete always smoked in bed. One night he had fallen asleep. Ann tried never to think of that night. Since then she had been alone.

Pete had taught Ann to speak French and to order exotic dinners, how to size up a horse and stand off creditors. He had taught her nothing with which to make a living. If necessity hadn't forced her to make clothes and hats for her mother and herself—but it had, and she was earning \$15 a week.

She said musingly, "We \$15 people are like the filling in a sandwich. We're squeezed in between the upper slice which has ease and luxury and the lower slice which asks the government for help. We can't get out. We're necessary to the damned old sandwich." Her eyes filled with tears.

At noon Ann ate two graham crackers and half an apple. Afterward, she left the building

and threaded her way through the busy hordes to State street. She was pushed and ignored and memory of the dream chilled her.

Some day she would fall beneath the hurrying feet and no one would care.

At a 10-cent store on State street, she went to the notion counter. Ann did much of her shopping at this particular counter because of a girl, because the girl was friendly. She always remembered Ann and enlivened her sales with gay chatter.

"Hello," Ann said, stopping near the binding tape, smiling at the girl.

"Hi, there—be with you in a minute." She deftly tied a package, saying over her shoulder, "Making another dress?"

Ann nodded. "Starting it tonight." The girl's casual interest warmed her. The 10-cent store girl was not at all Ann's type. She was cheaply dressed, the meagerness of her clothes accentuating her plump figure. She used dreadful perfume, her bargain-day permanent was frizzy and ridiculously styled, her nails were long and blood red.

Perhaps it was her gay spirit that appealed to Ann, perhaps it was her friendly interest, perhaps it was merely that she was another human being. She finished her wrapping and came to lean on the counter near Ann.

"What you making?"

"Shall I show you the picture?"

"Uh-huh—let me see it."

Ann handed the picture to her.

"Nice?"

"Um-keen—" The girl kept looking from the picture to Ann and back again. "Irene Temple," she read, "one of Chicago's most popular debutantes. That's funny—"

"What's funny? Don't you like

the dress? I have a remnant of dull blue wool, the scarf and accessories and buttons will be a darker shade of blue—"

"Yeah—it'll be swell—but the girl looks just like you, just exactly like you—"

Afterward Ann was to remember that the 10-cent girl was the first to notice the resemblance between herself and Irene Temple.

(To Be Continued)

Bioff in Jail—
But Not for Long

In and out of a Chicago cell went William Bioff, motion picture union czar, who surrendered to Illinois police asking his extradition from California, and then was freed on a habeas corpus writ. He said it was a Communist conspiracy that brought demand he serve out uncompleted six months sentence imposed in 1922 for pandering.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"They musta asked everybody in town—I never saw such a mob of cars!"

POPULAR STAR

HORIZONTAL

1, 9 Pictured actress.

6 Chest bone.

13 To assert.

14 War flyer.

15 Plant agave.

16 Grass color.

17 Born.

18 A forefather.

20 Granting by lease.

22 Vegetable fiber.

23 Company.

24 Intellectual.

28 Raccoon type animal.

32 Olive shrub.

33 Amidst.

34 Ripping tool.

36 Not freshly made.

37 Volume.

38 To erect.

43 Pertaining to motion.

46 Slumbered.

48 Black bread.

50 To shun.

61 Epic.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

MAURICE GAWELIN

GOLF TALES DAL

COTILL RAT AGILE

OCTEEM MONER IN

MA SLEEPLESS OOG

KAREOLA MAURICE

DRIVEN TRENNE

NOST NO END SE

DOD ANTILE SAPS

DOD PRIMAGE TIT

GENERAL COLLEGE

52 Sphere of action.

54 Measure of length.

55 The land of her birth.

56 She has achieved fame as a star.

VERTICAL

2 Uncommon.

48 Black bread.

50 To shun.

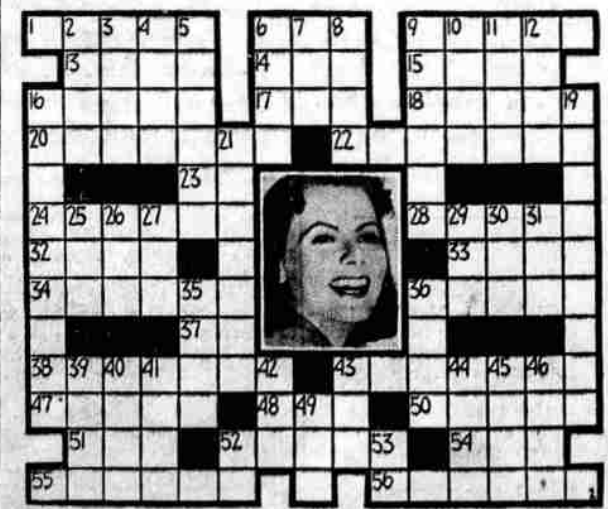
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OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

