

● SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY, Saturday came at last and Ann dressed in her best. Soon her loneliness will be ended, she conquers a mental barrier not to keep the date, plus on her gardenia and hurries to the library. She intends to "keep hidden until she discovers 'Lonely'."

CHAPTER VI

ENTERING the foyer, Ann darted a glance at the bench which faced the Blashfield painting. It was unoccupied. She went to the reading room and selected a magazine. About to sit down where she could keep an eye on the painting and bench, she suddenly dropped the magazine. A young man was walking across the foyer with a pile of books under his arm. With staring eyes, Ann watched him dump the books on the circulation desk and turn away.

There was nothing strange in this procedure. The astounding, unbelievable thing was that he wore a white gardenia and—he was the selfsame young man whose window faced Ann's from across the alley.

Ann actually gasped. It couldn't be. You met this sort of thing in fiction—coincidence, they called it—but not in real life. It simply couldn't be—but it was. The young man had stopped at the Blashfield painting, he was regarding it. Ann, propelled by a delighted urge, crossed the foyer and joined him.

"Hello," she said. He jerked his head around, his eyes darkening. "Hello," he returned shortly.

A little laugh rose in Ann's throat. His evident embarrassment eased her tense nerves. All fitted perfectly. Of course he was lonely. Hadn't she seen him find solace in books right after night? She glanced at his gardenia, almost as if she waited for it to find voice and make the introductions. The young man had returned his gaze to the canvas.

"Shall we sit down?" Ann asked. She was not affronted by his lack of co-operation. The personal had been his idea, not hers. Now that the time had come, he was speechless with diffidence, or so she reasoned.

He looked at her strangely. "I have to pick out my books and get going," he said.

Ann wanted to say, "Don't be afraid. We had to get acquainted some way, didn't we?" Instead, she smiled shyly. "We might sit down for just a little while."

"All right."

THEY sat down on the bench, both raising their faces to the painting. Ann waited for the young man to speak. She kept reminding herself that the meeting was at his invitation. He said nothing. He turned his head and, although he frowned, she was sure that he was not disappointed in what the newspaper item had brought forth.

"Chicago is a big city," she began, "and lonely. Don't you find it so?"

"Most certainly do," he agreed brusquely. "So what?"

"Well—some of the lonely persons could get together—then they wouldn't be lonely any more."

"Is that your game?"

She glanced a side glance at his profile and received a definite impression that he was hiding a smile with difficulty. She took heart again. He was merely trying to determine her intentions before committing himself.

"I have no game," she assured him.

His eyes slid down to her very nice little shoes. "Looks to me as if you might have the world by the tail," he said. "Are you doing a little slumming?"

"I make my own clothes," she told him patiently. "I sew evenings at the Center on Hibbard street."

"Oh."

All at once Ann was fighting tears. He was so dreadfully handsome. Why didn't he help her?

"I guess I'll go now," she said faintly.

"Wait a minute. You've got me confused. Do you think you know me? Do you think we've met somewhere?"

"No—I've seen you—" About to tell him of his lighted window, she stopped in dismay. A man had rounded the bench. He was near-sightedly peering at the painting.

He was a small, oldish man, he wore thick lensed spectacles. He stooped as if habitually bent from peering. A white gardenia blazed in his lapel.

"WHERE have you seen me?"

Ann's companion asked. She did not reply. She was beginning to have a queer feeling in the pit of her stomach. The oldish man, obviously satisfied as to the identity of the painting, seated himself on the far end of the bench.

He removed his spectacles and polished them with a clean handkerchief. His eyes were weak and red rimmed, they squinted against the light. With the spectacles back in place, he pulled a letter from his pocket and carefully read it. Horrified, Ann recognized the letter as her own. Replacing the single sheet in its envelope, the oldish man leaned forward to peer at Ann's gardenia.

She got hastily to her feet. In turning her back on the oldish man, she faced the foyer. Her eyes grew perfectly round, an amazed exclamation came softly from her parted lips. The foyer was alive with white gardenias. Backed by masculine or feminine lapels, they swarmed everywhere. To Ann's overwrought imagination the gardenias seemed to float about in a disembodied fashion. The young man had also risen and her dazed eyes fled to the flower in his buttonhole.

"My gracious—" she murmured weakly.

He watched her, puzzled.

courage me but I kept right on being a sap. He thought I was trying to pick him up and he didn't like it. Oh, oh!" (To Be Continued)



Russell Long, son of the late Huey Long, pictured casting his first vote in Baton Rouge, La., near Louisiana State University, where he is a law student. His vote wasn't much help to remnants of father's political machine, which "reform" votes snowed under.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



THE FLAT TIRE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE NEXT SCENE WILL BE HALF A MINUTE LATER

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY FRED HARMAN

BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY

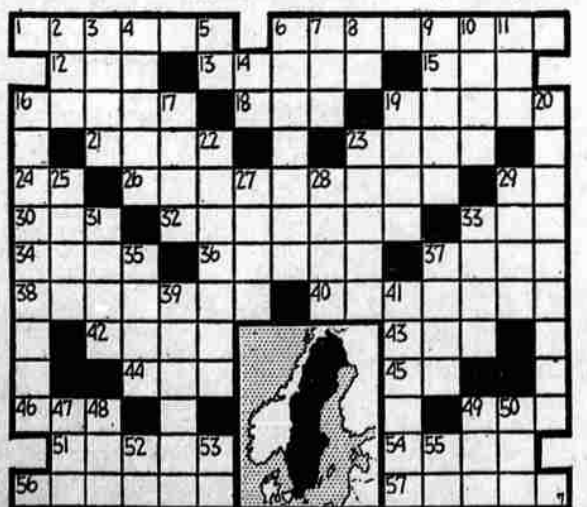
By Sylvia



"Oh, you date the professor, Kathy—I've got something better to do at 8:30 P.M. than talk about 200 B.C."

MAP PUZZLE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Pictured map of Scandinavian kingdom.
 - 6 Its government is a constitutional
 - 12 Short poem.
 - 13 Music drama.
 - 15 Room recess.
 - 16 Large net.
 - 18 Eucharist wine cup.
 - 19 Thicket.
 - 21 Rubber wheel pad.
 - 23 Bundle.
 - 24 Preposition.
 - 26 Business of making hats.
 - 29 Indefinite article.
 - 30 Tube cover.
 - 32 Female crystal gazer.
 - 33 Three.
 - 34 Leg joint.
 - 36 Hereditary class.
 - 37 To avoid.
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- MARK TWAIN GIGS
OLEIN EER SIDLE
BASSO EGO TROUT
TEST DON ALLE
PET ACETIFY ASH
R STAR CREW L
I INDEED REAL W
NORN I MAX AGIO
TRYST I SNEER O
R I M TWIN
RPSILE TAPES V
SOPS RASPS VENT
SAMUEL CLEMENS
- VERTICAL**
- 14 Father.
 - 16 Capital of this land.
 - 17 Goddess of discord.
 - 19 Vehicles.
 - 20 It occupies part of the Scandinavian
 - 22 Chosen by ballot.
 - 23 To besiege.
 - 25 Banner.
 - 27 Fields.
 - 29 Cuckoo-pint.
 - 31 Saucy.
 - 33 Comparison word.
 - 35 To elect.
 - 37 Withered.
 - 39 Appearance.
 - 7 English coin.
 - 47 Blackbird.
 - 8 North America.
 - 9 Political mass meeting.
 - 50 Female fowl.
 - 10 Hint in a mystery.
 - 53 King of Bathan.
 - 11 Third-rate actor.
 - 55 Measure.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

