● SERIAL STORY

$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Ann finds the young man from across the alley in the library, wearing a gardenia. She speaks to him, tries to make conversation, but he is strangely distant. Finally she notices an old man, also wearing a gardenia. He has her letter. Then the whole room seems alive with gardenias. The young man explains that a drug store is giving them away. Ann flees, hurt and angry.

CHAPTER VII

ANN pulled her blind that night before switching on the light. Doing so, she averted her eyes, refusing to glance across the alley. Of one thing she was sure. The next day, or Monday at the latest, she would find another room. She would not run the risk of meeting the young man on the street. He'd never get the chance to laugh at her again, or snub her. She got into the thin bed and cried herself to sleep.

She dared not leave her room on Sunday. She might run into the young man and he'd think she had tracked him down. She worked up quite a hate toward the young man before evening.

She was in low spirits Monday morning. She had followed her one little ray of light and it had led her to the most humiliating experience of her life.

Ann disciplined herself while eating breakfast. It was just as well that the incident in the library had turned into a fiasco. Just suppose the young man across the way had been K295. The outcome might have been disastrous to her plans. She even went so far as to reluctantly admit that he had appealed to her and she wanted none of that sort of thing.

A little of her sense of humor returned at this point. She certainly need not worry about an amorous entanglement with the young man across the alley. He had plainly demonstrated his unwillingness to make friends with her. However, to avoid any further embarrassment, she would move. That was settled.

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SHE worked hard through the morning. Mrs. Pringle asked, "Did you see a show, Ann?" and she answered, "No, I wasn't in the mood for a show."

At noon she went for a walk. Thinking about her prospective move, she decided to consult the 10-cent store girl. Perhaps she might know of a place. She went to the notion counter and her friend came to wait on her.

"Hello, kid," she said. "How did the dress turn out?" Always Ann's heart warmed to the girl. She had a gift of charm, a real and unfailing interest.

"It's all right," Ann told her. "I wore it Saturday night."

"Did you step out?"

"No, I went down to the library."

"That must have been exciting." The girl made a little face.

"You'll never know how exciting it was," Ann laughed. She could laugh at the absurd incident now.

"Look," her friend said, "I'm going back for a sandwich. Come with me—let's talk."

"I'll sit with you but I've had my lunch."

"All right, sit with me."

She started to leave her place, then turned back as a stock man rolled a loaded truck to the counter. Her expression became arch as she smiled invitingly. The stock man spoke and Ann whirled. That voice—

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THE voice said, "The long zippers won't be in until tomorrow—" And, as Ann whirled, "Well, it's Miss Gardenia."

He grinned at her, impudently, she thought. "Did you find your friend?" he asked.

Ann flared, "You needn't take that tone. How and where I meet my friends is no concern of yours."

"It seemed to be more or less my concern Saturday night."

"I'm sure you have the intelligence to recognize a mistake when you see one." Sarcasm edged her tone. "If you had any tact you wouldn't embarass me by referring to it."

"I guess a girl with your nerve can get along all right."

Ann was furiously angry. "I want you to understand that I don't go around picking up strange men in public places."

"No?"

"And if I did wish to start a flirtation you would be the last person in the world whom I'd choose." She drew a long, wrathful breath.

"All right," he said good naturedly. "Shall we skip it?"

"Gladly."

The girl behind the counter was listening, round eyed. Ann turned to her. "I'm afraid I can't stay today," she said hotly. "This person might feel that I was pursuing him."

"Don't mind me," he put in amiably. "I'm on my way back to the stock room where I belong."

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THE girl, obviously curious, insisted. "Don't be silly," she said. "I want to talk to you about something." She joined Ann in the aisle. The young man, without a backward glance, trundled his truck toward the back of the store. The girls found a booth in the cafe and sat down.

"What's your name?" the girl asked.

"Ann Brown." She bit her under lip. Angry tears threatened. "He makes me—so—mad," she muttered. "Of all the conceited, pig-headed, insulting—"

"Gee, kid—don't get sore. What's it all about?"

Ann told briefly of her meeting with the stock man. "He was wearing a white gardenia in his lapel—how did I know that half the men in Chicago were wearing gardenias?" she asked.

The 10-cent store girl giggled and, after a moment, Ann's face cleared. "I don't see what's so funny about it," she grumbled.

"Imagine it happening to Paul," the girl giggled. "It's simply a scream. All the girls are crazy about him and he shows 'em the deadpan. Girl-shy—that's his trouble. Then you come along and collar him in the public library—Oh, it's a scream."

"Is that his name—Paul?"

"Uh-huh—Paul Hayden. He started to work here about a month ago. Isn't he the keenest looking thing?"

"Not to me, he isn't. The thing that makes me so furious is that he thinks I'm cheap. He didn't believe a word I said about it being a mistake Saturday night. He thinks I trailed him in here."

"Don't be burned up, Ann. He doesn't think so now. You cooled him good." She changed the subject. "My name is Clara Brooks—funny how we got to be friends without knowing each other's names—anyway, I'm telling you because I got a proposition for you."

Ann raised her eyebrows inquiringly. Her feathers were still ruffled by the second encounter with Paul Hayden.

"Look," Clara began. "My roommate got married last Saturday. She and Jim made up their minds all of a sudden and it sorta leaves me on a limb. I got a nice little joint but it costs too much for me to keep alone. I just thought maybe you'd like to come in with me if you ain't fixed too good."

Ann decided on the instant. "That's funny, Clara," she said. "I came in to ask you about a place. I want to move—I'm going to move."

Her brow darkened again. If Paul Hayden ever learned that she had been snooping at him from her window he'd have another score against her. Glancing across the store, she found his eyes upon her. He was grinning. The beast. She turned her back on him.

(To Be Continued)

The French government, it is announced, supports Britain in the Altmark dispute. If Churchill did it, it must be all right.

Bundsman Follows Fuehrer to Jail

As a good Bundsman, James Wheeler-Hill always expected to follow his Fuehrer's lead—but hardly to jail. Wheeler-Hill, ex-secretary of the pro-Nazi German-American Bund, is pictured in New York court, sentenced to possible three years for passport fraud. Fritz Kuhn, the Bund Fuehrer, recently preceded him to prison, convicted of stealing the organization's funds.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"It doesn't really need painting every spring, but I think it attracts a better class of tenants."

FOUNDER OF ROME

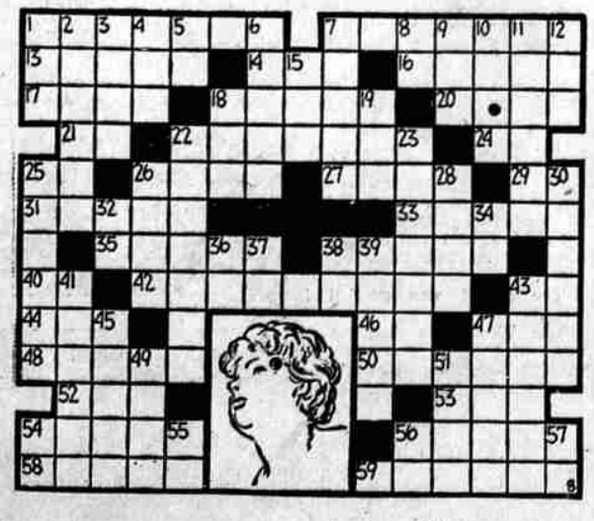
HORIZONTAL

1 Legendary founder and king of Rome.
7 In —— he was thrown into the Tiber river.
13 Molding.
14 Possessed.
16 Hair ornament.
17 Metal string.
18 Apple centers.
20 Halt.
21 Compass point.
22 To share.
24 Southwest.
25 Musical note.
26 Identical.
27 Iniquities.
29 Doctor.
31 Performer.
33 Left-hand page.
35 Plant.
38 Maudlin.
40 Laughter sound.
42 Pleasant.
43 Mother.
44 Being.
46 Exclamation.
47 Adult male.
48 Mountain ash.
50 Overseers.
52 To excavate.
53 Silkworm.
54 His twin brother, ——, shared his fate.
56 Government estates.
58 Valuable property.
59 He was rescued and —— by a she-wolf.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Line.
2 An egg capsule.
3 Greater in size.
4 Rubber tree.
5 Behold.
6 Coast.
7 Thoughts.
8 Foot.
9 Sloths.
10 Wandering dancers.
11 Mobs.
12 To bark.
15 Work of skill.
18 Eccentric wheel.
19 Kind of snow shoe.
22 Type of perfection.
23 Letter cover.
25 His —— was Mars, god of war.
26 Rail (bird).
28 Withered.
30 He was deified by the ——.
32 Toward.
34 Railway.
36 Credit.
37 Pronoun.
38 Soul.
39 Receded.
41 Positive electric terminals.
43 Sailor.
45 Moves fish-fashion.
47 Defaults.
49 State of chill.
51 Half.
54 Sun god.
55 Street.
56 Lava.
57 Idant.



OUT OUR WAY — BY J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER — BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — BY HAROLD GRAY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — BY BLOSSER

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP — BY V. T. HAMLIN