

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY, Ann moved to her new home. Her mother, who had been helping her, carried her luggage to the elevator, took her to her room. She is delighted, but when he tells her he is afraid of girls because they all want to get married, she calls him a conceited fool.

CHAPTER IX

PAUL said roughly, "Take your hands off those bags." They walked in silence for half a block Ann turning inwardly.

"For your own peace of mind," she said at last, "I'll tell you that you have met one girl who definitely does not want a husband. Are you too stupidly conceited to realize that a girl might take pride in doing something for herself? Can you feature a girl who desires to reflect her own success rather than the defeat of a \$15 stock man?" Ann's voice became more heated with every word. He thought every girl wanted to marry him. The idea—

"There may be such a girl," he admitted doubtfully. "So far it has not been my good fortune to meet one."

"You've met one now." She whirled around in front of him, bringing him to a halt. She shook a finger under his nose. "When I marry," she said clearly, "it will be to a man of whom I can be proud, a man who is smarter than I, not a—"

"A stock man," he interrupted grimly. "You said that before."

"And I say it again," she snapped. "Would you mind giving me a few details of your so-called success?" he inquired coldly.

"Well—I—"

"You make over hats, I believe. You work from dark to dark on old, dirty hats—"

"How do you know?"

"The elves, of course."

"Oh, rubbish. Your particular elf is Clara Brooks and she talks too much."

THEY were walking again. Paul nodded at a house just left that it might have been there on a flying carpet.

"That's your new home," he said. Putting her bags on the porch, he removed his hat. "Good night. Any time I can be of service—"

"I've a good mind to tip you."

"Better not. I have my pride."

He opened the door and held it wide while she carried her trappings inside. He bowed. She dropped her bags to the floor and turned back.

"We don't get along very well do we, Mr. Hayden?"

"Not very."

"But I do thank you." Ann could be very sweet. She was very sweet then.

"How do you know my name?"

"The same little elf."

"Good little elf," he laughed. "I believe you are Ann."

"Yes, Ann Brown."

Paul looked down, twisting his hat. "I think you got me wrong Ann. I didn't mean that all the girls want to marry me. It's simply that they seem to be out for husbands—any old husbands." He laughed embarrassedly.

"Well, I'm not."

"In that case—how about a movie some night?"

"I'd like it. Just to prove that I'm harmless, I'll pay my way."

"I'll pay when we go to a movie," he said firmly.

"Are we off on another quarrel?"

"Heaven forbid. May I see you soon?"

"Would tomorrow night be too soon?"

"Stay down town. I'll meet you at the notion counter."

"Lovely."

"Good night, Ann."

"Good night, Paul."

THEY climbed another flight of stairs, arriving in a square hall. Doors stood open and the hall appeared to be filled with girls. Clara made an informal introduction.

"This is Ann Brown," she announced, pointing with her finger as she went around the circle.

"Teddy and Neddy Jones—" At this two identical girls, wearing identical pajama suits, smiled identically.

"And Myrtle Follet—her husband is Mr. Follet's son—" Myrtle and an apparition appeared in one of the open doors. She was ash blond and languorous and poised. She held a long jade cigarette holder between two fingers. A plume of smoke floated upward. She wore an orchid satin housecoat. She nodded lazily.

"Ah," she said throatily, "another little bird comes to my happy nest." She placed the holder in her lips and threw back her head, observing Ann through narrowed eyes.

"I'm glad to know all of you," Ann said.

The hall emptied itself into the various doors.

"Gotta dress for a heavy date," Neddy remarked, tapping gracefully on the wooden floor.

Teddy fell into step. "Heavy date," she echoed.

"They're always got heavy dates," Clara said in an aside.

Flora-belle leaned decoratively against the door casing. "That's a mazy hat you're wearing, Ann," she said indifferently.

"Thank you—I made it myself."

"Snaazy," Then, "Got a steady boy friend?"

"No."

"Like to step out?"

"Why—yes."

"I'll fix you up." She floated

into her apartment and closed the door. Ann looked after her, wishing that she had declined Flora-belle's patronizing kindness. Later she was sure that she should have declined, but that was when Flora-belle kept good her word. (To Be Continued)

With the criticisms of the present (educational) system, I find myself more than a little sympathetic.—Dr. James B. Conant, president, Harvard university.

Under the guise of protecting their blockade against Germany, the British are doing the same reprehensible things they did in 1914.—Representative Melvin J. Maas (R-Minn.)

Joy of Living



Typical of the 572,000 Girl Scouts in the United States today is this gay young miss. She looks as though being a Girl Scout agrees with her. Health, good sportsmanship, and a quick sense of humor are aims of this world-wide movement.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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FLOWER SHOW 1940



"Naw, I'm not enterin' it in the show—I just don't wanta get shoved around in this crowd."

FICTION WRITER

HORIZONTAL

1, 5 Favorite children's writer.

12 One skilled in money matters.

14 To apportion.

16 Room recess.

17 Genus of suks.

18 Clock face.

19 Neuter pronoun.

20 The shank.

21 Refined woman.

22 The soul.

23 Wan.

24 To employ.

25 2000 pounds.

26 Sea tales.

28 Fabrics.

29 To jog.

30 Strife.

31 Snaky fish.

32 To help.

33 Comet train.

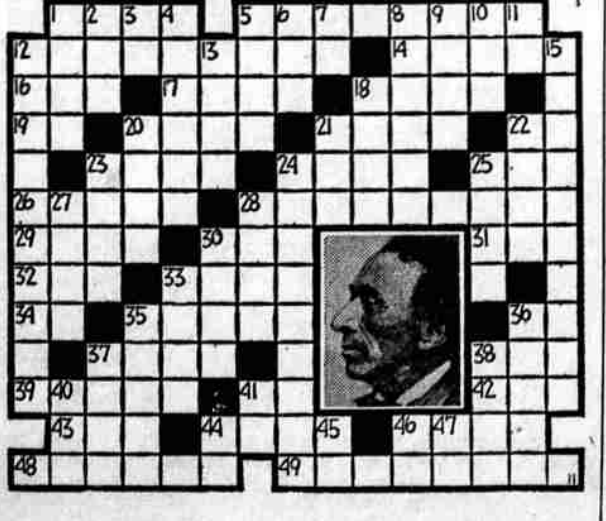
34 Note in scale.

35 Rubbed in dirt.

36 Pint.

37 Meat.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE



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



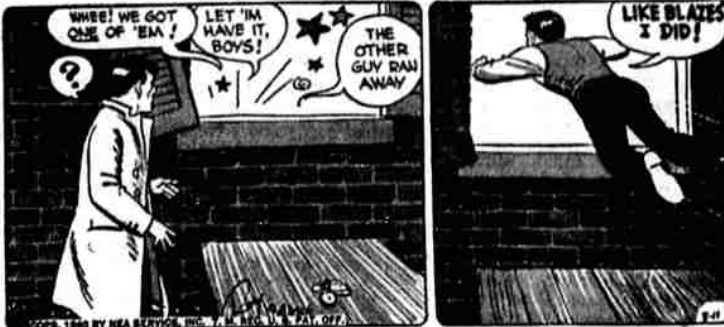
BY HAROLD GRAY



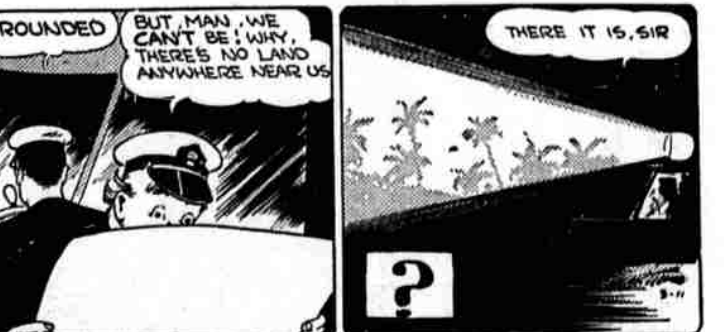
BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

