SERIAL STORY

$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Ann learns more about Paul during their first date. He is a college graduate, anxious to succeed. There is no room in life for romance. They agree to be just friends. Two weeks after Ann's arrival in her new home, Florabelle asks her to go on a party.

CHAPTER XIII

ANN hesitated. There was a difference between going on a party and going to a party. When she hesitated, Florabelle said, "And you too, Clara."

"Oh, Florabelle," Clara breathed excitedly, "That's swell—simply swell. Isn't it, Ann?"

"I'd like to go to a party," Ann admitted. "What—what kind of a party is it?"

"Oh," Florabelle continued carelessly, "we'll have dinner somewhere—and dance."

Clara's eyes sparkled. "Will we meet swell fellows?" She had a definite idea of swell fellows. They worked in offices behind big mahogany desks, they spent their evenings in night clubs. She had seen them in the movies.

"The best families in town will be represented," Florabelle assured her with a little grimace.

"Oh, gee," Clara sighed. "What'll I wear?"

"Well, don't try to be dressy. Wear street clothes. The smartest girls in Chicago never dress."

Clara ran to the closet and brought forth an atrocious taffeta frock. It was cerise, trimmed with cream lace. "Will this be all right?" she asked excitedly.

"It'll do." As she left the room, Florabelle said, "You're the important one, Ann. The party is being given in your honor."

"My honor?"

"Sure. Jake Bontel was in the taxi the other night. He saw you and asked me to bring you 'round."

"Will there be a man for Clara?"

Florabelle nodded. "Three men will be there. Clancy Horton—he's mine and don't you forget it for a minute—Jake Bontel and Steve Claybourne. Steve goes with the North Side crowd. Occasionally he likes to meet the other half."

Ann was a little dubious about the affair. She had the feeling that Florabelle was railroading her into something. On the other hand, she was eager for gaiety. Dinner and dancing—it sounded delightful.

Florabelle took her acceptance for granted. "Just wait till Steve Claybourne sees Clara," she said, laughing lazily.

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THERE was a flurry of baths and dressing in the apartment the next evening. Ann wore the new blue dress and little pancake hat. Her hair was like gold, vivid color burned in her cheeks, her eyes were mysteriously dark. Florabelle's gown was black, sleek and plain. At her throat she wore an immense rhinestone clip. A smartly veiled hat partially covered her ash blond head.

Clara was a living demonstration of what a girl should not wear. The cerise dress fought with the shade of her rouge, her flame colored nails fought back. She'd had her hair done at noon and her head had an ice-bound look. Bangle bracelets jingled from her wrists, a bib necklace of raw gold covered her chest.

"Aren't you going to wear any jewelry?" she asked Ann.

"I haven't anything nice."

"Gee, I wish I'd known it. They have swell stuff at the store."

Ann looked at Clara's decorations and was not in the least envious. They found a cab waiting at the curb and Ann quietly enjoyed the unaccustomed luxury.

At last they stopped before an apartment hotel on Sheridan drive. Florabelle gracefully led the way to an elevator and they shot upward, Ann's doubts increasing with every floor.

"Why should we go to Mr. Horton's apartment?" she asked. "Why don't we meet them where we are to have dinner?"

Florabelle lost patience. "Look," she said firmly. "Are you planning to have a good time or are you going to put on an act at every turn? Who is throwing this party, anyway?"

Ann felt properly squelched. "I just wondered," she said lamely.

"Well, stop wondering. Take things as they come. I go to parties like this about five times a week and I'm none the worse for them."

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SHE knocked on a closed door and it swung open. A large, beefy man with several chins and a bulging waistline beamed out at them.

"Three little gifts from heaven," he proclaimed loudly.

"This is Clancy," Florabelle said, "Ann and Clara."

"Howdy, Ann and Clara. Come in. The two male earth beings behind me are Jake and Steve. Step up, boys, and do your manners."

Ann knew right then that her doubts had been well founded. She glanced about the apartment. No one lived there, that was obvious. It had merely been taken for the evening's entertainment. A kitchen, brilliantly lighted, opened off the main room. From where Ann stood, she could see down a hall from which opened bedrooms and bath.

Jake took her hand. "It's plain that you need a little drink," he said thickly. "Come with your old pal, Jake." He led her to a console table which had been turned into a bar. It was loaded with bottles and glasses.

Ann said, "I thought we were going out to dinner." Anything to get away.

"That's the surprise," he told her with sly heaviness. "We're having dinner right here. You like that, beautiful?"

Florabelle had removed her fur and hat. With a glass in her hand, she sat on the arm of a chair, looking extremely decorative. Clara, aided by Steve, was getting out of her wraps. She was laughing and talking inanely. Ann looked at Steve. He was younger than the other men, younger and nicer.

Jake had gone behind the improvised bar. "What'll it be, angel?"

Ann was at a loss. Evidently this was what was meant by "being on a party." She had never tasted intoxicating liquor, her father had seen to that. Inexperienced as she was, she knew that it was up to her to bluff. She couldn't "put on an act" as Florabelle had said.

"Mix up something you think I'll like," she said indifferently.

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BY this time Clara was sipping a long drink. She was doing her best to be casual about it, imitating Florabelle's every move. While Jake hilariously mixed the drinks Steve crossed the room to Ann. He was an exceptionally good-looking young man, well groomed and nice mannered. He was a little less intoxicated than his two friends.

"I've never had the pleasure of meeting you," he said.

"Perhaps you've never gone slumming in the right places," she returned coolly. Ann was angry, more angry at herself than at the three men.

Why had she come? Why had she let herself in for something she might not be able to handle? What was the fun in a gathering like this? Where was the excuse for it?

"Pert little devil, aren't you?" Steve remarked.

"I can hold my own in any crowd."

"Do I detect gravel in that remark?"

"I put some in. Maybe you are clever enough to detect it."

Jake came from behind the bar, a stemmed glass in his hand. "Here you are, my sweet."

"Thank you." She took the glass. What was she to do with it? Why—oh, why had she come?

(To Be Continued)

RADIUM PRICES SHIFT

The price of radium dropped from $70,000 a gram to the present rate of $25,000 a gram with the discovery of the rich Eldorado vein in Canada eight years ago.

Air Brings Bequest

Eleven months ago a signet ring falling from an airplane struck Mrs. Anna W. Briggs of Sacramento on the head. Publicity followed the ring's return to its owner, and led German officials in their hunt for Mrs. Briggs, whom they just informed was heiress to a $198,000 estate.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"What! You mean $400 is all the gov'ment thinks I'm worth? Why, my tonsils cost $50!"

ABLE INVENTOR

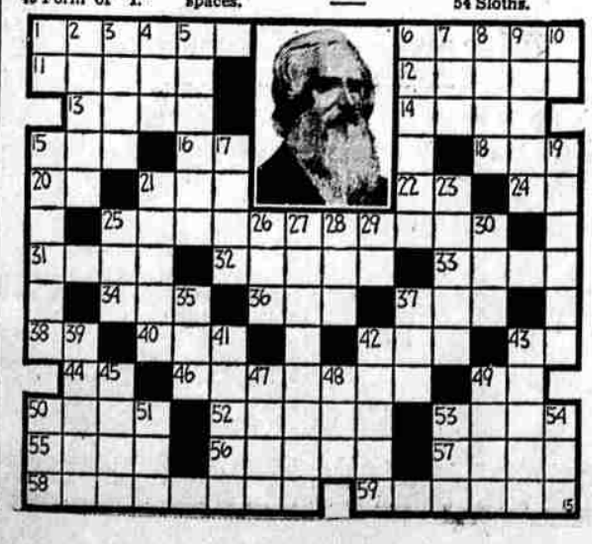
HORIZONTAL

1,6 Pictured inventor of the telegraph.
11 To accumulate.
12 Imbecile.
13 Fruit decay.
14 Ravine.
15 Every.
16 Exclamation.
18 Aurora.
20 Musical note.
21 To gaze.
22 Provided.
24 Note in scale.
25 Not memorable.
31 Island.
32 Railway station.
33 Pressing tool.
34 Boy.
36 Pointed end.
37 Mineral spring.
38 Forward.
40 Hurrah!
42 Existed.
43 Plural.
44 Credit.
46 Pertaining to the liver.
49 Form of "I."
50 Goddess of discord.
52 Measure of capacity.
53 Cheek.
55 Smooth.
56 To deem.
57 Fungi spore sacs.
58 He invented the —— telegraph in 1832.
59 He invented a telegraphic code of dots, —— and spaces.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

1 South America.
2 Easy gait.
3 Public walk.
4 To consume.
5 Great regard.
6 Central leaf vein.
7 Epic.
8 To vex.
9 Songs for one voice.
10 And.
15 He was also a professional ——
17 Careful consideration.
19 His code is also used to —— with flags.
21 To daub.
23 Flicks.
25 Sick.
26 Adult males.
27 Pertaining to opera.
28 To pilfer.
29 Preposition.
30 Epoch.
35 Burmese knife.
37 Membranous bag.
39 Plant part.
41 Serf.
42 Telegraphed.
43 Pennies.
45 Finger ornament.
47 Tanning pod.
48 Five plus five.
49 Net.
50 Tree.
51 Measure.
53 Fuel.
54 Sloths.

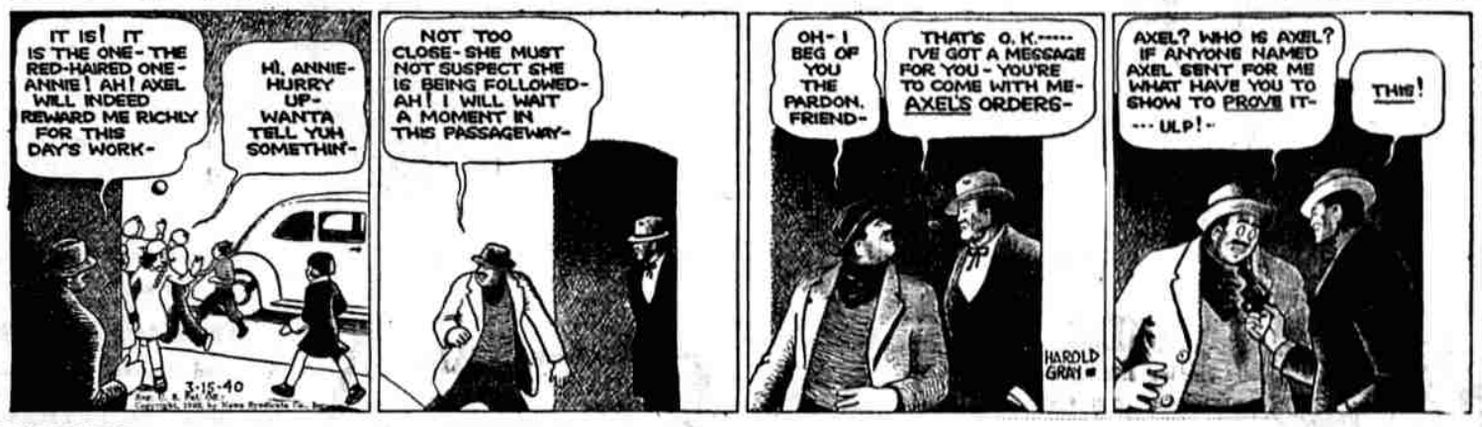


OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS

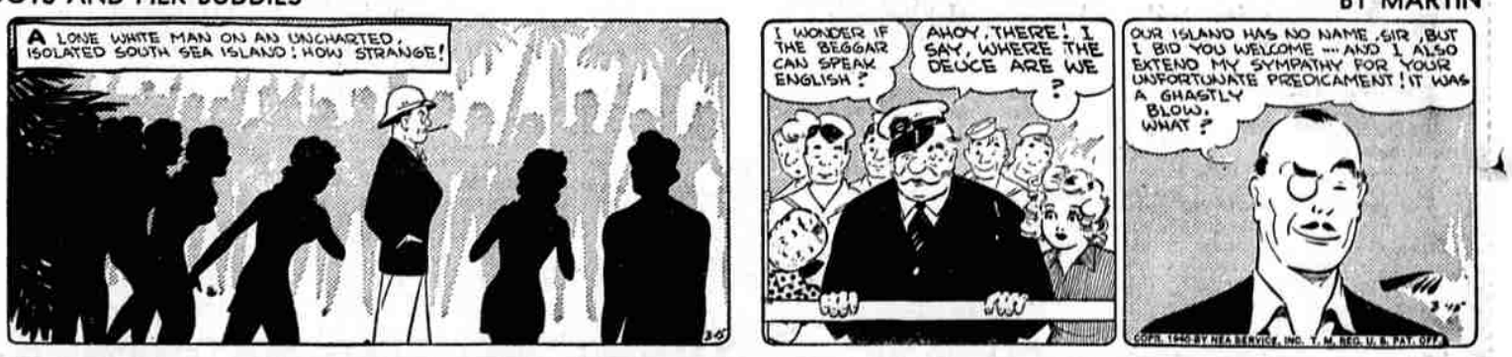
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE BY HAROLD GRAY



WASH TUBBS BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES BY MARTIN