

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Steve is not a bad fellow. He knows the crowd. He doesn't belong to this crowd. He avoids his questioning. Looks for a chance to escape. Finally it comes and he leaves. Clara refuses to quit the party. Steve follows Ann, insists that she let him drive her home. When he crashes red lights, a police car trails them.

CHAPTER XV

STEVE laughed exultantly, accelerating his speed, dodging in and out of traffic at a terrific rate. Another siren took up the chase. At last a squad car came alongside and Steve reluctantly pulled over to the curb. He was still laughing. An officer came to the window.

"So it's you, Claybourne," he growled. "I thought so. Up to your old tricks. What's the alibi this time?"

"The lady is sick," Steve explained. "I'm getting her to the nearest hospital." He nudged Ann, who was petrified with fear. "Cough for the captain, dear."

The officer had been leaning head and shoulders in the car. "Driving while intoxicated," he said grimly.

"What did I have for dinner?" Steve wanted to know.

"Get along to the station and no funny business," the law commanded.

Ann had been crouching in the seat. At this point she leaned across Steve. "I'm not intoxicated, officer," she said, close to his face. "I haven't had a drink."

"What are you doing with Steve Claybourne?"

"He offered to take me home. Please—if you'll let me drive, I'll be careful."

The officer laughed good-naturedly. "Can't do it, young lady," he said. "The boys down at the station would miss this friend of yours if he didn't show up about once a week. However, I have nothing against you. Get out if you want to."

Ann hesitated. It didn't seem quite sporting to leave Steve when he was in trouble. He settled the matter for her. Pushing out of the car door past the officer, he hailed a cruising cab, tossed a bill to the driver, and opened the door.

"Your carriage waits, Ann," he announced.

DRIVING away from the scene, she laughed. She couldn't help it. What would have been a disaster of the worst magnitude to her, an arrest, was all in the night's work for Steve. He'd pay a fine and go merrily on his way.

Her cab was joined by another as they turned into Murray street. Simultaneously the two taxis pulled up to the curb. Clara, crying hysterically, alighted from the second cab. Ann put an arm around her and led her into the house, breathing a sigh of relief.

Inside their own apartment, she said, "Don't cry, Clara. Everything is all right. You're home. Maybe this will teach us a lesson."

She was mixing soda in a glass of water. If Florabelle considered soda the correct dosage for Jake it certainly could do Clara no harm.

Clara was a sight. Tears had wrought havoc with mascara and rouge. Her eyes were swollen, her mouth loose and shaking.

"I never was so mad in my life," she sobbed hysterically. "They can't do that to me. I guess I've got feelings just the same as anybody else."

"What did they do?" Ann asked, proffering the glass.

Clara obediently drank, still crying.

"What did they do?" Ann asked again, hanging Clara's coat in the closet.

"When you left, those two horrid men were sore. They took me down to the street and put me in a cab. They said it was time to throw out the trash. Oh—oh—I won't be insulted like that."

"Never mind," Ann said soothingly. "Be glad they put you in a taxi." She helped Clara to bed and slowly undressed. Well, she'd been on a party and that was that. She'd never do it again.

Thinking of Steve, she smiled. He was a rascal, but an engaging rascal.

CLARA was still fast asleep when Ann went to church the next morning. She was grumpy through dinner and napped all afternoon. At 4 Florabelle, evidently just out of bed, crossed the hall. Her face sagged with weariness. Ann decided again that Florabelle was not so young as she pretended to be.

"Come in, Florabelle," she said. "Clara is asleep." She braced herself for a storm of criticism.

None was forthcoming. Florabelle said, "Sorry you didn't like the party."

"You see, I don't drink," Ann explained apologetically. "I've seen a lot of it in my day and—oh, I don't know."

"You're smart," Florabelle let it go at that. "You certainly went over in a big way with Steve."

"Did I?"

"I'll say you did." She jumped to another topic. "Wasn't Clara a mess?"

"Poor Clara," Ann said. After a little more facetious conversation, Florabelle rose to leave. Opening the door, she gasped, "Oh, it's you!"

A man stood in the hall. He was short and thin and dressed in his Sunday best. In his hand he carried what was obviously a box of candy. His eyes, gazing at Florabelle, were worshipful. Ann recognized him as the postman.

"How do you do," he said timidly. "I was just passing."

THE next morning, by the time the girls reached the corner of State and Dearborn, Clara had regained her usual cheerfulness. In fact, she was beginning to recount

and enjoy the experiences of Saturday night.

"A lot of it was fun," she said. "I loved the cab and the dinner and seeing how swell people live."

"Do you call Clancy and Jake swell people?" Ann asked.

"They must be. They have loads of money. The taxi fare was over \$5 each way."

"Money doesn't make people swell," Ann said.

"What does then?"

"Knowing how to behave, I guess."

"You know how to behave, Ann. Gee, it was swell the way you ordered the dinner."

"My father used to take me around."

Clara went on to the notion counter. It wasn't in her to keep silent. Within an hour the entire store knew that Clara Brooks had been on a party Saturday night, that she had dined on turkey breast and mushrooms, that she had gone and returned via taxi-cab. Paul Hayden came to the counter with a truck load of notions while she was vividly describing the elegance of the hotel apartment.

"Oh, it was swell," she was saying. "Great big divans and squishy chairs and a radio—waiters rushing in and out—highballs and cocktails— You should have seen Ann—she's my roommate—you bet she wasn't impressed. Ann's been around. She tossed off her drinks and never turned a hair—oh, hello, Mr. Hayden—gee, it's hard to settle down to work. Ann and I went on a party Saturday night."

Clara went on proudly. "Steve Claybourne was there—you know, he's that rich guy who's always getting his picture in the paper."

Paul asked, "Are the circles under Ann's eyes any blacker than yours?"

Clara's laugh got out of control.

"You say the craziest things, Mr. Hayden. Ann didn't stay as long as I did. She and Steve—I called him Steve just like he was anybody—they left early."

She stopped, gazing after Paul's very straight back. "What's he got to be huffy about?" she asked. (To Be Continued)



HELL NO!

No rubber stamp Congressman is Rep. James Secombe, of Ohio, but he's very much a rubber stamp correspondent. Above, he demonstrates his pointed answer—"Hell No!"—to communications he doesn't like.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Tak, tak! Why does Fan bother to write these things down when she knows nobody's ever gonna see 'em except herself?"

MAP PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured is the map of

8 Its president.
13 Kiln.

14 To make cloth.
16 Labyrinth.

17 Need.
18 Native.

19 To send forth.
20 One who eats sparingly.

22 Portrayed.
24 Was afraid.

25 Moved the head.
28 To rot flax.

29 Railroad.
31 English coin.

33 To dart.
37 Volume.

38 This land's monetary unit
40 Part of ear.

41 Pronoun.
42 The ocean borders land from the U. S. A. 7

50 Fine.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SAINT PATRICK
OINT BODENORE
OLDSBONE
WOCUP TERNER
ACRAMETIKOR
EASE TITIKOR
SAINT PATRICK
AHFOC
VISEAM
ETIL POMPOUS
NITLOSTILES PATRON

44 Anything steeped.
45 To chatter.
48 Fay.
51 Part of mouth.
52 Genus of cattle.
54 Not any.
55 To rise again.
57 Dye.
58 What river separates this land from the U. S. A. 7

11 Chemical compound.

12 Prescribed.
15 Spike of corn.

21 Tellurium.
23 Witty sayings.

24 An important industry in this land.
26 Discovers.

27 Duplicate.
28 Coarse file.

30 To decay.
32 Musical note.

34 To snip.
35 Money.

36 Kimono sash.
39 Fertile desert spot.

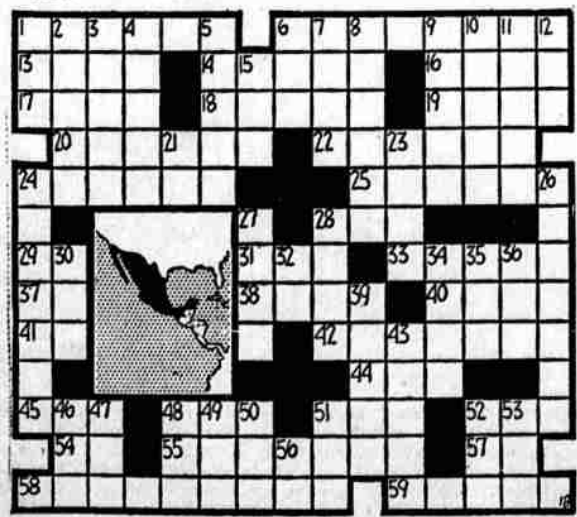
43 Contended.
46 Blackbird.

47 To hoot.
48 To sin.

49 Meadow.
50 Ventilating machine.

51 Untruth.
52 Curse.

53 Not young.
56 Road.



OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



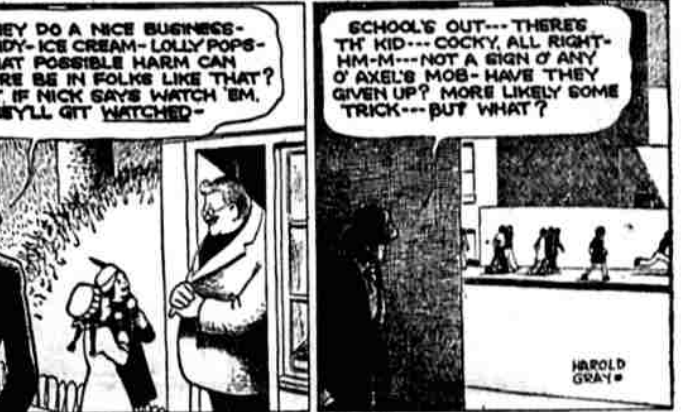
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



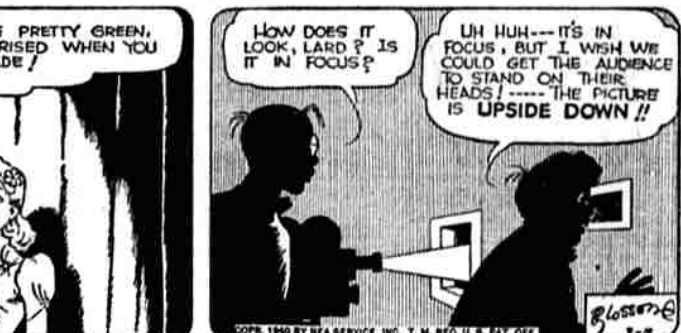
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRAN



BY BLOSSE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

