

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Arrested for driving while intoxicated, Steve sends Ann home in a cab. Clara arrives at the same time, teary, drunk, and angry because the men practically threw her out. But by Monday the party has gained glamour for Clara and she regales her friends with the story. Paul overheard, to snort over Ann's part in the affair.

CHAPTER XVI

ANN briefly described the unsuccessful evening to Mrs. Pringle. "I knew better than to go," she concluded. "That isn't what I want—parties with men who wouldn't speak to me if they happened to be with their mothers or sisters."

"Or wives," Mrs. Pringle put in. "Gracious—do you suppose they were married men?"

"Not young Claybourne—the world would hear about it if he got married. But Jake Bontel has a wife, my husband's niece is her personal maid. Very likely Florabelle's friend is married too."

"I don't know what comes over men, too much money, I guess. Now there's my Joe—he may not be much, but he's faithful. I never leave him enough money to be anything else."

Ann began, "Oh, I don't think Florabelle would—" She did not finish the remark. After all, what did she know of Florabelle? Beautiful apartment, stunning clothes, frequent parties, a glamorous appearance.

Ann pondered over the queer assortment of girls who lived on the third floor of Mrs. Follet's rooming house, not realizing that they represented a cross section of thousands of rooming houses, a coming together, through necessity, of varying personalities, each with her own set of emotions and standards, each trying to live life in her own way.

Ann's mind strayed on to Paul Hayden. There was something about him that weakened her defenses. She thought of him too much, longed to see him with a thrilled wishfulness that amazed her. Was she falling in love with Paul? The disastrous effect of such a love warned her to turn back before it was too late.

Two definite reasons stood in the way of loving Paul Hayden. First, he had plainly stated that love and marriage were outside his calculations. She admired him for his honest directness. Secondly, Ann intended to climb the ladder of success alone, unhampered by ties of any kind. This meant that she must be on guard to keep her emotional self in the background.

ANN left the shop at 5 o'clock to find Steve Claybourne cooling his heels in the gloomy foyer.

His eyes lighted with pleasure as she stepped from the elevator and, although she knew she should pass him with a cool nod, she stopped when he extended his hand.

"I thought surely you would send flowers to the jail," he laughed.

"Didn't you get them?" she sparkled. "I ordered a wreath of lilies and a spade."

"Are you inferring that I'm a dead one?"

"Sounded a little that way, didn't it?" She started for the door. "I must dash."

"Why dash?" What's the hurry?"

"It's my turn to get dinner."

Ann went to the door. "Nice to have seen you. Goodbye." Hurrying along the sidewalk, she found Steve beside her.

"How about dinner?" he asked. "No, thank you."

"Why not?"

"Oh, just because."

"Well, well—old Steve must have lost his power of attraction. But persuasion—I'm still good at that."

"Not good enough." She crossed State street, heading for the El. He kept step, jostled by the hastening home seekers.

"I want a chance to apologize," he said.

"For what?"

"For Saturday night."

"Listen—I went to that party, it's my own fault if I didn't like it." They stopped at Wabash for the lights to change and she looked into his handsome, reckless face.

"There's one thing that I'm curious about," she said slowly. "What were you doing in that crowd? You were almost as out of place as I."

"Oh, I don't know. I go higher and you in search of a sentence. I'm always looking for it. It nothing turns up by 6:45 in the evening I go out and break something loose. Clancy is my father's representative in Omaha and a darn good business man. Jake is one of our best customers. I just drifted into the party for something better to do."

TRAINS roared above them, surface cars clanged their bells, horns tooted, pedestrians scurried. Ann called, "Goodbye," and ran up the El stairs. Waiting for the train, Paul Hayden joined her on the platform. He tipped his hat, not smiling.

"Hello, Paul," she smiled. "Isn't it a lovely evening?"

"Very," he said shortly.

"Aren't you early? I thought you didn't leave the store until 8:30?"

"I had an errand." He did not add that he had gone to meet Ann, only to find Steve there before him. Having listened to Clara's graphic description of the Saturday night party, and having seen numerous newspaper pictures of Steve Claybourne, he'd had no difficulty in recognizing him.

The train rushed into the station and they went together into a crowded car. Finding straps, they hung on. Paul said nothing. When the train jerked, he steadied Ann with a hand on her elbow. She

felt a restraint about him and glanced several times at his sober face.

"Everything all right?" she asked at last.

"Fine."

"We had a nice time the other evening, didn't we?" She tried valiantly to break through to him. "Do you mean Saturday night?"

"Oh, that—News certainly gets around, doesn't it?"

"It must have been quite a brawl."

"It certainly was."

"I see there was a hangover in the person of Mr. Steve Claybourne."

She darted another glance at him. "Steve wasn't so bad," she said.

"That's what I thought. There's more than one way of pulling yourself to a higher level."

"Are you deliberately trying to be nasty, Paul?"

SHE felt hurt and bewildered. She couldn't know of the impression left by Clara's remarks. And she couldn't know that Paul was bitterly disappointed and confused as to the reason for his disappointment.

He did not answer and they hurried onward in silence. As the train neared Paul's station, Ann raised her eyes. She had no idea of the effectiveness of her upward glance. Her lashes were remarkable, long and curling and gold tipped. Paul, who had been gazing somberly at her averted face, started when she looked up.

"Friends?" she asked.

"Yes," he nodded gravely.

"Then—must we have misunderstandings?" She was so in earnest that he smiled for the first time.

"I wasn't sure you wanted to be friends," he said.

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

The train was slowing. Paul said, "Let's walk in the park to-night and smell the spring."

"All right," she laughed. Ann leaned down to catch one more glimpse of him as he strode across the platform. She was only half aware that her blood sang deliciously.

(To Be Continued)



VISITOR—Princess Raj Kumar of the Indian state Anagar was dressed in the best fashion of her native land, upon arrival for first New York visit.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

J.R. WILLIAMS 3-M

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



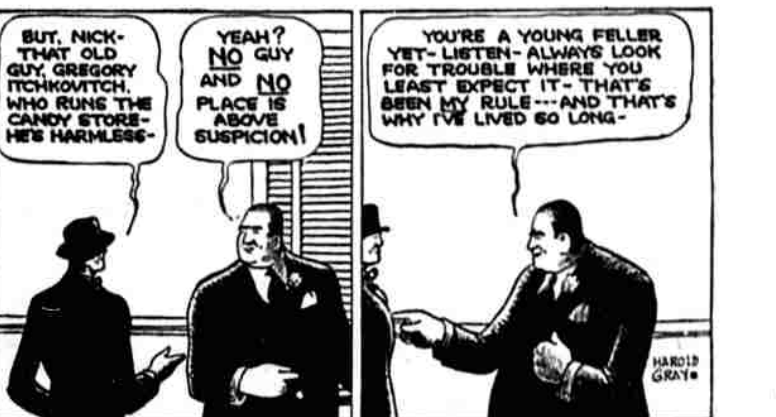
ALL ASHORE THAT'S GOING ASHORE!

BY FRED HARMAN

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBBS



BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



BY V. T. HAMLIN

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Sure, you can get dates easy 'cause your dad works at the ice-cream factory—mine just has an ole bank."

EMINENT STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL									
1 Late senator of the U. S. A.	2 Mexican	3 Cardenas	4 OVEN	5 WEAVE	6 MAZE	7 WANT	8 NATAL	9 EMIT	10
11 Valiant man.	12 Theatrical play.	13 Toilet box.	14 Native metal.	15 Photograph.	16 Eagle of the sea.	17 Northeast.	18 God of love.	19 College official.	20
21 Paid publicity.	22 Aperture for coins.	23 Huge body of water.	24 Scraped.	25 Bulb flower.	26 Amidic.	27 Sled for hauling logs.	28 Combat.	29 Verdant.	30 Chair.
31 Is compelled.	32 Exclamation.	33 Perished.	34 Land right.	35 Masculine pronoun.	36 Preposition.	37 Fire basket.	38 Food container.	39 Chestnut horse.	40 Winged.
41 Soft mineral.	42 He was an	43 by profession.	44 Polished limestone.	45 Mire.	46 Substituted.	47 Anger.	48 See.	49 Owl's cry.	50 To obliterate.
51 Hops kiln.	52 To suppose.	53 Entrance room.	54 Obese.	55 To remark.	56 Taxi.	57 Nay.	58 Sun god.	59 Mire.	60 Transposed.

