

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Life in the rooming house gives Ann plenty of cause to ponder love and marriage, but she can't find the answer. Paul asks her to go to a fraternal dance. They decide to splurge on one grand, Cinderella evening.

CHAPTER XVIII

A POLICEMAN sauntered past the bench. He spoke cheerfully to Ann and Paul. They said, "Good evening, sir." When he was gone, Ann remarked in a thrilled tone, "I'll have to get a new dress for the party." "Can you manage it?" Paul asked. "I will—and evening slippers—" "How about glass?" "Too stiff. As a child I used to wonder how Cinderella was able to hobble around in glass slippers." She went on, planning aloud. "I have two spoon dollars—I know where I can get slippers for \$2.50—" "Spoon dollars?" "I'm buying a set of sterling silver spoons. Don't think me silly, Paul." "I don't think you silly at all. Everyone needs an outlet. You'd be surprised at my pet extravagance." "Tell me." He laughed embarrassedly. "Underwear—shorts and shirts—silk." She nodded gravely. "I know what you mean. Just knowing that we have a few nice things keeps our souls from rattling around." "Right," he laughed. They walked home through the velvet dark. Ann declined an offer of soda at the drug store. "Let's save for the big night," she said. When Paul left her with a friendly good night she went happily up the stairs. No money, but a delightful few hours had been spent.

ON Friday evening of that week Steve Claybourne waited in the foyer again. Ann, with her arms filled with packages, came hurrying from the elevator. She was going straight to the Center. An evening gown was under construction and her excitement knew no bounds. She would have passed Steve without seeing him had he not called her. "Speak to me," he commanded. "Must I hang around this musty place for an hour and then be snubbed?" She laughed. "I'm sorry, Steve. My mind was ten miles west." "Bring it back and put it firmly on me."

She described an arc with her hand. "Here it comes. Look out." "Had dinner?" he asked. "Not yet." "Come with me." "I'm in a dreadful rush, Steve." "Can't you spare an hour for an old friend?" "Not an hour." She thought a moment. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll eat a sandwich with you in the sandy kitchen here." He grimaced. He argued. They ended up in a booth in the candy kitchen. He ordered chicken sandwiches and coffee and French pastry. "What's the rush?" he inquired. "I'm making a dress." "Making a dress," he repeated in an astounded tone. "I thought they grew in windows." "Mine don't."

THE sandwiches were slapped down in front of them. Ann's coffee sloshed over in her saucer and Steve sent it back. He was quite lordly with the waiter and got exactly nowhere with his tactics. "Some dive," he muttered. "Nice food," Ann returned. "I had a reason for seeing you tonight," he said. "The Athens Club is pulling a party next Wednesday night. I'm taking you. I thought you might be interested."

Steve had been much amused by his decision to take the little working girl to the Athens Club dance. It was his idea of a lark to appear with a nobody and put the nobody over. The Athens parties were attended by a mixed crowd, ex-football stars, lawyers, filling station service men, business executives and their clerks. When Steve received the announcement of the ball, it had occurred to him that Ann would be much impressed, that she would think he was really taking her somewhere, that she was meeting society.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I've already accepted an invitation to the Athens Club party." Steve suffered a severe shock. "Look," he said, "you don't have to lie to me. If you haven't got the clothes to wear I'll see that you get them." "Thank you. I buy my own clothes." "Say—is this on the level—are you going to the hop?" "Yes. Will you call the waiter and ask for another saucer of coffee?" Steve insisted on driving her to the Center. He promised to keep well within the law. He offered to return for her at any stated hour. She declined, explaining that creative zeal might keep her there indefinitely, that the dawn might find her still bent over the sewing machine.

She went to the sewing room and instantly forgot Steve. Making an evening gown, an evening gown that would pass muster at the Athens Club party, one that would make Paul proud, was an absorbing task. Ann unfolded the material breathlessly. It was white, a shimmering gold thread woven in and out through the length. At irregular intervals the pattern showed a slight inclination to veer off. The defect was only

noticeable when the light shone across it in a certain way. It had been enough of a defect, however, to banish it from the place of fine fabrics and Ann had picked it up for practically nothing at a basement counter. Ignoring the vagaries of the design, she gloried in the richness of the material. Her cheeks grew rosy as she cut and sewed and fitted the lovely thing to her more lovely lines. "I'm going to be \$4 short on my budget," she thought, "but I don't care. Just this once, I don't care." She made a little slip of rayon—it had the sheen of taffeta. She bought gold slippers that had once pinched the toes of a more fortunate girl. The Italian jet her have them for \$2 as he had no call for gold slippers with rhinestone heels. She could have cried over them because they were so beautiful.

MRS. FOLLET'S third floor was in an uproar on the night of the party. The twins showed Ann the latest dance steps. Clara offered her array of 10-cent-store bangles. Floralie came across the hall with a black moire evening wrap. Myrtle stood against the wall in awed silence. Ann had washed her own hair and set the natural wave. It was soft and lustrous. It hung loosely, the curls swung when she moved her head. She had manicured her own nails and painted them with shell pink. When she slid the white and gold dress over her head and let the folds fall around the gold slippers, she had her first taste of real bliss. The gown was a masterpiece of artistry. It was plain—Clara thought it much too plain—it had long, lovely body lines. Ann's back and shoulders were flawless, her bare arms would have made a sculptor sigh with delight. Her

eyes were dazzlingly bright, her red mouth tremulous with happiness. Looking in the mirror, Ann had a moment of wistful doubt. Was it to be a Cinderella evening or another disappointment? (To Be Continued)

WORLD'S OLDEST TREE A tree, 34 feet in diameter, and estimated to be more than 3800 years old, is said to be the world's oldest. It is located in Yosemite National park.

In Love, She Says



"We're not getting married. We're in love, I mean, friends." Soule Henle declared as she and Socialite Dan Topping arrived in Honolulu.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



ONE THING I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND CURRY, IS HOW A BIG EXECUTIVE CAN DRIVE MEN BUT CAN'T MAKE A HOSS KEEP UP! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE TH' HOSS AIN'T AFRAID OF BEIN' FIRED.

RED RYDER



SORRY, PA, BUT YOU AND RYDER AIN'T ARRESTIN' ME! GET THEIR GUNS, MONTE! I OUGHTA KILL YOU FOR THAT SHOCK ON THE MAN, BUT I GOT A BETTER WAY! DON'T BE FOOLISH, SON! COME ALONG WITH US AND FACE THAT ROBBERY CHARGE!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BON JOUR, MARK! I CALLED TO DEFRAY THAT TRIFLING DEBT—HAK-KAFF! BY THE WAY, MY SCOTCH AGENTS ARE GENDING ME A BOLT OF MY FAVORITE TWEED, AND I MAY HAVE YOU CUT ME A KNOCKABOUT SUIT FROM IT—HAR-RUMPH!

JUST THE BEST FOR EASTER, MAJOR!

YAH, TWELF DOLLARS, DENK YOU—VOS YOU DRESS SINK FOR EASTER, MAJOR?—LOOK!—DOT MASTERPIECE VOS MADE A SPECIAL FOR MEISTER YUNKHOUSER WHO VENT TO ALCATRAZ VEH HE FORGETS HIS INCOME TAGS!—I SHALL HOPE TO FALL INTO TWO MANHOLES IF I'LL NOD GIFFING IT TO YOU HALF PRICE!

BY FRED HARMAN

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



"This neighborhood's got some pretty tough kids, but any time you need some help, jus' let us know—they're all our pals."

VENERABLE MUSICIAN

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and a small illustration of a man's face.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers in the corners.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



AH—SO-O-O—THE ONE CALLED BUCK WAS IN YOUR STORE DOES HE THEN SUSPECT? NO—NO—HE COULD NOT SUSPECT OLD GREGORY—GOOD—WE SHALL WAIT—PERHAPS HE WILL GO AWAY—IF NOT, IT IS OF LITTLE CONSEQUENCE—ONE DAY YOU WILL ENGAGE THE RED-HAIRED ONE IN CONVERSATION AS SHE PASSES—

BY HAROLD GRAY

WASH TUBS



BY THE WAY, HONEY, HOW DO YOU LIKE TO GO DANCING THIS EVENING? SEE HERE, DINK, I DO NOT LIKE ZAT KIND OF FAMILIARITY WIV MY DAUGHTER! OH, HO! YOU'RE WILLING TO DEAL IN STOLEN DIAMONDS, BUT YOUR LITTLE BUTTERCUP'S TOO GOOD TO ASSOCIATE WITH THE THEVES WHO STEAL THEM, IS THAT IT? THEN SUPPOSE WE HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING NOW, LETORE, YOUR DAUGHTER HAS AGREED TO DO AS I TELL HER, HAVEN'T YOU, MY DEAR? PLEASE! I... I HAVE A DREADFUL HEADACHE. SHE ALREADY HAS THE ENGAGEMENT, TOO. THEN SHE CAN BREAK IT! AND TAKE A HEADACHE TABLET SHE MAY AS WELL GET ACCUSTOMED TO GOING WITH ME NOW AS LATER!

BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THAT WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS SUPPOSED TO END! WELL, ANYWAY, SON, YOU SENT THE AUDIENCE HOME LAUGHING! EVEN THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MEN AND MEN— FRECKLES, IT WAS GRAND! THERE'S TOO MUCH TRAGEDY IN THE WORLD ANYWAY! PEOPLE ENJOY LAUGHTER. WHERE'S JUNE? I WANTA TAKE HER HOME! SOME IMPORTANT LOOKING GUY IS TALKING TO HER OVER THERE! WHO IS HE? Y' GOT ME, FRECK, BUT HIS CONVERSATION IS GONNA WORRY YOU!

BY BLOSSER

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



DON'T THEY DANCE BEAUTIFULLY, CAPTAIN? THEY DO INDEED! I WOUDE WHERE MISTER FER—BIG! THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS—DRINK HEARTY! BY THE WAY, ARE YOU BOYS ON BOARD SHIP? WE GOT CHARGE OF THE ENGINE ROOM! SURE! WE MAKE TH' LIL WHEELS GO 'ROUND!

BY MARTIN

ALLEY OOP



I HIT HIM... AN I'VE GOT A HUNCH A LIL NAB WOULD DO YOU SOME GOOD, TOO! ...DR. BOOM CAME ALL THE WAY FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY TO RESCUE US, AND HE GOT HERCULES TO HELP HIM FIND US! THEY ARE OUR FRIENDS! SAY! WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY HERCULES? FRIENDS, EH? OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO... YOU'RE TH' DOCTOR... BUT... BUT WHAT? ...DON'T NEVER TAKE OFF YOUR ARMOR, LESSN' IM AROUND CLOSE ENOUGH 'TKEEP AN EYE ON YOUR BACK!

BY V. T. HAMLIN