

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Steve Claybourne asks Ann to the fraternity dance, and she agrees. He is thrilled, but fears the evening may end in disappointment.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEN Ann walked into the living room even Florabelle was speechless. These girls, cheap in their wants, tawdry in their ideas, for just a moment sensed something beyond themselves, something made up of breeding and culture.

"Gee—" said Neddy.
"Gee—" came Teddy's echo.
Clara boasted, "It's all written up on the society page." She got the paper. "See? Athens Club spring ball—Oh, Ann—I'd be scared to death—I wouldn't know how to act." It was her admission of inferiority.

Neddy scoffed, "Swell folks act just like we do at the taverns." It was another admission.
Teddy opened her mouth to reiterate, but Florabelle broke in lazily.

"These fraternity dances are all right," she grumbled. "Personally, I prefer a smaller party."
Myrtle came timidly from the background. "Can I touch it, Ann?" she asked.

Ann held up the skirt for her inspection. "I got it cheap because the pattern goes hay-wire," she explained, pointing out the discrepancy with difficulty.
"It's swell," Myrtle sighed. "I wish Bill could see you. He likes pretty things."

Paul arrived and was greeted by the audience. He had eyes only for Ann. He wore a nicely tailored tux, not double-breasted and midnight blue, but most presentable. He held the evening wrap and Ann slid her arms into the wide sleeves. She smiled her thanks to Florabelle.

Driving down town in a cab, with the radio humming softly, Ann said, "I suppose it's because I'm unsophisticated that I feel so thrilled. But I love it. I love the feel of my dress. I love for you to look like that. It makes me feel precious, somehow."

He laughed understandingly. "Even people like us have moments, Ann. Because they are so few we must make the most of them."

She looked out at the myriad lights. "I'm going to make every single minute count. Tonight must be more than tonight. It must be a lovely memory. Who knows, it may be my nicest memory."

Paul reached for her hand and thought better of it. "You're a funny youngster," he said.
"I guess we're two funny youngsters," she returned, "overstepping our budgets, pretending to be what we are not, but it's fun, Paul—such a lot of fun."

IF Ann wanted memories, she made them that night. She stood out, a bewitching individual, among a hundred girls. Her white and gold dress, the glory of her hair, her expression of naive delight, drew eyes to her. She knew the eyes followed her as she went through the lounge to the dressing room. She overheard murmurs. "Who is she—who is that girl—whom did she come with?" Ann would not have been human if the admiring eyes and the murmurs had not added to her heady elation.

Girls in the dressing room eyed her gown approvingly. At the powder bar they talked to her as if she were one of them. When she returned to Paul he was laughing with a group of young men. Ann had never seen him so alive. For that little hour he was not a stock man in the 16th store, he was a college man, fraternizing with his own kind. Seeing Ann, he held out his hand to her.

"This is Ann Brown," he said, naming the men in turn. She stood in the center of the group, like a white and gold lily against the dark tuxedos. She made the right answers and the masculine circle grew. At last she and Paul drifted toward the dance floor.

Suddenly they came face to face with Steve Claybourne. His eyes slid over Ann in unfeigned admiration. With him was a dark-haired girl, Ann, glancing at her, knew that she was about to meet Irene Temple and that the two were strangely alike.

"Hello, Steve," she said easily, "I want you to know my friend, Paul Hayden."

The men shook hands. Steve said, "Miss Temple—Miss Brown, Mr. Hayden." He looked from one girl to the other. The tilt of Irene's head was no prouder, no more assured, than was Ann's. Steve had come alone to the party. He had come for two reasons, to see if Ann had been lying and—to see Ann.

Irene said, "Steve has been telling me about you, Miss Brown. He thinks we resemble each other."
"I am flattered," Ann answered sweetly.

Irene looked her up and down. "You've got a better figure," she said.

They all laughed and parted. Stepping to the polished floor, Paul took Ann in his arms. They danced without speaking. Her hair brushed his cheek, she was like fragrant thistle-down.

"We do all right," he said as the music stopped.

Ann nodded. "The first time a girl dances with a man is something of an experiment," she said. "It can be delicious and it can be dreadful, you never know until you try."

"Which category do I come under?" Paul inquired amusingly. "De-licious," she said, giving him a glance from under her amazing lashes.

The music again. They melted together as if the short separation had been unendurable.

Paul said, "Don't flirt with me, Ann."

"All right."

"You could be quite upsetting if I allowed you to be."

"I'll be careful."

"We're friends," he said seriously. "I'd hate to have you become an enemy."

AS they passed the stag line Steve stepped out on the floor. He touched Paul's shoulder. Ann found herself in another pair of arms. After that it was a succession of arms, music, rhythm and breathtaking rapture.

Now and again she danced with Paul, more often she followed Steve's well-timed steps. She passed Paul with different girls. Passing, they always smiled.

It was almost midnight when Ann discovered that Steve was quite drunk. He had been growing a trifle more so with every dance with him. She saw Paul in the stag line and signaled for aid. As he shot out across the floor, he was stopped by Irene Temple. She held out her hands and, perforce, he danced with her.

Steve was mumbling in Ann's ear, "Come on—let's get out of here—too damn hot. Let's go down to the bar."

"I'd rather dance," she said, holding herself away from his ardent embrace.

"Do you know what you make me think of?" he asked.

"No," she answered indifferently.

"An icicle—a damn little icicle."

When she said nothing, he added, "I'm going to kiss you, Miss Brown, and my kisses are guaranteed to melt the most stubborn icicle."

His feet were not quite sure, his

diction was more than a little blurred. With difficulty Ann kept her little gold slippers out of his clumsy way. His arm tightened and she looked frantically for Paul.

(To Be Continued)



BEARDED LADY—Nature's gay deceit for this rare De Brazza Guenon monkey, newly arrived at St. Louis zoo, included a pointed beard. Both the mother and babe (with Junior Vandyke) came from the French Congo.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"He's a marvelous catch—gobs of money, a sophomore at Yale and a bachelor."

FURRY BEAST

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured

valuable

white-coated

beast.

7 It is a species

of —.

12 Thin.

13 Stingy.

16 Thick slice.

17 Coal box.

18 Indian

gateway.

19 Pig.

20 Convent

dweller.

21 Novice.

22 Biblical

priest.

24 Bone.

25 To bring

to perfection.

26 Half an em.

27 Lasso.

29 Street cars.

31 Point.

32 Reverence.

34 Bast fiber.

35 Rumanian.

36 To fit up.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 Pictured

valuable

white-coated

beast.

7 It is a species

of —.

12 Thin.

13 Stingy.

16 Thick slice.

17 Coal box.

18 Indian

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19 Pig.

20 Convent

dweller.

21 Novice.

22 Biblical

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25 To bring

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26 Half an em.

27 Lasso.

29 Street cars.

31 Point.

32 Reverence.

34 Bast fiber.

35 Rumanian.

36 To fit up.

VERTICAL

37 Roof finial.

38 Knives.

41 Unit.

42 Railroad.

43 Old wagon

track.

44 Corded fabric.

46 Transposed.

47 Person

named for

office.

50 Barbarians.

52 To contend.

53 To pass away.

55 Noun ending.

56 Its tail has a

black — or

tip.

57 Church

official.

1 Ell.

2 Riddle.

3 Principal pipe.

4 Small hotel.

5 Copy.

6 Its fur is used

on — robes

of royalty.

7 Tumor.

8 Tree.

9 Black hawk.

10 Bird of prey.

11 Pound.

14 Learning.

15 South Africa.

20 It lives in

— regions.

21 Careers.

23 Whole

numbers.

25 Boisterous

play.

27 Branches.

28 Rootstock.

30 To rebuke.

31 By.

33 Its coat is

white in

only (pl.).

35 Kind of sail.

38 Biscuit.

39 To seize.

40 To divide.

43 Strap.

45 Papa.

48 Russian

village.

49 Highest note.

50 Spalm.

51 Driving

command.

54 Morindin dye.

OUT OUR WAY

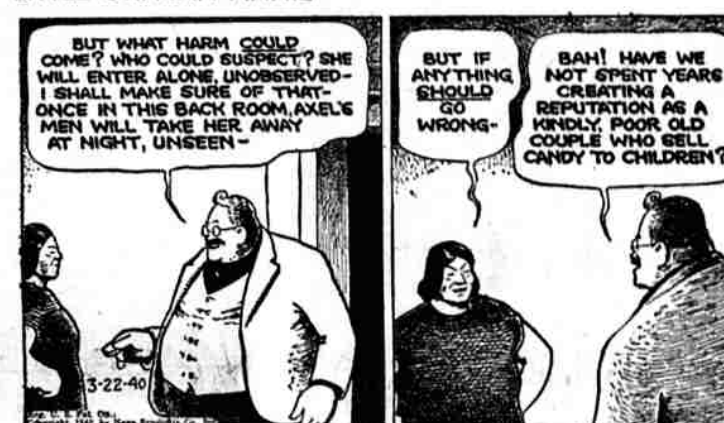
BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



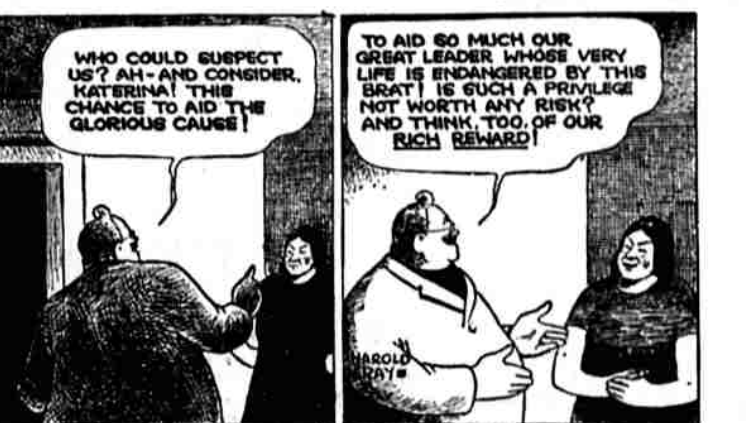
OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

