

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: A year passed, Paul and Ann settled into routine, see little hope of the future. They realize that they are falling deeply in love. One night Paul kisses her. Ann knows if he asks her to marry him, her answer must be yes, but will he ask her?

CHAPTER XXII

It was during that rosy week that Clara confided her wedding plans. She and Roy Swenson were to be married on Saturday of the following week.

Ann made a dress for her, and a cunning little hat. Knowing that she must find another room, she let her plans ride, waiting until she should see Paul again. That next meeting might mean anything.

She saw him on Thursday night and the rosy date was no more. He seemed almost to dislike her. He informed her, quite coldly, that he had been transferred to Moline, that he was leaving within a few days.

Ann couldn't know of his sleepless nights, that, in desperation, he had gone to the manager and asked to be transferred. The kiss in the park had done it. "I can't kid myself any longer," was the way Paul had put it to himself.

Ann felt that a door, through which she had glimpsed happiness, had been rudely slammed in her face. She almost felt that Paul had slapped her. Even then she felt no resentment toward Paul. He had stated his convictions fairly and squarely at their second meeting and she had promised to abide by them. It was her own fault if she had taken a casual kiss too seriously. She managed to put up a brave front.

"Does it mean a promotion for you, Paul?" she asked, ignoring the real issue, the personal issue.

"Maybe a little—I'm not sure." They were standing on the steps of the rooming house. About to start for a walk, Ann had stopped short at his announcement.

"Could we go to a movie?" she asked. In a movie she needn't talk.

"Sure," he said. Neither Ann nor Paul could have told a single detail of the picture. For three hours they sat side by side, eyes on the silver screen, not speaking. Then they were again back on the rooming house steps. They stood silently until the two furtive-eyed young men who lived on the second floor passed inside.

"I don't like the look of those birds," Paul remarked, for something better to say.

"I have the feeling they're up to no good," Ann agreed absently. It was hard going. After a moment, Ann said, "Will I see you again?"

"I'll try to make it. Pretty busy—getting packed and everything."

"I suppose you are."

"Well—" He took a step away from her.

Ann bit her lip, hard. "Best of luck, Paul."

"Thank you. And you, Ann—things have got to break for you. You're the tops—you've got what it takes—the kind fates will catch up with you—I know they will."

"Will they?" she asked childishly.

"They've got to." He held out his hand. "Goodbye, Ann."

She put hers in it and quickly drew it away. "Goodbye, Paul."

FRIDAY and Saturday were unendurable days. Clara announced Paul's departure from the store. It was all over.

On Sunday Ann's troubles were pushed aside by the newspaper headlines. Florabelle's friend, Clancy, had been murdered in an apartment hotel. Florabelle had been arrested for the crime. Clancy's widow was flying from Omaha.

The girls gathered in the hall, looking with fearful eyes at the closed door of Florabelle's apartment. Even Neddy and Teddy were serious. Clara cried, "Ann felt sick. Mrs. Follet went through the second floor hall, muttering to herself that she'd always known Florabelle would come to the gallows, that she kept a respectable house and she wouldn't put up with such goings on. Myrtle crouched in a corner, her eyes big and hunted."

It was a strange day in the rooming house. Florabelle sent for clothes and Ann packed a bag. She would never forget that few minutes with Florabelle in the city jail. Locked doors, barred windows, guards—horrible.

"I didn't do it, Ann," the girl said. She was no longer a girl. Her face was ravaged and old. "But that's what I get for playing with fire. Keep away from men, kid—men like Clancy."

Ann tried to encourage her. "They'll find the right one soon, Florabelle. Keep hoping."

"I don't know who did it," Florabelle said through tight lips. "I was tight—we were all tight—somebody put the gun in my hand."

Ann went away, so depressed that she could scarcely drag herself up the El stairs. The next day passed with no good word but on Tuesday the load was lifted. Ann's prophesy had been well founded. Clancy's murderer was apprehended and Florabelle came home. She was a chastened woman. When Mrs. Follet asked her to leave the respectable rooming house she hadn't a word to say. Three days later the girls heard that she had married the postman. Ann never saw her again.

WHILE all this was going on Ann had been thinking. Nothing was going to come her way unless she forced it to do so. Her mind darted up and down

blind alleys. There seemed to be no way out. At last she came to a conclusion and talked the matter over with Clara.

"I can't go on like this forever," she said. "I absolutely refuse to make over hats all my life."

Clara was alarmed. "You'd better hang on to what you've got." "I will—until I get what I want. Clara, I've put in my name at the agencies—"

"A lot of good that'll do you." "For a place as parlor maid or companion or something like that."

Clara was horrified. "You mean you want to be somebody's servant?"

"Call it that if you want to. I don't mean general housework. I want to live in a beautiful home and handle nice things even if they don't belong to me. I want to live like decent people."

"What's the matter with the way we live?"

"Nothing—but I want to try this. I can very likely make as much as I do now and have a room and board beside."

Clara said, "I think you're crazy."

"Maybe I am—maybe I can't get a job without references—just the same I'm going to try. I have to leave here—"

This brought Clara around to her own enthralling affairs and Ann's decision was forgotten. Ann left the rooming house on Friday.

The girls bade her farewell in the upper hall. Neddy and Teddy openly disapproved of her next step which had been duly reported to them by Clara. Myrtle tried. Clara was so taken up with her approaching marriage that she scarcely noticed Ann's going.

Ann wondered a little that two girls could live together, sleep in the same bed, eat at the same

table, for a year and feel no real fondness, one for the other. It had been an economic arrangement, nothing more.

Carrying her suitcase and heavy paper bag, Ann walked down Mrs. Follet's stairs and straight into adventure, dangerous adventure. (To Be Continued)

Wins Her Freedom



(NEA Telephoto) Alice Page, blonde film star, on the witness stand in a Los Angeles court as she won her freedom from Tony Martin, singer-husband.

FLAPPER FANNY.

By Sylvia

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"But don't you think the Glamor Girl is going out?" "Sure—every night in the week."

PIONEER SETTLER

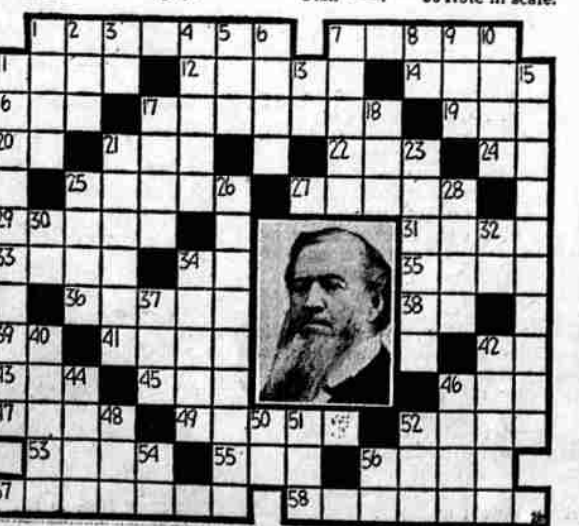
HORIZONTAL

- 1,7 Most famous Mormon official.
- 11 Stray child.
- 12 To run away.
- 14 Respectful titles.
- 16 God of war.
- 17 Removal from throne.
- 19 Greek letter.
- 20 Pound (abbr.).
- 21 Old garment.
- 22 Ribbed fabric.
- 24 Before Christ (abbr.).
- 25 Visitor.
- 27 Rested on knees.
- 29 Heron.
- 31 White-tailed eagle.
- 33 To vex.
- 34 Doctor (abbr.).
- 35 Highest intellect.
- 36 Affray.
- 38 Note in scale.
- 39 Type standard.
- 41 Incarnation of Vishnu.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

VERTICAL

- 1 Sharp projection.
- 2 Long inlet.
- 3 In case that.
- 4 Takes notice of.
- 5 High mountain.
- 6 Lunar orb.
- 7 To long.
- 8 Plural pronoun.
- 9 Aphid egg.
- 10 To snatch.
- 11 He settled his people in the Utah.
- 13 Postscript (abbr.).
- 15 He built up a community in Utah.
- 17 Composition for two.
- 18 Opposed to weather.
- 21 One who duels.
- 23 Fullness.
- 25 Pierce.
- 26 Menaces.
- 28 Jogging gait.
- 30 To leave.
- 32 Chaos.
- 34 To abdicate.
- 37 To lick up.
- 40 Large deer.
- 42 Fragrant.
- 44 Flannel.
- 46 Lawyers' charges.
- 48 Seed bag.
- 50 Italian river.
- 51 Little devil.
- 52 Pastry.
- 54 You and I.
- 56 Note in scale.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



NOTHING IS BETTER THAN SOME THINGS

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



LITTLE LEANDER IS RESTLESS!

BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

