

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Passing the two... IRENE said, "Why, Ann Brown..."

CHAPTER XXIV IRENE said, "Why, Ann Brown... of all people—how are you mixed up in this?"

The men were still in a huddle over the suitcase. John Temple straightened. "Everything's okay," he said.

Ann related the story. "I don't know why I was so careless in taking the wrong suitcase," she ended.

"And it's a mighty good thing for us that you were," Mr. Temple observed heartily.

"I lost everything I own," Ann went on. "My clothes and—"

Blake reassured her. "Your stuff is all right. The police found it in those fellows' room."

"That's fine," Ann said, and asked, "Have they caught the men?"

Mr. Temple leaned forward in his chair. "Let's get on with this, Miss Brown. You'll come in for a sizable reward if that interests you."

Ann thought quickly. After a moment she faltered, "There's something I'd much rather have than a reward."

MR. TEMPLE'S eyebrows shot up. His expression seemed to say, "Here comes the goug."

"A job? What kind of a job?" Ann wriggled to the edge of her chair.

He spoke earnestly. "I've been trying to find a place in a house like this—a maid—or maybe housekeeper. I have no references except as to my character."

"I've studied house management—read all the books in the library—I know all the new tricks in serving and table setting—that sort of thing—in her wistful anxiety, she folded both hands tightly together.

"But you are so young, my dear—not much older than Irene—"

"And what I know about house management you could put in your eye," Irene observed, ineluctably. She put a hand on her father's shoulder.

"Irene said, "Give her a try, Dad. Maybe she can do something about this place." She said to Ann, "This used to be a beautiful room when my mother was alive. Look at it now. We have no home at all."

Ann broke in. "I could do it. Please let me try." Her voice was eager.

MR. TEMPLE had lighted a cigar. He smoked thoughtfully. "I'd like a regular home for my kids," he said at last, slowly. His voice dropped to a confidential tone.

"I don't ask much for myself, a chilled highball when I come home, an ash tray handy, a top sheet that will turn down over the blankets, a friendly spirit among the servants, a grocery bill that doesn't knock my hat off—"

Irene interrupted and he leaned back, puffing at his cigar. "I want to be able to entertain in my own home," she said emphatically.

"I haven't invited anyone to this morgue for ages—the maids quarreling all the time—Plunket, she's the cook, on her high horse—dust under the beds—the silver a mess—"

Ann's bright eyes moved from the face of one speaker to the next. "I know I could straighten it all out," she said with quiet conviction.

There was a silence in the room. At last Mr. Temple cleared his throat. "You might try it for a month," he said. "It's like taking on another child but darned if I know what else to do."

"She isn't a plumber, Dad." "I don't mind paying legitimate bills," his father went on, "but it makes me just plain sore to be robbed."

Irene had an engagement and she left the conference. At the door she said, "Let's give Ann a room on the second floor. I'd be afraid to put her with our band of cutthroats."

ANN'S first day in the Temple household was not encouraging. Plunket, the cook, a barrel-shaped woman with a tiny head and bird-like eyes, plainly resented her presence.

With the unwilling help of the chauffeur, she rearranged the forlorn rooms, puffing comfortable chairs forward, placing convenient tables and lamps near them.

Other housekeepers had claimed the post, he said. She did not join in the general conversation.

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udent as she dared. At 9 o'clock Ann dragged herself through the hall. As she reached the foot of the stairs, the butler opened the outer door. Ann stopped, one foot on the lower step. Steve Claybourne was gaily greeting the butler.



WAR ITEM—Pretty Ira Cherkasaky, 18, Finnish motion picture actress, has come to U. S. to visit her father in Boston and Hollywood. She was in Helsinki during the war.

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



THE CLOSE OBSERVER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

FLAPPER FANNY By Sylvia



MASTER PRINTER



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BY CRANE

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle

- 1 Johannes—pioneer printer. 2 Fish eggs. 3 Sea inlet. 4 Sea inlets. 5 Great lake. 6 Avouches. 7 Reverberated. 8 Silk. 9 Upholstering cloth. 10 Land right. 11 Dad. 12 Choice part. 13 Barrier. 14 Assam silkworm. 15 Assumed name. 16 Cake maker. 17 Eagle. 18 Electrical unit. 19 Local position. 20 Applying a brake. 21 Russian mountains. 22 Light color. 23 Brim. 24 Founded. 25 Capable of being evaded. 26 Rot flax. 27 Gravel. 28 Pertaining to air. 29 Pressing implement. 30 Fastidious. 31 Heightens taste of. 32 Scriptural Book (pl.). 33 Portuguese money. 34 To agree. 35 To bevel timber. 36 Human trunk. 37 Grown coarse. 38 Person opposed. 39 To capsize. 40 Grating. 41 Common verb. 42 Brother. 43 Tennis stroke. 44 Measure of length. 45 Tiny.



ALLEY OOP



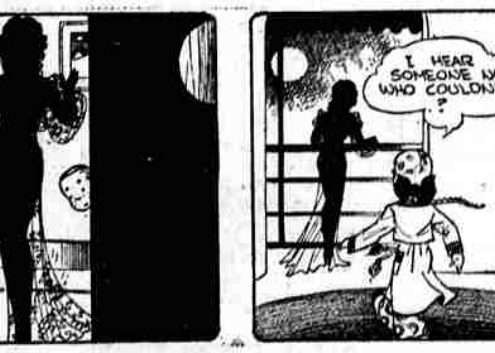
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



THIS'S THE LAST DOD GASTED STRAW!

