

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY, Ann returns the stolen jewelry, asks for a job instead of a reward. Temple hires her as housekeeper, warns her that the house is not a safe place. After a trying day, she is going upstairs when Steve Claybourne enters.

CHAPTER XXV

Hi, old timer," Steve said pleasantly. "Tell the fair damsel that her errand has arrived—" He gasped, "Ann—" as if only half believing his eyes.

"Hello, Steve." "Is that you, Ann? I only took one drink—I swear I did." Shutting his eyes, he shook his head violently, then stared again. "It's true. For a minute I thought I'd conjured you out of thin air."

"I'm here all right," she admitted, sitting down on the second step. "That is, what's left of me." Steve sat down beside her. "Swallow to see you, Ann."

She nodded, resting her chin on both fists. "I'm the new housekeeper."

"His laugh was explosive. 'You're what?'"

"The new housekeeper," she repeated. "Mr. Temple hired me to bring order out of chaos in this house." She set her teeth. "And I'll do it—if it kills me."

"Well, I'll be— Look, Ann, I thought you were married by now."

"No." "I thought you said—" "Paul went away." Saying it, she felt the sting of tears. She got to her feet and Steve also rose, looking up at her.

"He isn't coming back?" She shook her head, fingering the little silver bracelet. "I've never forgotten you, Ann. You pop out of my thoughts at every turn."

She smiled vaguely, her mind on household troubles. She and Plunket would have a showdown in the morning. Plunket and all her relatives couldn't lick her.

Steve still gazed at her. "Guess I'm in love with you," he said. "When I fall in love with you that night at Clancy's—"

Ann moved up a step. "We'll just scratch the last few remarks from the records," she said lightly. "Keep it in mind that I'm an upper servant in this house—"

"I'll keep you in mind. If I found you scrubbing down the back stairs it wouldn't change the way I feel."

Irene floated down the stairs in white tulle. She touched Ann's arm with a friendly little gesture as they passed. She called, "Evening, mister."

"Hi, beautiful," Steve responded in an absent-minded tone.

ANN went to bed and she did not plan. She slept. Refreshed the next morning, she took a firmer grip on the management of Mr. Temple's difficult household. She breakfasted alone with her employer, sitting demurely behind the coffee service. "Everything all right?" Mr. Temple asked.

She nodded. "It will take a little time."

"My top sheet was fine." Ann smiled. She had seen to that herself. "Highball all right?"

"Just right. The house feels different, Ann. I feel gully in dumping my problems on your shoulders, but I actually relaxed and enjoyed myself last night. You'll be good for the kids. I'm glad you're here."

"Thank you," she said with a little warm glow. When the chauffeur had driven him to the city, she attacked her duties with new fortitude. She went first to the kitchen.

"I'll do the ordering and planning from now on, Plunket," she said firmly.

Plunket granted. "What food market have you been patronizing?"

"The Superior." "May I see yesterday's order slip?"

"I don't know where it is." Plunket spoke hastily. "Give it to me at once."

"Find it if you can," the woman grumbled. "Plunket—you will speak courteously to me or I will find another cook."

"I keep the slips in that drawer." Plunket nodded her small, round head.

ANN opened the drawer and scanned the dates on a number of market slips. She chose one. "Hm—four dozen boxes of soap flakes. Where are they, Plunket?"

"In the laundry—where do you suppose?"

"Plunket—" Ann's sweet voice had a stately ring. "Well—" "Six dozen limes. Why six dozen?"

"Mr. Temple likes 'em in his highballs." Ann opened the huge refrigerator. Five limes reposed in a little wooden basket. "Where are the other five and a half dozen?" she asked crisply.

Plunket's face was scarlet. "I run that refrigerator," she fumed. "You keep out of it."

much as a pitiless slave driver. Dinner was served that night with flowers and lighted candles on the table. It was a simple, well-balanced meal and brought forth a compliment from Mr. Temple. "I don't like fub-dubbery," he said.

Ann knew that an uprising was well under way in the kitchen. The servants whispered behind her back, they glowered and were sullenly perverse when she came upon them. With a little tactful inquiry Ann had learned that the Superior market was owned and operated by Plunket's uncle. And she knew that war would be declared when the Temple account was taken elsewhere.

ANN was in her room that second evening when Irene knocked on the door. "May I come in, Ann?" she called.

"Oh, yes—come in." It had occurred to her that she was well on the way to being as lonely as she had been in her first working days. She welcomed Irene eagerly. Ann had been packing her father's watch, the silver spoons and a few other treasures in the lower drawer of her dresser. She closed the drawer and stood up as Irene dropped to the bed.

"I'm glad to note that Plunket hasn't slit your throat yet," she said cheerfully.

"Just give her time," Ann laughed.

"She's talking to Dad in the library."

Ann frowned. "I'm sorry. I want to relieve him of all that."

"Dad'll get rid of her if he doesn't want to be bothered." Irene lighted a cigaret and lay back comfortably on the pillows. "It's fun having another girl in the house," she said.

"It's fun being here." Considering her day, it was quite a thing for Ann to say.

"What's it like to earn your own living, Ann?" "Ghastly." They both laughed. Ann stretched herself luxuriously on the satin brocade chaise longue, crossed her slender ankles. The two girls looked at each other, smiling a little. (To Be Continued)

Leap year or not, it's a woman's job to propose these days.—Mary Martin, Broadway and Hollywood star.

Too many husbands are being collected by too many women.—Mrs. Sidney B. Wood, leader of One Husband, Inc., anti-divorce organization.



BLASTS!—So important was testimony about explosives given by Lester Barlow (above) to a secret senate committee in Washington that minutes of the meeting were burned. Barlow, a Baltimore inventor, has developed a new explosive.

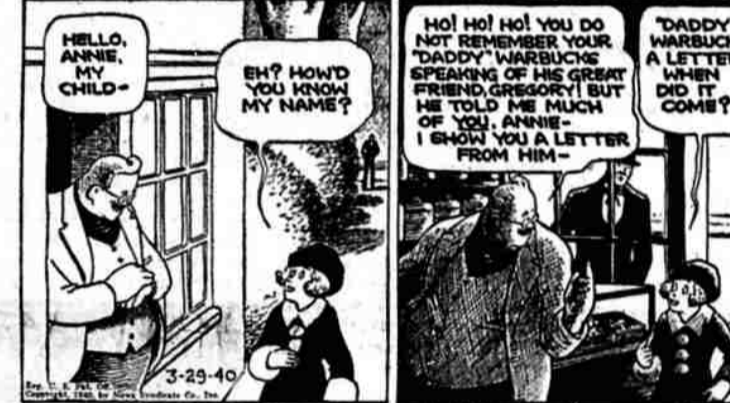
OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



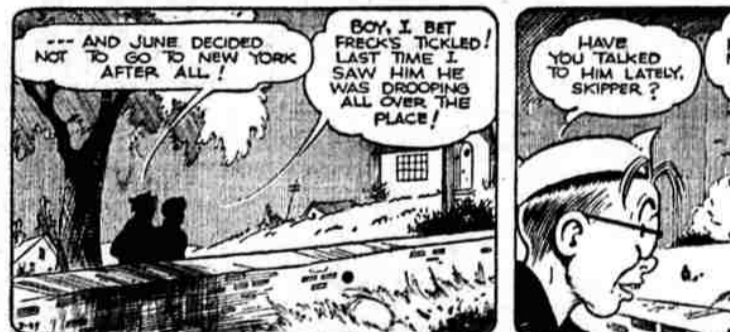
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



MAN THE LIFEBOATS, DARLING—I'M SUNK!



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



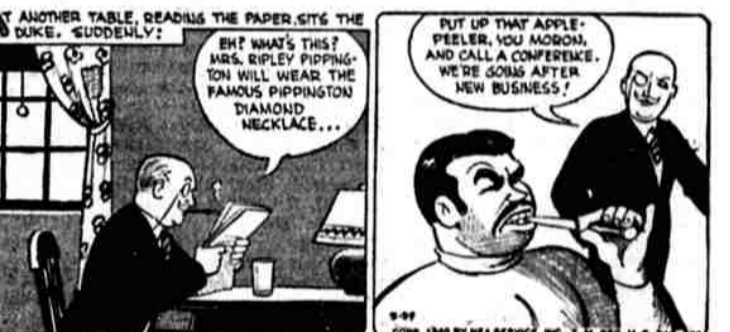
BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY BUTTON



FLAPPER FANNY



MAP PUZZLE

- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured in map of —
7 This realm's king.
13 Constellation.
14 Cuckoo.
15 One who dives.
17 Bugle plant.
18 Opinion.
20 Diamond.
21 Expert flyer.
22 Scoffed.
23 Scepter.
26 North America.
27 Mythical bird.
28 Bone.
30 New England (abbr.).
31 Lima bean.
32 Rubber tree.
34 Author.
35 Roasts.
36 Pressed grape skins.
37 Falsehood.
38 Ream (abbr.).
39 Sheltered place.
41 Half an em.
42 Plural (abbr.).
43 Knave of clubs.
45 Talks foolishly.
50 Fifth month.
51 Lock opener.
53 Proverb.
54 Male child.
55 Nonspirate.
56 Two-wheeled carriage.
57 Couple.
58 Ream (abbr.).
59 This kingdom's capital.
60 — borders this realm on the south.
19 Southeast (abbr.).
21 This land's great port town.
22 Became serious.
23 Counterparts.
25 This land is — populated.
27 Assessment amount.
29 Killed.
31 Pronoun.
33 Additional part.
38 The Creator.
42 Widespread fright.
44 Bill of fare.
46 Heathen god.
47 Covered wagons.
48 Breakfast food.
49 Plant part.
50 To groan.
52 Affirmative.
54 Mineral spring.
55 Pound (abbr.).
58 Musical note.
VERTICAL
1 Exclamation.
2 Genus of evergreens.
3 To reside.
4 Gazelle.
5 Inward.
6 Manufactured.
7 Falseifier.
8 Natural power.
9 Hog.
10 Above.
11 Citrus fruit.
12 Doctor (abbr.).
15 Born.
18 To imprison.
19 Southeast (abbr.).
21 This land's great port town.
22 Became serious.
23 Counterparts.
25 This land is — populated.
27 Assessment amount.
29 Killed.
31 Pronoun.
33 Additional part.
38 The Creator.
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