

SERIAL STORY

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Irene Temple explained that she is not in love with Steve. But will probably marry him eventually. Ann turns down a date with Steve. Mr. Temple's watch disappears. He questions the serving maid. The cook hints Ann may know something about the missing watch.

CHAPTER XXVII

MR. TEMPLE glanced at Ann, his keen eyes troubled. Suddenly she felt sick and frightened. Mr. Temple said, "Ann, you and Plunket come to the library. Together, they followed him, Ann leading the way with her head high.

"Well, Plunket—" Mr. Temple began, nipping off the end of a cigar.

"I know where your watch is," Plunket said defiantly. "I been suspicious of Miss Brown ever since she came. More silver has disappeared from the dining room and I took the liberty of looking for 'em in her room. I found 'em all right." She looked smug and satisfied.

"Go up and look for yourself. Look in the bottom drawer of her dresser. Your watch is there and a roll of silver. I seen 'em with my own eyes."

Ann shook with rage. "I have never stolen a thing in my life, Mr. Temple. If your things are found in my room they were planted there."

Just at this moment, Irene, drowsy-eyed, wearing an exotic negligee, drifted into the room. "What's the excitement?" she asked.

"My watch has disappeared," her father explained. "Plunket says it's in Ann—Miss Brown's room."

"It is it, Plunket put it there," Irene said easily. "How do you know so much, anyway?" she asked of the cook.

"Well—I—" "I know—you were snooping. That proves my point. You took the watch and put it in Ann's room."

Mr. Temple started for the door. "You two girls stay here. Plunket, take me to the drawer where you saw the watch." He strode up the stairs, Plunket panting behind him.

"She's a rotter," Irene said disgustedly.

ANN nodded. She felt chilly. It was no small matter to be accused of stealing. And she hadn't a doubt that Mr. Temple would return with the damning evidence. He did.

"You may go, Plunket," he said, placing a roll of silver on the table and fingering the watch. Ann stared at the watch.

"But that's mine," she said. "That watch belonged to my father. And this roll of silver. I bought the spoons, one by one, myself."

Mr. Temple stood before her. Gravely he looked into her white face. His expression was one of disappointment rather than blame.

"May I have it a moment?" Ann held out her hand and he gave it to her. She opened the back case. "See?" she said, handing it back to him. "My father carried that watch until he died. I've had it ever since."

Mr. Temple looked at the inscription. He took a pair of spectacles from his pocket and looked again.

"Well—" he gasped, his eyes darting to Ann's face and back to the engraving. Irene went to look over his shoulder.

"To Peter Temple on his 21st birthday," she read, repeating, "Peter Temple—" But your watch says John Temple—I've read it a hundred times."

Her father asked abruptly, "Where did you get this, Ann?"

"As long as I can remember my father carried it."

"But your name is Brown."

"Yes, Peter Brown was my father."

"Peter Brown—" thoughtfully. "Where did he get this watch?"

"I don't know," she faltered. "My father made his living by—well, by gambling. Often he took things in payment of debts, watches and diamonds, once a yacht. I always thought he had come by the watch that way. He sold the other things, but never this watch."

"Probably appreciated it," Mr. Temple nodded. He gave the watch to Ann. "Now the question is—where's mine?" he said.

As if the words were a cue for an entrance, Blake, slick in his uniform, came into the room.

"Borrowed your watch last night, Dad," he said. "Mine was on the blink. Hope you don't mind." The watch he handed over was exactly like the one Ann held in her hand.

"Well, I'll be—" Mr. Temple muttered. He held out his hand to Ann. "Forgive an old fool, will you?" he asked, smiling at her.

"Of course."

ANN was trying to reason it out. Plunket, snooping in her room, had seen the watch. When Mr. Temple came to the breakfast table with his grievance she evidently thought that events had played into her hands. She was probably convinced, at that moment, that her troubles with Ann were over. If she only knew it, Ann thought, they had only begun.

Mr. Temple started for the door. Irene caught his arm. "Wait a minute," she said. "Maybe Ann's father's real name was Temple. Maybe you're my cousin, Ann. We look alike—more than one person has noticed it. Oh, isn't this exciting—just like the third act of a play."

Mr. Temple's sharp eyes went from one girl's face to the other. "You two do look alike," he exclaimed. "Tell me about your father, Ann. Sit down, let's be comfortable."

"He was tall and dark, sort of dashing looking. He had the most charming manners in the world. He made mother and me love him in spite of ourselves."

"That sounds like Pete," Mr. Temple nodded.

"Pete—that's what I always called him. He was educated and had been well reared. I used to think maybe he was the black-sheep of some nice family. Perhaps he got into a scrape and took another name."

"I'll say Pete got into a scrape, dozens of them," Mr. Temple laughed excitedly. "Good old Pete," he mused. "The most lovable rascal I ever knew. I was the conservative type and always stood a little in awe of him—where is he now, child?" he broke off to ask.

Ann told of the fire. "They got me out with a few things and the watch. They couldn't save Pete and Mother." It hadn't been so long since the tragedy and her voice shook. "I've been lonely without them," she faltered.

Irene appealed to her father. "Do you think this Pete person was your brother?"

"It certainly sounds like it, my dear. Wait—do you remember if he had any identifying marks, Ann?"

"He had a scar over his right eye, he was left-handed—"

Mr. Temple sighed. "That's Pete. I remember when he gnashed his head. The doctor took six stitches." He sighed again. "It almost killed me when my father disinherited him and bought him a one-way ticket to Seattle."

"He married my mother in Seattle, she was a kindergarten teacher."

Irene sang out, "But look, Dad—that makes Ann my cousin."

"That's right," Mr. Temple said. "Ann is your cousin."

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(To Be Continued)

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Not a Communist



No matter how much her husband believes in communism, Mrs. Mary Phillips, Los Angeles, found his political beliefs were not grounds for divorce. The judge refused to grant freedom on that basis, but did grant a decree on grounds of "cruel and inhuman treatment."

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"Now, let's understand each other—do I hafta be a fine, brave, big girl or can I yell?"

RHODESIAN STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 Englishman after whom Rhodesia, Africa, was named.

13 To decay.

14 Goodby.

15 Simpleton.

16 Ovum.

17 Fatty.

18 Sleeper's couch.

21 To accomplish.

22 Directing singer.

24 Note in scale.

25 Native metals.

26 Stocking mar.

28 Musical terms.

30 Snake.

31 Frolic.

32 Bitter herb.

35 Chinese money.

36 Incrustation on teeth.

38 Abrupt point.

39 Songs for one voice.

40 Wrath.

VERTICAL

1 Hercules.

2 To decay.

3 Simpleton.

4 Goodby.

5 Ovum.

6 Fatty.

7 Sleeper's couch.

8 To accomplish.

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