

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

YESTERDAY, Ann's watch and silver are found. For a moment Mr. Temple suspects her of stealing. Then Ann shows him the inscription her watch contains—"To Peter Temple." Mr. Temple questions Ann about her father, learns that Ann is his own brother's child.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MR. TEMPLE followed Ann to the door and put an affectionate arm about her. "This means a lot to me," he said. "You see, I loved Pete." He laughed blankly. "Did someone say it's a small world? It took two thieves and a suitcase full of jewels to bring Pete's little girl home."

There was a mist of tears in Ann's eyes as she said, "I'm so happy to be a relative." She smiled. "Just the same, I'm pulling this household out of the kinks. It's my job and I love it."

"Do as you like, my dear. You're one of us. Call yourself Ann Temple, will you?"

"I will." She opened the door, turning back. "Mr. Temple—"

"Better make it Uncle John."

"Uncle John—do you care if I fire the Plunkett outfit?"

"Care?" he roared. "I'll help you kick 'em out."

ANN got rid of the servants without too much difficulty. A few significant hints that the police would like to know of their deeds, turned the trick. Ann prepared and served the dinner that night. Irene tried to help, unsuccessfully. The next day Ann interviewed applicants and filled the positions, eliminating one of the maids. In a week's time the machinery of the household was moving without a hitch.

Steve was not at all impressed by the news. He merely said, "Wasn't I the first to notice a family resemblance?"

"Well, not quite the first," Ann told him.

"Maybe you'll go out with me now," he suggested. "As hired help you were a bit too uppity. How about the Athens Club spring formal? It's coming off next week. I was planning to drag you there by the hair of your head."

"Is that so?"

"You bet that's so."

Ann was not at all sure that she wanted to attend the Athens Club party. Since coming to the Temple house, the bruised feeling in her heart had lessened just enough to make it endurable. She was trying gallantly to put Paul Hayden from her mind and the party might bring all the old memories to life. Not that they showed any inclination to die, they lingered on, tormenting and embittered. Why hadn't Paul loved her? How could he have left her so casually?

So she said to Steve, "I'll take your invitation under advisement."

"Did I say before that you are the strangest girl that ever passed my way?" he asked irritably. They were sitting on the Temple dock. The fresh spring breeze loosened the tendrils of Ann's hair. They were pure gold.

"Why am I strange?" she asked, gazing dreamily across the lake.

"I'm accustomed to having my invitations accepted."

"All right," she said impulsively. "I won't be the one to break an otherwise perfect record. I'll go to the dance with you."

THE days slipped by on pleasant, easy tread. Ann managed the Temple house efficiently and well. Although never taking advantage of the relationship, she was made to feel one of the family. When Mr. Temple introduced her to his friends, he said, "You remember that scandal, Pete—this is his daughter. We'll have to give him credit for her if nothing else."

Irene made much of her. Ann found herself being gradually absorbed by Irene's crowd. She wore lovely clothes, she lunched and played contract and danced and swam, she learned to know the smart cocktail lounges and restaurants and night spots. She accepted Steve's attentions, with reluctance she allowed him to become part of her life.

Once Irene said to her, "You've sort of taken the wind out of my sails, Ann."

Ann was brushing her shining hair. She turned, brush in hand. "What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean Steve. I always thought I could fall back on him when I got ready, but now I'm not so sure."

"Do you want him, Irene?"

"Well, for a long time I've considered him my inevitable future." She frowned a little. "I must marry someone. If you're in love with Steve, I'll start looking around."

"I'm not in love with him, Irene." Ann thoughtfully pushed the waves of her hair into place. Irene leaned to press her cheek to Ann's. They both smiled into the mirror. "Go as far as you like with Steve," Irene said. "I'm not without other possibilities. Maybe we can have a double wedding. It would be fun."

ANN felt that the conversation had been planned. And she suspected that Irene was more than mildly interested in Steve. However, the matter seemed to have been taken out of her hands. Steve was not to be juggled this way and that. He had a mind of his own and that mind had been definitely made up.

As the weeks passed, Ann had to admit that she was restless and unhappy. The Athens Club party had been just another evening, nothing more. When she remembered the same event with Paul she wondered what had become of the stardust and glamour. She had everything for which she had longed, a family, social position, more clothes than she could wear, a sense of absolute security.

Recalling her old dreams, she laughed at them. Linen sheets, silk bed coverings, sterling silver and wedgewood china. Perhaps it was because they had come too easily that their importance had vanished. Perhaps the fun of having lovely things was working for them, striving, beating the budget.

One day in midsummer Irene gave a luncheon on the terrace. Ann observed the girls speculatively. They differed from her friends in Mrs. Follet's rooming house only in background and money. The types were identical.

There was Geneva Weston, a mysterious eyed, languorous girl with pale blond hair. She affected bizarre cigarette holders and moved with lazy grace. She had renounced family life and lived in her own apartment. The girls whispered that Geneva was most indiscreet—they hinted at a married man. She was another Florabelle, without Florabelle's excuse for folly.

Elissa Faber was plump, she giggled and talked too much. She might have been a better-dressed, better-groomed Clara. And the Campbell sisters—they skated expertly over the thin social ice, incredibly audacious, incredibly popular. Neddy and Teddy had held sway in the West Side taverns, the Campbell sisters led in the night clubs.

Ann noted another thing. As it had been on Murray street, these girls had but one aim and ambition, a suitable marriage. Their expensive clothes and coiffures, their mannerisms and clever patter, were but weapons with which they stalked their men. The luncheons and cocktail parties were merely time fillers in which to gather force for the evening's struggle. Love, as it had been to the 10-cent store girls, was a

FOOTPRINTERS TO MEET WEDNESDAY

Members of the Footprinters association will meet Wednesday, April 3, at 8 p. m. in the Elk hotel at which time Dr. Joseph Beeman will be the speaker.

Dr. Beeman is director of the state crime laboratory and is known to officers here. Members of the association are invited to bring a friend to the meeting.



No Easter bonnet for Miss Sunny Wright, who joined the Easter parade on New York's Fifth Avenue. She wears a heavy tweed coat with fitch top and sleeves and a hood of matching fitch.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Y-y-yes, I hear it! But we're not going downstairs and ask that noise whether it's a man or a mouse."

MARINE MONSTER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured huge destructive fish (pl.)

6 They are plentiful in warm seas.

13 Either.

14 Disposition.

16 Money changing.

17 Humid.

19 Gnawed.

20 To hew branches.

21 Malicious burning.

22 Note in scale.

23 Thick-headed.

25 Men retired with honor.

29 Auto house.

33 God of love.

34 To originate.

36 Work of skill.

37 Sharp tappings.

39 South Africa (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

CECIL JOHN RHODES
ROD ADIEU DAW
EGG ADIPOSE DAW
DO PRECENSOR RE
U ORES R SNAG
CODAS ASP SPREE
ALOE W TIAEL
TARTAR TUCRO
T SOLI TURE
OS RUIT NEER
NAP MIT TAIT
GARNET POMADE
ADMINISTRATOR

VERTICAL

2 Gray with age.

3 Weapons.

4 Measure.

5 To court.

6 Dress.

7 Gathering of quilters.

8 Footed vase.

9 Valley.

10 Contest for a prize.

11 Nippers.

12 Forward.

15 Identical.

17 They are often to men.

18 Italian river.

22 Contradicts.

24 Remote.

27 God of war.

28 Trunk of a statue.

30 Eucharist vessel.

31 Rodent.

32 Data.

35 Greek letter.

38 Tempest.

41 Perfect type.

43 Water scorpion.

44 Persia.

45 Criterion.

48 Unit of electricity.

49 Otherwise.

50 Ore launder.

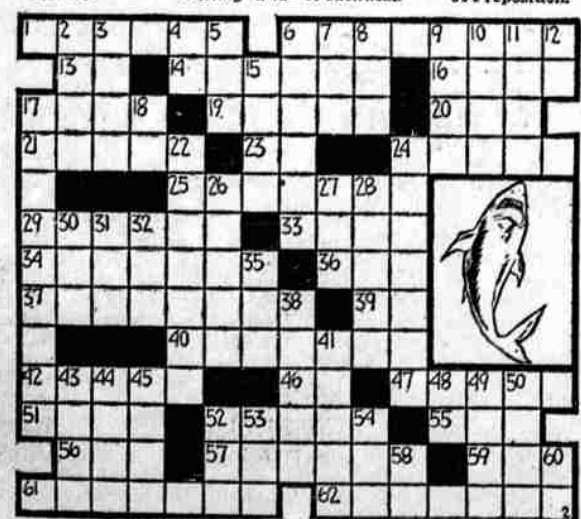
52 Onager.

53 Elite.

54 Date.

58 Measure of area.

60 Preposition.



OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

J. R. WILLIAMS

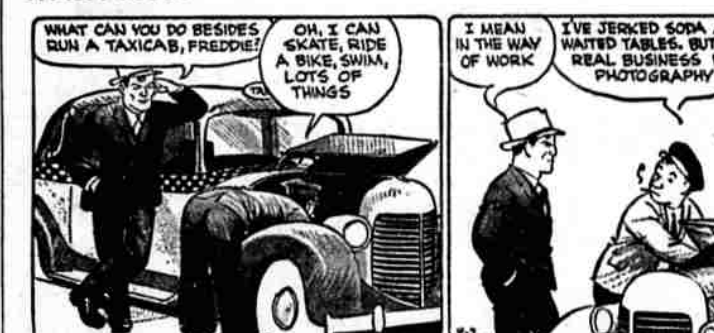
RED RYDER



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

