

SERIAL STORY

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Ann is adopted into the Temple family and Steve becomes increasingly important in her life. But she knows that Steve really must belong to Irene. Ann finds her new existence little different from that of the boarding house. The title are the same underneath their veneer. All want marriage. But Ann is denied the man she loves.

CHAPTER XXIX

ANN was rather introspective that summer. It seemed to her that everyone had lost sight of the fact that happiness was something to be attained, to be fought for. The life pattern was as clearly defined in the social set as it had been on Murray street. You were carefully reared and educated, your body was made strong and beautiful, not for your own satisfaction, but in the hope that you might attract a mate. She attempted to think it through. Suppose Paul had loved her. Suppose they had risked a life together on his income and hers. What would it have meant? If they had married, she and Paul, would they have been happy? The struggle for existence might have changed their love to dissatisfied tolerance. In the end would they have settled down to a blank acceptance of defeat, each blaming the other. Ann didn't know. In her heart she believed that they might have worked out a life—if Paul had loved her. In her heart she knew that he would always and forever live in the closeness of her thoughts, that no one would take his place.

IT was when she had spent two months as a member of the Temple family that Ann attended a house party with Steve. On Saturday afternoon they drove to a summer lodge in Wisconsin. Steve was ardent and worshipful. Ann was pleasantly aware of her stunning clothes, her correct baggage, and the orchid on her shoulder.

The week-end turned out to be an episode of drinks and more drinks, of loud laughter and shrill voices. Steve was unable to make the homeward drive and Ann took the wheel. He slept noisily and she despised him. She had been bored sick with the house party.

Flowers arrived the following day, bushels of them. The telephone rang constantly. Ann ignored the floral peace offerings and refused to answer the telephone. The second day Steve came without calling. He found Ann in the garden.

"Hello, Ann," he said, twisting his hat like an embarrassed school boy.

"Hello, Steve," she answered, snipping roses industriously.

"Why have you refused to talk to me?"

"You got drunk, hideously, rottenly drunk."

"I've been sober as a judge ever since. Talk to me, won't you?"

"Go ahead. I'm listening."

"I love you, Ann," he blurted out. "I want you to marry me."

"No, thanks."

Roughly he took the roses from her arms. Tossing them to the ground, he led her to a canopied swing. "Did you hear me say that I love you?" he asked impressively.

"Yes."

"Will you marry me?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to."

"Is it because I got drunk?"

"That's one of the reasons."

He took her hand, pressing back the fingers one by one, looking at the pink palm. "I'm a conceited pig," he said. "I didn't think I'd ever beg a girl to marry me. I didn't think I'd have to."

"Steve, listen," she said gently. "You don't love me. You've had everything you wanted since the day you were born. Now, because I put up a little resistance, you think you've got to have me."

He shook his head gloomily. "You're wrong, Ann. I'd do anything in the world to make you love me."

"You can't make another person love you. I can't even make myself. You either do or you don't. Ann well knew the truth of this statement."

"I don't know," she said, adding wistfully, "I wanted to be madly in love with the man I married, so in love that nothing else mattered."

He put his hand over hers. "I'll make you love me," he said. It was a typical remark and Ann saw his change of attitude, his sner way of living, as it was, a phase, an adventurous gesture. He had not changed, not really. He was simply intrigued by her reluctance and playing the game of pursuit as he played every other game, to the last ditch.

He would go back to his cocktails and fantastic behavior when the chase was ended. His love was not a tragic emotion. Only his pride would be hurt if she refused him.

TRYING to decide to marry Steve, Ann's thoughts turned back to Paul. Having dinner with Paul in a cheap little restaurant, sitting close beside him in the throbbing darkness of a picture house, walking with him in the park—there had been a completeness about it. Ann knew that she would never again experience the utter peace and contentment of the bench in Garfield Park.

More than three months had passed since the night of the jewel robbery. Ann had not seen Clara, nor heard from her, since that night. In her busy new life she had not found the time to drop into the 10-cent store. And then, one Sunday afternoon in late September, Mr. Temple asked Ann to call on an old couple who lived on the West Side. They had been servants in his father's home and he had cared for them through the years. They had known Pete and loved him. Mr. Temple thought they would like to meet Pete's daughter.

Ann immediately made up her mind to include a visit to Clara in the trip. Afterward she thought the fates must have had something to do with that Sunday afternoon jaunt. Afterward she shuddered to think that she might never have gone to see Clara. (To Be Continued)

ANY OLD PORT IN STORM

PENSACOLA, Fla. (AP)—Prince Morris, a negro mortician, opened the door of his ambulance, but slammed it hard after one quick look.

He beat a path to police headquarters and breathlessly explained he had seen the form of a white person in his ambulance stretcher that should have been empty.

Investigating officers found a slightly tipsy gent who explained: "It looked like a pretty good place to get out of the rain."

LOW COST HOUSING

BOSTON (AP)—Manuel T. Andre contracted to build a \$8000 house for Mr. and Mrs. John J. Maguire of Brockton.

When he got through with the house the Maguires didn't like it and refused to pay.

Yesterday the supreme court ruled that Andre had departed from the original contract and awarded the house to the Maguires on payment of but \$246.

THE PEOPLE FIRST

SALEM, Ore. (AP)—The spelling almost obscured the good intentions of the legislative candidate who filed this slogan with the secretary of state: "I will earnestly do all I can for the best interests of the majority of the sittons."

According to estimates, America's trailer population totaled nearly 1,000,000 at the end of 1938.

ANCIENT FABULIST

HORIZONTAL

1 Most famous writer of fables.

8 He was by birth.

10 Odin.

12 Lasso.

13 Calm.

14 To worship.

16 Eye.

17 Chaos.

18 Crime.

19 Plural pronoun.

20 Because.

21 Each (abbr.).

23 And.

24 Revival period in art.

30 Broad smile.

32 Canters.

33 Precept.

35 To polish.

36 Related through the males.

38 Male child.

39 Preposition.

40 Biblical priest.

41 Father.

43 Before Christ (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SHARKS ABUNDANT

OR OUSTER AGLO

DAMP EATEN LOP

ARSON MIT DENSE

N EMERITUS

CARAGE FROS

EMANATE ART

RATATATIS SA

ON ELATION

UNITS OD TEET

SERE ACRES SLY

PAS SAMARA SEA

FANTASY LARGEST

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FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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STEVE was as good as his word. He devoted himself to Ann with a persistence and subtle knowledge of technique that finally brought results. While she did not love him, she enjoyed being with him, appreciated his many thoughtful kindnesses, came to depend on his devotion. They drifted away from Irene's excitement-mad crowd and sought simpler pastimes.

One hot afternoon they lay on the beach just below the Temple garden. A leafy elm shaded them from the torrid rays of the sun. They had been in and out of the water for an hour. A tray beside them held tall glasses of iced coffee and a silver tray of sandwiches.

Slipping the coffee, Ann said, "I thought you were engaged to marry Irene when I first met her."

"I like Irene," he said. "I think we would have been married if you hadn't come along. And we would have made a go of it. We're companionable, we understand the same kind of life."

"You don't understand me at all, do you, Steve?"

"I'm doing my best." He grinned at her over his glass. "When are you going to break down and marry me?"

OUT OUR WAY BY J. R. WILLIAMS



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

T.M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. 1939, 1940 BY J.R. WILLIAMS, INC.

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



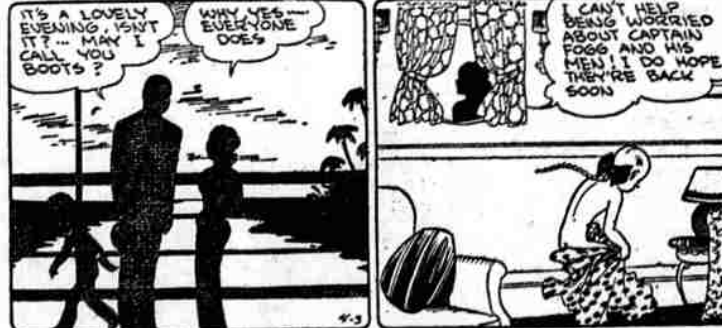
WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



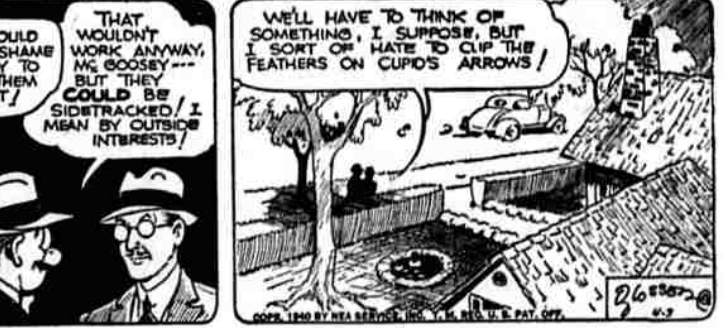
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

