

SERIAL STORY.

\$15 A WEEK

BY LOUISE HOLMES

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YESTERDAY: Ann finds Clara little changed. Clara has two letters for Ann—(from Paul, written four months ago. In the first Paul asks Ann to marry him, tells her of his promotion. The second is an apology. Ann tries to reach Paul by telephone and fails. He tells Mr. Temple of the letters, asks if she may go to Paul.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE telephone operator had not located Paul when Ann and Irene and Mr. Temple left for the train. At the LaSalle street station Ann called Steve. Purposefully, she had waited until then. One never knew what Steve might do. She reached him at home while Mr. Temple picked up her ticket and reservation.

"Steve—this is Ann." "I don't believe it. Ann doesn't call young men on the telephone." "Don't be funny, Steve. I'm taking a train in 10 minutes. I may not be back."

There was a silence while the wires hummed. Then, "What did you say, Ann?" "I'm going to Paul. If he'll have me, I'm staying."

"Isn't this rather sudden?" he asked coldly. "Yes, it is. I want to see Clara today. She gave me a letter from Paul in which he asked me to marry him. The letter was written four months ago. It may be too late—"

"Have you considered what this means to me?" His tone was like splintered ice. "I'm sorry, Steve—if you really care. I love Paul—I've always loved him." Her voice broke.

"I suppose you want me to wish you every happiness?" "Please do, Steve."

"Well, I won't. I'm going out and get roaring drunk. I'm dead sick of the sweet and simple life." He was childishly angry.

"Goodbye, Steve."

THERE was a crash in her ear and no answer. Ann found Irene and her father at the gates. The long train waited. Ann had already forgotten Steve. He and Irene would find each other and they would be happy. They viewed life from the same angle. At the train steps Mr. Temple put a check into Ann's hand.

"For expenses," he said. "Come straight home, Ann, if things don't work out for you." She tried to thank him but he hustled her into the car. It was midnight and they walked through a dimly lighted, curtained aisle. In Ann's compartment, Irene hugged her hard. "Write to me, Ann," she said tearfully. "I'll miss you." Mr. Temple kissed Ann's cheek, the train gave a preparatory jerk, and she was alone.

The berth was made up and she sat down on the plush couch. She sat for a long time as the train sped. After a while she looked at the check. Expenses? The scribbled amount was enough to furnish a little house.

Ann took off her dress, donned a house coat and lay down. She did not close her eyes. Joy, wild and tumultuous, surged through her. She was going to Paul. Again and again she read his letter, each time gaining deeper happiness.

It was 4 o'clock of a chill, dark morning when she left the train and took a taxi to the hotel. In her room she lay down again and sleep overtook her. She awoke with a start to find bright sunshine making a slanting oblong on the carpet. It was 9 o'clock.

Ann made a careful toilet. Rapturous wings beat in her heart, they made her fingers unsteady. She drank a cup of coffee in the grill and bought a gardenia in the flower shop. By means of a gardenia she had met Paul. It might have significance again. Asking directions, she walked to the big 10-cent store a few blocks away. Taking a deep breath, she went through the swinging doors.

Thousands of articles filled the counters, dozens of girls stood about or straightened their stock. A few early customers moved through the aisles. Ann's eyes darted across the room and up and down. A dark head at a counter in a corner caught her attention and her heart seemed to turn completely over. The dark head turned and the heart settled into place with a disappointed downward slide. Paul was not in sight.

Stairs led to a basement store and Ann went down, holding tight to the rail. Her knees were like rubber bands. No Paul in the basement store.

Returning to the main floor, she went to one of the clerks. "Can you tell me if Paul Hayden is in the store?" she asked. The girl's hair and fingernails made her think of Clara.

"He's in conference," the girl said importantly, adding, "Some of the big bugs are here from New York." She passed a hand over her elaborate hair. "Do you know if he'll be busy long?" Ann asked. If she didn't find Paul soon her knees would cease to function.

"The office is on the balcony," the girl told her, "but don't crash in. They're having a conference." ANN went up to the balcony. A small office was empty. She could hear voices from over a half partition. She sat down to wait. It was good to sit down.

"You haven't been with us long but you've proved your efficiency," a man said clearly. "The management of our Cedar Rapids store is open. Will you take it? Yes or no."

Ann almost jumped from her chair as Paul's voice came over the partition. "The answer is definitely yes."

There was a rumble of laughter.

Looks As If She Likes Uncle Sam

The first speaker said, "Sixty a week and the regular semi-annual raises. Satisfactory?" "Yes." "Can you leave Saturday?" "I can leave at once. I have no home, no ties—"

Ann thought, "Oh, yes you have. You're taking a wife to Cedar Rapids with you. Maybe you don't know it, but you are—"

HE swung around, dropping a handful of papers. His face went white. "Ann—" he said. "May I come in?" "Oh, yes—come in, Ann—come in." Lights flickered far back in his eyes. He held his mouth tight as if he were afraid.

Ann touched her gardenia. "I'm trying to pick you up again, Paul." He stared at her, his mouth queer and tight. She pulled his letters from her bag.

"Clara gave these to me yesterday," she explained. "I came right away. I heard what the men said—maybe all the little houses in Cedar Rapids aren't rented—"

Smiling her pleasure at arriving safely in the United States, pig-tailed Lotte Landau, youthful German refugee, is pictured as the recently landed in New York. She will live with her parents in Buffalo, N. Y., and hopes to continue her career as a pianist.

rected Ann to the balcony crossed the outer office and stopped short. Ann and Paul did not know that she was there. "Gee—" she said, and softly closed the door. (The End)



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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Privacy! A person can't even develop a roll of film in peace without somebody hollerin' for the bathtub."

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



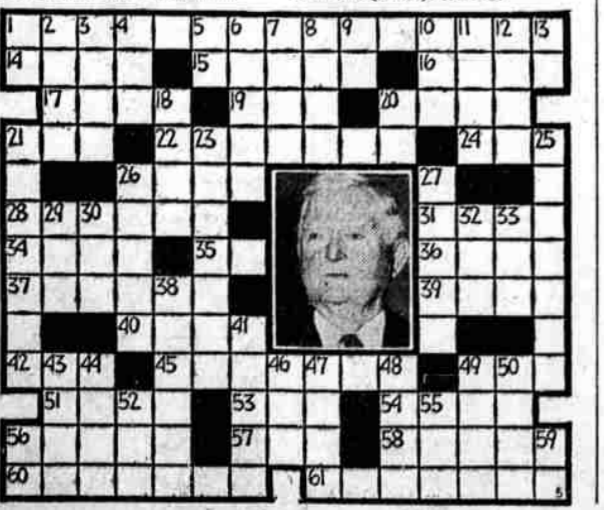
WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



AMERICAN STATESMAN

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Vice president of U. S. A. 14 Genus of ostrich. 15 Human trunk. 16 Frightened. 17 Little devils. 19 To convert into leather. 20 Pair of horses. 21 Tree fluid. 22 Lenient. 24 Thing. 26 Remarked. 28 Diners. 31 Slovak. 34 Armadillo. 35 Forward. 36 Be silent. 37 Tar compound. 39 Paradise. 40 Egyptian river. 42 To soak fax. 45 Book of psalms. 49 Some. 51 To drive in. 53 Gazelle. 54 Opera melody. 21 He was — or leader in Congress. 23 Narrow fillets. 26 He is about — years old. 26 Crystalline substance. 27 Compound either. 29 Monkey. 30 Seaman. 32 Youth. 33 Tennis point. 38 To overturn. 41 Impetuous. 43 Toilet case. 44 Food plant. 46 To cut off. 47 Kite end. 48 Indian prince. 49 Officer's assistant. 50 Scolds constantly. 51 Impetuous. 52 Male. 53 Act of migrating (fish). 54 Sea eagle. 55 Railway (abbr.). 56 Spanish (abbr.). 58 Blamish. 59 And. 59 And.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN



LAND SAKES! WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS?

BY BUTTON



LAND SAKES! WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE IS?

BY BUTTON

