

The dime-a-dance girl

BY JOAN CLAYTON

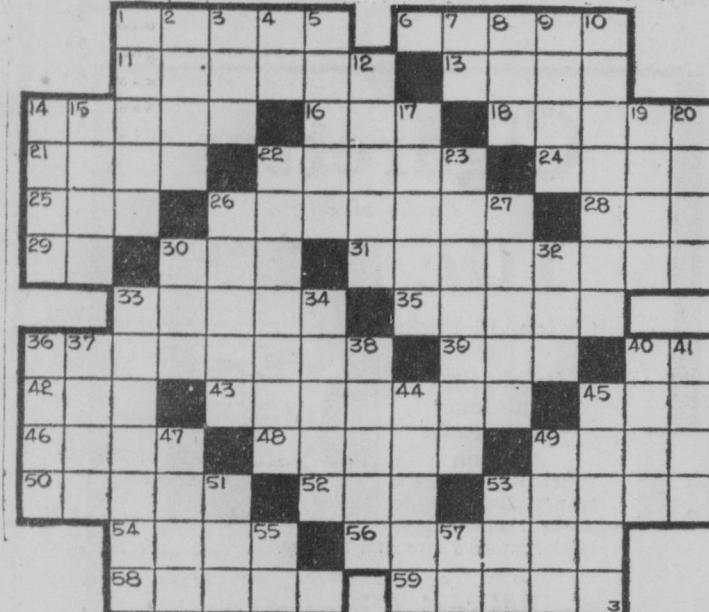
CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

(Continued)
"I can't say as I blame you," observed Bob tactlessly as he stared at Ellen. "You artists are lucky fellows. I wish I was one."

"It wouldn't do any good if you were," Larry said with growing irritation. "Miss Rossiter is not a professional model. She's only giving me a lift for the show."

"Don't pay any attention to my wife," Bob explained seriously.

HORIZONTAL		YESTERDAY'S ANSWER	
1	Sedate.	15	Sea eagle.
6	Mohammedanism.	17	Newspaper paragraphs.
11	On what sea is Port Arthur?	19	Drop of eye fluid.
12	Pertaining to air.	20	Without.
14	Intelligence.	22	Revolves.
16	Silk worm.	23	To burn inwardly.
18	Main points in debates.	26	Division of the calyx.
21	To jog.	27	Horze.
22	Grinds.	30	Chum.
24	Toward sea.	32	Female fowl.
25	Conjunction.	33	U. S. envoy to China.
26	Orders.	34	At no time.
28	Light brown.	36	The rainbow.
29	You.	37	Mentally sound.
30	By.	4	Suffix of adjectives.
31	Is suffocated.	5	Agents.
32	What sea separates Japan from China?	7	South America.
35	To slumber.	10	Made flat.
36	Separated or detached.	11	Recent.
38	Lair of a beast.	12	Wayside hotels.
40	Masculine pronoun.	13	45 To divide.
42	44 Rowing implements.	14	46 To stop.
	45	15	47 Entitled.
	46	16	48 Melody.
	47	17	49 Wrong step.
	48	18	50 Sacred documents.
	49	19	51 Spain (Abbr.).
	50	20	52 Border.
			53 Notoriety.
			54 Rowing implements.
			55 Spain (Abbr.).
			56 To settle.
			57 Company.



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5¢

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Smoked Hams lb. **12½c**

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the glare of the light. She stared at a patch of starry sky cut out between tall buildings and criss-crossed with clothes lines.

"Don't let's discuss it, Myra," she said with a catch in her breath. "I don't feel up to it now. But I'm never going to see Larry again."

SHE was wrong. She saw him the next night at Dreamland. The long spell of heat had been broken by a welcome rain storm. Rain had fallen all day and was still falling in the evening.

As a result Dreamland was practically deserted except by stray gen-

lemen who ducked in to avoid the downpour. The rest of the meager crowd was made up of a few ardent devotees of dancing who could have been kept away from Dreamland by nothing short of death.

A sense of injustice oppressed her. Twenty years old—and she might as well have been 50. Yes, she was miserable.

She was dancing when Larry came in. Ellen, trembling, saw him sweep the floor with his eager eyes and felt her heart stop when those eyes met hers.

He had started across the floor bent on snatching her from the arms of her partner when, fortun-

ately, the music stopped. The dance was ended.

"Would 'j like something to eat, baby?" inquired her partner.

"No, thank you," Ellen murmured.

She had managed to put half a dozen steps between them by the time Larry reached her.

"I can't stay a minute," he said quickly, reaching out to claim her cold hands. "I had that note of yours this afternoon. It's all a lot of nonsense. I won't let you throw me down like that."

"Maybe you'll have to," she had begun when he pulled her, half re-

sisting, out on a rain swept balcony.

To the left the lights of Broadway flared and subsided and flared again. Below, like shining wet beetles, taxicabs rushed to and fro and honked discordantly.

"Under the coping," he told her, "and you'll not get wet. I had to talk to you a minute—alone. We can't use the time fighting because mother's waiting in a cab downstairs. So you'll have to postpone till tomorrow telling me what a black-hearted villain I've been."

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

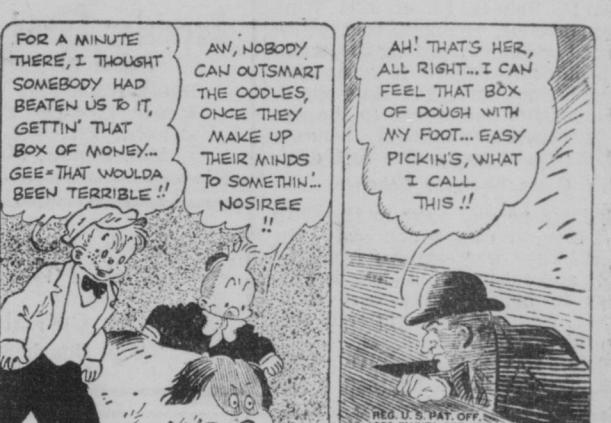
—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



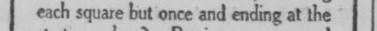
—By Small

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

STICKERS



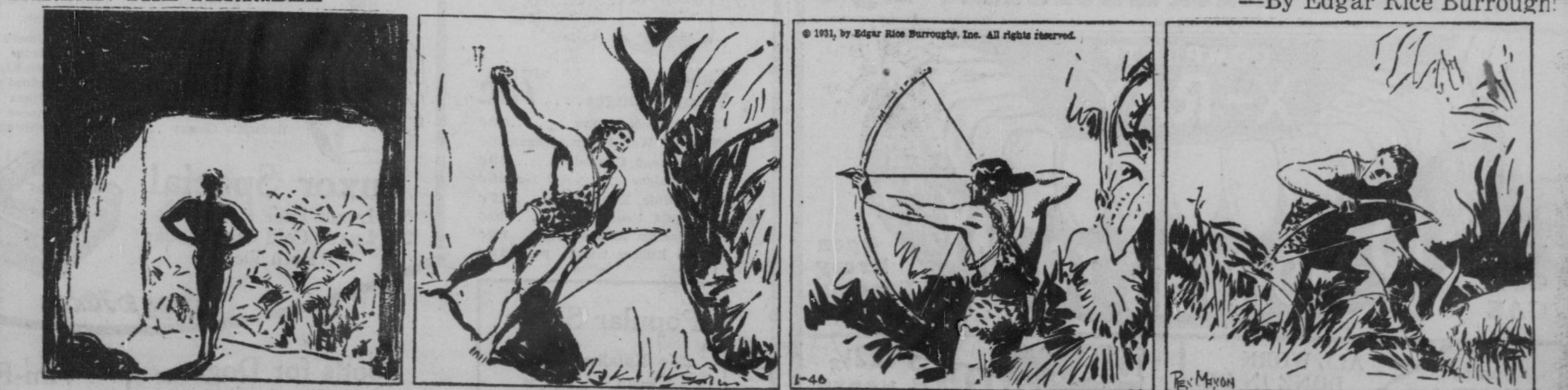
Can you move the checker, in 16 moves, over a whole board, touching each square but once and ending at the starting place? Passing over several squares in a straight line is but one move. Every turn indicates a new move.

Yesterday's Answer

ENCYCLOPEDIA

"Encyclopedia" is the word that can be spelled from the letters given in the puzzle.

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE



Directly below Tarzan lay the forbidding Kor-ul-gray, a dense, somber green of gently swaying tree tops. To the ape-man it was neither grim nor forbidding—it was jungle, beloved jungle, and he was hungry. Pan-at-lee had told him of the dreadful creature roaming below, but never had Tarzan of the Apes met with jungle creature with which his brute strength and cunning brain could not cope. But Tarzan had never met a gray!

He began the descent into the gorge. Reaching its foot he strode into the jungle eyes and ears alert, his sensitive nostrils searching the air for scent spoor of game. Most of the odors were strange to him. Once, he sensed faintly the reptilian odor that he had learned to connect with the strange nocturnal forms that had loomed, dim and bulky, on several occasions since he came to Pal-ul-don. Suddenly he caught the strong, sweet odor of Bara, the deer.

Tarzan crept cautiously forward, deer meat being very much to his liking this morning. Noiselessly, he came within sight of Bara, drinking at a pool, too far from the nearest tree to risk a charge. The ape-man must depend upon the force and accuracy of his first arrow. Far back came his hand, and the bow, which no average man could bend, shot forth an arrow, sped by the muscles of the forest-god, straight for its target.

A single twang and Bara collapsed upon the ground. The ape-man ran to it and as he stooped to lift the carcass to his shoulder there came a thundering bellow almost at his right elbow. Looking quickly in the direction of the sound, there broke upon his vision such a creature as may possibly have existed in the earth's infancy, but which no other living white man had ever seen—a gigantic creature, bellowing with mad rage, that now charged, bellowing, upon him.