

The dime-a-dance air

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 Rosster is not a professional model. She's only giving me a lift for the show."

"ARE you two goofs going to stand up all night or doesn't Miss Rosster ever sit down?" Lona inquired, reaching out for a sandwich.

"Sit down, Ellen—please do. I've saved this chair for you," Larry said hurriedly, shooting a venomous glance at Lona, who remained calmly oblivious of it.

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

"She's always that way to other women."

Lona's laugh was not amused. Ellen crossed the room and sat down in the chair beside Larry's. She tried desperately to think of something to say, something to show that she did not care what Lona was imagining and inferring.

She had no refuge except to smile again at this horrible, hot, sticky night sitting with these people so conscious of their separation from her. Her very soul was sick.

All in all, it was the most wretched evening she ever had spent with Larry. Lona did everything she could to make Ellen feel alien from the group. She chattered of places Ellen never had been, of prospective parties to which Ellen would not be invited.

Neither Bob's blundering efforts to stop her nor Larry's open irritation could stem the light lash of her tongue.

Ellen endured it as long as she could. She had hoped to hold out until Bert and Myra returned, but found she could not.

Fleeting extreme weariness she broke away within half an hour. She refused to let Larry take her home.

"I hate him!" Ellen told herself as she hurried along the airless street toward the subway station. "I hate him!"

HORIZONTAL

- Sedate.
- Mohammedanism.
- On what sea is Port Arthur?
- Pertaining to air.
- Intelligence.
- Silk worm.
- Main points in debates.
- To jog.
- Grinds.
- Toward sea.
- Conjunction.
- Orders.
- Light brown.
- You.
- By.
- Is suffocated.
- What sea separates Japan from China?
- Slumber.
- Separated or detached.
- Lair of a beast.
- Masculine pronoun.
- Hurrah.

VERTICAL

- Sea eagle.
- Newspaper paragraphs.
- Drop of eye fluid.
- Without.
- Revolves.
- To burn inwardly.
- Division of the calyx.
- Horse.
- Chum.
- Female fowl.
- U. S. envoy to China.
- At no time.
- The rainbow.
- Mentally.
- At no time.
- Valiant man.
- Pitcher.
- Citrus fruit.
- Emitted.
- Chaise.
- Dumb.
- Branch.
- Rodent.
- Spain (Abbr.).
- Company.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

- Assembly.
- Examination.
- Beer.
- Suffit of adjectives.
- Agents.
- South America.
- Limb.
- Melody.
- Wrong set.
- Sacred documents.
- To stop.

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 gentlemen 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.

In spite of frequent absences from the dance hall—or perhaps because of them—Ellen had become popular with those habitual patrons.

All the men wanted to dance with the girl so difficult to obtain for a partner, the girl who was so different from the others, so standoffish and so impersonal.

She was blue and discouraged as she danced. Her heart was heavy.

How long the evening was! How she hated these men who paid 10 cents for a dance and expected a flirtation as well.

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, fortunately, the music stopped. The dance was ended.

"Would 'ja 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 your 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-

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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)

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



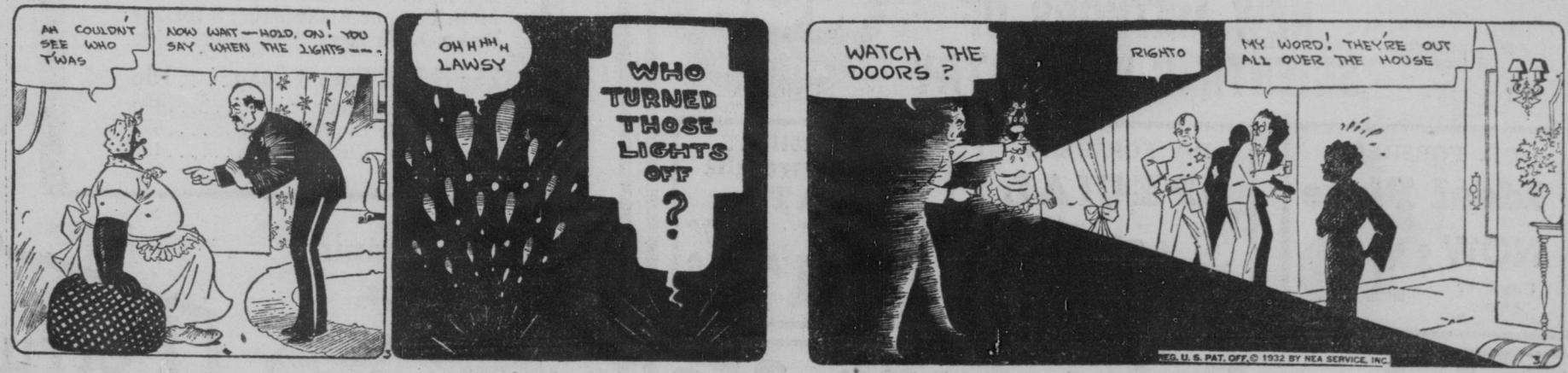
SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



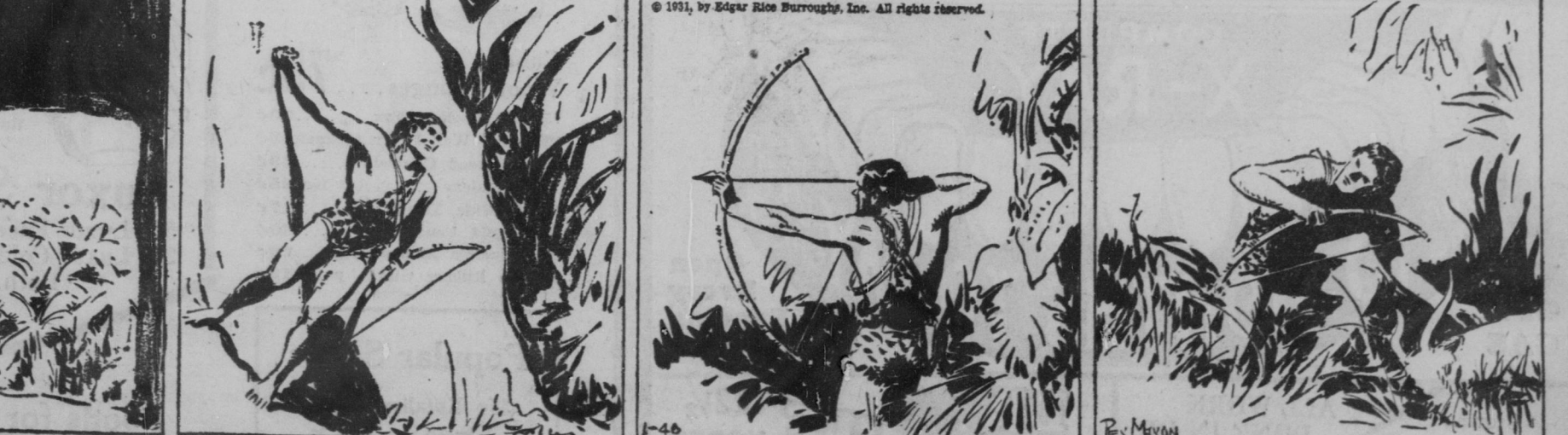
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



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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.