

The dime-a-dance girl

By Joan Clayton

REGIN HERE TODAY
 ELLEN ROSSITER, beautiful 20-year-old, who is now a dancer at the LARRY HARROWGATE, a famous night club, where she works as a hostess. She is engaged to ELIZABETH BOWES, daughter of a prominent family, but she has been so busy with her dancing that she has not had time to see her fiancé. Her mother, MRS. BOWES, is very disappointed in her daughter's choice of a husband. She has been trying to get Ellen to marry a wealthy man, but Ellen has refused. She is now in a difficult position, as she has no money and no family support. She is trying to make a name for herself in the dance world, but it is not easy. She has to work long hours and make a lot of sacrifices. She is a very talented dancer, but she is also a very kind and generous person. She is always willing to help others in need. She is a true dime-a-dance girl.

"I wanted to see Steven again," Ellen said painfully as they turned through the iron gates and out on the road leading to Manhattan. "The arrangements were made hurriedly," Symes told her. "I wanted to spare you the details if I could, and you can see how much simpler it will make things to give out the report that he died in a hospital." "I suppose so," Ellen said, swallowing the lump in her throat. "Only now that everything's arranged, I'm afraid."

She stared blindly at fields burned and dry, stared at the cars that passed. She never had felt such wretchedness, such loneliness of spirit. To be running away like a thief— "I'm glad for you," Symes voice penetrated her misery. "Glad you decided as you did. It's the best way out of the regrettable affair." Ellen twisted a fold of her frock. "I don't know what's right and what's wrong," she said. "It seems wrong to desert Steven, to hide something he thought was right." "I've had more years to consider right and wrong than you've had," Symes told her in a matter of fact way. "And it seems to me the right thing is the kind thing."

"You're being kind. You're saving Steven's honor when he can't save it himself." "But you don't understand," Ellen persisted in a low voice. "I'm not being unselfish—I'm not thinking really of Steven. I'm thinking of myself and my own reputation." "That's why I wanted to run away, the real reason. That's why I'm wrong. It's not too late to go back! I'll make everyone's right it was I, not Steven, who was to blame." "We'll do nothing of the kind," the lawyer interrupted flatly. "You've said you don't want the money, and you've given the only reason for such a move—the right for you to think of your reputation." "Reputation is a very precious thing to every young girl. Steven wouldn't want you to toss it away to become a martyr. That's ridiculous."

His flat, almost angry words braced Ellen as no sympathy could have done. He saw her trembling lips become steady. "But I didn't love Steven as— as he loved me," the girl fumbled. "To go on feeling hanging over me—feeling that I have taken the easiest way out—feeling—" "What do you think Steven would want you to do?" Symes asked, turning to meet her eyes. "Steven would want me to be happy. But how can I bear—" "Have you thought?" he demanded abruptly, "that this might be your part of the bargain? To do as he would want you to even though it

no suggestion that another woman had been with Steven when he died. Headlines chronicled the death at St. Agatha's hospital. Headlines announced that Leda Grayson Barclay, the widow, had arrived too late, speeding by plane from Mexico. "I wanted to go to the funeral," Ellen announced forlornly as Symes pulled up a chair for her. "That would have been the sheerest folly," he pointed out, quite his legal, business-like self again. "You've been so sensible about everything else I'm surprised to hear you say that."

Ellen forced a valiant, apologetic smile. She looked away with the consideration she had found so unexpected, then looked back again. She was composed now. Her hands were steady and her eyes were dry. "I'm sensible about that, too—now," she said quietly. "I've wanted to tell you and here's my chance," Symes began in awkward haste. "If there's any-

thing you need, I'll be glad to be of assistance." "There's nothing at all," Ellen said quickly. "I've always made my own way and I still can. I've been a parasite long enough. Monday I'm going back to work." "Not on Monday?" "Yes—Monday!" She checked herself to add: "Don't be alarmed. I wouldn't dream of returning to the store. Lorene came to see me and said

(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



SATURDAY'S ANSWER

1 Pertaining to
 2 To pull along
 3 Swarming
 4 Supports
 5 Greatest corn producing state in the U. S. A.
 6 Skin
 7 Sawlike part
 8 Departs
 9 Hastened
 10 To observe
 11 Cavity
 12 To bark shrilly
 13 Tight
 14 Impelled
 15 Exclamation of surprise
 16 Workers
 17 Father
 18 Secured
 19 Civil War general who became a U. S. 52 Always president
 20 To sink
 21 Greater
 22 To conclude
 23 Tenuous
 24 Three-banded

12 Native metal
 13 To assume
 14 South America
 15 Mesh of lace
 16 Matter
 17 Tenet
 18 Ship's nautical record
 19 Work of
 20 Ranted
 21 Circlet
 22 Street lamp
 23 Part of a window
 24 To cast through
 25 Seals
 26 Before
 27 Falsehood
 28 To affirm
 29 Successful relief supply
 30 Any of the ten figures
 31 Plant below ground
 32 Reverence
 33 Acetiform fuel
 34 Postscript
 35 Eagle
 36 To breathe

1 Very high mountain
 2 Falsehood
 3 To affirm
 4 Successful relief supply
 5 Any of the ten figures
 6 Plant below ground
 7 Reverence
 8 Acetiform fuel
 9 Postscript
 10 Eagle
 11 To breathe

ACER
 1. CARE
 2. RACE
 3. ACRE

Above are the words that can be formed from the letters A, C, E and R.

3 BARGAINS TUESDAY
 BUY ALL YOU WANT

FRESH LINK SAUSAGE Lb. 9 1/2c
SHOULDER PORK CHOPS Lb. 9c
Smoked JOWLS Lb. 6c

Schusslers' MEAT MARKETS

407 E. Wash. St.
 43 N. Alabama St.
 63 Virginia Ave.
 316 W. Wash. St.
 2915 E. 10th St.
 208 N. Illinois St.
 2858 Clifton St.
 2121 W. Wash. St.

ALL MEATS KILLED and PREPARED IN OUR OWN LOCAL PLANT