

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

COPYRIGHT, 1941, NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Hee eee eee eee... possibly mean more to the girl she pretended to be than it did to the girl she really was.

BEATRICE GOES SOUTH CHAPTER IX

THE WOMAN behind the desk reached for a white blank. Before she handed it to Beatrice, she looked her over with cold, experienced eyes.

"Toby didn't spot it," Beatrice thought, unhappily. "But this woman isn't missing a trick."

There was a table in the middle of the office. A long table with pens and ink and blotter and a list of instructions under the glass top.

Beatrice sat down and picked up a pen. Name? Bebe Davis. Address? She wrote the street and number of Toby's apartment and carefully included, "Care of Masters." Experience? None. Education? That was a power. She couldn't write Miss Spence's School. She bit her lip. Some college—any college. She remembered the name of a woman's college at which Grandfather had endowed a chair.

"Sit down," she seemed to take in the information at a glance. "Now what makes you think you'd like to work for Huntington's, Miss Davis?"

"I need the position," said Beatrice quietly. "That's the main reason for applying, of course. Then, I—I've always thought I'd like to sell. I—I believe I could."

"A friend of mine—in fact, the girl I live with, works here," plucked Beatrice. "Miss Masters. She thought I would fit in."

"I see." The woman was positively frigid. Her eyes, the tone of her voice, the poker face, told nothing.

Beatrice found herself becoming annoyed with this person. Was this the way Huntington's treated people who asked merely for the opportunity of working? People who might some day be valuable to the store? The least they could expect was a reasonable courtesy.

OUT of the past came a remark of Grandfather's she had not paid especial attention to at the time. "We never know when some world-beating executive may apply to us, in the shape of a frightened, shabby boy who never finished grade school. That's why a store like ours can't afford to be exclusive in the personnel department. I don't believe in this stuff of demanding a college degree and 14 personal references."

"And another thing! A store like Huntington's must never lose sight of the fact that applicants for positions, whether hired or not, are very likely to be customers, too. Antagonize 'em, insult 'em, and you've lost a customer. You've also lost their families and friends."

The woman behind the desk looked at Beatrice with a quick glint in her eyes. "Did you say something, Miss Davis?"

"No, I was merely wondering on what basis an applicant is judged. That is to say—if I have not the qualifications necessary for selling—exactly what are they?"

The woman smiled. "That's an intelligent question. But we need not go into it. As it happens, Miss Davis, I think you do possess qualifications for selling. At least, we'll give you a chance. We happen to be forming a new training class. Of course, you understand, sometimes most of a training class doesn't make the grade. It's not a guarantee of a full-time position. But we train you, give you the opportunity of working in various departments, as a contingent when extra help is needed."

Beatrice thought swiftly. "She'd have turned me down if I hadn't bucked her!" She did not know it, but she was making the same discovery her grandfather had made, years ago, when he laid down the first plank of the foundation of his fortune.

The woman turned her over to the store's medical department for a physical examination. After that she was given an intelligence test. "Aptitude Test!" they called it, facetiously. Then she was given a payroll number and a card to be punched and led to the locker room, where she put away her hat and coat.

REMEMBERING the owner of that hateful voice brought Mr. Weeming back to mind. She asked a girl, "Where's a telephone?"

The girl said, "You'd better go down to the selling floors and use the coinboxes. They're at each end of the floor. Of course, there are phones in the restroom, but they're always mobbed during lunchtime."

"Thanks." She walked briskly out to the elevators. At the third floor (she'd always remember to carefully avoid the fifth and Miles Mathilde) she got out and found the corner where the phone booths were.

A sale of \$1.98 housedresses was in progress opposite, and the voices of customers made a shrill uproar. She closed the door of the booth carefully before putting her nickel in the slot.

"Mr. Curtis Weeming, please, Miss Davenport calling." She lowered her voice, almost guiltily. "Mr. Weeming? How are you? Mr. Weeming, something very attractive has just turned up, and I'm leaving immediately. I don't know how long I'll be gone."

"But Beatrice—where are you going?" "South America," she said crisply. "Er—the Argentine." Was Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires in the Argentine? It didn't matter. She went on, swiftly. "An old school friend who's married to a man who raises horses has er—a ranch in the interior and I've just decided—"

Mr. Weeming, fortunately, was accustomed to her hair-trigger departures for far pastures. He asked, "Is your fiancé accompanying you?"

"Why no, he's not," she dared as well be as honest as she might. "I've become a bit bored with the idea of marrying Clarence and this trip is really a sort of get-away-and-think excursion."

"Ah," said Mr. Weeming, in ill-disguised delight. "That's fine. Now how about your traveling funds, Beatrice?"

"Why, I—I've taken care of that already," she answered. "Don't give it a thought. If I need anything, I—I'll cable you. Goodbye."

Beatrice Davenport Huntington hung up. And Bebe Davis, newest employe of Huntington's Department Store, came out of the phone booth to face a future which was singularly unlike a pleasure trip to South America.

(To Be Continued)

Liska Posts 7th Triumph; Turpin Chalks Up Fifth

By the Associated Press Ad Liska, who has pitched more baseball games this year than any other finger in the Pacific Coast league, now joins the leaders in the number he has won.

The little sidarm artist, only member of the Portland mound corps with a better than even average, achieved his seventh victory last night, scattering nine hits to defeat Hollywood, 7-3. He thus moved in beside Freitas and Hollingsworth of the virtually invincible Sacramento Senators, each of whom also has come out on top seven times.

Ad includes three shutouts among his victories. And last night he fanned six Hollywood batters to match Mungler of Sacramento for the league strikeout lead. Each has 42.

Liska's teammates cinched his seventh game for him as early as the second inning. In that frame they pounded Bittner and Osborne for six hits and as many runs. Herman, Hollywood first baseman, took over first place in home run production by clouting a double-barrelled four-bagger in the fifth. It was his eighth.

The Portland victory, its first in three tries against the Stars this week, had the effect of lifting the Beavers from eighth to sixth place, ahead of Los Angeles and Oakland.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



Dodgers Lose 6th In Row In Slump From League Top

By Judson Bailey Associated Press Writer The Brooklyn Dodgers, who paraded into the west last week pointing to their six victories in seven games away from home in the east this year, are slinking back to Flatbush today with a string of tin cans tied to their tails.

They're in the doghouse because of losing six straight at Pittsburgh, Chicago and finally St. Louis, where they handed over the circuit lead to the Cardinals. Many of the Dodgers chums are shouting "them bums"—and the tumult is so great that if the returning warriors could hear it they might delay their arrival until after nightfall tonight.

The Dodgers lost again, 7-6, yesterday but they showed they are not yet cowed. Yet Brooklyn outhit the Redbirds, 12-11, and went down battling. This took some gloss off the fifth victory without defeat that was credited to Warneke—and it should show that the Dodgers will have to be reckoned with for some time to come.

Reds Defeat Giants The Cincinnati Reds meanwhile took a 6-4 victory from the New York Giants. Lombardi hit a home run in the first inning with the bases loaded and McCormick pounded his eighth of the season with one on in the third. Derringer permitted three home runs among the seven hits he gave the Giants, Ott notching his ninth and tenth of the year, but the Duke never was in real danger.

The two other national league games were rained out. The Cleveland Indians edged out the Washington Senators, 4-3, for their seventh triumph in 10 contests in the east.

The Chicago White Sox held determinedly to second place in the American League by whacking the Philadelphia Athletics, 4-1, behind the six-hit hurling of Rigney. Mueriel and Kramer combined in a five-hit hurling job for the St. Louis Browns, who beat the Boston Red Sox, 4-1.

This enabled the New York Yankees to advance into third place by capturing their third straight victory. They beat Detroit, 6-5, with Dickey hitting his third home run in four days.

Potluck Dinner Saturday—The Douglas County Forest Protective association will hold its annual potluck dinner Saturday at noon at the Edenbower headquarters.

SKATING Wed., Sat. and Sunday 7:30 to 10 P. M. at the RAINBOW RINK WINCHESTER

VISIT THE NEWLY RENOVATED Soldiers' Home Cigar Store 123 Sheridan St. Operated by Alex. and Mrs. Alex.

We serve BEER direct from keg

Eat the best food for your money in town at Kelly's Lunch Adjoining Our Store

League Standings

By the Associated Press National

Table with columns: Team, W, L, Pct. Rows include St. Louis, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland.

American W L Pct. St. Louis 25 12 .676

Table with columns: Team, W, L, Pct. Rows include Chicago, New York, Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Louis.

Coast W L Pct. Sacramento 33 11 .750

Seattle 26 19 .578 San Francisco 23 23 .500 San Diego 22 23 .489

Hollywood 20 24 .455 Portland 18 25 .419 Los Angeles 18 26 .409 Oakland 18 27 .400

Will Deliver Address—Dr. Charles A. Edwards, of this city, will deliver the baccalaureate address for the Days Creek High school graduating class Sunday evening.

Louis Dull As He Approaches Battle With Buddy Baer

WASHINGTON, May 23. (AP)—Before a somewhat distinguished audience tonight, Joe Louise will play another stop on his "farewell tour" of the heavy-weight circuit before he puts away the five-ounce gloves and has himself fitted for an army uniform.

After tonight's bout with Buddy Baer, which will mark the 17th defense of his title, the negro heavy-weight champion plans to fight about twice more this summer and then see if he can't rustle himself a commission. He has gained the consent of his managers and plainly is looking forward to his "vacation" from the grind.

The glow of the fight game has faded for Joe. As he sat in another hot basement room yesterday prior to another of the unending rub-downs, he didn't seem to want to talk about tonight's fight, grand representative: E. M. Bowman, Hillsboro, Odd Fellows home trustee, and Ralph Osbold, Osbold, Portland, endowment fund trustee.

Rebekahs—Myrtle McAlpine, Eugene, president; Madeline Rossner, Dayton, vice-president; Bertha McCollum, Portland, warden; Hallie Ingles, Corvallis, secretary; Ida Knight, Canby, treasurer; Minnie Willits, Cottage Grove, assembly trustee; Dora Sexton, The Dalles, trustee of the I. O. O. F. home, and Vernishia Newby, representative of the ara.

Reported ill—Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Woodruff, of Melrose, are both reported ill at their home.

Odd Fellows, Rebekahs Of Oregon Name Heads BAKER, May 22.—(AP)—Officers of the grand lodge, I. O. O. F. of Oregon, and the Rebekah assembly of Oregon, holding their grand lodge sessions here, were elected yesterday and today.

The officers are as follows: I. O. O. F.—Elmer Pyne, Springfield, grand master; Grant Murphy, Stayton, deputy grand master; Ray Comstock, Baker, grand warden; William A. Morand, Portland, grand secretary; J. H. Nelson, McMinnville, grand treasurer; J. P. Watts, Oregon City, grand representative; E. M. Bowman, Hillsboro, Odd Fellows home trustee, and Ralph Osbold, Osbold, Portland, endowment fund trustee.

Lesnevich Gets Verdict Over Christoforidis NEW YORK, May 23. (AP)—Gus Lesnevich last night out-painted Anton Christoforidis of

DANCE Evergreen Grange EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Osbold, Portland, endowment fund trustee. Rebekahs—Myrtle McAlpine, Eugene, president; Madeline Rossner, Dayton, vice-president; Bertha McCollum, Portland, warden; Hallie Ingles, Corvallis, secretary; Ida Knight, Canby, treasurer; Minnie Willits, Cottage Grove, assembly trustee; Dora Sexton, The Dalles, trustee of the I. O. O. F. home, and Vernishia Newby, representative of the ara.

Reported ill—Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Woodruff, of Melrose, are both reported ill at their home.

JUST RECEIVED Shipment of READY TO WEAR SUITS For Men and Young Men

Max Schwartz The Tailor Who Is a Tailor 111 W. CASS ST.

SPECIALS! John Deere Baler! Hay Loader! 6-Ft. Combine! Bargain Prices—and "You Own the Profits" DOUGLAS COUNTY Farm Bureau Co-op. Exch. Roseburg, Oregon

In the lively old City of PILSEN men learned to brew the King of Beers Beer from the pleasure-loving City of Pilsen had a brilliant clarity—a liveliness that came from long-lasting tiny bubbles rising continuously in your glass. It possessed a flavor neither strong, bitter nor sweet. A light, mellow taste—marvelously satisfying. A new appetizing smack that refreshed the drinker as no beer had done before. Will you accept an invitation? Will you taste at our risk a true-to-type Pilsner brewed in America? We will leave it to you, after that, whether our Brown Derby Pilsner is twins with imported Pilsner. We believe you will find in Brown Derby the sparkling lightness of Pilsner. The remarkably keen taste. The depth of flavor. But you decide. After you've set lips to a cool glassful—after you've rolled Brown Derby Pilsner on your tongue, and tasted it in company with your favorite food—you judge Brown Derby for us. WHEN you come to taste Brown Derby Pilsner, study the golden color, the crystallinity of the beer itself. Notice the tiny bubbles that race up to join the fragrant "cellar." These are true Pilsner signs. Then drink... and judge! Unless you find Brown Derby Pilsner all we claim here—unless it satisfies you in every way—return it to the store where you bought it and they will refund your full purchase price. at SAFEWAY Brown Derby Pilsner

For newspaper deliveries after 5:30 Please Call 159-L

Lymon L. Spencer Representing New York Life Insurance Co. Protection, Retirement, Savings, Educational Plans. Roseburg Telephone 277 or 601-R