

● SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY: Beatrice and Mr. Bradley quarrel, then, strangely, make up, laughing together. He discovers that he is ambitious, anxious to improve his situation. She is delighted, compliments him. He asks for a date.

BEE KEEPS A DATE

CHAPTER XIII

BEATRICE could scarcely wait until she had cornered Toby Masters in one of the fitting rooms.

"Mr. Bradley asked me for a date!"

Toby's eyes flew wide open and her mouth gaped. "Eureka!" She looked at Beatrice knowingly. "And you're kinda worked up about it, too. Aren't you the gal who said she wouldn't be interested?"

The store was mobbed with customers, they had to hurry back to the floor. But all through the afternoon Beatrice was happy and excited.

She wore a Scotch Salt badge, now. She pointed to it, once, when Mr. Bradley's eye caught hers, and he grinned. At 5:30 when the closing gong sounded through the store, he bent over her as she totaled her sales. "I don't know where you live," he whispered.

"Flatbush." She scribbled the address hastily on the edge of her tally card. He looked at it, then she erased it. There was a rule in the store that employees must not have dates. Grandfather, evidently, had come to the conclusion that it ruined efficiency.

On the subway, she wondered why she had never been as eager and expectant about her dates with young men who bore the names of famous families, young men who spent more money in a week, probably, than Mr. Bradley earned in a year.

She caught Toby's sleeve. "Mr. Bradley, I don't even know his first name!"

"Neither do I," said Toby. "But I'll ask him as soon as he sticks his nose in the door. By the way do you want Vera and me to evaporate?"

"Oh, no!" The idea of entertaining Mr. Bradley in the apartment alone left her panicky. "No you must stay."

"This is Wednesday," calculated Toby heartily. "Not likely that he's got much money, so close to pay day. So he won't be taking you out. Are you sure you want us to stick around the whole evening?"

AS soon as they reached home Toby told Vera the news. "She's captured the idol of the department. Handsome Bradley six feet two in his stocking feet. Wait till you see him, Vera. He puts Terry definitely in the shade."

"I don't value Terry for his beauty," said Vera. She cupped her chin in her hands and asked dreamily, "Shall we hang Japanese lanterns around the place in honor of your floor walker, Bee? Or would a little judicious dusting be plenty?"

"I'll clean up myself," Beatrice told her. "And if you two will kindly keep the lid on your own particular brand of low humor, I'll appreciate it."

"I can only answer for myself," said Vera. "But you know Terry." "What? Is that egg coming around tonight?" Toby cried. "He is."

"Be a sport, Vera," Toby suggested. "Take him walking in the park."

But Terry, who arrived shortly afterward, refused to walk in the park. "I want to see this guy," he insisted. "Here I've been working on Bee for days, trying to fix up a date for a friend of mine, and she's too highbrow. Yet this wonder brooks his finger—"

"If you tell him that, I'll murder you!"

Terry settled himself on the studio couch. "You can't object if I merely point out to him that you're a very, very tasty dish miles above my ilk; a user of impeccable diction; an abominable cook, but beautiful!"

Terry nearly always made Beatrice uncomfortable, for he had shrewdly discerned too many things about her. She went straight to the point. "Mr. Bradley possesses a Harvard accent to match my own high-brow diction, doesn't he, too, is not a tooth-pick addict?"

"We gutter-snipes enjoy gawping at the upper classes," said Terry. "No sir, no park for me. I stay right here!"

Beatrice was feverishly combing her hair, trying for the dozenth time to make the curls stay put the way they used to, when the doorbell rang. She ran out of the bedroom. "Terry, one wisecrack and I slay you!" She went to the door.

MR. BRADLEY stood in the hall with his hat in his hand.

"Come in," Beatrice greeted him. She leaned forward. "What's your first name?" she whispered.

"Toby's going to say something dreadful the first chance she gets and I want to be prepared!"

"Anthony. What's yours?"

"Bee."

They went in together. He seemed to dwarf the tiny living room and Terry cried out at once, "Watch it! You'll knock your head on the door frame!"

"Mr. Bradley," Beatrice said. "This is Mr. Terence Donahue. Guaranteed worthless. This is Vera Conlon, and, of course, you know Toby Masters."

Terry moved over on the sofa, and Anthony sat down. Beatrice thought "What do I do now?" At home, she would have rung for the maid and cocktails on a tray would have appeared. But cocktails were sinful luxuries in Flatbush.

Terry came to the rescue. "Bee doesn't want me to talk to you, Bradley," he said with a perfectly straight face. "That makes things a little complicated. Because I'd like to know how it feels to spend most of your waking hours in a dress department. Surrounded by dames and bargains."

"It feels awful," said Anthony. "What do you do?"

"I'm a photographer."

"I used to be a nut about cameras when I was at school. I still have a Leica I tried out when I can manage to buy a film. What kind of photography do you do?"

THE awkward moment had been bridged, and half an hour later Beatrice was wondering whether Anthony had come here to see her or to talk cameras with Terry.

"You see what happens when a gal has no privacy," Toby said, when they went into the closet-kitchen to make coffee. "This is what broke up every one of my four romances."

Terry and Anthony were still talking when the two girls entered in the tiled cage.

Beatrice thought, "Is this what he came for? To sit around, talk to Terry—and waste time?"

Her own resentment and sharp disappointment amazed her. She looked at Anthony's dark hair, combed as always, and the clean line of his jaw. Something stirred inside her. And then Anthony's eyes lifted. He smiled at her, and the smile was like a signal, above the heads of the others.

"How about you and I going out and leaving these people flat, Bee?"

(To Be Continued)

Glendale

Mrs. George Olinghouse is spending a few days in Eugene this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Holcomb of Grants Pass spent Sunday with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Morgan.

Word has been received here of the death Sunday of Allen Currier in the Josephine general hospital in Grants Pass. Mr. Currier was injured Thursday, while working on the road at Cave Junction by a passing truck. He lived here as a boy and attended the Glendale school.

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Wilbur

WILBUR, May 28.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grubbe and son, Rolfe, of Portland visited Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thompson Wednesday. The former is a nephew of Mrs. Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dial Adair and family, of Everett, Washington, arrived here Friday for a short visit with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Narcisse LaRaut of Salem arrived here Sunday to spend ten days visiting their son and family, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon LaRaut, and other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ritchie of Garden Valley were visiting friends in Wilbur Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Byard Reed of Cottage Grove were visiting relatives in Wilbur and Roseburg Saturday and Sunday. They were overnight guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sands.

Miss Virginia Smith spent the weekend at Marshfield visiting relatives and friends. She returned home Sunday.

Mrs. Grace Rathburn of Cottage Grove was calling on friends here Thursday of this week.

Jack Lemon and son, Leon, Chas. Berge and J. S. McKay of Cottage Grove, were here Saturday doing some cement work at the cemetery. Mr. McKay remained over this week to visit his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Smith.

The Wilbur school baccalaureate services were held in the school auditorium on Sunday, May 18, Rev. Weaver officiating.

The Wilbur grade and high school graduation was held Friday, May 23, in the school auditorium. George Turnbull of the University of Oregon presented the talk, "The Vanishing American Press."

Mr. Sabella went to Ashland Monday to see a specialist. Teles Savala is helping look after his sheep and other farm work during his absence.

Miss Alberta Yokum, who plans to teach next year in Sutherlin, was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Ayres at the school house Thursday, May 20.

Miss Dorothy Ayers was a week-end guest of Miss Wilma LaRaut last week.

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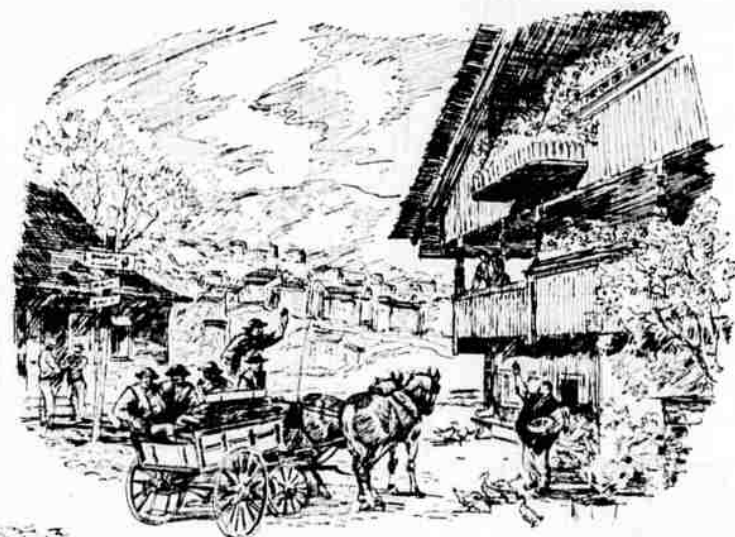
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