

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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13. THIRTY-THREE... Anthony blinks... "Oh, no! I could stay here forever!"

SO THIS IS LOVE

CHAPTER XV

"ARE you getting cold, sweet?" Anthony asked. "Oh, no! I could stay here forever!"

"I mean, when you're in love, when you want to spend every minute of your time with someone, you don't give ambition all the strength and force you've got."

"Don't be foolish, darling. Loving you will make me work 10 times harder." Yet, illogically, he hurried on, "Let's not even talk about work now. Let's sit by the lake."

There was a little slope of hillside, above the lake where people rowed on sunny afternoons. With its back against a clump of bushes, they found a bench. "We'll surely slide off!" she said.

"I'll hold you tight." THE water below was still and black, and the bushes at its edge made soft rustling noises in the wind.

"No, you weren't! I wondered right away, what a girl with those eyes, and hair like yours, and that self-confident, lovely poise was doing in Budget Fashions."

"Bee, you simply don't belong there! You're like a flawless diamond on a dime store counter. His lips moved in her hair. "Did you think anything special when you first saw me?"

"I thought you were the most earnest young man I'd ever seen," she admitted. "I wondered how you kept your face so straight, listening to all those ridiculous customers. And I wondered—she laughed deliciously—"I wondered if you were as smug and polite down inside."

"I usually swear in three languages, inside. Lucky I studied Spanish. It's useful for swearing." "What's the other?" French! "Yes," they roared with foolish merriment.

"Later," said Beatrice, "I wondered why you didn't simply punch Miss Dane in the nose. And still later, of course, I wondered how Huntington's could be so blind as to keep you down there. Now if they'd put you right in the front entrance, all the women would flock in! And if they made you general superintendent..."

"They ought to put you in the window, in that case. They'd never find anything half so lovely to exhibit." "But I'm not for sale." He became suddenly sober. "If you were, I couldn't pay the price tag. I've got my nerve, expecting you to care for me. Why, Bee, I'm just a chump. A penniless snucker. I haven't got a thing but two hands and a strong back and a lot of gall to even dare to want a girl like you."

He stared off into the darkness. "A girl like you shouldn't be working in the store. You don't belong there. You were made for lovely clothes and furs and jewels and a life like a dream. You were made to be cherished and spoiled with luxury..."

Beatrice put her fingertips quickly against his mouth. "Don't! She'd had all those things all her life, and they hadn't been enough. Anthony caught her hands, kissed her palms. "You're too good for me."

"You don't know anything about me." GUILT and a self-accusation that was strange to her, who had never blamed herself for anything, gnawed at her. She thought, wildly, that maybe if she broke down right now and told him the truth, he might understand. He loved her. It wouldn't seem underhanded and sneaky now, on this bench, with the sweet spell of tenderness still around them.

But the moment passed. She couldn't tell him. It would spoil everything. If, indeed, he believed her at all. She shivered. "You are cold!" he accused. "Take my coat." He bundled it around her masterfully. "Sure you're warm enough now? Maybe I should take you home?"

"No. Not yet. I—I don't want this night over to end." "Tell me about yourself. Bee. It's funny, how little I know." "I don't know anything about you, either," she said softly. "I wish I'd known you when you

were a little boy. You must have been one of those heartbreakingly sober little boys, with big, innocent eyes. The kind that takes clocks apart and cures sick dogs."

"I was a revolting little boy. Always fighting. We lived in one tough mining town after another, and I had to fight, because I was always marked sissy before I got there. My father was an engineer, and their fathers called him 'boss'."

She thought bleakly, "I've been tagged sissy, too. Because my grandfather was boss." Anthony was saying, his voice ragged, "My father died in a mine cave-in. I was in prep school. I came home and saw my mother go to pieces. After she went, if it hadn't been for the old man who was my father's best friend, I'd have been all alone."

"I'm alone," Beatrice told him. "I don't even remember my mother and father. My grandfather brought me up. He was everything to me, mother, father, and the best friend a girl ever had."

She wanted to show Grandfather to Anthony as she had known him. "He had a loud, blustering voice, Anthony. He'd shout at me, and wave his arms around, and say I'd never amount to a hill of beans..." But he was the kindest, sweetest man who ever lived.

"He was always doing things for other people. Swearing he didn't believe in charity, vowing he had his own troubles, couldn't be bothered. And all the time he had found a job for some unfortunate man, and sent money to a woman with children. You know. That sort of thing."

She saw again Grandfather's ruddy, lined face, his twinkling blue eyes. Her own eyes were wet. "He hated dressing up. He called it a lot of fool-de-pool. He'd sit around in his shirt-sleeves, his thumbs stuck in his suspenders, with his shoes off."

She caught herself. Almost she had told Anthony of the disappointing countenance of the stiff English butler Grandfather was always threatening to fire.

CLOUDS scudded across the moon's face. The wind was stronger, and Beatrice's toes grew cold. But she didn't want this hour to end. A policeman, whacking the bushes and throwing the beam of a powerful flashlight into odd corners in a businesslike inspection, drove them away at last.

"App!" muttered Anthony. They got up reluctantly. (To Be Continued)

Around the County

Sutherlin

SUTHERLIN, May 28. Monte Roundtree, who is employed as a riveter in the Lockheed airplane plant in Los Angeles is spending a week's vacation with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Graham, and with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Claire Edwards and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Edwards and baby left this week for Shevlin, Minn., to visit the wife's mother, Mrs. D. M. Edwards, who is ill. They expect to be gone four weeks.

The Leonard brothers have purchased a Ledgerwood gas donkey for loading logs at the Mt. Scott Lumber company's logging operations at Tyee. It was brought here Monday from Days Creek by the Leonard brothers and Jess Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Doral Daubenspeck left Monday for Springfield, Ore., where they will make their home. Mr. Daubenspeck will be employed in a veneer plant at that city.

John Thomas Culver and Allen Ottinger were business visitors to Roseburg Tuesday.

The Fair Oaks school closed Friday and the teacher, Miss Lou Carlson, left Saturday for Portland to visit her mother. She will return here for the graduation program at which time the eighth grade pupils of the Fair Oaks school will graduate with the Sutherlin pupils.

Miss Elvira Wofford accompanied Verdon Boucock and mother to Grants Pass Wednesday where Verdon will leave for Midway Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt Shroud went to Tyee Tuesday to visit the latter's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Emmitt, before returning to their home at Whittier, Calif.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



HE FINALLY DECIDED TO PAY HIS WAY IN=

EGAD, OFFICER! YOU ARE REFUSING TO ADMIT MAJOR AMOS B. HOOPLE, THE RENOWNED SCOUT WHO GAVE TY COBB HIS START! I MUST CONFER WITH THE REDS' MANAGEMENT, AS I HAVE JUST DISCOVERED A SOUTHPAW WHO WILL CAUSE FANS TO ASK, "WHO WAS WADDELL?"

HOOPLE? BASEBALL SCOUT? WELL, WELL, GLAD TO MEET YOU! I'M CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS MYSELF, AND YESTERDAY I DISCOVERED DANIEL BOONE TRYIN' TO CRASH THIS GATE! NOW RUN ALONG HOME, SO YOU WON'T DENT THAT GROVER CLEVELAND HAT ON THE TOP OF A PADDY WAGON!

5-31

With Major Hoopie

where he inspected poles Tuesday returning here that night and going to Oakridge Wednesday.

Lloyd Holgate is ill at his home of a cold.

J. W. Culver made a business trip to Eugene Wednesday, he also visited his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jack Culver Jr., who is ill in the hospital here.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Erlison and daughter, Evelyn, of North Bend and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Chapman of Yoncalla spent the weekend at the O. W. French home.

Diak Wilmot, who has been on a business trip to California returned to his home here Tuesday.

Mrs. Beth Hinsdale and her sister, Miss Grace Scofield left Friday evening for San Diego where they will meet Mr. Hinsdale who has just completed a six year term in the U. S. navy.

Miss Lydia Rothen, English teacher at the local high school, will leave for her home in Portland in the near future.

Miss Clara E. Moore, intermediate teacher in the grade school has gone to Dayton for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Williams and daughter, Jean, were visiting friends in Ashland Sunday.

The L. E. Newton family has moved into their new house across the creek.

Mrs. Emil Palm returned to her home here Saturday from Eugene where she has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Jack Culver, Jr.

Lewis Allen visited relatives and friends here for a few days over the week-end and returned to Portland where he expects to enter school.

Mrs. Stella French and Mrs. Leslie Chapman motored to Eugene Monday to bring Mrs. O. E. Jacobson home. Mrs. Jacobson had been in the hospital there for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cooney and Mrs. F. J. Beese were evening guests at the George Barr home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Austin and daughter, Janice, of Roseburg were attending to business and visiting relatives and friends here Wednesday.

Among the ladies from Sutherlin attending the shower for Miss Lucetta Goff at the Claude Goff home last Saturday were Mrs. Stella French, Mrs. W. J. Ladd, Mrs. A. P. Stack, Mrs. Leslie Gleason, Mrs. N. K. Eby, Mrs. M. W. French, Mrs. Mary Sellack and Mrs. Ed Lamoreaux.

Mrs. Ed Lamoreaux has been accompanying Chet Davis on his mail route in order to learn the route to serve as a substitute carrier.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Topping and son, Bill, of Cleveland, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cooney and Mrs. Beese.

Mrs. Brittain Slack, Mrs. Mark Jordan and daughter, Patty, shopped and attended to business in Roseburg Tuesday.

CANYONVILLE, May 29.—O. L. Lewis, of Eugene, is here this week looking after his business interests.

Harry Benton, who was seriously injured at the school picnic, has

been removed from the hospital at Roseburg to one in Portland, where it is reported he is recovering satisfactorily.

O. I. Lewis and Alex Dubell were in Grants Pass Thursday on business.

Mrs. Frank Sullivan was shopping in Roseburg Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Wade Worthington, daughter Bevely and son, Junior, went to Roseburg Saturday, where Junior's arm, which was broken recently, was dressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Tudes Hughes went to Eugene over the weekend, to visit relatives.

Charles Cooper, of Trail, was in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Lloyd and son, Dennis, came up from Klamath Falls Thursday to attend the graduation exercises, and to visit Mrs. Lloyd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Young.

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Roosevelt Places Import Quotas On Wheat and Flour

WASHINGTON, May 30.—(AP)—A presidential proclamation has imposed quotas on imports of wheat and wheat flour from 30 countries, effective at once.

The total quota for wheat imports, for consumption in any period of 12 months, beginning tomorrow, will be 800,000 bushels, of which Canada may send in 795,000. The total for wheat flour is 4,000,000 pounds, with Canada allotted 3,815,000 pounds.

Most of the major countries are allotted quotas either for wheat or flour, including Germany, Italy, Japan and France. There are quotas also for some of the countries overrun by Germany, including Belgium, Rumania, Norway, Yugoslavia, Portland, Greece and Hungary.

It was pointed out in agricultural circles that since domestic prices through crop loans will be so far above world prices, conceivably foreign wheat could be shipped here duty paid and still undersell American wheat, were not restrictions applied.

Next Draft Listing to Include 10,000 in Oregon

SALEM, May 28.—(AP)—About 10,000 Oregon men who have reached the age of 21 since Oct. 16, 1940, when the first selective service registration was held, will be registered on July 1, Lieutenant Colonel Wootton, state selective service director, said.

Principal registration centers will be local board offices over the state, but supplemental registration centers will be established at strategic points, Colonel Wootton said.

More than 135,000 Oregon men already have been registered, while 2,600 of them have been inducted into the army.

State selective service headquarters will appoint chief registrars at each local board headquarters and assistant registrars at other registration places, these officials to register the new men.

Japanese Preparing for Slaughter of Fur Seals

NAGASAKI, Japan, May 29.—(AP)—In view of the United States abrogation of the 1911 treaty of commerce and navigation with Japan, Japanese are making arrangements for a

Shoe Expert Coming

Iral I. Stewart, factory representative for Cantilever and Ground Gripper shoes, will spend Saturday, Monday and Tuesday in Roseburg. He will conduct special demonstrations at the Abraham store, the local agency for the company Mr. Stewart represents. He will be available for consultation by persons having shoe fitting problems, it is announced.

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May 31, June 2 and 3

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Chosen to Reign Over Portland Rose Festival

Betty Jane Harding

Queen of this year's Portland Rose festival, June 11 to 14, will be Betty Jane Harding of Girls Polytechnic high school. This is the first time this high school has been represented by a queen.

great catch of fur seals in the northern Pacific between Sakhalin island and Alaska.

The treaty forbade such hunting.

Here From Portland—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Call, of Portland, came to Roseburg yesterday to attend the senior high school commencement at which the latter's brother, Earl Ward, was graduated. Mrs. Call, nee June Ward, is the daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. Clyde Wiard of this city.

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