

By HAROLD GRAY

one thing a loyal employe appreciates — and that's an occasional word from the owner of the firm."

Courtney nodded. "I don't know whether your psychology was calculated or not," he said, "but it was perfect. I feared you might try to impress them."

"Impress them?" Helena repeated. Then she laughed. "With what?"

As she and Lassiter walked ahead he said quietly, in answer to her question, "With your charm, of course." Then he reddened. "Forgive me, I—I shouldn't have said that. It was stupid of me. But then, I'm a stupid person."

pieces spluttered. Finally the
merged into some semblance
abhorrence. "I'll be glad to
service I can . . . Mrs. Hen-
son. But I do want to remind you
I have been in charge of the
for— for a considerable period.
—that is, your husband — was
often here to decide upon mat-
ter of policy."

"To sure Mrs. Henderson under-
stands that," Lassiter put in.

"Of course," agreed Helena. She
aid at her wrist. "It's almost 5:30.
Here that's closing time. Would
mind calling the employees to-
gether I'd like to talk with them.
They don't mind."

"Mrs. Henderson," "Why . . .
yes, I'll get them together in
the auditorium, if you like. But really,
Henderson, they know of the—
change. There's no reason to put
myself out."

"No, I don't mind at all." Helena
gathered up her gloves and
she turned to Lassiter. "While
Barnes is notifying the employees,
perhaps you can show me where the
action is?"

"The banker's son left his chair
and I can." He extended his arm.
Helena took it, conscious of
Barnes' malicious glare. In the
Lassiter told her in a low
voice. "I'm mighty glad you shot into
about the credit list here's been
up. I've argued with him for
days. To my mind, the
Henderson Department
Store by allowing these big
discounts. There's a limit
to how far an establishment can go
my good will."

"I'm awfully pleased to know you
are with me," Helena said. "I—I's
need your help. Mr. Lassiter."

did not answer directly, but the hot pressure on Helena's arm indicated more than she needed. She would have been less than a woman had she failed to realise that John Lester was attracted to her, and she respected her judgment as to her charm. Instinctively he guided her to the floor of the mezzanine, to the small room which was sometimes rented by the hour for use for demonstrations, or, less often, for a meeting of employers. Trying to hide her blushes, Helena took a chair on either side John Lester. In front of them were joined by Court-land. Then words, his smile told her that she was doing very well with John Lester. The room was sounding very through the walls that the men across the world

to have the employees convene up to hold Helena and Lassiter. As they began to drift in, Helena sensed their unmistakable feelings. The younger women crowded for space on the platform, anxious for the girl who had married the man of her dreams, through a friendship with her father, though a wife, was now the employer. The older women lingered toward the side of the little hall, frankly resenting that they had been here for years. "I've thought, 'and now they're saying what I'm going to do with it.' The men were frankly aullen. They lined themselves along the back and taking seats, as if they wanted to be ready to leave at the slightest word."

of the Henderson Department," she began in stilted fashion. "We have with us here the new members of this organization for which we have all worked and planned together. Returned to Helena with a grateful smile. "Mrs. Henderson . . . she rose. There was a faint wince of surprise. "I've got to win them," she thought. "If I don't do it now, I've lost." Unsteadily she moved to the edge of the platform. She had heard that the knees of frightened women knocked together. Now she knew that this was actually true. She was grateful for skirts in that awful moment.

"I've never made a speech in my life before. Then panic struck her heart—and was quickly driven at the wave of sympathetic fire which greeted this confession. Regarding her composure, she smiled and laughed with a smile. "I stood on my feet behind this podium many hours, so I don't think we can't understand one another."

"The thing I want to assure you—there won't be any sudden change in personnel. I hope there won't have to be at all, under these circumstances. I have definite ideas about the future," she smiled again. "You see, I've been here long enough. If you, at any time, have anything to say, let's talk over with me. I hope I will. Because that's the only way I can learn."

"Just a moment, looking over my shoulder. I think that's all at present—except that I hope I'll have help."

Helen turned to Lausler and the attorney she could feel her silence down there in the room. "I've muffed it," she said. "They don't trust me."

As suddenly it came, a wave of silence and prolonged applause. Lausler stepped from his chair draped Helen's hand. "You were muffed," he exclaimed. "Listen to reporting boys down there."

"We are not enthusiastic, however," he thought, he said, during his brief stay intended to outline his plan to them. I'm afraid it's a good idea to keep them there a good while for a general hand-out," Mrs. Henderson.

"Let's agree with you," Helena said, hiding her temper with an effort. "I happen to know that there's

"I refuse to believe that," Helena told him lightly. "And I don't take such things seriously anyhow." Then she thought, oddly, "I do, though. I believed them from Peter, and that's why I'm here."

* * *

In the elevator she turned to Barnes. "Could I see a list of the customers whose accounts have been running 90 days or more?"

"Why, yes . . . of course."

In his office he asked his secretary to bring the list to Helena. Swiftly she surveyed it, saw the name of Leah Frazier, and of Mrs. Frank J. Frazier. Their accounts showed no amount paid for more than 10 months, and Leah's alone was over the thousand mark. Helena turned to Lassiter, handing him the list. "These names mean nothing to me. What would you say about

Lassiter studied the list. "Well . . ." he said slowly, "it's difficult to generalize. Some of these are farmers with assets, and they'll pay when crops are harvested. Some of the others have had profitable investments in the past, but . . ." he glanced at Barnes, "I should say that they are taking advantage of their reputations as first families in the town."

"I see," said Helena slowly. Then she said: "Mr. Barnes, I wish you'd have letters sent to all those people, advising them that unless some arrangement is made with the credit department we'll be forced to suspend their credit."

"You aren't do that!" exploded Mr. Barnes. "Why . . . why, some of these people—"

"We'll have to do it, I'm afraid," she told him.

But downstairs Helena felt her staunchness dissolving. Between Lassiter and Conover, in the latter's

Lassiter patted her wrist. "There's nothing there. You did a darned good job of bluffing it, and it was a sensible bluff. As a matter of fact, it was something that the bank would have had to take up."

with Barnes—and mighty soon." He looked across at Courtney. "I think we're got a mighty fine president for Henderson's, and a mighty fine citizen for the town, don't you?"

"No question about it!" Courtney boomed.

"But I'll tell you a secret," Helena managed slowly. "When I've shown them, I'm going to turn the whole thing back. I don't want something that doesn't really belong to me!"

(To Be Continued)

All-Day Meeting Held For Club

CLOVERDALE, July 27.—(Special)—The Cloverdale Ladies' club met at the hall on Thursday for their all-day meeting. Mrs. G. O. Gatchell was hostess. The time was spent in quilting and a potluck dinner was enjoyed at noon. At the business meeting in the afternoon Mrs. Pauline Tendick was appointed chairman of a committee to have charge of a no-hostess all-day meeting to be held at the hall on Thursday, Aug. 6. The club quilt is to be finished and also quilting on Mrs. Gatchell's quilt.

Those present at the meeting were: Mrs. Hazel Fishback, Mrs. Pearl, Mrs. Bartel, Mrs. Quigley, Mrs. Rimbach, Mrs. James, Mrs. Parks, Mrs. Woodten, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Ludington, Mrs. Mahy, Mrs. Pauline Tendick, Mrs. Wilkins and the hostess, Mrs. Gatchell.

Bellfountain News

BELLFOUNTAIN, July 27.—(Special)—Mrs. William Hull and sons Ralph and Homer have left for a ten days motor trip to California. They will visit with Mrs. Hull's sister who resides at Red Bluff, Cal.

Mrs. George Rabe and son-in-law and daughter and Mrs. Davis of Portland were Wednesday afternoon visitors at the home of Mrs. Rabel's brother, T. M. Bradley. Mrs. Rabe, Mrs. Davis and Mr. Bradley crossed the plains from Iowa in 1899 and are the only living members of their emigrant train. This was their first re-union for a number of years.

Mr. Frank Allison and Mrs. Allison of Corvallis and Mrs. Susan Purden from Oklahoma Springs, Okla. were Wednesday guests at the home of Mrs. Clarence Davis and family. Mrs. Huyett and Mrs. Purden are aunts of Mrs. Allison and Mrs. Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Orval Woolley are moving to Corvallis where Mr. Woolley has employment at the Corvallis mill. They have been residing in an apartment at the home of her mother, Mrs. Tola Humphrey.

Jared Martin is building a new home on the acre of ground which he recently purchased from his brother, C. L. Martin. It is located west

FROM OMAHA

A. A. Rezac, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Kidd and son and Mrs. Rexche, all of Omaha, Nebraska, visited last week with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Kirk. Mrs. Rezac and Mrs. Kidd are sisters of Mr. Kirk.

The entire town of Burnbaver Scotland, with 33 buildings and the land on which they stand, was offered for sale in 1932 for only \$3000.

By HAROLD GRAY

HE'S WRITIN' A BOOK. I HEAR-YOU KNOW HOW THOSE WRITIN' FELLERS ARE- THEY'RE ALL NOSEY-

I S'POSE THAT'S SO- STILL-

HAROLD GRAY

Aug. 10, 1934

Dr. F. C. SECAR

BY E. O. SLOCUM

I'LL BET HE WASN'T
PAYIN' NO ATTENTION TO
THE QUESTION - JUS'
BENT DOWN TO WATCH
THE BUG
AN' WE
THOUGHT
HE
MEANT
'YES'

JEEP
JEEP

E. O. SLOCUM

By ALEX RAYMOND

SMALL TOWN HOTEL IN THE
SOUTHWEST

A REAL BIG
G-MEN, THEM-
G YEAR? LET ONE
OF THEIR COLLEGE
BOYS COME AROUND
AND I'LL GIVE 'EM A NEW KIND
OF DIPLOMA!



By MARTIN

BY CRANE

TA DA! KISS A TELY?

BOY! DIDJA GET THE DIZZY NAME ON HIS SUIT-CASE?

C. HOLLIS WALLIS- AIN'T THAT A PIP?

HUMPH- HE'S PUTTING ON A HEAD OF AIRS IF YOU AIN'T M. HE BETTER LOOK OUT

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople

OD GOSH! IF
EVEN LOOKS
A BRIDGE, HE
S IN! HOW CAN
EVER GET ANY
OUT OF LIFE,
HIM? WHERE'S
RE ANY PLEASURE
MY LIFE?



CRAB - ME

WELL, I LOST OUR
PICNIC LUNCH,
RUINED OUR CLO-
THES, LOST OUR CAPS,
MY CAMERA, AN' NE-
ARLY LOST OUR LIV-
ES! THAT OUGHTA
GIVE YOU SUMPIN'
TO ABOUT FEAR A
TIME!



WHAT

OUR
CLOTHES,
AN' EARLY
RISE,
D CRAB
LONG.

J. WILLIAMS
7-28

UM—DEVELOP
CROSS-BREED
FIREFLIES AND
ENGINEERING
PECULIARITIES
THUS PRODUCE
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DUCING
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ACTIVITY?
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POSSIBLE,
MR.
HOOPLE!

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...to an
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Campbell
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ALM OF SCIENCE,
IS POSSIBLE IN THE
A GENIUS, PROFESSOR
! THE PAPER I NOW
EPARING FOR THE
Y, UPON MY EXPERIMENT
THESE VERY LINES,
A REVELATION TO
WORLD OF ENTOMOLOGY!

BAH! I
WILL SHOW THE
DOUBTING THOMAS
WHEN MY
EXPERIMENTS
PROVE A
SUCCESS!

YOU
TELL 'IM
MAJOR =

7-2