● SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY: Bee escapes Terry's questioning, learns to wash her own stockings. She remembers that her disappearance may cause some commotion, decides to tell her guardian she is going to South America. Clarence will have to find out for himself. Early next morning Toby gets her out of bed, hurries her to Huntington's and Bee finds herself asking for a job at the store she owns.

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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. She took in the soft, golden curls under the small, mink hat. She noted the thin woolen jacket, the unobtrusive smartness of the dress.

"Toby didn't spot it," Beatrice thought, unhappily, "but this woman isn't missing a trick." The suede handbag came in for scrutiny, and the brown suede shoes with the lucite heels.

Almost reluctantly, the woman handed Beatrice the blank. "Fill this in, please, and come back."

There was a table in the middle of the office. A long table, with pens and ink and blotters and a list of instructions under the glass top. "Be sure to answer each question. Please do not falsify statements as all references are checked. Give exact dates of previous employment and exact salary."

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 poser. 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.

She carried the completed application to the woman.

"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."

"I see."

"A friend of mine—in fact, the girl I live with, works here," plunged 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.

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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 guaranty 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, tactfully. 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.

"The training class begins at 1 o'clock," she was told. "You may go to lunch now."

"I'm hired!" She wondered, a little sadly, if being hired could possibly mean more to the girl she pretended to be than it did to the girl she really was. "That fiend called me useless. But I'm not useless! Huntington's thinks I can work and sell things for them!"

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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 Mlle. 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 fiance accompanying you?"

"Why no, he's not." She might as well be as honest as she dared. "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. Goodby."

Beatrice Davenport Huntington hung up. And Bee 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)

Goering Thanks Messerschmitt

His name is much in the news, but Prof. Willy Messerschmitt, builder of the famed German fighting plane, is rarely photographed. Here he is honored by Hermann Goering, visiting the Messerschmitt plant in southern Germany.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: Labrador is the nearest point on the mainland of North America.

SOLDIER OF TODAY

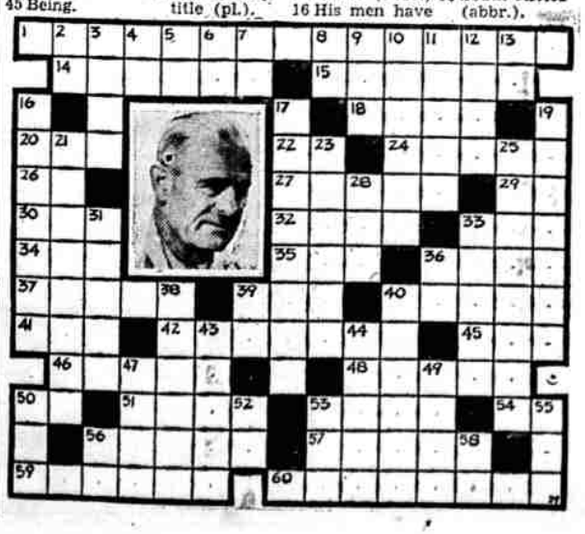
HORIZONTAL

1 Commander of British African army.
14 Sentenced.
15 To suck in again.
18 Morsels.
20 Distinctive theory.
22 Musical note.
24 Feats.
26 Company. (abbr.).
27 Turkish coin.
29 You and me.
30 To endeavor.
32 Frozen desserts.
33 Hawaiian food.
34 Native metal.
35 Woods' spirit.
36 Legumes.
37 Gold coins.
39 Fowl disease.
40 Valuable property.
41 Affirmative.
42 Trappings for a horse.
45 Being.
46 Strip of leather.
48 Whither.
50 Preposition.
51 Egg-shaped.
53 To drench.
54 Senior (abbr.)
56 Musical tragedy.
57 Dwellings.
59 He is an experienced —— fighter.
60 His military title (pl.).

VERTICAL

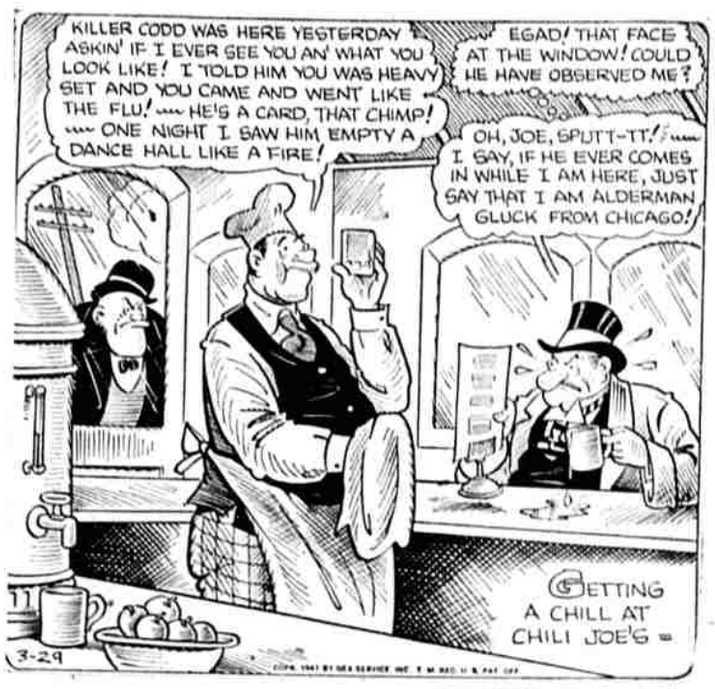
2 Road (abbr.).
3 Bulb.
4 Exclamation.
5 I am (contr.).
6 Common verb.
7 Advertisement.
8 Doctor (abbr.)
9 Spider's home.
10 Side remarks.
11 Elector.
12 Irish.
13 Pound (abbr.)
16 His men have won a great —— in Africa.
17 He received his —— under General Allenby.
19 Helps.
21 Gloomiest.
23 Evasion of harm.
25 Musical terms.
28 To fondle.
31 Leavening agent.
33 Puzzler.
36 Postscript (abbr.).
38 Barber.
39 Pair (abbr.)
40 To shame.
43 Aside.
44 To faint.
47 Lasso.
49 Water cress.
50 To succor.
52 Musical note.
53 Pronoun.
55 Thing.
56 Bone.
58 South Africa (abbr.).

Answer to Previous Puzzle



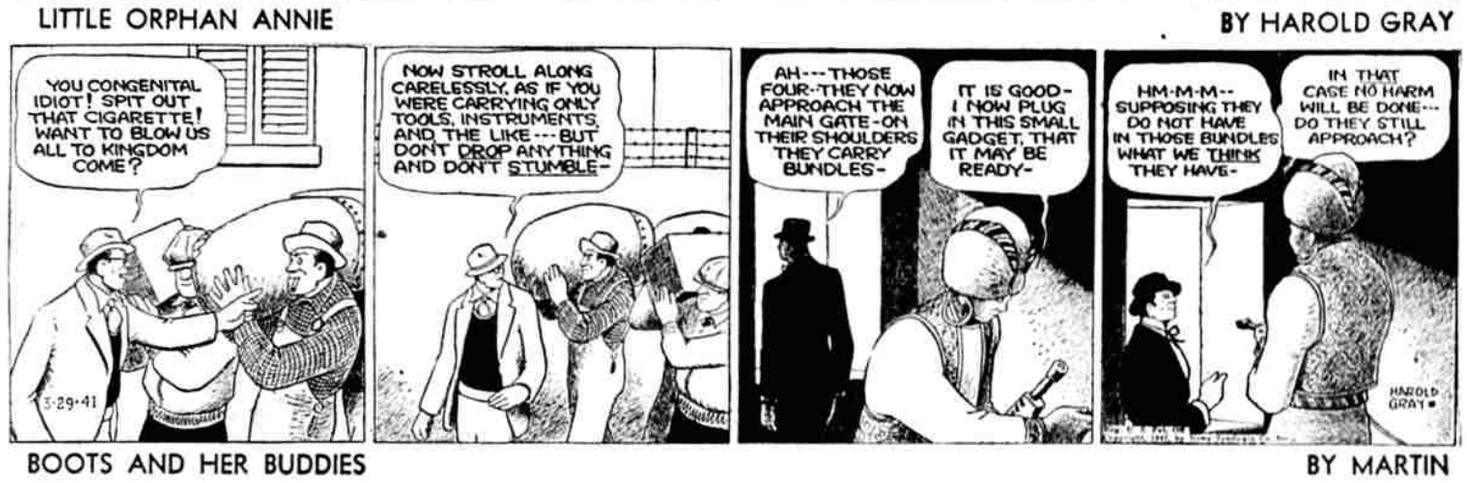
OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With MAJOR HOOPLE



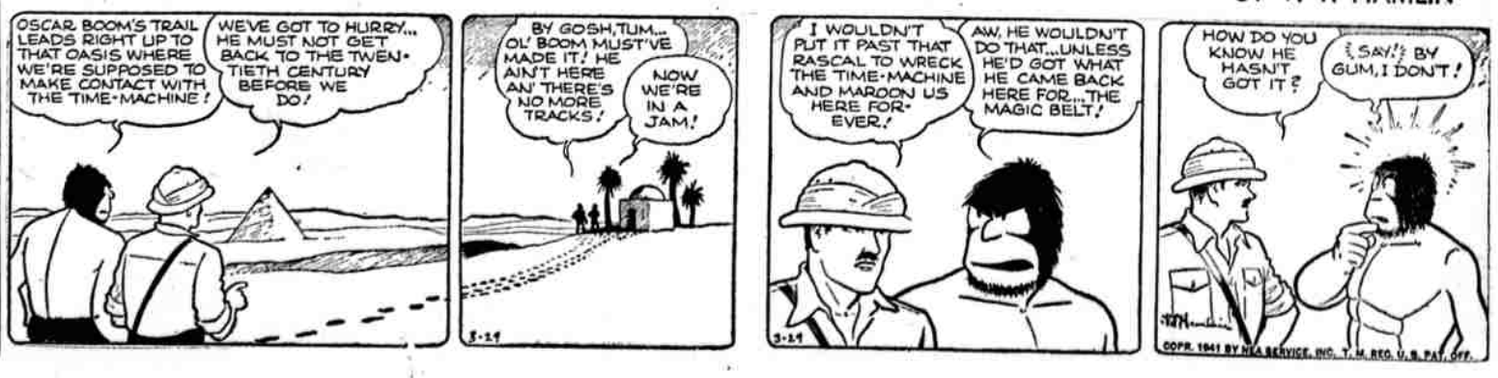
RED RYDER — BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — BY HAROLD GRAY



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — BY MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — BY BLOSSER

ALLEY OOP — BY V. T. HAMLIN