● SERIAL STORY

# DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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**YESTERDAY: Miss Bee Davis, salesgirl in Huntington's basement Budget Fashions, has some ideas of her own on selling. When she tries to advise customers as to what best suits them, she encounters trouble from the buyer, Miss Dane. Mr. Bradley, a handsome young floorwalker, cautions Bee against too much advising. But Bee determines that if Huntington's doesn't suit her, she'll make it over.**

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BEE EARNS HER PAY

CHAPTER XI

THAT afternoon so long ago, when she had slipped out of her car to the subway, Beatrice had been frightened at the swift approach of her marriage to Clarence. She had wanted to escape.

But now, her interest in this store that Grandfather had founded was lending point and direction to the madcap masquerade. She felt strongly that she could be useful here. There were so many things about the store she was sure Grandfather would not have approved, if he could know! She wanted to change the store, better it. Now she was learning it from the very bottom, in the most intimate and revealing manner.

Still, often, in the days that followed, Beatrice was tempted to throw up the sponge. This life was tough!

Waking up to the shrill cry of the alarm clock, drinking her breakfast black, battling for a seat on the subway, was not fun. It was not fun, either, to take what Toby called "Miss Dane's lip." It was not fun to be snubbed by customers whose grammar was incredible and whose manners were worse. Not fun to stand on her feet all day, enduring the agony of burning soles and aching arches while her lips held the smile which Huntington's insisted on.

But every time she played with the notion of going back home, she thought of Miss Dane's hard, enameled face and brusque voice. She remembered the voice of that beast in Mr. Weeming's office. She looked at Mr. Bradley's straight, broad back, and Toby's vivid, heart-shaped face. "They can't quit. If they can take it, I can!"

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ACTUALLY, it had been hardest during the first week when she sat on the edge of the bathtub every night with her feet soaking in hot water and the small of her back threatening to break in two. Her first pay envelope fixed that. What a thrill it had been!

"My own money! Money I worked for! Every penny of it is my own."

She had torn the envelope open eagerly, counted the bills with an elation she had never experienced before. Almost, she had gloated over that pay envelope. The small sum seemed more important, suddenly, than all the thousands of dollars the paying tellers at the trust company had handed her through their little wickets.

This pay envelope was a symbol of achievement. A reward for valor.

"I did stick with it, this whole week. This money is for my hurting feet; for smiling at customers, for letting Miss Dane insult me. This money means I'm worth something to Huntington's." She thought, too. "When I spend one of these dollars, I'll be actually buying for the first time in my life."

She still slept on the lumpy couch in Toby and Vera's apartment. "Don't move, Bee," they had pleaded. "With you here, chipping in, we'll pay the rent on time."

Toby added, "You'd only be moving back in a little while. Because you're gonna get canned, the way you're doing!"

For Beatrice was still hunting up dresses with good, simple lines and pushing them at customers hopefully. She was still handing out advice that directly contradicted the kind of dresses that hung in rows on the racks—the dresses Miss Dane had bought. Miss Dane's sharp eyes followed her with ever-increasing hostility, and Miss Dane's tight lips rapped out orders with undisguised dislike.

"She can't fire me while I make my quota, every day."

"Yeah, you're making it. The hard way. But Saturday, when you told that customer in the dressing room what constitutes the foundation of a good wardrobe, Miss Dane nearly choked."

The customer however, had bought three basic dresses and proceeded to the accessories on the main floor to purchase belts, collars and some perky pins.

Toby said, "When they start asking for you, Miss Dane will take it out on Getzie, watch."

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GETZIE—Miss Getz—was the middle-aged woman with the carefully dyed hair and the determined air of sprightliness who had been so kind to Beatrice her first few days. Miss Getz had taken Beatrice into the stockroom and explained, in great detail, how to locate everything. She had showed Bee a quick way to tally up her sales, at the end of the day; and helped her get her stock all neatly hung. Miss Getz was a wizard with the stock, her long years of experience evident in the very way she touched a dress.

It was Miss Getz, indirectly, who was responsible for the success of Toby's campaign to get Beatrice assigned to her own department. "I simply told Drizzlepuss you were young and smart looking and so refined you'd lift the whole tone of Budget Fashions. She's hell on tone since they wished Getz on her. They have to do something with broken-down battleaxes like Getz, and the basement's the end of the trail."

She sighed. "Getzie really was good, up there in the women's dresses before they ritzed it up and called it the Clubwoman's Corner. She had a lot of old girls she'd been waiting on since before they wore size 42. Some of them come here once in a while, but they don't buy much. They don't wear $3.98 numbers. The store really ought to pension Getz off, that's the truth. She's not well. Ever see her hands shake?"

"Yes, I noticed."

"Getz has a sick sister to support. Poor thing. She quivers every time Mr. Bradley looks at her.

"She called him a floorwalker once. I thought he'd have a fit. Getz has forgotten more about ready-to-wear than he'll ever learn. But he's kinda cute."

"Cute?"

• • •

MR. BRADLEY was so tall he stood out like a beacon among the groups of customers. He had shoulders rather more suggestive of football than of Budget Fashions. For a man so undeniably masculine, his work seemed a little silly.

Mr. Bradley ironed out complaints and misunderstandings, saw to it that no customer remained unattended for longer than five seconds, o. k.'d checks and charges, found out what had become of undelivered packages, supervised the sales girls, kept his eye on the appearance of displays and stock, and, in general, managed Budget Fashions as first lieutenant to Miss Dane, the buyer.

"Learning to be a merchandise man!" snorted Toby. "That's the line they hand 'em. Start from the bottom, work your way up. It's bunk. When they need a merchandise man, I've always noticed, they hire a big shot away from some other store.

"But Bradley's not a bad egg. When he first came, all the girls took a shot at fascinating him. No go."

She grinned suddenly, "Say, Bee, it's your turn now. How would you like to drag a date out of Bradley?"

(To Be Continued)

A shadow almost a million miles into space is cast by the earth, yet the moon is the only body ever seen eclipsed by it.

## All for Oil

German anti-aircraft unit guards Rumanian oil stores, of greatest importance to gears of Nazi war machine.

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: Wrong. The standard baseball used by the National League differs slightly from that used in the American.

## CANADIAN LEADER

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Prime minister of Canada.
12 Every.
13 Deportments.
14 Long grass.
16 Genus of plants.
18 Right of precedence.
19 Vagrant.
20 Newspaper paragraphs.
21 Silly.
23 Finale.
25 Private.
27 Sun god.
28 Young ox.
29 To accomplish
30 Little devil.
32 To relate.
33 To peruse.
34 Wriggling fish.
35 Being.
36 Young horse.
37 And.
38 Stomach.
39 Court (abbr.).
41 Fuel.
44 Substitute.
45 Onward.
46 Before.
48 Wealthy.
51 Evening before a holiday.
52 Frozen water.
54 Driver.
55 100 square meters.
56 He is also president of the Privy ——.
57 He is secretary of external ——.

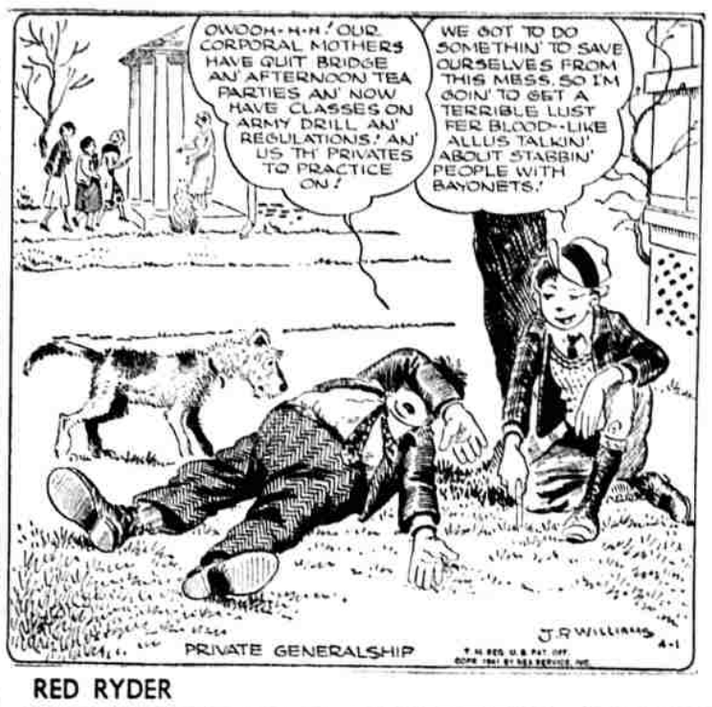
**Answer to Previous Puzzle**

**VERTICAL**

1 Fifth month.
2 Sour.
3 Forward girl.
4 Type measure.
5 Forceps.
6 Genus of grasses.
7 Persevering.
8 Electric unit.
9 Pressing machine.
10 At no time.
11 Driving command.
12 He is a statesman of wide ——.
15 Like a dragon.
17 Southeast (abbr.).
19 Badgerlike beast.
22 Christmas carols.
24 Title.
25 He is highly —— by his countrymen.
26 Heathen god.
31 To handle.
33 Female cattle.
36 Taxi.
38 Mire.
40 Three collectively.
42 Form of "be."
43 Spore clusters.
44 Slave.
45 Above.
47 Small shield.
49 Nothing.
50 Yes.
51 Silkworm.
53 Half an em.
55 Lava.

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS




## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

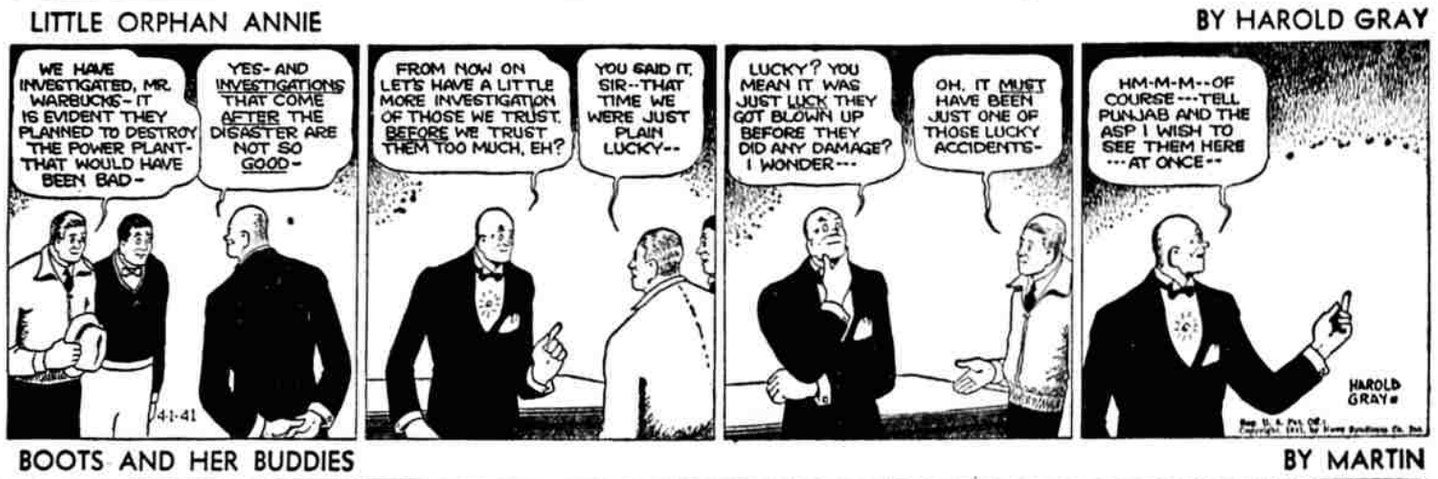
With MAJOR HOOPLE

## RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY




## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

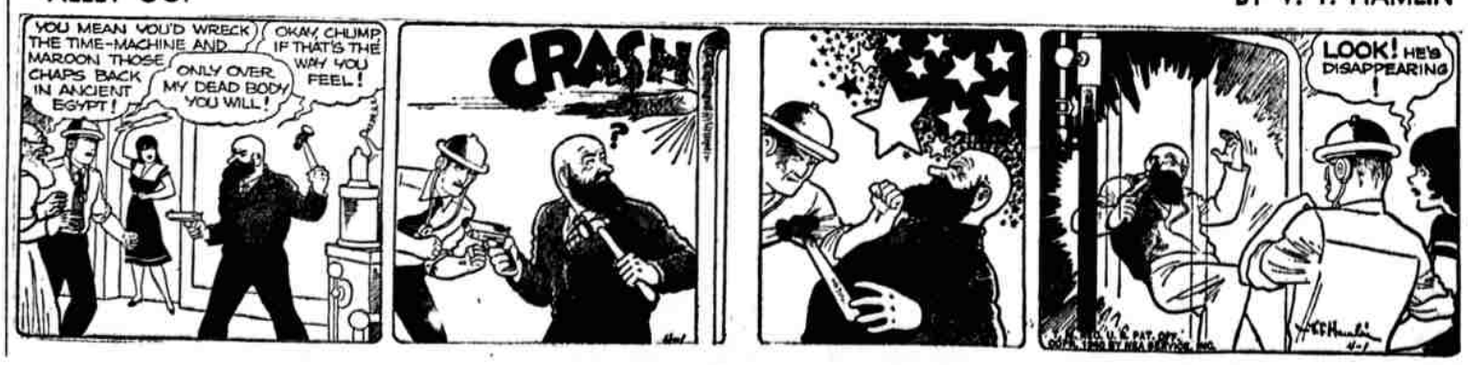
BY MARTIN

## WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER

## ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN