

SERIAL STORY DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY: Bee in furious when she leaves the merchandise manager has stolen Anthony's idea. Refusing to listen to Anthony's protest, she leads the way to Mr. Fletcher's office, where in a dramatic explanation, Fletcher is told, "The idea was good as the store adopted it. There's nothing more to it. Perhaps you'd like to talk to the general superintendent." See here: "We will. Now. In this office."

WEEMING STEPS IN CHAPTER XXVIII

"WHAT are you going to do, Bee?" Anthony asked oddly, reaching for the telephone. "You can't call Sheldrake! He wouldn't come!"

"Oh, yes, he will! Take your hand off the phone."

"But Bee, wait a minute—"

"What's the matter with you?" Anthony said evenly, "I'd rather you wouldn't."

"I bet you'd rather!" Mr. Fletcher sneered. "Let her go ahead. Let her call him. Do you think she'd even get to talk to him? His secretary's not that dumb."

Beatrice whirled on him. Suddenly all the arrogance of the days before she became Bee Davis was in her small face, in the lines of her body, in the way her voice cut levelly through the stillness.

"We've had quite enough from you, Mr. Fletcher. You are not only a thief, and a despicable coward who lives by picking the brains of helpless employees who work under you, but you are also an insufferable bore. I dislike being in the same room with you!"

She took Anthony's arm. "Come, we'll go to Mr. Sheldrake's office ourselves. I can't bear this person another moment."

Mr. Fletcher's mouth hung open. Anthony was looking at her in complete bewilderment. But he walked out with her, obediently.

IN the hall, he said admiringly, "Whew! You certainly laid it on the line that time." Then he said, slowly, "But we can't go to Sheldrake's office, of course."

"Why can't we?" She was boiling mad. "If you think Fletcher can hide behind Sheldrake, if you think I'm going to let anyone in this store intimidate me—"

"No, no, that's not it at all!" A curious embarrassment crossed his face. "It's just that I'd rather not see Sheldrake."

"Why not? You saw Fletcher. You can't give up now."

"Yes, but—but..." His eyes avoided hers.

"Anthony Bradley, are you afraid of the general superintendent?"

"No, I'm not afraid. But—" his hands balled up into fists, "I'm not afraid, Bee. But darn it, the man knows me!"

"Knows you? What do you mean?"

Anthony looked at the floor. Slow, painful red rose about his collar. He raked his strong fingers through his dark hair. "He—he knows me, that's all. He knows my connections and—"

"What connections? What are you getting at? Do you mean you knew his son or something like that at school and now you're ashamed for him to find out you've been working here as section manager?"

Anthony gulped. "Well, no. Not exactly. The fact is, I met him several times in the office of the old man. And he might think—well—"

"You mean you met him in the office of the old man who helped you through school? Your guardian?"

"Yes."

"But what has that to do with this?" She pulled at his sleeve. "Are you coming with me, or aren't you?"

"Bee, I can't. It would—it might reflect on my guardian."

"Reflect on your guardian? Are you out of your mind?"

She thought she understood, a moment later. She asked slowly, "Does your guardian do business with this store? Is that it? You're afraid a quarrel with Sheldrake might result in lost sales?"

Anthony had once said he might have pulled strings to manage a promotion here, she remembered. "That's what you meant when you said you hated pull? Your guardian could have spoken to Mr. Sheldrake. You didn't want him to?"

"In a way," Anthony admitted uncomfortably.

THERE was a sound behind them. They turned to see Mr. Fletcher, brick red, running after them and shouting. "I called Mr. Sheldrake myself!" he cried. "He's coming right down. You can't get away with this impudent insubordination, either of you. Now you two come back into my office and see Sheldrake, if that's what you were so hell bent on!"

He rubbed his hands together. "A nice state of affairs when a salesgirl from the basement can barge into my office and insult me! I'll show you."

Behind Mr. Fletcher, his secretary stared with round, almost frightened eyes. Doors all along

the corridor—the doors of department managers and head buyers and merchandise men—were flung open.

Beatrice saw Anthony's chin come up. He straightened his shoulders, took a long, deep breath. The muscles at his jaw bunched. But his hand on her arm was steady.

For the first time since Anthony told her about Mr. Fletcher's having stolen his idea, she remembered that Anthony didn't know who she really was. She could squelch both Fletcher and Sheldrake. She could blow the whole shabby mess wide open. But what would it do to Anthony?

It was too late to back down. She walked back into Mr. Fletcher's office beside Anthony with a blank face and high-held head. Carefully, and pointedly, she avoided any stray contact with the person of the paunchy, prematurely triumphant Mr. Fletcher.

Anthony drew up a chair for her. He sat down beside her. Mr. Fletcher scrambled around his big desk and stood there behind its protections, breathing hard.

A MOMENT later someone roared angrily outside. A tall, burly man in a dark business suit burst into the room.

"What's the meaning of this rumpus, Fletcher?" he demanded peremptorily. "Have you lost your mind? Can't you handle anything by yourself? Must I be annoyed for every blasted trifle?"

He surveyed the two young people sitting against the wall. "Now what the devil is all this?" Then his expression changed. He seemed to be puffing up in a vast and sullen fury. His collar was

too tight for his neck. A vein in his forehead bulged.

"Oh, so it's you, is it? You whelp! So old man Weeming has been spying on me!"

"Weeming?" Beatrice bounced to her feet. "Did you say Weeming, Mr. Sheldrake? What connection has Mr. Weeming with Mr. Bradley?"

(To Be Continued)

Old Custom

An ancient burial ground is located in Fountain of Youth park, St. Augustine, Fla. Here mourning Indian women cut off their hair and dropped it into the graves of their husbands. The widow could marry again when the hair grew to waist length.

Greek on Watch



A Greek officer in shallow trench watches enemy bombers pass before giving order by telephone to renew the attack on the Italian lines.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

A collection of puzzles and trivia. Includes a cartoon of a man with a speech bubble saying 'A MAN WHO COULD LIVE ON MARS COULD LIVE ON OUR EARTH WITHOUT SPECIAL BREATHING APPARATUS'. A 'KNOCKOUTER' puzzle with a grid and clues. An 'ARBOR DAY' puzzle with a grid and clues. An 'ANSWER' key for the previous puzzle.

ANSWER: 1. Peanut Vendor; 2. Moon Over Burma; 3. Sugar Blues; 4. Wishing.

STAR DANCER

A crossword puzzle grid with clues. Clues include: 1 Star of a famous group of dancers, 12 Doctor (abbr.), 13 Edible fungus, 14 More acid, 16 Brim, 17 Banquets, 19 Concise, 20 Advertisement, 21 Destructive insect, 23 Roots, 24 Jumbled type, 25 Clearing out, 27 Dry, 28 Print measure, 29 Acts of selling, 31 Dutch (abbr.), 33 Groans, 35 You, 37 Natural power, 39 Surgical tool, 41 Room (abbr.), 43 Greater, 46 Burden, 47 Hundredth of a right angle, 49 Local positions, 51 Eighth ounce, 53 Rajah's wife, 55 Small, 57 Mooley apple, 58 Coral islands, 60 To sully, 62 Neuter pronoun, 63 She danced, 64 She started a school of dance in, 12 She wore the simplest of costumes, 15 Liberator, 18 Visible vapor, 22 Slave, 26 Gem from an oyster, 30 Snell for a fishing line, 32 Stable, 34 Fright, 36 Printing mistakes, 38 To hate, 40 Resembling Adam, 42 Geld house, 44 Common verb, 45 Fissure, 47 To erase, 50 Party for men only, 52 Silent, 54 Sprites, 56 Courtesy title, 59 In a high degree, 61 Northeast (abbr.).

A crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a woman in the center. The grid is partially filled with letters.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY

