

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

YESTERDAY: But Anthony doesn't want to face Sheldrake. He tries to argue his case out of the idea, finally admits that he knows the man, that it might cause trouble. He cannot understand. But Fletcher calls Sheldrake. The man bustles in, faces Anthony. "An, it's you! Weening has been saying on me! 'Weening!' He says, 'What has he to do with Mr. Bradley?'"

"THAT MAN" AGAIN
CHAPTER XXIX

BRUCE SHELDRAKE paid no attention to Beatrice. "So Mr. Curtis Sheldrake finds it necessary to plant stool pigeons in my store, does he?" he shouted. "He finds it necessary to provoke insubordination and make me trouble. He is not satisfied with heckling, with criticizing everything I have ever done. He is not content with stirring up hornets' nests at the bank. I've got to have them at the store, too!"

"He's sabotaged every piece of real progress I've ever attempted. How many other spies has he spotted throughout this store? How many stool-pigeon reports have been going out to him every week?"

"I have not been a stool pigeon, Sheldrake!" Anthony retorted. "I happened to need a job, and I applied at this store and got the job. Mr. Weening had nothing whatever to do with it! In fact, he didn't want me to work here. But I was fool enough to think I could build a career—I was fool enough to think Huntington was still the honest, worthwhile organization it used to be."

Beatrice had never seen this Anthony before. "If Mr. Weening happens to be investigating any angle of your activity, Mr. Sheldrake, I am of the opinion that it's a damn good thing. But he has not investigated through me!"

"If he's been investigating?" shouted Bruce Sheldrake. He was a goaded bull, seething red. "I know damn well he's been investigating! That dried-up old skunk has been gunning for me since the day I became general superintendent."

"I haven't made a single move in this store without bucking Weening's paid old-timers at every turn. Mr. Huntington didn't do this, Mr. Huntington didn't do that! Who's running this store now, Mike Huntington or me?"

"It's not my methods old man Weening objects to. I've shown a profit at the end of every single year of my operation, and if he can find a better man for the job, I'd like to know where! I earn my bonus, and the hell with anyone who says I don't."

"Nobody, you hear me, nobody can find a damn thing wrong with my methods. They're not the sloppy, sentimental, outdated methods that used to run the roost around here, that's all. Old man Weening's a lawyer, he doesn't know a thing about department store managing, yet he sits there in his office and tries to dictate to me. If I ran this store the way he wants, we'd close up in no time!"

The angry torrent poured out so vehemently that Beatrice knew Mr. Sheldrake had said all this before. Often.

SHE stepped between the two men. "Just a minute," her tone held a dangerous sweetness. "That's all very interesting, Mr. Sheldrake, but I think we've had quite enough of it. I'd like to ask Mr. Bradley a question."

Mr. Sheldrake gasped. "Who are you?"

"I have been working in the Budget Fashions," she told him. "I have just resigned." She turned her back on him.

"Anthony Bradley, look at me. I want you to tell me exactly how it happened that you know Beatrice Davenport had given her fiancé a string of polo ponies." Her voice was very even, almost gentle.

"I asked you once before, remember? You evaded the question. Please don't evade now. How did you know?"

Anthony stared at her as if she had suddenly taken leave of her senses. "For God's sake, Bee, this is no time—"

"Answer me!"

Sheldrake was sputtering. Fletcher was sinking weakly into his chair. Anthony kept right on staring at the small girl with the blazing eyes. "I heard her say she'd bought him polo ponies!" he exploded. "That's how I knew. I happened to be in my guardian's office while she came in, and I got out of the way. But I couldn't help hearing it. Look here, Bee, none of that matters. I didn't want you to—"

"You didn't want me to know you and Beatrice Davenport shared the same guardian, that's what you didn't want me to know!"

"I didn't want anyone in the store to know!"

"So you were spying on me, you worthless—!" Mr. Sheldrake was in it now.

Beatrice turned on him. "Be quiet!"

She went back to Anthony. "You didn't want anyone in the store to know, I see." She tried to keep down the sickening rage which filled her.

"I see everything very plainly now. You were that unspeakable man in the back office. It was you—got snug, self-satisfied, stupid brute—it was you who dared to say I—I ought to be quietly and competently chloroformed!" Her voice broke. She burst into a storm of weeping.

"You d-despicable, d-d-detestable, a-bom-abominable, ob-obnoxious c-cad!"

ANTHONY BRADLEY looked like a man who was hit with an oversize brick.

He tried to touch her quivering shoulder. Bewilderment was

written large all over his face. Beatrice jumped away from him as if he had burned her.

"Bee!" he implored desperately, a man at the end of his tether. "Don't for heaven's sake, wait a minute. Let me get this straight! What in thunder are you talking about? I never said—I never in my life said you should be chloroformed!"

His voice died. A horrible, gurgling death it was, too.

All at once, his hands were very strong and urgent on her shaking shoulders. "Look up here! How do you know what I said in Mr. Weening's office? I remember now. I did say she ought to be chloroformed. But I said BEATRICE DAVENPORT—"

"Yes," admitted Beatrice savagely. "You said Beatrice Davenport. Yes, that's what you said. Oh, I hate you. I hate you! Take your hands off me. I'd rather die than have you touch me. You heartless, complacent, righteous, nasty b-brute. You didn't even wait until I got out decently before you dared—you d-dared—"

She pounded frantically against his chest, a fierce and primitive whirlwind. Suddenly, viciously, she pushed him. The attack was so unexpected that Anthony staggered ignominiously back against the wall. His hands flew to his stomach. He doubled up with pain.

"Am I crazy?" muttered Mr. Fletcher. "Am I crazy, or are they?"

Beatrice Huntington Davenport, running wildly out of the office, had forgotten the existence of either of them. All she knew was that for six long weeks she had been cherishing a love for the man

who turned out to be that snake in the grass, that unfeeling, revolting creature in Mr. Weening's office.

Charging down the corridor, her eyes blinded by tears, she collided head-on with a fat man carrying a milk coat. There was a sudden grunt, a howl, a swift whirling sensation. Beatrice and the fat man hit the floor together.

(To Be Concluded)

Two Costlies
and a Cutie

Reading from left to right: the Presidente Vargas, largest uncut diamond in existence, Miss Kay Herman of New York holding three million dollars worth of gems, and the Jonker, third largest diamond ever discovered. Cutter soon goes to work on the Presidente Vargas, which was found in Brazil.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



AMERICAN INDIAN

HORIZONTAL

1 Famous 16th century Indian.

8 He belonged to the ——— tribe.

12 Pattern block.

13 Less common.

15 English coin.

16 Tree.

18 Metal.

19 Warble.

21 To hurry.

23 Mental state of an army.

24 Grieved at heart.

28 August (abbr.).

30 Sleeper's couch.

30 Greek letter.

31 Finish.

32 Two plus two.

33 Ream (abbr.).

37 City.

39 Label.

40 Pomeranian dog.

42 Crazy.

43 Preposition.

45 Fold of string.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

16 He was a ——— or tribal leader.

17 Long grass.

19 Lacerated.

20 Fabulous.

22 North America (abbr.).

23 Volume (abbr.).

26 Right (abbr.).

27 Excess.

28 Beetle.

32 Church title.

34 Grain.

36 Lunar orb.

38 Strife.

41 Variety of coffee.

44 Middle mute.

46 A puddle.

48 To scorch.

50 Gaelic.

52 Biblical prophet.

54 Through (abbr.).

56 Red Cross (abbr.).

57 Dutch (abbr.).

58 Look.

59 Postscript (abbr.).

VERTICAL

2 Notions.

3 Helps.

4 Climate.

5 Transposed.

6 Derby.

7 Bristlelike tip.

8 Master (abbr.).

9 Standing erect.

10 Operative melody.

11 He was the ——— of a poem.

14 Half an em.



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.



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

