

SERIAL STORY DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS BY EDITH ELLINGTON

YESTERDAY: Bee meets Vera and Vera's best friend, Terry, a photographer. Dinner is a mixture of apocryphal errors from the delirious, but Bee enjoys it. Later, during the dinner with Terry, the photographer tells her, "I've seen you before. But where?"

lipstick bright. "You've got 10 minutes or I leave without you." It all came back to Beatrice. She jumped out of bed, one bare foot automatically feeling for the mules that were always placed beside her bed. They weren't there, of course. She ran to the bathroom, the floor shockingly cold against the soles of her feet. When she emerged, Toby had a cup of black coffee for her. "That's all. Vera finished the cake last night." "It's all I want."

At the employees' entrance—"And I never so much as realized there was an employees' entrance!"—Toby squeezed her hand. "I go this way. You go up those stairs, the personnel office is on the balcony. Remember, be dignified and refined and say you're always loved retailing. It's your ambition, you're crazy about it, you want to learn even though you've had no experience. For heaven's sake, look her in the eye and be so damned poised it hurts." Beatrice braced herself. At the open door which bore the letters, "Personnel Office," she pinned a

AND then she remembered Clarence. He must have phoned her at the apartment. Well, that didn't matter. Often she was out and no one knew where she was. But how about tomorrow? What would the maids think, when she didn't appear day after day? Suddenly, a thing she hadn't thought of before hit her with all the force of a disaster.

They'd notify Weeming! "Miss Davenport hasn't been home for several days." All at once she realized the stir it would make. Clarence would be wild, searching for her. Once he had asked her about kidnapping. "In Europe," he said, "I've always understood that American heiresses were in constant danger of being kidnapped for ransom." Suppose they thought she was kidnapped?

BEATRICE had not been sleeping more than a few minutes, it seemed, when Toby was shaking her. "Heavens, are you one of those people who never hear alarm clocks? Get a move on! We'll be late!" It was 7:15. Beatrice rubbed her heavy eyes. Dawn was a good time to wind up a party, but the thought of crawling out of bed now made her ill. For a dizzy moment, too, she wasn't fully awake and couldn't remember where she was.

STANDING there in the doorway of the closet-kitchen, with Terry's shrewd gray eyes still on her face, Beatrice thought desperately that it wasn't fair her adventure should already be so close to exposure. "I haven't been here two hours! Can't I escape from myself for a little while?" She smiled at Terry. "Occasionally I've been told there's a feeling resemblance between myself and Carole Lombard. Maybe you've seen her at one of those hotels."

"You look about as much like Lombard as I do," said Terry. But he seemed to dismiss the subject, after that, and Beatrice breathed more easily. Vera elected to go with him and help develop the films. "She can, too," Toby explained when they had gone. "Since she's known him, she's become practically educated." She turned on the radio and yawned. "As for me, I'm drooping. Knocked out. I'm going to bed."

It was scarcely 8:30, but she wound up the alarm clock with determination. "I need my sleep, so I can go in there tomorrow and slug away with vim, vigor, and vitality for good old Huntington, honk. And maybe, just maybe, I can make my quota tomorrow."

"Quota?" "A cute little idea department stores dream up. You've got to sell a certain amount of stuff to justify your salary. In the basement accessories it's only \$108 a day. Simple! If you slug the customers."

Toby sat on the bed, took off her shoes. "Don't give it a thought. Huntington's will teach you." She peeled off her stockings. "I've got to wash these. The only pair I own."

Beatrice had the strangest feeling of having slipped through a mist, like Alice through the looking glass. She was now on the reverse side of things—the side of existence where you had to wash the dishes after you ate; and your stockings, so they'd be clean in the morning.

Mercifully, Toby did not stand over her, talking, as she struggled with the stockings. Toby was spreading sheets on the studio couch and rummaging in bureau drawers to find a pair of pajamas fit to lend.

Beatrice felt triumphant as she hung her wet, limp stockings on the towel rack beside Toby's. "There! I'm not so useless, after all!"

She thought again of that hateful voice in Mr. Curtis Weeming's office and frowned. The day I walk in and drag that beast's name from old Weemie will be the happiest day of my life!

What could she do? If only she'd been going away on a trip and then simply not boarded the boat or train! Or if she could come back from Florida without notifying Weeming that she was back. "I'll telephone Mr. Weeming. I'll say I've decided to go to— to South America. I'll say I'm leaving immediately, don't know when I'll come back."

Yes, that was it. She could easily get information on sailing dates, the name of some ship. "I won't phone Clarence, though. When he begins to wonder, he'll know enough to get hold of Weemie. Weemie will tell him I've gone to South America."

smile on her lips. They couldn't possibly recognize her, the very thought was fantastic. To this brisk, sharp-eyed woman behind the desk she was only one of hundreds of applicants. She walked up to the desk. "I'm applying for a sales position," she said levelly. (To Be Continued)

Really Means It



"Sergeant Prince," mascot of 33rd military police company at Camp Forrest, Tenn., wears police club, pistol and M. P. uniform. Soldiers say he takes M. P. duties seriously, bites men not in uniform.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

Snake Charmer advertisement: DON'T CHARM SNAKES! THEY MERELY TAKE THEM, AND ACQUAINT THEM TO HANDLING. Includes illustration of a woman with a snake.

Star Sirius advertisement: THE STAR SIRIUS APPEARS TWICE AS BRIGHT TO US AS ANY OTHER STAR. Includes illustration of a star.

EXPERIENCED ACTRESS

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for 'EXPERIENCED ACTRESS' and other words.

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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



RETIRED

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



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

