

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY: Bee realizes that work has changed her appearance, that Toby and Vera really do not recognize her. But she knows that the happiness she has found in Huddell's Fashion must end today. She plans to help each of her friends. A man comes to the merchandise manager's department. Anthony tells her that the merchandise manager has stolen their big idea, in using it as his own.

BEE DEMANDS A SHOWDOWN

CHAPTER XXVII

"WHAT do you mean, Anthony?"

"I don't understand." "I didn't understand at first, either," he said bitterly. "But it's very simple. He laughed me out of his office. You and I worked and dreamed and got the samples together and—after he kicked me out, he stole my idea!"

"But he can't get away with that!"

"Can't he?" Anthony asked hollowly. "You see the men measuring for carpet, don't you? I'm still section manager. Nothing else."

"Miss Dane's been telling me what a wonderful merchandising idea it is, and how he explained it all to her at a special meeting last night. New accessories counters have been ordered. Plans are laid out—but nobody said a word to me. I suppose I ought to be thankful he hasn't fired me!"

The savage anger she had experienced once before in this department came back to Beatrice. "Are you going to stand there and let him do it? If you are, Anthony, I'm not! I worked on your ensembles, too! That's half my idea! That dirty, double-crossing—"

She hadn't known she knew such words, and Anthony hadn't known either, for he stared at her. The shock in his brown face stopped her.

"I'm sorry. I—I have a bad temper. But, Anthony, you can't let him get away with this!" She stamped her foot. "Do something! Go right up to his office now and tell him. Go to Bruce Sheldrake! Come on, I'm going, too."

"I thought of that, but we can't prove anything."

"Yes, we can! We bought those hats and handbags and belts ourselves, didn't we? You signed the slips for those dresses out of stock, didn't you? What's the matter with you?"

ANTHONY picked up a sales-book. He snapped the rubber band. He opened and closed the book.

At last he said, "The fact is, Bee, I'm realizing now what a bad mistake I made. I should have listened to the old man. He wanted me to take a job in a bank. I—I've been thinking I'll go around there at lunch time and tell him I've thrown up the sponge. His lips twisted. "Banks are more ethical than stores, perhaps, and if I get a world-shaking banking idea . . ."

"But, Anthony—you belong here! You're valuable to this store! The very fact that he thought your idea good enough to steal—why, he must be slipping so badly he's got to steal ideas somewhere! If he were any good, if his job were secure, he wouldn't do such things!"

She grabbed his arm. "You're not leaving, you're going right up with me to that crook's office!"

"Bee, if we do that, you'll lose your job. It's all right about me. As I told you, I—I have a chance at something else."

He looked down at her, miserably. "I didn't want to use any influence I might have—I mean, the influence of friends. . . I've always thought pull was a shabby way to get ahead. But now that I have you, I—I've got to make more money. And I'll do anything to get a better job. But it'll take time. And meanwhile, if you lose your job—"

"The devil with my job. Anthony, come up there with me this minute!"

She dragged him to the elevator. "I think you should be ashamed of yourself, not standing up for your rights! Where's your pride, Anthony? That merchandise manager has stolen from you. And you'd take it! You'd walk out and let him get the credit for something you worked hard to create!"

The elevator operator turned around and stared. Beatrice paid no attention.

On the sixth floor, Anthony drew Beatrice into the corner near the fire exit. His face was very sober. He put his hands on her shoulders, looked squarely into her eyes.

"I don't want you to do this just for me, Bee," he said. "I'm all for it, and I'm mad clear through, and I can get another job anyway. But—I'll make trouble for you. Are you sure you want to?"

"Of course, I'm sure!" She patted his lean cheek. "Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself. You'd better start worrying about that merchandise manager. I'm going to kill him!"

"Bee, listen." His arms tightened. "I'll go in by myself. That way, he can't blame you."

"I wouldn't miss it for the world!" But she was touched at Anthony's concern for her.

He said, "All right, if that's the way you want it." His smile flashed. "I might as well tell you the truth. I was intending to come up here and wipe the floor up with him, just for luck, even if I couldn't prove anything. But I

didn't want you mixed up in it in any way."

There was a stenographer outside the merchandise manager's office. "I can't see you now," she said doubtfully. "What is it about?"

Beatrice walked right past her and opened the door. In the imposing office, a small paunchy man sat at a large desk. He looked up in surprise. When he saw Anthony, his face hardened.

"WHAT do you want?" he rapped.

"I want an explanation of that co-ordinated clothes idea that was so rotten when I walked in here with it," Anthony answered grimly. "I want to know how it got so good, after I left, that you're going to try it out. I want to know why you didn't play square with me. And I want to know if you think I'm going to let you get away with that!"

"Why, you—you—"

"Save your breath!" advised Beatrice coldly. "I happened to work out some of the details of that plan with Mr. Bradley. Those samples he brought up were things I'd selected. We have the sales slips for everything but the dresses."

Mr. Fletcher got up. He walked out from behind the big desk. His eyes were steely. "An employee of this store walked in here with an idea," he said. "He worked on it. The store likes the idea and is using it. What of it?" His voice was a bark. "What do you expect now? Flowers?"

"But you took the credit for it!" Beatrice cried. "You didn't even see that he got a raise—that his good work was acknowledged—"

you can't stand there and tell me this is the way such things are usually handled." "Get out of my office!" Mr. Fletcher turned back to his desk. "Maybe you'd like to see the general superintendent about this terrible injustice," he flung over his shoulder.

"That is exactly what we'll do," Beatrice reached for the telephone. "What's more, we'll see him right here in this office." (To Be Continued)

Hula Honey



Cutest trick of Nassau season is hula-hula by little Lynde Sudduth, who moves Hawaii to the sea that he got a raise—that his good work was acknowledged—

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



THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



LABOR MINISTER

- Horizontal: 1. 6 British minister of labor. 10 To eject. 11 Nurse god. 12 Mongrels. 14 Periods. 16 Organic basis of bone tissues. 18 Golden plover. 19 Burn. 20 Of the thing. 21 Circle part. 22 Senior (abbr.). 23 He has been a power in the labor since 1926 (pl.). 27 South Carolina (abbr.). 28 Panel of glass. 29 Pertaining to the dawn. 31 Foray. 33 Salamanders. 36 Rodent. 38 Fish. 39 Heavily. 42 Italian river. 44 Snakes. 46 Measure. 47 To negotiate. 49 Being. 51 He joined the dockers' early in life. 53 Growing out. 54 Opposed to. 55 Twin crystal. 56 Coarse files. 57 Oozy. Vertical: 2 Anything remarkable of its kind. 3 Attendant for sick. 4 Actus being. 5 Street (abbr.). 6 Exclamation. 7 Turb root. 8 Viol instrument. 9 Burial. 12 He believes labor should be during war time. 13 Not uniformly. 15 Sweet substances. 17 Pressing tool. 18 Japanese harp. 23 Inane. 24 Cut down. 25 Bird's homes. 26 Tree fluid. 28 Fruit pastry. 30 Part of a lock. 32 To decorate. 34 Artists' frames. 35 Tantalizes. 37 To warble. 39 Brains. 40 Foam. 43 Ana. 45 Dress fastener. 48 Organ of hearing. 50 New England (abbr.). 52 Fibre.

