DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

"THAT MAN" AGAIN

CHAPTER XXIX RRUCE SHELDRAKE paid no

BRUCE SHELDRAKE paid no attention to Beatrice.

"So Mr. Curtis Weeming 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

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 reports have been going out to him every week?"

"I have not been a stool pigeon, Sheldrake!" Anthony reforted. "I happened to need a job, and I applied at this store and got the job. Mr. Weeming 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's was still the honest, worthwhile organization it used to be."

Beatrice had never seen this

Beatrice had never seen this Anthony before. "If Mr. Weeming 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, seeing red. "You know damn well he's been investigating! That dried-up old akunk has been gunning for me since the day I became general super-intendent.
"I haven't made a single move

the day I became general superintendent.

"I haven't made a single move
in this store without bucking
Weeming'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
Weeming objects to. I've shown a
profit at the end of every single
rear 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
ean 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 They're not the sloppy, sentimental, outdated methods that used to run the roost around here, that's all.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 Weeming'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 to vehemently that Beatrice knew Mr. Sheldrake had said all this sefore. 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 gaped. "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 knew Beatrice Davenport had given her
flance a string of polo ponies."
Her voice was very even, almost
sentle.

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!"

"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

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

"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
—you smug, self-satisfied, stupid
brute—it was you who dared—
who dared to s-say I—I ought to
be qu-quietly and e-competently
c-chloroformed!" Her voice broke.
She burst into a storm of weeping.
"You d-despicable, d-d-detestable,
a-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

who turned out to be that snake in the grass, that unfeeling, re-volting creature in Mr. Weeming's

Charging down the corridor, her eyes blinded by tears, she collided head-on with a fat man carrying a mink 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



Reading from left to right: the Presidente Vargas, largest uncut diamond in existence, Miss Kay Hernan of New York holding three million dollars worth of gens, 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

stomach. He doubled up with pain.

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

Beatrice Huntington Davenport, running widdy 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

By William Ferguson



AMERICAN INDIAN

HORIZONTAL 1 Famous 16th century Indian. 8 He belonged to the — tribe. 12 Pattern block. **ISADOR**

15 English coin. 15 English coin. 16 Tree. 18 Metal. 19 Warble. 21 To hurry. 23 Mental state of an army. 24 Exists.

25 Grieved at heart. 47 Sun god. VERTICAL heart. 48 Compass point 2 Notions. (abbr.). 49 Male relative. 29 Sleeper's 51 Want. couch. 30 Extortioner. 30 Greek letter. 55 Tenant of the crown. 33 Two plus two.

23 Two plus two. 59 Antiquated. 5 Derby. 35 Ream (abbr.). 60 — or 7 Bristlel wonderful

37 City. 39 Label. 40 Pomeranian

powers were ascribed to him. 9 Standing erect, 10 Operatie melody. ere 9 Standing

40 Peneranian ascribed to erect, him. 10 Operatic 42 Crazy. 61 He was the melody. 43 Preposition. 45 Fold of string. by Longfellow.14 Half an em.

34 Grain. 36 Lupar orb. 38 Strife. 41 Variety of coffee. 48 To scorch.

7 Bristlelike tip, ⁵² Biblica£ 7 Bristlelike tip. prophet. 8 Mister (abbr.) 54 Through. 9 Standing 56 Red Cross (abbr.). 37 Dutch (abbr.)

> 59 Postscript (abbr.)

16 He was a

17 Long grass. 19 Lacerated. 20 Fabulous.

North America (abbr.).

Beetle

26 Right (abbr.).

or tribal leader.

ZO

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

CPLOCK! THERE GOES BLOTT! MOITLE, THEY CAN HOWE COUNT BULLY WORK HENRY FORDS BURKE, MY INCOME TAXES BEFORE THAT STIFF EGAD! A LIMBERS BLOTT TURNED A BLOND = ADDR COM BY MEX SCHOOL PARTY OF STATE OF STATE AND



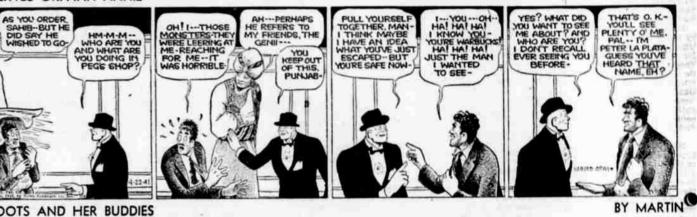
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BY HAROLD GRAY

BY FRED HARMAN

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

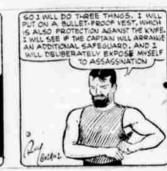


I CAN'T THINK OF ONE THING I COULT DO TO EARN A LINING THERE & MY

WASH TUBBS



YOU THINK THEY WEELD EET? THEY MAY TRY. BUT ON THIS SHIP, WHERE THERE IS NO GETAWAY, THEY ARE EXTREMELY CAUTIOUS.
THAT IS GOOD, IT MEANS
THEY ARE AFRAID TO IKE



NOT IF I'M SMAQT PEPE, VES 1 60 ON THE THEORY THAT O TO RISK THE LIFE AND LEARN WEEL KEEL Y COPE THE BY NIA SENDICE NAME Y NO BOOK IS IN PAY OFF.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS









BY V. T. HAMLIN



ALLEY OOP





