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The farm population in 1940 according to the census, was 30.1, a decrease of about 6,000 in 2 years, or a decline in its percentage of the whole population from 24.6 to 22.9.

### SERIAL STORY

## DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

**YESTERDAY:** Anthony takes his big idea up to the merchandise manager. Bee waits anxiously, knowing that if he is successful he will ask her to marry him and her masquerade will be ended. A customer tells her that she wants her husband to see a dress. Bee doesn't expect the woman to return, but she does. And her husband is Jenkins. Beatrice Huntington is venport's chauffeur.

### BEE BEGS FOR HER JOB

**CHAPTER XX**  
JENKINS' hands were deep in the pocket of a striped purple suit, and a slouch hat was pushed back on his head. He had the air of a man enduring inhuman punishment.

He was protesting to his wife. "But listen, suppose she stays in South America the rest of the year? You think the old man's going to keep me on a salary for doing nothing? I tell you, I might be out of a job and you want to buy more dresses!"

### STORIES IN STAMPS



#### Canada's Mounties Keep Order in Vast Territory

ON land, on sea and in the air, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police enforce the Dominion's law, patrolling an area that extends from the U. S. border to within 800 miles of the North Pole and from Atlantic to Pacific.

Canada's stamp, above, picturing a Mountie, honors the heroic achievements of the force whose motto is: "Get Your Man."

The Northwest Canadian Mounted Police was organized in 1873 to preserve order in the unsettled prairie regions, to control and protect Indians, and to check lawlessness. The history of the force, in achieving these aims, is filled with stories of heroism.

The Mounted Police were feared and respected by Indians; outlaws found them relentless. To the Eskimos, they brought white man's law and justice. In 1919 the force became the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and jurisdiction was extended to the entire Dominion.

Today the Mounties are active in all forms of police work, combating smuggling, counterfeiting, criminal lawlessness with latest scientific methods, and since the war rounding up Fifth Columnists. Transportation still includes horses and dog sleds of past years, but automobiles, boats and airplanes have been added.

abuse of his privileges as she would have been before she came to work in Huntington's.

The doorman, who had been busily handing an old woman into her car, shook his head at Beatrice. "You want to catch pneumonia?" His eyes twinkled. "Any time you feel like sneaking out for a breath of air, be sure it's me on the door, and not that other man. He'd tell on you quick as look at you."

She took the escalator to the basement. From children's clothes, she peered into budget. The Jenkinses had definitely left room curtain, her heart racing. Behind her, she heard Mrs. Jenkins saying, "I think that's the girl who waited on me."

"I've got to get out of here," Beatrice thought swiftly. "I simply can't face Jenkins. I can't have it all exposed now!" It was an hour until lunchtime, and she had a customer in the fitting room. A customer who was trying to soothe a whining little boy. "I'll be through in a minute, Junior. In just a minute."

Miss Getz appeared, providentially, and Beatrice cried, "Oh, Getzie, please take my customer, in there. I—I don't feel well."

Miss Getz stared, but Beatrice had turned and ran. She slipped through the curtains at the other end of the fitting room aisle. Miss Dane was on the phone, her back to Beatrice. Beatrice fled through housewares, and into a waiting elevator.

She'd go up to the soda fountain, linger over a forbidden coke, and then she'd loiter on the main floor. How long would Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins wait down there? "If he'd only talk her out of the whole idea, and drag her away!"

OVER the coke, she wondered again about what was happening upstairs. "I'll sign the slip for it," she told the soda clerk. "If you ask me, they ought to give us the cokes," the girl said while Beatrice scribbled her name, number and department across the back to the ticket. "What's a coke to the Duchess, anyway?"

"Two thousand cokes might be something," Beatrice suggested mildly.

Having finished her drink, she wandered into the stocking department. "I certainly need some, too. But \$1.35... that's too much." She fingered a 79-cent hose until the speculative eye of a main floor section manager sent her scurrying again. As she passed one of the side street entrances, a sudden thought struck her. "Jenkins lives in Queens. I bet he's riding around in my car!"

She walked boldly out the door. Sure enough, there a little way down the street, her shining black town car was parked. She regarded it with strangely mingled emotions. "I ride the subway, and Jenkins and his wife skylark around in that."

She wondered maliciously, how Jenkins would like it if she simply got in the back seat and sat there, waiting for him. "The shoe would be on the other foot then, my good man," she thought. Yet she was aware that she was not half so outraged by Jenkins' flagrant

manager job, the less it will hurt him to know I've been lying."

If Anthony could convince himself that he was standing on his own two feet in this store, if he knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that he was valuable and appreciated—perhaps later, when inevitably he discovered that Beatrice owned the store, he wouldn't feel that he held his job only because she held his job only because Beatrice had long ago decided that Bruce Sheldrake, who was

too high and mighty to explore trivial details, was going out on his ear, some fine day. And Anthony Bradley, after seeing the training she was certain Grandfather would have wanted, was going to occupy that perfectly appointed office upstairs with "General Superintendent" on the door.

So Bee Davis, waddling in Budget Fashions, let Miss Dane, the Budget buyer, fume at her. Bee dropped her eyes and tried hard to look contented.

"Yes, Miss Dane," she murmured meekly. "Oh, Miss Dane, I'm so sorry. I'm so very sorry."

And finally, when she saw that Miss Dane was working herself up into a veritable tantrum, and when she realized that the eyes of every girl in the department were focused on them, Beatrice took a deep breath and burst out tearfully. "Please, Miss Dane, don't fire me! Oh, Miss Dane, I need the job. I promise I'll never

do it again. Really, I won't, Miss Dane." Her wide eyes lifted tragically to the contorted face of the buyer. "Miss Dane, you won't fire me, will you?"

SHE had learned the day she applied for this job in the personnel office, that if you stood up to people they respected you.

(Continued on Page Four)

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**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson



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