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AUDREY

THE PAINED DENTIST

















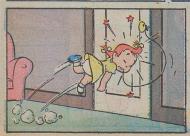
















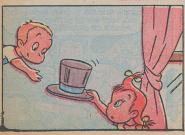


















































































































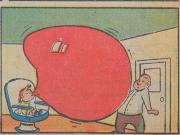




























































GUMMED UP GUMDROPS

ITTLE AUDREY opened the door of the local candy store and glanced in cautiously to determine what sort of a mood the proprietor, Mr. Dolan, was in this morning. Her survey of the store showed no one about and she entered quietly, pausing by the bubble gum counter. Golly, there sure was heaps of it! And here she was without a single piece. Would it be all right to take just one? Why, of course, it would! Hadn't she often heard her Daddy say that the best way to build up business was to give your customers samples of your product? Why not take a sample then? It wouldn't be stealing - not really. All she'd be doing was to build up poor, old Mr. Dolan's business. If she liked the bubble gum (and she was certain she would) she'd tell all the kids what a swell brand Mr. Dolan carried. The gang would flock there to buy its gum from him, and in a couple of weeks he'd be able to buy a new house, a new car - maybe even retire. Aglow with the good she was doing Mr. Dolan, Audrey stretched an eager little fist toward the showcase.

"Something you wanted, Audrey?" inquired a voice from behind her.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Dolan. I was er - - - just - - - er - - - trying to build up business for you. You see - - -"

"I'm very much afraid that I do see, Audrey. You're all out of bubble gum and all out of money. Isn't that it?"

"Well:--- yes," stammered Audrey. "But maybe you'd trust me for a dime's worth. I'll pay you! Honest I will. My birthday's only six months away and I'll get just oodles of money then for presents. I'll pay you not only today's bill, but the seventeen cents I already owe you. Please, Mr. Dolan!"

"Sorry, Audrey, I've no time to get involved in financial deals with you now. I'm closing the store for the day because I have to serve

jury duty. Come on now out with you, that's a good girl!"

Audrey took several reluctant steps toward the door before her busy little mind began to click. Golly, poor Mr. Dolan had to close the store to go serve on some nasty old jury, whatever that was. It wasn't fair! Why couldn't she... that was it! Gee, after all, Mr. Dolan had done her lots of favors. It was time she returned one.

"Oh, Mr. Dolan," she called. "I've got an idea how you can still serve on the jury and not lose any business. Why don't you hire me as an assistant and put me in charge for today?"

"No thanks! You haven't driven me that, crazy yet, Audrey. Do you think for one minute I'd let a little glutton like you loose among my stock? G'wan! Off with you and your schemes!"

"But, honest, Mr. Dolan, I won't touch any candy unless on business. Cross my heart and hope to die three times. I won't take anything! Besides, I'll work hard and clean up the store real nice. Please, Mr. Dolan, give me a chance. Please, will yuh, huh?"

There was no denying the earnestness in Audrey's voice. Mr. Dolan's refusal, gave way first to hesitation, then finally to agreement. He smiled and patted Audrey's head.

"Very well, Audrey, effective as of now, you're my first assistant vice president. Do a good job and take care of the customers. Don't give any free candy to your friends; keep the counters polished; count your change before giving it out. And to show how much I appreciate your help, I'll not only cancel your seventeen cent bill, but give you a dollar in the bargain. Take charge now! I'm off to jury duty!"

The door slammed on Mr. Dolan's departure and Audrey immediately set to work. Climbing on a chair that enabled her to see out over the counter, she prepared to greet her first, class

tomer. But good golly just look at that jar of gumdrops! Such dust on the outside! Gee, it certainly was time Mr. Dolan got a woman's touch around this place of his. Grabbing a rag, Audrey stepped over to wipe the jar clean. However, there was just one thing she forgot - she couldn't walk on air. She stepped blithely from the chair and took a couple of confident strides forward. That is: the first two strides were confident, but after them she felt herself toppling. Falling, she desperately tossed out her hands for a means of support. The nearest thing was the gumdrop jar and her chubby little fists closed about it. Too late, though, to accomplish anything other than pulling the jar down about herself. The sound of glass shattering mingled with Audrey's yells as she hit the floor.

Dazed, she began to take stock of the damage she had created. Gundrops were everywhere! Golly, something just had to be done about them before Mr. Dolan returned. Frantically, Audrey began to stuff gundrops into the several pockets of her little apron. Finally, they were filled to overflowing and still gundrops covered the floor!

What now? They had to be hidden somewhere before the return of Mr. Dolan. Audrey didn't have any more pockets, but she did have a mouth! She opened it in a smile and began to jam it full of the evidence of her guilt. Gulp! One gone · · · two gone · · · three gone! Audrey was indeed making progress toward hiding the accusing gumdrops and enjoying herself as well.

But even a Little Audrey can eat just so many gumdrops! Her delight was suddenly interrupted by an ache in her tummy. Ouch! That hurt! Who would ever think that she could have too many gumdrops to eat? Not only to eat, but to hide. True, her efforts had bitten deeply into the pile, but ever so many gumdrops still remained. Stumped, Audrey sat down to consider the situation.

What was that she had heard her Daddy talking about at home? How did he dispose of his damaged stock? A sale! That was it! She'd hold a sale! She grinned brightly as the idea took shape. Why, she was a regular business woman. Not only would a sale get rid of the damaged gumdrops, but it would attract cus-

tomers to buy other merchandise as well. Once in the store, they couldn't resist the attractive display of jelly beans and chocolates. Every cloud has a silver lining, she thought. If she hadn't dropped the gumdrops in the first place she would never have thought of such a terrific idea. Golly, Mr. Dolan would be pleased when he returned and found out that his helper, Audrey, had made him enough money to go on a year's vacation.

Her hand closed about a pencil and laboriously she printed: "BIG SALE! SLIGHTLY USED GUMDROPS—A PENNY A DOZEN! ONLY ONE HUNDRED DOZEN TO A CUSTOMER! HURRY!" Dashing to the window, she inserted the sign and sat back to await results.

They weren't long in coming. Word of the gigantic gumdrop sale at Mr. Dolan's spread quickly throughout playgrounds and kindergartens. Soon every little boy and girl in the neighborhood was outside of the candy store, allowance clutched firmly, demanding entrance to the bargain sale. Good manners prevailed at first, but finally those in the rear, afraid of being left out of the sale began to shove. As always, over-eagerness resulted in disaster. Closer, closer, ever closer to the plate glass window pushed the bargain hunters until

Audrey was too busy dishing out candy and ringing up money to notice anything so minor as a broken window. Her attention was not attracted until she felt a far from gentle tap on her shoulder and looked up to behold Mr. Dolan. Strangely enough, he was not smiling. Anything but — he was mad, really mad.

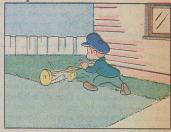
"Look, Mr. Dolan," Audrey gurgled, "I sold all the gumdrops and a dime's worth of licorice, too!"

"GET OUT!" Mr. Dolan thundered. "GET OUT! YOU STORE-WRECKER! It'll take me five years to pay for that window!"

Puzzled at this strange ingratitude, Audrey stalked out to encounter Patches. He, too, couldn't understand Mr. Dolan's conduct and pressed Audrey for the answer.

"Golly, I don't know," Audrey said stepping daintily over the broken glass of the window, "unless maybe it was because I forgot to save any of the gumdrops for him!"























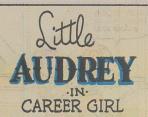










































































































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