

at his feet. Helmut's money. He had Helmut's money here. Should he?

Mechanically he grasped the handle and lifted the bag onto the counter. Reaching inside, his fingers closed around the little cloth bag that held Helmut's list and money. Suppose he would move twenty dollars from Helmut's collection into his?

Shakily he untied the string around the bag. He tried to think this thing through. If he handed in his account twenty dollars short, he would not get paid tonight. The office was not open tomorrow, so even if he did find the money, he could not get paid until Monday night. That would be too late for Mother's birthday tomorrow.

If he just slipped twenty dollars out of Helmut's bag, it would mean Helmut's list would not tally. Probably Jerry would conclude that Helmut had not added correctly, or had recorded a wrong figure. Anthony could straighten it out on Monday.

Anthony ran his fingers through the loose change in the bag. But what if Jerry would become angry with Helmut for making a false count? Helmut could lose his job.

"Helmut's father works for the newspaper, too, so I doubt if it would come to that," he rationalized.

"It's certain he won't get paid," Anthony concluded. "But that doesn't matter because he's gone for the weekend. And by Monday I'll have found my money and can explain the circumstances."

"What if you don't find it?" A nagging doubt jogged his conscience.

"I'll find it," he argued. "And if I don't, I can borrow it from Waldo." His older brother had lent him money before. He sighed. Would it be wrong to transfer that twenty dollars? He fingered a twenty-dollar bill from Helmut's bag. It would not harm Helmut, enjoying a