

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY, Beatrice Huntington Davenport, rich, bored, heiress to the Huntington Department store millions, is furious because her guardian, old Mr. Weemling, refuses to honor her check payable for a string of polo ponies. The polo ponies are for Clarence, suave continental nobleman, frankly a fortune hunter, to whom Beatrice has recently become engaged. As a friend and associate of her grandfather, who started Huntington's, Mr. Weemling warns Beatrice that her money may soon disappear if she continues this mad spending. She demands action on the check, leaves. At the door, however, she hears a young, masculine voice addressing Mr. Weemling: "That girl's the world's most useless object. She should be quietly chloroformed."

CHAPTER II

AS she stood there, trembling on her tall lucite heels, the mink coat suddenly too warm around her, Beatrice Huntington Davenport knew a swift and devastating fury. She wanted to go in there and tear that unknown young man's eyes out! She wanted to slap him, hard, across his hateful, smug face.

She wanted to scream, "Who do you think you are, saying that I should be chloroformed? What do you know about me? Is it my fault my grandfather left me millions? Is it my fault that the money breeds envy everywhere I go? I didn't earn it, no. Perhaps I don't deserve it. But just having it doesn't make me bad, black and inhuman!"

"You think I'm stupid and arrogant and conceited. I'm not. I'd like to work with my mind, my brain. You don't know how I've tried, sometimes, to do something—find something—worthwhile. They laugh at me! Even Mr. Weemling laughs!"

"I'm a prisoner, that's what I am. Grandfather's millions—the life he brought me up to live—keep me locked up in a little world I hate. I'm bored, do you hear? I've known that a long time but I never knew, until I heard you, how bitter it is."

"What else will there ever be? What else will I have? What am I living for? Where are the thrills, the satisfactions, the contentment they talk about and write about in books? Where's the love—the ecstatic, passionate, soul-lifting love—I see in movies, read of, dream of?"

The impulse to rush in there and confront the owner of that scornful voice died inside her. Her anger went with it, and now there was only the fear. She felt lost and helpless and suddenly she thought "I hate him for making me look at my life! I hate him for tearing away the little pieces of camouflage I've managed to hide in..."

She turned, and peered through the narrow crack of the opened door. "I hate him!" It was as if she had to see him—had to transfer this hatred to some concrete image.

All she could see was a broad, gray back, sitting in the chair she had vacated. A brown hand rested on the arm of the chair—a big hand, with strong, blunt fingers. And above the wide gray shoulders she saw a tanned neck and a well-shaped head with dark hair.

Fiercely her gloved hands curled into fists. "I'll see you again, you—you chloroformer, you!" she promised him silently. "I'll see you again and I'll make you eat that chloroform!"

BUT she was almost herself again when she walked into the lobby of the Algaie. Clarence moved toward her from the discreetly lighted lounge.

"Car!" he whispered. "You are weary, no? Come, we shall have a drink." His black eyes were tenderly solicitous, his hand on her arm gentle.

She thought, "How shrewd Clarence is! How well he understands me. He knows so much about women..."

Over her glass she asked him, "Do you understand everything about me, Clarence? Just everything? Or only when I'm tired or not tired?"

He made a little gesture. "Who can understand a woman, Beatrice? I try. I study you. I love you so, I want always to please you..."

"You mean, you want always to be able to read me. So that you won't ask me for something at the wrong moment. So that, at the right moments, you can wind me around your finger?" She was thinking out loud. There was no resentment in her tone, it was merely an appraisal.

Clarence was in love with her. He had to be, to have given up Miru Frothingham who had just as much money and would have been easier to manage. In a way, Clarence was amazingly perceptive. She twirled the slim glass in her fingers. "Clarence," she said softly, "Clarence, suppose I told you I'm unhappy, bored, restless. What would you say?"

"Say?" The black eyes glowed and his hands reached for hers. "I would say my little bird needs relaxation, happiness, new scenes, love, tenderness. In short, Beatrice, I would say that it is time for the honeymoon!"

SHE drew her hands away. "But I don't want to get married just yet, Clarence. I—I can't really see that it's going to be any different after we're married. Except for the house at Westbury, of course. But that—"

She dropped her eyes. A sharp little ache of disappointment stung her. Almost, she had hoped that beneath Clarence's flattery and loveliness—beneath the polished manners, the amusing little tricks—she would find some depth to comfort her—some sympathy that would warm her, something real and strong to evoke response.

"Clarence," she said lightly at last. "It's the same old trouble. Tired business men have it with

their wives, darling, and rich girls like me have it with their fiancés. You don't understand me!"

"Ah! A moment ago, you thought I understood all too well."

"Let's leave it," she said.

BUT somehow, it could not be left. Even while they sat together in her car, and Jenkins drove to the club where Clarence lived, it nagged at her. At last she burst out. "Clarence, I think I'll go in for good works. Those social workers have always taken my checks but never let me do anything. I'm going to fix that! I want to do something! It's the people who work who always seem to be so happy."

"Work to do in the world?" he scoffed. "Ah, love, it's not the people who work who seem so happy. It is only the people who are not happy who, looking at other people, think they are happy. You must know, to a girl in a five-and-ten-cent store, you appear to be the happiest creature in the world."

"I wish I were a girl in a five-and-ten-cent store!" she cried. "I'd live. I'd worry. I'd fall in love—I'd have some real feelings, some real emotions!"

"You are having some real emotions now," said Clarence, very softly. "Of course, you want to live! His arms reached for her, and he held her tight. "With me, you shall live. I shall teach you that life is, Beatrice. I love you. I love these little hands and your bright hair and your bad little temper."

He put a finger under her chin and lifted her face until her eyes met his. There was a fire in his eyes, a dark and burning look that could not be false. Yes, he loved her. That much was true.

"Kiss me, little Beatrice. Kiss me and then dare to say you cannot have a real emotion!"

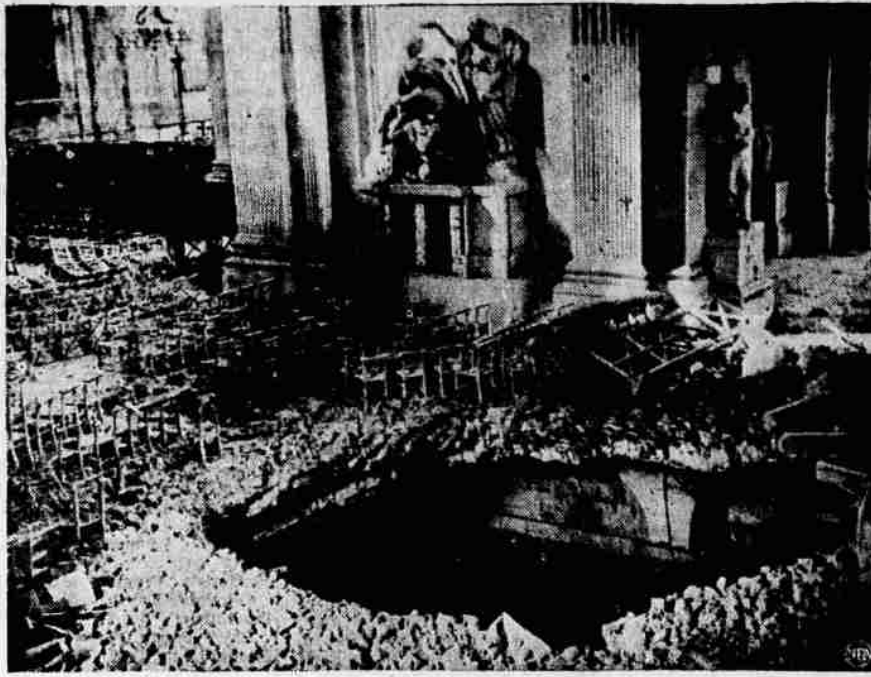
Afterward, he did not let her go. His lips against her hair, his voice husky with feeling, he said, "No more running away, Beatrice. Next week, we shall be married."

(To Be Continued)

PRESIDENTIAL ODDITY

Three of the 30 dead presidents of the United States died on July 4, and one was born on that date. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson died the same day and year; James Monroe died on that date; and Calvin Coolidge was born July 4.

This Is the Bombhole That Closed St. Paul's



A Nazi raider's bomb blasted out this gaping hole in center of St. Paul's Cathedral, famed London landmark bombed so badly in German air raid that it has been closed to the public.

Elkton

ELKTON, May 15.—Mrs. Peyer Fellers, Jack Fellers and Mrs. Hulda McDonald were Cottage Grove visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Earl Griffith is spending a few days at Astoria with Mr. Griffith. Mr. Griffith is painting there.

Mr. and Mrs. McKinley Hedden returned from California Monday. Mr. Hedden was working at Santa Monica most of the time since they were gone.

Mrs. Mary Haines has returned from Seattle where she went to see her son, J. O. Haines. Mr. Haines is in the hospital, where he underwent a goiter operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Haines were attending to business matters in Roseburg Friday.

LeRoy Morganti has returned from a trip to Seattle. He expects to go back in about two weeks to go to work.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bloodgood and Myron Haines, of Portland, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Haines. Mr. and Mrs. Bloodgood's son, Gerald, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Haines, a few days.

Mrs. Edith Gates went to Corvallis to spend the week-end with Miss Virginia Gates, who is attending school there.

Mrs. Agnes Hudson, Mrs. Ida Thomas, and Mrs. Esther Gates went to Ashland for the week-end. Mrs. Asa Andrews went as far as Medford with them. Mrs.

Andrews was visiting Miss Azalea Andrews.

Miss Owretha Hudson, who teaches at Bridge, spent the week-end at home.

Miss Faye Bossen, who works at Eugene, spent the week-end at home.

Ben Pontius, who is working near Eugene, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Vern Pontius.

A silver tea will be given at the Methodist church Tuesday. The school orchestra will furnish the program. This will be the second time the orchestra has played in public.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Haines, Mrs. Marietta Haines, A. B. Haines, and Iris Haines spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Arna Johnson. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cox, of Lakeside, and Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cox, of Marshfield.

Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, of Culp creek, Paul Reeves, of Eugene, Ethel Byron and Lawrence Coons, of Yoncalla, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roberts were visiting Mrs. Joy Imlah, Saturday evening. Just before coming to Elkton Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roberts were married at Drain. Mr. Roberts is in the army and is stationed at Camp Clatsop and Mrs. Roberts was Mrs. Helen Lund of Eugene.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bowman were Drain visitors Saturday. Alton Andrews, who is attending school at Corvallis spent the week-end at home.

Miss Normabelle Weatherly,

who is working at Salem spent the week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Haines of West Springfield spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Wells.

Will Speak Here—Mrs. T. LeLand Brown, of The Dalles, will arrive here this week to be guest

speaker at a meeting of the D. A. R. next Monday at two o'clock at the Roseburg Woman's club-house. Members of the D. A. R. are inviting guests to hear Mrs. Brown talk on "Early American Glass." Mrs. Brown will display her collection of glass. Mrs. William Bell and Mrs. L. E. Goodbourn will serve tea at the close of the program.

Clothing Scarce In Hungary, Son Tells Parent Here

Food is plentiful but clothing is scarce and costly in Hungary, according to Karl Henry Faulkner of Roseburg, son of Mrs. Ella B. Harris of this city, a missionary originally serving the Baptist church in Poland. Escaping into Hungary ahead of the German invasion of Poland, Rev. Mr. Faulkner has been in Budapest in recent months.

He reports in a letter received by Mrs. Harris that shirts cost from \$2 to \$5 for very poor grades; underwear is \$4 per garment. Shoes are unobtainable, but are to be sold later on tickets—one pair a year.

The government, he reports, is exercising firm control of food prices.

His letter, written March 3, was received this week, coming through regular channels. The effect of the strict English blockade, he reports, is being keenly felt.

Lookingglass

LOOKINGGLASS, May 15.—Eldon Crow, Jr., left recently for Wake Island to be engaged in government work.

Miss Bonnie Jean Matthews, who underwent an operation for appendicitis recently at Mercy hospital, was removed to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Matthews on Friday, where she is reported to be convalescing satisfactorily.

Mrs. Mary Smith returned recently from a visit with friends in Hood River and at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Smith, in Portland.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Wooden of Clatskanie visited several days recently with their daughter, Miss Helen Wooden, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Marsh. Mrs. Tom Morgan, who has been seriously ill for several months, is reported to be in a

very critical condition at her home where she is being cared for by her daughters, Marvel, Ruth and Anne, of Lookingglass, Fern of Marshfield and Fay of San Francisco. While assisting in the care of her mother last Thursday, Ruth (Mrs. Everett Hodges) was stricken with a nervous collapse and was later removed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hodges where she is being cared for. Her condition is reported to be serious.

Mrs. Helen Saar is visiting a few days with her husband at camp prior to his being transferred to a lower California camp indefinitely. Mrs. James Burton is doing substitute teaching during Mrs. Saar's absence.

Mrs. Chester Williams stopped last week for a few days' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Williams while en route from her home at Juneau, Alaska, to San Francisco to visit her sister. She reports the sale of their business in Juneau and that Mr. Williams has accepted employment in government service on Kodiak island.

The various members of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green who have been ill of the flu are recovering and able to be about again. Mr. Green's aged father, who resides with the family, was stricken recently with a paralytic stroke and is in a serious condition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Meredith and children, Lila and Charles, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Meredith's parents in Rice creek. Lynn Hodges, a student at the Eugene Bible school spent Mother's day with the home folk, Mr.

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See Roy W. Nelson

Rep. for Union Central Life Ins. Co., at Umpqua Hotel

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We're co-operating. We're doing our part. We're baking the bread Uncle Sam says you should have. Do yours, and EAT it! Buy Williams' Bread enriched with vitamins and iron TODAY and EVERY day!

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