

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. Weening, refuses to honor her check paying for a string of polo ponies.

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 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. Weening 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 it. 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 carousal life 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 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 Aligine. Clarence moved toward her from the discretely lighted lounge.

"Caral!" 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, and 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 win 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 Mimi Frothingham who had just as much money and who had been easier to manage. In a way, Clarence was amazingly perceptive. She twirled the slim glass in her fingers. "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. These 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 what 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)



Walter Robert Avery, 32, who was sentenced to death by a firing squad following his conviction of first-degree murder of Ogden, Utah, Police Detective Hoyt L. Gates, is shown in an Ogden jail cell writing "a few of my thoughts," which he hopes might keep others from leading the kind of life he has led.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE DEAD END

RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



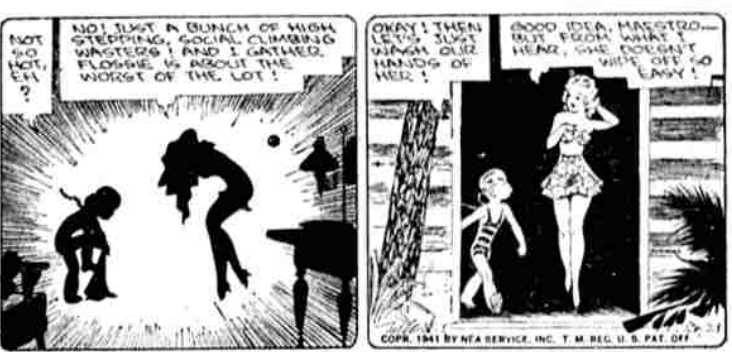
BY FRED HARMAN



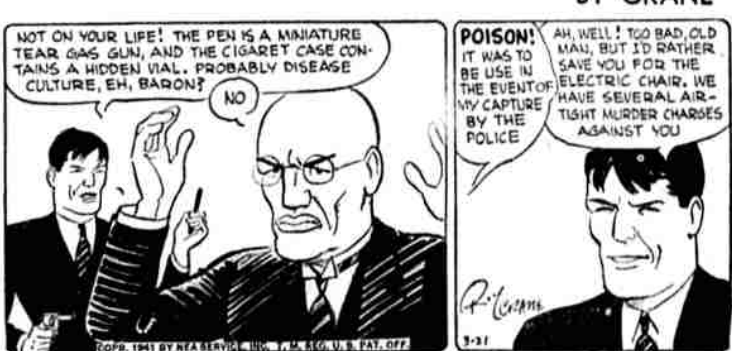
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



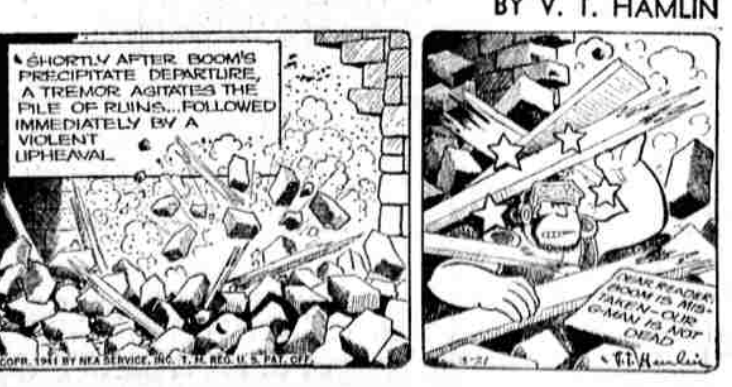
BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN



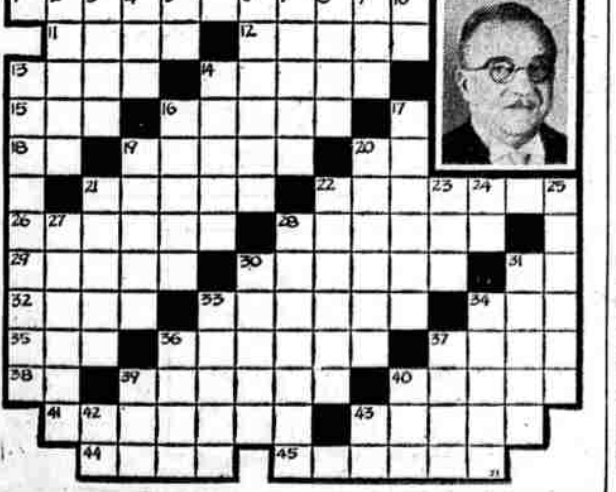
THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Copper, Topeka, Kan.; Pepper, Tallahassee, Fla.; Hatch, Santa Fe, N. M.; Tydings, Annapolis, Md.

LEADER OF GREECE

Word puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.



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