

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY, Anthony tells me more about himself, how his parents died when he was still in school, how his father's friend educated him. He almost admits her real identity, but doesn't, fearing the knowledge might kill Anthony's love for her. She does tell him about Grandfather Huntington, mentioning no names. A policeman finally ousts them from the park.

HE LOVES ME!

CHAPTER XVI

IN the morning, Beatrice regarded her black store dress with dissatisfaction, before she put it on.

"I want to look beautiful for Anthony," she thought. "I want a dress like some of those at home . . ."

All those dresses, hanging in the closets in the apartment on Park Avenue, were as far away as if they were on some other continent. The jewelry in the antique silver box, the rows of slippers and hats, were useless now.

"All I've got is this. Yet Anthony fell in love with me. He didn't fall in love with my clothes, or my haircomb, or my car. I have nothing. Nothing at all. He fell in love with me."

"What time did you get in last night?" Toby demanded, from the kitchen where she was pouring coffee. "Terry stayed until practically dawn and still you didn't come . . ."

"Another day. As they say in the army, another day, another dollar. A million days, a million dollars. Oh, Vera, what in thunder were you and Terry fighting about? You kept me awake."

The same old thing," Vera shrugged. She looked more beautiful than ever, this morning. Her brown eyes had such thick, silky lashes, and her five-foot-nine inches of lovely curves under the navy blue crepe illustrated afresh why she was constantly phoned about modeling jobs which she never took. "If I married Terry, I'd live on 16-millimeter film, served up with burnt-out flash bulbs."

"You're such a far-seeing wench," said Toby. "Why do you pick up these wet snacks and then make them miserable because you can't marry them?"

Astonishingly, Vera's red lips twisted, and her eyes filled with tears. "You know why!" she cried harshly. "Lend me a dime for carfare and shut up!"

AFTER she was gone, Beatrice looked at Toby, bewildered. "Vera," Toby explained slowly, "is in love with Jake Simon. He's half her size, and has a shrewish little wife."

"Jake Simon?" Beatrice said. "I've heard that name somewhere before, haven't I?"

"He's her boss. Every season his firm almost goes under, and every season Vera sticks it out, getting paid now and then. That's why she won't work anywhere else, don't you see? She could make thousands if she'd only take the fashion and posing jobs that come her way! But . . ."

Toby washed the coffee cups viciously. "Dear old Huntington's keeps Jake Simon so broke he can't buy his wife off with all money. They keep cutting prices, threatening to buy somewhere else, and that would ruin him. A lot of the better dresses upstairs are his."

"Oh, it's a mess! Vera's loyal, and Jake's really a swell guy, if weird looking. Anyway, that's just one of the things that makes me hate Huntington! What that store does to people's lives!"

Beatrice averted her face, carefully. "I didn't know Huntington's was such an ogre. What else does the store do?"

"It would take me a week. Getz, for instance. No pension. And all those hardworking saps in the office, who do Bruce Sheldrake's job for him at about one-twelfth the salary. And manufacturers like Jake, pushed to the wall because Huntington's pares prices to the bone."

"Maybe that's the management," Beatrice suggested slowly. "Perhaps the people who own Huntington's don't know about—"

"You mean the Dukes?" Toby inquired shortly. "Huh! That dame's so busy keeping an Italian prince, or whatever he is, she hasn't time to find out about all the girls her own age and just as good as she is, too, who live on nothing and work like slaves so she can run around to Palm Springs and Hawaii and South America. Did you see that in the paper? She went to South America."

Beatrice's throat closed up. "We'll be late."

As she hung up her things in her locker, she longed for and dreaded the moment when she would see Anthony. Her face burned, remembering their kiss. Would it be the same, when she saw him again?

She thought, too, of what Toby had said. Soon now she'd have to end this masquerade. She'd have to do something about improving the management of the store.

But then she wondered what it would do to Anthony, finding out who she was. Would he hate her for deceiving him? Once he had asked her, "Are you trying to make a fool of me?" Please,

here in the care of the stock!" she announced. "We've kept two stock girls busy, just because the salesgirls haven't made it their business to pick up dresses, to bring them back out of the fitting rooms, to pin back belts and make sure about clips and buttons. This can't go on! The office has withdrawn one stock girl this morning, and we'll have to manage by ourselves. I've seen girls standing in front of cases talking when they might have been taking care of their stock."

Her eyes singled out Beatrice. "Any girl who can't do the routine work as well as make sales is not worth her salary. Remember! That will be all."

BUDGET FASHIONS was very busy, that morning. Beatrice ran in and out of the fitting rooms, placating a customer in the first booth and another in the sixth. She peered through the curtains as one customer turned for inspection in a sport dress, murmured, "That's good on you," and fled to see how the woman in velvet was coming on. Instead of taking only two or three possible dresses into the fitting rooms with each customer, she took six or seven, so the woman could splurge in trying on and be so busy she wouldn't notice the salesgirl's absence.

Other girls got the same idea. The result was that by afternoon the fitting rooms were crowded with discarded dresses, and the work of arranging the stock was even heavier than before.

"The nerve, firing a stock girl!" Toby muttered, as she passed Beatrice in the narrow aisle behind the curtains.

Miss Ryan, a stack of dresses

over her arm, bumped into them. "Oh, sorry." She leaned for a moment against the partition, her hands over her eyes. "I'm so tired. I just can't keep on stooping and hanging without getting dizzy."

A moment later, the dresses slipped from Miss Ryan's arm into a heap on the floor, and the girl pitched forward.

"Beel! She's fainted!"

(To Be Continued)



Danny Cox of New York puts up hair-raising fight, but drops decision to Louis Brooks of Philadelphia in Eastern Golden Gloves light-heavyweight final at Madison Square Garden.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



IN 1894, THERE WERE FEWER THAN THIRTY SELF-PROPELLED CARRIAGES IN PRACTICAL USE IN ALL THE WORLD.

ASTROLOGY IS A BRANCH OF ASTRONOMY.

T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ANSWER: Wrong. Astrology is in no way connected with the science of astronomy.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

WITH ITS GEYSERS AND STEAMING POOLS, IS A HANG-OVER FROM THE TIME MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO WHEN ALL THE EARTH'S AREA BROILED OVER SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

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YOUTHFUL ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL

1, 5 Pictured youthful actress.

11 Olive shrub.

12 Musical note.

13 Hodgepodge.

14 Modern.

15 Gem.

16 Sorrowful.

17 Circle part.

19 Thing.

22 Boundary.

24 Pertaining to nebulae.

29 Staying power.

32 Instrument for grating.

33 Eluder.

34 Unit of work.

35 Frost bite.

37 Unit.

38 Ever (contr.).

39 Incessant.

42 Auction.

45 Rescues.

46 Placed on a tee.

49 Tree.

51 Rumanian coins.

52 Shoe bottom.

53 She was a movie actress.

54 Male.

55 Store pathway.

57 Roof's again.

58 Her vivacity has made her a — as an actress.

VERTICAL

1 Measure.

2 Arm bone.

3 Action.

4 To steer wild.

5 Glitters.

6 Rough lava.

7 To cut off.

8 Pertaining to wings.

9 Egyptian river.

10 To fare.

15 Units of modern scales.

16 She is a charming — (pl.).

32 Membranous bag.

53 Credit.

56 Electric unit.

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