

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY, Bea began to learn more about Huntington's many lives. Vera's love affair is particularly busy day, one of the stock girls faints. Toby shouts for Bea.

A SHOCK FOR THE DUCHESS

CHAPTER XVII

BEATRICE stared down at the girl on the floor. For a moment, she was so surprised and frightened she couldn't move. Miss Ryan's face was white, her eyes were closed, she was as still as death.

Toby cried, "Get somebody! Get some water! Do something!" But Miss Dane was already pushing aside the curtains. "How long does it take to—" she began testily. Beatrice's face stopped her. "What's happened?"

"Miss Ryan fainted," said Toby. Miss Dane rushed forward. "Everything happens to me!" she cried in irritation. "The department's mobbed, nobody does anything, stock's in a mess, shipments don't come in on time—and now this!"

"I'm sure she couldn't help it," Toby snapped. "Or do you think she's faking?"

"Go away—" Miss Dane made a distracted lunge, and peered down at the unconscious girl. "Get some water. Phone for the nurse." She began to rub Miss Ryan's wrists, almost impatiently. "Haven't I trouble enough with those contingents they wished on me? And not an 18 in black, and I have to see that girl from advertising in a minute! How can I get up a decent ad with all this going on?"

There were little beads of moisture on Miss Ryan's upper lip. Her nose looked pinched. Beatrice said, "I think she ought to have a doctor."

"You think!" screamed Miss Dane, still roughly massaging Miss Ryan's limp wrists. "You think! What were you doing in here, anyway? Get out on the floor, wait on somebody!" She added, "The girl probably didn't have any lunch, that's all."

Today was pay day, Beatrice remembered. The envelope wouldn't be distributed until nearly closing time. Perhaps, she thought pityingly, Miss Ryan had not had lunch money.

Toby came back with water. "Lift her up, I'll see to pour some down her throat." "Oh, give it to me!" Miss Dane snatched the glass and dashed it into the prostrate girl's face.

There was a gasp, a moan, and Miss Ryan's head moved slowly from side to side. At last, slowly, her eyes opened. She stared up at them. She winced, and tried painfully to rise.

Beatrice knelt beside her, swiftly. "You're ill, don't try to get up. We'll send for a doctor." "Nonsense!" snapped Miss Dane. "Help her up. She can walk to the elevator, can't she? Take her to the infirmary." She looked at Miss Ryan with ill-disguised disgust. "The busiest day we've had in weeks, and you faint!"

"I—everything went black—" Miss Ryan whispered. "I'm all right now, though." She tried to stand without leaning on Beatrice. "I can go back on the floor."

With a shock, Beatrice realized that the girl was afraid of losing her job. "You're going to infirmary," she said quickly. "Come on."

BUT when they got to the elevators, Miss Ryan caught at Beatrice's sleeve. "No. Don't take me up there. They'll find out what's the matter with me, and I—I've got to keep on for a while..." Her blue eyes blucked nervously. "Please, Miss Davis."

"What is the matter with you?" "I—I'm going to be a baby. Oh, don't look like that! I'm married. I've been married for two years." Her eyes dropped. "Jimmy works in the shipping, and he doesn't make much, that's why we—we kept it secret." She leaned against the wall and closed her eyes for a moment. "Promise not to tell. I'll be all right. I'll go back in a minute."

Pity swept Beatrice. "I'm not the only one who's hiding things," she thought. But her secret seemed insignificant beside the plight of this girl.

"Let's go to the infirmary anyway. They'll only give you a sedative and let you lie down. I'm sure they—they couldn't tell. Say you went without lunch." "I did," confessed Miss Ryan. "I'm saving for baby clothes and a crib." Her chin lifted. "I would have been all right if it wasn't for that extra work, stooping to pick up stock and lifting my arms so much, reheating things..." "It's not fair," Beatrice said quietly. "They shouldn't have let the other stock girl go."

AFTER she left Miss Ryan in the infirmary, she told Miss Dane briefly, "She's better, but she won't be back today."

Miss Dane fumed about being short-handed. Beatrice walked off and left her. What could she do for Miss Ryan, she wondered. The girl ought not to be standing on her feet all day, working. Yet she knew Miss Ryan would be back tomorrow. She'd stay until the very last minute. It was barbarous.

"Why can't a big store like this provide for such emergencies? Both she and her husband work here. Surely the store owes them something."

She wondered if Grandfather had ever considered such situations. She knew that if his attention had been called to a young couple—any young couple, not just his own employees—in this fix, he'd have promptly presented them with the baby clothes and crib.

"But I can't do that. I'm just a salesgirl. She'd think I'd stolen the money. Anyway, I can't write a check now. They'd trace me." Anthony asked, "What was the excitement?"

"She skipped her lunch." "Oh." He rattled some sales slips in his hand. "I have a class tonight. Would you—would you have dinner with me, somewhere nearby, before I go? If you'd wait, I could take you home afterward." "I'd love to."

IN the little restaurant, she wished she could tell Anthony about Miss Ryan. But of course she couldn't. She said, instead, "Do any stores among give their employees sick leave? I mean, supposing a girl's run down and needs a rest. Or an operation..."

"What do you think stores are, philanthropic institutions?" He crumpled a roll. "But the ideal store, the store I sometimes think about—you know, with Anthony Bradley as general superintendent and all the other stores on Fifth Avenue biting their nails in envy—he grinned—"if a store can bite its nails. The ideal store would give sick leaves. The employees would be part of a happy, loyal family, don't you see, feeling secure in their jobs and giving their best because working for that store, being happy and well treated, would naturally result in increased efficiency. I'd have a health department, to keep everyone at peak fitness, and a welfare department to deal with the special cases..."

Beatrice made herself breathe quietly and evenly. "The Duchess ought to hear you."

That name the girls in the store had bestowed on Beatrice Hunt-

ington Davenport was strangely bitter on her lips. But she wanted to see if Anthony would recognize it. He did.

"Her Grace doesn't bother with the source of the polo ponies she buys her boy-friend," he said. Startled, she almost dropped her fork. How did Anthony know about the polo ponies?

(To Be Continued)

There are 9000 savings and loan associations in the United States, with total resources of \$6,000,000,000.

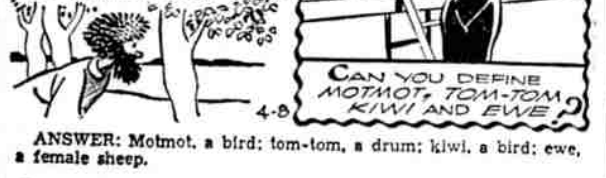
To the Victor



The spoils in this case meant a picture of Hitler, taken by this British soldier in the raid on the German-held Lofoten Islands, off northern Norway.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Motmot, a bird; tom-tom, a drum; kiwi, a bird; ewe, a female sheep.

NOBEL PRIZE WINNER

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Canadian who discovered diabetes cure.
- 12 Soft broom.
- 13 Imbecillities.
- 14 North Africa (abbr.).
- 16 Virginia willow.
- 18 To give.
- 19 Genus of cattle.
- 20 Slowly.
- 21 Scatters.
- 22 Fewer.
- 23 Idant.
- 24 Southeast (abbr.).
- 25 Animal nobleman.
- 27 Blemish.
- 29 It is (contr.).
- 30 Sound of pleasure.
- 32 Hauled up.
- 34 Court (abbr.).
- 35 Sun deity.
- 36 Pine fruit (pl.).
- 38 Year (abbr.).
- 39 Lava.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

VERTICAL

- 1 Judy Garland.
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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

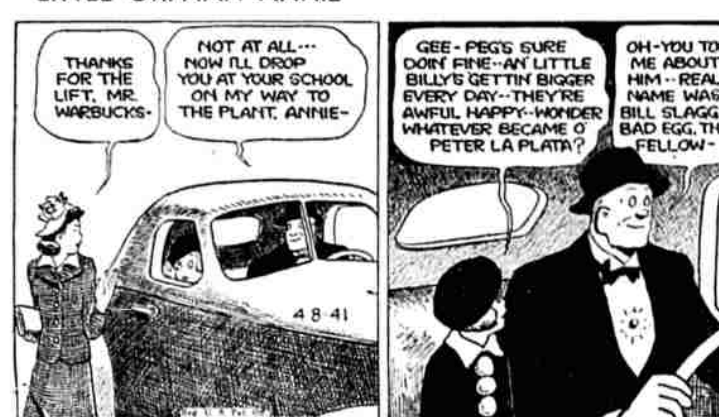
With MAJOR HOOPLE



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



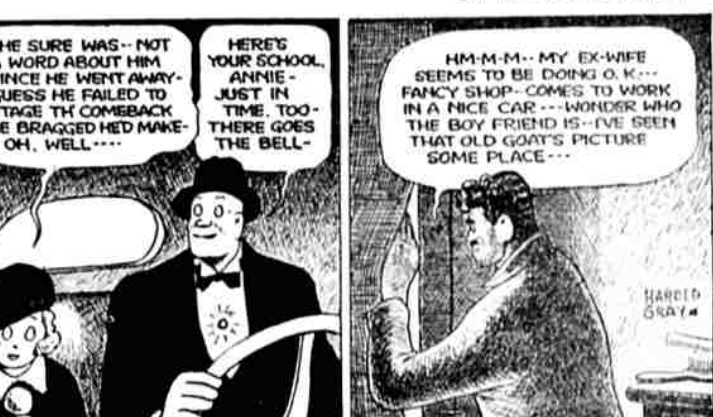
ALLEY OOP



BY FRED HARMAN



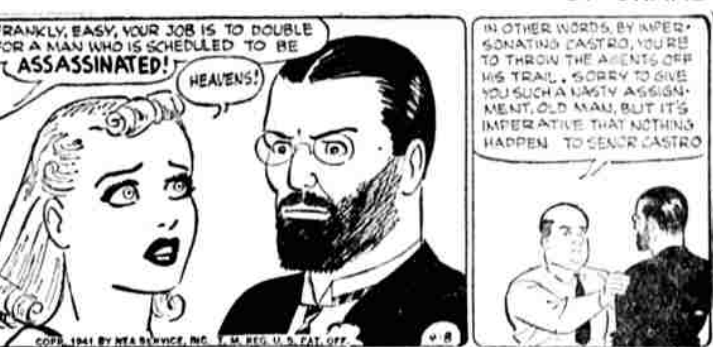
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN

