

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

All characters, incidents and organizations of this serial are entirely fictitious.

CHAPTER I

BEATRICE HUNTINGTON DAVENPORT was 29 years old. She had a shining, dark brown mink coat. She had a shining, black limousine. She had a chauffeur to drive it from one night club to another, from New York to Newport and down to the pier when she went off on a cruise.

She had a big white house on Indian Creek, in Miami Beach, Florida. She had a 10-room apartment here in New York, on Park Avenue, where three maids did nothing but wait on Beatrice. She had four room-size closets full of evening dresses, sports clothes, lounging pajamas, costume ensembles. There were racks full of shoes and shelves of hats.

Beatrice Huntington Davenport had stocks and bonds and real estate. And she had an immense, sprawling store that extended in a solid square from Fifth Avenue to Sixth. It was eight stories high, crammed to the doors with exactly the same sort of things Beatrice had at home.

She had a tight-lipped man whose pictures appeared sometimes in the columns of morning newspapers (but she had never bothered to meet him herself) whom the trust company had appointed as general superintendent of the department store. Only this morning she'd seen his narrowed eyes looking out at her from the paper. "The Man Behind Huntington's" read the caption. Beatrice smiled.

The man behind Huntington's had always been—and was now, in his jealously laid down policies

and far-sighted provisions—her grandfather, Michael Kingan Huntington.

Grandpa had founded Huntington's. He started by peddling pins and needles and shoelaces from a pack on his back. Then came a little store on Grand Street. Cutting prices and indulging in practices which made his competitors choke, Grandfather had seen the little store on Grand Street grow into an emporium on Fourteenth—and at last into this imposing Huntington's which was a New York landmark.

Lastly, Beatrice Huntington Davenport had Mr. Curtis Weeming, who was small and bald and 73 years old. Mr. Weeming was given to rubbing his hands and blessing piteously. Mr. Weeming—theoretically—managed Beatrice.

RIGHT now, in his office on the 45th floor of a skyscraper on Rockefeller Plaza, Mr. Curtis Weeming was wringing—not rubbing—his dry little hands. Mr. Curtis Weeming was pleading.

"But Miss Davenport, this is incredible! Miss Davenport, I must protest! Miss Davenport, I simply cannot allow—"

"Nuts, Mr. Weeming!" said Beatrice Huntington Davenport. She sat in a brown leather chair, with her slim silken knees crossed. The mink coat was carelessly thrown back. A cunningly contrived top-knot of mink perched on her golden curls, and her red lips smiled. "You tell those armor-clad mighties behind those chromium grilles in that trust company to pay that check—and pay it now! Clarence must have those polo ponies. This delay is silly!"

Clarence, you see, was her fiance. The rest of his name was Fernando di Granduzzi. Clarence was dark, and tall, and fascinating.

TWO months ago, Beatrice had first laid eyes on Clarence. He was so different from the men she'd always known! He had manners, for one thing. He kissed her hand. He bowed from the waist.

Nor did Clarence resemble those

other men she knew—the ones who were poor but proud and worked very hard at blueprints so they might eventually build bridges; or grubbed along in some dingy office, so that some day they'd be a third vice president. No, Clarence said, with engaging frivoly, "A million dollars, these are not saved out of a pittance, eh? What I could earn, it would be pathetic. Me, I prefer visiting. My hostesses have invariably been so lovely! How was it, I did not see you in Hawaii?"

The Frothinghams had just returned from Hawaii, where Clarence had been their house guest. Beatrice knew that Clarence was supposed to be the property of Mimi Frothingham. So she said, "It wasn't there, but I'm here now."

And his black eyes looked down at hers while they danced. Mimi Frothingham frowned, from the side lines. And two hours later, Mimi Frothingham was searching for Clarence in a fury. But Beatrice and Clarence were in a silver airliner. Flying to Havana. To see a horse race. To play roulette. To become engaged to be married.

LEARNING of her engagement, Mr. Curtis Weeming had done everything but weep. He went all the way to Florida when she returned from Havana, to falter. "This isn't wise, Miss Davenport."

He was a man who always grimly did his duty. "Your grandfather always made it perfectly clear what sort of man he expected you to marry. He warned me to be firm on that point! He wanted you to marry a business man. A man who could conserve, even increase, the Huntington estate."

"But, it's the Davenport estate now. Besides, he should have put that in his will."

"Your grandfather always said positively you had enough of his blood to be practical!" wailed Mr. Weeming. "Oh, Miss Davenport, when I remember how he used to say, 'She's got my chin! She's no

weaking, that girl. No pretty-boy's going to flim-flam her—she won't go marrying any counts or

dukes and figure in divorces—"

His voice broke. Michael Huntington had not only been his best friend, but his idol, as well. "You must realize, Beatrice, that you need a husband who will be able to take over the reins of management after—"

He looked at her beseechingly. After he was gone—

But Beatrice said, "Pooh! You'll be here, lecturing on thrift to my grandchildren, you old fake!"

Mr. Weeming thought of Clarence, whose grandchildren these would be, too, and shuddered.

Now, in the office high above Rockefeller Plaza, he was shuddering again. Beatrice was blazing away about that check. He said, "This is a tremendous expenditure. Totally unnecessary. Unjustified."

"Nuts!" said Beatrice again. "Now, look here, Clarence called me from Westbury, upset because those ponies were not in their stalls. Will you please see that my check is honored at once!"

SHE went out through the private, unmarked door to the corridor. For a moment, adjusting her coat, she stood in the hall thinking. "Weeming certainly must be put in his place every once in a while or he positively tramples one!"

Behind her, the door had not clicked, but stood a little ajar. Suddenly she heard a voice coming from Mr. Weeming's office. The voice of someone who must have been in the little room beyond, waiting for her to go.

"Why do you take that from her?" the voice asked in exasperation. It was a deep, masculine

voice. Pleasant, rich, young. "That girl's the world's most useless object."

"You know what I think!" The pleasant timber of the voice hardened, and even as Beatrice stood there, stunned and rigid, his next words exploded against her eardrums. "I think a girl like that should be quietly and competently chloroformed. More in sadness than in anger. But chloroformed." (To Be Continued)

Newsman Arrested



(NEA Radio-Telephoto) Richard C. Hotelet, United Press Berlin correspondent from New York City, arrested in Germany for "suspicion of espionage for an enemy power." Neither the United States Embassy nor United Press has been able to communicate with Hotelet, who was arrested by six men identifying themselves as Gestapo agents.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



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



GREEK GODDESS

Horizontal and vertical crossword puzzle with clues and a grid. Clues include: 1 Greek goddess, also called Diana; 7 Apollo was her twin; 13 El; 14 Dined; 15 Entranced; 16 Wounded; 20 Otherwise; 21 Printer's measure; 22 Prudent; 24 Connecting word; 25 Negative; 26 Bovine animal; 27 Mother; 28 Uncle; 29 Diamond; 31 Small duck; 32 Fray; 33 Because; 35 Circular fortification; 37 Railroad (abbr.); 39 Clock; 18 Towline; 19 Not bright; 22 Dog; 23 Eccentric wheel; 25 She was goddess of wild; 26 Hue; 28 Imbecile; 29 To expunge; 30 Spanish coin; 34 Gypsy; 36 Sleeper's couch; 38 Proportion; 40 Borough; 42 Cultural; 44 To do again; 46 Contest for a prize; 47 Highest intellect; 48 Irish; 49 Alleged force; 9 To bind; 10 To haul; 11 Formerly; 12 Cereal grass; 15 Rottenstone; 56 Electric unit.



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