● 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. Weeming, refuses to honor her check paying 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. Weeming 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. Weeming: "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 — f i n d something — worthwhile. They laugh at me! Even Mr. Weeming 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 Algique. Clarence moved toward her from the discreetly lighted lounge.

"Cara!" 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, 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 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 Mimi 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 lovemaking—beneath the polished manners, the amusing little tricks —she would find some depth to comfort her—some sympathy that would warm her, something real 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.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

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

LEADER OF GREECE

HORIZONTAL

1 Late dictator of Greece.
11 Squirrel skin.
12 Heron.
13 Custom.
14 Regions.
15 Kind.
16 Fool.
18 Toward.
19 Highly flavored sauce.
20 Mountain (abbr.).
21 Fashions.
22 Outer coat.
26 Removed whiskers.
28 Sugar-cane stalk.
29 Sounds.
30 Catlike.
31 Pair (abbr.).
32 Measure.
33 Confining.
34 Opposed to con.
35 Coin.
36 Science of plants.
37 Pretense.
38 To accomplish.
39 Germ cell.
40 Banquet.
41 Advocate of realism.
43 Money factories.
44 Amidic.
45 Reluctant.

VERTICAL

2 Molding.
3 Skein of yarn.
4 Insect's egg.
5 Mister (abbr.)
6 Coats with tin alloy.
7 Deputy.
8 Roentgen ray.
9 Bronze.
10 Street (abbr.).
13 Under his leadership his country — Italian invasion.
14 Intended.
16 Undraped statues.
17 He was called the "— man of Greece."
19 Small depression.
20 Rebellion.
21 Heaven sent food.
22 Salty.
23 Mine shaft hut
24 Upon.
25 He died of a — infection recently.
27 Fear.
28 Gondola race.
30 Destines.
31 To iron.
33 Laughable.
34 Dish.
36 Kanarese sect.
37 Writes.
39 School of whales.
40 Pine tree.
42 Each (abbr).
43 Myself.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE

RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

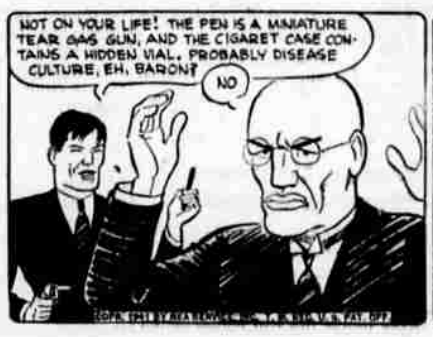
WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE

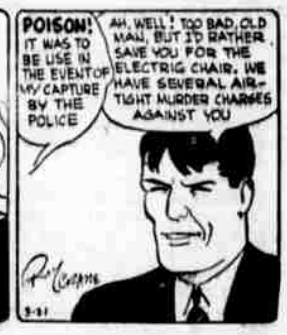
REMOVE EVERYTHING FROM HIS POCKETS, MYRTLE. NO! NOT LIKE THAT! ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES, AND TO ONE SIDE! THE BARON IS MUCH TOO CUNNING AND DANGEROUS TO TAKE CHANCES WITH!

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIR, I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP SUCH PERSONAL EFFECTS AS MY FOUNTAIN PEN AND CIGARET CASE

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THE PEN IS A MINIATURE TEAR GAS GUN, AND THE CIGARET CASE CONTAINS A HIDDEN VIAL, PROBABLY DISEASE CULTURE, EH, BARON?

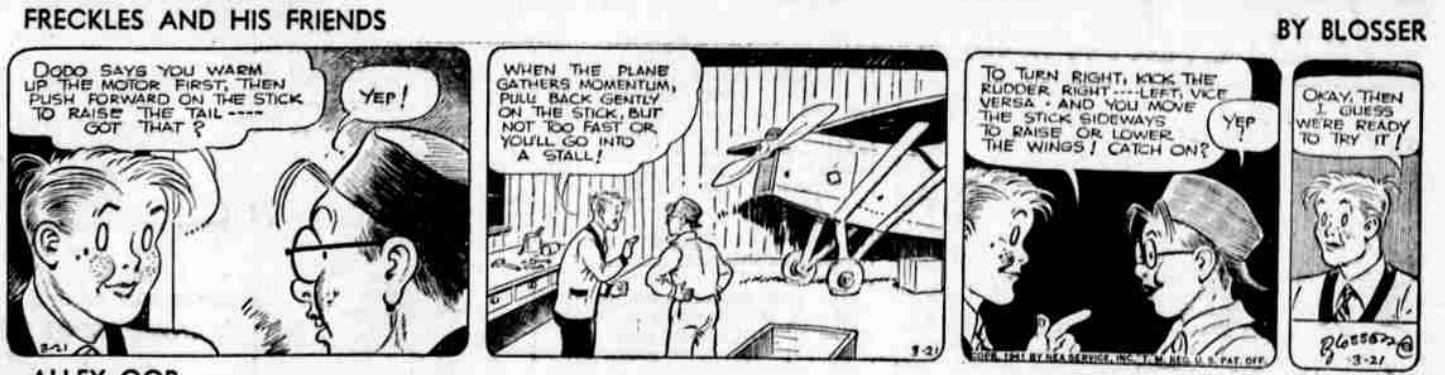


POISON! IT WAS TO BE USE IN THE EVENT OF MY CAPTURE BY THE POLICE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN